

# MAKE FRIENDS.

Dr. Talmage Advises Everybody to Do So.

First Get Your Heart Right and the Rest is Easy—When a Man Does Well Tell Him So—The Friendship Between Christ and a Believing Soul.

In the following sermon Dr. Talmage endeavors to show that the obtaining of good friends is not accidental but is the result of intelligent selection. The text chosen is Proverbs 18: 24: "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly."

About the sacred and divine art of making and keeping friends I speak—a subject on which I never heard of any one preaching—and yet God thought it of enough importance to put it in the middle of the Bible, these writings of Solomon, bounded on one side by the popular Psalms of David, and on the other by the writings of Isaiah, the greatest of the prophets. It seems all a matter of hap-hazard how many friends we have, or whether we have any friends at all, but there is nothing accidental about it. There is a law which governs the accretion and dispersion of friendships. They did not "just happen so" any more than the tides just happen to rise or fall, or the sun just happens to rise or set. It is a science, an art, a God-given regulation.

Tell me how friendly you are to others, and I will tell you how friendly others are to you. I do not say you will not have enemies; indeed, the best way to get ardent friends is to have ardent enemies, if you get their enmity in doing the right thing. Good men and women will always have enemies, because their goodness is a perpetual rebuke to evil; but this antagonism of foes will make more intense the love of your adherents. Your friends will gather closer around you because of the attacks of your assailants. The more your enemies abuse you the better your conditors will think of you.

The best friends we have ever had appeared at some juncture when we were especially bombarded. There have been times in my life when unjust assault multiplied my friends, as near as I could calculate, about fifty a minute. You are bound to some people by many cords that neither time nor eternity can break, and I will warrant that many of those cords were twisted by hands malevolent.

If, when set upon by the furies, you can have grace enough to keep your mouth shut, and preserve your equanimity, and let others fight your battles, you will find yourself after awhile with a whole cordon of allies. Had not the world given to Christ on his arrival at Palestine a very cold shoulder, there would not have been one-half as many angels chanting glory out of the hymn-books of the sky, bound in black lids of midnight. Had it not been for the heavy and jagged and tortuous cross, Christ would not have been the admired and loved of more people than any being who ever touched foot on either the eastern or western hemisphere. Instead, therefore, of giving up in despair because you have enemies, rejoice in the fact that they rally for you the most helpful and enthusiastic admirers. In other words, there is no virulence that can hinder my text from coming true: "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly."

It is my ambition to project especially upon the young a thought which may benignly shape their destiny for the here and the hereafter. Before you show yourself friendly you must be friendly, I do not recommend a dramatized geniality. There is such a thing as pretending to be in rapport with others, when we are their dire destructors, and talk against them, and wish them calamity. Judas covered up his treachery by a resounding kiss, and caresses may be demoniacal. Better the mythological Cerberus, the three-headed dog of hell, barking at us, than the wolf in sheep's clothing, its brindled hide covered up by deceptive wool, and its deathful howl cadenced into an innocent bleating.

Before you begin to show yourself friendly you must be friendly. Get your heart right with God and man, and this grace will become easy. You may by your own resolution get your nature into a semblance of this virtue, but the grace of God can sublimely lift you into it. Sailing on the river Thames two vessels ran aground. The owners of one got one hundred horses, and pulled on to pieces. The owners of the other grounded vessel waited till the tides came in, and easily floated the ship out of all trouble. So we may pull and haul at our grounded human nature, and try to get it into better condition; but there is nothing like the oceanic tides of God's uplifting grace. If when under the flash of the Holy Ghost, we see our follies and defects and depravities, we will be very lenient, and very easy with others. We will look into our characters for things commendatory, and not damnatory. If you would rub your own eye a little more vigorously you would find a mote in it, the extraction of which would keep you so busy you would not have much time to shoulder your broad-axe, and go forth to split up the beam in your neighbor's eye. In a Christian spirit keep on exploring the characters of those you meet, and I am sure you will find something in them fit for a foundation of friendliness.

You invite me to come to your country seat and spend a few days. Thank you! I arrive about noon of a beautiful summer day. What do you do? As soon as I arrive you take me out under the shadow of the great elms. You take me down to the artificial lake, the spotted trout floating in and out among the white pillars of the pond-lilies. You take me to the stables and kennels where you keep your fine stock, and here are the Durham cattle and the Gordon steers; and the high-stepping steeds, by pawing and neighing, the only language they can speak, asking for harness or saddle, and a short turn down the road. Then we

go back to the house, and you get me in the right light, and show me the Kennets and the Bierstads on the wall, and take me into the music room and show me the bird cages, the canaries in the bay window answering the robins in the treetops. Thank you! I never enjoyed myself more in the same length of time. Now, why do we not do so with the characters of others, and show the bloom and the music, and the bright fountains? No, we say, "Come along, and let me show you that man's character. Here is a green-scummed frog pond, and there's a filthy cellar, and I guess under that hedge there must be a black snake. Come, let us for an hour or two regale ourselves with the nitsances."

Oh, my friends, better cover up the faults and extol the virtues; and this habit once established of universal friendliness will become as easy as it is for a syringe to flood the air with sweetness, as easy as it will be further on in the season for a quail to whistle up from the grass. When we hear something bad about somebody whom we always supposed to be good, take out your lead pencil and say, "Let me see! Before I accept that baleful story against that man's character, I will take off from it 25 per cent, for the habit of exaggeration which belongs to the man who first told the story, then I will take off 25 per cent for the additions which the spirit of gossip in every community has put upon the original story; then I will take off 25 per cent from the fact that the man may have been put into circumstances of overpowering temptation. So I have taken off 75 per cent. But I have not heard his side of the story at all, and for that reason I take off the remaining 25 per cent. Excuse me, sir, I don't believe a word of it."

But here comes in a defective maxim, so often quoted: "Where there is so much smoke there must be some fire." Look at all the smoke for years around Jenner, the introducer of vaccination; and the smoke around Columbus, the discoverer; and the smoke around Martin Luther, the Savoranola, and Galilee, and Paul, and John, and tell me where was the fire! That is one of the satanic arts to make smoke without fire. Slander, like the world, may be made out of nothing. If the Christian, fair-minded, common-sensical spirit in regard to others predominated in the world we should have the millennium in about six weeks, for would not that be lamb and lion, cow and leopard lying down together? Nothing but the grace of God can ever put us into such a habit of mind and heart as that. The tendency is in the opposite direction. This is the way the world talks: I put my name on the back of a man's note. I gave a beggar ten cents, and five minutes after I saw him entering a liquor store to spend it. I will never again give a cent to a beggar. I helped that young man start in business, and lo, after a while, he came and opened a store almost next door to me, and stole my customers. I will never again help a young man to start in business. I trusted in what my neighbor promised to do, and he broke his word, and the palmetto was right before he corrected himself, for "all men are liars." So men become suspicious and saturnine and selfish, and at every additional wrong done them they put another layer on the wall of their exclusiveness, and another bolt to the door that shuts them out from sympathy with the world. They get cheated out of a thousand dollars, or misinterpreted, or disappointed, or betrayed, and higher goes the wall, and faster goes another bolt, not realizing that while they lock others out they lock themselves in; and some day they wake up to find themselves imprisoned in a dastardly habit. No friends to others, others are no friends to them. There's an island half-way between England, Scotland and Ireland, called the Isle of Man, and the sea dash against all sides of it, and I am told there is no more lovely place than that Isle of Man; but when a man becomes insular in his disposition, and cuts himself off from the main land of the world's sympathies, he is despicable, and all around him is an Atlantic Ocean of selfishness. Behold that Isle of Man.

Now, supposing that you have, by a divine regeneration, got right toward God and humanity, and you start out to practice my text, "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly." Fulfill this by all forms of appropriate salutation. Have you noticed that the earth is so poised that the easiest thing on earth is to give a nod of recognition? To swing the head from side to side, as when it is wagged in decision, is unnatural and unpleasant; to throw it back invites vertigo; but to drop the chin in greeting is accompanied with so little exertion that all day long, and every day, you might practice it without the least semblance of fatigue. So, also, the structure of the hand indicates hand-shaking; the knuckles are made so that the fingers can turn in, as in clasping hands; and the thumb divided from and set aloof from the fingers, so that while the fingers take your neighbor's hand on one side, the thumb takes it on the other, and, pressed together, all the faculties of the hand give emphasis to the salutation. Five sermons in every healthy hand urge us to hand-shaking.

Besides this, every day when you start out, load yourself up with kind thoughts, kind words, kind expressions, and kind greetings. When a man or woman does well, tell him so, tell her so. If you meet some one who is improved in health, and it is demonstrated in girth and color, say: "How well you look!" But if, on the other hand, under the wear and tear of life he appears pale and exhausted, do not introduce sanitary subjects, or say anything at all about physical condition. In the case of improved health, you have by the words given another impulse toward the robust and the jocund; while in the case of the falling health you have arrested the decline by your silence.

My dear sir, my dear madam, what do you mean by going about this world with disheartenments? Why not plant along the paths of others the brightness instead of the glooms? Do not prophesy misfortune. If you

must be a prophet at all, be an Ezekiel, and not a Jeremiah. In ancient times prophets who foretold evil were doing right, for they were divinely directed; but the prophets of evil in our time are generally false prophets. Some of our weatherwise people prophesied we would have a summer of unparalleled heat. It has been a very comfortable summer. Last fall all the weather prophets agreed in saying we should have a winter of extraordinary severity, blizzard on the heels of blizzard. It was the mildest winter I ever remember to have passed. Indeed, the autumn and spring almost shoved winter out of the procession. Real troubles have no heralds running ahead of their somber chariots, and no one has any authority in our time to announce their coming. Load yourself up with hopeful words and deeds. The hymn once sung in our churches is unfit to be sung, for it says: "We should suspect some danger near, Where we possess delight."

In other words, manage to keep miserable all the time. The old song sung at the piano a quarter of a century ago was right, "Kind words can never die." Such kind words have their nest in kind hearts, and when they are hatched out and take wing, they circle round in flights that never cease, and sportsman's gun cannot shoot them, and storms cannot ruffle their wings, and when they cease flight in these lower skies of earth they sweep round amid the higher altitudes of Heaven. At Baltimore, I talked into a phonograph. The cylinder containing the words was sent on to Washington, and the next day that cylinder from another phonographic instrument, when turned, gave back to me the very words I uttered the day before, and with the same intonations. Scold into a phonograph, and it will scold back. Pour mild words into a phonograph and it will return the gentleness. Society and the world and the church are phonographs. Give them acerbity and rough treatment, and acerbity and rough treatment you will get back. Give them practical friendliness, and they will give back practical friendliness. A father asked his little daughter, "Mary, why is it that everybody loves you?" She answered, "I don't know, unless it is because I love everybody." "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly."

Oh, what a glorious state of things to have the friendship of God! Why, we could afford to have all the world against us and all other worlds against us if we had God for us. He could in a minute blot out this universe and in another minute make a better universe. The most brilliant thing known to us is light, and for the creation of that he only used a word of command. As out of a flint a frontiersman strikes a spark, so out of one word God struck the noonday sun. For the making of the present universe I do not read that God lifted so much as a finger.

If God is your friend you cannot go out of the world too quickly or suddenly, so far as your own happiness is concerned. There were two Christians who entered Heaven; the one was standing at a window in perfect health, watching a shower, and the lightning instantly slew him, but the lightning did not flash down the sky as swiftly as his spirit flashed upward. The Christian man who died on the same day next door had been for a year or two falling in health, and for the last three months had suffered from a disease that made the nights sleepless and the days an anguish. Do you not really think that the case of the one who went instantly was more desirable than the one who entered the shining gate through a long lane of insomnia and congestion? In the one case it was like your standing wearily at a door, knocking and waiting, and wondering if it will ever open, and knocking and waiting again, while in the other case it was a swinging open of the door at the first touch of your knuckle. Give your friendship to God, and have God's friendship for you, and even the worst accident will be a victory.

How refreshing is human friendship; and true friends, what priceless treasures! When sickness comes, and trouble comes, and death comes, we send for our friends first of all, and their appearance in our doorway in any crisis is reinforcement, and when they have entered we say: "Now it is all right!" Oh, what would we do without personal friends, business friends, family friends? But we want something mightier than human friendship in the great exigencies.

When Jonathan Edwards, in his final hour, had given the last good-bye to all his earthly friends, he turned on his pillow and closed his eyes, confidently saying: "Now where is Jesus of Nazareth, my true and never-failing friend?" Yes, I admire human friendship as seen in the case of David and Jonathan, of Paul and Onesiphorus, of Herder and Goethe, of Goldsmith and Reynolds, of Beaumont and Fletcher, of Cowley and Harvey, of Erasmus and Thomas Moore, of Lessing and Mendelssohn, of Lady Churchill and Princess Anne, of Orestes and Pylades, each requesting that himself might take the point of the dagger, so the other might be spared; of Epaminondas and Pelopidas, who locked their shields in battle, determined to die together; but the grandest, the noblest, the tenderest friendship in all the universe is the friendship between Jesus Christ and a believing soul. Yet, after all I have said, I feel I have only done what James Marshall, the miner, did in 1848 in California, before its gold mines were known. He reached in and put upon the table of his employer, Captain Sutter, a thimbleful of gold dust. "Where did you get that?" asked his employer. The reply was: "I got it this morning from a mill race from which the water had been drawn off." But that gold dust, which could have been taken up between the finger and the thumb, was the prophecy and specimen that revealed California's wealth to all nations. And to-day I have only put before you a specimen of the value of divine friendship, only a thimbleful of mines inexhaustible and infinite, though all time and all eternity go on with the exploration.

A Had Break. Tradition hands down the awful break made by a well-meaning American gentleman, who, in his embarrassment, gently assured Pope Pius IX., that he had had the pleasure of a presentation to his father, the late Pope, many years before. Somehow this remark did not noticeably lubricate the conversation.

## PHYSICAL TRAINING.

ITS BENEFICIAL RESULTS SHOWN IN A GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL.

Bright, Rosy-Cheeked Misses Who Dress in Bloomers and May Be Seen Any Fine Morning on Broadway in New York—Innovation in School Administration.

Have you never seen a high-school girl walking along Broadway, in bloomers? asks a writer in the New York World.

Well, stand near Grace Church any morning and you may see more than two hundred of them on their way to the Girls' High School in Twelfth street, near Broadway. They are bright, rosy-cheeked young women, varying from fourteen to eighteen years of age—fine specimens of the results of physical culture in the public school system.

Dr. J. G. Wight is the man responsible for the innovation under a reform school administration. Dr. Wight came to New York city from Philadelphia, where he had had long experience in the Girls' High School and the Normal College. The bloomer idea worked admirably there, so he obtained permission from the Board of Education to introduce it in Gotham.

"I have heard of no objection from parents except in one instance," said Dr. Wight.

"The recreation classes are divided into sections, so that each girl gets two lessons a week of from forty-five minutes to one hour each. The girls in the different classes know, of course when to come in the regulation dress; and it is a significant fact, as illustrating the popularity of the dress, that many of the girls wear it every day, whether it is their turn for recreation class or not.

"It would be impossible for them to make an entire change of costume in the school-house, as they do in private gymnasiums, and in the Teachers' Institute, where similar recreation costumes are used. Time, if nothing else, would prevent that.

"I do not see how it is possible to derive the benefit intended by these exercises in any other dress. What opportunity does the ordinary street costume give for freedom of movement, and what are gymnastics worth without freedom?"

The instructor of gymnastics at the Girls' High School in Twelfth street is Miss Josephine Belderhase, who had to pass a severe competitive examination to secure the place. She is an athletic young woman who would not hesitate to vault a horse.

After school hours Miss Belderhase showed a reporter her High School gymnasium. There are parallel bars for girls of all ages, only 1 1/2 bars are made flat instead of round, according to the Swedish ideas; dumbbells and Indian clubs of all sizes, a spring board, vaulting and leaping horses and pulleys; lastly a piano, for their exercises are marked by music.

"At the beginning," said Miss Belderhase, "I confine my pupils to movements without apparatus, designed to deepen their breathing, expand their chests, make their muscle flexible and to teach them proper carriage. I aim to make them graceful, self-reliant girls. Then I teach them the use of light dumb-bells and Indian clubs taking up the heavier work gradually. The vaulting horse is chiefly useful to me in showing the girls how to raise themselves by the arms and support their own weight.

"What do I think of the girls coming to school in bloomers?"

"Why, it is perfectly absurd for anybody to raise any objection to it. The girls cannot put on their bloomers here, so they must wear them from home. They cannot exercise in corsets. The bloomers are roomy, so as to give the greatest freedom. The divided skirts—we call them that, though they are bloomers—are made loose, and caught just below the knee. There is no suggestion of immodesty about the costume.

"No one is allowed in the rooms during exercises. If Dr. Wight wants to show a visitor the recreation room it is his invariable custom to let me know. The girls understand this, and they take the exercises to get all the good there is in them."

He Didn't Believe in Prisons. Lobengula, the Matabeli chief, took a practical view of the death punishment. On being on one occasion remonstrated with by an Englishman for punishing people by death, he said: "The laws in your country are bad for when a man does wrong you put him in a house and take away food from the poor people to feed him. Whereas I give him one or two warnings, and then put him in a place where he can't eat."

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## Eczema! The Only Cure.

Eczema is more than a skin disease, and no skin remedies can cure it. The doctors are unable to effect a cure, and their mineral mixtures are damaging to the most powerful constitution. The whole trouble is in the blood, and Swift's Specific is the only remedy which can reach such deep-seated blood diseases.

Eczema broke out on my daughter, and continued to spread until her head was entirely covered. She was treated by several good doctors, but grew worse, and the dreadful disease spread to her face. She was taken to two celebrated health springs, but received no benefit. Many patent medicines were taken, but without result, until we decided to try S. S. S., and by the time the first bottle was finished, her head began to heal. A dozen bottles cured her completely and left her skin perfectly smooth. She is now sixteen years old, and has a magnificent growth of hair. Not a sign of the dreadful disease has ever returned.



Don't expect local applications of soaps and salves to cure Eczema. They reach only the surface, while the disease comes from within. Swift's Specific

## S.S.S. For The Blood

is the only cure and will reach the most obstinate case. It is far ahead of all similar remedies, because it cures cases which are beyond their reach. S. S. S. is purely vegetable, and is the only blood remedy guaranteed to contain no potash, mercury or other mineral.

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## RAILROAD SCHEDULES

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND BRANCHES. In effect on and after May 17, 1897.

VIA TYONE—WESTWARD. Leave Bellefonte 9:55 a.m., arrive at Tyone 11:30 a.m., at Altoona 1:50 p.m.; at Pottsville 3:15 p.m.; at Harrisburg 7:00 p.m.; at Philadelphia 11:15 p.m. Leave Bellefonte 1:05 p.m., arrive at Tyone 2:30 p.m.; at Altoona 4:50 p.m.; at Pottsville 6:15 p.m.; at Harrisburg 9:50 p.m.; at Philadelphia 1:30 a.m.

VIA TYONE—EASTWARD. Leave Bellefonte 9:55 a.m., arrive at Tyone 11:30 a.m.; at Harrisburg 2:40 p.m.; at Philadelphia 5:45 p.m. Leave Bellefonte 1:05 p.m., arrive at Tyone 2:30 p.m.; at Harrisburg 7:00 p.m.; at Philadelphia 11:15 p.m. Leave Bellefonte 4:44 p.m., arrive at Tyone 6:10 p.m.; at Altoona at 7:40 p.m.; at Philadelphia at 11:30 p.m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN—SOUTHWARD. Leave Bellefonte 9:32 a.m., arrive at Lock Haven 10:30 a.m., at Williamsport 12:40 p.m., arrive at Harrisburg 3:30 p.m., at Philadelphia at 6:25 p.m. Leave Bellefonte 1:42 p.m., arrive at Lock Haven 2:40 p.m., Williamsport 3:50 p.m., Harrisburg 7:10 p.m., arrive at Philadelphia at 10:10 p.m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN—EASTWARD. Leave Bellefonte 9:32 a.m., arrive at Lock Haven 10:30 a.m., leave Williamsport 12:40 p.m., arrive at Harrisburg 3:30 p.m., at Philadelphia at 6:25 p.m. Leave Bellefonte 1:42 p.m., arrive at Lock Haven 2:40 p.m., leave Williamsport 3:50 p.m., Harrisburg 7:10 p.m., arrive at Philadelphia at 10:10 p.m.

## LEWISBURG & TYONE RAILROAD.

In effect May 17, 1897.

Table with columns for WESTWARD and EASTWARD, listing stations and times for Lewisburg & Tyone Railroad.

## BALD EAGLE VALLEY.

Time Table in effect on and after May 17, 1897.

Table with columns for WESTWARD and EASTWARD, listing stations and times for Bald Eagle Valley Railroad.

## BELEFONTE & SNOW SHOE BRANCH.

Time Table in effect on and after May 17, 1897.

Leave Bellefonte 7:45 a.m., and 1:05 p.m. Arrive at Snow Shoe 8:30 a.m., and 2:52 p.m.

## BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.

To take effect Feb. 7, 1898.

Table with columns for WESTWARD and EASTWARD, listing stations and times for Bellefonte Central Railroad.

## THE CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNA.

Time Table effective May 16, 1898.

Table with columns for READ DOWN and READ UP, listing stations and times for The Central Railroad of Penna.

\* Daily, \* Week Days, 4:00 p.m. Sunday 11:30 a.m. Sunday.

Philadelphia Sleeping Car attached to east bound train from Williamsport at 11:30 a.m., and west bound from Philadelphia at 12:00 a.m. J. W. GEPHART, General Supt.

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