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THE GREAT HOPE.

I wonder who among us all
Would drive another day,
Would have another wish to crawl
On up the toilsome way,
If, honestly and fully, down in his inmost
heart,
Each mortal thought
That earth was all and final, the grave the
end, that naught
Of soul or mind might sweep
Across the empty deep
To claim the old dead body's counterpart,
Idealized and perfected; that none might
gaze
Back on the world, nor see the living raise
Up monuments for us, nor hear their praise.
With this hope torn from every breast,
With all believing death the end,
How many would still do their best?
Who still would strive? Would you, my
friend?
—S. E. Kiser, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

THE GIRL WHO WANTED A MASTER.

By Augusta Kortrecht.

From her childhood the girl had felt a vague longing to be controlled. Hers was the woman-heart that craved the word of authority now and then; and yet she had gone through some twenty years in a world where all sorts of words abound, and had not met that kind. She knew just where the trouble lay. She had been shielded from it—unwisely, foolishly—by a too tender family of male relatives. She had been kept out of her right, as it were. When she merited rebuke she got only gentle remonstrance; and when she needed to be led she was followed instead, sometimes far in folly.

But now that she had come to New York to earn her living she meant to change all that. She had thought it out. She intended to take service with a high-handed master; to throw off responsibility; to put her thinking apparatus down in camphor balls as unnecessary; and to do only what she was bidden. Her brother was away from home on a business trip, and did not know of her plans.

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to lock your trunk. Be back here within ten minutes."

Meekly she obeyed. In the big hotel dining-room the severe-looking man opposite her ordered dinner without a word of consultation. He ordered as for a child, and very humbly she ate what he served to her. Then he called a cab and they drove to a theatre. It was not the kind of play she cared for and she had seen it before. She was pretty tired, too. But she glanced at him and decided not to speak. After the play he led the way to a supper room. He made light conversation, and now and then smiled; but he ordered things without parley. She wondered whether she might mention that lobster always made her very ill; but she did not tell him.

It was very late when he left her inside the hall of her boarding house. He turned and looked back at her. She seemed very small and wan; and he came back and put his hands on her shoulders, and when she looked up he was smiling, but he tried to frown.

"The voice of authority?" he said musingly. "That is what your letter to your brother said. Well, it is all right. That can be arranged. All you have to do is to say 'Yes' at the right place in the service; I'll tell you when. You shall never have to think again." She was very tired and very sleepy. She clung to him ignominiously while she said: "I'll do anything you s-s-say. Th-th-thank you. But don't ever ask me if I'm honest—and don't b-b-bully me, and I can't b-b-bear to b-b-b-bossed."

And she fled up the dark, dingy stairs.—New York Times.

ST. KILDA'S LONELY ISLE.

The Natives Think of Emigrating to South Africa.

It is not surprising to learn that the inhabitants of St. Kilda propose to leave their lonely island and emigrate in a body to South Africa. Though St. Kilda is only forty miles west of North Uist, from which island there is daily communication with the mainland of Scotland, all the inhabitants are interested in the

UNKNOWN SO. AMERICA.

THERE ARE VAST REGIONS STILL UNEXPLORED BY WHITE MEN.

Mountains to Be Climbed and Forests to Be Penetrated—Interesting Discoveries Possible—Amazon Region Largely a Mystery—Hardships of Travel There.

Of all the continents, South America undoubtedly offers the greatest field to the adventurous traveler. "Explorers have gone up the rivers and come down again," a writer on the subject says, "but they have not penetrated any distance overland across the jungle-covered water sheds."

Never a month passes without an expedition leaving the confines of civilization and plunging into the heart of some unexplored region in South America. Little or nothing is heard of these expeditions, but each of them would furnish material for a thrilling book, if the adventurers cared to write about their experiences. Usually they do not.

They have other fish to fry. They are orchid hunters, gold prospectors, diamond seekers or government officials engaged in delimiting boundaries between the various republics and colonies of South America.

Three months, six months, a year, perhaps three years after they left the last settlement on the fringe of the unknown, half of them returned, tanned, haggard, half starved, fever stricken. The rest have been lost in the jungle, to perish of hunger and thirst; or drowned in the rapids of some mighty river, or killed by hostile Indians, jaguars, or sting rays.

The survivors always tell the same story:

"We have seen some wonderful things, but they were not even the thousandth part of that which lies beyond. We climbed such and such a mountain, ascended such and such a river, dwelt among such and such a tribe; but we heard of other mountains, other rivers, other tribes far

Amazon river basin. Narrow white lines run through it here and there, showing where explorers have journeyed up the rivers. They have not been able to penetrate overland to any considerable distance and discover the mysteries of over a million square miles of jungle and mountain.

One of the best of all South American explorers, the Colombian General Rafael Reyes, speaking to an assembly of South American geographers in the city of Mexico, recently said:

"In the extended forests in which cannibal savages were wandering when my brothers and I made our explorations only a few years ago, there exists today an important commerce of some tens of millions of dollars, and towns of thousands of inhabitants have been established."

His explorations extended over a long period of years, and were made in conjunction with his brothers, Nestor and Henry Reyes. The three brothers succeeded in their main enterprise to discover a waterway navigable for steamers from Colombia to the Amazon—and they also found many unknown tribes of Indians. But they paid dearly for their heroism.

Henry died of malignant fever while exploring the Yabari river. Nestor, lost in the forest of Putumayo, was captured and devoured by cannibals; Rafael spent his fortune and ruined his health.

Rafael Reyes met President Roosevelt in Washington recently, and the latter said to him, speaking of central South America:

"That region is a new world, destined for the progress and the welfare of humanity."

There is much to be done before the country is even properly explored, to say nothing of its being commercially developed. The proposed intercontinental railway, which is to unite all the existing systems on the American continent, will doubtless have a powerful civilizing tendency. Already the surveyors for that road are throwing light on many dark corners of South America, and when their work is finished and every branch of the line is in working order, the unexplored section of the country will be much circled.

—Sun.

PHYSICAL CULTURE IN SCHOOLS.

What the Most Popular Games for Children Have Been.

Dr. Gulick, director of physical culture and teachers of the physical training department of the New York public schools, about 100 in number, met at the High School of commerce, 155 West 65th street, to arrange the games most suitable for school children.

Dr. Gulick announced that he had corresponded with every large city in the world with a view to getting their methods of developing the physical condition of their school children, and he intends to give the children of New York the best physical training that can be had.

The games that have been the most popular in New York city, he said, are "Three Deep" and "Centre Ball." The former can be played by any number of children. The players are grouped in two circles, one within the other, while one player known as "It" and a "chaser" remain on the outside of the outer circle. "It" is chased by the boy selected as "chaser," and can only save himself by springing behind a member of the outer ring and shouting "three deep." "It" then takes the place of the boy in the outer circle, while the one immediately in front of him in the inner, becomes the "chaser," and tries to catch the former "chaser," who has now become "It." The game increases in speed and interest as one after another of the ring men have been ousted and required to take their places as the "chasers" and "Its."

Every boy participating in the game comes in for his share of the sport, and the uncertainties of where "It" is going to stop and cry "three deep" keeps each player on the lookout all the time.

"Centre ball" promises to much in vogue in the public schools during the winter. In playing the game a circle of some 20 or 30 boys is formed, while a single boy takes his position in the centre of a ring. A basket or medicine ball is passed from one member of the ring to another with rapidity, and the boy in the centre must touch the ball as it is passed around. When he succeeds in this the player in whose hands the ball was last held, or from whose hands it was last passed, becomes centre, and the centre takes his place in the circle. The game is fast, and to be successful, a boy must be

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number

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

The error of one moment becomes the sorrow of a whole lifetime.

No one lives more lavishly and knows less how to save than the poor.

Teach them how to keep house and they will make homes.—Owen Kildaro.

Be amusing. Never tell unkind stories; above all, never tell long ones.

Too many people only know by hearsay that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

Ignorance may be bliss, yet the real self-satisfied chap is the one who imagines he knows it all.

Common sense enables a man to see things as they are and do things as they should be done.

Dogs scent janger sooner than men, and their fidelity is more reliable.—"The King's Messenger."

A wise man adapts himself to circumstances, as water shapes itself to the vessel that contains it.

You cannot paddle in sin and go with white feet before the throne of God.—Karadae, Count of Gersay.

Some men ought to carry their convictions in their pocket books. It might make them more tender.

There are two powers at which men should never grumble—the weather and their wives.—Lord Beaconsfield.

A man thinks he is practicing economy when he denies himself something he can't raise the money to buy.

Little love is little righteousness; great love is great righteousness; perfect love is perfect righteousness.—St. Augustine.

It is impossible for those who are the slaves of low habits to entertain noble and generous sentiments. Their thoughts must always necessarily be similar to their ways.

Every Inch a Soldier.

The United States cavalry does not in its thousands of daring riders possess any better than are to be found among the 200 in the Philadelphia mounted police force. In fact, every one of the mounted policemen in this city is a thoroughbred soldier, and although not so thoroughly trained in cavalry tactics as the regular cavalryman, can show the same pluck, the same devotion to precliseness in drill as the soldier does. That such is the case, however, has been quite generally understood. An incident of a recent drill of the mounted police in Fairmount park is worth telling at this time. The platoon was under the instruction of the drillmaster, Lieutenant John Reed, and he was working

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ment of a riot,

above of

A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE BY DR CHARLES H. PARKHURST.

Subject of the Distinguished New York Clergyman's Sermon, "What Think Ye of Christ?"—Why So Many People Get Tired of Being Christians.

NEW YORK CITY.—Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, pastor of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, preached Sunday morning on "What Think Ye of Christ?" from the words found in Mark viii:29: "Whom say ye that I am?" Dr. Parkhurst said among other things:

Christ means to you something; what is it? Christ Himself asks this of His disciples. It is the first Christian catechism. Brief, but nevertheless it is catechism, and is God's warrant for our asking doctrinal questions, and His warrant, too, for our being prepared to frame some sort of an answer to them.

Christ's inquiry here means that He expects His disciples to have convictions—convictions in regard to Himself at any rate—and definite enough for them to be able to state them. Such convictions may be more correct, may be less so, but an imperfect opinion is better than none, and no opinion ends in being perfect that did not begin by being imperfect, and sound conviction is blunder convicted and converted. Everything human begins in a mistake. Error is the loamy soil out of which truth vegetates and blossoms. The history of philosophy, science and theology illustrates this principle with a distinct cogency that is unanswerable. So that we need not be too much afraid of being in error provided only we cling to our error with a tenacity that is not simply tenacious, but that is also honest and intelligent.

What think ye of Christ? His appeal here is to man considered as an animal who thinks, who has ideas, ideas of his own, takes impressions from what is shown him, told him, acted out before him, and impressions that so groove themselves into his substance as to take defined shape and snap that is fairly permanent. Just as objects make an image of themselves in the eye, so facts, events, truths, make an image of themselves in the mind—that is, they do it if the mind is an alert mind, sensitive, responsive. A man can, of course, look without seeing anything; so he can hear without learning anything; live in the presence of great realities and come away from them without carrying upon his soul any of their imprint. An ox can look toward the west at 6 o'clock in the afternoon without observing any sunset; there is a good deal of the bovine still in most of us that call ourselves human, and that is why we behold so little of what is really visible and why we garner so little of the fruit that falls into our laps. A duck can go through the water and still come out dry. A boy can go through college without any of the college going through him. Judas walked three years with Jesus and finished by being a devil.

What think ye of Christ? He wants to find out from His disciples, then, what impression of Himself He has left with them, what stamp He has put upon them. What they think of Him will be only another name for the record of Himself that His teachings and demeanor have left printed upon their intelligences. I am trying to have you realize that their opinion of Him that He was trying to get hold of was something definitely traceable to the working influence upon them of His own presence and activity. He is not interested to know what they imagine Him to be, nor what they logically infer He may be, nor what some one has told them that He is.

He has been for some time demonstrating to them by word and deed, when it is dark, but never sees a sunset. All of this leads up easily to an explanation of the fact stated a moment ago that many who have begun to be Christians

man has in his pocket to-day is thought by him to be sufficient to pay all his debts, defray all his expenses and secure all desired comforts and luxuries for an indefinite time to come he will feel no incentive to going out and earning a couple of dollars to-morrow, and so his confidence in the absolute and everlasting sufficiency of his present pocket containings may easily issue in his turning pauper. Those illustrations only serve to indicate what I mean by saying that a man may be as orthodox as Calvin and as wicked as he knows how.

The principle we have been discussing also explains why it is that so many people who show a good deal of Christian rest at the start soon get tired of being Christians. To have earnest views of Christ is to be intensely interested in them and to be intensely interested in them is to be intensely interested in the things of that interest. The falling off of the down of Christian enthusiasm is not a special provision made for keeping up the sun's temperature. At the same time there are lines of effort and employment where interest, on the contrary, never does seem to flag, where heat is not only maintained, but with a mercury that is rather steadily on the rise. Setting aside the familiar and rather shop worn instance of the money getter, who, the more he gets, the intenser, as a rule, becomes his ambition to get, that is only one of the many pursuits where the like enhancement of interest, mounting up in many cases to the height of a steadily growing passion, is seen to revive itself. Examples of this are, I should say, especially frequent among scholars devoted to the scientific investigation of nature and nature's beauties and marvels. But in the instances of such advancing and steadily intensifying interest the particular fact I would beg you to notice is that what keeps the investigator's heart glowing with a warmer and warmer fervor is not the array of facts that have been brought distinctly within the range of his knowledge, that he has been able definitely to tabulate, and of which in some time past he has issued a complete and finished catalogue. It is the constant stepping forward on to new ground that keeps his thoughts alert and his heart aglow. Whatever it be, the old is always firesome, only the new is interesting. To the naturalist the world retains its fascination, although an old world, because of the deeper entrance he day by day gains into that world and the ever fresh disclosures of newly discovered wonderfulness and beauty that she thereby makes over to him. In the same way there are certain books that we read and re-read. In a way they are old books, but it is not their oldness that fascinates us but a certain everlasting newness that lay beyond the reach of our previous perusals, as eyes that look quietly and intensely into the night-aky see stars that are sunk too deep in the firmament to be caught by a first and easy glance. And that suggests the old holy book, the Bible, which is always new and which the church always loves, because there is that in it always which our last reading was only on the edge of discovering. If the church should ever come to the end of the Bible it would throw it away. Some people have thrown it away already; some who seem to themselves to be Christians have thrown it away; it seems to them they have come to the end of it. To them there is nothing new in it—more, so, of course, by the principle we are illustrating they can do nothing but throw it away. The ox knows enough to feel when it is dark, but never sees a sunset.

man has in his pocket to-day is thought by him to be sufficient to pay all his debts, defray all his expenses and secure all desired comforts and luxuries for an indefinite time to come he will feel no incentive to going out and earning a couple of dollars to-morrow, and so his confidence in the absolute and everlasting sufficiency of his present pocket containings may easily issue in his turning pauper. Those illustrations only serve to indicate what I mean by saying that a man may be as orthodox as Calvin and as wicked as he knows how.