

RELIGIOUS

A Glimpse of Her Savior.

The Rev. Maithe D. Babcock, D. D., in a meeting of ministers, told of the day when Harry Morehouse, the celebrated evangelist, was a guest in his father's house. He was staying one night in his room, waiting for the time of the service, when he heard the door open, and, looking about, saw it close quickly again. He turned to his Bible, and heard the same thing repeated; and then, without turning, he said: "Come in," and there entered one of the children of the household, who had seen so much of Christ in the face of the preacher that she desired to know Him, and she said "Mr. Morehouse, I should like to be a Christian."

"Well," said he, in his quiet, gentle way, "you may." And he said: "Will you please turn to the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, and read it, making it personal to yourself? Whenever the pronouns are general make them personal."

She began: "He hath no form nor comeliness; and when I shall see him, there is no beauty that I should desire him. He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; and I hid as it were my face from him; he was despised, and I esteemed him not. Surely he hath borne my griefs, and carried my sorrows; yet I did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted."

A Providential Decision.

The Rev. Dr. Henry H. Jessup, one of the veteran missionaries who have served under the American Board, Boston, and the Presbyterian Board, New York, tells how he became a missionary to Syria, as follows: "In the summer of 1853, while still a seminary student in Boston, I called to offer my services as a foreign missionary to the American Board. I was cordially received by that remarkable man, Dr. Rufus Anderson, of whom it might be said, as Charles Lamb said of Daniel Webster, that 'he looked like a walking cathedral.' I told him I would be ready in two years to go to any part of the earth where I was needed, only on condition that my townsman and room-mate, Lorenzo Lyons, and myself be sent together. Handing me a package of letters he asked me to read them carefully and in half an hour to come to his room. The letters were a plea for help from the mission in Syria, signed by Whiting, Ford, Thomson and Eli Smith, asking for four missionaries to occupy new stations, among them Antioch. When I entered his room he said: 'Will you go to Syria?' 'I will,' was my answer. And that decided the whole subsequent course of my life. Up to that hour I had never thought of going to Syria, but the divine call had come and I accepted it with all my heart."

What Am I Doing?

Let me, as I sit and listen to His comforting voice, bethink me whether I am doing for Him what might call for a like approval. Can I take gladly all He gives to me, and then, when the next appeal to help comes, grudge Him the smallest token of my thankfulness? As I hear Him say, "She hath done what she could," let me honestly ask, Am I also doing all I can? Am I saying to myself, "If my Lord and Savior were only here I would lavish on Him all that can show how truly I love Him?" Then let me listen still as He meets that profession of mine, "The poor ye have always with you, and whosoever ye will, ye can do them good; and inasmuch as ye do it to one of the least of these my brethren, ye do it unto me."—G. H. Knight.

Nearness of God.

We are too much in the habit of thinking of God as if He were very far off, high in the heaven above us, and having little to do with our humble, daily affairs on earth. We forget that in Him we live and move and have our being. That the welfare of every immortal soul is His immediate and intimate concern. That He is near enough to help us in our perplexities as well as in our temptations, if we will only ask Him. By the very constitution of our being, though He is so near, He cannot help us unless we ask Him: Speak to Him thou, for He hears, and spirit with spirit can meet; Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.

A Prayer.

Loving Father, with Thee are all good and helpful things, and Thou dost invite us to ask and receive. Empty, we ask for Thy fullness. We open our hearts and eagerly desire an outflow of blessing from above. May we today receive the richest gifts from Thy hands. Keep us from all danger, seen and unseen. Lift above us the banner of Thy love. Cheer our hearts with joyous hope for the future, and impart

the strength we need for mind and body. May a sweet affection unite us all so that the day may be as a foretaste of the deep and lasting happiness of heaven.

Our Burden Bearer.

The little sharp vexations, And the briars that catch and fret, Why not take all to the Helper Who has never failed us yet? Tell Him about the headache, And tell Him the longing, too; Tell Him the baffled purpose, When we scarce know what to do. Then, leaving all our weakness, With the One divinely strong, Forget that we bore the burden, And carry away the song.—Phillips Brooks.

WHY SHOES DON'T SQUEAK NOW.

A Piece of Tar Paper Between Outers and Inner Sole Prevents Noise.

"Do you remember," asked the shoe salesman of a Kansas City Times writer, "the days when new shoes creaked? And how you used to have the shoemaker put wooden pegs in the middle of the sole about every week to stop the noise? Sometimes you soaked the soles of your shoes in water and then had to rub them with lard or some other kind of grease to get them flexible. You don't have to do that now. The new welt has taken the squeak away. In the old days the sole of shoes consisted of two even pieces of leather, and the friction of these two pieces caused the squeak when a person walked."

"Shoes are made differently now. You see that little piece of rigid leather that runs from the heel around the outside of the sole? That's what we call the welt. It is a piece of leather, about an inch wide, sewed to a flap cut and turned under the insole. The space between the outer side and the insole is filled with ordinary tar paper, which holds the sole in shape and also prevents squeaking by taking away the friction. This system of a welt was invented thirty years ago, but at first it wasn't a success because the soles were sewed with a straight needle. Couldn't explain it to you in a hundred years, but to prevent squeaking the soles of a shoe have to be sewed with a crooked needle."

"You see when a sole is sewed with a straight needle it leaves no flexibility to the sole. But the welt added so much to the appearance and strength of the shoe that improvements were made on the first system, and soon afterward the slant or side sewing by a crooked needle was patented. A shoe that is made with that improvement costs 25 per cent more to the manufacturer than the old style. The patent on it still holds good and 17½ cents, a royalty, has to be paid on every pair of shoes that is made that way. But it's worth it. A squeaking shoe nowadays is as bad as out of date dress or a straw hat in winter."

DIFFICULT TO STEER A SHIP.

Man at the Helm Works with the Curtains Tightly Drawn.

The work of steering a great ship, even with the aid of all the machinery, is much more delicate than one would imagine. The larger and faster the ship the greater is the difficulty. It is not enough to hold the wheel in the same position to keep the ship on her course, for the wind and waves and the currents of the ocean tend constantly to knock the ship off her course. The great wall of steel—for the hull may be 70 feet long and sixty feet high—offers a broad target for the wind and waves.

The art in steering is to humor the ship to these forces and when she is deflected bring her back quickly to her course. If you could watch the binnacle, especially in bad weather, you would see the needle of the compass constantly shifting from side to side, which means that the great steel prow is not going forward in a perfectly straight line.

The most astonishing thing about the bridge is to find the wheelhouse with all its curtains tightly drawn, as often happens, and the man at the helm steering the boat without seeing ahead at all. At night or even by day, if the light of the binnacle is confusing, the wheelhouse is often completely shut in. The man at the wheel, it is explained, does not need to look ahead. The lookout high up in the "crow's nest" and the officer on watch on the bridge will keep him informed if any object is sighted. The duty of the man at the wheel is to keep the ship on her course. Throughout his watch of four hours he must keep his eyes on the compass and nowhere else.—St. Nicholas.

Men and "Love Stories."

When a man has passed through the cycle of emotions called love he has had his adventures; other people's cease to have a personal bearing and he anticipates nothing further from them.

It is not so with the young man or woman who, as the proverb says of the young bear, have all their troubles before them. The world of love, so full of mystery for them, has become to the maturer man translated into the concrete terms of domestic life and the relations of man and woman pass into the domain of fact that can be tested by experience.

Yet novelists do not seem to understand this psychology of the maturer man, and they continue to make the love story their chief staple; so that they are read chiefly by young men and women as callow as their own heroes and heroines. Peculiarly they are of course catering for a larger market, the number of the immature by age and the immature by nature are always the larger part of mankind.—London Saturday Review.

JOYS TO COME

"You look sad, Johnny," remarked the cashier in his most sympathetic tones. "The gloom upon thy youthful cheek speaks anything but joy." And, looking closer at your cheek, I notice that you cut yourself shaving this morning."

"I didn't shave this morning," said the bill clerk, morosely. "That is apparent to the most casual observer," said the cashier. "You are slow of apprehension, Johnny. To descend to one of your own phrases, you aren't 'on.' Delicacy is wasted on you, I perceive. But I don't understand the grouche. It seems strange to me. Here am I, feeling as gay and happy as a bird with unconfined wing, and you look as if you had just received an invitation to attend my funeral."

"I don't know how I'd look if I got that, but I know how I'd feel," retorted the bill clerk. "I wouldn't even grudge the price of a wreath. Gee, but it's hot!"

"Not unpleasantly so, is it?" asked the cashier. "Just hot enough to make the thought of an approaching vacation pleasant. I like to sizzle a little before I take my annual two weeks. If it was cool and pleasant in town I don't believe I'd enjoy it half as well. Too bad you've had yours, Johnny."

The bill clerk grunted. "I say it's too bad you've had yours," repeated the cashier. "I suppose it's natural that you should feel sad. It's always a sad thing to look back upon past delights in present misery. I think we're going to have particularly salubrious weather for the next three or four weeks, too—the next two weeks,

anyway. I shall be where it's shady and cool. I shall think of you here in this poky, stuffy office. You may be assured of that, Johnny. Just to think that you've got to keep up the dismal grind right along now without any rest or respite—unless you should happen to get fired—for nearly another year. And you didn't have such a very good time, either, did you? Too bad! You were in too much of a hurry, Johnny. Just think how nice it would be if you were going away the day after tomorrow!"

"Say," said the bill clerk, wheeling around on his stool, "how do you think I'm going to work with you talking so much?" "True," said the cashier. "It's hard enough to work, anyway, isn't it? Eighty-six in the radius of the electric fan isn't exactly conducive to toll. They write me that it's exceptionally cool at Lake Chitauga, where I'm going day after tomorrow. If you could only get off—but then, there's no use talking about that. You can't eat your cake and have it, can you? No, sir. Well, in two days' time I shall be in a bathing suit, sporting in the wavelets of the beach, lying down and letting the cooling element slop over me. Then like a giant refreshed I shall sit in a breezy angle of the porch with my feet up and a mild cigar between my teeth. I shall think of you, Johnny."

"And then you'll come back and you won't be any better off than I am," said the bill clerk. "I don't see where you've got the edge on me." "I can crow exultantly over you now, my son," said the cashier. "That's something!"—Chicago Daily News.

thing else in the room, was adulterated. The little insect found it harmless. Indeed, it cheered, exhilarated, strengthened him, so that he no longer desired death.

GOOD Short Stories

At a Fourth of July celebration in a Canadian town, where both English and American guests were assembled, the flags of the two countries were used in decorations. A frivolous young English girl, loyal to the queen, but with no love for the Stars and Stripes, exclaimed, "Oh, what a silly-looking thing the American flag is. It suggests nothing but checker-berry candy."

"Yes," replied Senator Hoar, "the kind of candy that made everybody sick who tried to lick it."

The feast was fast degenerating into an orgy. Damocles arrived, bowed politely to the King, took the seat indicated to him, and at the same time placed at his feet a parcel wrapped in newspapers which he had carried under his arm. The feast continued. Every possible delicacy was served to Damocles, from flies' brains to auis' livers, not to speak of many wonderful beverages. Then dancing girls came in. Damocles was eyeing them closely when Densy, the tyrant, tapped him on the shoulder and pointed to the roof. Over Damocles' head hung a sharp sword, attached by a slender thread. Damocles looked at the sword, shrugged his shoulders, and picked up the parcel at his feet. Carefully removing the newspaper, he drew out a fireman's helmet in phosphor bronze, with steel chain mail to protect the neck. He put it on his head and quietly asked for more roast camel. The tyrant was much annoyed.

Upton Sinclair, author of "The Jungle," told at a dinner in New York, apropos of the pure-food laws, a story of four flies. "Four flies, four brother flies," he said, "set out into the world, one summer day, to seek their fortunes. Up and down they flew, and finally, a window being open, they found themselves in a large, delightful room. There was a great white table in the middle of the room, and on it many tempting viands were spread. The first fly, with a buzz of delight, settled upon a dish of lovely, amber-colored jam. He ate his fill. Then, with a low cry of agony, he expired. The jam, alas, was adulterated with copperas. The second fly saw in his comrade's fate a moral. Luxuries, he reasoned, were deadly. He would stick, therefore, to the plainest, simplest things. And so he fell to upon a crust of bread, and in another moment breathed his last. The bread was adulterated with alum. The third fly was so grieved over the fate of his two comrades that he resolved to drown his sorrows in drink. There was a glass of beer handy. He settled into it greedily. But the beer was adulterated with cocculus indicus, and in less than a minute the fly, quite dead, floated with limp wings on the surface of the amber fluid. In despair the fourth fly hid himself in a corner. Sorrow overpowered him. Large tears rolled from his compound eyes. And unfortunately, in this mood, his glance fell upon a large dish of fly poison. 'What is life,' he muttered, 'without my three dear brothers? I'll kill myself.' And he sipped a little of the poison. It was palatable, even appetizing. Resolved to make a good job of it, he drank greedily, and, still drinking, awaited the end. But the end did not come. The fly poison, like every-

LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.

"Your sermon Sunday evening on 'Owe No Man Anything,' impressed our friend Brown mightily, doctor." "Ah, I'm so glad! In what way did the dear man manifest his approval of my remarks?" "Why, he filed his petition in bankruptcy the very next day."—Toledo Blade.

The Corn's Talk.

Miss Tassle—I understand old Farmer Jones is treating his crop in a shocking manner.

Miss Evergreen—Yes, it's true. I could hardly believe my ears, though, when I heard of it.—Toledo Blade.



She (sadly)—He died on the field. He—A soldier? She—No, an umpire.

Progress.

Patron—How are you getting along in your business, Jim? Barber—Oh, I'm clipping ahead at a pretty good rate most of the time.—Toledo Blade.

Nothing but the Truth.

She was beginning to carry weight for age and he wasn't as young as he used to be.

"Do you believe in long engagements?" he asked cautiously. "Ah," she sighed, "I am willing to believe in any kind."

Never Could Catch One.

"Yes," said Miss Passay, "I discovered a burglar in our parlor last evening."

"My," exclaimed Miss Pert, "did you faint?" "Oh, no. I tried to catch him, but—"

"But you had your usual poor luck, eh?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Optimistic.

Hicks—Yes, indeed, he's always happy when he's looking for work.

Wicks—Well, well, what a cheerful disposition! And is he never sad or despondent? Hicks—Only when he finds it.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mean Fellow.

"Of course, John," said his wife, "I'm obliged to you for this money, but it isn't enough to buy a real fur coat that—"

"Well," interrupted the brutal husband, "you'll have to make it go as far as you can."—The Catholic Standard and Times.

Barely Noticeable.

"The professor is an Italian, isn't he?" "Yes, but he has been in this country quite a number of years."

"But he speaks broken English, of course?" "No, not exactly—only slightly sprained."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Wise Lad.



Teacher—Come, now, Johnny, repeat your history lesson. Johnny—History repeats itself, ma'am.

Silent Register.

"None but the brave deserve the fair," quoted the street-car conductor, and the cash register made no response.—Toledo Blade.

Good for Him.

The Stranger—Everybody here speaks so highly of your Mr. Thoughtful. What is the secret of his popularity? The Resident—He made a fire the other night of his phonograph.

Navigator's Error.

Matchett—He thought he had solved the problem of aerial navigation when he covered his airship with fly-paper. Gauss—But he made a mistake when he used the sticky kind.

His Title.

Jookley—While I was in court today I heard the district attorney call a prisoner a very hard name.

Cookley—You don't say so! What did he call him? Jookley—Oh, I couldn't begin to pronounce it. The prisoner was a Russian.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Everything but— "Just look, dear. Don't you think I am a real automobile girl? What of my automobile veil?" "It is beautiful."

"And this automobile coat. Isn't it becoming to my figure?" "Wonderfully."

"And the automobile cap. Did you ever see anything set so fetching?" "Never."

"And even my hair is in a beautiful automobile tangle. Isn't it grand?" "Indeed it is, dear, but—but—where is your automobile?"

"Oh, I haven't a machine yet, but after I save up 10,000 baking-powder-labials and 20,000 soap wrappers, and all the cigarette coupons the young men give me, I'll get one in no time. It won't take over ten years at the longest."

Divorce Colony.

"Is this South Dakota?" asked the young man from the east as he stepped off the train.

"It is that," drawled the lanky cowboy on the station steps.

"Well, what is the name of that hotel over there? The one painted green?"

"Oh, that's the Hay house." "The Hay house? Isn't that name rather odd?"

"Not at all, stranger. You see, it is patronized by grass widows and would-be grass widows."

Black.

The great artist returned suddenly and discovered that his neighbor's little boy had covered his masterpiece with black paint.

"Great Scott, lad!" gasped the artist. "What have you done? Don't you know that was my wonderful canvas entitled 'The Sunset? You have ruined it!'"

The boy seemed repentant for a moment; then a brilliant thought possessed him.

"No, it isn't ruined," he hastened to reply. "You can sell it. Just tell them the sun has gone down."

Quite Likely.

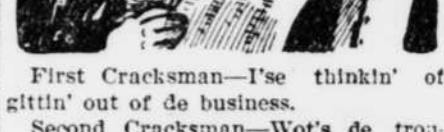
That boy who began a list of the necessities of life with "prunes" must have been the son of a boarding-house keeper.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Self-Defense.

"I'm surprised at you," said Jigley, "trying to borrow a dollar from that fellow Harduppe. You're surely not in such awful need of money."

"No," replied Shrupe, "but I felt sure Harduppe was; anticipated him, that's all."—The Catholic Standard and Times.

Too Much for Him.



First Cracksman—I've thinkin' of gittin' out of de business.

Second Cracksman—Wot's de trouble?

First Cracksman—'Cause we has ter work in de night and look out fer de police, and here's dese bank and trust company Presidents gits more an' we does an' nobody watches dem.

Taking Him Down.

Bobby—I've just been to call at a girls' boarding school and about 100 of them fell all over me.

Tom—Oh, well, don't get puffed up over it! Remember you were the only man in the place.—Detroit Free Press.

He Knew Them.

Sunday School Teacher—Now, then, Willie Smart, can you tell me what a prophet is?

Willie Smart—Why, a prophet is one of these fellows that's always lookin' for a chance to say "I told you so."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Manager Sav.

Customer—You call this a bargain sale? Manager—Yes, madam, this is a bargain sale.

Customer—Why, you usually sell these things for 50 cents, and now you ask 75 for them. I don't see where the bargain comes in.

Manager—We do, madam.

After His Money's Worth.

"Lemme see," said the man with the shrewd face, "veal or chicken, eh? Which costs the most?"

"Dat doan' make no difference, sub," the waiter explained; "dis is a table d'hote—"

"Oh, I know, but which costs the proprietor the most?"—Philadelphia Press.

Couldn't Look Ahead.

Arnold—You must have been greatly surprised when the operation on Banks, the millionaire, terminated fatally.

Ashley—I was; but at that time I did not have the slightest idea that Mrs. Banks would subsequently marry the surgeon.

Discouraged.

"What do you think of spelling reform?" "It's about like most reforms," said the man who is seldom pleased. "The words that were really hard to spell in the first place are just about as hard as ever."—Washington Star.

As Interpreted.

Mayme—George declared he would gladly go through fire and water for me.

Edyth—That means he will look after the furnace and keep your wash tubs filled after-marriage.