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MEMORIAL SUNDAY.

Services Held at M. E. Church Attended by the Grand Army Post, Sons of Veterans, Auxiliary, and Many Patriotic Citizens.

The observance of Memorial Sunday was well arranged and well attended at M. E. Church. The handsome church was beautifully decorated with flags and bunting.

The G. A. R. Post, Sons of Veterans and Auxiliary met at 10:30 a. m. and marched to the church, where reserved seats were in waiting for them.

The beautiful singing was a fine feature of the occasion, and included the Organ Prelude, by Miss Edith Bartholic, Hymn No. 78, a very pretty solo by Mrs. Hazor Smith, Hymn No. 653, an anthem by the united choir, Hymn No. 702, and the Organ Postlude.

A fervent prayer was offered by Rev. Farrington, and a fine patriotic sermon by Rev. H. F. Ebert, and the Benediction was pronounced by Rev. Geo. H. McClung.

Following is the sermon in part:

This day is very dear to me, and I believe to all the citizens of Dwight. It is a proud day. I shrink not from the will of a soldier. When the soldier Holbrook of the Camp of the Sons of Veterans, challenged me to unite with his comrades in arms in honoring the soldier dead, other interests of the Master's kingdom were pressing enough to refuse to serve as the speaker of the hour, but refuse, I could not. I hold it an honor. I consider it a high honor and an exalted privilege to do reverence to an old soldier. Among the Germans, I am a German. In the blood of Europe, I am a German, and proud as I am of that race which gave a Bismarck and Von Moltke to the world, I am more proud of the fact that I am American born, born and bred under the American flag, have always breathed American air, have been educated in American schools, and in that soil I hope to hear the reveille of Gabriel when he calls all dust to rise and bids the sea give up its dead, and it is my pleasure, Veterans, to tell you how we

revere this day, for the opportunity of bringing a friendly tribute of love and gratitude to the men "whose lives were touched by the red glow" of battlefields. It is the custom of humanity to refer to the epoch-making events of history, and to mark them for special commemoration. Memorial Sabbath is a solemn occasion. It is one of the most sacred days in our national calendar. Once more we are assembled for a service of benediction and sweet remembrance—a service which has come to sustain a large place in the hearts of our countrymen, whose freedom has been purchased at the cost of a great multitude of human lives.

Out of the treasured memories of the past, the impulse comes to us to press "the new wine of rejoicing" into the Nation's cup of Thanksgiving and present it as an obligation unto the Lord of Hosts and God of Battles!

And who can forget at a time like this, the patriotic devotion with which the brave soldiers of '61 went forth at their country's call to fight or fall in its defense? Well may we cherish the memory of the fallen who have fallen for us. Well may we cheer those that survive and still respond to the roll-call of the living! Well may we remember these men! Amid the gloom of strife and amid dire scenes of the tragedy of bloodshed and carnage, amid the clash of arms and boom of cannon, amid the mantling clouds of smoke lifting from fields strewn with the dead as thick as leaves in the forest, these men stood and struggled, bled and thirsted, and at any moment were ready it needs be to offer at the altar of their country's weal, the life-blood of the heart.

To every one of us there must be some spot, some place which by its very name, and the many associations linked with it, that works like magic on the mind and marks it sacred—a place of which we cannot think, on which we cannot tread without contending with a long succession of memories commingled with delight and sadness.

Earth has many sacred places! There are certain localities, certain buildings, certain places—from the very fact of being the site of a chance or crisis in one's life experience, illumines and sanctifies the very ground, so that like the hermit shepherd of the hills of Midian, we feel like taking off the sandals, lest we tread on something holy.

Some places are sacred and heavenly by sweet communion with God. Some are sacred, because a loved one who was more precious to us than life itself, lies buried beneath the silent sod. Some are hallowed because there we were chastened by a great calamity—our hearts crushed under the burden of a heavy sorrow. Some are immortalized by new born life, its meaning, its purpose, which came upon us with the suddenness of an eagle's swoop and our souls thrilled and expanded as they caught a new vision of God's goodness and glory.

Memorable was that day in the annals of Hebrew history when the harvest sun was hot and the shade was scanty, and the enemy was drawn up into armed array against Israel. Then a sunlit messenger challenged Gideon by the Oak at Orphrah and spoke reassuring words of conquest.

In thinking of an old soldier, or a young one, whether I take my mind back to Revolutionary times, or to the

bloody days of secession or later still to our recent Spanish-American war—I can do no better than to ask you to follow me in the footsteps of the war-like Gideon!

Among old testament heroes few stand out more picturesquely than Gideon. The sword of the Lord and Gideon has become famous in history, and the story of the divinely guided warfare, interests young and old, and shall be read and re-read even after the lapse of centuries to inspire and to impel men and women to become rich in high endeavor and heroic in achievement.

Gideon was an ideal soldier! He was true to his country and to his country's God! Israel was groaning under the yoke of oppression. The robber Midianites coming out of the desert as locusts for multitude swarmed for seven years through the land. They sacked their cities, destroyed their homes, plundered their fields of cattle and harvest, sold their servants into bondage and in consequence Israel was compelled to seek refuge in caves or in the rocky dens of perilous mountain cliffs.

Heaven's marching orders came to Gideon! With a company of three hundred men, he steals under cover of night into the encampment of the Midianites, where thirty-two thousand of the foe lay sleeping in their fancied security. Gideon has his three hundred picked men stationed on surrounding hills in companies of one hundred each.

They had no artillery, they had no cavalry, they had no Gatling guns and rifles! They had a lantern in one hand—a trumpet in the other, and a sword dangling by their side. On a sudden, they flash their lights, blow their trumpet, and with the battle-cry thundering through the valleys: "The sword and the Lord and Gideon," they sweep like a mighty avalanche down upon the terror-stricken Midianites. The aroused foe did its utmost to rally the men arrayed their standards and breast the storm. In vain—it seemed as if the heavens were breaking and the angels had come down into the forms of living men to fight for Israel, for the shattered columns were falling away like grass before the reaper under God and Gideon's generalship!

Our hearts do not thrill and throb with triumph because of the men slain or because of battlefields drenched with the blood of the oppressors, but what stirs our hearts to the very depths, is that in this chapter in the annals of the wars of Israel we have on record, that they flash their lights, blow their trumpet, and with the battle-cry thundering through the valleys: "The sword and the Lord and Gideon," they sweep like a mighty avalanche down upon the terror-stricken Midianites. The aroused foe did its utmost to rally the men arrayed their standards and breast the storm. In vain—it seemed as if the heavens were breaking and the angels had come down into the forms of living men to fight for Israel, for the shattered columns were falling away like grass before the reaper under God and Gideon's generalship!

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There is no place like home! There is one word in our language that has magical power over every human heart; that charming word spells "home," "the father's kingdom," "the mother's palace," "the child's paradise." Home—the ideal home, where a world of strife is shut out and a heaven of love shut in! Who can forget the home of his childhood? The very recollection of

those distant days are fragrant. Many are the poets that sing of the benediction of home but none pull so at the heartstrings as Payne in his familiar accents:

"Mid pleasures and palaces
Though we ever roam,
Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home.

What shall we say of the fathers and mothers that have surrendered the pride of their dwellings and the beloved of their hearts at their country's call, that have responded at the time when these gray haired veterans before me were young men, strong and stalwart, when the glow of health reddened their cheeks, when the life currents surged warmly through their bodies and they stood at the door of their homes and said "Kiss me, mother, let me go, and with a "God speed you" and "God take care of my boy," he buckled on his armor, rushed to the front, where the battle raged, and the flag fluttered and mingled his blood in the sacrifice which paid the price of liberty.

"There is no place like home!" That is only partial truth! There is also no place like the homeland. Somebody else has beautifully said: "The home, the flag, the cross, are the sublimest symbols or richest treasures of human feeling."

I know of a German whom I visited, who apparently was very reticent and of a retiring disposition. I often wondered how I could get that man to talking, so one time I simply mentioned "Germany" and behold, I struck the hidden vein of his heart's treasures. He just opened up and talked and talked, so after that, when I wanted my friend to talk, I would simply say: "Deutschland." It was his old love to the fatherland. Often his thoughts wandered back over the vine-covered hills of Alsace and over the castled Rhine, back to the comrades of the glorious German army, as it proudly marched home from Paris, singing the triumphant song: "Fest steht, und treu, die Wacht am Rhine."

Patriotism signifies sacrifice. Human history is written in blood. The sacrifices which the passions of men have demanded are appalling in number. War robs nations of their best sons, beggars women and children and causes untold suffering in all avenues of life. The cost of our inheritance is not mountains of gold and rivers of diamonds. It costs miles of weary marches of bloody battles, mountains of toil and trouble, rivers of tears and blood.

Mommsen, the German historian, describes the Civil war as "the mightiest struggle and most glorious victory recorded in the human annals."

The enlargement of our privilege and opportunities we owe to the brave men of '61, and this memory will keep the facts fragrant, as somebody else has well said: "We are swimming on a sea of immense possibilities, and oh, how every ripple of its surface is full of mighty suggestions that are pregnant with grandeur."

It was the boys in blue who completed the work begun by the heroes of the Revolution. These colonial troops fought for liberty, but not liberty for all men. The men under the peerless leadership of Grant and Sherman and Logan fought for the liberty of all—of all God's immortal children, of every race, hue and grade—whether they be

Indians, or the three million Africans, or Europeans or Asiatics, all should be respected for manhood's sake, and embraced in the common love of universal brotherhood.

Our school houses, our court houses, our free institutions, our halls of legislation, our hospitals, our asylums, these are the results obtained by the conflict; these are the fruits of the blood bought victory of Appomattox. These veterans are you monuments, population, the thriving towns, the millions of acres of fertile farm land, thousands of square miles of coal, gold, silver and copper ore, the stupendous manufacturing interests restoring our country to prosperity and building us the habitations of peace! All this we owe to the two million, six hundred thousand men in arms under the flag that was lifted and made to wave over Shiloh, Gettysburg, Fair Oaks, Missionary Ridge, Lookout Mountain, Beach Tree Creek and Richmond.

The brave men of the Civil war fought, not for the love of fighting, not for desire of fame, they fought our battles, they died that we might live. They fought not for glory, but for liberty, not for love of battle, but for devotion to an honest cause. It may be said of the patriot, both soldier and sailor who has defended our country's flag, as we went to Moses on Pisgah's heights of glorious vision: "And the Lord showed him all the land, to the north and to the south, and west and east." And thus we would take our veterans by the hand this morning and lead them up the mount of vision, so that they can see our Republic from ocean to ocean and from the lakes to the gulf, and behold the evidences of our civilization, and say: Behold the land! glorious now in its tranquility, whose peace you purchased.

Patriotism throws another word on the sheet of fame, which spells citizenship. It is a fine thing to be a good soldier. The soldier has always been honored. From the earliest days all paid tribute to their soldiers, whether pagan or christian, civilized or barbaric. Everybody admires a brave soldier. The natural instinct of the child imitates the soldier as he marches with the drum strapped across his shoulders, Napoleonlike, up and down the room and says when I am big, I'm going to be a Dewey! It is the bravery that enthralls the little urchin.

It is a splendid thing to be a stalwart soldier, but it is a more splendid thing to be a clever citizen. It is a great deed to die for one's country, but it is far more glorious to live for one's country. It certainly is a great sacrifice demanded to be a soldier in the battles of war, but it is as difficult a sacrifice to be a soldier in the battles that make for peace and righteousness in the moral world.

My friends, the great trouble in the world today, is the cowards. They do splendidly on a parade day, but in the great battle of life, at the first sharp shooting of the enemy, they dodge, step back and break ranks.

What we need today is the interest

of men of character, of people with high ideals in our political life. When good people are in the majority in political offices, the reforms will come of themselves. Every true patriot ought to cast a clean christian ballot. We don't want any more citizens of the Benedict Arnold type of the tribe of the Actor Booth, of the house of Citeau, Czolozos, and Strank. They were men unworthy of the balmy air of the land of the free, undeserving of the blessings of the home of the brave.

"God give us men. A time like this demands strong minds, great hearts, true faith and steady hands." One little girl asked her oldest sister if George Washington was a king. "No," she replied thoughtfully, "but he was a king in his heart." That is the kind of citizenship we crave. One that makes kings of men in their hearts which only needs the provocation of the slightest circumstances to blossom out into kindly deeds and achievement.

The young people of this audience I now particularly address. A writer has said "Our blessings wear a brighter hue when seen on the background of the Civil war." Let us have peace, said Grant during the civil strife. But now a voice echoes down through the centuries "Let us be grateful," every tattered and torn battleflag, every veteran under the frost of declining years is speaking to you! Young man, young woman! Little boy and little girl! Deceive not one of the noblest virtues of the human heart—Gratitude.

Young men and women of the fair state of Illinois, we can look upon our state with pardonable pride. Illinois has given to the world some of the grandest characters! Great are her industries, vast her possibilities, boundless her material wealth, but her greatest treasures are her men! The nations of Europe and the Orient have the book of peers wherein are carefully chronicled the names and pedigrees of her noble men. England has her Wellington and Gladstone, France is proud of Napoleon, but now boasts of Bismarck, and William the Great. Italy enshrines the name Victor Immanuel and Garibaldi in the hearts of her citizens. Switzerland clings to the fabled story of William Tell and Winkelreid for the kindling of youthful enthusiasm. What has America? Bid them look from the watch tower of time, over across the lakes and mountains and prairies to Illinois.

We call the roll of heroes of our Prairie State! A personality looms up in majestic proportions before our view, a character unique and strong as adamant. He was very human this hero of ours—keen-eyed, fiery tempered, passionate, warm-hearted and generous to a fault—universally beloved and esteemed because of his brilliant war record and perhaps death only robbed this nation of a president, who but few could excel, in wholesome aspirations and in those qualities that command respect and admiration! I am speaking of John A. Logan, familiarly characterized as Illinois' greatest volunteer soldier.

Again we give our taps to the drum and blow the trumpet and call the roll of Illinois Immortals and there appears to our view one of the most brilliant stars in our skies. Had he died in the tan-yard, or on the farm, the world

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