

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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GARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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Glorious Fourth

AND so, Monday is the "Glorious Fourth." One thing that will make it a little more glorious than usual this year is the fact that the holiday comes on Monday thereby giving everyone a two-day holiday. And for those who do not work Saturday or only half a day Saturday the rest period will be even better.

There is another thing that has made the coming of the Fourth a little more pleasant this year. The "big kids" of the town did not begin shooting fireworks in the streets this year along about the middle of June. In fact there has been no firecracker shooting and there will be none within the city. A city ordinance is responsible for that fact. It is a good ordinance for it will cut down the fire hazard within the city and will also be a relief to nearly all grown folks who hate the noise, and fear the ever present danger of bodily injury, when explosives are being let go with youthful abandon.

It is entirely useless to publish a warning to people urging them to be careful during the coming weekend. A fairly sizeable number of people will be killed in accidents, many will be drowned and a goodly number will be severely injured. Nearly all of the deaths and injuries will be the result of preventable accidents—will be caused by bad judgment or foolishness or both.

In the event the whole thing seems too hazardous, it may be remembered that the good old porch at home is a pretty safe and most comfortable place to spend the Glorious Fourth.

Summer Solutions

WHEN you stop to think that if all the peace proposals that have been made in the last couple of years were dealt around among the inhabitants of the earth there'd probably be at least one for every man, woman and child, you can't help but wonder if maybe it isn't man that makes war at all, but some unearthly demon.

Among recent arrivals is the suggestion of a professor of philosophy that a woman be made secretary of war. Women, he says, are by nature more peaceful than men, and less likely to start throwing remarks and punches until it appears there's no other choice. Here, here, boys! Order!

There also comes to hand news of a couple of young Englishmen who want to run a foot race around the deck of an ocean liner bound from England to America, thus running all the way between the two countries and demonstrating, they say, everybody's neighborliness under the skin. They write to an American magazine asking for the boat fare.

The most practical of the recent proposals comes from a woman who suggests that the best method of building up a thoroughly effective anti-war sentiment is for the women of the world to start pounding the peace idea in to the heads of the next generation while it's still in the cradle, and keep at it till it takes effect.

That, at least, gets a little closer to the root of the matter.

Spending Summer Here—"Babe" Pyle of Bakerfield, Calif., has arrived in this city to spend the summer months visiting his mother, Mrs. G. L. Nicholas.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

stock market STARTED UP.

NOW listen carefully: For years people have been taught to think that workers must fight the boss and that the boss must fear his workers; that we can have MORE by producing LESS; that there is such a thing as something for nothing.

This line of thinking has brought STAGNATION.

Someday (just when no one knows) we will find ourselves thinking that, instead of fighting, the boss and his workers must GET ALONG TOGETHER, each helping the other; that the more we produce the more we HAVE; that there is no such thing as something for nothing.

When that time comes, prosperity will be here again.

GENERAL SERVICE STATION LEASED

Announcement was made today that Walter J. Campbell has leased the General service station at Oak and Rose streets, formerly operated by Bob Helliwell and Tom Ness. He has taken possession of the business and is being aided by his brother, Lael Campbell. The plant will be known as "Campbell's One-Stop Service Station."

KRNR PROGRAM

(1500 Kilocycles)
REMAINING HOURS TODAY

4:00—Governor and Veterans Day Program, MBS.
4:30—Robin Hood Bell Concerts, MBS.
6:00—Geno Autry.
6:15—Frank Bull, MBS.
6:30—N. Y. State Symphonic Band.
6:45—Interlude.
6:50—Hansen Motor Co. News.
6:55—News Flash.
7:00—Tiny Hills Orch. MBS.
7:15—Symphony.
7:30—Bill Carlsons Orch. MBS.
8:00—Rancher Grams, MBS.
9:00—Alka Seltzer News, MBS.
9:15—Skinnay Ennis, MBS.
9:30—Anson Weeks, MBS.
10:00—Pat Dunn and Orch. MBS.
10:30—Sign Off.

SUNDAY, JULY 3

8:00—Dick Barrie Orch. MBS.
8:30—Symphonic Strings, MBS.
9:00—Voice of Prophecy, MBS.
9:30—Alice Blue, MBS.
9:45—Old Times Time, MBS.
10:00—The Lamplighter, MBS.
10:15—Romance of the Highways, MBS.
10:30—Zinn Arthur's Orch. MBS.
10:45—Charles and Jean Entertain, MBS.
11:00—Baptist Church Services, Rev. J. R. Turnbull.
12:00—Poems from the Tower Room.
12:15—Wanda Armour at the Organ.
1:00—Irving Conn's Program.
1:30—"Death in Shanghai," Drama, MBS.
2:00—Thirty Minutes in Hollywood, MBS.
2:30—Dedication by Pres. Roosevelt of the Eternal Light of Peace Memorial erected on Oak Hill, MBS.
3:00—Brown Sisters, MBS.
3:15—Hollywood Whispers, MBS.
3:30—Jimmy Dorsey Orch. MBS.
4:30—The Angelus Hour, Dr. C. A. Edwards.
5:00—Russ Morgan Music.
5:30—Dick Dillman Orch. MBS.
6:00—The Marines Tell It To You, MBS.
6:30—Good Will Hour, MBS.
7:00—A. A. Symphonic.
7:30—Old Fashioned Revival Hour, MBS.
8:30—Sons of the Pioneers, MBS.
9:00—Newspaper of the Air, MBS.
9:15—Mitchell Ayres Orch. MBS.
9:30—Sign Off.

MONDAY, JULY 4

8:00—Pistol Matches from Camp Riech, MBS.
8:15—Merrymakers, MBS.
8:30—Organ Recital, MBS.
8:45—World Traveler, MBS.
9:00—The Happy Clats, MBS.
9:15—Between the Book Ends, MBS.
9:30—Radio Garden Club, MBS.
9:45—Bob Young, MBS.
10:00—"This Woman's World," MBS.
10:30—Home Town, MBS.
10:45—"This Woman's World," MBS.
11:00—Frontier Fighters, Copco.
11:15—Variety Show of the Air.
11:30—Harold Stokes Orch. MBS.
11:45—Paul Small, MBS.
12:00—Symphony.
12:15—"Midnight" MBS.
12:30—Agricultural Daily, MBS.
12:45—News-Review News.
1:00—Rennie Weeks, MBS.
1:15—Country Editor, MBS.
1:30—Afternoon Varieties.
1:45—The Johnson Family, MBS.
2:00—At Your Command.
2:30—Community Hall, MBS.
2:45—Songs of the World, MBS.
3:00—Feminine Fancies, MBS.
3:30—Salvation Army, MBS.
4:15—Art Kappel.
4:45—Studies in Contrasts, MBS.
4:50—Jimmy Dorsey's Orch. MBS.
4:55—Naft. Aquatic Meet, MBS.
5:00—American Handicap, MBS.
5:30—Howie Wing, MBS.
5:45—Pat Barnes, MBS.
6:00—Popeye, MBS.
6:15—The Phantom Pilot, MBS.
6:30—Frank Bull, MBS.
6:50—News-Review News.
7:00—Music by Paul Barron, MBS.
7:30—Lone Ranger, MBS.
8:00—American Family Robinson.
8:15—Kay Kyser's Orch. MBS.
8:30—Symphony.
8:45—Sons of Pioneers, MBS.
9:00—Alka Seltzer News, MBS.
9:15—Singing Strings, MBS.
9:30—Frank Bull, MBS.
9:45—Skinnay Ennis Orch. MBS.
10:15—Sign Off.

OUT OUR WAY



BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON

HOLDUP HONEYMOON

BY EDWIN RUTT Copyright 1938, NEA Service Inc.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

JOSEPH SANDHAM—hero; he thought he was on top of the world until he snatched into KELLY ARCHER—heroine; she thought she was headed for the altar until she snatched into ED, the WEASEL—gangster; he thought he was headed somewhere, too, but affairs somehow got mixed up.

Yesterday, Joe convinced Ed that he is kidnapping Kelly and then under cover of darkness he begins to do things in the Ford.

CHAPTER IX

"Aw, da shack ain't so bad," said the Weasel. "It's good enough for Gassy."

"That," said Joe, with imperceptible scorn, "makes everything okay. Well, how about going straight there? We better get out of the country before we fool around with ransom notes or anything. Time enough for that later. I suggest we drive like hell for Niagara Falls."

"Sure," said the Weasel, and he added: "Dis here's a natural, ain't it?"

"You spoke that time, Iby way we haven't said anything about the cut. How would fifty-fifty be?"

"Fifty-fifty," said the Weasel, "is oldskole wid me."

Joe bent his attention on the road. Presently he reached over and switched on the dashboard light.

"I can see the road better without it," he explained. "We've got to make time now."

"Yeah," agreed the Weasel. And then, for a long period, a beautiful silence reigned. It was as if two souls in perfect harmony and understanding shared the gloom that now pervaded Chandler & Sandham's Ford delivery truck. But, under cover of darkness, Mr. Joseph Herendeen Sandham began to do things.

Yes, under cover of darkness, Mr. Sandham moved into action. First his left hand stole surreptitiously into his inside coat pocket while his right continued to guide the car. From the pocket he drew a small oblong object which he placed in his lap. Then the hand went back into the pocket and came out with a smaller thinner object. After that, for the space of five minutes, both hands rested innocuously on the wheel.

In the back of the car the head of Ed the Weasel nodded slightly. He was by no means asleep. But the steady purr of the motor had lulled his sensibilities. Joe half-turned in his seat and stole a look at time out of the corner of his eye.

"Getty sleep?" he asked. "Naw," said the Weasel, blinking through the darkness. "I drove for another mile in orthodox fashion. Then, very carefully, his right hand slipped from the wheel, groped in his lap for the slender thing which he had taken from his pocket, found it. The oblong object lay flat on his knee. And for a short time the thumb and first finger of his right hand were tortuously busy, while with his left hand he controlled the destinies of the Ford.

Finally he ceased his labors. "Want some candy?" he said suddenly to Ed the Weasel. "This car's lousy with it."

"Don't care if I do," said the Weasel, yawning. "I ain't at much today."

Joe reached down to a cardboard package under the seat and fumbled in it. He extracted a small flat box.

"Try these," he said, passing it back to the Weasel. "Chocolate covered peppermints."

The Weasel took the box and tore at the cellophane wrapper with his fingernail. It came off and presently he was rustling the wax-paper inside, fighting his way toward the peppermints. For a second the noise of paper rattling filled the back of the car. Under cover of it came a thinner rustling sound from the front seat, a sound that was barely audible.

Then Joe slipped the oblong object back in his pocket.

"Dese is Okay," said the Weasel, with his mouth full of peppermints.

"Take all you want," Joe invited.

"I got enough," said the Weasel. "I don't go for sweets much. Guess I'll have one myself," said Joe.

The Weasel handed him back the box. His fingers dove into it. After that, he replaced the lid and left the box on the seat beside him.

Kelly Archer awoke with the first gray streaks of dawn. She stretched luxuriously, with her eyes closed. Then she opened them and perceived that Joe still held the wheel and screwed her head around to take in the rugged outlines of Ed the Weasel still infesting the car's interior.

"Well, well," she said. "So the happy little family is still together. Where are we, anyhow? Moose Jaw or Medicine Hat?"

"We're still in the land of the free," Joe told her. "Somewhere in Western New York state."

"How ducky," said Kelly. The Weasel spoke.

"Stop at da foist refreshment stand dat comes along," he directed Joe. "We gotta have some kaffe and hot cakes."

"Take your belt in a notch," said Joe. "And keep your chin up. We'll get 'em."

They did, a mile further on. Joe pulled up before a likely-looking refreshment stand whose environs were devoid of other vehicles. A black-haired girl was polishing the counter inside. At Joe's signal she issued forth.

"Kawfee?" said the Weasel hoarsely, from the depths of the Ford. "An' hot cakes. Fer free. We'll have 'em out here in da car."

In a short time the black-haired girl returned, bearing sustenance. The hot cakes were huge, brown and indelible. Kelly and Joe Weasel, however, was no weak sister. He cut his allotment into neat segments, drowned them in syrup and masticated with audible satisfaction.

"Dat hits da spot," he stated, between bites.

"Do enjoy yourself," said Kelly. Presently the girl returned with coffee in thick china mugs. When they had finished drinking Joe handed her a bill.

"Keep the change," he said grandly.

She flashed him a smile. "Thanks."

"And just as a token of our esteem," said Joe, evidently mellow by the coffee, "accept these chocolate peppermints. Delicious, fine flavored, a boon to the diabolical. Here you are. On the house."

He picked up the box of chocolate peppermints and thrust them at her.

"The girl hesitated. Joe's eyes held her.

"Come on," he said. "Take 'em. Plenty more where they came from."

She reached for the box then. Joe slid in the clutch. He winked belligerently at the girl of the refreshment stand. The Ford roared away.

Mid-afternoon found them near Niagara Falls and the Canadian border. In a deserted stretch of road a few miles from the town, Joe stopped the car suddenly.

The Weasel exhibited impatience at the unexpected delay. He was anxious to get across the border. He growled: "Wot we gotta talk about? T'ing is to get into Canada."

said. "You certainly do all you can to smooth the way for our amiable jailer here, don't you?"

"I figure it a romantic touch," Joe told her. "For you and me to be married in a foreign land."

"If a pretty girl can snort, Kelly snorted. "Married? You know darn well whom I'm going to marry. And he doesn't look any thing like you."

"I'll bet I'm handsomer," said Joe. He turned to the Weasel: "We've got to throw the cargo overboard, that's all."

"Toss off some place, den," said the Weasel. "An' we'll throw it."

A side road offered a convenient spot. At the point of the Weasel's gun, Kelly and Joe evacuated the car. The Weasel took up a position favored by overseers.

"Okay," he said to Joe. "Chuck da stuff out."

Joe opened the back doors of the car and started in. Confections of all descriptions were dragged out and dumped carelessly at the roadside. And as he worked Mr. Sandham sang, raucously. He broke off suddenly and addressed the Weasel. "Give me a hand with this, will you? It's heavy as lead."

Obligingly the Weasel shuffled over, placed a hairy paw on a huge box and heaved. Joe jerked in unison. The reluctant box of chocolate dipped nougats began to vacate the Ford.

Then, all at once, the Weasel dropped it as if it had been a puff adder.

"Hey," he roared. "Come back here, you!" At the same instant his gun hand whipped up.

Joe raised his head. Miss Kelly Archer had converted the distraction of the Weasel's attention. She was fleeing down the road toward the main highway like a species of red-headed deer.

(To be continued)

NEW LODGE NEAR CANYONVILLE OPEN

CANYONVILLE, July 1.—Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Baugh and Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Baugh of the Canyon auto camp just south of Canyonville have moved into their new log cabin lodge. Though the building is not entirely finished, it is rapidly nearing completion, and dinners are already being served to guests in the new dining room which is attractively done in turkey red and white. The lodge is constructed of large smooth cedar logs, whence comes its appropriate name, Cedar Lodge. It has twelve spacious rooms which include nine bedrooms, lobby, kitchen, main dining room and family dining room for private use. The entire interior is being finished to harmonize with the exterior, and furniture is being selected to further accent its rustic style. A mammoth cobblestone fireplace will lead the final touch of warmth and cheer that corresponds perfectly with the genial hospitality and pioneer atmosphere and so complete the comfort of modern accommodations.

Visiting at Alsea—Miss Eleanor Eastling, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Eastling, of this city, has left for Alsea, Oregon, to remain over the Fourth visiting Miss Rosemary Larson, local high school teacher.

Daily Devotions

by DR. CHAS. A. EDWARDS

In the third temptation of Jesus in the wilderness, it was the temptation to a short-cut. Starting out on His life-mission, with all His great eagerness to succeed, Satan's word to Him was—do this and the world is yours, and success assured. It was not quite and altogether the right thing that He was asked to do, but see how it would help on the right and the good things He was planning to do? Why be too particular as to the means you would use when through them you may best win out to the great and worthy ends you are seeking. That is a temptation as old as the world itself, and as subtle and dangerous as any that Satan has ever invented. Grant unto us, O God, strength and courage and wisdom that we may know how to resist when our time of testing comes, and like our master win out to a new assurance and gladness through our victory. Amen.

Called Home—Mrs. C. W. Fouts, of Flemington, New Jersey, has left for her home, having been called by the sudden illness of her husband, who recently underwent an emergency appendectomy. Mrs. Fouts, with her mother, Mrs. F. C. Desendorf, of San Francisco, has been here the past week visiting at the home of the latter's niece, Mrs. Scott Williams, in Laurelwood. Mrs. Desendorf is remaining here for a long visit with her sister, Mrs. Lillian Tabke, of Astoria, who is spending the summer here with her daughter, Mrs. Williams. Mrs. Desendorf and Mrs. Tabke were formerly Lucy and Lillian Stanton of Roseburg.

Returned from Beach—Mr. and Mrs. J. DeDobbeleire and children, Melvin and Marjorie, Miss Madeline and Miss Marian Murray, Jack Tudor and Tommy Stovall, have returned to their homes from a trip to the coast.

Back From Washington—Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Pargeter and two nieces, Mrs. Charles S. Collins and Miss Virginia Gilmour, have returned to their homes here, following a ten-day vacation trip to Washington to visit relatives and friends.

Leaves Friday—Mrs. Ella J. Lough, of this city, left on the bus Friday for Portland to join her daughter, Miss Edna Lough, of Seattle, on a trip to La Grande, Ore., to visit the former's two daughters, Mrs. Clifford Sherrill and Mrs. Novis Bates.

Returns from Portland—Scott Williams has returned to his home in Laurelwood following a business trip to Portland. He was accompanied home by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Williams, of Portland, who will visit here over the holiday weekend.

Will Take Trip—Mrs. Irene O'Brien, of Eugene, who has been spending the past six weeks visiting at the George Kellogg place at Yoncalla, plans to leave today for an extended trip to Salt Lake City, Denver, Salt Lake, Kansas, Kansas City and Greenfield, Mo.

Will Visit at Stapleton Home—Mr. and Mrs. Wayne M. Akers and daughter, Margaret Jane, and son, John, of Eugene, are expected to arrive here today to spend the holiday weekend as the guests of their cousin, Mrs. H. H. Stapleton, on Chadwick street.

Move to Roseburg—Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Brown and daughter, Hannah Elizabeth, have moved from Eugene to Roseburg and are making their home at 421 East Second Avenue North. Mr. Brown is employed by the Fuller Brush company for Douglas county territory.

Attending Board Meeting—Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Brown left this morning for Eugene to attend a meeting of the board of directors of the Oregon Turkey Growers. Mr. Brown, who resides at Dixonville, is one of the directors in that organization and also president of the Oregon Turkey Cooperative, composed of the four turkey growers' organizations in Oregon.

Leave on Vacation—Senator and Mrs. C. W. Clark and son, Charles Jr., left Friday on their vacation. They will remain at Diamond Lake until Tuesday, when they will leave for Crater Lake to spend Wednesday. They will tour eastern Oregon Thursday and proceed Friday to Salem. Saturday and Sunday will be spent at The Dalles as guests of Senator P. J. Stadelman on his life-mission, with all his great eagerness to succeed. Satan's word to Him was—do this and the world is yours, and success assured. It was not quite and altogether the right thing that He was asked to do, but see how it would help on the right and the good things He was planning to do? Why be too particular as to the means you would use when through them you may best win out to the great and worthy ends you are seeking. That is a temptation as old as the world itself, and as subtle and dangerous as any that Satan has ever invented. Grant unto us, O God, strength and courage and wisdom that we may know how to resist when our time of testing comes, and like our master win out to a new assurance and gladness through our victory. Amen.

OREGON CAMPAIGN BOOK BUYERS NAMED

WASHINGTON, July 2.—(AP)—Senator Holt (D., W. Va.), criticizing the sale of campaign books as "a very questionable method of obtaining campaign contributions," published in the Congressional record a list of corporations and individuals he said purchased the volumes in 1936 and 1937.

"Some firms who bought books at outrageous sums do business with the federal government," Holt said.

"Other firms who want to do business with the federal government also purchased these books. Firms receiving subsidies directly or indirectly, from the federal government purchased these books, many of which were photographed by the president of the United States."

The following Oregon corporations and individuals were listed by Holt as purchasers of the book, together with the amount of purchase and the amount paid:

Blitz Weinhard company, Portland, September 12, 1936, \$250; McNeill Brothers, Eugene, September 14, 1936, \$100; November 10, 1936, \$100, March 2, 1937, \$200, and July 1, 1937, \$500; Robertson, Hay & Wallace, Portland, October 21, 1936, \$150; Carl C. Donagh, Portland, October 5, 1936, \$100; Edgar Fred, Portland, October 7, 1936, \$100; C. T. Malin, Portland, October 21, 1936, \$100.

WEATHER IN JUNE UNUSUALLY DRY

The month of June this year, with but two exceptions, was the driest on record, according to the monthly summary compiled by J. C. McCallister, in charge of the local office of the U. S. weather bureau. Precipitation for the month totaled 12 of an inch. The only lower records were in June, 1883, 0.1 of an inch, and June, 1904, 0.3 of an inch. The average June rainfall is 1.99 inches.

Temperature showed a daily excess of 2.4 degrees, although there were no extremes recorded. The highest temperature was 96 degrees on the 6th, and the lowest was 42 degrees on the 10th.

LOCAL NEWS

Here Today—Robin Reed and daughter, Miss Maribelle, of Roseburg, spent today in this city on business.

Able to Be Out—Mrs. H. D. Quine is able to be out again, following a recent major operation performed at Mercy hospital.

Visiting Here—Miss Mary Cawthon, of Portland, has arrived here to visit at the home of her niece, Mrs. R. Ralph Clark, and family in West Roseburg.

Arrive from Portland—Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Bell of Portland arrived here last night to visit over the holiday weekend with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Houser.

Called to California—Mrs. Eva Golder of Yoncalla has left for Oakland, Calif., where she was called by the death of her son, Jack Sherman, in a motorcycle accident.

Opening Summer School—Scott Williams, local school teacher, will open the summer school sessions at eight o'clock next Tuesday morning at the junior high school building.

Moves to Roseburg—C. L. Baquet, of North Bend, has moved to Roseburg, where he is employed at the Veterans facility. His wife and family plan to join him in Roseburg this weekend.

Leave for Eugene—Dr. R. L. Dunn and son, Leland, of this city are leaving tonight for Eugene to join the former's family, and Sunday will go to Turner to attend the annual Christian church convention sessions. Dr. Dunn and Leland will return to Roseburg Tuesday morning.

Will Visit Here—Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Perrin and daughter, Shirley Jean, and son, Richard Guy, of Longview, Wash., are expected to arrive here the first of the week for a week's visit with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Perrin, and Mrs. Perrin's brother, "Bud" Watson. They formerly made their home here.

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