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# HAUDENSCHILD ON RESSURRECTION OF CHRIST

Despite the strenuousness of Sunday, the church has been full Monday and Tuesday evenings. Many decisions for Christ were made both nights. A noticeable feature is the preponderance of men in the audiences. The evangelist speaks to men, religion as he presents it is strong, virile, meeting and supplying the need of man's nature. Hence the majority of those in the audience and of those who respond to the call to a better life are men.

The afternoon meetings are growing in interest. Haudenschild is now dealing with the "Power of the Word." He talks on the place of Bible study in the Christian life. Of them the evangelist says: "If I can get the hearing of the Christian people of the town for these talks, the Christian living of the town will be changed." Are you a Bible student? If you are or not you cannot afford to miss these talks.

At a service of intense interest last night Evangelist Haudenschild said in part:

"If I should put it to a vote tonight I believe there is not a person in this house but that would believe that Christ rose from the dead. If you believe that Christ died for you it will bring great results in your lives. If you have heard this truth and do not believe it you are worse than the heathen, for the heathen, as soon as they hear the gospel of Christ cry out, 'What shall we do to be saved?' Then the preacher recounted the Thursday and Friday of the trial and crucifixion of Christ—recounted it with such graphic descriptive powers that it made his hearers faint as they seemed to see the blood brought from His bared back by the strokes of the cat-o-nine tails in the hands of Pilate; as they heard the rabble smiting Him on the face; as they pressed the crown of thorns into His gentle brow, and as the joints of His body snapped asunder when they stretched his arms and legs to reach the holes on the cross that had been placed so far apart that His limbs would not reach without being stretched beyond their natural length. 'While He was walking the streets of Jerusalem that city would not have slept soundly had they known that The Son of God was walking the streets of their city. But they were just like the people of Eugene tonight; they were sleeping while the Son of God is walking their streets.'

"Judas Iscariot sold his Lord for fifteen dollars, and some of you are selling my Lord and your Lord more cheaply than that; you sell him for a card party, for a dance, and have been selling Him for twenty or twenty-five years." The agony of the crucifixion was depicted—this crucifix-

ion which was the most cruel in all its details of any in the history of the world, and God, Himself, turned away His face because He could not bear to see it. What would you think if one of your children should be treated that way?

"But He is risen and because He is risen I shall live forever if you have made peace with Him you shall live."

# NEGRO PUGILIST DIES IN WANT

New York, Jan. 6.—Geo. Dixon, the famous negro pugilist, winner of hundreds of battles and for many years featherweight champion of the world, died today in the almshouse ward of Bellevue hospital, penniless and friendless. He was 37 years old.

# RAILROADS WILLINGLY ACCEPT NEW LAW

Washington, Jan. 6.—More significant and important, perhaps, than any other statement in the twenty-first annual report of the interstate commerce commission which was today transmitted to congress, is that relating to the attitude of railway officials toward the new railroad law. In a discussion of the operation of the act the commission says: "By railway managers, almost without exception, the amended law has been accepted in good faith, and they exhibit, for the most part, a sincere and earnest disposition to conform their methods to its requirements."

The commission adds that it was not expected that reforms could be brought about without difficulty or delay, but it is unquestionably the fact that greater progress has been made, and that further improvement is clearly assured. To a gratifying extent there has been an adjustment of rates and of "abuses" by the carriers themselves. Methods and usages of one sort and another which have operated to individual advantage have been voluntarily stopped and it is not too much to say that there is now a freedom from forbidden discriminations which is actual and general to a degree never before approached.

# TEA There is nothing that costs so little, both money and work, and that goes so far if it has the chance.

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There were little red shaded candles on the piano. They threw the girl's regular profile into relief and lighted softly the waves of her brown hair.

Elwood, lounging in the shadows of a dusky corner, watched her silently. There was bitterness in her smile, there was rankling bitterness in his heart. The windows were dropped a bit at the top, and through them stole the odor of warm, wet earth, the intangible sweetness of a spring night, the hint of a thousand growing things. He moved uneasily in his chair. The end was at hand, and yet he shrank from it as from a physical blow.

"Play something, Katherine," he commanded shortly.

The girl's white hands ran lightly over the keys. She played softly—bits of Grieg, snatches from Dvorak, and presently a minor composition that was new to him. He listened appreciatively, and when the last note died away he turned to the girl.

"Thanks," said he. "I think you have made it easier for both of us."

She looked up quickly. There was a puzzled expression on her face.

"What do you mean?" she demanded.

"I mean," said he, speaking very slowly and with unpleasant emphasis, "that I think I can now say those things that are expected of me without saying a host of other things that are on the end of my tongue. And I think, perhaps, you can listen more calmly to what I say. Katherine, I congratulate you," he ended abruptly.

She looked at him questioningly.

"Your mother has told me," he went on. "I imagine she took considerable satisfaction in telling me. I sincerely trust your wealth and your social position as Lady Laylor-Winters will be all you anticipate. Perhaps that is the greatest happiness I could wish you."

The open bitterness in his voice brought the angry color to her cheeks. There was a flash of fire in the eyes she turned to him.

"Thanks," she said sardonically. "I scarcely expected this generosity from you."

Elwood bit his lips.

"Did you expect generosity?" he asked. "Do you deserve it?"

The color faded from the girl's cheeks.

"I need generosity from you," she said entreatingly.

She swung about to the piano and began playing very softly again. Elwood rose from his chair and, crossing the room, stood beside her.

"And this is the end of it," he said musingly.

The music rippled on. The girl said nothing.

"This is the end of it," he said again—"the end of that long dream summer in the mountains, the end of those days of cathedral hunting in England, the end of that eternal spring in Venice. It was only a dream, then, and this is the awakening."

He paused, then after a moment went on again:

"Do you remember that night on the Grand canal—the myriad stars in the sky and the myriad stars in the water? Have you forgotten those days in St. Mark's? Did they mean so very little to you? Do you realize that you must never, never think of them again when you are Lady Laylor-Winters?"

"Don't," said the girl quietly.

"But I can remember them," he said.

"It will be no disloyalty for me to remember. Perhaps you are willing to trade your memories for so many thousand pounds and a paltry title, but there isn't wealth enough on earth to buy mine."

The girl's playing came to an abrupt ending. She swung about and faced the man beside her.

"Isn't it bad enough to be sold like a horse or a prize dog without being taunted about it?" she asked hotly.

"Why do you permit the sale?" he said.

"We are poor—oh, so poor! When father died there was little left." The tears sprang to her eyes.

"Good Lord!" cried Elwood. "Then you're not doing this on your own account?"

She looked at him almost pleadingly.

"It's Sir William's money," she said breathlessly as if she feared some one might overhear.

Elwood laughed in sheer relief.

"Isn't my money just as good?" he asked.

The girl's face flushed scarlet.

"Oh, how could you?" she cried in protest. "How could you?"

"How could I what?" he said helplessly.

"Talk that way about money—bargaining—after those days you were speaking about," she said brokenly. "I was willing to bargain with Sir William, but you—you"—Her voice faltered.

He looked at her thoughtfully for a moment, then he laid his hand gently on her shoulder.

"Do you imagine for an instant I shall let you marry him?" he asked.

"You must," she said weakly.

"I mustn't," he declared stoutly.

"But Sir William"—she began doubtfully.

"I'm sincerely sorry for Sir William, but I doubt not he will be amenable to reason," said he.

He lifted her from the piano stool and drew her to him.

"You mustn't—really you mustn't," she protested.

Elwood looked straight into her eyes.

"When you tell me you don't love me I'll let you go," said he.

There was a long silence. The voice that broke it was very faint.

"I'm afraid you'll grow tired waiting," she said sardonically.

T. BLAIR EATON.

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