

Dwight Star and Herald.

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BACCALAUREATE SERVICE

For 1913 Graduating Class Held at the Methodist Episcopal Church, June 1.

Commencement week of the Dwight High School opened Sunday evening with the Baccalaureate sermon delivered at the Methodist Episcopal Church by Rev. F. F. Farrington, pastor of the Congregational Church. It was a splendid sermon, full of good advice to the graduates.

The service opened with an organ voluntary by Miss Edith Bartholice, during the playing of which the graduates, twelve in number, and High School faculty, marched to seats in front of the church. The choir sang Buck's Festival Te Deum, excellently, and Mrs. C. D. McWilliams gave a beautiful rendition of "Jesus Only."

Following is Rev. Farrington's sermon in part:

You have expressed a strong truth in your motto. You have indeed declared your willingness to learn and you have admitted that as yet your education is not complete. It is well that you have finished the work given you. If we are open to truth and if we are free from egotism we should learn daily in the school of life. You have finished in order that you may be better fitted to begin. It sounds like a paradox and yet it is even so. The knowledge which you have gleaned from the text book and from your instructors will perform its highest mission only as it is made practical. You are therefore to go out with the principles, with

the rules, with the truth in theory, and you are to apply it to needs of the hour. I mused for a moment over your class colors and I see more than ribbons. I know why you selected purple, it was because you believed in royalty and honor. I know why you selected old gold, it was because you valued gold only as it had been tested and found true. May you remember your selection of purple, the color of royalty and honor, when you enter the ranks of business or professional life. May you remember old gold when you face the great luring social world.

I cannot help but feel at this moment that this occasion should call for much gratitude on your part. It is a great honor to finish the course, but never let it so exalt you that you will spurn the ignorant. At this hour there are many of your own age toiling in field, office, factory, or sweat shop, while you enjoy the ease which your parents have cast about you. They struggle along for an existence with scant raiment, poor food, and little pleasure. You owe a debt of gratitude to your parents this night for their help. You have reached life's shore. Beyond is the troubled restless sea. Beyond you must master your own ship. Beyond you must hoist your own sails. Beyond you must select your own captain. Beyond you must look out and feel that mother and father have done their part; they have carried your burdens; they have kept you free from responsibility, but now you must bear them yourself; and feeling this possibly for the first time you think of success. For one it is in business, for another it will lead to scholastic honors, for another it points to a profession. It is right that you should but may I say that you need strength if you are to

climb and struggle toward that aim. May I say that now and then you need a stimulus. I know where you can find it. It will come from your ideals. The stream cannot rise higher than its source, and no man can rise higher than his ideal.

I am not a cynic, I am not a pessimist, all that I shall say is but a note of warning. You view the world from afar, it is well that you do; you see the care free life, it is well that you do; to you this far life has been a song, a sweet song and trust the melody may continue and that discord may never smite the angel of harmony. You will find however, while this is a beautiful world and a garden which God hath planted, I say you will find in it here and there—the serpent. I say this that you may be ready to receive the first blow from a practical world. If kindness has been the supreme virtue of the hour, remember the world is not so kind. If your slightest achievement has brought much honor upon you, remember the world—I mean the busy, rushing, hurrying world—will not always appreciate your efforts. You will write beautiful poems then, but the editor (because he is not capable of appreciating them) will throw them into the waste paper basket. You will aspire to write a novel but an office boy will destroy your manuscript. You will boast of your ability in business but there is no room. You will say within your heart "I should receive more money. I am worth more." But the world will not increase your salary, it fails to appreciate you as mother did, it fails to honor you as father did. I strike this minor chord that you may not be disappointed. Many young people find the world a different place than they supposed it to be, and so

through life disappointed and soured. You will see your ideals brought to the dust. The scales of justice will fall in the court room. The innocent will go to the cell—the guilty go free. Honesty will be a word of the past with grafting politicians. Purity will be mocked. Truth will be reproved. Hate shall conquer love. The flight of this gold seeking age will touch and mar the higher ideals. We shall see our ideal scourged. We shall see our ideal wearing a scarlet robe. We shall see our ideal wearing a crown of thorns. We shall see it upon a cross of prejudice. We shall see the world give vinegar instead of water. We shall see it thrust at last with the spear of hate. What shall we say when we find such a state of things? I say all this to warn you. What shall we say? Shall we say Justice has lost her power? Shall we say, Honesty is dead? Shall we say, Truth has lost in the battle with error? Shall we say, the world is conquered by hate? Shall we say our ideal is dead, it is gone for it hath been crucified? No. Stand fast. Fight, struggle, pray, and at last the ideal shall come forth from the tomb in which the world tried to lock it.

There are moments in which we are bestowed upon a man but what wealth, what power to be young. You are young and your morning hours are bright with the sunshine of promise. Who knows the place in life you are to fill. We must take care of the morning. If we are to enjoy life's sunlit Thrust forth your sickles each day into the golden fields of opportunity and you will return to the garner of immortality bearing your sheaves of achievement.

Who would trade youth for money? Who would exchange it for fame? Not one. This is your time, this is your opportunity.

Do not procrastinate when the door of opportunity swings wide. Do not leave your talents to remain buried, undiscovered, unheard. Youth is your time for service, for activity and for glory. The world calls for your gifts while the sunshine of hope is still radiant. Many people refuse to recognize a man's ability until he has reached mature years, but I say demand to be heard. Demand your laurels. "Let no man despise thy youth." Charlemagne, a master of Germany and France at thirty. Charles the Tenth was King of Sweden at fifteen. Paul Potter, the great Dutch painter of animals, produced his greatest paintings when twenty-two. Newton discovered the law of gravity at twenty-three. Schubert produced 500 songs before he was thirty. Mozart composed his operas at twelve. While the great teacher and leader of all mankind won a place among the immortals at thirty-three.

But what is success? Stimulated by our ideals we push our way toward the goal of our ambition as the flower pushes through the soil toward the light. But what is success? Webster says "It is the prosperous termination of any undertaking." Toward what goal are you working and struggling? One says I mean to be rich. I want to command ease and luxury. I want money for with it I can do much good, and if you say that, then wealth is a holy thing. If you want to be successful in your search for gold you must say, that I may do good with it, for wealth that is simply metal giving pleasure and comfort alone to the owner is not wealth at all. Another says I want popularity, fame, worldly honor. The world has ever had people who thirst for this kind of success "as the hart panteth after the waterbrook."

I would like to say that success cannot be bought with gold nor is it a gift. Jesus throws some light on the question in an interview with two of his disciples, James and John, who were seeking throne seats. Their Master rebuked them, not because they were asking for too much, but because they expected to get it without a struggle. They were thinking only of the glory and forgetting the battle. He looked at them and said "Are ye able to drink the cup that I am about to drink?" "Are ye able to go to the garden and to Gethsemane?" That was the price. Many young people want success but are not willing to pay the price. They envy the success of other men but they never find out the price they paid for their honors. They say I would like to be a great painter like Millet, but look! he sits in the dark, at his easel waiting for the first streak of morning light. I would like to write like Kipling, but look! he comes forth from his seclusion pale, tired, haggard and exhausted from his study where he has finished a book. I wish I possessed a speaking voice like Bucher's but listen, three hours each day were given to vocal training to produce that voice. If I could invent like Edison, and Edison says "I go forty-eight hours without food or sleep at times." If I could breathe forth the beauty of thought in words like Emerson, but listen, for thirty years he brooded over his books in the morning and roamed the fields in the afternoon with notebook in hand. The question is "Can you drink the cup?"

Wealth is not success. Fame is not success. They have their miseries and their joys. We are apt to make a mistake in looking for fame as a goal in life, for often the righteous man is imprisoned as Paul in Rome, while Nero sits upon the throne. The good are not always popular. The wicked are not always unpopular. Poor Socrates preaching in the dirty streets of Athens endeavoring to uplift the people to higher planes, drinks the hemlock as a reward. Savonarola is strangled. Lincoln, the giant of truth, of justice and of right, is shot down like a dog. Jesus, that peerless and matchless one, is crucified. Yes, the good are not always received with waving palms and loud acclamation. Therefore there is a danger in calling popularity a success. What is success? It has nothing to do with the

material life. It has nothing to do with popularity or the shouts of the crowd. The true success to be sought for by one and all, young and old, is to live faultless and blameless before the God of love. Success cannot be weighed as gold, it cannot be measured as the extent of one's fame, it is spiritual, it is immortal, success is character. The most successful man was poor, unpopular, despised but he struggled through thirty-three years "wearing always the white flower of a stainless life."

Breathe a portion of this prayer in the dawning light of each day and again at twilight.

The following prayer is found on the calendar of the Central Congregational Church for this week:

"Let me do my work each day; and if the darkened hours of despair overcome me, may I not forget the strength that comforted me in the desolation of other times. May I still remember the bright hours that found me walking over the silent hills of my childhood, or dreaming on the margin of the quiet river, when a light glowed within me, and I promised my early God to have courage amid the tempests of the changing years. Spare me from bitterness and from the sharp passions of unguarded moments. May I not forget that poverty and riches are of the spirit. Though the world knows me not, may my thoughts and actions be such as shall keep me friendly with myself. Life my eyes from the earth, and let me not forget the uses of the stars. Forbid that I should judge others lest I condemn myself. Let me not follow the clamor of the world, but walk calmly in my path. Give me a few friends who will love me for what I am; and keep ever burning before my vagrant steps the kindly light of hope. And though age and infirmity overtake me, and I come not within sight of the castle of my dreams, teach me still to be thankful for life, and for time's olden memories that are good and sweet; and may the evening's twilight find me gentle still."

Rather Well Put.

Dr. E. E. Higley of Denver remarks: "A lie is a serpent in the garden of speech."

IN SIMPLE SELF-PROTECTION

Evolution of "Washerwomen" Made Necessary by Uncompromising Attitude of the Laundry People.

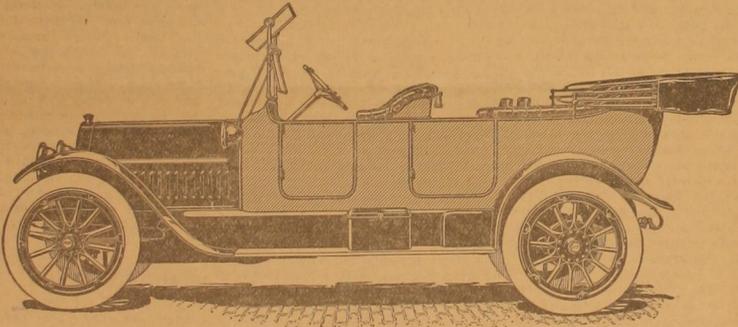
The shirtband buttonhole is the real reason why the Y. M. C. A. of Philadelphia is encouraged to start a course of instruction for men in the art of washing clothes. It better might be said that it is the back shirtband buttonhole that is responsible for the introduction into the classroom of the tub, the bluing bottle, the starch box and the ironing board.

There is one washerwoman for every 200 of this country's inhabitants, and there is a laundry for every 1,000 thereof. Neither woman nor laundry ever has been able to learn that a man has to girth a collar button through the rear hole of the shirtband. The washerwoman thinks that a man pins his collar on, and that if he doesn't he should be forced to. The laundry knows all about the buttonhole, but it is at odds with it, and seeks malevolently to destroy its identity.

An inside band to protect the male neck from chafing against the base of the back button is sewed on shirts by all self-respecting shirtmakers. For years it has been the unbreakable habit of washerwomen and laundries to starch this band into close boardlike union with the hand back of it. It takes a knife to effect the divorce, and it is not complete until several unstitched buttonholes have been made by the blade of it. The shirt that comes back once from the wash is done for after the first surgical operation. The washdishes and the laundries can save their jobs and discourage the higher education of males if they will spare their starch and save the shirts.

Fine Job Printing at this Office.

Studebaker



STUDEBAKER "SIX"—\$1,550 f. o. b. Detroit

Six passengers, six cylinders, 3 1/2-inch bore x 5-inch stroke, 121-inch wheelbase

Electric starter	Tire holders	Studebaker Jiffy curtains
Electric lights	Stewart & Clark Speedometer	Luxurious upholstery
Electric horn	Three-quarter elliptic springs	Clear-vision ventilating windshield
3 1/2 inch Goodrich tires	Full-floating rear axle	Special tool box
Detachable, demountable rims	Silk mohair top	rain-vision type
Extra rim	Silk mohair top cover	Full set of tools

STUDEBAKER "25"—\$885 f. o. b. Detroit

Five passengers, four cylinders, long stroke, 3 1/2-inch bore x 5-inch stroke

Demountable rims	Prest-O-Lite tank	Robe rail
30x3 1/2 inch Goodrich tires	Silk mohair top cover	Full elliptic springs
Gas starter	Stewart & Clark Speedometer	Extra rim
Electric horn	Nickel trimmings	Tire holders
Ventilating windshield	Deep cushions	Tire repair kit
Studebaker Jiffy curtains		Tool box and full set of tools

STUDEBAKER "35"—\$1,290 f. o. b. Detroit

Six passengers, four cylinders, 4 1/2-inch bore x 5-inch stroke, 116-inch wheelbase

Electric starter	Tire holders	Studebaker Jiffy curtains
Electric lights	Stewart & Clark Speedometer	Luxurious upholstery
Electric horn	Three-quarter elliptic springs	Deep Cushions
3 1/2 inch Goodrich tires	Full-floating rear axle	Clear-vision ventilating windshield
Detachable, demountable rims	Silk mohair top	rain-vision type
Extra rim	Silk mohair top cover	Full set of tools

- 4 Consider that back of every one of these automobiles is the untarnished Studebaker reputation for honest manufacture and service to the owner after he buys.
- 4 We would call to your attention the extraordinarily clean and modern motor design, which carries motor construction to the highest point of engineering skill.
- 4 We would ask you to notice the attention to details and the remarkable way in which even the slightest inconvenience to the driver has been smoothed out.
- 4 It is public confidence in Studebaker methods and in Studebaker promises that makes this organization the great force which it is.

Ferguson Motor Sales Company
Dwight, Illinois

Brave though she was, Molly felt a thrill of terror when she saw the driver had abandoned the stage and that the Indians were closing in. Then—barely in time—Sergeant Hamlin appeared.

It was one man against a score of savages, but this was the hero of a dozen daring exploits—"Brick" Hamlin of the gallant Seventh Cavalry—"the lad who brought in Dugan," and the same who made the famous ride from Washita to Camp Supply with Custer's report to Sheridan.

But there's no need to tell you what Mr. Parrish can do with an opening like this. If you want to read the finest Randall Parrish story in years, read

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the new serial story we have secured and will print in liberal installments in this paper

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