

The Findable... God...

Sermon by the "Highway and By-way" Preacher.

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Chicago, Sunday, Aug. 21, 1906.
Text: "They sought Him with their whole desire, and He was found of them."
—II. Chron. 15:15.

HE quest for God is never a fruitless one. Man has never sought God with persistence and devotion but that he has found Him in all His gracious mercy and tender love. The search for God need not end as does the search for the fabled pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, or the perpetual effort to discover the fountain of perpetual youth. Ah, how vain and disappointing is much of the struggle and search of human kind! Much seeking, but little finding! Everlasting, persistent quest for fading joys and perishable possessions, and never realization of desires or satisfaction of soul! It is because the things sought for are either unattainable, or, if attainable, are disappointing and unsatisfying when gained. It is the search for the glittering gem, which, when within the grasp, proves naught but the worthless bauble of itself and gilt. Search for happiness, wealth, power, business, social or intellectual preferment and success, and when the prize is won at last, after the first delightful thrill of possession has passed, it proves unsatisfying. The ideal is never attained. It is always just beyond the reach. But not so the search after God. God is the attainable and the satisfying reward of every hungry, seeking soul. He is the "Findable God." But how many there are who doubt this. How many believing it, yet grow weary in their search, and fall to reach the goal of God's presence. But there are those who seek Him with their whole desire and He is found of them. Many, like Job, cried out, as they struggled through darkness and discouragement and suffering: "Oh that I knew where I might find Him!" The way seems so long. Faith's eye grows dim and the heart faint and discouraged, but at last the soul merges into the light of His presence, and God's voice is heard, even as Job came face to face with Him in the whirlwind, and heard Him speak His rebuke and pronounce His blessing. The seeker after God always comes into the Divine presence, if faith fall not and the heart turn not from its purpose. "Seek and ye shall find," was Jesus' encouraging promise. The seeker shall be rewarded, but how much is involved in the seeking!

THE declaration of our text that "He (God) was found of them" has reference to a spiritual apprehension and appreciation of the Divine God-head. Man may and does find God in the nature about him. God is everywhere in His universe. The efforts of the atheists and the Darwinian scientists have never succeeded in eliminating God as a Factor and Conscious Presence in the heavens and the earth which "declare His handiwork" and reveal His wisdom and power. God is found in every starry height and every retreating and shadowy depth. His presence is found upon the wide expanse of the fathomless sea; upon river, lake and sparkling rill. The rugged mountains mark the course of His mighty tread through the earth, and the gentle valleys display the verdure and beauty of His omnipotent hand. The woods are vibrant with the life which has been bestowed by Him. The birds in joyous note, the insects with their busy hum, the ever whirling of the gentle breeze; the thirty and, with hurried passage through his forest jungle of grass on definite business bent; the animal creation from the little squirrels that find their cozy home in the friendly, hospitable heart of the great tree, or the sleek-coated gopher that burrows "neath the mellow sod, or the rabbits that scurry away before the intruding presence of man, and then stop long enough to raise their saucy, inquisitive heads above the tall grass and woodland flowers to watch you as you pass; up to the graceful, swift deer that takes one fleeting glance at you as you invade his leafy arbor and then dashes away with the speed of the wind to some secluded retreat—all, all speak of God and declare His presence in the world which He has made.

AND man may find God all about him. He may be conscious of His presence. He may realize that God is everywhere in His nature. He may be among those who in loving appreciation hold communion with nature's invisible forms and hear her speak a varying language, with God as the keynote of it all. But such recognition of God, such finding of Him, is not the experience to which our text has reference. God is to be found and known in a deeper and fuller and richer sense than this. Man's quickened soul finds a God to Whom the natural heart and mind of man are a complete stranger. "Who by searching can find out God?" The searching of the natural man will never be rewarded by that finding of God which reveals Him in His saving, cleansing, keeping, fruitfully power. So the finding of God means more than the superficial, intellectual conception of God. It means the quickening of the heart to the deepest sense of the need of God, and the expanding and enlarging of the heart to the realities and consciousness of God. When the whole desire goes out after God, then He is found of those thus yearning for Him. Have you found God, or are you still stranger to Him? And if a stranger to Him here, a stranger to Him in the life to come? God may be found. He waits for the sinner to find Him in saving power; He waits for the saint to find Him in increasing fullness and power. He is the "Findable God," and if man finds Him not, he alone is to blame; he has not sought Him with the whole desire.

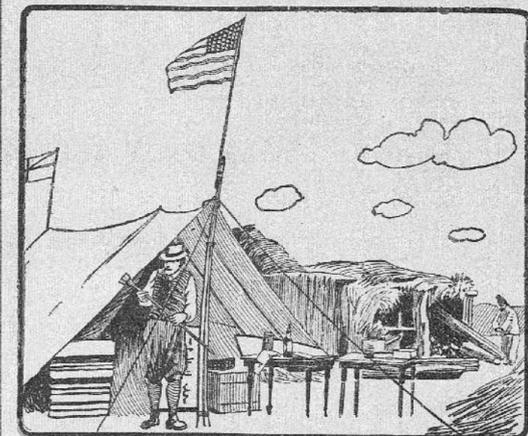
OUR text introduces us to one of the bright pages of Judah's history. It paints for us in the colors of the glorious rainbow the picture of a people moved by one impulse, the desire to find God. The saddest sight before the angels, if not before man, is that of the person

or nation who is a stranger to God. The grandest resolve which ever moved in human breast is the purpose to find God, and the most glorious discovery, the most blessed experience into which the soul of man can enter is that of finding God. Judah under apostate and Godless kings had lost its God. The nation was a stranger to the true God, and had chosen for itself the false gods of the heathen nations about it. They delighted to indulge in all the licentious pleasures of the heathen worship. They wanted to be like the nations about them. They put worldlyness before Godliness, the desires of the flesh before the eternal needs of the soul. And the result was that they knew not God. But the Spirit of God, moving upon the heart of the young king Asa, led him to resolve to seek the Lord. What an influence one life can exert! How one determined soul can encourage and help those who are weaker to choose the right! An Asa in Judah could lead a nation toward God until it could be declared: "They sought the Lord with their whole desire, and He was found of them." And you and I can be seeking God with all our hearts, not only find Him, but inspire others with the same desire to find God and encourage them to seek with the whole heart until He is found of them. Oh, that rulers-to-day might realize this truth, and stand courageously for righteousness. Oh, that those in positions of trust and authority might have the spirit of Asa come upon them. Oh, that they might boldly declare their own determination to seek God and His righteousness, and might use their influence and authority to help others to make that decision too. Oh, that in churches that are dead and cold in formalism, or poisoned with the intoxication of pleasure and worldlyness, there might be brave, heroic, God-fearing souls who would stand boldly forth and declare the purpose to seek the Lord with the whole heart. Oh, that in the homes where God is unknown, where the things of this life shut out the things of eternity, the one who has found God in saving grace might stand forth and seek Him "with all the heart for the salvation of the dear ones out of Christ. God would honor such seeking.

AND to whom is He the Findable God? Are there any who may not seek and find? Verily, there are none, for God has declared that "Whosoever will may come." He waits in the early morn for the seeker after Him. He continues in His secret pavilion during the morning toil and the noon-tide heat and the afternoon's unceasing activities. He watches during the darkening of the evening hour, and He who keepeth His children neither slumbers nor sleeps through the long night. And always He waits for the soul that is seeking Him. He sees him from afar; He hears the eager step of hope as it pushes onward; He sees the arm of faith outstretching to discover the secret retreat of God, and as it reaches higher and yet higher in its eagerness to obtain, it feels the sure, un-falling clasp of the Divine arm. God has been found. He may always be found by the seeking soul. He is the Findable God to the sinner. No soul so vile but that it may find God, and be cleansed from all its guilt. No soul so far down the pathway of sin but that it may find its way back to God. Oh, how God yearns to reveal Himself to the seeking sinner. The father of the prodigal son rushed down to meet the returning boy when he was yet a great way off, and God always meets the seeking sinner while he is yet struggling along the pathway of repentance. No sin-sick soul ever turned from the old life to seek God but that it found the blessed Christ at the turn in the road ready to receive him and lead him to God. And God is the Findable God to the saint—the regenerate, the saved soul. Ah, how often we have to seek God! So frequently come the break in our fellowship with Him. So prone are we to fill our lives and thoughts with things earthly and forget the things Heavenly. We get away from God. And we must find Him again, before we can know peace of mind and joy of soul. Judah seeking God with the whole desire and finding Him is but a faithful picture of how every soul may seek and find its God. Dear soul, you who are away from God; you who have known Him; you who have felt what it was to walk in sweet fellowship with Him; turn and seek Him again with your whole desire and He will be found of you.

SEEK the Lord! But how? In prayer. God cannot be found out in the busy rush of business, out in the mad whirl of pleasure, when the heart is all centered in its own affairs and its own pursuits, but God can be found as the soul withdraws itself to the closet and there communes with God alone. David says: "My soul waiteth in silence for God only." The silence of the hour alone in earnest seeking after God brings the soul into His blessed presence. We must seek God in prayer. It is the vital air of the Christian's life. God is lost because prayer is neglected. God may be found through seeking Him in prayer. And again, we must seek Him by a surrendered will. The self-willed, rebellious heart never can gain the presence of God. He shuts Himself away from such, and leaves them to plunge on in the peril of their own willfulness. But the surrender of the will is not all. There must be obedience—seeking God by the pathway of obedience. Do not think you are truly seeking God if you are refusing to obey His commandment. Behold Judah, as they seek the Lord with their whole desire! It was a busy nation—busy in obeying God. The idols were broken down, the false altars removed, the high places destroyed. It was a nation in obedience seeking God. Jesus declares: "If a man love Me, he will keep My Word; and My Father will love him; and we will come into him and make our abode with him." Obedience, keeping God's Word, will bring into the presence of the Father and the Son. What is it in your life that is keeping you from finding your way back to God? Within your inmost heart you know what it is that has shut God away as a conscious presence in your life. Give it up. Obey Him and God will be found of you, and peace and joy will come to your heart and life. Judah sought and found the Lord, and then Scripture goes on to declare that "Jehovah gave them rest round about." It is always so. The soul that has found God has found that rest which God alone can give. Will you not seek the Lord in prayer, in surrender, in obedient faith? He will be found of you! He will give you rest!

WAR CORRESPONDENTS' QUARTERS IN THE FIELD.



Both the Russian and Japanese armies are accompanied by a large number of war correspondents, many of whom represent American papers. These representatives of the press must provide their own quarters and subsistence, a thing not easily done under such conditions as exist in the far east. To be valuable these men must have the resourcefulness of the trained soldier, must understand the meaning of the tactical evolutions of an army, and must be able to define the meaning of every move on the chess board of war. But the hardest task which confronts them is the forwarding of news to their respective papers. In this they are handicapped both by natural conditions and army censors. The above picture shows the quarters of the American correspondent, O. K. Davis.

WHEN LOOPING THE LOOP.

There Is a Plerce Upward Rush of Air, a Wild Grip at One's Hat, and the Shock.

The "Loop the Loop" was just across the way, and the artist reminded me that it was worth seeing, says Albert Bigelow Paine, in Century.

"Of course we won't ride," he said, "but it is worth while to see the others." We entered the enclosure and gazed up at the pair of great steel loops around which cars are carried by the force of their own momentum. A loaded car was at the brink of a long incline. Suddenly it shot down; then for an instant it was in the circle—ascending, hanging, descending—and straight away up another incline, passing beyond our view. We declared strenuously against this appalling amusement. Another car went around, and another, and another. We became silent in the sort of fascination that awaits impending disaster.

Finally I felt the thing fermenting in my blood. Nobody seemed to be getting hurt, and I should like to have the record of that trip. I expected the artist to demur when I announced my intention, but he did not. Perhaps he was hypnotized. We buttoned our coats, as if starting on a cold voyage. I had an impulse to leave some word for the folks at home. Then presently we were seated in a car, slowly ascending the preparatory incline.

During this gradual ascent we had plenty of time to think. I found myself wondering if people ever fainted in making that swift revolution; also, if I had heart disease, and what would be the consequences to one affected in that way. Suddenly I remembered that the princess of the Nile had warned me against any unnecessary risk of life. It seemed a trivial thing at the moment, but I realized now that her words might have been fraught with a special meaning. I stole a look at the artist. He seemed pale and distraught, perhaps remembering a similar warning. These contrivances always ended in some frightful disaster, and doubtless this was the trip for it to occur. The next day our names would be in the headlines. I reflected that we were probably as great a pair of fools as walked the earth.

The car had reached the level stretch at the top now, and the brink was near. I recalled the starter's injunctions to keep my head up—probably to avoid losing it, as the result of a sudden jerk. Lifting our eyes, we discovered that we were on the verge. Heaven! I had realized that the incline was steep, but that why, that was a drop! We were in a wheeled car, perched at the brow of a precipice, with a corkscrew revolution at the end. Oh, to be for a single instant on solid ground! To be—

A fierce upward rush of air, a wild grip at the loosening hat, and an instant later the shock! We were on the loop. We were shooting upward as a billow that breaks against the cliff; we were curling over as the wave curls backward; we were darting down to inevitable annihilation!

I confess that my mind was confused. I knew only that for what seemed an eternal instant we were hanging in mid-air, that my head was far from being up, that my body was swaying in a well-defined centrifugal impulse to close up like an accordion. Then all at once we had dropped, and were shooting outward dazed, weak and wondering at our safety. As for our heads, they were still on, but almost in our laps. An unknown man in the back seat announced that he would not do it again for a thousand dollars. The figures did not seem extravagant.

MOST ANCIENT PRINTERS.

Chinese Produced Prints and Illustrations Before Europe Knew About Them.

Centuries before "the art preservative" was known in Europe the Chinese had practiced printing and had produced illustrations by engraved blocks. From the Chinese the Japanese learned to print and engravings dating from the thirteenth century have been found.

Xylography was first employed in the service of religion for reproducing texts and images of the Buddha. This was followed by the production of publications such as romances and novels, in which the illustrations were about on a par with those in old-time chat books. These were followed by single-sheet prints and by that large class of productions which emanated from the theater as advertisements.

Chroma-xylography originated in Japan at the commencement of the eighteenth century with single sheets printed from three blocks, black, pale green or blue, and pale pink. A fourth block was added in 1750, and two others were added about 10 years later. The art was brought to perfection between 1765 and 1785 in the single sheet pictures, "Tori Kiyonaga," "Suzuki Haruharu" and "Katsugawa Shunsho."

The technique of Japanese engraving and printing is thus described: The picture, drawn for the engraver on thin transparent paper of a particular kind, is pasted face downward upon a block of wood, usually cherry, and the superfluous thickness of paper is removed by a process of scraping until the design is clearly visible.

The borders of the outline are then incised—very lightly in the more delicate parts—with a kind of knife and the interspaces between the lines of the drawing are finally excavated by means of tools of various shapes. The ink is then applied with a brush and the printing is effected by hand pressure, assisted by a kind of pad, to which procedure may be attributed much of the beauty of the result. Certain gradations of tone and even polychromatic effects may be produced from a single block by suitable application of ink or color upon the wood, and on carefully examining these prints it is often apparent that a great deal of artistic feeling has been exercised in the execution of the picture after the designer and engraver had finished their portion of the work.

GORY INDIAN BALL GAME.

Contests Often More Desperate Than the Worst Seen on the Gridiron.

Indian ball is a peculiar, fascinating and a bloody game. It is played on a ground almost like a gridiron. There are two goals 150 yards apart, and the object is to pass the ball between these goals. The ball is like a baseball, the Indians making them themselves with yarn covered with deer skin. A stick about two feet long with a spoon shape at the end backed by two layers of wood, and in this spoon the Indians must catch the ball. He is not allowed to touch it with his hands. He catches and throws with his club.

The game is a skirmish all the time and there are 20 players on a side. An Indian catches the ball in his stick if he is skillful. He starts on a run for his goal. He is immediately tackled by all his opponents, and the scene closely resembles a "down." He runs as far as he can, and then tries to throw the ball. The opposing players balk at him at every move. They strike his stick if they can, and if not, they strike whatever is in reach, often the head of the player.

The games are sometimes bloody, especially when played between rival towns, and many a player has been killed in the game. When women play they are allowed to use their hands in addition to their sticks. They can throw the ball any way they like. They are as fast as the men, and with the advantage of their hands often win. A game consists of 21 points, and there is no time limit. They play until one side has put the ball through the goal 21 times.

True Hospitality.

There is a woman in Los Angeles who makes it a point, when she is not occupying her beach cottage, to offer the key of it to some less fortunate member of her own sex—generally some sick or tired business woman—with the invitation to use it freely.

Collects Caricatures.

Count von Buslow, unlike Bismarck, does not dislike newspaper caricatures. He even confessed in a recent address that he has been collecting such caricatures for years, including those that concern himself.

CYCLONES ARE HARMLESS.

Only by a Mistaken Use of Terms Are They Associated with Tornadoes.

The ordinary land cyclone is usually quite harmless, and it is only by a mistaken use of the term that it has become associated with those terrifying storms peculiar to our country known as tornadoes, writes the author of "Nature and Science," in St. Nicholas. Cyclones have a bad reputation because they are commonly associated with other more harmful storms. Instead of being dangerous and destructive they are the chief source of rain in spring and autumn and supply the snow which adds so much to the pleasure of our northern winter. They cover a large extent of territory at one time, and on an average follow one another across the country from west to east at intervals of about three days.

A tornado often does great damage. It is known by its funnel-shaped cloud, which bounds and bounces along, now high in the air and again touching the ground. Where it skirts along the ground the havoc is greatest. Here the mightiest structures of man are crushed in an instant before the avalanches of wind let loose from every direction. The air seems to have an explosive force, buildings falling outward instead of inward, as one might think. In such a storm no place is safe, but the southwest corner of a cellar affords the best protection obtainable. If in the open lie flat on the ground. During a tornado, the sky is covered by clouds of inky blackness, which here and there take on a livid greenish hue. The surface winds rush spirally upward into the funnel-shaped cloud, carrying with them many articles which are afterwards dropped some distance beyond. The danger zone is confined to a path less than a half mile in width and 100 miles in length. These storms occur only on land.

The true hurricane is ocean-born. On the high seas of the tropics it marshals its forces of wind and wave, before which the stoutest ship is helpless and the fairest islands are laid waste. Even the sturdy mainland trembles under its awful castigation. These ocean storms last much longer than tornadoes, cover more territory and cause more damage. The hurricane which overwhelmed Galveston destroyed several thousand lives and millions of dollars' worth of property. The West Indian islands are frequently scourged by these awful visitations, and our own Atlantic coast sometimes feels the lash of these dreaded storms.

But the hurricane and the tornado are rare. The former seldom extends far inland, and usually occurs in the late summer or fall. Tornadoes are products of the south and west and are mostly confined to the spring and early summer months. The cyclone is a universal storm which travels over land and sea, in season and out of season, in spring or in fall, in summer or in winter. It is an old friend, but one much abused.

SOME ODD HAIR TONICS.

Frightful Decorations Recommended in Certain Quarters as Hair Invigorants.

"Take half a dozen white potatoes," said the barber, "and pare them lengthwise from end to end, instead of crosswise, as is usual. Boil them in a quart of water. Drain the water off into a bottle and add a teaspoonful of salt. This liquid, this simple compound of boiled potato water and salt, will, if it is rubbed into the scalp three times a week, change a thin, moth-eaten head of hair into a thick and vigorous crop."

The bald listener laughed, relates the Washington Post.

"Potato water is a new one," he said scornfully.

"New and fine," returned the barber. "Do you see how good my hair is? Well, it was nearly as bald as you are once. I used potato water three times a week for three months. Look at the result."

"I'll tell you some of the tonics that have been recommended to me," said the bald head.

"First, coal oil—coal oil, rubbed into the scalp every night before retiring. Can you imagine any man sinking a coal-oil-drenched head among his pure, white pillows?"

"Sage tea. I made some sage tea, once, and the mixture had so vile and forbidding a look that I could not apply it."

"Onion juice. That, no doubt, is a good tonic. But what would my friends say if I should always be thrusting under their noses a head scented with onions?"

"Black molasses. A Kentuckian actually advised me last year to try black molasses."

"Hemlock soap and vinegar—that is a tonic that a Maine barber swore by. Seaweed and apple seeds boiled in water is a sailor's recipe. Dandelion tea, plantain tea and a tea made of honeysuckle are the tonics that a Boston masseur suggested to me."

Stuffed Cats in Trees.

A novel method of scaring away birds has been adopted by a Kentish farmer. He has killed a number of cats, had them stuffed, and placed them in various attitudes among the branches of the fruit trees in his orchard. The result, he says, is excellent.

Durable Piping.

Water pipes lined with chinaware and which are embedded in cement in iron pipes, are being used in Coburg, Saxony. They are thought to be indestructible.

Didn't Want Much.

He—What is your little boy crying about, madam?
She—Why, he wants me to take him to live in a flat where they don't allow children.—Yonkers Statesman.

Too Suggestive.

In England the other day a woman wanted her baby named "Port Arthur," but the officiating clergyman refused and finally the "Port" was stricken out.

Texas Strawberries.

Two crops of strawberries have been made possible in Texas by irrigation.

Home Health Club

By DAVID H. REEDER, Ph. D., M. D.

I have given some history regarding the use of water in the treatment of disease as well as some valuable ideas regarding the effects of heat and cold. In taking up the study of hydrotherapy, the first principles which must be mastered are the different effects made upon the human body by the application of water at varying temperatures. It has almost universally been supposed that cold water acted as a tonic. This, however, is only partially true. The true action of cold water or in fact the application of cold in any form is depressant. The tonic effects of a very brief application of cold water, such as a cold sitz bath, cold plunge, cold head bath, affusion or douch, is wholly reflex and the feeling of exhilaration does not come while the cold is being applied, but afterward when reaction is established.

The amount of area of the skin, covering a human being of ordinary size, is about 17 square feet. I might say that this skin or covering is full of holes, but this would not be, strictly speaking, quite true, therefore I will call them by their proper names, sweat glands. They are in almost every portion of the skin, but in largest and most numerous are found in the palm of the hands, upon the soles of the feet, the forehead and in the axilla or arm pits, while the smallest and fewest are found upon the back. When in normal health and the proper amount of food and liquid is taken into the stomach, the sweat glands will secrete about one quart of water in 24 hours. About one pint is also thrown off by the lungs. Now this makes 1 1/2 quarts of water which is daily thrown out of the living body in addition to that which passes away as urine. How many realize the vast importance of this knowledge? How much water do you drink in 24 hours? Thinking the matter over soberly, are you surprised that you suffer with constipation, when not more than a single glass of water is taken daily, and perhaps a cup or two of other liquid in the form of tea, coffee, soup or fruits? The body must have water internally in order to maintain health and its scientific application externally for the treatment of disease, will naturally follow a correct knowledge of its value and importance internally. I have seen the sweat run in streams from the axilla or arm pits of patients who were suffering with certain kind or nervous troubles and it required skillful treatment of the right kind to restore activity to the sweat glands of other parts of the skin in order to establish the natural equilibrium.

In other persons a very offensive odor is emitted from the feet by reason of the excessive flow of perspiration. When first this perspiration appears upon the soles of the feet, the odor is no more offensive than that emitted from the palms of hands or forehead, but by reason of being confined in the hosiery and shoes it quickly decomposes and becomes fetid. Bathing the feet in very hot water at night, just before retiring, usually gives prompt relief. If, however, the condition has existed for a long time and the sweat glands of the feet have become weakened or diseased, then the following, which may be termed a part of hydrotherapeutic treatment, should be applied to the entire body, including the feet. One pint of good vinegar, add one teaspoonful of salt and one teaspoonful of red pepper. Steep or simmer down one-half over a slow fire. Sponge the entire body with this at night just before retiring. This treatment may need to be repeated in about a week, but if the hot foot baths are kept up for several nights, I do not think the solution will need to be repeated more than once. A strict adherence to hydrotherapeutic practice would necessitate the application of a cold wet sheet pack to the entire body with the hot baths for the feet only.

Club Notes.

Raleigh, Tenn., Dr. David H. Reeder, La Porte, Ind.—Dear Dr. Reeder: My own health, as well as that of my husband is greatly improved since we have been following the suggestions you gave us a few months ago and we are very grateful. We gladly tell our friends of the wonderful work of the Home Health Club. "This said that one good turn deserves another and as we are expecting mosquitoes pretty soon, would like to ask if there is any danger to us in using permanganate of potassium in our spring or to our cows that drink from pools. We use distilled water for drinking, but cook with spring water. I saw the young mosquitoes in the pools and a few in our spring.

Physiologically Salts of Potassium.

are protoplasmic poisons when applied locally in sufficient concentration, and in very large doses, acts as an irritant in the gastro-intestinal tract; but used in the form of permanganate of potassium in the infinitesimal doses that would be secured through the spring water or pools, it would have no other effect than to render the water more pure than formerly. In fact, in small doses it improves the appetite and the digestion and might in some cases stimulate the action of the heart, as a remedy for any condition, aside from the purpose of destroying the

Spanish Cake.

Beat half a pound of butter and half a pound of brown sugar together, add the beaten yolks of three eggs and a half pound of sifted flour with a half teaspoonful of baking powder; lastly, the stiffly beaten whites; bake in a very moderate oven.—Good House-keeping.

Good in Fever.

Glycerin and lemon juice, half and half, on a bit of absorbent cotton, is good to moisten the lips of a fever-parched patient.—Good Literature.

Girl's Refuge in Germany.

Hamburg has a maechtenheim, or refuge for girls, at which last year 9,315 young women were provided with sleeping accommodations at seven to ten cents a night.

serva of mosquitoes, I won't not advise its use except when prescribed by your local physician. It is frequently used by physicians when the effects of manganese are required. It is employed as an antiseptic and oxidizing agent in such diseases as diphtheria, scarletina, septicemia, erysipelas and other diseases of that nature, and is used both externally and internally at the same time. Some physicians have lately found it excellent in cases of snake bite and bites and stings of poisonous insects. It may also be used very successfully in overcoming the fetor of foul ulcers, four breath and the terribly offensive odor of sweat-feet. It is used both as a test and as a corrigent for organic impurities in drinking water. Quite recently it has come into use as an antidote for morphine or opium in the stomach. I wrote quite an article regarding the value of permanganate of potassium some time ago, and I presume most of you who read the article are familiar with the method of ridding the lawns of mosquitoes by its use.

Geneva, Neb., David H. Reeder, Ph. D. M. D., La Porte, Ind.—Dear Doctor: I have seen so much about ingrowing toenails that I want to add my mite. I first noticed them when I was eight years old, in the summer when I was going barefooted every day but Sunday while I was at church. The corner of the nail cut into the flesh so that pus gathered. I do not remember just what was done, but I got over it somehow. Ten years later it was brought forcibly to my attention again—was so sore I could just hobble around. It separated again and a corner of the flesh came out. How I wished all that rotting matter would come off! I went to a doctor and he found out that others were afflicted in the same way. He recommended the scraping of the top of the nail and cutting a notch in the end. I tried it, but the scraping caused so excruciating pain. The corner of the nail that was doing the mischief was still doing business at the old stand and I concluded life was too short to wait for that sharp corner to be pulled out of the way by any such indirect method. Then the doctor told me that I might get temporary relief by pressing cotton under the nail. So I took a sharp-pointed pair of shears and cut the nail down just as far and as close as I could. Then took a very small piece of cotton, twisted it slightly and pressed it under and around the nail at the offending point. To keep the cotton in place I had to tie a cloth over each toe, letting the folds come all most in contact with the nail, thus keeping it from pressing so hard against the sore one.

I kept this up for three years, never having my toes untied except when bathing, at which time I did the trimming of the nails. At the end of that time I had a sick spell for two or three weeks and the cloths would come off when I was in bed all the time. When I finally became well enough to get up, I thought I would not tie them up again until I had to—so I have never had to do so since. All I have to do now is to keep the nails well trimmed and wear a reasonably broad shoe.

Here is another good thing I have always thought I would pass on some time. It is a cure for felon. Soak the affected part in a solution of ammonia and water—half ammonia and half water—for about 15 minutes. Then wet a cloth in the ammonia and bind it on the part for half an hour. I tried this as a last resort having no faith in it, but it was a cure without faith. The pain and swelling began near the end of my index finger and spread rapidly way up into my hand. I expected to go to town as soon as I possibly could and have it lanced clear to the bone, as I had heard that was the quickest and surest cure. But the ammonia beats anything else I have ever heard of. I saw no immediate change, but in about three hours I perceived that the swelling ceased to advance and the soreness lessened. It was three or four days before the ammonia and water was all gone—but didn't I get off easy? To make assurance doubly sure I used the ammonia a second time, but I think it was not at all necessary. Respectfully yours, G. B.

Many kind-hearted members have suffered with both of the troubles above described and their suffering was not in vain. Others reap the benefit of their experience and are thankful. I have seen the methods referred to tried and not found wanting, though it is seldom necessary to insert the cotton under the corner of the nail longer than a few weeks or at the most a couple of months.

I have several letters this week asking for answer in club notes, but as they are unsigned except by initials they will not be answered. So many people write letters involving the expense of paper and postage, and then many sign initials. This should never be done, even when writing to members of your own family. Full name and address should always be given. Not long ago, a well dressed stranger was found dead in the birth on a sleeping car. He had many loving letters addressed about as follows: At home.—19.—Dear Father, Dearest Husband, etc., and all signed with fond expressions of love Mary Jo, Nell. Not a full name was signed in any of them and as the envelopes had been destroyed no trace of his family could be found. He was buried in the potter's field and many months passed before skillful detectives at last found the boy.

Your letters won't be necessary, I trust, to identify me, but I cannot possibly identify you, no matter how many times you have written unless you sign your name in full and give a correct address.

All communications for the Home Health Club should be addressed to Dr. David H. Reeder, La Porte, Ind., and contain name and address in full with four cents in postage.

Friends No Longer.

Dora—I'm inclined to think that George is going to propose.

Flora—He has already—to me.—Chicago Daily News.

Elderberry and Grape Jelly.

Cook the grapes until soft, then run through a colander and strain. To four pints of green grape juice pulp allow eight pints of strained elderberry juice. Allow one pint of sugar to each pint of juice, cook 20 minutes and pour in glasses.—Boston Globe.

Girl's Refuge in Germany.

Hamburg has a maechtenheim, or refuge for girls, at which last year 9,315 young women were provided with sleeping accommodations at seven to ten cents a night.