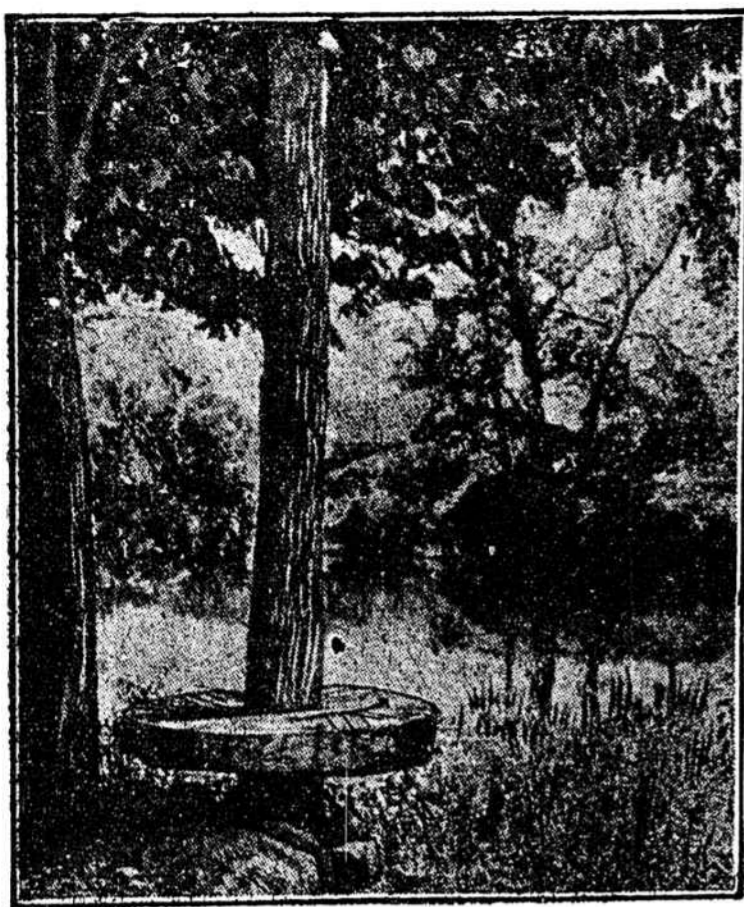


A TREE IN A MILLSTONE.



The photograph presents an interesting and unique illustration of the latent force in a growing tree.

Apparently the seedling sprouted within the square central opening of the old rejected millstone, and after the growth of the trunk had filled the hole, the stone was lifted from the ground, and is now about two feet above the surface.

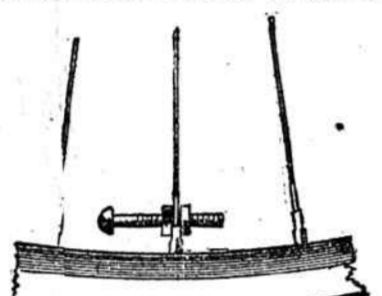
The curious rustic seat thus formed would be prized on many lawns or in parks, but serves no such purpose in the location bordering a stream in a sparsely settled district of New York.—Forest Leaves.

Prevents Child Falling.

Two Indiana inventors deserve credit for an attachment for children's high chairs, which they recently designed. As shown in the accompanying illustration, this attachment prevents the chair from falling, should it be accidentally knocked or otherwise tilted. Every one knows how easily a baby's high chair is upset. The child itself very often endeavors to squirm out, thereby overbalancing the chair and causing it to fall. The addition of this support or prop prevents such accidents. The prop consists of a pair of legs connected by a crossbar and pivoted to the sides of the chair near

Improved Nipple Grip.

When one wishes to replace a few broken spokes in a bicycle wheel, he often finds that he has no nipple grip, while a bicycle wrench proves to be too long to get in around the spokes.



Improved Nipple Grip.

A putty nipple grip can be made by putting two nuts on one bolt, as shown in the accompanying engraving.—Thomas De Loof, in Scientific American.

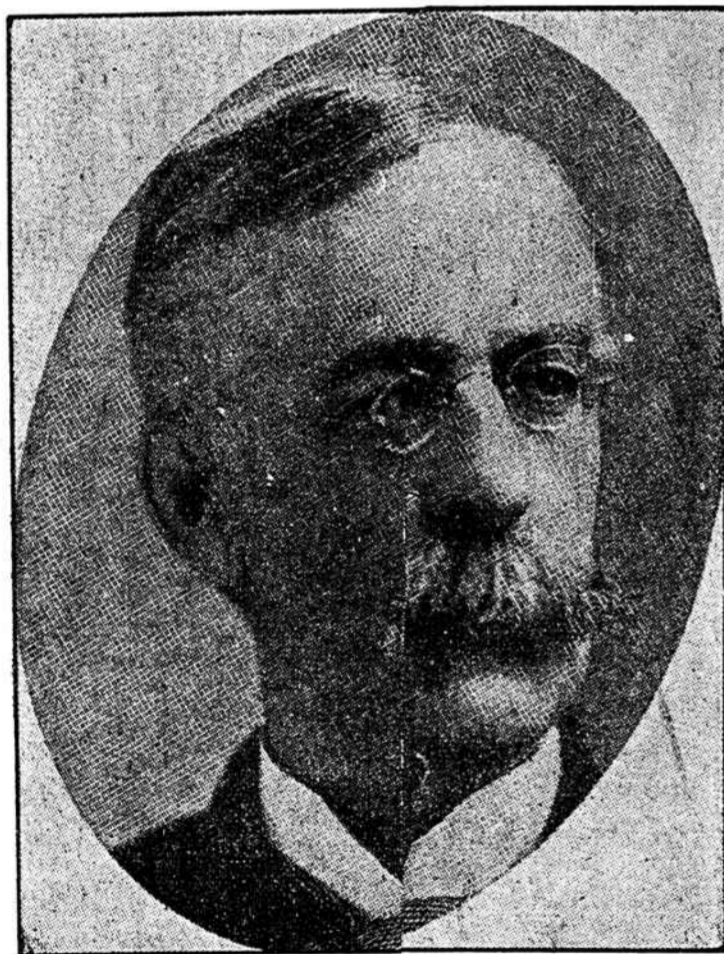
A Fire Chief, Maybe.

On day a sympathetic old German gentleman was leisurely strolling past one of the city fire houses, when he was overtaken by a fireman. Stopping to offer consolation, he said: "S. for what you grief?"

"S. replied the captain, with a freestress of tears, 'my poor father is dead. If he had lived just one mormay he would have been Chief of the whole fire department, just this' "

"not so bad feel," said the friendly old German, patting the fellow's shoulder, "maybe he is a fire left now."—Providence Journal.

THE NEW LEADER OF THE ENATE MINORITY.



HERNANDO DETO MONEY

Was recently chosen by the Democrats the United States Senate as their leader, in place of Senator Culberson, resigned the post because of poor health. Senator Money hails from that of Mississippi, lives in Mississippi City, and is named after the discover of the Mississippi River.

Chair and Ironing Board.

One of the most ingenious inventions for household use recently patented is the combination rocking chair and ironing board designed by a Texas woman.



This seems to solve the problem of inventors have been working of what to do with the ironing board when it is not in use. The board and back of the chair are hinged to a board which extends across the front legs, and both are hinged to the seat rails of back rails. When it is desired to use the affair for ironing the chair is turned over so that it rests on the back rails of the rockers and the top of the back rails.

The seat and back are then pivoted out till they form one support which is hinged to the back of the chair. When the board is folded down behind it, when the chair is used as a chair. This gives a firm, broad surface on which to iron, the end of the board forming the chair back being tapered as is the end of an ordinary ironing board.—Boston Post.

Ready For Summer.

War has begun on the house-fly in Washington. Haven't seen any of the pesky things hereabouts this season.—St. Joseph News-Press.

THE PULPIT.

A BRILLIANT SUNDAY SERMON BY DR. WILLIAM T. PATCHELL.

Theme: Testimony of a Man.

San Jose, Cal.—Sunday the Rev. Dr. William T. Patchell, pastor of the First Congregational Church here, preached on "The Testimony of a Man." The text was from Isaiah 40:9-11. Dr. Patchell said:

So far as man is concerned, the master problem is the question of his place or standing in the universe. He wants to know whether he is a machine or a god. Is he a cunningly contrived piece of mechanism, assembled by the four winds and organized by the sun, or is he a free creative personality? His conquest of the soil, his control of the great natural forces, his adaptation and adjustments, his analysis and synthesis, witness his oneness with the physical universe; but he handles it rather as a creator, as a god, and his very success sets him apart from that he controls. So, too, when he investigates and classifies the forms of life, he discovers that he is, and is not, one with that he reveals.

We read: "And the man gave names to all cattle, and to the birds of the heavens, and to every beast of the field; but for man there was not found a helpmeet for him." To have such lightning utterance blaze out of the dim past and take its place at the head of our proud modern science is significant and tremendously interesting, for it states that which our science is rapidly verifying, that by way of knowledge man does not isolate himself. He tells the stars, but himself he cannot tell. He classifies all forms of being except himself. He generalizes everything but that which generalizes. The greater his knowledge, the darker the problem he himself becomes, for "it is evident that he is excepted who did subject all things unto him." He isolates himself. He is dark with excess of light. He is escaped from a universe to which he is organically and vitally related, for to his confusion he learns that in all the wide ranges of creation there is "not found a helpmeet for him"; that this universe of life and matter implicates a deeper undiscovered universe to which something within himself reacts; that except he discover and relate this unknown within himself to this unknown without himself, he must surely die. And henceforth his quest is become the mad search for that which shall be "bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh." He must find another being like himself if ever he is to discover himself, for he must determine and define himself in terms of another.

The challenge is imperious, and so terrible that he can find no rest. He must go forth! To it he will sacrifice every interest and subordinate every desire. His own body he pierces; his first born he slays. In darkness, in cold, in pain, in wild joy, he seeks to liberate his awful passion which smolders in his bones like fire—he must find another being like unto himself—one compacted of his own unrevealed being—and his lonely cry, "What am I?" leaps across the abyss. He searches the spaces for God.

This need he call spiritual. He declares that within himself lie certain imperious qualities and energies; love, joy, truth, peace; that these must discover and relate to another spirit, else life shall turn to ashes. So we witness in the long process of development that man, every man in some measure, tries to interpret the secret of his spiritual being. The philosopher, the artist, the statesman, the poet, the scientist, the theologian—these are the outstanding ones who have given themselves to the uttermost in this mad quest.

For the analysis of star-dust, the classification of fishes, the Iliad, the Parthenon, the proposed Rockefeller Charter, Stanford University, the Constitution, Mrs. Wiggs' Hull House, the altar, the ritual, the sacrifice, what are these but the far-flung challenge to the universe?

Out from these many strivings and gropings emerges one unique and significant figure, which by its persistency witnesses above all others to the solidity and strength of the spirit's need. It is the speaking-prophet, whose conventional expression in modern life is the man in the pulpit.

When we go to church Sunday morning we accept the pulpit as we accept most things—without much thought. If we give it thought, we see at once that back of the pulpit stands the church. Were we to question the presence of this church and pulpit very likely we would say that we wanted a church and then built it; that we decided to organize, to build, to have a choir, a janitor, perhaps a ventilating system, ushers, a Bible school, a prayer meeting, Sunday services, a pulpit, a preacher.

But this is not true. Back of a church lies a long historic process, without which no church could be organized to-day. Out of the clash of innumerable interests the church emerges, not as an arbitrary creation but by way of a selective process. By selection and rejection it bears witness to certain powerful and persistent human meanings. It sums up a history; it becomes at last a symbol.

The organized universe as man sees it is very transitory. Like clouds in the air, the systems take shape and disappear. Nothing is stable, nothing remains. You recall that only the other night we were roused from early sleep by the house rocking on its foundation. I leaped to the floor only to find it twisting horribly under my feet. Even as I called to the dear ones, and groped my way through the reeling building, I had a vision in the darkness of some vast unhuman being of another creation, who had strayed this way. Her head was lost in the sky-deeps, and as she moved across the world toward some awful unknown purpose her sweeping garments struck the tiny building in which we lived, and the solid earth shook under her tread. Nothing is stable; nothing remains. The roses of to-day are born of yesterday's death; cities crumble, nations disappear, civilizations perish, planets die, and suns blow in dust down the void. Everything is momentary, fleeting; change, decay, death; this is the order. True of the moth, equally true of the star to which it aspires.

The church witnesses to man's supreme and pathetic determination to discover in all this mad movement some ultimate meaning to which he may attach.

If this pulpit is valid, it means that a searching God and a searching humanity have found each other; that they flow together in the soul of a man; that he shall be the meeting point of man and God; that he shall experience, apprehend and speak this union—this oneness; that he shall interpret God to man; that he shall

interpret man to God. Like the slender rod of the wireless transmitter, he shall be attuned to respond, out of a million vibrations, to those which rush down out of the Heart of the Infinite. These he shall translate to all the world. But to do it he must be attuned, as well to every cry of earth; all its joys and agonies must be his own; the weans and sorrows of man, his dim aspirations; all wrongs and injustices, all science and art and culture; all coarseness; the grotesque criminal, the moving idiot, all beauty; the love of a mother, the sacrifice of a friend—these must be his. Above the din of the factory he must hear the shriek of the child; through the city's roar must come to him the low sob of the oppressed, the muffled groan of the underworld, where men writhe, the hot curse in the palace where men sin, all selfishness, all moral grandeur must be his, and all the wandering cries of earth must break at last upon his heart.

His commission is the 53d of Isaiah, his inspiration is Calvary; in him, in his soul, God and man must flow together, two vast tides meeting and mingling and blending—not a flame of fire, not an altar and a ritual, but a man; a living soul; sweating blood drops, agonizing and interpreting, and bringing together man and God. This is the pulpit and its meaning.

Humanity is not long out of the woods, standing erect and looking at the stars is a recent achievement. The life of the spirit is still somewhat alien. The airs from that land touch our brows strangely; but the marvel, the wonder, the incredible blazing wonder is that we respond at all! That we hear, however dimly; that we apprehend, however dimly; that amid the fierce multitudinous cries we do detect this one high note and, however falteringly, respond! This is the wonder! For through the dark, far journey have we come! But we have come, and though in our strong crude moments we may jeer at our own spiritual aspirations, nevertheless the church, the pulpit, and the speaking, interpreting man, witness to our final conviction of the reality of the spirit's life.

And it symbolizes and reveals at last the loftiest and most powerful achievement of the race. Greater than industry, greater than commerce, greater than government, or philosophy or literature or science or art, it reveals the hidden forces of the human heart, and by it we declare the secret conviction of our soul—that we are spiritual beings related to a vast thrilling spiritual order whose meaning is thus revealed. The man who believes himself called to occupy it may well cry: "Woe, woe is me!" for he shall stand between the living and the dead.

Has the pulpit justified itself; has it revealed the secret? Has it brought God and man together, making valid his dimmest aspiration? Witness Paul, tortured, wronged, until at last he sings his hymn of love and the world grows suddenly gentle and still to listen. Witness Joseph Parker or Phillips Brooks. Have not these succeeded? What crushes him so terribly? "Wherefore art thou red in thine apparel, and thy garments like him that treadeth in the wine vat?" What is it but the crucifixion of a soul trying to relate a sorrowing, suffering humanity to a loving, suffering, sorrowing Father! Day and night the cry breaks up against his heart; the world grows suddenly gentle and still to listen. Witness Joseph Parker or Phillips Brooks. Have not these succeeded? What crushes him so terribly? "Wherefore art thou red in thine apparel, and thy garments like him that treadeth in the wine vat?" 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