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SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY

The Russian czar rules over 160,000,000 persons.  
At the beginning of the present year the population of Australia was 4,275,000.  
It is figured that a million and a quarter persons pass in and out of London each day.  
It has been announced that an airship line will be in operation soon between Potsdam and Berlin.  
In Athens there are good dentists, and the people take care of their teeth. In the rest of Greece the dentistry is usually performed by the barber, who only pulls teeth.  
On account of its great strength drawn glass is being widely resorted to for many purposes. It withstands sudden changes of temperature, resists fire to a great extent and is very strong.  
The meeting of the British Association in 1913 will in all probability be held in Australia. The effort is being made by the officials of the University of Melbourne, who are now in correspondence with the various educational and scientific bodies of the southern continent.  
Mr. Gabet, a French inventor, has recently conducted some very successful experiments with a torpedo operated by the wireless system, and he says that in a short time he will have his device perfected so that it will be possible to control the death-dealing device for a distance of eight miles.  
A Berlin museum has recently acquired a very valuable manuscript which originated in the second century B. C. It seems to be of the nature of a biographical dictionary, for it contains a list of the leading men of the time in art, statesmanship and warfare with much other general information of a similar nature. The paper was found in the wrappings of a mummy.  
Of the railroads in Holland, E. V. Lucas writes: "The trains come in to the minute and go out to the minute. The officials are intelligent and polite. The carriages are good. Every station has its waiting room, where you may sit and read and drink a cup of coffee that is not only hot and fresh, but is recognizable the product of the berry. It is impossible to travel in the wrong train."  
Little gophers and moles are the cause of endless trouble for the Southern Pacific company, and continual expense, especially in the Willamette valley, where the land is rich and the gophers like to live and dig. Foreman Strawn is raising portions of the track near Eugene an inch to two inches and other section foremen have to do the same in other sections.—Eugene (Ore.) Guardian.  
Birmingham, England, was the home of prize fighting when the ring was patronized by literature and royalty. There was Bendigo, who became an enemy to all unrighteousness. "Who's the atheist?" he asked once, on being told that a gathering of men he saw were of that persuasion. He was told, "Don't believe in no God, don't they?" he shouted. "Here, hold my coat, I'll show 'em wot's wot!"  
Man's outer garments ought to be made so that they could be cleaned every week or so; indeed, some now send their woolen garments to dry cleaners instead of having them "cleaned" and pressed in the ordinary way, but prices for dry cleaning men's clothing are unnecessarily high, and ought to come down when dry cleaning would become a much greater industry. Other men in summer wear "washable" garments which are worn a day or so and then relaundered.—New York Press.  
Miss Rose Weintraub of Philadelphia is at the head of the movement to erect a memorial to Elizabeth A. Phillips, known as Miss Santa Claus, whose death was recorded recently. The work is being directed by the Elizabeth A. Phillips Memorial Association, and the cents and dimes from children who wish to contribute to the fund are to be received by Drexel Co. and Albert F. Malby, who used to supply whatever vehicles Miss Santa Claus needed to distribute her gifts at Christmas, will be treasurer.  
Mrs. O. C. Edwards of MacLeod, Canada, has compiled a book showing the legal status of women in Canada. One injustice to which Mrs. Edwards calls attention is that according to the laws of Canada the father owns the child and decides as to its education, religion, domicile, etc. The consent of the father alone is required in regard to the marriage of a minor daughter. In one case in the province of Quebec, according to Mrs. Edwards, a father gave his 12-year-old daughter as a wife to a comrade of his who was over 40.  
James Payne wrote of his experience in Edinburgh, Scotland, in the '70s of the last century: "In the street where I first resided it struck me that, to judge by the drawn down blinds, the people spent a good deal of their time upon the seventh day in bed; on my second Sunday, however, I was undecided, for my landlady came up and informed me that though she had not spoken of it last Sunday she must now draw my attention to the fact that it was not usual in Edinburgh to draw up the window blinds on the Sabbath, and that the neighbors had begun to remark upon the unlawful appearance of her establishment, which has heretofore been a God-fearing house."



Stella—Did she keep him at arm's length? Bella—Worse; she held him at hat's width.  
Patron—Have you pigs' feet? Walter—No, sir. It's a bunion makes me walk that way.—Scranton Truth.  
Her Father—You must remember, sir, that we only have one daughter. Her Sultor—Well, I—er—er—only want one, sir.  
The Beggar—Sir, I was not always like this. The Victim—No, last week you were lame in the other leg.—Cleveland Leader.  
"What's the matter? Doesn't life look rosy?" "Not much. My creditors are after me, and life is more of a dun color."—Stray Stories.  
"Talk," said Uncle Eben. "Is sumpin' like rain. A certain amount is welcome an' necessary. But doggone a deluge!"—Washington Star.  
"I thought you and Mrs. Brown were the best of friends." "We were, until we rented a summer cottage together."—Detroit Free Press.  
Rich Uncle Ebenezer—So you are named after me, are you? Small Nephew—Yes. Ma said it was too bad, but we wanted your money badly.  
Fat Man—What! Are you going to let this small boy shave me? Barber—Let the boy have his fun for once. It is his birthday, sir.—Fliegende Blatter.  
Nervous Old Lady (to deckhand on steamboat)—Is there any fear of danger? Deck-hand (carelessly)—Plenty of fear, ma'am, but not a bit of danger.  
Patience—Do you know the name of that piece? Patrice—Do you mean the one the woman was singing or the one the pianist was playing?—Yonkers Statesman.  
"How do you manage to live without work?" asked the kind lady. "I don't, ma'am," answered the hobo. "I'm allers workin' somebody."—Chicago Daily News.  
A pessimist, said the Philosopher of Folly, "is one who, when he has the choice of two evils, chooses both and sticks around to wait for more."—Cleveland Leader.  
Mother (complainingly)—Will seems to have forgotten us at college. His letters are so short. Father (terse)—So is Will when he writes 'em.—Baltimore American.  
Mrs. Dyer—Have you ever called on the people in the next apartment? Mrs. Gossip—No; the walls are so thin that I know all about their affairs.—Brooklyn Life.  
Bacon—A woman who wants to vote is called a Suffragette, is she not? Egbert—Well, yes, that's what she's called if there are ladies present.—Yonkers Statesman.  
"Tell me," said the lovelorn youth, "what's the best way to find out what a woman thinks of you?" "Marry her," replied Peckham promptly.—Catholic Standard and Times.  
"Why do so many women rest their chins on their hands when they are trying to think?" "To hold their mouths shut so that they won't disturb themselves."—Cleveland Leader.  
"Who gave the bride away?" "Her little brother. He stood up right in the middle of the ceremony and yelled, 'Hurrah, Fanny, you've got him at last!'"—Western Christian Advocate.  
Tommy—Pop, what is the difference between vision and sight? Tommy's Pop—Well, my son, you can flatter a girl by calling her a vision, but don't call her a sight.—Philadelphia Record.  
Miss Gushing—Why, how do you do, dear? I didn't think you would remember me. It's a whole year since we met. Miss Cutter—I didn't recall your face at first, but I remembered your dress.—St. Louis Republic.  
Lady—But poverty is no excuse for being dirty! Do you never wash your face? Tramp (with an injured air)—Pardon me, lady, but I've adopted this 'ere dry-cleanin' process as bein' more 'ealthy and 'geenic.—Punch.  
"Why don't you bring out an umbrella on a drenching day like this?" Inquired a man of a neighbor's son. "Since father gave up his club he's never brought home any more umbrellas," replied the lad.—Philadelphia Inquirer.  
The Hostess—What, do you have to leave at this early hour? The Guest—I'm sorry, but it's necessary. The Hostess—And must you take your wife with you? The Guest—Yes, ma'am—I'm sorry to say, I must.—Cleveland Leader.  
"Mamma," asked little three-year-old Freddie, "are we going to heaven some day?" "Yes, dear, I hope so," was the reply. "I wish papa could go, too," continued the little fellow. "Well, and don't you think he will?" asked his mother. "Oh, no," replied Freddie, "he could not leave his business."—Tit-Bits.  
"My dear," said Mrs. Newlywed, her face flushed with the excitement of her afternoon in the kitchen. "I want you to be perfectly frank with me now. What would you suggest to improve these doughnuts I made today?" "Well," replied Mr. Newlywed, lifting one with a slight effort. "I think it might be better if you made the hole bigger."—Cincinnati Times-Star.



Slawke came back to her home island with her liberal education of ten pages in the primer and twenty Christian hymns, and the ten commandments and the Lord's Prayer.—Youth's Companion.  
Using Our Talents.  
Every Christian is endowed by his Redeemer. The Christian has special advantages and every one is accountable to God for the use or abuse of them. It is well to stop every now and then and take account of your spiritual stock. Our Lord has delayed His coming now 1900 years and more. This does not mean that He will never return. This is to test us, whether we are true merchantmen. To be faithful only in the visible presence of the Master is not to be fully trustworthy. Through our outward circumstances be unequal, we may equally serve the Lord in them. You may not have ten talents, but all have the one talent. Try to make your one talent ten. The "well done" will be pronounced upon the one talent man if he has made good. God gives us each a talent and says "till I come." In other words, make good.  
The New Command of Love.  
The Gospel of John records for us the new commandment of Jesus. He gave seven commandments. He was ever revealing principles. But this one principle He put in the form of a commandment, and told them it was new. "Love." But was that new? The Old Testament had ever bidden men to love, but this was a new love. The old love had been "as yourself." The new love was to be "better than yourself." Now men were to love with a love like Christ's, unselfish, everlasting, and only by such love would men accredit themselves as His disciples and subdue the world. Are we loving any one with such love? It was to be no rare and exceptional thing. All Christians were thus to love.  
BIG SUIT OVER SMALL THINGS.  
Uncle Sam Guards Small Possessions as Well as the Large Ones.  
Complicated and expensive criminal proceedings involving the sale of a faded flannel shirt and a pair of dilapidated shoes would cause attorneys in the state courts to smile in derision, but no case is too small to escape the sharp eyes of Uncle Sam's legal watchdogs, the Los Angeles Times says.  
Frank Miller of Omaha was arrested by Deputy United States Marshal Place at San Diego yesterday upon an indictment charging him with having bought a shirt and a pair of shoes from a soldier. The articles are appraised at \$3.50, which is probably a liberal estimate. The law forbids the purchase of any article of clothing from one of the country's defenders without a permit.  
But in spite of the apparent pettiness of the alleged offense, the federal officers, both here and at Omaha, are taking as much pains as though the case involved millions. Before Miller is returned to Nebraska the expense of the proceedings may mount up into hundreds of dollars.  
It is in this relentless pursuit of criminals that makes the crooks fear prosecution in the federal court as they never do in the state tribunals.  
The theory of the government is that every offense committed against the statutes of the United States warrants prosecution. Men who have defrauded the government of a few dollars are dealt with as summarily as purloiners of thousands. The government is always ready to put its splendid machinery in motion to convict even the smallest malefactor. The counterfeiter who makes a dozen bogus dollars is sought for with as much diligence as the gang that floods the country with counterfeit \$20 gold pieces.  
There is a statute which covers the entire question. It is made a crime to purchase shoes, equipment, blankets, uniforms, shoes or other supplies, except under a special permit. The law was framed to prevent the regulars from disposing of their outfits in case they wanted to raise a few dollars.  
Pawnshops are closely watched in every city near which is located an army post. It was not uncommon, years ago, for a soldier to return from his leave of absence clad in rags. Since the passage of the law referred to, pawnbrokers and secondhand clothing dealers are generally cautious about making purchases from soldiers.  
A Great Career Ahead.  
"Are you the professor?"  
"Yes, sir; what can I do for you?"  
"I have a daughter and I'd like to know what it will cost me to have her taught to sing. I think she will become a great operatic star if her voice is properly trained."  
"Does she seem to have extraordinary gifts as a vocalist?"  
"Well, no; we haven't noticed that her vocal gifts are out of the ordinary, but nobody seems to be able to manage her."—Chicago Record-Herald.  
Why the Whistle Howled.  
Passenger (on branch line)—Say, why does the engine always set up such a piteous howl at this particular spot? Guard—Ah! It was here the engineer first met his wife.—Kansas City Journal.  
How Lorella Was Interested.  
While the visitor told how he had ridden thirty thrilling miles on the cowcatcher of a locomotive, 5-year-old Lorella listened attentively. As he concluded, she asked: "Did you catch the cow, Mr. Blank?"  
A woman's figure, like her age, is sometimes a doubtful quantity.

ently. "After as it was more to get it off my mind than anything else. I'll do my best to converse on agreeable subjects after this."  
"Then it wasn't because you really wanted to propose to me?" said Margherita. "It was weighing on your mind as a disagreeable duty to be performed and you wanted to have done with it! How very peculiar! Really, though, I shouldn't have felt you were neglecting me."  
"You don't understand," said Nicodemus. "I assure you that I've not had a night's rest for a month, thinking about you. I've lost my appetite entirely. Everybody notices it. I'm really awfully in love with you. I never did get into such a condition before—not so bad, I mean—so it makes it all the harder."  
"Makes what all the harder?" asked Margherita.  
"Being refused," said Nicodemus.  
"Still, I don't want you to feel bad about it," he went on. "I'll probably get over it very soon. I do sometimes, you know—generally, as a matter of fact. And you aren't a bit to blame. You've been as sweet as could be to me and you've never given me any reason—any encouragement in that way, you know. I've known girls to encourage me."  
"Shameful!" commented Margherita. "How many girls do you make a practice of proposing to in the course of a month, Mr. Swankey?"  
"I have proposed to as many as three," confessed Nicodemus. "I never expect to propose to another, though. You're the last."  
"I hope so," said Margherita. "I'll try to see to it that you don't."  
"It will be very kind of you," said Nicodemus, absent-mindedly.  
"Nick," said Margherita, "what made you think I refused you?"  
"They all do," said Nicodemus. "What could you do? You couldn't accept me, could you?"  
"I hate to have people settle for themselves beforehand when I am going to do and what I'm not going to do," said Margherita. "Still, whatever you may say, I'm not at all sure that I've received any offer from you. You write it out plainly and send it to me and I'll give you my answer within a month."  
She got up, nodded kindly at Nicodemus and left the room.  
And Nicodemus had to move quickly to catch her before she got a foot beyond the threshold.—Chicago News.  
FOR BREACH OF PROMISE.  
Penalties Are Different in the Various Countries.  
Opinions differ radically the world over as to what constitutes a breach of promise. In some parts of the United States the laws refuse to recognize any breach of promise case and a man may become engaged and disengaged as often as he likes with impunity.  
In some states, again, enormous damages may be awarded on the barest evidence. The attitude of the law toward the man who changes his mind after popping the question in different countries also differs widely, although as a general rule the faithless man is likely to have rather the better of it.  
There are fewer breach of promise cases in France than in any other country. The French law requires the plaintiff to prove in court that she has suffered a pecuniary loss by her fiancé's change of mind. Throughout France a bride almost invariably has a "dot," large or small, and the fact is likely to weaken her case. The same law has been adopted in Austria and Holland, where the number of such cases is proportionately very small. A simpler and more direct method is, of course, for the relatives of the plaintiff to take the law into their own hands.  
In Germany an elaborate method of announcing the betrothal practically puts an end to all breach of promise cases. As soon as a couple become engaged the pair visit the public town hall and declare their willingness to marry, and sign with witnesses, a series of documents which render a change of mind on the man's part practically out of the question.  
When either party wishes to withdraw from this agreement the pair again visit the town hall and another series of documents are formally signed, witnessed and sealed. The authorities then determine the question of compensation for injured feelings, if there be any. It is not uncommon for the man to claim damages, which commonly amount to one-fifth of the marriage dowry.  
Still another method is followed in Italy, to the consternation of any possible plaintiff. The law requires the person suing for breach of promise, of whichever sex, to produce a written promise to marry from the defendant; otherwise the case is instantly thrown out of court. The difficulty of producing such evidence is, of course, practically insurmountable, and such cases are rarely tried. As may be imagined, the stiletto is a more common way of deciding such disputes.  
The best of all countries, from the plaintiff's point of view, is England. The laws greatly favor the abused party and a verdict is often reached and damages paid on evidence which would be laughed out of court in almost any other country. A curious light on the strictness of the law is afforded in two recent decisions where damages were granted for \$50,000 against the editor of a matrimonial paper, and in a misunderstanding between a well known actress and the eldest son of an earl.—New York Herald.

SQUANDERED LIVES.  
The fisherman wades in the surges;  
The sailor sails over the sea;  
The soldier steps bravely to battle;  
The woodman lays axe to the tree.  
They are each of the breed of the heroes,  
The manhood attempered in strife;  
Strong hands that go lightly to labor,  
True hearts that take comfort in life.  
In each is the seed to replenish  
The world with the vigor it needs—  
The center of honest affections,  
The impulse to generous deeds.  
But the shark drinks the blood of the fisher;  
The sailor is dropped in the sea;  
The soldier lies cold by his cannon;  
The woodman is crushed by his tree.  
—Bayard Taylor.

WHEN HE PROPOSED

"I know it's altogether idiotic of me to entertain any sort of hope," said Nicodemus. "As a matter of fact I haven't any hope. Not the faintest. I'm just telling you about it to relieve my mind. Kind of had to, don't you know. You know how it is. I don't mean in a case of this kind, of course, you being a girl; but you know how it is when you have to tell something!"  
"Being a girl, of course I do," replied Margherita. "Well, I hope your mind feels at ease now."  
Nicodemus sighed dolefully. "I suppose it does," he said.  
"You hadn't finished what you were going to say, though, had you?" asked Margherita.  
"—I think so," said Nicodemus. "I just thought I'd tell you, anyway."  
"Tell me what?" asked the young woman. "I haven't heard anything yet except that you don't entertain any hope. You are really a little incoher-



NICODEMUS HAD TO MOVE QUICKLY.  
ent this afternoon, Mr. Swankey."  
Nicodemus groaned. "I suppose I could get that name changed," he said. "I'm told that if you apply to the State legislature they'll do it for you. The only thing is that it would seem a little rough on the old gentleman. I'm pretty sure he wouldn't like it. Mother wouldn't, either. You see the position I'm in, don't you? I don't suppose it would make any difference to you, though, would it? If I picked up something like Percival De Lancey, for instance?"  
Margherita shook her pretty head. "I'm sure that I can't guess what you mean," she said.  
"Oh, I know it wouldn't," said Nicodemus. "I am sure that it isn't worth while explaining."  
"You must know best," said Margherita. "But I should like to know what you were going to say in the first place. You seemed to be feeling a little discouraged about something. Then you go wandering off about State legislatures and nonsense. Of course I shouldn't want to force your confidence."  
"Do you mean to say you don't know that I was proposing to you?" asked Nicodemus, with wide-open eyes.  
Margherita leaned back in her chair and laughed until the tears brimmed over and ran down her cheek.  
Nicodemus bit his thumb nail and then stared at the gas log until the girl dabbed her face with her handkerchief and begged his pardon.  
"It's all right," he said. "I expected something of the sort. You'd naturally take that view of it."  
"But it wasn't any view of it," protested Margherita. "It was the funny way you did it. Nobody could have guessed, I'm sure. What was that you said about the State legislature?"  
"Well, as I say, I don't think it would make any difference," explained Nicodemus. "Still, even if I were suitable in other respects, you wouldn't want to be called Mrs. Nicodemus P. Swankey. No girl would, of course. And then Mrs. Nicodemus Pilkington Swankey would be still worse."  
"It's a matter of taste, of course," said Margherita. "Personally, I wouldn't consider the name any particular objection. It's rather an interesting name, in fact. Everybody hasn't one exactly like it. If there was nothing worse than the name—" Margherita blushed, but Nicodemus was still contemplating the gas log and did not notice it.  
"Well, you won't let this make any difference, will you?" he asked pres-