

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS

On the Sunday School Lesson by
Rev. Dr. Linscott For the International Newspaper Bible Study Club.

August 29th, 1909.

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Paul on Christian Love — I Cor. 13:1-13.

Golden Text—And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three, but the greatest of these is love. I Cor. 13:13.
Verse 1—What is the utmost which can be claimed for the gift of eloquence?

Why is an eloquent man without love, like a brass band with cymbal accompaniments?

Will eloquence without love, make a man acceptable to God?

Will eloquence without love, make a man acceptable to his fellows, or give any lasting satisfaction to himself?

Verse 2—Is there any necessary moral praise due to a man who has the gift of prophecy, and has intuitive knowledge of mystery?

Is there any more necessary praise to be accorded to a big man than to a little man?

If God gives a man the faith so he can remove a mountain and he at the same time is without love, what good is the faith to him?

Verse 3—Do some people give liberally, and suffer personal inconvenience, who have no real love in their hearts and if so, what is it which prompts to these acts?

If a man gives when it can be seen, and does not give when it cannot be seen, is there any love in his heart or any real merit in his charity?

Should the church refuse to accept of money for the Gospel or for charity, from those who clearly give to be seen of men?

Do those who give without love, but to be seen of men, reap any benefit from it, or does it hurt them?

Can you conceive of a man giving his body to be burned, for his religion with an impure motive, or without love in his heart?

What is the only thing which recommends us to God in and of itself?

Verses 4-7—What proof can you give that love is long suffering and kind?

If we really love a person will we ever speak of him to his injury, no matter what the provocation may be?

What is it in love, which leads to patience, politeness, kindness, gentleness, and humility?

May a person be controlled by love, and be envious at the same time, and if not, why not?

Does love always make a man think of "the other fellow" before himself?

What does love take all its pleasure from?

Verses 8-13—Can despondency or doubt, or depression, or hopelessness, or any other bad feeling, occupy the heart that is filled with love?

What will be the relative value or uses in heaven, of faith, hope, eloquence, knowledge, love?

What is really the sum total of all things, or that which sums up in itself all the blessedness, nobility, and happiness, that the mind can conceive, or the heart crave, and why is it so? (This question must be answered in writing by members of the club.)

Lesson for Sunday, Sept. 5th, 1909. Paul's Third Missionary Journey—Farewells. Acts 20:2-38.

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All who can write, and have ideas, are urged to take up these studies regardless of the degree of their education, as the papers are not valued from an educational or literary standpoint, but from the point of view of the cogency of their reasoned ideas.

WILLING TO DEAL.

But His Terms Didn't Suit the Man Who Found the Watch.

A well known western detective was talking about football crowds.

"They are usually," he said, "the most respectable of all crowds. I had, however, an odd experience at a game in Chicago.

"I started out at the end of the first half to get a glass of soda. There was a young man in front of me, a young man in a baggy suit and a soiled collar. He walked slowly. I was almost treading on his heels. Suddenly he stopped, and I nearly tripped over him.

"No, you don't!" he said, with a kind of sneering laugh, as he rose. "You seen it first maybe, but I was too quick for you, wasn't I?"

"He showed me a watch that he held in the palm of his hand. The ground was muddy, his knees were brown with mud where he had knelt, but the watch was unsoiled. A thick, solid looking affair it seemed to be.

"Hard luck, cully," he went on, and he walked on beside me, brushing his knees. "You saw it first, but I was the quickest and copped it out. Hard luck, old man. I guess it's worth twenty-five plunks, this here ticker. What do you think?"

"I examined the watch. 'It looks to me to be worth every cent of a hundred,' I said heartily.

"And I copped it!" he chuckled. "You saw it first. By gosh, you nearly upset me! I was too quick for you, though. Hard luck!"

"He paused and gave me a kindly look.

"Say," he exclaimed, "I don't want to be mean. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll go halves. You saw it first."

"Oh," said I, "you are too generous. Halves would be too much."

"Well, then," said he, "I'll make it a third. You was the first to see it. Then a third of it's yours."

"Do you mean it?" I cried.

"Every word," said he. "I'm no shyster."

"All right," said I. "That makes your share, then, \$33. Give me \$15, and we'll call it square."

"He gave me a keen, frowning look. He thrust the watch into his pocket.

"Fresh!" he muttered and vanished in the crowd."—Exchange.

Wanted to Make Sure.

A number of students from a German university were drinking in a beer garden. A self satisfied looking American said to one of the shortest and stoutest students:

"I'll bet you \$5 you can't drink seven schooners of beer!"

The Dutchman hesitated, then declined the bet and left the room. In ten minutes he came puffing back, hurried up to the American and exclaimed:

"I vill dake der bet!"

The beer was ordered, and the Dutchman in the presence of an admiring and envious company quickly drank off the seven schooners.

The \$5 were paid over, and the American asked:

"Would you mind telling me why you went out before you took the bet?"

"Nein; to see could I drink der seven schooners, what?" — Bohemian.

Saved His Rupees.

During a great flood at Haddarabad a native banker, overtaken by the sudden rush of water, made his way on to a mound, where he was quickly isolated. The water rose, and the banker's legs were covered to his knees. "Fifty rupees (about £7s.) 50 rupees," he shouted, "to any one who will save me!" When the water reached his shoulder he was shouting, "One thousand rupees!" When enveloped to his neck, with death staring him in the face, he yelled: "Help, help! All that I have will I give to any one to save me!" Shortly after the water began to recede. When once more he was covered only to his knees an offer of rescue came. But the banker, plucking up his courage, cried: "Keep off! Keep off! I will not give a rupee!" and succeeded in making his escape free of charge.—St. James' Gazette.

Courtesy at the Pawnshop.

"You go first, Frau Meier. I can wait."

"Thanks. I'd have you know I'm in no more hurry for my money than you."—Fliegende Blätter.

It requires three years before many species of birds acquire their mature plumage.

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Independence

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Kings Valley

J. P. Logan went to Corvallis Monday.

Miss Ethel Price went to Airlie Monday.

Curtis Miller and wife of Waldport, are in the valley visiting.

A. C. Miller was on the sick list part of last week.

Miss Rose Harbin returned home Monday after a two weeks visit in the valley.

Mrs. James Cherry, of Beaverton, is in the valley visiting her father Larkin Price.

Grandma Herren returned home Friday after a visit in the valley with relatives and friends.

The Miller & Frantz threshing machine went to Blodgett's Valley, Monday.

The people of the Ward district Sunday school, all came down to the valley last Sunday to visit the K. V. Sunday school.

W. S. Alcorn came up from Airlie, Saturday evening and returned Monday. We hear he has taken charge of their store at Airlie.

Taylor Miller, had the misfortune Wednesday to get the little finger on his left hand cut nearly off in the separator while threshing. Dr. Logan, of Philomath, dressed the wound and it is getting along nicely.

Died.

At the home of his son one-half mile west of Monmouth,

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Ballad of Reading Gaol - - - - Oscar Wilde

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York.

Aug. 14, 1909, of paralysis John Meeker, aged 77 years, 2 months and 8 days.

John Meeker was born at Deerfield, Warren county, Ohio, June 6, 1832. He moved to Indiana in early life and from there to Cedar Rapids, Iowa, where he was married to Rowena E. Stow in 1858. From there the family moved to Nebraska in 1887 and thence to Corvallis in 1902. He and his wife were staying with

their son while Mrs. Meeker was in the east attending her mother, who is seriously ill.

The funeral was held in the Christian church, the sermon being by Rev. W. A. Wood. The remains were laid to rest in the Monmouth cemetery.

He is survived by a wife, one son and two daughters, W. M. Meeker, of Monmouth, Mrs. Della Thompson, of Corvallis and Mrs. Lennie Snyder, of Carson, Wash.