

ALL MEN MAY BE GREAT

THE WORLD WILL NOT KNOW IT, BUT ALMIGHTY GOD WILL.

Dr. T. De Witt Talmage Tells of Things Which Men and Women May Do—Save a Human Soul for Heaven and the Lord.

OCEAN GROVE, N. J., Aug. 23.—This is camp meeting Sunday at Ocean Grove. Its celebration is always regarded as the great event of the year at this famous religious watering place.

Antiochus Epiphanes, the old sinner, came down three times with his army to despoil the Israelites, advancing one time with a hundred and two trained elephants, swinging their trunks this way and that, and sixty-two thousand infantry and six thousand cavalry troops, and they were driven back.

ALL HAVE THREE OPPORTUNITIES. An exploit I would define to be a heroic act, a brave feat, a great achievement.

During the course of his life almost every man gets into an exigency, is caught between two fires, is ground between two millstones, sits on the edge of some precipice, or in some other way comes near demerolition.

Let the district attorney overhaul him as though he were an old offender, let the ablest attorneys at the bar refuse to say a word for him, because he cannot afford a considerable fee; let the judge give no opportunity for presenting the mitigating circumstances, hurry up the case and hustle him up to Auburn or Sing Sing.

THE WORLD AGAINST A WOMAN. There sometimes come exigencies in the life of a woman. One morning a few years ago I saw in the newspaper that there was a young woman in New York whose pocketbook, containing thirty-seven dollars and thirty-three cents, had been stolen.

And there is a dead halt, and no one offers, and after awhile the judge turns to some attorney, who never had a good case in all his life and never will, and whose advocacy would be enough to secure the condemnation of innocence itself.

So there are commercial exigencies. A very late spring obliterates the demand for spring overcoats and spring hats and spring apparel of all sorts.

clothing which is a compromise between summer and winter is not required. It makes a difference in the sale of millions and millions of dollars of goods, and some overcautious young merchant is caught with a vast amount of unsalable goods that will never be salable again, except at prices ruinously reduced.

The young merchant with a somewhat limited capital is in a predicament. What shall the old merchants do as they see the young man in this awful crisis? Rub their hands and laugh and say: "Good for him. He might have known better."

SAVE HIM IN THIS WORLD AND THE NEXT. But there is another way. That young merchant who found that he had miscalculated in laying in too many goods of one kind, and been flung of the unusual season, is standing behind the counter, feeling blue and biting his finger nails, or looking over his account books.

An old merchant comes in and says: "Well, Joe, this has been a hard season for young merchants, and this prolonged cool weather has put many in the dollars and I have been thinking of you a good deal of late just after I started in business I once got into the same scrape."

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Now, I have read all Shakespeare's tragedies, and all Victor Hugo's tragedies, and all Alexander Smith's tragedies, but I never read a tragedy more thrilling than that case, and similar cases by the hundreds and thousands in all our large cities.

Or do you compliment her personal appearance and say things to her which if any man said to your sister or daughter you would kill him on the spot? That is one way, and it is tried every day in the large cities, and many of those who advertise for female bands in factories and for governesses in families have proved themselves unfit to be in any place outside of hell.

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THE EMBARRASSED AND HUMILIATED WOMAN seemed to give way to Christian confidence. She started out with a hopeful look that I think must have won for her a place in which to earn her bread.

ence. She started out with a hopeful look that I think must have won for her a place in which to earn her bread. I rather think that considerate and Christian gentlemen saved a woman in New York and Brooklyn ground up last year about thirty thousand young women and would like to grind up about as many this year.

A CONTRAST. I have heard men tell in public discourse what a man is, but what is a woman? Until some one shall give a better definition, I will tell you what woman is.

Speak out, ye cradles, and tell of the feet that rocked you and the anxious faces that hovered over you! Speak out, ye nurseries of all Christendom, and ye homes, whether desolate or still in full bloom with the faces of wife, mother and daughter, and help me to define what woman is.

Now I should not wonder if you trembled a little with a sense of responsibility when I say that there is hardly a person in this house but may have an opportunity to save a woman. It may in your case be done by good advice, or by financial help, or by trying to bring to bear some one of a thousand Christian influences.

Yes, if you see a woman favored of fortune and with all kindly surroundings finding in the hollow flatteries of the world her chief regale, living for herself and for time as if there were no eternity, strive to bring her into the kingdom of God, as did the other day a Sabbath school teacher, who was the means of the conversion of the daughter of a man of immense wealth, and the daughter resolved to join the church, and she went home and said, "Father, I am going to join the church."

So he went and has gone ever since, and loves to go. I do not know but that faithful Sabbath school teacher not only saved a woman, but saved a man. There may be in this audience, gathered from all parts of the world, there may be a man whose behavior toward womanhood has been perditional.

Well, your estimate of a child is quite different from that mother's estimate who lost her child this summer. They took it to the salt air of the seashore and to the tonic air of the mountains, but no help came, and in a brief paragraph of its life ended. Suppose that life could be restored by purchase, how much would that bereaved mother give? She would take all the jewels from her fingers and neck and bureau and put them down.

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I am glad that there are those who know something of a value of a child. Its possibilities are tremendous. What will those hands yet do? Where will those feet yet walk? Toward what destiny will that never dying soul betake itself? Shall those lips be the throne of blasphemy or benediction? Come, chronologists, and calculate the decades on decades, the centuries on centuries, of its lifetime. Oh, to save a child! Am I not right in putting that among the great exploits?

But what are you going to do with those children who are worse off than if their father and mother had died the day they were born? There are tens of thousands of such. Their parentage was against them. Their name is against them. The structure of their skulls is against them. Their nerves and muscles contaminated by the inebriety or dissoluteness of their parents; they are practically at their birth laid out on a plank in the middle of the Atlantic ocean, in an equinoctial gale, and told to make for shore. What to do with them is the question often asked.

There is another question quite as pertinent, and that is, What are they going to do with us? They will, ten or eleven years from now, have as many votes as the same number of well born children, and they will hand this land over to anarchy and political damnation just as sure as we neglect them.

ject them. Suppose we each one of us save a boy or save a girl. You can do it. Will you? I will. KNOW GOD AND BE STRONG. How shall we get ready for one or all of these three exploits? We shall make a dead failure if in our own strength we try to save a man or woman or child.

By this time Harry, the leader of the crew, appeared and said, "Why did you leave that one?" The answer was, "He could not help himself at all, and we could not get him into the boat."

The lifeboat put out, and after an awful struggle with the sea they picked the poor fellow out of the rigging just in time to save his life, and started for the shore. And as they came within speaking distance, Harry cried out, "We saved him, and tell mother it was brother Will." "Oh, yes, my friends, let us start out to save some one for time and for eternity, some man, some woman, some child. And who knows but it may, directly or indirectly, be the salvation of one of our own kindred, and that will be an exploit worthy of celebration when the world itself is shipwrecked, and the sun has gone out like a spark from a smitten anvil, and all the stars are dead!"

A Wonderful Voice. The worthy clerk of a country church which the writer once frequently attended was the happy possessor of a tremendous bass voice—not musical. His resonant "Amen" made the windows rattle—so the folks said. Certainly it awed every playfully inclined youngster into rigid attention.

When that tremendous "Ah-h-h-men!" reverberated down the aisle he shivered and shrank as if a blow had been struck him. Unable to suffer in silence, he one day remonstrated with the too audible clerk. Said he: "Mr. G—, I should be glad if you would speak the responses in a more gentle voice. Your 'Amen' particularly gives me a shock."

"A—s—shock, sir!" stammered the astonished clerk, in a voice that appeared to proceed from his boots. "Why—why—I've been parish clerk here for thirty years and—and—" He could not finish the sentence. The idea that his "grand amen" should be shocking to anybody prevented utterance.

A Brave Priest. L'Abbe Mouly, the only priest who received the decoration of the Legion of Honor on the occasion of July 14, will certainly not be grudging the distinction conferred upon him even by the most hardened enemy of the church. He is, in fact, one of those heroic, self-sacrificing workers who in every nation and every clime earn the unbounded admiration and respect of their fellow creatures.

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What Do You Want When Summer Comes? Release from the city's dust and heat, the daily toll, the duties of society; rest recreation and enjoyment; opportunity to leaf under spreading trees; to fish in still pools and rushing waters; to glide over mirrored lakes; to climb mountain heights into the pure air of heaven; to sport in ocean's tolling surf; to stand on cold headlands, against which dash the breaking waves; to inhale the spicy air of firs and pines, the ozone of the mountains; the salt breezes from the sea.

All These You Want When Summer Comes. J. FRANCIS, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Burlington Route, Omaha. A. C. ZIEMER, City Pass. Agent, Lincoln.

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