

PROTESTANT VIEW OF HELL ASSAILED

Pastor Russell Says Belief in Place of Everlasting Torment Is An Abomination.

With a voice that has the ringing power of youth, and a physical personality that suggests vigorous young manhood despite the hint of the passing years in a beard and a thin shock of silvery hair, streaked with black, Pastor Charles T. Russell, of the Brooklyn tabernacle, and one of the foremost pulpit speakers of the day, told an audience that filled every corner of the Light Guard armory, Sunday afternoon, that the Protestant creeds of today are an abomination. Pastor Russell chose for his sermon "The Hereafter," and he assailed every interpretation of the word "hell" as meaning everlasting torment to be false and untenable from a study of God's own word. Pastor Russell—he objects to being known as the "Reverend"—Charles T. Russell—chooses the simplest of words and phrases in his public speaking and uses none of the tricks of the orator either in language or gesture. He speaks in a clear, well-modulated voice of a peculiarly attractive quality and exerts a power over his audience that holds it quietly attentive from beginning to end of his discourse.

"Believe in the love of God and that God is love," he said. "Protestants tell us that we are doomed to hell, meaning everlasting punishment. In saying this they blaspheme God. They look at God in the wrong light. Such a belief is an abominable theory of religion. The Roman Catholic belief of purgatory is preferable to the doctrine of eternal torment. Rather than believe that my loved ones are being consumed by fire, because of their earthly sins, I would accept the Buddhist belief that those who have entered the grave return to earth in the shape of flowers and animals. We refer with pride to our colleges and universities, but where these are fostered and supported by religious denominations they are hotbeds of agnosticism rather than schools for the inculcation of true Christianity. The teachers in these schools tell their pupils that the Bible is a good text book or they teach them that the word of God is one long tale of persecution. The dark ages did not know the contents of the Bible—the Protestant professors and ministers of today do not know the Bible. It is a shame and a disgrace to Christianity. You and I are not satisfied with these creeds. Let us change them. Back to the Holy Word, say I, it is there that salvation is secreted and not in the minds of men who set themselves up to do the thinking and mold the belief of humanity. The world has really been better than its creeds for many years, so let us now and forever lay aside creeds and false doctrines and accept the one belief that God is love."

Pastor Russell related in a brief way his own history, how he turned in unrest of soul to Congregationalism only to become an agnostic; then, still unsatisfied, back to the deeper study of the Bible to come forth into the blessed light of a true conception of God's all-enveloping love and mercy. The audience that listened so attentively to Pastor Russell was made up of every race and color, with a large percentage of men, and all joined heartily in the singing of a few simple hymns. No admission was charged and no collection taken, this being one of the tenets of Pastor Russell's belief that religion should be absolutely divorced from the question of money. The International Bible Students' association, which brought Pastor Russell to Detroit, will bring other noted speakers in the near future.

Petitions are being circulated by the Detroit Federation of Labor asking for the submission of a charter amendment providing that a four-man police board be substituted for the present single-headed department. Commissioner Crowl could not be displaced during his term of office, but three more commissioners could be appointed.

TYPICAL GROUP OF TOTS WHOSE LIVES ARE BRIGHTENED BY GEO. PECK'S PHILANTHROPY



These bright-looking little children are a group of those being cared for in the Protestant Orphan asylum, which is doing a work second to none among Detroit's many charitable institutions. Several prominent Detroiters are interested in this home for unfortunate little ones, chief among them being George Peck, who gives liberally of his time and money to aid in its support.

MME. LETELLIER CAUSES A MARIENBAD SENSATION

Beautiful Wife of Paris Publisher and Anthony Drexel Declared to Be "Quite Inseparable."

PARIS, Sept. 20.—The sensation at Marienbad this season was the beautiful Mme. Henri Letellier, who was stopping at the Hotel Stern. Anthony Drexel, whose daughter married Lord Maitland, and whose son married Miss Marjorie Gould, had an apartment on the same floor of the hotel. Last year Mme. Letellier was Mr. Drexel's guest on his yacht in Mediterranean waters. She is the wife of Henri Letellier, proprietor of the greatest of French newspapers, Le Journal, and is considered the most beautiful woman in France.

There was a rumor last year that she might seek a divorce, as Henri Letellier was then excessively attentive to little Peggie Gillespie, of Pittsburg, a young and pretty girl who is now dying of consumption at Hyeres, in Southern France. No legal action was taken, and Mme. Letellier is still a queen of Paris society and still married.

Key friendship with Mr. Drexel was the talk of all the international smart set at Marienbad. They were quite inseparable; they always went up together to the Ruzozoff for their breakfast at 7:30, from which they would return to the Kurhaus, where they would take "mud baths." They came lunch, then stroll about until dinner; after that the usual dance at the casino. When they met at the casino in the evening, Mme. Letellier and Tony Drexel usually danced together.

Mme. Letellier came back to Paris a few days ago and is playing golf at La Bouille with the club's professional player. There she said: "My friendship with Mr. Drexel is a lot at Marienbad but you must understand that at lunch and dinner we were always chaperoned by his royal highness, Prince Francis of Teck. He made a royal and distinguished third at our little table."

SAULT STE MARIE, Mich., Sept. 20.—Up: Yale, 12:30 p. m. Monday; Crescent City, 1:30; Amasa Stone, 2:30; Saranac, noon Monday; str. Delaware, 2:30 p. m.; Edmondton, str. McGreger, Naples, 3:30; Samuel Mathew (large), 4:30; Cornell, 4:30; Sheppard, 5:30; Townsend, 5:30; Maruba, Bell, 6:30; W. R. Kerr, 6:30; Cowie, 6:40; Empress of Fort William, 7:40; Angelina, 7:50; Holden, 8.

THE EVENING STORY

THE DUEL IN THE GORGE.

By Harold Carter.

The sheriff smiled exultantly as he rode into the gorge. He knew the country better even than the outlaw. He knew that the valley narrowed till the fertile fields were left behind, tapering off into a narrow canyon, not ten yards in diameter, and terminated in an abrupt and unscalable wall of rock. Thus he had the outlaw at his mercy.

When three hundred yards separated the men the outlaw changed his tactics. He began to run forward, stumbling and slipping over the stones, dodging from side to side of the canyon. The sheriff advanced leisurely. In spite of his coolness of demeanor his heart beat rapidly and every thought was concentrated on the man in front of him. He fitted the last cartridge into his rifle. Then he walked forward. Now the two men were only a hundred yards apart. The sheriff saw the knife gleam in the outlaw's hand.

When but fifty yards separated the two men the outlaw's demeanor changed. Apparently realizing the impossibility of escape, he drew his pistol and stood stock still with folded arms. At forty yards the sheriff halted and covered him. He might have gone nearer; but he knew he could not miss.

"Any last messages, Jose?" he cried tauntingly.

"Shoot, curse you!" roared the fugitive.

The sheriff raised his rifle, halted, advanced to within twenty-five yards, leveled it at the outlaw's body, drew a fine bead, and fired. The outlaw tottered and collapsed upon the ground. The sheriff went up to him excitedly and bent over the body.

An instant later the sheriff was upon his back and the outlaw's knife at his throat. Jose hesitated; then took his rifle. The sheriff waited. But instead of the blow of the blade came an outburst of mocking laughter.

"You ain't worth killing," said the outlaw, rocking to and fro. "Git!" He pointed down the valley. The sheriff arose; in amazement he looked at the rifle, which the outlaw's finger touched derisively. Why had he missed?

He had forgotten, in the excitement, to change the sight, which still indicated fifteen hundred yards. Thus the bullet, fired at point blank range, had passed several feet above the fugitive's head.

He saw the outlaw strive desperately to climb the dizzy walls that surrounded him, saw him fall back with bleeding hands; and at last, when the sheriff was within half a mile of him, he gave up the attempt and started stealthily toward his enemy, crouching for shelter behind boulders and trees.

The sheriff laughed and fired his second bullet. This time it struck a rock over the fugitive's head. The sheriff, a little surprised, walked on.

NEVER ILL—DIES AT 110. Farmer Never Had a Doctor, But Took An Occasional Drink.

DUBLIN, Sept. 20.—The death has occurred at the age of one hundred and ten years of Thomas Kelly, of Lurganboy, Tyrone. He claimed to have been born on Jan. 1, 1809, so that at the time of his death he was one hundred and ten years and eight months old.

With the exception of his hearing, which became slightly defective during the last few years, all his faculties were unimpaired, and during his long life he never consulted a doctor, took any medicine, or was known to be a day sick. He was an early riser and a plain but wholesome food of the Irish peasant. He never smoked, but took an occasional glass of whisky.

Mayor Brettmeyer will send a commission to the common council on Tuesday night, prodding it to take some action to get a valuation of the D. C. property. He holds out that the Barcroft appraisal in its present form is of no practical value and that the matter what sort of settlement of the traction problem is made, whether municipal ownership or otherwise, a valuation will be necessary. He admits that it might be better for the settlement if there were not a campaign on, but points out that the people will blame the council as much for inaction as for trying to do something along present lines. "The new mayor and the new common council will be the representatives of the city just the same as we are now," the letter states, "and the need of the city for a better street railway service will be the same as today and more so. Then let us get busy and keep busy. If we cannot get a settlement before this administration goes out of office we can at least bring a settlement nearer."

According to medical records whooping cough has killed more children under the age of five years than scarlet fever.

The steamer Oosterga has closed her season on the Chatham run, and is in drydock for repairs to her shaft.



5 Hours Tuesday, from 9 to 2 Women's \$25 and \$12.75 \$30 Tailored Suits 12.75 A Wind-Up of Late Spring Models, Correct for Fall

An opportunity extraordinary that will be eagerly accepted by a hundred women tomorrow. We stand to lose heavily on these 100 Suits because they are late Spring purchases and we cannot permit them to be mixed up with our new Fall numbers—but they are in the correct weight for Autumn and mild winter days; fabrics in high favor right now, including Silk Pongee and others equally as popular. Standard conservative styles; no pronounced features to indicate that they are not brand new models, elegantly lined, perfectly tailored; black and colors; all sizes. Suits that were \$25 and \$30—some even more—Tuesday from 9 to 2, Choice, \$12.75. Second Floor.

Final Grand Clearance \$10 Linen and Rep Suits. \$3.50 Less than 150 of these serviceable Suits: Semi-fitted, plain tailored and trimmed styles; full pleated Skirts, made up in fine Linen and Rep in white, natural and colors. Choice from 9 to 2, Tuesday, at \$3.50. Third Floor.

B. SIEGEL Where Fashion Reigns CORNER WOODWARD & STATE ONLY PLACE OF BUSINESS NO CONNECTION WITH ANY OTHER STORE

BILLY BURKE WILL GO FOR NEW RECORD

CLEVELAND, Sept. 19.—At Nashville, Tenn., on Oct. 18, 1893, John Kelly drove the black stallion Directum to the world's record for a 4-year-old trotter of 2:05 1-4. The next day the papers of the country spread the news broadcast and stated that the great stallion had set the record so low that it would be many years before it would be equaled. Since then many records have been broken and rebroken, but the 2:05 1-4 established by Directum has never been touched by a 4-year-old trotter.

Since the memorable performance stallions that have appeared the most prominent as 4-year-olds are The Harvester and Billy Burke. It was thought that without a doubt Ed Geers would drive a new spike in the record column and hang the name of The Harvester over that of Directum, but time slipped by and the great son of Walnut Hill and Notolet was a 5-year-old before he trotted faster than the record set by Directum in a regular contest. During work-out miles Mr. Geers had driven The Harvester seconds faster than 2:05 1-4, but for some reason or other the Utilein colt did not succeed in the task he was capable of doing.

Again this year Mr. Geers seemed rather reluctant about letting The Harvester extend himself sufficiently to separate Cresceus from the stallion crown which he wore for several years. It is true that The Harvester trotted fast miles at Detroit and North Randall, but had it been Mr. Geers' desire The Harvester could have lowered Cresceus' record of 2:02 1-4 at Cleveland with less exertion than that was exercised at Fort Erie when he trotted in 2:02.

Of this year's crop of 4-year-old stallions it looks as if Directum's record is to be beaten it will be Billy Burke that will do it. In the fourth heat of the race at Kalamazoo early in the season, Billy Burke trotted in 2:06 3-4, equaling the world's record for a similar performance. That race coming early in the season took so much out of the colt that he has not been on edge until this week. In his race Wednesday at Syracuse, when he

won the Empire State \$10,000 stake from Hallworthy, Joan and others, Billy Burke showed his real form and he is expected to improve steadily until the season closes. J. Howard Ford, owner of Billy Burke, and Ed Benyon, who trains him, would like to try for the 4-year-old record if the right conditions for such a trial were to be had. They would both like to make the effort over the North Randall track, and have expressed themselves to that effect. Now that a field day is to be given at North Randall on Oct. 1, it seems probable that Billy Burke will be shipped here from Columbus to try for this record.

MACK PINS FAITH ON LEFT-HANDERS

By GORDON MACKAY.

Baseball Expert Philadelphia Times. The tactician Tlogan who governs the destinies of the Philadelphia hope of the American race unatched himself today from a few treasured thoughts about the world's series. As usual, the communicative Cornelius made no bombshell or breezy comment, but what he said is worth while as giving a clue to the manner in which he will probably work his twirlers.

Cornie's keen eyes gathered in the Cubs' play in two world's series, and he said that they are a grand ball team. But he seems afflicted with the idea that a couple of good southpaws will be as much of a relief to Chance and his crew as Roosevelt would be to a corporation directorate.

"Let's start this thing right," said Cornie. "The mere fact that the Cubs have beaten everybody in their league in hollow style shows that Chicago has a great team. Chance comes out, I see, in a statement in which he says that the second division teams in the National league have been strengthened. He also says that he has had to fight tougher teams this year than any season in which the Cubs won the pennant.

"Well, the same thing applies to the Athletics. No team ever made such a runaway race for the pennant as ours. The teams in our league have been strengthened, too, and we have had to fight harder teams to win. "I cannot talk about the chances of our team with the Cubs because I haven't seen the Cubs this year. I am not going to talk about anything I know nothing about. But the Cubs are a grand ball club.

"The Athletics are a good club, too; they are going to fight it out on the ball field and the better club is going to win. "Slizing up the situation, take Johnny Kling in the first White Sox series. There is no way to compare our club with Fielder Jones' team, for we play an entirely different style of game. But Kling started in the first game against the Sox and he looked bad. Then it was his turn in a couple more games and he was simply great. He did everything that a catcher could do and a great deal more.

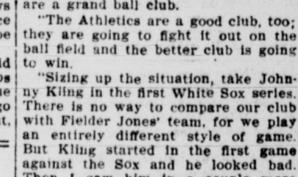
"However, the Cubs seemed to have trouble with left-handers in that series, anyway. Altrock beat them the first game, then Doc White was licked and won. Brown pitched three games in four or five days, and Altrock in the even game that he lost made the pace pretty hot all the way through. "The Cubs are the same organization now that they were then. They are older, of course. Whether or not they have lessened in their speed from the world's series of 1907 or not I don't know, but in that series they were as fine a ball team as could be found.

"Detroit did not have a single left-hander to put against them. Donovan is always good for one great game in a series like that. He pitched it the opening day and tied the Cubs. After that there was nothing to the series but the Cubs.

"I have got a great ball club, Chance has a great ball club, and the two are going to fight out their own quarrel. Dope is all right, but you have to win games by working for them. One thing, remember, it will be two great clubs against each other, and the series will tell the story as to who has the best ball team in the world."

Seamless Waist of Persian Silk

Dominant in fashions this season is the craze for oriental colorings and designs. Hats are trimmed or wholly made of the Persian silks, and scarfs, waists and even entire gowns of this material are seen at all smart functions on modish women. Not often is there a style which the home needle woman can follow so easily as that of the seamless waist shown in the illustration. With a good-fitting pattern, the silk material, a bit of satin matching the predominating color in the silk, and a few button molds, almost any girl can copy this charming little design.



SOX MAKE TRIPLE PLAY. The White Sox pulled off a triple play in Chicago yesterday. In the second inning, Stahl singled and Lewis beat out an infield hit. Purtell, of Boston, lined to Parent who nipped Stahl on a throw to Zelder, and the third out came when Zelder relayed the ball to Gandil. Stahl and Lewis also were two of the victims of the triple play Cobb and Delahanty worked on Boston, June 18. At that time, Stahl was on second and Gardner on first, when Lewis lined to Cobb.

Boy Musician Missing. In the disappearance of Vincent De Augustine, boy musician, Detroit, has lost one of its most picturesque street players. Vincent is 15 years old and he has been absent from his home at No. 160 Leann-st., since Sept. 16. He is an accordion player.

The Three Golden Apples

How Hercules Went After Them and Met the Giant Atlas, Holding Up the Sky on His Shoulders.

Did you ever hear of the golden apples that grew in the garden of the Hesperides? Ah, they would bring a great price nowadays, but probably there isn't a single apple tree like that in the whole world today. Many adventurous youths used to seek them and few ever returned, for the apples were guarded by a monster dragon with a hundred heads, fifty of which always were awake while the other fifty slept.



The only man who ever secured any of those apples of pure gold was Hercules, and it took him a very long time. When he was journeying through Italy one day, seeking them, he came upon some beautiful young women, wreathing flowers by the riv-

er related also, such as cleaning out a great stable by turning a mighty river through it, and conquering Hippolyta, the warlike queen with the enchanted girdle, and overcoming the great Geryon, the six-legged giant.

The young women pleaded with Hercules not to attempt to find the golden apples, but he persisted, and they finally told him how to seek first the Old Man of the Sea. This aged mariner he discovered asleep on the seashore, and took him by the arm, demanding the way to the Hesperides. The Old Man quickly turned himself into a stag, and then into a sea bird, and then into a dog, and then into a snake. But all the time Hercules held on and would not let him go. Finally the Old Man resumed his own shape again, puffing with all that exertion, and gave Hercules his directions.

After many travels Hercules came to the shore of another great sea, and was wondering how he could get across, when up floated a huge bowl of burnished brass, as big as a palace. Into this he climbed and drifted for a long time, till he came to land, and what do you think he saw then? The greatest giant in the world, named Atlas, so tall that his head was above the clouds, so large that big trees grew between his toes while he stood there holding up the sky with his hands. Atlas bargained with Hercules to stand upon a mountain and hold up the sky for him while he, Atlas, went to get the golden apples for Hercules. At each step the giant walked 15 miles. He was gone 10 minutes, and he liked his freedom, and wouldn't take back the sky on his shoulders, though Hercules was so tired that he shook, and the little stars began to tumble out of the sky.

"Take back the sky for just a minute then," said Hercules, "while I wrap my skin about my shoulders to make a cushion." This Atlas did, and Hercules, relieved of his burden, picked up the apples and hurried away, nor heeded the cries of the giant to return.