

METHODIST REVIVAL
BREAKING OUT IN ALL
PARTS OF COUNTRY

George Mecklenburg, Executive Secretary of Missionary Centenary Sends Statement to Boise.

Methodists in Boise are greatly interested in a statement that has just reached Boise from George Mecklenburg, executive secretary of the Missionary Centenary of the Methodist Episcopal church, headquarters headquarters Helena, Mont., dealing with the big revival movement for conversions that has been started by that religious denomination.

The statement is in part as follows: A million souls by June 1—in other words, a million new conversions by June 1—is the astounding objective of the centenary. For audacity and dimensions the project breaks all records. In the entire history of Christianity no such stupendous evangelistic campaign was ever planned. Will it succeed? Can it? For one sympathetic onlooker there are a hundred who consider this a glaring and unprecedented example of fanaticism gone mad.

So it recalled, however, that the hundred were as sceptical a year or two ago when Methodists undertook to subscribe a centenary fund of \$120,000,000 for evangelistic, educational, medical and relief work abroad and for reconstruction in America. A fantastic scheme! Hysterical! What with Liberty loan drives, Red Cross drives, Y. M. C. A. drives and Salvation Army drives raging simultaneously or in swift succession, who could fancy that Methodists—poor as they are, mostly—would go over the top with a cheer? Yet they did.

WHAT THE TASK REPRESENTS. They recognize that 1,000,000 new conversions by June 1 is a large order. But they have not plunged into this tremendous adventure without first considering where the 1,000,000 new conversions are to be obtained. As Dr. Edgar Blake observes: "The bishops say that of the 800,000 conversions they expect in America 650,000 must come from the Sunday schools. This seems like an almost impossible task until you remember that it represents about 15 per cent of our present Sunday school membership and the further fact that approximately a half of our Sunday school membership (3,250,000) have not as yet united with the church."

"During the last ten years there have been 1,708,000 conversions for every Sunday of the decade. More than 1,600,000 Sunday school scholars are united with the church during the last ten years. In 1918 our church had an increase of about 20,000 in its church membership, counting the foreign field. Had it not been for the accession to the church from the Sunday school (126,000) there would have been an actual decrease in our church membership of nearly 100,000. If you were to eliminate the accessions to the church membership from the Sunday school for the last 10 years, the present membership (1918) instead of being 4,240,000, would be only 2,640,000."

WHERE IS ROMANCE. Except for the brilliancy of huge figures, such observations as these make tame reading—for the outsider. Is the much trumpeted campaign after all only a more or less moderate speeding up of forces already active within the Methodist church? Then where does the romance come in? Truth is, stories blazing with sensationalism pour in from the mission fields. Stories as sensational may develop on the street corners of American cities. For Methodism has locked horns successfully with atheism abroad and Methodism bids fair to lock horns as successfully with Bolshevism here at home.

Most people think of foreign missions as a kind of forlorn hope kept miserably alive by harmless fanatics whose energies might more profitably be invested in almost any other enterprise. After these years of effort, where are the results? Where, indeed? Such being the general belief, or unbelief, can almost hear alienists on my trail when I risk the assertion that of a godly proportion might be won in India.

HE SPENT LOTS OF
MONEY, DECLARES
LOS ANGELES MAN

Could Find Nothing to Help Him Until He Took Tanlac—Wife Is Also Helped.

W. O. O'Gorman, a well known employe of the Oil Well Supply company and his wife, who reside at 611 East Fifth St., Los Angeles, are both enthusiastic in their praise of Tanlac and made the following statements a few days ago:

"Tanlac just beats anything I have ever seen to build up a run-down man and put him back on his feet again," said Mr. O'Gorman. "For the past two years I have been going around with little life or strength about me, and I was so weak that when I got through with my work in the evening I was almost exhausted. I had little or no appetite and what I ate did me more harm than good and it seemed that I had a cold all the time and could never find anything that would drive it out of my system. I couldn't sleep good at night and when I got up every morning I would start coughing and for half an hour or more I would nearly cough my head off."

"I spent all kinds of money for medicines but nothing ever did me a particle of good until I began taking Tanlac, and I want to tell you Tanlac built me up so fast that it looked like it was made especially for me. I eat three big hearty meals every day, digest it perfectly and am gaining in weight and strength right along. I am not troubled any more with colds and the cough that used to bother me every morning has left me entirely. I am sleeping sound all right long and get up feeling fine and I have so much more strength and life about me that I just want to keep on the go all the time."

relating her experience with the medicine Mrs. O'Gorman said: "I just can't think of anything that would be too good to say about Tanlac for it has made me a well and happy woman. Indigestion troubled me so bad that I didn't care whether I wore anything or not, for I knew if I did I would have terrible pains for hours afterwards. I was bothered more in the mornings than at any other time and it just seemed that I could hardly stand the pains sometimes. I was losing my strength fast and all the time I went about feeling weak and drabby."

"My mother had tried Tanlac and it had done her so much good that she advised me to take it and when I had finished four bottles I stopped taking it for I started gaining weight so fast that I was afraid I couldn't wear my clothes. Anyhow I wasn't after gain in weight so much as I wanted to be rid of the indigestion and those terrible pains in my stomach, and they had already been entirely overcome, so Tanlac had done its work and I didn't need to take any more. Every thing tastes good to me now and I don't have a trouble of any kind. I can certainly join my husband in praising Tanlac for it was just the thing both of us needed."

Tanlac is sold in Boise by the Joy Drug Stores.—Adv.

efficient claim to be the workingman's church.

"There must be progress away from selfish competition to unselfish cooperation. If this progress is to be orderly and not violent we must leave behind us the evils which lead to deplorable violence or counter violence by either party. If Christianity is a driving power, making for democracy, we cannot put a limit upon the extension of democracy; we must recognize the inevitability of the application of democracy to industry."

"We favor an equitable wage for laborers, which shall have the right of way over rent, interest and profits. We favor collective bargaining as an instrument for the attainment of industrial justice and for training in democratic procedure. And we also favor the advancement of the workers themselves through profit sharing and through positions on boards of directorship."

COW SETS RECORD
IN HITTING H. C. L.



Lulu Alpha and her owner J. J. Van Kleck.

All records for the production of butter by a single cow are believed to have been broken by the registered yearling Lulu Alpha of Ashburn. She produced 13,669 pounds of milk, from which 1,000 pounds of butter were made, in the year ending Nov. 1. The American Jersey club has made the announcement. The butter produced is 100 pounds more than the cow's weight, and is said to be five times the normal production. The milk tested at 5.85 per cent butter fat. J. J. Van Kleck is the owner of the cow.

NAME "BAYER" MEANS
ASPIRIN IS GENUINE

For Colds, Headache, Pain, Neuralgia, Toothache, Lumbago, Rheumatism.



"Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" to be genuine must be marked with the safety "Bayer Cross" and always buy an unbroken package of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" which contains proper directions. Handy tin boxes of twelve tablets cost but a few cents. Druggists also sell larger "Bayer" packages. Aspirin is the trademark of Bayer Manufacturing Co. Monocetleacidester of Salicylic acid.—Adv.

Put yourself
in their place!

YOU may think you read about other people when you read fiction—but really important, really great writers simply hold the mirror up to nature. They show you the man or woman you are—that you think you are—that you'd like to be—or that you're glad you are not. Look through these little glimpses of Cosmopolitan stories; then get the December number and—put yourself in the place of these people.

Do you love power more than honor?

Of course you don't. But put yourself in the place of the man who could by forfeiting honor, have founded a kingdom, gained the love of the most beautiful woman in Kashmir and lived happily thereafter "forgetful of the world and by the world forgot." This is the theme of the vibrant, colorful story by William Ashley Anderson in December Cosmopolitan.

If your son wanted to marry Nan?

The father was called The Laird of Tyee. He loved his son more than he loved anyone else in the world. Donald loved his father and he loved Nan of The Sawdust Pile, too. An interesting triangle. Put yourself in the place of Hector McKaye, Donald or Nan. You can learn much about yourself and them in Peter B. Kyne's great novel appearing in Cosmopolitan.

After the ceremony

Alone at last in a rural retreat he left his young bride for a moment. Then the other woman appeared on the scene with a diabolical scheme worthy of a woman scorned. She met the bride, told her everything and then—the scene between husband and wife and—the other woman. Bride—husband—other woman; if you were either of the three, how would you have handled the situation? The story is by Albert Payson Terhune and it's in December Cosmopolitan.

Suppose you were this doctor?

You are an aristocratic doctor. Your daughter is a sweet, charming girl for whom you have great hopes. Jim is your chauffeur. The only things in Jim's favor are good character, industry, talent, personality and presence. But he's poor. Sort of a modern setting for an old-fashioned situation. What would YOU have done about it if you'd been the doctor? Probably the same as Dr. Berrian did in Josephine Daskam Bacon's story in December Cosmopolitan.

Anetta the Third was not a queen

Queens don't work in shoe shops and yearn to be cabaret dancers. In fact, Anetta was of extremely lowly parentage, but she was pretty and wilful, as girls sometimes are, so she became a dancer. Then, later, she had to make a decision of some moment—she made it—but what would YOU have done in her place? Interesting speculation will follow a reading of Ida M. Evans' story in December Cosmopolitan.

Would you have been afraid?

Where? Oh, anywhere there's anything to be afraid of. Probably you would, and you wouldn't know why. That's for science to find out and explain to you. Science has found it and in "Fear Devils" Harvey O'Higgins tells you all about it. He also tells how anger causes hay fever and a lot of other interesting and important things that may cause you to change your ways of thinking. Read his remarkable article in December Cosmopolitan.

My HEART and My HUSBAND

Adele Garrison's New Phase of

Revelations of a Wife

What Troubled Midge When Her Father Asked for "A Little Chat."

DAUGHTER, dear!" My father's quiet voice sounded outside my door shortly after breakfast a few days following the smothering of Kenneth Stockbridge's desk into our home. I listened to throw open my door at the gentle summons.

"Come in, father," I said, holding out my hands to him. As I did he, a wings of remorse caught me, for all at once I realized that although in the same house, I had seen very little of my father in the months that were past. It is apt to be the fate of unobtrusive elderly persons to be neglected, I think, because they have a horror of "bothering" people. But the love light in my father's eyes as he grasped my hands, drew me close to him and kissed me tenderly, showed me all too clearly how precious to him were the moments when he could have me all to himself, when I was just daughter, with motherhood, wifehood, everything else postponed for the moment to second place.

With a little catch at my heart I remembered something else, that the short intervals of confidential chat with me were more than he had ever enjoyed before. He had never known what it was to see his child grow from small child into young girlhood, from that time he was a father, and never enjoyed that dearest of all privileges to the average father, that of indulging the slightest wish of an adored young daughter. He had only loved me after my marriage, when my best thoughts and affections were irrevocably bound to my husband, when even a father I had known and loved from infancy would have been glad to take his own child and fully would have been glad to see her go.

family ties did not absolve me, I realized myself grimly, for negotiating his mind. With my mother's dying admonition ringing in my ears I had freedom for him for that old bitter wrong, and in the years that had passed since I had learned to love him dearly, in his turn he had lavished upon me such a wealth of affection as few daughters know.

Afraid of Bothering. Only the loss of his fortune, I knew had prevented him from showing the material things of life upon me to a degree that would have been embarrassing. And in return I had given him—what? Defense, love, attention to his comfort, yes—but I acknowledged to myself guiltily that there had been many times when I might have made an opportunity to sit and talk with him, and—had not done it.

"Are you sure I am not bothering you, dear, sure you have time for a little chat?" he asked reproachfully, and the words seemed to embody all the accusation I had just made against myself. "Bother me!" I returned with real indignation in my voice. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself to talk like this. Don't you know that you couldn't possibly bother me? The trouble with you is— I went on breathlessly, encouraged by the gratified light that leaped into his tired eyes as my railway—"that you don't bother me half enough. You neglect your only daughter shamefully, sir, and as for your grandson—just see how reproachfully he is looking at you!" I could not help laughing at my own ridiculous words as I looked at my small son, who was the picture of anything but reproach or sadness. I had begun to scold him for his morning nap, and he—responding to his freedom from his hated school—was looking at me with a look of defiance.

in a series of baby gymnastics in his crib that threatened to tie him up in a hard knot, chattering to himself while in his cooling, untranslatable jargon.

My father smiled as he followed my eyes; he is no less a slave to the baby than I am in my mother-in-law. "I don't think he will pass out for lack of my attentions just now," he said dryly. "But am I not interrupting his bath? I know how careful you are to give it to him at just the same time each morning."

I took him by the shoulders and pushed him into my easiest chair. "Now, sir, you sit right there until I give you permission to move," I said with playful authority, "and please see that Junior doesn't tie himself up so tightly that he cannot get straightened out again. I'll be back in one minute."

Mother Graham Aids. I fairly ran out of the door, shutting it behind me, however, and tapped on the door of my mother-in-law's room, hardly waiting for her "Come in" to enter.

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Do not approach literature from the East-side but from the heart. See in it an outlet, not an inlet. Cosmopolitan