

ON THE TRAIL OF THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY

By WILLIAM T. ELLIS

This Distinguished American Journalist is Traveling Around the World for the Purpose of Investigating the American Foreign Missionary from a Fairly Disinterested, Secular and Non-Sectarian Standpoint. Illustrated with Drawings and from Photographs.

Foreign Missions Useful But Inadequate

Rome, Italy.—Here in the center of the world's religious interest, home-ward bound, I look back over nearly a year's investigation of Christian missions in the orient for a final review and summary. What is the conclusion of the whole matter? Are foreign missions worth while?

The answer must be in the affirmative. Considered only from the standpoint of humanitarian and philanthropic service, the entire missionary enterprise justifies its existence. Add to these great works of healing, education and care for the orphaned and the needy, the beneficial influence which has been exerted upon the characters of thousands of native converts, as well as the more general, though none the less unmistakable influence welded in behalf of civilization, and it will be seen that the missionary agencies which the churches of Christendom maintain at an annual expenditure of many millions of dollars is one of the tremendous twentieth century forces making for the world's progress.

Without amplifying this point, which has surely been made plain in the preceding articles, let me suggest some general considerations and criticisms which appear to be important enough to deserve the attention of the general public, as well as of that large constituency especially interested in missions.

Where Churches Should Get Together.

I know of no other undertaking anywhere at all approaching this one in magnitude which is managed in such a helter-skelter, disorganized fashion, or on such an unbusinesslike basis. I do not here allude to the administration of the individual boards, but to the propaganda as a whole. Sentiment, mood and emotion, rather than tested principle and careful judgment, seem to be the foundation of most missionary activity; if a man or a body can display especial efficiency in stirring the feelings of the home constituency he or it can be sure of plenty of funds and a free field to go where it will and do what it pleases in the mission world. There is at present no sufficient method of checking up the work of foreign missions.

This sort of thing, and worse mistakes, are in good part due to the help-yourself fashion in which the denominations work. Only in the more recent fields has there been an appointment of territory among the churches, although everywhere the need for this is so urgent that the denominations are now recognizing and yielding to it. Plainly, there is no sufficient reason why the mission work of the Protestant churches in heathen lands should not be done as one closely-cooperating body. The avowed aim is the conversion of the people, and not the perpetuation and extension of denominational names, creeds and authority upon the mission field. The present arrangement is expensive, divisive and a hindrance to the end sought. What sense or reason is there, for instance, in establishing northern and southern Presbyterian churches in China, where the very existence of America is a nebulous matter to most of the people and the fact of the civil war is unknown to 999 persons out of every thousand? Left to themselves, the native Christians in the field have visited would not be long in forming one Christian church.

Businesslike Methods Needed.

Pending the time of actual union, every possible form of cooperation should be adopted. The commercial sagacity of the method which keeps half a dozen expensive, theologically-trained "business agents" in the same port city to do the purely secular work for separate boards which could all be done by one unordained business man does not appeal to the way-farer. Neither does the zeal for planting new work in these outposts (often in competition with native churches) where expenses are highest, difficulties greatest and results fewest, when there are unlimited favorable openings in the untouched interior. Most port cities, be it remarked, need a subtraction rather than an addition of missionaries.

A closer and more vigorous supervision of missions on the part of sensible, courageous men of authority, will result in the weeding out of the occasional unit missionary and in remedying tactical blunders in the location of stations and in the character of the work.

Two other important services this businesslike supervision would accomplish: It would insure the sending of sane, well-balanced and accurate reports to the homeland, and it would deal vigorously with the criticisms which are so common on the other side of the globe that they constitute a serious barrier to missionary success. Criticisms which are even partly true should be frankly admitted, and the evils remedied; those which are not true should be boldly challenged and silenced.

The position can never be maintained that missionaries are impeccable; and to answer careful, definite criticisms, as some which have appeared in this correspondence have been answered, by the sweeping statement that it is "morally impossible" for a missionary to do wrong, is simply to put missionary defense beyond the pale of consideration by thinking men. In the one particular instance where my criticism had been definitely disputed I had said that a certain northern Methodist missionary had sent his ability and influence to a corporation seeking concessions from the Chinese government. The board secretary and certain denominational papers attacked me virulently for this, declaring that I did not know what I

was talking about. Then, to their utter confusion, along came the presiding Methodist Episcopal bishop of China, fully substantiating the charge, but exonerating the missionary from wrong intention and assuming responsibility himself.

Similarly, more effective administration of the missionary propaganda will furnish the traveling public with the easily ascertained facts of the mission fields, and will put forth effort to introduce them to missions in actual operation. It will also grapple with the problem of the moral and spiritual condition of the port cities; for so long as the European portion of these ports remain as they are the work of missions is bound to be seriously hampered.

Missionary Mistakes.

Before leaving this subject I must make a rather sweeping criticism which the board should have dealt with long ago. It is that an astonishing proportion of missionaries display bad manners and bad taste on shipboard. To deny this charge, which, in one form or another, has been made times without number, is to turn one's back on the facts. The conduct of some missionaries aboard ship is one of the most prolific sources of the antissionary spirit which pervades passenger ships the world over, and practically all of the port cities of the orient. Some of the criticisms made in this connection are simply unanswerable.

What is to be said, for example, in defense of the woman missionary whose place at the table had to be changed three times on the voyage across the Pacific last month? In the first place, her astounding meddlesomeness had brought upon her a rebuke at which she felt offended and changed her seat; later, the passengers who she had seated found her so uncomfortable a companion that they complained to the steward and insisted on having either her seat or theirs changed. The answer commonly made to stories like this is that the missionary's goodliness no doubt rebuked the sinfulness of the other passengers, which is neither a modest nor a charitable rejoinder. In this case, the story was told by a prominent American business man, a church member, who himself had been attending a series of missionary meetings in Omaha just before leaving home, and so could hardly be called a hostile critic.

I could write literally columns of incidents concerning the conduct of missionaries on shipboard, whereby they have earned the disfavor of officers and fellow passengers. Summed up, though, they amount to this: Some missionaries seem inclined to flaunt their moral and spiritual superiority in the face of others; they insist on having an identity as missionaries, rather than as quiet, modest, well-bred ladies and gentlemen; they rebuke, often in unseemly fashion, against the indulgence in tobacco or liquor or cards on the part of other passengers. All this may be comprehended in the word "provincialism." They forget that, as Kipling says:

"There's a world outside the one you know," and that the people of this world have all the personal rights and liberties which are to be accorded to the members of the missionary circle. Sometimes this provincialism goes to the length of stupidity, as when a Pacific liner crossed the meridian on Sunday, and so dropped that day from the calendar, whereupon the missionaries appealed in a body to the captain to drop some other day, and save Sunday, as if the matter were optional with him!

Not all missionaries are guilty of these things; far from it. The ablest missionaries deprecate them seriously, for they realize their far-reaching effects upon the cause they represent. In explanation, if not in extenuation, they point out that missionaries leaving the homeland are still in the spirit of exaltation created by their farewells, by the glorification of their friends and by the role of saint, hero and martyr with which they have been invested. For the time they are in a crusader mood, and they have not yet learned to view all things in proportion. Their feet have not yet found the hard ground of actuality. One of these unwise missionaries can do more harm than a hundred sensible ones can undo.

I must confess, moreover, that I do not see why a Pacific mail captain should forbid missionaries to sing hymns at the piano on the boat deck, except on Sunday, and yet allow other passengers to make the night vocal, on the same spot, with the latest "popular" songs, or why the missionaries should not be permitted to hold a prayer meeting in the saloon, while a noisy, drinking coterie is uproariously gambling in the smoking room. I freely criticize much in the conduct of many missionaries aboard ship, but I believe in a square deal. The man who drinks whisky on shipboard should be given no advantage over the man who drinks water, other things being equal, nor the man who gambles over the man who prays, nor the woman who sings "risque" songs over the one who prefers "Old Hundred." Plain words need to be spoken to the missionaries, and other plain words to the officers of the steamship companies, especially the trans-Pacific lines.

If a person has maintained a reasonable familiarity with missionary reports he goes to the foreign mission field expecting to see evidences of tremendous successes. Has he not been told that Japan, China, India are on the verge of admittance into the

Christian church? There is a sudden jolt to this expectancy when he finds the blank wall of heathendom rising up before the missionaries as cold, as strong and, at first sight, as scathless as ever. He learns later of the successes in the line of mining and sapping this wall, which, up to date, have been the principal missionary methods; but his general impression is one of disappointment. He cannot but feel that the triumphs of missions have been overrated. At this point enters the need for better supervision, as I have already intimated.

For example, the observer recalls the statement, printed times without number in American publications, that China has made Sunday a legal holiday. This he finds to be utterly untrue. Where China touches the west the first day of the week has gradually become, in some measure, a holiday. But it is nowhere a Sabbath, except among the few Christians. At another time it was widely reported that a certain city had thrown away its idols, but investigation shows the city as anti-Christian as ever, and the only basis for the tale is the fact that one temple discarded its old idols for new. Here a great revival is reported to have swept over the community; the westerner naturally thinks of this in terms of a Moody and Sankey campaign. Superficially, however, there are no signs of the revival, although closer search reveals an unusual earnestness on the part of the handful of Christians.

How may these missionary exaggerations be accounted for? I have talked with many missionaries upon this point. The expectation of the boards that the workers shall send in favorable reports, the necessity for showing successes to stimulate gifts, the natural human tendency to enlarge upon the favorable side, all have been given as reasons. "The fact is," remarked one missionary, "when a man gets home and begins to make speeches he finds himself saying what the people want to hear, and losing sight of the facts of the field. I know I have caught myself doing this. I have no hardships in my missionary work, yet the people at home were so determined to make me out a martyr that I almost came to believe myself one before I left America."

All the stronger men on the field regret the distorted and misleading statements that are so frequently made by interested enthusiasts concerning missions and missionaries; they are far-sighted enough to know the consequences when these reports come back to the field. I have known more than one missionary to be seriously embarrassed by being presented to the community in which he lives in the light in which he is seen by his admirers at home.

There is another side to the question; dread of this sort of thing has kept more than one worker from sending home reports of well-authenticated successes and endorsements. An American woman at the head of one of the Presbyterian mission schools for girls in China has been asked by the officials of the important province in which she works to take charge of the female education in the province, but never a word of this has she written home to her board. "It will be time enough when I have actually been given the work," says this cautious woman, who knows China; "there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip."

A Reconnaissance, Not a War.

The most serious of all the unintentional misrepresentations made by missionaries is that the whole heathen world is on the verge of becoming Christian. Faith, not facts, is the basis of the common assertion, "The world is being won for Christ." Making due allowance for rhetorical fervor, it still remains a true that a seriously erroneous impression is left upon the Christian public's mind by the first-hand representations. For a day's hand study of the field reveals that, with an occasional notable exception like Korea, heathendom has scarcely been budged by the missionaries' work. The great mass of the pagan world is as yet practically untouched by the gospel. If Christians are determined to bear their religion to the whole earth, as is apparently their purpose, they must do things on a vastly larger scale than heretofore. Thus far only a mere beginning has been made. Instead of a war, it is only a reconnaissance in force—a brave, brilliant and successful reconnaissance, it is true, but, nevertheless, only a reconnaissance. The real fighting can hardly be said to have begun.

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The Famine Saved Him.

A remark made nearly 20 years ago, says a writer in the London Telegraph, is still numbered among the gems in the king's collection of Irish bits. It was a time of famine, and Miss Balfour, the sister of the former premier of England, Arthur Balfour, then chief secretary for Ireland, was one of the noble-hearted band of men and women who were helping with food and clothes the victims of those black days.

As she sat in a cabin one morning, an old man called down blessings on the head of her distinguished brother, and on the heads of all those who had ministered to the welfare of the poor. "And sure, me sweet leddy," he said, "if it hadn't been for the famine, it's starving we'd be this day."—Youth's Companion.

Vandalism on Mt. Olives.

The olive trees on the Mount of Olives have been destroyed by tourists.

TRY THESE FOR DESSERT.

Recipes Given in Recent Popular Book on Cookery.

From "One Hundred Desserts" we take the following recipes:

Niege.—Peel and core eight large apples and cook whole in a rich syrup until soft; remove carefully and arrange on the dish for serving. Fill the core cavities with quince jelly and cover completely with a meringue made of the whites of four eggs and a half-cupful of powdered sugar, flavored with a little lemon juice. Stick blanched and shredded almonds over the meringue; put on the upper rack in a quick oven and brown lightly.

Frozen Figs.—Melt four tablespoonfuls of brown sugar without any water; pour in quickly a cupful of boiling water and boil to a sirup. Heat a quart of milk; add 14 ounces of sugar, and stir until dissolved, then pour on the beaten yolks of eight eggs. Strain the caramelized sugar into this and put into a freezer. Chop a pound of figs, soak until soft in a little brandy, and when the custard is partly frozen, stir them in and finish freezing.

A cup of chocolate is much improved by a dash of cinnamon, or by adding a third of a pint of coffee to each pint of milk. Very rich chocolate may be made by pouring a quart over the yolks of two eggs, heating constantly to prevent curdling. Some prefer a few drops of vanilla, either in the whipped cream or chocolate.

MAKES FOR DRESS ECONOMY.

Little Touches That Alter Appearance of the Bodice.

At the present moment we have ample opportunities of altering the appearance of our bodices and making one play the part of many, says a writer in the Montreal Herald. Some of these take the form of fichus made of folds of thin or thick material, which are thrown over the shoulders and fasten at the waistband. Then there is a new form of bolero which is attached to a waistband that forms an accented point on the front from which a couple of straps is attached to the bolero, that opens wide in front and falls over the point of the shoulder. Both the band and the bolero are generally covered with embroidery, and the many gold embroidered bodices which come from the east can be adapted to them. Then there is the pinafore effect which completely changes the whole aspect of the dress if attached to the skirt, and with a good pattern costs a mere song. Many of the present winter dresses are made of rough fabrics intermixed with black, and with these a plain colored pinafore would have an excellent effect. Monogram fobs are worn with many such gowns now.

Spaghetti Savory.

Two even tablespoonfuls of whole mixed spices, four medium sized onions, one clove of garlic, four bay leaves, one can of tomatoes, one small can of Italian tomatoes, one-quarter grated, one can of mushrooms.

Put mixed spices, onions, garlic and bay leaves in cooking utensil, cover with water, cook until onions are well done, add tomatoes, cook five minutes, strain through sieve, add Italian tomatoes, butter, cheese, and mushrooms; return to fire, cook ten minutes and stir constantly.

Vegetable Stew.

Parboil two pared potatoes, one turnip, one onion, and one carrot. Drain and cut into half-inch dice. Chop fine two square inches of fat, salt pork, put into a kettle, and cook slowly until well tried out. Skim out the pork fragments, stir in one teaspoonful of flour and brown slightly, then gradually add one pint of good beef, or, failing that, good boiling water. Season well with salt and pepper and the diced vegetables and a cupful each of shelled peas, lima beans, and corn cut from the cob. Simmer together until all are tender, add some chopped parsley and serve.

Beef Loaf.

Take two pounds of round steak and half a pound of suet, both chopped fine. Add two eggs, one cup of bread crumbs that have been softened in cold water, one small onion chopped fine, one-half cup of sweet milk, three teaspoonfuls of salt and one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper. Mix all together and shape into a loaf. Bake in a moderate oven an hour or more, basting frequently.

Nut Creams.

Roll three cupfuls of granulated sugar with one cup of rich cream. Cook until it reaches the soft ball stage when dropped into cold water; take from the fire, add a cupful broken nut meats and stir until it begins to thicken. Turn into a buttered pan, and when nearly cold mark into squares. In place of cream rich milk with a tablespoonful of butter may be used.

Fruit Nougat.

Chop dates, figs, raisins and marsh-mallows freed from juice into bits and arrange in alternate layers in a buttered shallow pan. Melt two cupfuls sugar in a pan over a quick fire, watching closely that it does not turn yellow. Pour over the fruits slowly and evenly, using only enough to bind. Before the mixture is quite cold cut in small bars.

To Remove Dust from Rugs.

To clean a rug perfectly free from dust, turn wrong side up and scrape hard all over with anything that has hard, smooth, straight edge; the dust is loosened and falls from the carpet to the floor, where it can be swept up. I used a smooth piece of board about one and a half feet long and one-half foot wide.

Accidents Among Seamen.

Deaths from accidents among seamen number 53 per 10,000, five times higher than in "dangerous occupations."

A Young Bride's Experience

By CATHERINE STONEMAN LONG

(Copyright.)

Serena and Lloyd Bertram had just returned from their honeymoon. At the breakfast table Lloyd had proposed the matinee that afternoon to which Serena eagerly assented, and it was arranged that she should call for him at his office after luncheon, as she had considerable shopping to do in the morning.

The morning passed all too quickly. Never had stores seemed so attractive, never were goods so temptingly set forth, but at last she had reached the end of her list, and sat in the tea-room in solitary state at luncheon. "Dear me!" she said, as she nibbled a salad sandwich and looked thoughtfully at the neighboring chair filled with bundles. "I wonder how in the world I ever came to carry all those parcels instead of having them sent. I don't want to take them all to the matinee."

The more Serena considered it the more vexed she became at her own want of foresight. Suddenly a very bright idea occurred to Serena. "Blessed be jackets with large sleeves and blouse effects in front!" she exclaimed. "I wonder why I didn't think of that before."

A visit to the ladies' waiting-room resulted in the emergence of a reconstructed young woman, put in natty matinee order, and without a suspicion of a bundle about her, save that one sleeve bulged a little at the elbow. She glanced approvingly at herself in the mirror of the elevator, and smiled as the pressure of the passengers against her arms reminded her of something.

She was somewhat late, but on her way out of the store she stopped to purchase a pair of scissors. She quickly tore the wrapping paper from them, and as she hastened down the aisles, thrust them slyly into her jacket front. As she did so a man who had followed a quickly along behind her, laid a detaining hand upon her arm.

"Pardon me," he said, "but wait a moment, please?"

"What is it?" said Serena, turning, and expecting to find that she had dropped something.

"Pardon me," repeated the usher, "but had a bald head and a suave smile combined with a colossal dig-



"I Shall Have You Arrested at Once."

nity acquired by much stately promenading up and down the aisles of a large department store, "but step this way?"

He opened a door into a small room, led her in, then retired, closing it after him. Serena stood gazing after him, speechless with astonishment.

Presently the door opened, and the usher returned accompanied by a woman. She was tall and large with a most uncompromising expression of countenance.

"Is this the person, Miss Ryan," said the usher, "who stole the bolt of lace from your counter last Thursday?"

Serena gave a horrified shriek and sank into a chair. The woman stood regarding her serenely from head to foot, quite deaf to her frantic protestations.

"The same," said Miss Ryan at last conclusively. "I'd know her anywhere by her red hair," she explained. "But I couldn't possibly have done such a thing," wailed poor Mrs. Bertram. "I was in Washington last Thursday on my wedding trip. I only arrived here yesterday, and I never was in the city but once before in my life a year ago."

The sales-lady smiled superciliously. "My, but ain't she a bold one!" she said with a certain admiration. "And her up to the same tricks to-day, I'll bet, Mr. Cramer."

"I think you'd better search her," suggested that gentleman, with no diminution of impressiveness.

Miss Ryan, nothing loath, seized the turning arm of the little bride, who turned pale and then a guilty red. "Just as I thought," she said, feeling up and down Serena's sleeve; "she's got things on her now."

She ripped open the jacket buttons, and out fell a pair of gloves, some embroidery silks, a lace collar, a stocking darning, a package of tin teaspoons and several spoons of thread. Then she reached down the sleeves and drew from one a silver gray-spoon and from the other a patent egg-beater.

Miss Ryan laughed pitilessly and with a contemptuous little snort, and Mr. Cramer surveyed the weeping girl sternly. The store had been systematically robbed for weeks by shop-lifters so clever that their detection had come to be almost despairing. The capture of one by Mr. Cramer meant a substantial tribute to his astuteness by his employers.

"You have been fairly caught in the act," he said. "I shall have you arrested at once. When you get to the station you can send for your friends, if you have any, who will bail you out."

Serena raised her head eagerly at the mention of friends and started to her feet. "Oh, I have a friend waiting for me at the entrance this very minute," she cried excitedly. "It's my husband. I was to meet him there. He can bail me out now before I'm arrested. Oh, do someone go for him quick. He can explain everything."

Miss Ryan opened her eyes very wide and nodded significantly. "An accomplice!" she whispered to the usher behind her hand. "Two of 'em!"

But Serena heard her not. Full of hope she had forgotten her tears. "You can't mistake him," she explained, animated and voluble. "He's tall and dark and has a mole and a black moustache. Oh, don't wait a minute, for mercy sake, but tell him to come quick to his wife, who is just going away in the patrol. Oh, dear, oh, dear!"

Ten minutes later when Lloyd entered the room and beheld his bride, whom he had led at home serene and smiling, now disheveled and her eyes red with weeping, he turned pale. "Serena!" he cried, "what has happened?"

Serena arose, and anointed his collar and necktie with a fresh burst of tears. "Oh, Lloyd," she gasped with wildest incoherence, "something perfectly awful. I've been arrested for shop-lifting. And all because I didn't want to go to the matinee looking like a fright. Oh, Lloyd! do something about it quick!"

Lloyd unwound Serena from his neck, and turned to the usher with an aspect quite terrible and threatening. "What do you mean, sir," he demanded in tones of thunder, "by this insult to my wife?"

He looked so tall, so athletic and so dangerous that Miss Ryan withdrew to the side of the room and tried to look disinterested. The usher himself began to waver a little, and to murmur something about the bare possibility of a misunderstanding.

"A misunderstanding!" shouted Lloyd, hotly. "I should think there had been a misunderstanding. There is my card, sir. And let me tell you that you shall apologize to this lady on your knees, sir!"

The usher had begun to think he had made a mistake, but was sure of it when he looked at the card which bore the name of a firm of lawyers known by him to be the legal advisers of his employers.

"I suppose there must be some mistake, but I don't think I should be blamed for it," he said somewhat sulkily. "Your wife was positively identified by this lady as the woman who stole some valuable laces from her counter last week." He turned for confirmation to Miss Ryan, but she had melted into the atmosphere. "I saw her myself hiding something in her waist, and we found these goods concealed on her person. She had no checks for them."

"No checks!" shrieked Serena. "Why, of course I have the checks." She seized a bunch of pink slips from her pocket-book and thrust them in a shower upon the discomfited Mr. Cramer. "I always keep my checks to copy into my accounts. Why didn't you say something about checks before?"

It was a very obsequious usher who escorted the young couple to the door, and his apologies were so profound and so well expressed that Lloyd was slightly mollified. But he could not dismiss the episode as gaily as did Serena, who possessed a buoyant spirit and a saving sense of humor.

It was too late to go to the matinee when the matter had been satisfactorily settled, but they discussed it that evening as they sat in front of their cosy grate fire, all traces of tears removed from Serena's face.

"Indeed, Lloyd," she said, "you shall do nothing more about it. It was a ridiculous thing for me to do any how, and I've no doubt I did look suspicious, hiding things away that way. What a blessing it is I saved these checks, though! I might have been in jail now. Aren't you glad, Lloyd, that I'm so methodical about my accounts?"

When hearts are trumps. When hearts are trumps no hearts have I. But does my visage testify? Though black my hand with many a spade I play the game until it's played, And then I smile, perhaps, or sigh.

But ah, Miss Madcap, when your eye Swiftly meets mine ere you reply To my poor love, the players fade When hearts are trumps.

On goes the game, and by and by I ravel out my thoughts awry. But this one fingers: If a maid Holds all your heart, why be afraid To claim her hand, at least to try. When hearts are trumps? —Puck.

Importing American Watches. Germany manufactures very few high-grade watches. Except in the little village of Glashutte, in Saxony, there are practically no good watches produced. For this reason Germany's importations of American watches are growing. Gradually the lever escapement style is supplanting the cylinder watch in Europe, although the most of the watches for women and work-

WORN OUT WOMEN

Will Find Encouragement in Mrs. Merrill's Advice.

Mrs. W. L. Merrill, 207 S. First Ave., Anoka, Minn., says: "Last winter I began to suffer with my kidneys. I had pains in my back and hips and felt all worn out. Dizzy spells bothered me and the kidney secretions were irregular. The first box of Doan's Kidney Pills brought decided relief. I am sure they would do the same for any other woman suffering as I did."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

HAD LISTENED TO DADDY.

Force of Example Exemplified in Precocious Youngster.

There is a certain man living not far from New York whose temper is not of the longest, and when he feels that his rage is justifiable he is very apt to indulge in fluent, versatile and varied profanity.

And it is when using the telephone that this talent of his is seen and heard at its maximum of speed and endurance. Central has but to say "Wire busy now," or "Doesn't answer," to evoke a flood of language.

One day he had been having an unusually stormy session, and did not notice that his two-year-old son was sitting in a corner of the room, his face rapt and absorbed. A few hours later the child's mother came in and was horrified beyond words to hear her baby giving voice to a stream of expletives, some of which began with a very large capital D—the rest with a variety of letters quite unmentionable in this connection. She descended upon him in righteous wrath.

"Don't you ever let me hear you use such words again," she said in no uncertain tones.

"Why, mother," expostulated the baby in an injured voice, "I'm telephoning!"

CUTICURA CURED FOUR

Southern Woman Suffered with Itching, Burning Rash—Three Little Babies Had Skin Troubles.

"My baby had a running sore on his neck and nothing that I did for it took effect until I used Cuticura. My face was nearly full of letter or some similar skin disease. It would itch and burn so that I could hardly stand it. Two cakes of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment cured me. Two years after it broke out on my hands and wrist. Sometimes I would go nearly crazy for it itched so badly. I went back to my old stand-by, but never failed me—one set of Cuticura Remedies did the work. One set also cured my uncle's baby whose head was a cake of sores, and another baby who was in the same fix. Mrs. Lillie Wilcher, 770 Eleventh St., Chattanooga, Tenn., Feb. 16, 1907."

What Becomes of the Coke? A teacher was explaining to her class the various ways in which gas is obtained.

"Much of the gas we use is extracted from coal," she said, "and after the gas has been taken out, the coal becomes coke. In some parts of this country gas is obtained by boring deep holes in the ground and such gas is called natural gas."

"Does the natural gas come from the fires down in the bad place?" inquired a boy eagerly. "If it does, what does Satan do with all the coke he has left?"

It is needless to say that the teacher did not answer the question. —Illustrated Magazine.

Makes Pain Go Away.

Are you one of the ones who pay in toll For your right of way through this life? If so you will find Hunt's Lightning Oil A friend which will aid in the strife.

To those who earn their own way by their own labor, accidents occur with painful frequency. Burns, bruises, cuts and sprains are not strangers to the man who wears corns on his hands. A better remedy for these troubles does not exist than Hunt's Lightning Oil.

The Original. "Darling, you are the only woman I ever loved!" the manly young fellow avowed in accents of soul-reaching ardor.

The fair young girl looked into his face with her big child-like eyes overbrimming with trust and confidence. "I guess," she murmured, dreamily, "that is the way Ananias began when he was courting Sapphira."

Object Lesson.

"Johnny," said Mrs. Blobs, severely, "I am going to punish you. Please open the windows."

"What for?" asked Johnny, beginning to cry. "I heard our next door neighbor say I had no authority over my children, and I want her to hear you getting a spanking. Now, come here, sir!"

In the Language. "Some one has said that a kiss is the language of love," remarked the young man in the parlor scene.

"Well," rejoined the fair maid on the far end of the sofa, "why don't you get busy and say something?"

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson* In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Chance to Show It. Mrs. Biggs—I hear Mrs. Hallow is going to move again. Mrs. Diggs—Yes, she moves every month since she got her new furniture.

It is vain to be always looking towards the future, and never acting toward it.—Joyce.