¶ Genius Is a Disease Among the Children

By DALLAS LORE SHARP

Genius is not to be had for the asking, neither is talent for that matter, though you can get it by the trying. It is perfectly futile, however, to say, "Go to now, I'll be a genius," nothing that you can do to yourself, or have done to you, affects the genius bump, or ganglion, or joint, or whatever it may chance to be that genius didn't choose for its throne.

Talent, on the other hand, is often a matter of adenoids. If your child lacks talent, remove his tonsils. The increase of sheer talent for the year 1912, from this single operation for adenoids (could it be figured) would amaze the secretary of agriculture, familiar as he is with large increases in crops. There has not been a drop added to the bucket of genius so far as we know.

The great difference, of course, is due to fundamental differences in the qualities (if they can be called qualities) themselves. Talent is generally distributed all over a person. If he has talent he has it from the inside of his head to the flat of his foot. If he has genius it is local, all centered in one spot—some set of cells of the head, or in the right hand, or left foot—anywhere but not everywhere.

Genius therefore is a kind of over-development, an abnormality, whereas talent is the result of perfectly normal causes. Only normal, healthy men are men of talent. The genius may be healthy enough; but whatever sort of genius he may be you will find the fresh streak in him; for while the man of talent is a rounded whole made up of parts, the genius is a mere part for which the whole was sacrificed.

The test for talent is a wide range of averages; the test for genius is single supreme excellence.

Take the case of Jimmie, for instance—the boy who used to work for me on the farm. Jimmie was a genius. He wore a dollar watch, carried it rather in the hollow of his hand—a hollow that had been worn there by the watch. The watch cost him a dollar, and he looked at it for two dollars' worth of time every day he worked for me. He had a genius for keeping time—his own time and mine. Men of talent I had known; but Jimmie was the only one who could kill time with a watch of that price to such perfection.

Genius is a disease in children, as common almost as mumps. Talent among children is rare. If you have a child of genius, as doubtless you have, don't exhibit him. It aggravates the disease. Every time a boy of mine shows symptoms of genius I send him out to pick stones. It used to be thought that such children died young. No, they usually linger along till college commencement day and then fade away. Not so the child of talent.

If you are looking for genius by this test in yourself or in your children, stop! Life will bring you its full share of disappointments. Don't search for them.

Dallas Lore Sharp.

¶ Transforming China Into Modern Republic

By N. DOMANN, Berlin, Germany

Education will be one of the means of transforming China into a modern republic. The younger Chinese are eager to learn. I have recently traveled through a greater portion of the republic and find that the young Chinese in all parts of the country are anxious to learn the ways of the western world. I have talked to many American missionaries who have lived in China for many years and they are all of the same opinion.

Wages are very small in China. In many places a laborer cannot make enough in one day to purchase a cake of soap. The missionaries have been telling the children that by education they can earn more than their fathers.

One of the first things that will be taught the Chinese children will be modern languages, so that they can extend their trade with other countries.

The Chinese are very enterprising, and now that they have a republic it will not be very long before they will adopt the modern methods that are in vogue in the civilized world. Trade conditions will develop slowly.

It will possibly be ten or twenty years before really good results may be obtained from a commercial campaign that is being inaugurated in many European countries. Germany is looking abroad and will try and get the lion's share of the Chinese business in the future.

¶ Western Cafe Custom Is Becoming Popular

By D. P. PARKER, Omaha, Neb.

A number of hotels and cafes in the west have started a movement that has found favor with the men. Men are allowed to take off their coats in the dining-rooms of the hotels and cafes during the hot weather. Of course, it is not every man that wants to do this, but it does make a great many men feel real homelike to be able to take off their coats and roll up their sleeves in a swell cafe without fear of falling under the displeasure of the head waiter.

A few of the waiters in the more elite establishments consider the coatless person with great contempt, but they have orders from the management to keep mum. It does seem pretty hard that a man should have to sit in a restaurant in a heavy coat on a very hot day while they are surrounded by a host of pretty girls wearing dresses which come under the ban of the police for being improper. There is nothing wrong about a man taking off his coat while eating. Suspenders do not look very nice, but if the men are allowed to take off their coats in restaurants it is more than likely that they will be willing to do away with suspenders during the hot weather.

The west is always starting some new fad. Women all over the world have had their day, so it is now about time that poor man should be given a chance.

¶ How Many Hardships May Be Conquered

By E. S. Albertson, Milwaukee, Wis.

The hardships and struggles of life do not change love. Going down to a pauper's grave does not change love. The trouble with most young women of this age is that they do not marry for love. Money does not make true love. Neither does the absence of money drive away true love.

There are a lot of old sayings that have never come true. And this is one of them: "When poverty comes in at the door love flies out at the window."

The "pure and deep respect" for a man will fly out of the window before true love, and you will be left with nothing to live for on earth.

Leave the selecting of a husband to the girl herself, for the girls are just like the men. You can't make them do anything if they don't want to do it.

A reciprocating engine, according to a ten-year-old boy who is making a study of mechanics, is "one that kin ketch you goin' an' comin'."

The policewomen of Chicago will wear a uniform. It is said it will be a stunning creation, but necessarily not of the hobble variety.

When it is all boiled down it seems that the trouble is not what woman wears, but what she leaves off.

Sometimes when you take a man's note for a debt you have to whistle for your money.

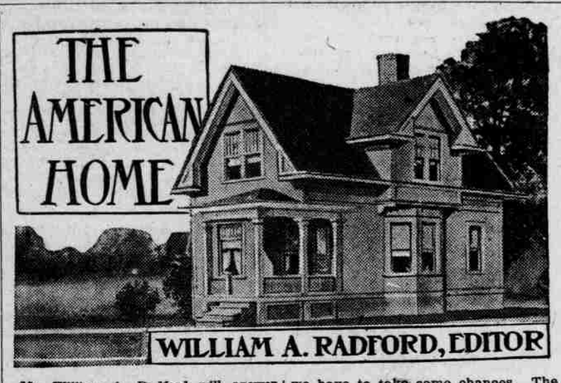
Unfinished Story.

"Why, when we was up the Amason," said the loquacious sailor, "the mosquitoes was terrible. They used to roost on the leaves and bark—" "Come, come," remonstrated one of his audience, "you can't expect us to believe that, you know. Mosquitoes don't bark." "Whatja butt in for before I finished?" queried the sailor indignantly. "What I was goin' to say was that they'd roost on the leaves and bark of the trees—" But he found himself addressing space.

Just Wanted Some Information.

There is a Chicago lawyer, whose extremely frail physique is frequently the subject of his own facetiousness. On one occasion this lawyer was in a street car, when a burly citizen boarded as the car turned a curve; lurched forward and sat down plump in the lap of the legal light. He rose with profuse apologies. "Oh," responded the thin man, cordially, "that's all right. But tell me one thing, did you think I was painted on the seat?"

THE AMERICAN HOME



WILLIAM A. RADFORD, EDITOR

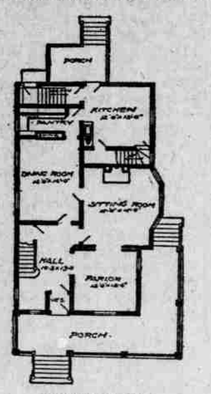
Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 178 West Jackson boulevard, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

If you have $3,000 to put into a house, and have family enough to need four or five bedrooms, you probably could not find a better plan than the one here presented. It is large, roomy and sensible. This house looks well when it is new; and it never will go out of fashion, because there are no faddy notions worked into it, and it is so thoroughly well built that it will defy time and the elements for a good many years.

I have known of many instances where fancy fashions were carried into house building to such an extent that I should rather have the materials that were used in building than the house after it is finished. With the exception of a better arrangement of the partitions to economize room and increase comfort, this style of house has been built for twenty or thirty years, and it has always been popular. Such houses sell readily, especially when they are built in a good residence section of the town.

A house as large as this, practically 27 by 45 feet, should have a lot at least 50 feet wide. The appearance of a good-sized house is often injured by placing it on a narrow lot. There is no sense in economizing at the wrong place. A 50-foot lot may cost one or two hundred dollars more than a 40-foot lot; but in five years' time, if the neighborhood improves, as good residence neighborhoods usually do, the owner would consider a couple of hundred dollars a very small compensation for a slice of ten feet taken from one side of his handsome lot. This is one of the side issues in building that some men are prone to overlook. Successful men are the ones who look ahead a few years before making their final arrangements to build.

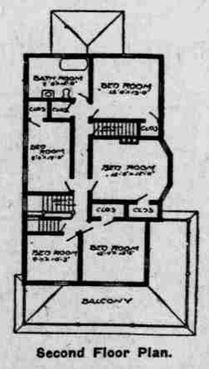
One of the first considerations before starting to build is the drainage. On this account an elevation is worth a great deal. The sewers may cost nearly as much per lot on high ground as they do through the lower sections of the town, because usually the lots are wider, although the diameter of the sewer may be considerable less. Sewers start from the higher levels, and increase in size as they go downhill. Those living on the lower lots may have plenty of outlet; but I have noticed that new sewers are needed oftener, and extensive repairs are a great deal more aggravating, in the hollows than they are on the hills.



First Floor Plan.

There is only one sewer objection that I know of on the higher ground, and that is that the air in the sewers has a habit of moving to the highest points of escape. This is not always the case, but I have often noticed in passing sewer openings that there is quite an outward draught of disagreeable, steamy sewer odors that is anything but pleasant. I have noticed this on lower ground, but I think it is a great deal more common on the hills. I do not know that this escaping sewer steam is detrimental to health. As a usual thing, plumbers are supposed to get rather more than their share of sewer perfume, but so far as I know they are a very healthy lot of fellows. At the same time, if I knew that a sewer opening would act as a ventilator, I should very much prefer moving my house a block or two away from it; but, as Josh Billings used to say: "Them is some uv the things that no feller kin find out." No matter what we do, we have to take some chances. The man who builds a house is no exception.

This plan is especially designed for a good-sized family, where there are several children. There should be children in every family, and there should be plenty of house accommodation to make things pleasant and comfortable for them. They should have their bedrooms to themselves as much as possible, and the rooms should be furnished to their liking. The tastes of children are simple and easily catered to, and it pays to do it.



Second Floor Plan.

Before the carpenters go away, have them make a flagpole, and put it high up, where it will show well. Then buy a good flag, and help the "kids" to hoist it every holiday, but especially the morning of the Fourth of July. It will give them a lesson in patriotism that they will never forget. These little instances are remembered in after years. They help to tie the interest of growing children to the home.

Arrange a playground for the children in the backyard. Give them a corner with a load or two of sharp sand. Put a cover over the sand pile if you can afford it, but give them the sand pile anyway. It will be worth a great deal to the "kids" in health, and it will save you a great deal of anxiety, and probably some expense in doctor's bills. Build them another playhouse in the attic for stormy days. Don't you remember, when you were a "kid," how you used to enjoy playing in the woodshed on rainy days? The neighbors' youngsters came in and helped to raise a great row, and your mother usually put up with it patiently. Well, we haven't got any woodsheds now; firewood trees are all burned up, and we don't need much of a building to hold coal; but we still have the children, and we can make comfortable playrooms for them if we have the inclination to do so. Rainy days are long days for children, unless they have some place to go other than the kitchen or the living room. They love to make all the noise they feel like making.

Phoebe Is Cautious.

The other day in my walk I came upon two phoebes' nests under overhanging rocks, both with half fledged young in them, and in neither case were the parent birds in evidence. They did not give their secret away by setting up the hue and cry that nesting birds usually set up on such occasions. I finally saw them, as silent as shadows, perched near by, with food in their beaks, which they finally swallowed as my stay was prolonged. And the nests, both on a level with my eye, were apparently filled only with a motionless mass of bluish mold. As I gently touched them, instead of four or five heads with open mouths springing up, the young only settled lower in the nest and disposed themselves in a headless, shapeless mass. The phoebe is evidently a very cautious bird, though no birds are more familiar about our porches and outbuildings.—John Burroughs in the Atlantic Monthly.

Midnight Oils.

"I suppose that you are relieved of considerable expense now that it is no longer necessary for you to supply the midnight oil for your son at college?"

"On the contrary," explained the father, "since commencement I have been impressed with the relatively higher cost of burning midnight gasoline."

You Can Usually Tell.

"His wife must be an awfully swell dresser."

"I've never seen her."

"Neither have I. I was judging by the hand-me-downs he wears."

Teachers Aid Movement.

The International Commission for Public Mouth Hygiene has representation from twenty-two countries. It was established in Berlin in 1909 and the growth of the movement to have dental inspection in the schools has been phenonmenal. Germany estimates its loss in vitality through defective teeth to be more than $50,000,000 per year, despite the fact that about 200 dental clinics have been established. Teachers in the public schools have been of great help in making public necessity for mouth hygiene.

Will Urge Amendment.

A determined effort will be made to compel congress to act on the woman suffrage amendment during the week of convention in Washington, early in December. Dr. Anna Shaw will be the principal speaker at the convention and others who will speak are Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, Miss Jane Addams and Judge Julian Mack, formerly of Chicago.

FORGAVE EACH OTHER

By DONALD ALLEN.

The current of love between Miss Fanny Drew and Mr. Randolph Aikens was running along so smoothly as to be almost vexatious. Any old maid or old bachelor will tell you that a tiff now and then between two people in love adds spice to it.

There are people who wonder if Adam and Eve quarreled. Of course they did. They were rushed at each other even without an introduction, and there was no squeezing hands or walks beneath the silvery moon. Adam was grouching around the garden by his lonesome when he caught sight of Eve peeking out from behind a lilac bush and he called out:

"Here, you woman, come along here and quit your fooling!"

It wasn't a fair shake nor a square deal, and the more one thinks of it the more he wonders that love is the sentiment that we find it.

"They have been loving and have been engaged over a year," said the mother of the young man in this affair, that took place later on than Adam's by several years, "and they haven't had a falling out yet."

"Then they'll never marry—never!" was the reply.

"I'm afraid not."

"Because, when a woman really loves a man she wants to get in a dig at him once in awhile!"

"She does."

"She wants to let him know about twice a month that he isn't the only man on this green earth—not by a long shot!"

"That's it."

"And he wants a chance to get jealous over nothing, and to stump around and tear down trees and write letters and call her a perfidious wretch."

"He surely does."

"And after she has sent him back his letters and the engage-ring, and both have lost a heap of sleep and called themselves idiots, they come sneaking around and make up and love each other twice as well as they did before."

"That's just it."

"If I was in your place, Mrs. Aikens, I'd advise Randolph to pick a quarrel. If I was the mother of Fanny I'd advise her the same. They'll never get married if this thing goes on as placid as molasses running down hill."

No advice was given, however. It was not needed. There is a divinity whose job it is to look out that love matches do not become too draggy and insipid, and she hit the trail of Randolph Aikens within 40 days after his mother had expressed her worries. While Miss Fanny Drew was fair to look upon, and was considered a catch, the young man had no trouble in shouldering other aspirants aside and having the field to himself.

Things were jogging along at an easy gait when the young lady's cousin came on from the west and brought a Rocky Mountain breeze with him. He was young and happy and handsome, and he had a ranch on which the cattle were as thick as flies about a sugar bowl. It was announced by some kind-hearted person that he had come on to marry Miss Fanny and bear her hence to the land of alkali. If the rumor was denied no one heard of the denial.

Young Aikens met the "wild and woolly" and they were introduced and shook hands. The Westerner was breezy. He was a hustler. He talked straight from the shoulder. He asserted he was after a bride to share the scenery with him and eat her portion of grass-fed beef that roamed on a hundred hills, and he added that he gave himself just two weeks to fall in love, appear before the minister and pack his trunk and scoot for the west with his bride on his arm.

Young Aikens had a half-interest in a gent's furnishing store, and he could not reconcile $4 silk scarfs with jack-boots and slouch hats. After 30 seconds' consideration he concluded to hate his cousin.

Five minutes later he had decided to quarrel with Miss Fanny, and he began: "Wouldn't it been an act of consideration to have told me you were engaged to him?"

"Randolph, what are you talking about?" she exclaimed.

"Your marriage with that steer-chaser from the west!"

"My cousin? Why do you speak of him in that way? Tom is a breezy, whole-souled fellow."

"And you will probably be very happy with him."

"Have you taken this silly gossip in earnest?"

"It may be silly gossip, but from the way he looks at you—"

"Why, he's my own cousin."

"Yes?"

"And we used to play together as children!"

"Ah!"

"Mr. Aikens, will you kindly explain what that 'ah' was meant to signify?" asked the girl as she drew herself up and ceased to smile.

"If you will kindly tell me the date of the wedding I will be out of town at the time and save us both embarrassment," he replied.

She turned from him and walked away, and half a minute later he was kicking himself for a born fool. There was the "tiff," that his mother was hoping for, and from the looks of things it would last considerably longer than a full moon. Randolph had deliberately provoked the quarrel, as he had to admit to himself, and if there was any feeling of satisfaction it rested with some one else.

The trouble with a lover in cases of this sort is that he is not content with making a donkey of himself. He must be two or three of them. Instead of going back to the girl and "fessing up" and having it all over with in half an hour, he must go round with the air of a martyr and keep the whole United States upset for weeks. He knows that the girl can't and won't visit his gent's furnishing store to ask about a dollar shirt for her father and make it an excuse for looking at him in a heart-broken way and hinting that she has consumption and not long to tarry. No, she can't and won't come, and that's another grouch to add to his stock. She ought to send a little note—she ought to do this and that, and he keeps right on the donkey job till Destiny gets mad and slam-bangs him.

The cousin from the west married a girl in a village five miles away and went home to his steers and his alkali, and of course young Aikens got the news. That was another grouch. Why didn't Miss Fanny deny the gossip more vigorously? Why didn't she roll up her eyes, raise her right hand and say in a loud firm voice:

"Randolph, I swear to high heaven I can never love anybody but thee!"

Had she so sworn? Not by a jug-full! Very well; let her suffer for the omission.

Mr. Aikens' furnishing store closed at eight o'clock in the evening. He always went home by a particular route. Miss Fanny was aware of this, but had she thrown herself in his way and given him good evening and a show? Not a blamed throw, and when he thought it over he fairly gritted his teeth.

Weeks passed. Then he got the habit of taking evening walks along the riverside. He would wander out on an old dock and sit on an old barrel and sigh and cuss a couple of hours and then head for home saying he didn't care a rap for my girl that ever wore a hobble skirt.

On this night—on this particular night—the moon rode high, to be higher than the cost of living. The little waves of the river lapped at the old dock, as they had been trained to do from infancy. From various quarters came plaintive wails of the bullfrogs and now and then a dog barked or an owl hooted.

It was a night for reflection. It was a night for a young man who had made a donkey of himself to sit and think whether the best dollar shirt could not be sold for 90 cents and then make 30 per cent. profit? Also to wonder how he came to do it! Also, to wonder why some mutual friend didn't take hold of the matter and make it his or her business to bring about a reconciliation! Also, lots of other things.

A step on the dock!

It was too late in the season for assassins. None of the ministers in town were given to walking in their sleep. It was a light step—a human step—not that of a cow. It came on. It halted beside him. One—two—three minutes the owner of that step waited before whispering the name, "Randolph!"

The young man looked up and gave a start. It was Fanny!

Never in this world will it be admitted that she knew of his presence and had come to make up. It is a thousand chances to one that she thought he was up at Troy buying his fall stock of collars and cuffs. Anyhow she was there.

It has been stated that the dock was old and rickety. It was strong enough to withstand a fair start, when he heard his name lovingly whispered. That dock sighed and groaned and staggered and went down under the strain.

Two feet of water and two of mud, but it was enough. After the lovers had flopped around for awhile the girl's life was saved and the young man climbed out beside her. They were very wet and very muddy, but they were very happy. Each had forgiven the other, and the collar market was firm at one for 15 cents, or two for a quarter.

Silenced.

A New York politician, stump speaching in a neighboring city, was several times interrupted by a man who kept shouting, "Liar! Liar!" Finally the politician said: "If the gentleman at the back of the hall who is so anxious that the audience should know his name will write it on a slip of paper and hand it to the chairman instead of bawling it at the top of his voice he will save himself a lot of trouble." But the interrupter kept his peace and his identity.

HAD HIS REBUKE COMING

Old Lady Gives Effective Reply to Alleged Smart Remark of Youthful Smoker.

The youth was puffing away at a pipe, despite the pained expression on the old lady's face.

"Young man," she barked, so far as her coughing would permit her, "do you know that it's wrong to smoke?"

"Well," replied the lad as he blew a wreath of smoke, "I use tobacco for my health."

"Health!" ejaculated the victim, in spluttering tones. "Nonsense! You never heard of anyone being cured by smoking."

"Yes I have," declared the youth, still puffing away like a furnace chimney. "That's the way they cure pigs."

"Then smoke away," cried the victim. "There may be hope for you yet."

Are the trains too slow for you? Caesar, with all of his court, never exceeded the speed limit.

Right of Discovery.

An Envious Contemporary (to Miss Budlong)—And so you are really engaged to Mr. Timid Smithkins?

Miss Budlong (quite provokingly)—Yes, dear; and I want you to suggest something sweet and tender to go in my engagement ring.

Envious Contemporary—If I were in your place I'd just have the simple word "Eureka."—Puck.

Albanian Mission School.

Charles R. Crane of Chicago is particularly interested in the work of the American Mission school at Koritza, Albania, and the efforts that are being made to enlarge it into a girls' college. Before the Balkan war the Turks made some trouble, but since that time the board is assured that the Greek government will offer no opposition.

Capable Couple.

"A capable couple."

"So?"

"Yes, he is furnishing the house by means of tobacco coupons, and she is decorating it with bridge prizes."

Geologist of Repute.

Prof. Bailey Willis, who is returning to South America to complete his work, was loaned to the Argentine government two and a half years ago by the United States geological and geodetic bureau to conduct a survey of the Andes and Patagonia. He is recognized as one of the most authoritative men in his profession in the world, and has been the geologist of the United States geodetic survey since 1884. He went to China on a scientific expedition under the auspices of the Carnegie institution of Washington, making some interesting discoveries. Professor Willis has also written a number of scientific works.

A Familiar Metaphor.

"Once upon a time," said the old-fashioned lady who tells fairy stories, "there was a terrible ogre who ate up everything and everybody in sight—"

"Oh, let's don't talk about the trusts," interrupted the boy who reads current politics. "Tell us a regular fairy story."

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Director of Evening Department, The Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.)

LESSON FOR NOVEMBER 16

THE DEATH OF MOSES.

LESSON TEXT—Deut. 34:1-12.

GOLDEN TEXT—"Precious in the sight of Jehovah is the death of his saints." Ps. 116:15.

I. The Old Leader, vv. 1-8. We have now come to the last of our lessons which have to do with Moses. Following his lamented failure at the time of the second arrival at Kadesh-Barnea, Miriam dies; at Mt. Hor, Aaron departed and his office is bestowed upon his son, Eleazar. Then quickly followed the plague of serpents, the defeat of the king of the Amorites, Balaam's folly, the apostasy of Israel which was cleansed by blood through the zeal of Phinehas, and finally the arrival upon the plains of Moab.

Law Confirmed.

Here Moses repeats and confirms the law to this new generation of Israel, delivers his last charge, sings his last song, ascends Mt. Nebo to view Canaan, and is "forever with the Lord." In the passage marked out for this lesson we have the account of the passing of this wonderful servant of God. Returning to ch. 31:1-8 and 32:44-52 we see this journey in prospect, after that we read Moses' parting blessing and in this section we read of the fulfilment of that prospect Moses anticipated his departure by a quiet dignity, absolutely divorced from haste or fret, that was characteristic of his life of submission and was the essence of his life of faith. No protest, no complaint, calm acquiescence to the will of God. At the same time there was absolute confidence that the will of God would be carried out, see ch. 31: 1-8. Strength and courage were to be the portion of Israel under their new leader, Joshua.

Before departure Moses solemnly charged this newer generation to observe the law, declaring that it is not a vain nor an empty thing, but in deed and in truth to them the way of life. Then comes the simple dignified account of this last act of obedience, simple, yet sublime. Yonder we see him, viewed by the hosts of Israel, as he ascends the mountain alone—yet not alone—prepared to spend his last hours upon earth with Jehovah, who doubtless appeared as the angel—Jehovah and pointed out to him the land he so much longed to enter, but could not because he failed to sanctify God in the sight of the people at a critical moment. Taking the glory to himself on that occasion demanded an act of punishment as a warning to the people, hence, "it went ill with Moses for their sakes," Ps. 106:32. There upon the mount God's covenant with Abraham is confirmed and with undimmed eye and undiminished vigor (v. 7), Moses was shown the fulfilment of that promise, his body was laid at rest by God himself, in an unknown and unmarked sepulchre, "over against Beth-Peor," v. 6, and the children of Israel mourned for him thirty days. The sight from the mountain top revealed to Moses was not to tantalize him, far from it, but rather that as he viewed that prospect he was to be rewarded for those forty years of leadership and struggle. Jehovah's promise of more than four hundred years' standing is about to be fulfilled; shall not all others be fulfilled? (Titus 1: 2).

II. The New Leader, v. 9. God never leaves his people without a leader and hence Joshua is exalted to compensate Israel for the loss of Moses. "The king is dead—long live the king." The worker dies, the work goes on and many times the victories of the new leader are fully as great and far reaching as any won by the former leader. Joshua was not Moses, he was Joshua and as such called to face new problems. He had his own equipment, "the spirit of wisdom" received through Moses, the channel of God's power (v. 9), and was given his own particular instruction, Josh. 1: 1-9. He was called of God but he had the experience and training of Moses to prepare him for his life's work. The children of Israel gave this new leader a cheering reception; (1) they listened to him; (2) they obeyed him, a thing they had not always done for Moses. Joshua was not so great as Moses because his work was not so great.

III. A Great Character, vv. 10-12. The description of Moses is of one who saw Jehovah face to face, a peculiar dignity, and the secret of his greatness. When Aaron and Miriam murmured God declared that Moses was different from all other prophets in that, "with him will I speak mouth to mouth, even manifestly, and not in dark speeches, and the form of Jehovah shall he behold," Num. 12:6-8. Moses himself declared to Israel that when God spoke to them out of the midst of the fire, "I stood between the Lord and you," Deut. 5:4, 5. The supreme teaching of this lesson is the fact that great as Moses was, he was nevertheless excluded from the promised land as a warning to Israel.

On the other hand this story is a wonderful illustration of the tender compassion and watchful care of Jehovah even to the end. Even the discipline of Jehovah is accompanied by gentleness. If he must needs be excluded yet he is not excluded from communion with Jehovah.

Thus this saint who was separated to the will of God passes out of life. In the hour of the consummation of his life work his spirit passes into yet closer fellowship with God. The Psalmist in the words of the golden text most beautifully suggests that such an hour is a delight to God, and suggests the welcome which must be awaiting his saints. Do not forget the last glorious appearing of Moses after the lapse of the centuries when:

"On the hills he never trod
Spoke of the strife that won our life
With the Incarnate Son of God."

"Death and judgment were a constant source of fear to me until I realized that neither shall have any hold on the child of God." D. L. Moody: Do not put death out of consideration, but welcome it as Moses welcomed it. When we stand on Pisgah, can we say we did our full duty? In that hour the plaudits of men will be stilled.

Moses was a great hero, prophet, priest, law-giver, poet and general, yet Israel could erect no monument over his grave to do him honor. It was a greater honor to follow his admonitions and obey the law.

Wild Honey.

The honey that comes out of a bee tree is not always as sweet as the old-time compliment, "sweet as a bee tree," might lead one to suppose. The bees that run wild do not seem to have the fine taste in nectar that their domesticated cousins have. Sometimes there are poisonous spots in wild honey—at least there are legends to that effect—and often, if the colony is old and the comb large, the honey is black as night.

But the bee-hunter now, alas, to be classed with professionals that have passed on, cared little about discoloration and worried not at all about poison. To find a bee tree meant the exercise of keen eyesight, woodcraft, patience and judgment. The wandering bee seemed to have a prejudice against going straight to the hive. He moseyed along from flower to flower, stopped to talk or fight with a fellow bee, or, if he knew he was being followed, dived into thickets and hummed straight across some bottomless bog. So when the right tree was located, and the comb laid bare, it was well won. It was as treasure trove, earned by the blisters on the shoveler's hands.

Same Old Suit.

Hemmandhaw—Here is an interesting article on dress.

Mrs. Hemmandhaw—What is it all about?

H.—A lecturer describes the clothes which women will be wearing 100 years from now.

Mrs. H.—Huh! That doesn't interest me a particle.

H.—Why not?

Mrs. H.—Because, unless something wonderful happens. I will still be wearing the same old blue velvet suit I've had ever since we were married.—Youngstown Telegram.

Super-Optimism.

"Optimists are all right, provided they are not unreasoning and excessive," said Norman Hapgood, the fusion leader, at a fusion luncheon in New York.

"The optimism of our opponents," he went on, "reminds me of Smith. A druggist said to Smith one night at the lodge:

"'There's a movement on foot to make drugs cheaper.'

"'Good,' said Smith. 'Good! That will bring sickness within the reach of all.'"

Chauffeur's Sympathy.

Motorist (after accident)—I'm afraid one of my lungs is punctured, Dobson.

Chauffeur (hopelessly)—Lord only knows where the tire kit is, sir.—Puck.

Whole Bill of Fare.

"The trouble with some folks," says a Whitsett philosopher, "is that they want to clean up the Prosperity table at one sitting, and pretty soon there's nothing left for the dinner bell to ring for."

Its Nature.

"I should think a fan manufacturer would always be sure of his capital."

"Why so?"

"Because it is the very business to raise the wind."