

THE GARDEN IN THE STREET

By Rev. T. C. McClelland

Dr. T. Calvin McClelland, pastor of the Memorial Presbyterian church, Seventh avenue and St. John's place, preached Sunday morning on "The Garden in the Street." The text was from Revelations xxii, 1-2. "He showed me a river of water of life, bright as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb, in the midst of the street thereof. And on this side of the river and on that was the tree of life."

There are many who find the full grown man. The man who has not only the body that can bear and do, but the mind running like a perfect engine, ready to spin the finest gossamers or forge the heaviest anchors of truth, and the heart which keeps open house like an old mansion, and the upper story of life, no mere garret of cobwebs, but the solar den, where the soul is most at home. The most striking feature of the city life is its sense of the community. Men work for each other, with each other dependent upon each other. And with this there comes the loss of the individual, the death of impulse, the fetter of convention and custom. "The individual withers and the race is more and more." Where in the woods we find it hard to see men for the man in the city life we find it hard to see the man for men. This is the other extreme of culture—the culture of the life which knows only the streets.

And over and over again the old Bible story is done into life. The man leaves the garden and goes toward the city. For one city man who goes back into the woods to stay, there are a hundred woods men, children of the woods, who come to the city and never to go back again. Everywhere like little streams rushing from the hills into the sea, come these farmer lads from their trees and rivers into the surge of our cosmopolitan living; some yearning for the large excitement, some faraway vision of the city lights faring like a dreary dawn.

And we of the city life sometimes wonder that these lads are so eager for that of which we get so weary. We tire of the city, the dust and noise and unrest, of course, but most of all of this loss of individuality, this sinking of one's self in custom and convention, this monotone of dress and thought, talk, work and amusement, this servile obedience of fashion. Thinking and acting gets to look like our streets, drab, dreary, and unlovely, and we yearn to get away from it all, to leave the street behind, to lose one's self in God's out-of-doors. And so comes about that strange phenomenon, the summer exodus. The man of the city closes his house, forgets his office and goes away. He has a suit of store clothes on him and two linen collars in his handbag, but for the rest he carries the gear of the vacation, and getting into his car he goes as quick as a flash into the pine needles and lets the wind and rain beat down on his uncooled head and untrimmed hair. Through the weeks he passes; and then happens the stranger thing. Through the music of the forest and the harmonies of the falling waters, he hears, at first far away and hardly audible, the voice of the city, and as the music of the city's spirit that voice speaks with a charm which overcomes the woodland's spell and in another day he is back in the city, in the old streets, to the old work, to the ever daily life.

These tree planting movements are no mere fad of the esthetic; this interest in the preservation of our forests is a part of the wider awakening in the interests of our great forests, for the preservation of which there is need of immediate and effective action. Our American forests are the greatest and most fertile in the world. Four hundred varieties of trees are found in our woodlands. But we have been spending, and conservative students of the question admit that the present rate of lumbering keeps up its present pace, the end of our forests is in sight. While our population has been increasing three times, the amount of timber consumed has increased tenfold. Twenty years ago black walnut was split for rails in Ohio. To-day merchants are paying exorbitant prices for those rails. White pine must now be shipped to Maine, the "Pine State," and the "cedar" is "cedar" brought to a wasteful Newcastles.

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U. S. TEARS.

NEWPORT NEWS, Va., Oct. 9.—The transport Admiral Sampson, with the second battalion of Eleventh Infantry, and Company F, Field Hospital corps aboard, sailed for Havana this evening. This is the fifth transport to leave this port with troops for Cuba.

KINGS COUNTY MAN KILLED

A fatal accident occurred at Westfield Wednesday forenoon, when Theodore Purdy, of Hampton, met his death by being struck by the Atlantic express bound for this city. Mr. Purdy was employed as teamster by a Mr. Holly, who is building a new house at Westfield, and was driving over the railway crossing on a slovenly hauled by one horse. Just as the horse was to cross the tracks, the Atlantic express came in sight, and before Mr. Purdy could drive out of danger, the engine struck him, killing him instantly and throwing Mr. Purdy to the ground with great violence.

TOPEKA, Kas., Oct. 10.—Seven persons were injured seriously and many more slightly in the wreck which occurred last night two miles east of Wallonia on the Union Pacific Railroad.

VIENNA, Oct. 9.—Andreas Gruber, a farmer of Nadah, in Hungary, yesterday shot his young and newly married wife at a ball.

CONDUCTOR JOHN WADE, who is in charge of the train was seen by a Star representative, as soon as he arrived in the city. He said that Mr. Purdy had met his death in a most unfortunate manner.

NEW YORK, Oct. 9.—The barber shop at 184 Lexington avenue was filled today with a mob of angry customers, while Thomas Sherman was being "fixed up."

BERLIN, Oct. 9.—The Morgenpost gives details of a daring attempt to assassinate Count Westphal recently, at Bad Soden, near Wiesbaden.

PARIS, Oct. 9.—A body of cuirassiers were told off to charge the riotous strikers at Grenoble today were met by a volley of bottles of beer, and many of the soldiers were disabled.

BRUSSELS, Oct. 9.—The Independent Belge publishes an extraordinary story from its St. Petersburg correspondent regarding the reasons which caused the czar and his family to leave Petrohof for a cruise along the coast of Finland.

MONTELOTT, Oct. 10.—A young man named Robert Fulton, belonging to Beersville, Kent Co., was brought to Montreal this morning suffering from a gun shot wound in the leg. Fulton and others were hunting at the mouth of Salmon River, where the accident occurred, yesterday. The wound is below the knee and the medical attendants expect to save the limb.

WONDERS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

Professor J. G. Adams, of McGill College, has recently returned from British Columbia. He came back greatly impressed by the beauty and natural advantages of a valley, which is as yet little known, but, nevertheless, he considers not only the noblest valley in Canada, but one destined to be the future of a fruit-growing region having advantages even greater than the Okanagan. This is the valley of the Upper Columbia river, running between the Rocky Mountains in the Selkirk, and stretching from Golden, on the main line of the Canadian Pacific, to Fort Steele.

PROVINCIAL NEWS

YARMOUTH, Oct. 9.—A horrible story of depravity at Clarks Harbor became known here today, when two young girls, sisters, aged fourteen and fifteen years, came to Yarmouth on their way to Boston. Their father, Thomas Doland, who served a term of Dorchester for stealing a large sum of money at Clarks Harbor, and who immediately after his release, was struck by an intercolonial train while walking on the track and badly crippled, made his way to his old home at Clarks Harbor where he lived with his little daughters. Before the girls arrived here Doland wired the police to hold them where they did. The man came to Yarmouth, but in the meantime the fifteen year old girl swore out a warrant against her father whom she charged with incest. Doland was locked up and will be sent to Barrington on Wednesday for examination.

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GENERAL NEWS

PARIS, Oct. 9.—M. Henri Boudy, of Bordeaux, has invented an aerial torpedo which, he says, will revolutionize modern methods of warfare. It is declared to be neither lighter nor heavier than the air, and its ballast is displaced by shells and grenades for war purposes. As the cargo is discharged on the enemy the tendency to rise is diminished by a piece of intricate mechanism the secret of which M. Boudy refuses to divulge except to the French Ministry of War, before whom it has already been laid.

PARIS, Oct. 9.—A protest was made yesterday at the meeting of the Epping Guardians by Dr. Fuller, representing the Local Government Board, against the practice of giving relief to paupers in out-door cases.

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What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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