News of the Churches

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Morning service, 11 a. m.; Sunday School, 12 m. Archdeacon Black in charge; Mr. B. Coles, lay reader. A cordial welcome awaits you at St. Phillips.

SHILOH BAPTIST CHURCH
76th and E. Everett Sts.
Preaching 11 a. m. and 8 p. m.
Sunday School 10 a. m.
B. Y. P. U. 6:30 p. m.

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OUR MAGAZINE SECTION

Interesting Features for the Entire Family

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT
By F. A. WALKER

THE PLEASING VOICE

AT NO period of our existence does the pleasing voice with its musical intonations and lucid articulations fail to win an audience and respect.

There is a compelling charm in its accent, its deliberative sweetness and enunciation which is well-nigh irresistible, whether it praises or condemns—a carrying, impressive quality which sways the hearers at will.

And yet with all the subtle power invested in the organs of speech, men and women in their oral intercourse with one another are habitually careless.

They have a few set words and phrases which go round and round their dial of conversation like the hands of the clock, incapable of doing anything else, or of stirring a single new pleasurable emotion.

Such voices narrow and dampen the spirit of expectant hearers until they wish they could go suddenly deaf or vanish in the air.

Whether the rasping discords come from the lips of vestals or scullions, the effect produced is always "creepy" and depressing to the refined.

And this would seem to show the importance of a pleasing voice at the fireside, the desk, behind the counter, everywhere, in fact where tired ears are pausing on tip-toe for a soothing sound to assuage their pent-up nervousness.

If you would succeed beyond the mediocre, you will find that it behooves you to cultivate the pleasing voice, not one that is marked by affection, but by sweet soul-strains attuned to discriminating and delicately adjusted ears accustomed to pure accent and undue emphasis.

Nothing is more destructive to a salesman's success than a loud, coarse and brazen enunciation, with a touch of authoritative command in every vowel and aspirate.

And this applies not only to the salesman but to every man and woman in all walks of life, and especially to those who are dependent on others for a livelihood.

The discriminating employer naturally gives preference to him or her who habitually uses a pleasing voice in company with a kindly smile and courteous manners, in all kinds of weather and in all sorts of business.

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YOUR FRIEND YOURSELF
By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

GOOD friends in life are life's most
lovely thing;
Two things I wish you all along
the way;
That you will have them, wintry day
or spring,
But never need them, spring or
wintry day.
Good friends are good, but happiest
is he
Who, having friends, needs not to
friends to turn—
Who never needs to ask for charity,
But has his food, his coat, his
wood to burn.

Because, the older that we grow, we
learn
That, after all, man needs a
friend to be
To him himself—to save as well as
earn,
In joy providing for adversity.
Good friends in life are life's most
lovely thing;
But, friends to keep, remember
here's the way;
They always have them, wintry day
or spring,
Who never need them, spring or
wintry day.

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

WHO SAID
"For he who fights
and runs away
May live to fight
again another day."

THE rest of this quotation, of which Oliver Goldsmith is the author, reads:

"—But he who is in battle slain,
"Can never rise and fight again."

Oliver Goldsmith was born in Ireland in 1728. His father, pastor of a small church, earned barely enough to support his little family, but succeeded in sending his son to Trinity college, Dublin. In 1749, shortly after his father's death, Goldsmith left college and prepared to enter the ministry. He was about to enter the clergy when the Bishop of Elphin, who was his examiner, refused to pass him—probably because of his knowledge of the youth's wildness.

Goldsmith now became tutor to a wealthy family, but soon lost this position through a dispute with the master of the house over a game of cards. Following this episode he was ready to sail for America when he changed his mind and allowed the boat to sail without him. His uncle came to his rescue and gave him 50 pounds, about $250, with which to go to Dublin and study law. He went to Dublin, but never studied law there as he lost the money his uncle had given him in gambling.

Despite his repeated imprudences, he was again rescued by his uncle and sent to Edinburgh to study medicine. Here he remained for 18 months and acquired some knowledge of medicine, but never took a degree. From there he went to Leyden, where he continued his studies at the expense of his uncle.

His best known works, "The Vicar of Wakefield" and "The Deserted Village" achieved instant popularity, and brought him a considerable return. He hesitated a long while before accepting his royalty of $500 for the "Deserted Village" for fear that the publisher would not make sufficient to cover his expenses! Goldsmith died in London, April 4, 1774, in debt more than $10,000 but the best loved literary man of his generation.—Wayne D. McMurray.

(© by George Matthew Adams.)

SCHOOL DAYS

Your Last Name

IS IT WYCLIFFE?

THIS name, either spelled Wicliffe, Wycliff or Wycliffe, is from the name of a parish in the North Riding of Yorkshire, England. It was here that the famous reformer, John de Wycliffe, was born in 1324.

David Wickliffe was the first male white child born in the state of Maryland of Protestant parents. His father reached Maryland in the year 1638, where he died in 1642. He left a wife, Jane, who married a Mr. Brook, for a second husband. He left, also, a son David, who migrated to Virginia, where he married Mary Nicholas and made a contract to bring up her children by two former husbands, "so farre at schoole as to write and reade." These sons were Nathaniel Pope and Lewis Nochilas.

David had a brother Robert, who married Margaret, stepdaughter of Col. William Pierce, son of Capt. William Pierce of Virginia Council, whose daughter Jane was the third wife of John Rolfe.

MERRITT—This name Merritt is from the parish of Merriott, in Somersetshire.

LUMLEY—This is an old Anglo-Saxon name. The family have lived in England in the county of Durham from the time of the Conquest. In 1603 King James I visited Lumley castle, and the bishop of Durham, talking to the king there, wanted to do honor to his friend Lord Lumley, so he gave a long account of the family. "Oh, mon," said the bored king, "gang no further. Let me digest what I have. I did na ken Adam was named Lumley!"

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Boston now receives about two-thirds of the wool imported into the United States.

THE YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE WAY

The young lady across the way says another reason why no one should drink now is that it isn't safe and you're never sure you're getting the genuine synthetic article.

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Mother's Cook Book

"To dwell happily with each other, people should be versed in the niceties of the heart and born with a faculty for willing comprehension."

MEATLESS DINNERS

FOR those who must and those who wish to leave meat out of the diet, the following recipes and suggestions may prove helpful:

Vegetarian Main Dish.

Take equal parts of fresh green peas and sweet corn pressed from the kernels, chopped raisins, and dates mixed with honey and olive oil to moisten. Press into cups to mold and serve with a rich cream sauce made with cream, adding honey or maple sirup and nut meal made from the brazil nuts.

A nut roast may be prepared, using the coarsely chopped nuts in place of the meat, with the other ingredients of a veal loaf. Baste during the baking and serve with a highly seasoned tomato sauce.

In the same oven with the roast bake peeled potatoes with two onions sliced and six tablespoonfuls of any good oil, basting often during the baking. Add parsley well sprinkled over the vegetable and season well with salt and pepper.

Serve peeled potatoes with butter and chopped onion, just as one does parsley potatoes.

A tasty cream soup with fingers of toasted bread.

Head lettuce sprinkled generously with chopped peanuts and a little scraped onion, with French dressing.

Another dinner may begin with cantaloupe, served in balls with a lemon sauce poured over the fruit. Serve in cocktail glasses.

For dessert any fruit pie with or without ice cream is sufficiently filling to satisfy an ordinary appetite. Blueberry pie with ice cream is an especially delicious combination.

Mock Sausages.

Soak one-half cupful of lima beans overnight in water to cover. Drain and soak in salted water until soft. Put through a puree strainer, add one-third of a cupful of dry bread crumbs, three tablespoonfuls of butter, one-half teaspoonful of sage, one beaten egg and salt and pepper to season. Shape in the form of sausage, dip into beaten egg and bread crumbs and fry in deep fat. Serve with rings of fried apple, overlapping around the platter.

Nellie Maxwell

(© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

JUST A DESERT EPISODE
By GLEN D. HURST

(© by Short Story Pub Co.)

THE setting for the last chapter in the life of Old Man Murphy was the heart of the Nevada desert; the time—the exhilarating but turbulent spring season of the year 190—.

The old man stood in the door of his cabin on the side of a rugged desert range, and in troubled spirit he gazed at a group of strangers moving about in apparent excitement on the light-colored porphyry foothills that lay between him and the gray, parched flat in the deceptive distance. It was only at long intervals during more than a generation since the old man had lived alone in that cabin that any one had disturbed his solitude, and this sudden invasion he resented. He had prospected and mined in a desultory way for so many years unmolested that he felt a sort of proprietorship in the surrounding country.

The time was when he welcomed his fellows to the desert domain, but it was now long past. When he located the "Atlantic Cable" and "Nova Scotia" silver lode claims he felt that his long search for riches had been successful. Under the stimulus of visions of wealth his mind's eye saw swarms of treasure seekers burrowing in the hills about him and his own claims yielding bonanza. Then it was, he invited the whole world to share his discovery and good fortune. However, the small silver ledge attracted little attention and the district was deserted except for Murphy, who worked his own vein and never guessed the real secret of the hills over which he prowled.

The years went by and Old Man Murphy, growing more grizzled and bent, became morose and cared less and less for the society of his kind. As a young man he had left friends and family behind and joined the fortune hunters in the far-off western desert. Then he had every hope of returning soon with wealth abundant. His failure galled his pride. The years of brooding alone created a strange antagonism toward contact with his fellows.

Old Man Murphy watched in silence the activity on the hills below till he saw one of the strangers coming up the trail toward him. That was too much. He turned into the cabin with muttered imprecations on the intruders.

The stranger had come with friendly intention. He told a story of a great find, one that would have thrilled the old man had he heard it twenty years before. A shallow trench across the peak of one of the yellow hills had opened a vein of picture rock, literally sparkling with crystals of gold. Murphy merely glanced at the glittering sample of ore offered in proof and turned away, grumbling about the invasion of his district. The next day he packed his scraggy cayuses with provisions and disappeared in the direction of Excelsior range where he could be alone for a while.

Worn out with tramping about the mountains Old Man Murphy returned in a few weeks to his cabin on the "Atlantic Cable." During his absence a wonderful change had come over the district. All around him for miles prospectors were locating every foot of ground. Near the site of the original gold discovery a town to shelter thousands was building. The explosion of giant-powder charges blasting the rock in a hundred shafts and tunnels kept up a continual roar. Miners dodged about in the smoke and dust, showing each other specimens of gold-besprinkled quartz. From his eminence Murphy could count half a hundred automobiles, loaded with passengers, speeding in clouds of dust and sand along the three new trails through the sage-brush, all converging in the new camp.

The old man contemplated the change with heavy heart. His solitude was a thing of the past. A trespass he was powerless to stop was upon him.

A monument of rough stones newly placed on his claims caught his eye. He strode over to it and read the location notice in anger. With a vicious kick he tumbled the pile and tore the notice to shreds. Returning to his cabin, he loaded both barrels of his shotgun and took a position commanding a view of the razed monument and the two trespassing prospectors, who were working in a newly started tunnel, unmindful of the old man's presence.

"You fellers git off my claim. Don't ye know I've had this ground fer thirty years. Git—if ye know what's good fer ye," he shouted hoarsely, much excited. The prospectors left their work to face the big gun leveled at them. They protested, argued and threatened, but Murphy's manner was menacing and his fingers twitched nervously on the trigger. They were compelled to retreat.

The prospectors made several efforts to get possession of the claim and replace their monuments, always to be met by the big shotgun and the old man behind it, who kept on constant guard duty.

When provisions ran low, rather than lend encouragement to the bountifully stocked stores of the new camp, Murphy made a night drive to an isolated trading post some twenty miles away.

Late one afternoon Murphy sat with the gun across his knees guarding his claim. Away in the distance along the route of one of the new trails there appeared a gang of workmen. His attention was attracted by the line of telegraph poles they were erecting. That evening he sat long in the darkness musing intently, and the next morning he put away the gun, fastened his cabin door, and skirting the camp was soon tramping at his best pace through the sand toward the line of poles. He spent the day trailing along with the construction gang.

A new Murphy came back to the cabin that evening.

The prospectors had taken advantage of his absence to replace the monument he had destroyed.

"Let 'em have it. Let 'em have it," he mused when he saw what had been done. He scrawled a few lines to the "boys," telling them they would be bothered no more and to go on with their work, and placed the note where they would easily find it.

The last strand of wire was strung. The click of the sounder as the key closed told the initiated that all was finished. The operator was taking his place at the table when Old Man Murphy pushed through the crowd that filled the new office and leaning over the operator uttered an appeal that was backed by the longing of his whole soul.

"Boy, let me send the first one?"

"The operator stared at the flushed face incredulously, then into the deep-set, now brilliant, appealing eyes. Scarcely knowing why, he answered the old man by stepping back. Murphy flung himself into the operator's seat and placed his fingers on the transmission key. The dispatch to be sent first lay open before him. It read:

Crosscut on Balloon hill claim opened up four feet of high-grade assaying into the thousands. Withdraw offer for sale.

With hesitation and an uncertain "send" the old man commenced:

.— — . . — — , ... —.

It was not the message before him. The operator looked worried. He advanced one hand toward the instrument to stop the old man, then as the message became coherent he listened intently. The receiving operator at the other end of the wire was puzzled to get this message:

"—will prove an additional link between the nations whose friendship is founded upon their common interest and reciprocal esteem."

Now the old man's fingers were tingling with the electric impulse of the instrument; as if by magic the old touch came back. He began the transmission of the copy before him. It went over the wire with the speed and precision of an expert. He labored under an inward excitement a mystery to the onlookers. With a steady hand he sent dispatch after dispatch until the accumulated pile was exhausted. With the last click he opened the key and turned to the crowd, triumph and satisfaction in every feature of the rugged, time-worn face.

"Boys," he said, "this is a great day—a great day fer the desert—an' fer me. How I hated to see you fellers come—but I didn't know yer was goin' to bring this—I didn't know it. I've been holdin' down a claim in this district fer near thirty years, boys—I'm kind o' shriveled up body an' soul, bein' here so much alone an' I wanted to be alone till the end," then he addressed the operator.

"Ye thought somethin' was wrong when I sent out that first message, didn't ye? This desert has laid between me an' that message fer forty years. It's a long time, boys, since I was counted one of the best operators in the country. That was in the late eighties. I was so good at operatin' that when the first cable was laid I was put in th' service. That was a great day, too, fer me, an' I relayed that message from Queen Victoria to the President. It was the first one across. A few years afterward I got th' gold fever an' I've been on the desert ever since, but I never forgot that message, and I just had to send it out first to get my bearin's. An' to think this thing has followed me and found me in the desert after all these years."

The excitement that sustained the old man was passing.

"But now I'm glad ye come. I'm satisfied, boys—I'm satisfied.

The eyes dulled, the lips twitched in an effort to speak, and the head dropped. Old Man Murphy was seized with a paralysis—a paralysis of death.

Barnum and Buncombe Always Closely Allied

An important part of New York life in the middle of the Nineteenth century was P. T. Barnum and his activities for the public entertainment. These included everything from bringing the famous Jenny Lind before the American public to the exhibition of the almost equally famous cherry-colored cat.

As to the cat, Mr. Barnum cannot claim the credit for being its originator. Through means unknown (and unimaginable) Mr. Barnum was induced to pay $50 for a "cherry-colored" cat, sight unseen. It proved to be the color of a black cherry, the New York Telegram says.

Mr. Barnum promptly set about retrieving the loss. He advertised an exhibition of his cherry-colored cat, which soon brought its owner many times its original cost.

It was also in Barnum's museum that the famous "Happy Family" was housed. Thousands came to see, and paid to see, a tiger, a lion, a monkey and other traditional enemies living at peace in a single cage. It was one of the marvels of the day until it was discovered that they were all doped.

The building known as Barnum's Museum and Moral Lecture Room was located on the upper Broadway of that period—at the southeast corner of Broadway and Ann street, where the colonial branch of the Equitable Trust company now stands. This in the middle of the last century was the heart of the shopping and business district.

Sleep Machine Invented

An inventor at Macclesfield, England, has perfected a machine that, he thinks, will cure insomnia. The machine is placed alongside of the bed and emits light rays of twelve different colors, flashing at prearranged periods. The effect of this combination of colors and periodicity is intended to be soothing and to induce sleep. The color flashes at such regular intervals have a peculiar effect upon the retina, it is said. The inventor maintains he has cured several stubborn cases of sleeplessness in ten to fifteen minutes.

Ancient Custom, Anyway

The origin of the superstition concerning knocking on wood is doubtful. Some authorities attribute it to the ancient religious rite of touching a crucifix when taking an oath; others to the touching of beads of the rosary when praying. Among the ignorant peasants of Europe the custom probably began with the habit of knocking loudly to keep away evil spirits.

"Special Delivery."

The Post Office department says that "special delivery service is the prompt delivery of mail by messenger during prescribed hours to persons who reside within the carrier limits of city or delivery offices, or within one mile of any post office, or to patrons of the rural service who reside more than one mile from the post office but within half a mile of a rural route."

Earth's Diameter

Dr. Hayford made calculations for the International Geodetic Physical union and announced that the earth is precisely 7,926 miles and 678 thousandths of a mile in diameter and 7,899 miles and 964 thousandths of a mile through the poles.

Badgers' Work a Menace.

Badgers spend most of their time digging out the burrows of the flickertail or ground squirrel and feasting on the fat occupants. Thus, while doing the greatest service to the ranchman their big burrows on the prairies are a menace to every horse and rider on the plains.

Engineering Term.

The term "four-cycle," used in connection with an internal combustion engine, means that there are four piston strokes for the accomplishment of the processes in the engine. These strokes are termed the intake stroke, the compression stroke, the power stroke and the exhaust stroke.

Pioneer Greek Teacher.

The first regular teacher of the Greek language and literature at Oxford university, England, was William Grocyn, an English classical scholar, who was born at Colerne, Wiltshire, about 1446. He died at Maidstone, in 1519.

Original "Mother Goose."

The first Mother Goose stories were published in French by Perrault in 1697, under the name of his infant son, Perrautl d'Armancourt. These tales consisted of ten stories, of which seven are founded on earlier Italian tales.

Copyright Law.

The original term of a copyright is 28 years. Within a year before this term expires, the author, or his widow, children or executors may obtain a renewal for another 28 years.

Sable Philosopher.

Since I wuzn't dar, to give instructions 'bout de makin' of de worl', I makes de best of what I can't help, an' blames de rest on Providence.—Atlanta Constitution.

Perfect Accord.

"Do you let your wife have her own way?" asked the henpecked husband. "Absolutely," replied the independent one. "When she says it's going to rain I let it rain, and when she says she just knows it's going to snow, I let it snow."

Clouds Close to Earth.

The highest clouds in the sky generally are not more than two miles above the surface of the earth.

Jar 4,000 Years Old.

A jar full of beads of agate, china beads, beads of crystal, bracelets and medals has been found at Byblos. On a disc is the name of the camel driver who, 2,000 years B. C., transported Pharaoh's offerings to Byblos.

Primitive Russian Homes.

The typical stove in a Russian peasant's home has no chimney, the smoke finding its way out through the door or holes in the roof and walls.

Bread Winning.

An economist announces that the number of women bread winners is growing constantly. No doubt there are more winning it than there are baking it.—Detroit Free Press.

Sage Observation.

The child who is decked with prince's robes and who has jeweled chains around his neck loses all pleasure in his play; his dress hampers him at every step.—Tagore.

Ourselves to Blame.

It many times falls out that we deem ourselves much deceived in others because we first deceived ourselves.

Insect Pests Costly.

The losses caused annually by insect pests in the United States are estimated by entomological authorities to reach the sum of $2,000,000,000.

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