

CONCERNING HEBER NEWTON.

Careful Analysis of His Views and Status. (Special Correspondence.) NEW YORK, June 5.—The Rev. H. Heber Newton, D. D., rector of All Souls' church, New York city, is at the present moment one of the best talked about clergymen in the United States.

To his friends and those who agree with him Dr. Newton is a man threatened with persecution from that element inherent in every church—the element which dreads change of any kind before all things. It is natural, under the circumstances, that they should regard the movement with some bitterness, and should denounce those who have taken part in it as wilfully trying to injure a good man from envy or other unworthy motives.

To his opponents and those who disagree with him Dr. Newton is a man who, in his published utterances, has denied dogmas which they believe necessary to the life of the Protestant Episcopal church. They look on him as doubly dangerous in that he is making these alleged attacks from within, and they cry aloud that he whom they believe to be a traitor should be thrown without the wall of the camp.

The truth of the matter may be found somewhere between these extremes, but in order to understand it it is necessary to examine the man Heber Newton apart from the doctor of divinity. To begin with, he is and always has been far more of a preacher than a parish priest. His intellectual faculties dominate his practical sympathies; he is more at home in the polemical work of his calling than in the details of his parish labor.



REV. R. HEBER NEWTON, D. D.

As a student Dr. Newton has great gifts. He is possessed of a marvelous memory, he has read exhaustively and he has accumulated great stores of learning. But he is a man who lacks mental perspective. If a subject appeals to him it is with a force and in a manner that excludes all other subjects for the time being. He bends all the power of his mind to that one thing, and he follows it out to the logical end unflinchingly.

It may not be denied that many of the old beliefs, at one time part and parcel of the churches, are not held to be necessary by many men today. This movement among men has gathered strength during the present century. It was recognized by the bishops of the Protestant Episcopal church when they declared the Apostles' creed and the Nicene creed to contain all dogma necessary. It is making itself felt among the Presbyterians in the demand for a revision of the Westminster Confession.

The effect of such a movement on such a man as Dr. Newton might have been foreseen. He has taken hold of it, and has carried it on beyond the point where many men will follow. He has not been restrained by memories of the past; he has been unable to see that the church to which he belongs rests on that, and derives from it her right to her present.

Dr. Newton suffers. He is a deeply religious man, and one who feels acutely being criticised and misunderstood. There is probably in his mind no difficulty whatever in reconciling his strongest utterances with the creeds; he is unable to understand how such difficulty may present itself to others. Like others who have preceded him in this most unhappy of all lots, that of the path finder, the maker of the way, he is a man who has the courage of his convictions, and he will fight for what he believes to be the truth. His request that a committee be appointed showed he was ready and eager for the fray. But for all that he is destined to suffer much before the smoke of battle has cleared away, and it may be for the time his opinions will be condemned. ALFRED BALCH.



How the Races Are Distributed.

The original and still central line of the white Aryan race extends from northern India, northwest to Scandinavia and Scotland, and at the opening of the modern era the almost uniform rule was that humanity degenerated as one departed either way from this line, the lowest races being found at the greatest remove—in South Africa and the tropical islands, at the southern point of South America and on the northwestern coasts of North America, as well as the remoter regions of Asia.

Table showing population statistics for various regions: White, Black, Mixed, Brown and Europe, Asia, Africa, All America, Australasia, All other.

Of course the division on the color line cannot be strictly accurate, as in many countries, especially in South America, each person is enumerated in the race whose blood predominates in him or her.

Mix half a dram of white oxide of arsenic and one dram sulphate of morphia with a little crocote. Clean the cavity of the tooth before applying.

First clean the surface of the shell by rubbing it with a rag dipped in hydrochloric acid until the outer dull covering comes off. Then wash the shell in warm water; dry in hot sawdust and polish with chamois leather. Shells destitute of a natural polished surface may be either varnished or rubbed with a mixture of tripoli powder and turpentine applied by a piece of wash leather.

Mixing red and black makes brown; lake and white, rose; white and brown, chestnut; white, blue and lake, purple; blue and lead color, pearl; white and carmine, pink; indigo and lampblack, silver gray; white and lampblack, lead color; black and venetian red, chocolate; white and green, bright green; light green and black, dark green; white and green, pea green; white and emerald green, brilliant green; purple and white, French white; red and yellow, orange; white and yellow, straw color; white, blue and black, pearl gray; white, lake and vermilion, flesh color; umber, white and venetian red, drab; white, yellow and venetian red, cream; red, blue and black, olive; yellow, white and a little venetian red, buff.

It is strange how few people there are who have the courage to say No, and mean it. A man may be great in many things, but when the occasion arises when his better intellect teaches him he should say No, he weakens, and we more often hear him say, "I don't think so," or some such indefinite semi-negative. It is much easier to say Yes—this flatters or pleases. But even if a decisive No displeases your hearers it is much better; more honest and more manly to use the direct negative when you believe it should be used.

An excellent cement for glass is made by dissolving an ounce of isinglass in two wine glasses of spirits of wine.

In dry air at 82 degs. sound travels 1,142 feet per second, or about 775 miles per hour; in water 4,900 feet per second; in iron 17,500 feet; in copper 10,378 feet, and in wood from 12,000 to 16,000 feet per second. A bell heard at a distance of 45,000 feet in water could be heard only 656 feet in the air out of the water.

The smoke of burning camphor will expel mosquitoes from a room. A piece of sponge or flannel dipped in camphorated spirits and made fast to the top of the bedstead will secure your immunity at nights. They can also be kept off by rubbing exposed parts with a decoction of pennyroyal.

Every trace of tar can be removed by rubbing the stains well with turpentine.

New milk does not agree with everybody. Doctors recommend an admixture of lime water and various other things to render it acceptable to weak stomachs. But all of these plans are injudicious. No matter how weak a stomach may be, milk can be taken without unpleasant result and with impunity by adhering to the following directions. Sip it, and mix the milk with the saliva of the mouth before swallowing. This will cause it to rapidly and easily assimilate with the acids of the stomach.

SHAKESPEARE REVIVED.

Eugene Field Hunts Up a Few Extracts About the Bard.

Our London exchanges agree that Willie Shakespeare's new play is the greatest thing of the season. We know that Willie would get there sooner or later. There are no flies on him.—April 30, 1889.

The Thespian Amateur association of the Congregational church will give a performance of "King Henry Sixth" in the town hall next Tuesday evening, Reuben Robbin, our talented tinsmith, enacting the role of his majesty. This play, being written by one of our townsmen and the greatest poet of the age, should be patronized by all. Ice cream will be served inter actus.—Nov. 6, 1887.

We print elsewhere today an excerpt from The Sadler's Wells Daily Blowpipe, critically examining into the literary work of W. Shakespeare, late of this village. The conclusion reached by our discriminating and able exchange is that Mr. Shakespeare is without question a mighty genius. We have said so all along, and we have known him ten years. Now that the metropolitan press indorses us, we wonder what will the doddering dotard of the Avon Palladium have to say for his festering and flyblown self.—Dec. 14, 1889.

We print in our supplement today a sonnet from the pen of Willie Shakespeare, son of our esteemed townsman, Squire John Shakespeare. Willie is now located in London, and is recognized as one of the brightest constellations in the literary galaxy of the metropolis.—The Tidings, May 18, 1887.

Mistress Shakespeare laid an egg on our table yesterday measuring eleven inches in circumference. The amiable and accomplished wench informs us that her husband, whose poetic genius frequently illuminates these columns, will visit our midst next month. William, here is our son.—The Tidings, June 13, 1887.

The gifted W. Shaxpurr honored this office with a call last Thursday. He was smiling all over. It is a boy, and weighs ten pounds. Thanks, Willie, for the cigar; it was a daisy.—The Tidings, July 9, 1887.

The fireworks on Squire Shakespeare's lawn last Fourth of July night were the finest ever witnessed in the county. They were brought up from London by the squire's son William, the famous poet.—Ibid.

If you want to make Bill Shaxpeare hopping mad just ask him how much venison is a pound. All joking aside, Willie is the leading poet of the age.—The Tidings, July 16, 1887.—Eugene Field in Chicago News.

An Opportunity. It was in Ludlow street yesterday that a gamin about ten years old was heard calling: "Jimmy! Jimmy! Oh, there, Jimmy!" "What's de racket?" queried Jimmy from a third story window. "Git yer bruther Sam, and git yer bruther Bill, and git yer sister Mary, and git all de kids yer can and hurry up!" "What fur?" "Cause a banana peddler out here has bin taken sick and fell down, and dere's de awfulest chance to git away wid a good thing we'll ever have in all dis world!"—New York Evening World.



Professor Delver, who has just proposed to the mature spinster, is informed that as it is a very serious matter, she must have time for consideration; but if accepted she will place a book in her window on the following morning. The next morning the professor sallies forth with a beating heart, but—



Last Thursday evening, at one of Mrs. F. Pumperley Pompy's delightful dinners, where the flowers alone cost \$750, one charming belle said to another, as they were sitting in the drawing room waiting for the gentlemen:

"I'm going to have a delightful time this summer. Papa and mamma have both agreed to my plans." "Where are you going?" asks the other charming belle. "Nowhere, of course. I'm going to stay at home where the men are."—Life.

A New Yorker who lately had three hours to put in at a country railroad junction in Maryland along with thirteen other people, says that all sat in a cold and dreary waiting room the full three hours, and the silence was broken by only two remarks. One man inquired of another: "Seen Jim lately?" "And the other pulled himself together for a great effort and replied: "Naw!"—New York World.

Average Man—These Sunday papers just make me sick. Nothing in them but commonplace personal items about a lot of nobodies no one ever heard of.

Friend—I saw a little mention of you in The Sunday Ganneton. Average Man (half an hour later, to messenger boy)—Here, rush around to The Ganneton office and get me forty copies of the Sunday edition.—New York Weekly.

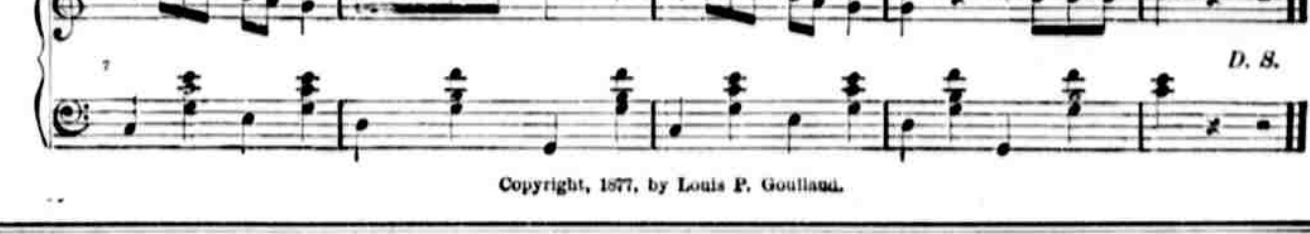
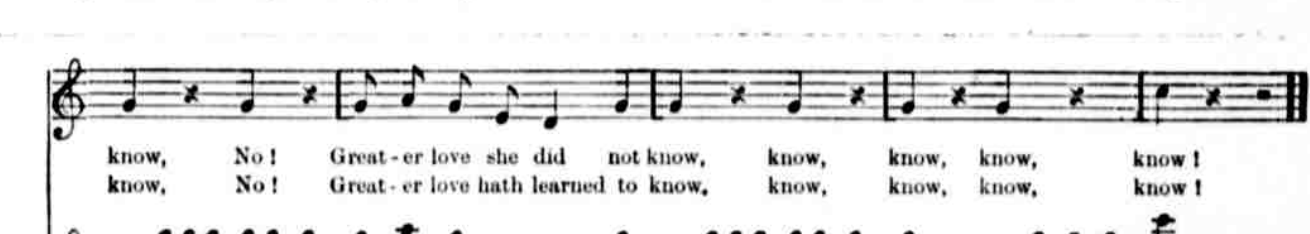
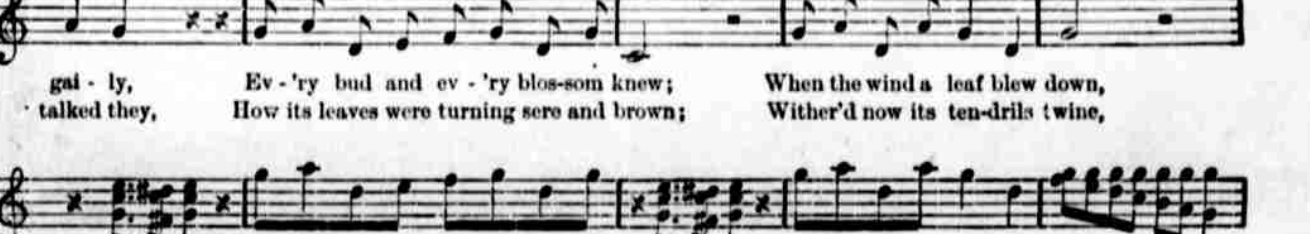
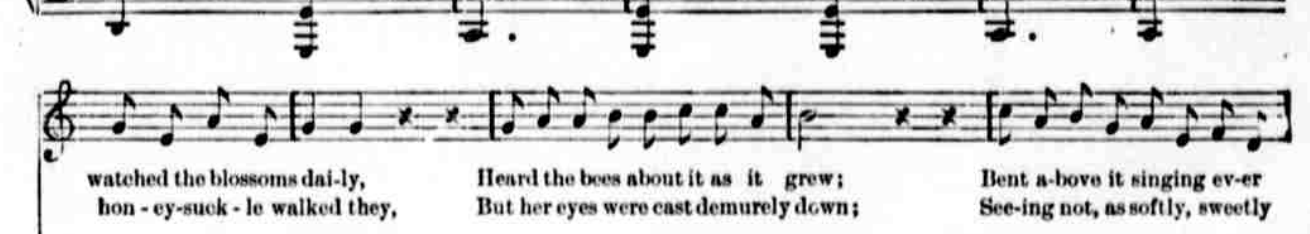
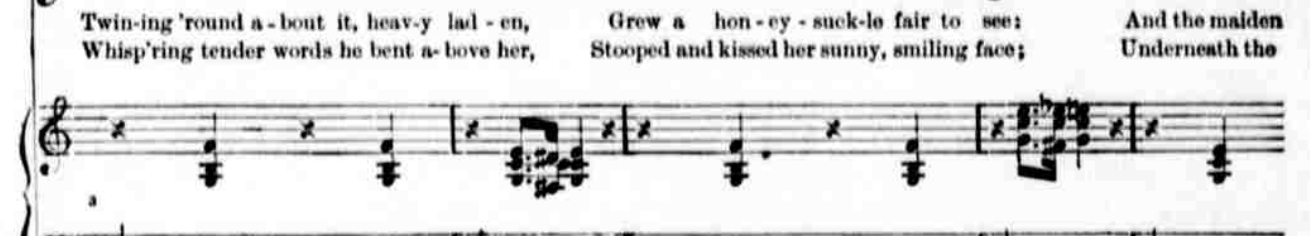
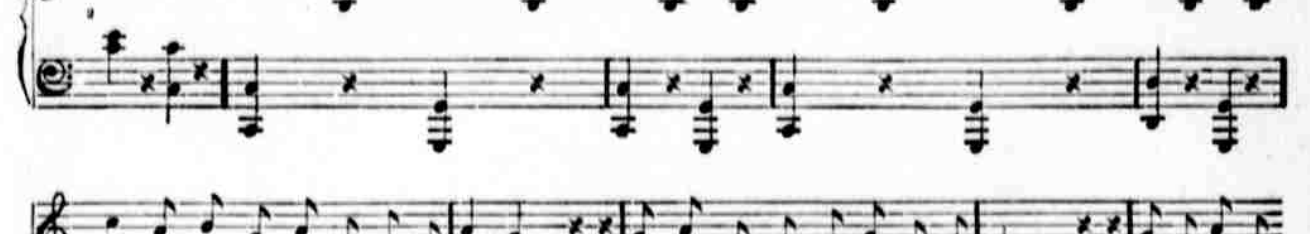
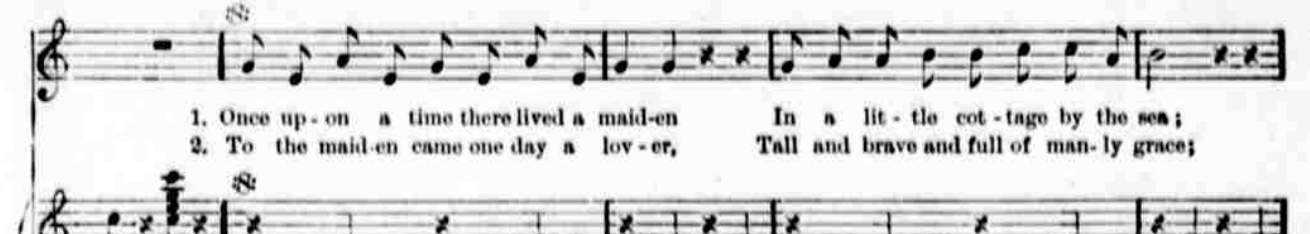
She was a plain, matter of fact kind of girl, and didn't take any extraordinary interest in art. As she walked past a piece of statuary the young man, who was devoting himself to her, said: "Isn't that a fine piece of work? Just notice the pose and the general air of it." "Yes," she replied, after gazing at it a few moments. "He looks like a perfect gentleman too."—Washington Post.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

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