

OUR SCRAP BOOK COLUMN

DEPARTMENT DEVOTED TO THE HOME.

Did you ever stop to think that it was one thing to talk about people and another thing to have people talk about you? If those of us who use our tongues a little too freely about our neighbors would stop and reflect about the matter and know the great evil that comes from too much talk and tattling, we are sure we would call a halt and gossip no more forever.

Yesterday we were asked if we ever saw a baldheaded woman. We answered "No," we never did, nor did we ever see a woman waltzing around town in her shirt sleeves with a cigar in her teeth and running into every saloon she saw. We have never seen a woman go fishing with a bottle in her pocket sit on the damp ground all day and come home drunk at night. Nor have we ever seen woman yank off her coat and say she could lick any man in town. God bless her she's not built that way.

Give the young and struggling a word encouragement now and then. You would not leave those plants in your window boxes without water nor refuse to open the shutters that the sunlight may fall upon them, but you would leave some human flower to suffer from want of appreciation or the sunlight of encouragement. There are a few hardy souls that can struggle along on stony soil—shrubs that can wait for the dews and sunbeams, vines that climb without kindly training—but only a few. Utter the kind word when you can see that it is deserved.

That the churches in any community exercise a most potent influence for good is conceded by all except the most rabid or blatant infidel whose egotism and self-conceit blind his mind to the inestimable value of Christianity. But to what extent are the churches valuable in this community? The Galilean teacher said of His disciples: "Ye are the light of the world." "Ye are the salt of the earth." Hence, if all His disciples are the light of the world and the salt of the earth, the logical as well as the scriptural conclusion is that they are the light of the community in which they live. These declarations, however, do not preclude the possibility of the light going out—being hid under a bushel—or the salt losing its saltiness. But certainly no reasonable or fair-minded persons would accuse the churches of being wholly composed of united bands of hypocrites. For it matters not to what extent sin, in its many forms, may pervade the ranks of any church, you will find within its membership, consecrated men and women. And it should be borne in mind that it only requires a few of the above-mentioned class to become the light of the community.

We often wonder why it is so many young men can be seen loafing upon our streets until a late hour of night. Many of them are from our best homes. The fathers of these young men, many of them at least, are numbered among our best citizens. If their cow or their horse or even their favorite dog was away from home after dark they would be out on a search, but their own children can roam the town all night with apparently no effort being made to find them. The boy seems to be turned loose at a tender age to wander at will into the paths of sin and vice and then we wonder where all our tramps and worthless specimens of humanity come from. It is a regrettable fact that too many of them come from seed germinated in good homes and then sown in a careless manner upon our streets and back alleys. Reader, is your boy wasting his time upon our streets? If so had you better not, at least, look after him as carefully at nightfall as you would your horse and cow. We did not intimate that this evil exists to a greater extent in this community than in our sister towns, but the evil seems universal and increases in magnitude as the years roll by.

IF YOU THINK IT, SAY IT.

If anything pleases your eye or palate, or adds to your enjoyment of life in any way, say so. It is not fair to expect anyone to work for your pleasure and then take it for granted that you are pleased, when perhaps neither words, looks or actions express anything of the kind.

It is bad enough to expect grown people to understand your feelings, but in mercy to the children do give them the word of praise which their efforts to help or please you deserves.

It is not only right but good policy as well to know this. You have only to watch the face of a child when it has tried to help you; give it the word of praise or thanks which it deserves and watch the lighting up of the little face then take note of its actions and very soon you will see that it is watching for a opportunity to do something else for you; and if you ask the favor how willingly the little feet and hands do the bidding. On the other hand take their efforts as a matter of course and see the face show how keenly the neglect is felt.

While human nature remains what it is, a word of appreciation will never be lost on old or young and is one of the best paying investments which can be made. Some say, "I don't care whether they like it or not," but that is all nonsense for man, woman or child; we every one of us feel our heart grow warm under merited praise, and if we get a little more of it than we deserve, which rarely happens in this world we try to deserve more next time.

Praise your wife, man for pity's sake give her a little encouragement; it won't hurt her. She doesn't expect it; it will make her eyes open wider than they have for the last ten years; but it will do her good for all that and you too. There are many women today thirsting for a word of praise and encouragement.

NOT TO BE CHEATED.

"This is a mighty dishonest world, you know," said Henry Dixey, "and it doesn't hurt to be suspicious of some people. I sympathize with the old negro who came to a watchmaker with the two hands of a clock. 'I want yer fer to fix up dese han's. Dey ain't kept no correct time for mo' den six munts.' 'Well, where is the clock?' demanded the watchmaker. 'Cut to my cabin.' 'But I must have the clock.' 'Didn't I tell yer dar's nuffin' de matter wid the clock 'ceptin' de han's? An' here dey be. You jes' want de clock so you kin tinker it and charge me a big price. Gimme back dem han's.'—Young's Magazine.

AN IMPRESSION.

"Ah, I have an impression!" exclaimed Dr. McCosh, the president of Princeton college, to the mental philosophy class. "Now, young gentlemen," continued the doctor, as he touched his forehead with his forefinger, "can you tell me what an impression is?" No answer. "What—No one knows? No one can tell me what an impression is?" exclaimed the doctor, looking up and down the class. "I know," said Mr. Arthur. "An impression is a dent in a soft place." "Young gentleman," said the doctor, removing his hand from his forehead and growing red in the face, "you are excused for the day."

NOT DANGEROUS.

Pat—I hear your wife is sick, Moike.
Mike—She is that.
Pat—Is it dangerous she is?
Mike—Divil a bit. She's too weak to be dangerous any more!—Exchange.

The fellow who thinks he can make good by doing evil sooner or later has another think coming.

NOT EVERY NURSE KNOWS.

That orange juice with cracked ice can often be taken by a patient who can retain nothing else.

That orange juice being laxative, is excellent in most sick rooms; is sometimes even prescribed for typhoid fever patients.

That chocolate, though nourishing, often causes dyspepsia when the digestion is weak.

That the nervous patient should have eight or nine hours of sleep.

That sleep will be slow in coming if the sick person is allowed to have company just before bedtime or listens to exciting reading.

That one should never ask a sick person, "What can I do for you?"

That dainty service often counts more than quality or variety in the invalid's meals.

That the nurse should never save steps when the patient's appetite is capricious. A small portion often tempts where a larger one nauseates. An extra trip to the kitchen is better than heaped up trays.

That a sick room should never be made a thoroughfare or the gathering place for the family.

That sponging with alcohol and water will reduce fever several degrees.

That, if possible, a patient should be induced to give up tea and coffee during convalescence. In a weakened condition they are apt to induce nervousness and sleeplessness.

That tast water is a soothing and healing drink during attacks of bronchitis.

That persons subject to rheumatism or weak heart should not take baths that are ice cold.

"PHILISTINE" PARAGRAPHS.

Perhaps the friends we have are only our other selves, and we get just what we deserve.

Complete success alienates man from his fellows, but suffering makes kinsmen of us all.

Men who think alike and feel alike do not have to "get acquainted." Heart speaks to heart.

As mother-love varies not, save in degree, and the law of gravitation is everywhere the same, so does the heart turn to its friend.

He who does not understand your silence will probably not comprehend your words. What explanation can explain away the necessity of an explanation?

A boy is a man in the cocoon—you do not know—what it is going to become—his life is big with possibilities. He may make or unmake kings, change boundary lines between states, write books that will mold characters, or invent machines that will revolutionize the commerce of the world.

THEN HE COLLAPSED.

The first time a man speaks in public he probably suffers more agony in a shorter space of time than at any other part of his career. Young Frankington felt the truth of this very keenly the other day, when he found himself facing an audience of free and independent voters at an election. He had prepared a very fervent oration in support of his father's candidacy, but for the first few moments he could do nothing but gasp. Then, in response to an encouragingly cheer he began to speak. "Mr.—Mr. Chairman," he stammered, "when I—when I left home this evening only two people on this earth—my father and myself—knew what I was going to say; but now—now—well now, only father knows."

IN MEMORIAM.

A newspaper, in speaking of a deceased citizen, said: "We knew him as Old Ten Per Cent.—the more he had the less he spent—the more he got the less he lent—he's dead—we don't know where he went—but if his soul to heaven is sent—he'll own the harp and charge 'em rent.—Exchange.

The Uplift.

The present generation has seen a wonderful development in kindness, helpfulness, and unselfishness.

The Shadow of the Almighty

By REV. J. W. JOHNSON
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Text, Psalm 91, verse 1: "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

To me this is one of the sweetest portions of God's word, because it is poetic, but far more than that for the reason that it holds up before us one of the greatest privileges that can come to the children of God.

It is very true that all Christians do not occupy the same position in this world. All are saved by the same "precious blood of Christ." But there is so much more to the Christian life than simply being saved; that is only a beginning. The blessings offered are given to every one. God is no respecter of persons, and it is as if he had said any one who will fulfill the conditions may have the blessing; and there is only the one condition namely, that we dwell in the "secret place of the Most High;" the blessings here promised are not for all believers, but only for those who live in close fellowship with God. Every child looks toward the inner sanctuary and the mercy seat, but all do not dwell there. They run to it at times enjoy occasional glimpses of the face of him who is there to be seen, but they do not continually abide in the mysterious presence, and yet it is possible for every one.

There is one beautiful thought about a shadow that always interests, for the nearest thing to me as I walk in the sunshine is my shadow, and he who walks in my shadow is very near to me, and he who is in the shadow of the Almighty must be very near to him. Again, there never is a shadow without a light: thus the secret place is a place of brightness. It is a place where God is.

In the one hundred and nineteenth Psalm the psalmist seems to be beating out the ore of thought through successive paragraphs of power and beauty, when suddenly in the fifty first verse he seems to have become conscious that he of whom he had been speaking had drawn near, for with uplifted face of reverence and ecstasy he cried: "Thou art near, O Lord!" If we could only attain unto this, how strong, how happy, how useful we should be.

The typical reference must be the holy place of the tabernacle in the wilderness; outside the tabernacle was covered with badger skins, but inside just beyond the veil was glory and magnificence wrought in gold, silver, purple and fine linen. Thus it is with the "secret place of the Most High."

In the fourth verse of the Psalm it says: "He shall cover thee with his feathers." What place so warm as the covered nest, the tiny birds there kept from harm by the mother bird; But listen to this, if you will only dwell in the "secret place" you shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty, and as if that would not be tender enough to soothe us, we are told again: "He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings thou shalt trust."

If we had been with Jacob when he had his dream we would have seen only Jacob asleep with a stone for his pillow.

We would only have seen Paul in his tent, but he was up in the third heaven and he heard things he could not tell.

In the secret place there is peace; "in the world we shall have tribulation, but in me ye shall have peace." In the secret place there is purity. The unholy man could not see God if he were set down in the midst of heaven, but men and women whose hearts are pure see him in the very commonest things of life.

In the secret place there is power. If we will dwell there we shall have power to live Christ before the world. In no place do we read of power of intellect or of human might, but there is a promise that we shall have power after the Holy Spirit shall come upon us.

How may I enter the secret place? Jesus said: "I am the door; by me, if any man will, he shall enter in."

It is just what Paul meant when he said: "But now in Christ Jesus ye who sometimes were afar off are made nigh by the blood of Christ."

Did you ever talk aloud to God? Try it when you are alone. Then listen to him. He will tell you things it will not be lawful to tell, and will give you the joy that will help you tell to others what he has done for you.

After the Lord had entered into the heart of an Indian princess she was so transformed by his presence that out of the fullness of her love to him she penned a verse for which I shall ever thank God. Will you go with me and with her into the secret place of the Most High that we may abide under the shadow of the Almighty?

Spreading English Language.

"Let me tell you," said Count Klemmensegg, governor of lower Australia, "that the English language which will be studied in the new reform grammar school at Vienna is the most important in the life of a business man. Latin is all very well for scientists; Spanish—you won't get very far with that; French does capitally for evening parties; but everyone ought to know English. If you want to travel—and every young man should—you will see how important English is. It is a 'world language.'"

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