



CHURCH OF THE FUTURE.

By George C. Lorimer
Ezekiel 13: 10. When the ship is in a leaky condition, or when an army is in a precarious state, or when there is a sense of insecurity in business, the first thing to do is to find out the extent of the damage. Know your problem and then you may do something for its solution. Don't walk up and down the deck calling out that the vessel's all right when you can tell by the water line she's slowly sinking.

We have tried to state the true condition of things religiously in cities, and we have pointed out the disturbing and disquieting features as they are. But we are no alarmists. I have not the least idea that the ship will sink or that the Lord's army will be defeated. I have confidence in God and the future. But he works by means and not without them, and if we let things drift we shall surely go on the rocks. What we need to do is with all courage and confidence undertake to remedy the evils that exist and arrest the tendencies which every serious thinker recognizes.

What shall we attempt? The prophet in our text exhorts us not to build with untempered mortar, but to do thoroughly what we set out to perform. Superficial remedies will not meet the needs of the hour. More robes for the clergy, vestments for choirs, stereopticons for preachers, orchestras for worship and similar appliances will not change the situation. There are churches where these things exist and where preaching has been minimized to the vanishing point, both in length and in strength, and where the congregations notwithstanding are meager and the spiritual gains imperceptible.

Such details are purely a matter of taste or of ecclesiastical tradition. It was not the surplice that made Phillips Brooks a spiritual force, and the lack of a Genevian gown did not impair the pulpit power of Spurgeon. And the people are too intelligent to be drawn to church by the rattle of silk or the gleaming of lawn, and they are not likely to stay away because the minister prefers to wear an ordinary frock coat. No; the efficiency of clergy and churches, believe me, is not an affair of dress or of special rites and ceremonies.

We know that in the physical world a great deal depends on atmosphere. If the air is close, impure, overheated, we suffer. So also, the dominant spirit of a church goes far toward her real influence for good. Let doubt, cheerlessness and general depression prevail, and let the members be cold, stiff and exclusive, and naturally the outside public will be repelled. Why carry our perplexities, sorrows and trials into an atmosphere saturated with superciliousness, apathy and gloom? But let the representatives of religion be bright, joyous and by their manner make the stranger feel that he is welcome and that religion is really worth having, and the sanctuaries will be thronged.

Remember the world progresses not by the extraordinary but the ordinary; not by a coup de theatre, but by the natural and commonplace. The reascendancy of evangelical religion in America does not really call for scenic displays, frenetic extravagances, fantastic, erratic or erotic beliefs, but simply for the realization of the generous, warm-hearted, sympathetic and brotherly spirit which it professes to inculcate.

The church has a real mission. She ought to bring God and man closer together, and man with man into fellowship, so that justice and righteousness may prevail. Never has she taken herself seriously and brought things to pass without crowding her pews and blessing the whole community.

But she can never meet the new age with small churches open about six or seven hours in the week. Fifty years from now the drawing room and Sunday houses of worship will belong to the past. There will come in their stead a new order of things. The predominant type will be something like this: A massive building, large enough to be hospitable and where pew rents will be so reasonable that persons of modest means can enjoy the best, and social discriminations cease, and where also many pews can be free and open to all. The church room itself will be dignified, simple, cheery, and will be open every day in the week for rest and prayer, and with competent persons in attendance to give counsel or show sympathy for those who may need help. Sunday services will command the best in the way of music and scholarship, and yet the music will not degenerate into concerts or the scholarship into pedantry and dullness. The afternoon will be given up to children for social instruction, aided by the stereopticon and singing, and where the lectures shall deal with natural as well as revealed religion.

There will be a church house in connection with the church itself, and not, as now it generally is, away in some squalid and dark neighborhood, and in it there will be gull rooms for young women, with every comfort, and similar rooms for young men, and every evening in the social hall some

form of entertainment or means of instruction. This kind of cathedral church, not off in the slums, but in the best neighborhoods, would go far toward removing the impression that religion is aloof from our common life, and would deepen the interest of all classes in its progress.

While in this way religion builds up itself, as a social factor, it must concern itself with civic matters. She must stand for municipal purity and efficiency, and not withhold her outspoken support from those who are legislating to protect women and children from the ravages of commercial greed. Never should she forget that she is dealing with human nature and not with angelic nature. Here she stands on her own ground and demonstrates her value to society, and when the church is thus primarily the guardian of humanity, humanity will see to it that her influence shall never decline.

THREE PICTURES OF JESUS.
By Rev. H. P. Nichols
And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man.—Luke 11, 52.

The scripture is almost wholly silent on the early life of Jesus Christ. The circumstances of his birth are given with detail, the visit of the shepherds, and the wise men, the presentation in the temple, the massacre of the innocents, and the flight into Egypt. Then for twelve years silence, and we see the matured boy again up to the great feast of his people. Then again silence for eighteen years more—a silence illumined by only two allusions found in the biography of his three years' ministry. "Is not this the carpenter's son?" "As his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day." Jesus Christ died a young man, and thirty years of his youth are unwritten, save one week at the age of 12 and two retrospective incidental hints.

There are three pictures suggested to us in these unrecorded years—Jesus in his home, Jesus at worship, Jesus at the carpenter's bench.

Jesus in his home. That home was Nazareth, a quiet town isolated among the hills. Mary, the mother, sweetest type of womanhood, kept aloof from its roughness, guiding her household, cherishing the sweet mystery of her boy's birth, Joseph, gentle, quiet, fatherly, protected and cared for the little home. And Jesus, growing in height to manly vigor, growing in wisdom of mind and heart, growing in favor—the love of God, the love of the children in the market place, the love of beasts and birds and flowers on the steep slopes of the village.

Jesus at worship. Every Sabbath he, with his household, attended the plain little synagogue. At the proper age he went up to Jerusalem for the greater worship, a narrative preserved for us in striking detail by St. Luke's graphic pen. In his father's temple seems to have come to him the first deep breath of the divine tragedy and triumph in which he was to be here and conquer.

Jesus at the carpenter's bench. His fellow townsmen cried in contempt, "Is not this the carpenter?" Their scoff is his glory; the carpenter is the world's Savior. A pious bishop in the middle ages prayed often to God that it might be manifested to him what Jesus did in his youth. Then the bishop had a dream. He saw a carpenter working at his trade and a little boy beside him gathering chips. Then came forth a maiden clothed in green, who called them to their meal, and set porridge before them. And the bishop stood looking from behind the door. Then the little boy said: "Shall not the man eat with us?" The glimpse of that reality is better than all the medieval fancies of Madonnas and Aeneas.

Three unrecorded lessons are suggested to us from these thirty years of the maturing life of Jesus, the Son of God—lessons most ennobling for human living.

The first: the family is divine. The Son of God for thirty years was a child, a dutiful son, a brother, a member of a home. Home comes to be the dearest word of human life; it comes to mean heaven. The hardest place to be good is in the family; there is no escape from the family; there seems nothing big or noble in family righteousness. Jesus proved family life to be the best school for ripening divinity. Nothing is more true in theology than that in these family years Jesus was saving the world, even by living through these closest relations of life and making them beautiful. Then it was the great work of the second Adam was done rather than in one transcendent moment on the cross; then it was that by one man's obedience many were made righteous, then it was God came among men in the glorious, cheerful, dutiful life that one boy lived on to his manhood. We may not follow Jesus in all his ministrations, as he teaches and heals and suffers as a martyr's death; we may share, the yet more effectual means of recognizing God's children to their heavenly father, by self-forgetful, self-sacrificing home living.

To Make Scones.
Warm fresh milk to almost boiling point, stir in as much pastry flour as will turn out clean from the bowl, without leaving anything adhering to the sides. Roll out thin, cut into rounds, bake lightly and quickly. Serve buttered and hot.

BLACK AND WHITE

COLORED PEOPLE ARE LEAVING EVANSVILLE FOR SAFETY.

PLANS FOR PROTECTION

THE MAYOR ISSUES A PROCLAMATION

SITUATION IS MENACING

The Militia Stands Guard Around the Jail—Day Passed in Nervous Dread—Fear What Might Have Happened.

Evansville, Ind., July 7.—Two rioters were killed and four soldiers hurt here last night.

Evansville, Ind., July 7.—Following the race riots of last night, the situation here is still menacing and outbreaks are liable to occur at any minute. The day has been one of nervous dread. Early this afternoon the Evansville company of the militia quietly assembled around the jail and is waiting there under arms. Blacks and whites have passed each other today with dark looks, there has been firing heard in various parts of the city during the afternoon but no serious results have followed and the firing has, it is thought, been the work of a few unruly characters who wanted to foment excitement.

There was a circus in town yesterday which has brought additional crowds of sympathizers with the different races. The police have been at work preventing crowds from gathering. There have been dozens of personal encounters on the streets, but no one was hurt. In the shooting of last night, it was reported to officers, Henry Arms, a young white man, was shot in the thigh.

The grand jury set today and indicted Lee Brown, the negro who killed Patrolman Massey, of murder in the first degree. The general feeling of unrest and uneasiness caused a meeting of Mayor Covert, Sheriff Kratz, and the county officers at which the grave situation was discussed and plans made to protect all citizens if other outbreaks are precipitated. All saloons in the city were ordered closed this evening at 6 o'clock. Mayor Covert also issued a proclamation, in which he says:

"The condition of anarchy and lawlessness that prevailed in this community last night was a disgrace to civilized people and a repetition of its scandalous proceedings will not be tolerated.

"That all congregations of people, either on street corners or other public places, are hereby prohibited.

"That all persons carrying arms, or any kind of weapons or any kind of weapon for attack or defense or anything with which an attack or defense could be conducted shall be arrested.

"That any loud, boisterous or incendiary talk will constitute sufficient ground for arrests.

Baptisttown is being depopulated and Negro families by the dozens are leaving, some of them taking refuge in the open country. Newburg road leading to the west is lined with negroes in wagons and camped by the roadside. Nearly all are armed.

The fire arms and ammunition taken from the stores broken into last night are still in the hands of those who composed the mob. There were no arrangements in police court today. Under the advice of the mayor, Judge Curry adjourned court during the excitement.

There are alarming rumors and reports started every few minutes. There is a general feeling that there will be an outbreak tonight. Negroes are said to be mobilizing near Baptist town to advance on the whites and a crowd of 200 whites is said to be arming to repulse this attack and wipe out the negroes. There is nothing tonight to confirm these rumors however.

This morning there was no sign of the mob violence that agitated the citizens all of last night. Business is moving in the even tenor of its way. A trip into the business section reveals that much damage was done to numerous stores, especially the hardware houses, many of which were entered and robbed of guns and ammunition. Thousands of shots were fired during the night, but so far as learned no one was killed although numbers of people are said to have been wounded. Several negroes were caught by mobs and almost beaten to death before the police could save them.

Fatal Fight on Steamer

Mount Vernon, Ind., July 7.—An excursion on the steamer, D. A. Nisbet, broke up in a big fight early this morning and six persons were shot.

Koney Givens of this city and Frank Kirk were shot in the legs and arms. Givens shot and fatally wounded a man named Brown from Henderson, Ky. One man from Henderson named White, was shot in the breast and fell into the river. His body has not been recovered. Two of the number shot were women.

FARM HAND KILLS HIMSELF.

DEPENDENT OVER AN UNFORTUNATE LOVE AFFAIR.

Plattsburgh.—After searching for nearly twenty-four hours for Thomas Spiers, a farm hand, the officers found the lifeless body of the man in a cluster of weeds two miles south of this city. The theory advanced is that Spiers concealed himself and deliberately took a dose of poison with suicidal intent.

No marks of violence were found upon his person. Blood was oozing from his mouth. This is supposed to have been caused by the drug.

One mysterious feature connected with the tragedy is that no bottle or other article which might have contained poisonous fluid could be found near the scene.

The dead man attended the Fourth of July celebration at Glenwood, Ia., yesterday, and it is said upon his return he shook hands with several acquaintances and informed them that he had decided to kill himself. The matter was later reported to the officers as there seemed to be good cause to believe that the man was insane. This led to the search, and the finding of his body tonight.

Spiers often referred to an unfortunate love affair and this may have had something to do with his rash deed.

Coroner Boeck empanelled a jury to hold an inquest, but owing to the absence of several witnesses the hearing was postponed until tomorrow.

Father Seeks His Child

St. Joseph, Mo., July 6.—Private detectives from Denver are in St. Joseph making a search for Jean McIntyre, the daughter of a wealthy mine operator, who lives at Walsenburg, Col. The child is seven years old and is said to have been kidnapped by her mother, Mrs. Annie McIntyre, and W. S. Conant, a male relative, on the night of April 7. The couple with the child were traced to Denver. Two weeks ago letters from Mrs. McIntyre postmarked at St. Joseph, were received by a friend in Walsenburg and the police here were asked to locate the pair, but were unable to do so. The father has offered a reward of \$100 for the recovery of the child and \$50 each for the arrest of Mrs. McIntyre and Conant. The parents separated several months ago and the father was given the custody of the child, which was kidnapped by the mother. The little girl is said to be the heiress to a large fortune. Conant is a former resident of St. Joseph.

Table Rock Man Missing

Table Rock, Neb., July 6.—W. L. Taylor, whose failure was recently announced in the Journal, has been mysteriously absent from home since Friday morning last, and his whereabouts are still unknown.

With nothing but a small grip in the way of baggage he quietly walked out of his home unknown to his family, went to the depot, purchased a ticket to Pawnee City, boarded train No. 14 which was quite a little late, but did not get off at Pawnee City. It has since been learned that he rode as far as Superior at which point he left the train and since then no trace has been secured of him. He spoke to no one of his departure or his destination, and it is feared by the relatives and friends that he has become mentally unbalanced from the shock of the failure and may do something rash. Any information in regard to him will be thankfully received by his distressed wife and relatives. His mysterious departure was not chronicled at the time, as it was hoped he might return to his family as soon as the shock of the failure was over.

Millionaire's Son Angry

Denver, July 6.—W. A. Clark, Jr., son of Senator Clark of Montana, took a ride in the patrol wagon yesterday and was a guest at the city hall behind the bars. He was treated like an ordinary boy, although he rebelled strongly when the jailer turned the key. He entered the cell room vowing vengeance upon all connected with his arrest and imprisonment. The charge placed against him was violation of the bicycle ordinance. With E. E. Pardie, manager of the Colorado Automobile company young Clark had started for the races at Overland park. In turning a corner they ran into E. L. Stovell, Officer Wagner thinking the rate at which they were going exceeded the speed limit, arrested the two men. The young millionaire cursed the officer. As he stepped into the patrol wagon he shook his fist at the policeman and said, with an oath: "I'll have you fired for this if I have to stay in town a year."

Angry Mob at Peoria

Peoria, Ill., July 6.—A mob composed of 300 white people sought the life of Minnie Pearle colored, who beat Perry Combs, a white boy, aged eleven years with a club this afternoon until his body was covered with deep cuts and welts. The woman was arrested and taken to the police station before the mob could reach her house. When the mob discovered that she had fled they tore down her house and threw the household furniture into the river.

FRYMYRE'S CAME FIRST

DEFENSE OF THE MAN ACCUSED OF SHOOTING AND KILLING MRS. PULS

HOPES TO SAVE HONOR

WILL ATTEMPT TO PROVE HIS MARRIAGE PRIOR TO PULS

Story of the Shooting at Eustis Neb., February 21—The Trip to the House of a Neighbor—Recover Wife Dying

Hastings, Neb., July 6.—Charles Tanner of Stockville, Neb., has been in Hastings the past week in the interest of Charles Frymyre, who is in the county jail here, held to answer the charge of having shot and killed Mrs. Tracy Puls at Eustis, Frontier county, on February 21. Yesterday morning the prisoner was interviewed in the county jail. The prisoner appeared to be an intelligent and fairly well educated man, and apparently takes much pains in keeping up his personal appearance. He is 29 years old, about five feet eight inches and weighs about one hundred and forty-five pounds. He is of dark complexion, clean shaven and looks about nineteen.

The story is about as follows: For more than a year Frymyre had been keeping company with Miss Tracy Oldenberg near Stockville. Richard Puls, a bachelor ranchman in the meantime sued for the hand of the girl and became engaged to her. They were married. Three days after the marriage Frymyre put a pistol in his pocket and stared for the Puls ranch. Upon reaching the house began discharging the pistol in the air. Puls heard the shooting and at the same time his wife cried: "Here comes Frymyre shooting." No sooner had she spoken the words than Frymyre appeared in the room. The two men instantly grappled and a revolver was discharged. Frymyre then ordered Puls to stay in the house and commanded Mrs. Puls to walk out of the room and accompanying him to the buggy. He then escorted the young woman to the vehicle, made her get in, and then started toward his bachelor quarters on Cannon Bank.

They had been riding several minutes before he discovered she was shot. He took her at once to the nearest neighbors' house. Mrs. Puls lived five days before succumbing to the fatal shot.

According to the story which he told reluctantly the shooting was purely accidental. He said: "Tracy Oldenberg and I were married fourteen months before this trouble happened. She was teaching school in a German community last winter and her folks did not like me. They tried to separate us, not knowing our relationship. Her parents, learning of her condition at the time, at once compelled her to marry Puls against her will. When I heard of this I went to where she was to take her home and save her honor. But in the excitement which followed she was accidentally shot, and nobody realized it until many minutes afterward. God knows I would not have harmed her intentionally. When I found she was hurt I took her to Mr. Opper's house, the nearest farm residence and sent for a doctor. Then I stayed by and tended her until I was placed under arrest about 9 o'clock that night. From that hour to this my position has been misunderstood.

When asked if a civil marriage ceremony had been performed, Frymyre said they were married according to the custom of his people. It was then suggested that common law marriage was null and void in this state, he said. "Wait and see."

Frymyre has great hopes of being cleared when the trial comes before the district court. His parents reside at Holdrege, but he was reared by an uncle and aunt who reside near Stockville.

Attempt to Kidnap Wesleyan Student

Ashland, Neb., July 6.—News has been received here of the attempt made to kidnap Miss Linnie Kackley, a former resident of Ashland, whose parents now reside at Lena, McPherson county, Neb.

The attempt to abduct Miss Kackley was made in the evening. She was a student of the Wesleyan university and as she stepped out of the back door of her boarding place, which was located three blocks from the university. The villains were directed from carrying out their purpose by presence of mind of a young man, also an inmate of the boarding house, who was attracted by the girl's screams.

Their Families Destitute

Hanna, Wyo., July 6.—Great destitution prevails among the families of the 25 men who lost their lives in the mine disaster Tuesday. Charitable people in the western states are urged to send liberal assistance to the men or to Hanna without delay. Everything possible is being done to recover the bodies of 230 miners still entombed, but fire, smoke and gas make progress very slow. It may be many or later before any more corpses shall be removed.

QUEER STORIES

The largest mule on earth, a 3-year-old jinnet, belongs to Michael Murray of Hereford, Mo. She is eighteen hands, or six feet high at the shoulders and weighs 1,705 pounds.

Germany has built the finest, fastest vessels afloat, although she is not geographically a maritime country, and no other country is so largely dependent on others for the raw material which enter into the making of a ship.

A duel on bicycles was recently fought in Paris. The two combatants were placed fifty yards apart and then ordered to charge. They rode at one another at a furious pace, but over-shot the mark and failed to meet. Wheeling quickly round, they returned to the charge, and this time came together with a terrific shock. Both were thrown, while the seconds, who were following behind, also on bicycles, fell in their turn, and both were injured. Neither of the combatants touched the other with his sword, but in falling one ran his weapon into himself and his opponent injured his leg.

A scientific examination of the oil deposits in the great coast prairie extending from Louisiana through Texas to Mexico, a distance of several hundred miles, has recently been made by Prof. R. T. Hill, who describes his results in the Journal of the Franklin Institute. The oil was first struck in 1901 by a drill hole driven 1,100 feet deep, through clay and quicksand. More than two hundred wells are now in operation, and one has been sunk to a depth of more than three thousand feet. Sometimes hot water is struck below the oil, and sometimes the oil itself is hot. The deeper it is found the more salt the water is.

There are about two hundred thousand stars between the first and ninth magnitude, the number of each lesser magnitude being about three times that of the next higher. Now, if this rate of increase were continued down to the seventeenth magnitude, there would be about 1,400,000,000 visible. In the best modern telescopes, telescope observation and photographic charts show nothing approaching this number. The latest estimate does not exceed one hundred million. As the instruments reach further and further into space they find a continuous diminution in the number of stars, thus indicating an approach to the outer limits of the stellar universe.

When the natives of Paraguay drink tea they do not pour it from a teapot into a cup, but fill a goblet made out of a pumpkin or gourd, and then suck up the hot liquid through a long reed. Moreover, the tea which they use is altogether different from that which comes from China, being made out of the dried and roasted leaves of a palm-like plant which grows in Paraguay and Southern Brazil. The natives say that this tea is an excellent remedy for fever and rheumatism, and chemical tests which have been made by German physicians seem to show that there is good ground for this statement. Certain it is that tea is widely used throughout Paraguay in cases of illness, and that, so far as has been observed, the effects produced by it are highly beneficial.

Innovations on the Farm.

The prairie West is more progressive than most people believe. It takes up the new ideas quickly and pushes them to the limit. In rural delivery the States of Kansas and Nebraska are as progressive as Ohio. Out on the plains, 200 miles and more west of Kansas City and Omaha, are the rural wagons making their daily trips. The towns are mostly on the railroads running east and west. Most of the rural routes run north and south, and each covers approximately fifty miles in the round trip, serving 100 families. Out on the edge of Kansas, close to the Oklahoma line, where only a few years ago it was a cattle range, are the white wagons. From the little town of Caldwell go seven wagons, serving 700 families. Out on the ranches, where the cow-boys are watching the improved herds, the morning Kansas City papers with the full Associated Press news up to 2 o'clock in the morning are delivered at 10 a. m. Every event of importance in the world's history of the last twenty-four hours is thus known. Fast mail trains have brought the papers to the county seat and the carriers started about 8 a. m. on their trips.—Leslie's Weekly.

Cares of Great Wealth.

The troubles of the rich received a forcible illustration in a recent conversation between Senator Clark, of Montana and one of his friends, according to the New York Times. The senator said he had once received from an English syndicate an offer of \$50,000,000 for his mining property.

"Why didn't you take it?" asked his friend.

"I want to live a little longer," was the ambiguous answer.

"What do you mean?"

"Well," said the senator, slowly, "it may seem strange to you, but if I had sold out for \$50,000,000 I wouldn't be alive to-day. I firmly believe. Just think what it means to invest \$50,000,000. All the work and worry suffered by all mankind since the death of Adam would not be equal to the work and worry involved in trying to invest it right. No, sir; I want to live, and declined the job. I'm too old for work like that."

Auro in Congo.

Boma, in the Congo Free State, has a road nearly 150 miles long which is practicable for automobiles.