

Suggestive in Questions Sunday School Lessons

The lessons which are published are very valuable and helpful, said to be, by competent men, the strongest and best that have been published...

(6) In these days children were prayed for and regarded as a great blessing. Why is it not generally the same in these days?

(7) Verses 5-6—When Abram was worrying because he could not harmonize God's promises with existing facts God repeated his promises and made them more emphatic. What lesson may we learn from the incident?

(8) Is belief of God a matter under our own control? Why or why not?

(9) Why was it that Abram doubted at one moment and had such sublime faith the next?

(10) Why is belief of God accounted to be such a righteous act, and unbelief to be a sinful one?

(11) Verses 7-11—How often may we expect God to really speak with us, taking Abram's experience as a precedent?

(12) Would you say or not, and why, that God likes to have us ask for proof of his promises?

(13) When Abram was asking for evidence, why did God tell him to offer up the sacrifice as here stated?

(14) What influence has worship and sacrifice upon our doubts?

(15) What are the sacrifices which God demands of us today?

(16) Verses 12-21—Does God sometimes instruct us in our sleep or during other times when we are unconscious of Him? Give your reasons.

(17) How many years actually intervened, and what great events happened to Abram's seed, before they possessed the promised land?

(18) Chap. xvii:1-3—When is a good man more likely to shine as a Christian—in youth, middle life or old age?

(19) God commands us to be perfect; is such a commandment keepable or not, and why?

(20) Why did God change Abram's name to Abraham?

(21) What was God's covenant with Abraham, and how was it kept?

(22) What is God's covenant with us and what assurance have we that it will be kept? (This one of the questions which may be answered in writing by members of the club.)

Lesson for Sunday, March 9, 1913 The Destruction of Sodom. (Temporary Lesson.) Gen. xix:1-3, 12-29.

A One Sided Arrangement. "Why is it that Hendrix is able to dress so much better and live in so much finer style than you do? I understand that his salary is no higher than yours."

"The explanation is very simple. He has a daughter and I have a son. My son has to pay the expenses for both whenever they go anywhere together."

—Chicago Record-Herald.

If it happened it is in the Enterprise.

Heart to Heart Talks

By JAMES A. EDGERTON

REALITY AND COUNTERFEIT.

Some people object to the word "goodness" or say they do, but down in his inmost heart there is no human being who objects to the reality of what that word means.

What he does object to perhaps is the way in which the term is used and the character of some who use it. In this he is at least partly-right.

The way to preach goodness is to live it. That is infinitely better than all the words about it. An ounce of good works is better than a ton of good words. The change of one letter here means all the difference between promise and performance.

The trouble with many who talk of goodness is that they do it in a way that sounds like a reproach. That is not goodness. It is self righteousness and condemnation.

Others use the word as a cloak. They are hypocrites.

Yet let us not make the mistake of rejecting the right because some hypocrite loudly professes it. We must only learn to discriminate between the genuine and the counterfeit.

Because some one passes a bad coin on us is no reason that we should thereafter refuse good money. Because one chair breaks under us is no reason that we should resolve never to sit again. Because one friend proves false is no reason that we should conclude there is no true friendship. Because there are some hypocrites is no reason that we should reject truth or sincere people.

The world is as full of goodness as it is of sunshine. In his heart of hearts every one wants to be good.

I want to be good, and I have no false shame in saying it before the world. I fall far short of the mark, but this is only stumbling in the path. Despite all the missteps, there ever sings a little song in my heart. "I want to be good. I want to be good."

So do you. Now, honor bright, don't you?

We may not agree in all our standards; but, according to our own lights, we want to do the right thing. Of course we do.

Well, then, let's do it. Why not? But let's don't talk about it; let's live it.

One being who lives goodness has a better effect on others than a thousand sermons. I know this because I have seen it work, and you know it.

The goodness that is talked about is often a counterfeit, but the goodness that is lived is the true coin.

JOHNSON NOW NEEDS MONEY

His Cash Box Almost Empty, Champion Will Fight Palzer.

AL NO MATCH FOR NEGRO.

Palzer Was Recently Given Fine Lacing by McCarty—French Promoters Not Wise—Signing of Thorpe by New York Team Not a Bad Move.

By TOMMY CLARK. Instead of being relegated to the lumber room for discarded pugilistic material, Jack Johnson apparently is still going to make his presence felt. After all, the black knight is the champion heavyweight, and until he loses the title it will be impossible to keep him out of the ring, provided he retains his personal liberty.

He seems to be confident that he will escape from the clutches of the law, and apparently he really means to fight again. No doubt his funds are running low after his numerous legal battles, and he now finds it expedient to replenish the treasury while some remnants of form still remain with him.

Johnson has been matched to meet Al Palzer in Paris June 25. The negro is to receive \$50,000 for his end of the battle and Palzer \$5,000. It is hard to see how the French promoters are going to make any money out of the bout. It is too one sided.

Palzer has no business in the same ring with Johnson. Having been badly beaten by McCarty, Palzer is about the last of the white hopes who should be pitted against the colored champion. One wonders that the fight game is not dead and buried when such matches are contemplated. Johnson, of course, is not to be blamed. He has a perfect right to pick up all the easy money that is thrown his way, but it is evident that the fight followers of France are not wise or such a match would not even be hinted at.

The signing of Jim Thorpe, the Carlisle Indian, by Manager McGraw of the Giants is not a bad business move, even though the Indian's salary is around the \$4,000 mark. Thorpe cost nothing to secure, and he has the advantage over other recruits joining a major league team in that he will be an attraction.

There is a variance of opinion as to Thorpe's ability as a ball player; but

while it is hardly to be expected that he will be able to supplant any of the regulars on the team, for all that he stands a chance of developing under the sort of handling he will have, being a wonderful athlete. Thorpe will have an advantage over many a youngster who breaks in. What little experience he has had in baseball has been of a rather versatile nature. He has played nearly every position, so that he has not been developed for any special one.

So wise a manager as McGraw will not be long in determining just where Thorpe should be played, and when he is forced to give his attention to one position he may develop rapidly.

Each spring training jaunt is the last "trip south" in a big league suit of armor for more than one of the old guard.

There will be more than one to hit the sunland highroad within the next few weeks for the last time.

When the Tigers went south last February Bill Donovan and Jim Delahanty were in the east. Neither is making the Tiger jaunt for 1913. A year ago Jack Powell, Cy Young, Jack Knight, Gabby Street, Dutch Schaefer, Jim Vaughn and a good many more took their final trek over the spring trail under a big league banner. Year by year they drop out of line, and 1913 is writing to collect its share. They fall out in a forgotten line, passing on their way back younger faces and faster feet coming on.

"The survival of the fittest"—an iron law of existence—applies peculiarly to baseball.

Pitcher Rodgers of San Antonio will be the tallest man in the Pacific Coast Baseball league and has signed with the Los Angeles nine. Rodgers is six feet four and one-half inches tall.

GUARD YOUR TONGUE.

To keep a guard upon one's tongue at all times is a good rule to follow.

Nothing is more foolish and tactless than the pleasure some people take in "speaking their minds." A man of this kind will say a rude thing for the mere pleasure of saying it when different behavior might have preserved his friends or made his fortune.



1913, by American Press Association. JIM THORPE SIGNING HIS CONTRACT.

Overland \$985 F. O. B. Factory Model 69T. WHAT THIS VALUE MEANS. Self Starter, 30 Horsepower, 5 Passenger Touring Car, 110-inch Wheel Base, Timken Bearings, Prestolite Tank. Center Control, Remy Magneto, Warner Speedometer, Mohair Top and Boot, Clear Vision Automatic Wind-Shield. This car, at this price, smashes all previous records. It even totally eclipses 1912 Overland values, which a year ago baffled the world. 40,000 Overlands will be made in 1913. This enormous jump in production makes possible this new car at this new price. As the production goes up, prices come down, as has been shown each preceding year. In this age of rapid progress it is sometimes difficult to grasp the full significance of an important, progressive manufacturing step, such as this car exemplifies. But when you sum up the extraordinary, cold dollar-for-dollar value which this car offers, as compared to any and all competing motor car values, the giant economical manufacturing strength of the huge Overland plants is realized and recognized. OTHER SPECIFICATIONS. MOTOR—Four-cylinder, cast separately; bore, 4 in.; stroke, 4 1/2 in.; horsepower, 30. CARBURETOR—Model L, Schober. CENTER CONTROL. SPRINGS—Front: semi-elliptic; length, 36 in.; width, 1 3/4 in. Rear: three quarter elliptic; length, 42 in.; width, 1 3/4 in. All springs have six leaves, steel bushing eyes. COOLING—Water cooled. Thermo-siphon radiator. OILING—Splash system for crank and cam shaft. Bearings. Cylinder and timing gears oiled with Kinwood force-feed oiler. TRANSMISSION—Selective; three speeds forward and reverse; annular bearings. REAR AXLE—Three-quarter floating; bearings, Hyatt; axle shaft, Carpenter. SAMSON steel propeller shaft, cold rolled steel; main driving shaft, Calumet steel. BRAKES—Contracting and expanding on rear wheels. Inside diameter brake drum, 13 in.; width of brake shoe, 2 1/2 in.; outside diameter brake drum, 13 3/8 in.; width brake band, 2 3/4 in. FRONT WHEEL BEARINGS—Timken roller bearings. FRONT AXLE—Drop (optional); clearance 10 1/2 in. TIRES—22x3 1/2, Q. D. FINISH—All bright parts nickel plated, with black trim. EQUIPMENT—Mohair top and boot, Warner speedometer, Wind shield, Prestolite tank, Self starter, Five black and nickel lamps, Tire irons, robe rail, foot rest, tool kit and jack.

My Strange Vision A Story For Washington's Birthday By F. A. MITCHEL

I wish it distinctly understood before telling this story that I make no pretense at an explanation. In New Jersey there are still standing houses in some of which happened scenes connected with the Revolutionary war. Most of these are now dilapidated. Of some only a part remains, while a few are well preserved. In one of these houses I once slept. The only mark of its past grandeur was the staircase. The minute workmanship of that day was apparent in it, though in its dilapidated condition it looked tawdry.

I slept in a room on the second floor near the head of this staircase. The original room had been divided into two small ones. I went to sleep very soon after going to bed and must have slept till after midnight, when I was awakened by a hammering at the front door below. There was a noisy confusion of men's voices without, and I heard above the din, "Long live the king!" Another cried: "The rebel is within." Watch every egress! And still another shouted: "He's gone, you traitor Tory. You're too late!" Then there was a shot, and I heard some one cry, "My God, I'm done for!"

Immediately after the shot came a fierce onslaught upon the door below, and I heard it give way. Scarcely a minute had elapsed while this was going on before I sprang from my bed, rushed to the door of my room, opened it and looked out. Lights from below faintly illuminated the staircase. Descending it was a woman in her nightdress, a shawl wrapped about her shoulders. She was young and beautiful. When I opened my door she had turned an angle in the stairs and faced me. A voice from below cried: "The captain's shot! Give me that shawl to stanch the blood!"

The woman's face was lighted with anger, as if suffering some grievous wrong.

"God forbid," she replied, "that I should give my shawl for any such purpose."

It was a sickening sight, that which I saw next. I wish I could forget it, but I can't. It will be with me to my grave. I saw a soldier in a three cornered hat, a red coat and buff knee breeches run up the stairs and plunge a bayonet into the woman's breast. She sank down with a moan. There were cries of "Shame!" from below, and I heard shrieks and lamentations in different parts of the house.

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Suddenly I found myself in darkness. I was lying in bed, my heart beating like a drum. As I became more conscious of where I was I saw a streak of light coming through a shutter from a street lamp without. All was still. What a horrid dream—nightmare, I mean. I knew that I had got out of bed and gone to the door. But— My thoughts went off in all imaginable directions.

In an hour I was asleep again. My vision came back, though this time it was more like a dream. Yet so real was it that when I returned to my ordinary consciousness I wondered if I had been asleep.

I sat by an open window looking out on large grounds. Persons were grouped below me, all subdued, speaking in low tones. There were soldiers among them dressed in the Continental uniform. Before the door was a gun carriage. As in a moving picture, at the gate at the farther end of an avenue of trees appeared a commanding figure, also in Continental uniform, mounted and followed by several officers. They rode rapidly toward the house, and I heard a voice below exclaim:

"General Washington has arrived!"

Then I heard singing of hymns below, after which I saw a coffin wrapped in the stars and stripes taken out and laid on the gun carriage. The cortege moved away, the general and the officers being a part of it.

I awoke in the morning feeling as if I had suffered a great strain during the night, though it was rather a spiritual than a physical strain. After breakfast I called the man of the house aside and told him of my nocturnal experience. He said that he was no interpreter of dreams, and that was all the information he could give.

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