



Gifts and their Givers

A few weeks ago John D. Rockefeller startled the world by making the largest single donation ever made to the cause of education—that is, the largest amount of money ever given at one time. Mr. Rockefeller presented to the general education board \$32,000,000. It is impossible for the lay mind to grasp the enormity of these figures. But enormous as the sum is it does not represent 10 per cent of the fortune popularly credited to Mr. Rockefeller, and many a man has given more than 10 per cent of his fortune to education or to charity without being heralded in the public press as a philanthropist. If Mr. Rockefeller is to be praised for giving less than 10 per cent of his holdings to a good cause, what meed of praise should be given to Uncle John Darst?

Very few readers of The Commoner ever heard of John Darst. He is dead now. But during his life he scattered more sunshine, gave more money to charity and to education, performed more acts of kindness and helped more men in proportion to his opportunities than perhaps any other man who ever lived in Illinois.

When a young man, without a foot of land or a roof to cover him, John Darst married a woman who for fifty years was what a wife should be, a help meet. Mr. and Mrs. Darst began married life in a one-room log cabin, and the furniture was borrowed from the poor neighbors who then lived in central Illinois. Both of them were devout Christians, and almost their first decision was that 10 per cent of all they made—not 10 per cent of the net, but 10 per cent of the gross—should be given to the Lord's cause. This resolve was never broken. On the contrary, many times more than 10 per cent was given. Uncle John, as he was familiarly called, prospered. Acre by acre he added to his holdings until he owned one of the largest and best farms in central Illinois. Twelve children, eleven boys and a girl, were born to Mr. and Mrs. Darst, raised to manhood and womanhood and given a start in life. Each one of the boys was given a farm well stocked when he became of age. The daughter was given the same when she married.

When Eureka college was established Uncle John Darst and his wife were the largest contributors. The college had the same experience as most denominational schools. It often seemed about to die for lack of money. But in every crisis Uncle John stepped to the front and tided it over. At one time Uncle John mortgaged almost everything he had in order to raise money to keep the college open. But he never lost faith. "The Lord gave it to me, and if He wants it back He is entitled to it," said Uncle John when a friend remonstrated with him for assuming such a burden. But Uncle John didn't lose. His example inspired others, and finally the college was firm-

ly established. It stands today as a great and enduring monument to the liberality and the heroic self-sacrifices of John Darst and his good wife. It has sent out thousands of ministers and missionaries. Congressmen, governors, merchant princes, lawyers, doctors and farmers owe their success in life to the lessons learned in that college. Its influence for good has encircled the world. It has no endowment of millions. It has no multiplied buildings. Its name is never mentioned in the daily newspapers because of some spectacular expression from a professor. It is going right ahead, quietly but effectively, in giving to the world young men and women who look upon their graduation day as marking the beginning of a life of service to their fellows.

For forty years Uncle John Darst made it a point to see that every sick man, woman and child in Eureka had proper medical attention and proper nursing. His own gentle fingers closed the dying eyes of hundreds. His sympathetic words and his ever open purse solaced many a widow and orphan. And when Uncle John Darst passed to his reward every heart in central Illinois mourned the death of a friend and a helper of men.

Uncle John Darst's contributions to charity and education did not, perhaps, amount to 1 per cent of the sum Mr. Rockefeller recently gave to the general education board, but when his gifts are weighed in the scales with the gifts of the oil king, have you any doubt which side of the scales will "strike the beam?"

A Symptom of Dyspepsia

.....
GONE TO LUNCH.
.....
BACK IN FIVE MINUTES.
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Nautical

"I see by the paper that the navy department wants four or five big battleships and also a few torpedo boat destroyers," remarked Mr. Bildad, looking up from the evening paper.

"What is a torpedo boat destroyer?" asked Mrs. Bildad, looking up from her knitting.

"Why, a torpedo boat destroyer is a destroyer of torpedo boats," said Mr. Bildad. "Did you think it was a new-fangled washing machine?"

"They build torpedo boats and then build destroyers to destroy them, do they, dear?"

"You are getting close to a grasp of the situation," snorted Mr. Bildad.

"And when we build a torpedo boat destroyer some other nation will build a destroyer of torpedo boat destroyers?"

"Yes, that's the idea. And—but what on earth are you trying to say," gasped Mr. Bildad.

"Then we will have to build some destroyers of destroyers of torpedo boat destroyers?"

"Look here, Maria, I—"

"Then the other country will build some destroyer to destroy the destroyers we build to destroy the torpedo boat destroyers we build to destroy the torpedo boat destroyers we build to destroy their torpedo boats?"

"Goodness gracious, woman!" howled Mr. Bildad. "Do you want to drive me—"

"But I just want to know," said Mrs. Bildad anxiously. "When the other country builds a destroyer of the destroyers we build to destroy the destroyers we build to destroy the torpedo boat destroyers what we build to destroy their torpedo boats, then we will have to build some destroyers for the purpose of destroying the destroyers they build to destroy the destroyers that are intended to destroy the destroyers we build to destroy their destroyers of the destroyers we have built to destroy the destroyers of—"

But Mr. Bildad had slammed the front door and was hurrying to catch a car that would take him to the club. "Men are so funny," mused Mrs. Bildad. "First they find fault with us because we take no interest in public affairs, and then when we try to glean information from them they get mad."

Deftly rolling the finished stocking into a neat ball, Mrs. Bildad picked up another one and continued her work.

Lucky

Claudius and Appolionius were sauntering along the Appian Way.

"This is a beautiful highway," quoth Claudius.

"True, O Claudius," replied Appolionius. "And we were truly lucky in having it built in this age."

"And why?" queried Claudius.

"Had we waited a thousand decades or so, O Claudius, Harriman would have seized it before we had it completed."

Realizing the truth thereof Claudius piloted his friend to a bazaar to celebrate their lucky escape.

The Way Out

"But the 2-cent passenger rate would spell ruin for the railroads," protested the manager.

"I'll tell you how to avoid the ruin," said the advocate of lower fares.

"And how?"

"Carry your passengers through safely so they will have an opportunity to travel back," said the advocate.

This was something the manager had not given much thought to, but he said he would think it over.

Brain Leaks

If he is a real friend one fault will not alienate him.

To do right by compulsion is to do wrong by inference.

Good Enough is always paying usurious interest to Very Best.

The quickest way to be rich is to be content with what you have.

We would rather associate with a good loser than a self-sufficient winner.

We long since learned to back up from the man who began smiling when he became angry.

The man who becomes a favorite by agreeing with everybody never becomes anything else.

When we feel the need of advice about rearing our children we always seek it from those who never had any children.

The trouble with most of us is that we megaphone the faults of our friends and whisper when we refer to their virtues.

Automobile "jokes" should be prohibited. It is no joke to pay the repairs on one, and it is no joke to be compelled to keep dodging automobiles every time one goes out for a walk.

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