

Spinning Round the World

BY MARSHALL P. WILDER

Foreword—There is a compensation in everything—even to the man who was blessed with a disorderly wife. No matter how much everything was at stake and even in the house, and nothing in its right place, he could always get up in the middle of the night and put his hand on the flypaper without ever having to strike a match. Merry years.

MARSHALL P. WILDER.

There is a morbid desire latent in the breast of nine-tenths of humanity to have it out with Fate, sooner or later, and to "best" her, if we can.

If the old lad, has been particularly hard on us, we feel that our grievance is just about the worst ever; and then we want to do something desperate. If we are in the neighborhood of eight years or thereabouts, we fly to the candy shop and sink our all in peppermints and gumdrops. If we are at the romantic period, when love has everything else at a discount, we get real reckless and say to our best girl, "Come! to the altar! Let us plunge! Ho! there, installment man! ramble portieres and marble-top cradles for ours!" Then, when we have done the deed, we're not sorry—no, indeed; only it entails responsibilities, and things; and consequence—the inevitable consequences, as Kipling puts it. So, let me give you a little suggestion: When the reckless fit overtakes you, start on a journey, not round the world, then round the back yard. Never mind the expense—plunge! Remember, you're going to get even with Fate! and, besides, think of the reward. Travel is the greatest educator. Travel opens the mind and bottles of good cheer, and hospitable doors, and the arms of friendship; it sometimes closes them, too, but never mind that. Keep going. "Keep ahead," as the undertaker said to the doctor at the funeral, "I know my place in this procession!"

when we started to tour the world; but, try as we would, we couldn't keep our place in the procession. We started for the Grand Canyon of the Colorado in Arizona; that was to have been our first stopping place. But we were like the Irishman who started out on a bet to shoot a certain bird; he missed the bird, but killed a frog. He picked it up, and looked at it in surprise. "Be gobs," he said, "I knocked the feathers off it, anyway!" The Grand Canyon was our bird; we didn't hit it; but we knocked the feathers off



George.

It in the way of divers unexpected adventures, as will be shown later.

The start was propitious, and everything progressed favorably until Kansas City was reached. We arrived

early in the morning and were requested by the conductor to get breakfast at the eating station. Yet that man had seemed to be our friend!

As we couldn't eat the food, we turned our attention to the people. Not that we felt cannibalish; but it gave us something to do.

There was a youth at the quick-lunch counter who served coffee, and there was a maiden beside him who occasionally changed a plate or handed out a spoon when she wasn't caressing her sky-scraper pompadour, or smoothing out a beruffled white apron that had perceptibly shrunk in the wash.

The young man's running fire of remarks to customers, and side compliments to her, sounded something like this:

"See here! If you've finished, get a move on and give somebody else a show! Say, Mame! there's one of them up-town girls that think so much of themselves. Why, they ain't a marker to you! I tell you, you're worth—Fifteen cents, please, and the cup don't go with the coffee for a souvenier. Say, Mame, was you in Nellie's last night? I bet you looked out of sight. I couldn't get away from this beany. That's the very best butter, madam! We get it five miles out in the country. Wh-ah's that? No; I don't reckon it walked all the way here! Ain't she fresh?"

A stout woman hovered along the line seated by the counter, like a perching hen trying to find a hole in the chicken-yard fence. She held a small tin pain and ha' evidently come from the car of excursionists attached to our train. She inquired anxiously of the Ganymede of the coffee unit:

"Say, young feller, what's yer coffee with a cup?" But Ganymede was too closely occupied to heed her. Finally she poked a beetle-browed old gentleman in the back with the dime she held, repeating:

"Say, mister, what's coffee with a cup, here?"



"Say Mister, What's Coffee With a Cup Here?"

Turning fiercely, the man glared at her and snorted:

"Well, they charge 10 cents, but it ain't with a d—n!"

"Washouts on the road!" was the word when we returned to the train, and we must be switched south at Newton, Kan. We had visions of the Grand Canyon receding into the future and darker ones of spending we knew not how many days on the train. So we looked about us to see what manner of people were to be our traveling companions. They were certainly varied.

Back of us was an old Irish woman—the pathetic sort that are peculiar to County Down. She would confide her story in a plaintive little monotone to everyone. She sidled into our seat and confided to us that she was going to "Californy."

"To me daughter," she explained. "God knows I want a few days of sunshine before I go intirely. I'm not strong, and I ate nothin' at all, ye'd wonder what I live on. I've had

nothin' the past three days but eight bottles of Kumys, four bottles of wine an' a box of crackers. Think of that now—just nothin' at all!"

She went to one of the eating-houses along the way and, not knowing they would charge her for a full meal, she sat at one of the tables and ordered a cup of tea and a roll. Her indignation, when charged 75 cents, was sublime. It took the cashier, four waitresses and the proprietor to explain that she should have gone to the counter. But of no avail. The blood of County Down was at white heat. She raved like a mad woman. Finally the cashier offered to take 75 cents—that was allowing 15 cents for the rest of the dinner. He was a just man, and with a due sense of proportion. That's all the dinner was worth, anyway.

Farther down the car was a would-be fashionable woman, the kind who affects an English accent and uses a jargonette. She was traveling with her small daughter and maid. The maid was evidently her most treasured pos-

session, for she displayed the greatest anxiety on her account, ceaselessly asking everyone the same question: Had they seen her Abigail? The small daughter was a bright, restless child, whose every action called forth a caution or a reprimand from the mother.

"Nina, darling!" in a miming, elegant tone, and quite piano; "my precious sweetheart!"—then sforzando—crecendo fortissimo—"You little vixen—stop that, or I'll break your neck!"

An Australin couple who were returning home by way of San Francisco, after having come to America by way of England, had the next section. She had talented Leslie Carter hair—deeply, darkly, beautifully red; but after all, good Jesuit hair—the roots justified the ends. She was not at all pleased with America—oh, dear, no!—and constantly aired her impressions in a strident voice, and with a strong cockney accent. She thought America a "shocking place" and every-thing overrated—one she never cared to see "agine." And the railroad service—"the h'idea of dragging them all over the country and cheating them out of the Grand Canyon—why, it was downright dishonest!"

The porter was an amusing character, and had a droll way of referring to himself in the third person. I asked him if he was married. He said:

"No, sah, but I got a gal. Nicest little gal you ever saw—she's pretty dark but George's hair—red, but after all, good Jesuit hair—the roots justified the ends. She was not at all pleased with America—oh, dear, no!—and constantly aired her impressions in a strident voice, and with a strong cockney accent. She thought America a "shocking place" and every-thing overrated—one she never cared to see "agine." And the railroad service—"the h'idea of dragging them all over the country and cheating them out of the Grand Canyon—why, it was downright dishonest!"

Just then the lady with the jargonette came along and, peering through it at George, asked: "Oh, George, have you seen my maid?"

"No, ma'am, I ain't," he said, adding when she passed on: "Seems like California, we took our devious way, dodging washouts, which seemed to multiply with alarming rapidity. (To Be Continued.) Copyright, 1907, by J. B. Bowles.

she has an awful hard time keepin' up with that maid—she's so feared we won't know she's got on. George has seen big white folks down South so po' they didn't know wh-r they nex' meal was comin' fum, but, sah," impressively, "dey was quality jis' de same! Dis yer 'ooman ain' got no mo' use fo' a maid than a hawg got fo' side pawkies!"

George's quaint remarks, and very often homely wisdom, were a great solace to use through the long days that dragged by as we meandered aimlessly over the southwestern portion of this great and glorious country of ours. Down through Oklahoma and Texas, from Fort Worth across to El Paso, and up through Arizona and Southern



"Had They Seen Her Abigail?"

California, we took our devious way, dodging washouts, which seemed to multiply with alarming rapidity. (To Be Continued.) Copyright, 1907, by J. B. Bowles.

ORGANIC UNION OF PROTESTANT CHURCHES

REV. D. B. GRAY.

ONE way and another the subject of the organic union of the Protestant churches has come to be of increasing and absorbing interest throughout Christendom.

There be some here and there who would loftily minimize its importance; who would turn aside with a wave of the hand the mention of the desirability or possibility of bringing together in one fold the various divisions and denominations of evangelical Christendom.

But the tide of interest in this great theme has been gradually rising and increasing for half a century.

The subject will not waver. It is in the air.

It appeals to a vast number of the most intelligent and spiritual ministers of the churches—and even more to a multitude of men and women who make up the rank and file of the army of Christian workers whose hearts are in the work of saving the world and bringing it under the rule of Jesus, the Christ.

Luther's mighty protest against the dominant and corrupt ecclesiasticism in the 16th century was followed in succeeding centuries by many and various protests—for each denomination may be said to have been an organized protest against some real or imagined existing error. The right of protest had the right of way and seemed to glory in the liberty of making as many divisions as possible.

The pendulum swung far out toward chaos and confusion in the ranks of the followers of a common Lord; but in the 19th century the pendulum began to swing the other way.

Scottish Unions.

About 50 years ago two of the most conservative branches of the Presbyterian faith in Scotland and the United States, the associate reformed and seceder, came together and formed what is now known as the United Presbyterian Church. In a few years there followed the union of the new and old branches of the Presbyterian churches, which had been divided largely over questions of a strict and modified Calvinism.

In Scotland about the year 1803 a union was formed between the free and the united Presbyterian churches. A few years later the churches forming the Congregational Union of Scotland united with the Scottish Evangelical. Only recently another division has been healed and the Cumberland Presbyterian and the Presbyterian Church of the United States have become one.

It only remains now for the Presbyterian and the United Presbyterian, and the Northern and Southern Presbyterian, to unite and the great Presbyterian family will have shown one of the finest examples of Christian union in the world's history.

Leaven Working Everywhere.

But the work does not stop here. The leaven is working in all the evangelical churches of the world. Sometimes it has shown itself in the federation of different denominations in cities planning to work in harmony for the common good. But federation can never accomplish the work that could be accomplished by organic union.

The young people of our churches grasp the idea of union eagerly—enthusiastically. Several years ago at a large convention of young people in Canada a resolution was passed as follows: "That we heartily rejoice in the good accomplished by federation of different denominations in Christian work; but we believe the time has come for organic union between the Methodist, Congregational and Presbyterian Churches of Canada." From that time to the present the three bodies have been working vigorously on a plan of union, which promises to be successful in the near future. At the last meeting of the Presbyterian General Assembly in that country a test vote was taken on the proposed union, the vote showing 14 to 1 in favor thereof. Practically the same work toward union is going on among the churches of Australia.

Proposed Consolidation Now.

And the question of union is being either agitated or thoughtfully considered by other denominations than those mentioned. Different Baptist bodies have had the subject under consideration. Just now the Christian

world is watching with much interest a proposed union of Congregationalists, United Brethren and Methodist Protestants. The Methodist Protestants have a membership of 135,000; the United Brethren 349,000, and the Congregationalists 672,000, making a total of 1,156,000 members for the proposed consolidated denomination. Negotiations have been pending for several years. A plan of union has been carefully considered and revised from time to time by some of the ablest minds of the three denominations. The desire for and the possibility of such a union have been growing from the first.

As far as Congregationalists of the country are concerned, the sentiment in favor of union seems to stand at least as 2 to 1. The state associations voting favorably—as far as heard from—are Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Tennessee, Missouri, Kansas, Ohio and Illinois. Of many yet to be heard from, no doubt a majority will be found voting favorably.

A few of the prominent ministers warmly advocating union are Reverends W. H. Ward, editor of the Independent; Washington Gladden, Church of Christ; President of Oberlin College; Thomas Chalmers, of Manchester, N. H.; W. D. McKimble and A. H. Bradford, late president of the National Council.

The two leading Congregational papers, the Congregationalist and the Advance, are outspoken in favor of union.

Opponents Answered.

With those who oppose the union some of the reasons may be briefly given:

1. It is claimed that there are temperamental differences among Christians which are better provided for in a variety of denominations than they would be in a united church.
2. To this it might be said that it should be the glory of the Christian Church through abounding charity, to harmonize temperamental differences. There was no trouble about temperamental differences at Pentecost.
3. That these differences abound in most churches of any denomination.
4. Nature teaches us that the perfection of beauty lies in infinite variety harmonized in essential unity.

Another objection strongly urged by some Congregationalists is the fear that any act of union acceptable to the three denominations would endanger the vital principle of the autonomy of the local church—a cardinal feature of Congregationalism.

It is true we have made a good deal of the independence of the local church—possibly too much. We have stood so straight, so perpendicular on this question that we have been in danger of leaning backward. And what is the truth about the whole situation? It is this: There has been a growing belief among Congregationalists that we have need of a somewhat more centralized form of government.

On the other hand, churches of more highly organized and central government have been moving toward greater independence and responsibility of the local church. Our beloved brethren and presiding elders and bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church have manifested increasing willingness that the laity and the individual churches shall be accorded larger influence and responsibility in the affairs of the local churches. The splendorous Presbyterian Church of the United States has been advancing and adapting itself to the larger freedom of belief, and the larger responsibilities of the individual church that may be characterized as a world-wide movement among all churches.

The lessons of past experience, the power of an intelligent public opinion, the will of sectarianism and more of all a larger spiritual experience among the Lord's people, has been drawing the churches nearer together, modifying denominational pride, and preparing the way for what is sure to come—the union of the evangelical churches.

The necessity is upon the churches, if we would see the Kingdom of God take possession of the world as of right its own. Great things have been done in missions to the pagan lands, but how much greater had it not been for the handicap of sectarianism. The missionaries themselves have felt this mission-aries themselves have felt this handicap upon their success and some of the most earnest pleas for union come to the home land from them. Is it any wonder that

REASONS WHY THREE DENOMINATIONS SHOULD NOW MERGE INTO ONE

more and more their best strength, if the evil is not remedied, whereas if they see the need of the hour and come together new enthusiasm, new strength, new progress, new power, will come to a united church. And some of the wisest leaders are seeing it. Dr. Alexander McLaren, who stands among the very first of the Baptist ministers of England, and whose writings on the Sunday school lessons for these many years have not been excelled by any author, lately spoke earnestly for the union of the churches, and said he could see no reason why they should not come together.

Rev. P. B. Meyer, another noted Baptist minister of England, but later preferring a work more along union lines, and now giving himself entirely to interdenominational work, has expressed himself strongly for union.

If Spurgeon were living today he would fall in line with the rapidly growing demand for union. Even while living, he discarded the commonly accepted doctrine of his church—close communion.

The renowned Bishop Phillips Brooks of the Episcopal Church preached and labored for a closer affiliation with other churches. In England the union of the Anglican and Independent churches is deemed by some not an impossibility. A few years ago Canon Henson, one of England's greatest Anglican preachers, declared that "his claim to Apostolic succession is rapidly disappearing among educated Anglicans—that it is untrue-

and other smaller denominations; and let us not forget the Lutheran Church—a mighty power for God in Germany and Scandinavia and the United States and the whole world. The pioneer of Protestant missions in India and Africa, it ranks third in membership among the Protestant churches in America, having nearly two million members, and claiming a membership in the world at large of 50,000,000. And when the other Protestant churches have united it will not take this great church long to fall in line.

I say, think of the power of a united church, such as we are pleading for! Let us see a real union—spiritual and organic (and if the first comes in steadfastness and power the second is sure to follow)—and when the other churches enter into the fold of God as has never yet taken place, and the millennium will be close at hand.

Modern Three Ages of Woman

Not One of Them Old Age If She Is Up-to-Date.

It is not necessary to be young in order to look young these days. The rule is that a woman should not grow any older in looks for 30 years after she has reached 40.

The years as measured by a woman's looks are these: At 20 she loses her childish appearance. Then she comes to a standstill and looks the same until she is 40.

Between 40 and 60 there should be no change. At 70 a woman may allow herself a little indulgence in the matter of growing old, but if she be up to the times she will not change very much up to the day she goes to the grave.

To keep so young that you cannot guess within 20 years of her age a woman must have these qualities:

She must have a young profile. Her back must be young in its curves and its outline.

Her hair must be young in color and in arrangement.

Her hands and her feet must be young. She must not let herself grow fat. She must not let her complexion get yellow.

She must not let her voice get high and crack, and she must be able to control her temper.

Learning how to keep young is one of the tasks of the woman of today. She studies it and takes expensive lessons in acquiring the art. She knows that once the art is hers she will never regret it.

Keeping the profile young requires nice teeth. The cheeks must be round, and this means a full set of sound teeth.

Keeping the profile nice also depends upon the shape of the chin. The woman who lets her chin get the determined, square, ill-temper will surely have an ugly profile. The woman who hugs her chin down close in her neck will have a poor profile.

The profile depends upon the pose of the head, upon the lifting of the chin, the plumpness of the cheeks and the habit of keeping the eyes open. The head may even be tossed a little back and the profile will be all the prettier for it.

Keeping the back young is a delicate art. It can hardly be taught in a few lessons. One of the necessities in acquiring it is a long three-winged glass such as dress-makers use. It should reach from the floor to the height of a woman's head. With it and takes expensive lessons in correcting defects in her figure and in keeping the back young.

Stooping makes the back grow fat and humped. The woman who stands up straight has taken one move toward keeping her back well-shaped. Standing flat against a door and exercising with the arms will make the back grow straighter.

The shoulder movements will take the superfluous fat off the back. In the first lift your right shoulder as high as you can, twist it a little and lower it. Next move the shoulder in its socket in circular fashion. Lift your right shoulder, describe a circle with your arm, lower your shoulder and let your arm fall to your side. Try this half a dozen times.

The index of the olden times had varied tests for the back. The belle who boasted of her slimmness would stand erect and tap her elbows together behind her. Practise it again and again until she could accomplish it.

Her second test was more difficult, but it was considered necessary to beauty of figure. Standing erect with arms outstretched, she swung her arms out on each side of her, then behind her.

Three times she swung them, each time carrying them back further and further, and the third time the backs of her hands came together with a slap. Touching

her hands together behind her, backs and palms, should be a daily exercise of the woman who would look young.

The woman whose hair looks old must go to work at it and work steadily for a whole month before she has restored her hair to its natural lightness and prettiness.

She must work upon the hair line, which is the line surrounding her face. A scraggle hair line will make any face look old. Then she must work upon the color of her hair.

Thin hair is never pretty, and the French woman who prides herself upon her hair is not a woman who is young. Her locks more plentiful. In these days the ready to wear hair is pretty and comfortable, but the natural hair must be heavy around the forehead and the back of the neck or the hair will look thin and scraggly.

Massaging the roots of the hair every day with the finger tips will make the hair grow heavier, and combing the hair differently each day will also tend to make it grow stronger.

Hair can be made the right color by washing it, drying it, sunning it, and coating it into tone. It can be made glossy and it can be made to bloom if it be dull looking. As soon as the hair begins to look young, a woman will find herself improving in general looks.

The woman whose hands are old will find that they can be made to look much younger by the process of plumping them. They can be soaked in hot water, then massaged with good cream and finally enclosed in something soft and warm. Sleeping in gloves lined with paste will do wonders for a hard pale pair of hands.

Well-kept shoes are another item necessary to a woman's youthful appearance. The woman whose tired feet call for old shoes will find that she can get just as much comfort out of a pair of shoes that look pretty provided they fit her feet.

The remedy for sallow skin is outdoor air and food that is easily digested.

The English woman of 60 has a skin like the rose. It is bright and clear. She walks in the open, dashes her face with cold water, eats food that is fresh with her and lives a regular, happy life. Nervous indigestion will make the skin sallow and fretting will make the face like parchment.

Bleaching the skin will do it a world of good where the cuticle has grown yellow. It can be bleached with fruit juices, but the most important thing, however, is exercise in the open air and the ability to laugh and digest one's food.

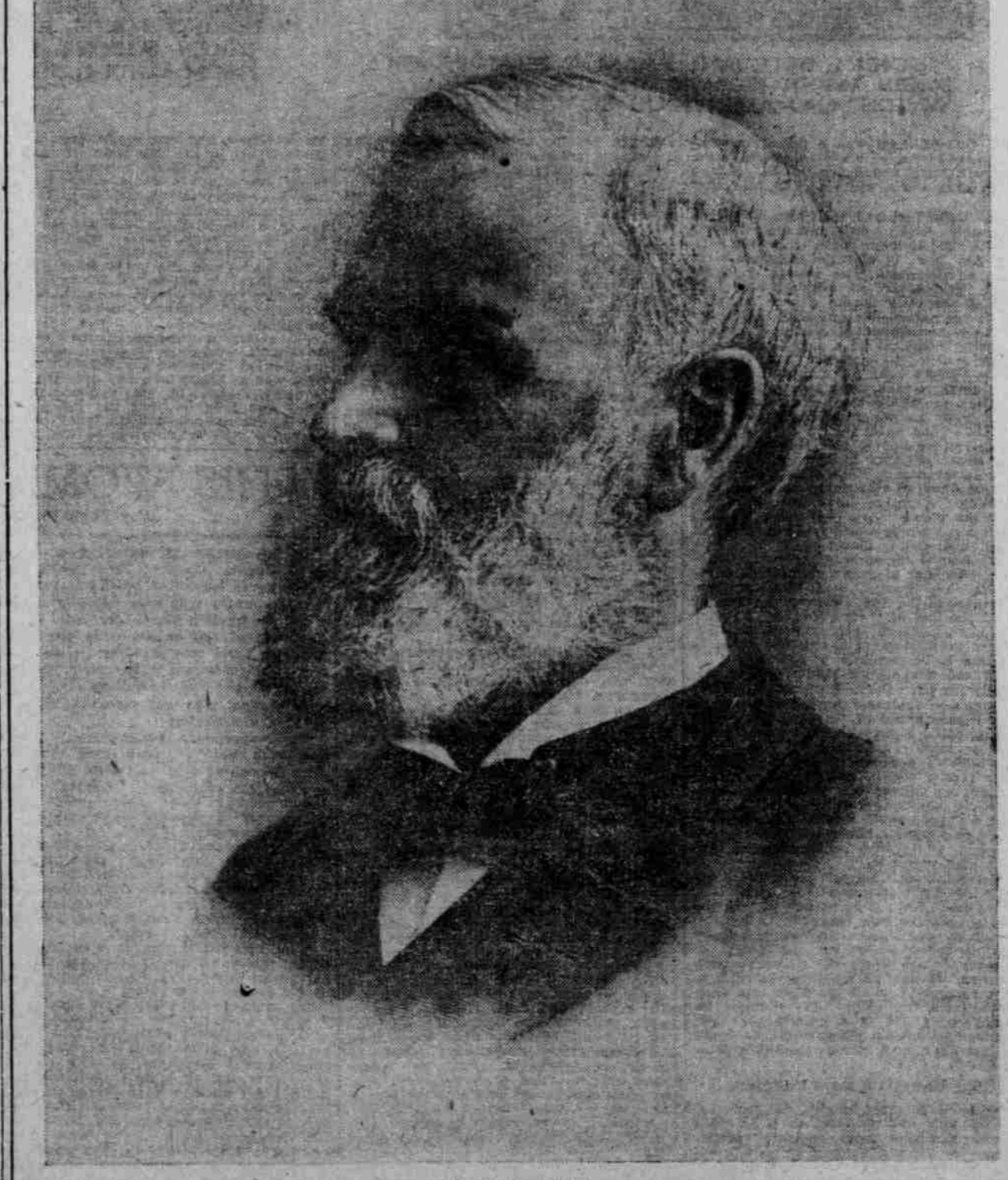
One of the most telling signs of middle age is the dress, which becomes rather like an old woman's age. The woman of 40 who wants to look 15 years younger should be very fastidious and careful in dress.

Sink Ship to Save It.

Popular Mechanics.

To sink a ship, and that by means of a submarine torpedo, in order to save it, is one of the strangest of marine experiences; yet that is precisely what happened to the "Canada" in the harbor of Oran, Algeria.

The vessel which flies the English flag, with valuable cargo on board, caught fire. In spite of the efforts of crew and tugs it was found impossible to subdue the flames. A destroyer towed the ship to a safe place and fired a torpedo under the water line. The vessel sank in comparatively shallow water, which, of course, instantly put out the fire, and she was then repaired and raised.



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