

Church Services

FIRST EVANGELICAL CHURCH.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

Sunday services: 10 a. m., Sunday school; 11 a. m., preaching service; 7:30 p. m., union service in the Baptist church, Rev. Viehe will preach the sermon.

Evangelical camp meeting at Naperville Park continues till Sunday, Sept. 1. You are cordially invited to attend all the above gatherings.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

First Church of Christ Scientist, Main and Curtis streets. Services Sunday 11:15 a. m. Wednesday 8 p. m. Sunday school 9:45 a. m. A reading room is open every Tuesday and Friday from 2 to 4 p. m., where the Bible and Christian Science literature may be read or purchased.

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH.

Services next Sunday as follows: 9:45 a. m., Sunday school; 11:15 a. m., morning prayer and sermon. A cordial invitation is extended to all. Rev. Clayton A. Chriaman, priest-in-charge.

GERMAN EVANGELICAL, ST. PAUL'S, GROVE ST.

Sunday school every Sunday, 9:15 a. m. German service every Sunday, 10:30 a. m. English service every first and third Sunday of each month, 7:30 p. m.

Brotherhood every first Monday of each month, 8 p. m.

Ladies' Aid Society every second Thursday of each month, 2 p. m.

Young People's Society every second Thursday of each month, 8 p. m.

Teachers' training course every Wednesday, 8 p. m.

Young Peoples' Devotional meeting every fourth Sunday of each month, 6:30 p. m.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

At 10:30 in the morning worship, with a message from the Word. In the evening a union service at 7:30 in the Baptist church; the Rev. Paul G. Viehe will preach. Sunday school at noon. The Endeavor Society will consider "Missions in South America," under the direction of Miss Elizabeth Strong. Prayer meeting topic, "Beginning with God."

NEW BOOKS FOR LIBRARY.

Eight more good books were put into the library shelves last week.

- 1. The Path of Glory, Paul L. Haworth.
2. The Frontiersman, H. A. Cody.
3. The Opened Shutters, Clara L. Burnham.
4. Moths of the Lumberlost, Gene Stratton Porter.
5. A Girl of the Lumberlost, Gene Stratton Porter.
6. The Littlest Rebel, Edward Peeples.
7. Betty Wales Senior, Margaret Warde.
8. My Demon Motor Boat, George Fitch.

"The Aerial Age," by Walter Wellman, is a new book just put on the shelves at the library and should be very interesting to the boys as well as the older people. It is a tale of a thousand miles by air ship over the Atlantic Ocean, giving the past, the present and the future of aerial navigation.

An adjourned meeting of the Library Board was held at the library, Tuesday evening, the 20th. After the regular monthly business had been disposed of, the board discussed a number of suggestions made for the good of the library. Among the matters discussed was the placing of a suggestion box in the library for the purpose of receiving any suggestions from the public for the good of the library. This box will be placed in the library during the month of September, and the public and patrons of the library are invited to make any suggestions which they may have which it is thought will benefit the library. It should be borne in mind that the funds for the maintenance of the library are limited, and any suggestions requiring an expenditure of money will have to be very carefully considered.

Good Voices to Be Prized.

A soft, well-motivated voice is of far greater assistance in the world, even in the marriage market, than personal beauty. There are few things which possess a more definite value as a commercial asset than graciousness of manner and gentleness of tone. We are not born with harsh voices, we acquire them.—Exchange.

Real Zealot.

"What is a misdirected zealot, Uncle William?" "A misdirected zealot, Georgie, is a man who, when his house is burning, is so determined to keep the flames from being fanned that he kicks his dog for wagging its tail."

Few Exceptions.

"I always go by the motto: 'If there's a thing done well, do it twice.'" "Yes; but suppose it's a bad thing?" "Yes; but suppose it's a bad thing?" "Yes; but suppose it's a bad thing?"

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Director of Evening Department, The Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.)

LESSON FOR AUG. 25.

THE VISIT TO NAZARETH.

LESSON TEXT—Luke 4:16-30. GOLDEN TEXT—"He came unto his own, and they that were his own received him not."—John 1:11.

Cannon Farrar has said that this visit of Jesus to his home in Nazareth is "a most striking commentary upon" the words of John, which form our Golden Text. Those words are the epitome of this lesson in a very real sense. The young prophet had been proclaimed by his cousin John the Baptist as he who was to come. He had performed his early Judean ministry, which includes the visit of Nicodemus, and the meeting of the woman of Samaria. John had been shut up in prison and Jesus was about entering upon that wonderful Galilean ministry.

In this lesson we can see him as he returns to his boyhood home, to those old and most familiar scenes of his youth.

Day of Vengeance.

"As his custom was" (v. 16) he entered the old familiar synagogue to take part in the worship, praise and discussion, as had long been his custom in this his home town. Here it was he had learned of the law and the prophets, here he had heard the prophecies discussed, here he had undoubtedly participated in the discussions in the days gone by, for after the worship he is asked to conduct the reading of the second part of the service, a selection from one of the prophets, undoubtedly that portion for the regular reading of the day. His method of reading was very significant. Finding a portion from the prophecy of Isaiah, chapter 61, he reads that portion as we now have it recorded, comprising verse one and in verse two to the first punctuation mark, a comma. This, said he, is being fulfilled before your eyes, implying that the concluding portion, that which refers to "the day of vengeance of our God," is yet to be fulfilled or performed. Just what his exposition may have been Luke does not tell us, although he leads us to believe that he made a definite claim of being the Messiah—"This Scripture hath been fulfilled." They wondered at his gracious words, but such an assumption from the tongue of this son of the village carpenter was more than a challenge; it sounded of blasphemy. It is one thing to listen to beautiful platitudes, but for one to assume authority such as this at once arouses antagonism.

To make this still more plain, he makes a specific application. To paraphrase his words, he said, "doubtless you are saying, young man perform here in Nazareth some of those miracles you performed over in Capernaum, but I say you would not accept me even then, for no prophet is acceptable to his own countrymen." Then he goes on to illustrate by an incident from the life of Elijah, also one from the life of Elisha.

Graphic Lesson Story.

In teaching this lesson we can emphasize the need and the importance of public worship, the observance of a day set apart for that purpose and the public reading and exposition of God's word. We can also lay stress upon Jesus' knowledge and use of the Scriptures; also his emphatic approval of inspired prophecy as applied to, and fulfilled in his own life. In teaching the young scholars these truths, the graphic lesson story will be all and probably more than can well be covered during the lesson hour.

For the older scholars, one question for discussion would be, "why does the Son of God speak of or claim the 'spirit of the Lord upon me?'" Of course he was anointed after John's baptism as an example to all his followers, but here we take it as meaning that the Spirit is upon him in a real manner for service and for power in service. He is to witness and to minister. He is to teach and to heal. He is to preach the Gospel to the poor and deliverance to those bound with the chains of ceremonialism and of sin. He is to heal broken hearts and diseased bodies, to set the captives free and heal the bruised ones. Verse 18 is a sad picture of the state of a man without outside help. But Jesus came into the world for this express purpose. John 8:12, 13; Matt. 1:21.

"This prophecy means me." "Come unto me," was indeed a bold proclamation. Did they believe? Are you making such bold claims for your Master and Lord? Some will reject, of course, but let us remember that "God giveth the increase," ours truly to witness, to sow the seed. 1. Cor. 3:6.

Why this hostility? (1) Jealousy, "Joseph's Son." (2) Contempt, was he not one of them? Was this not also a slur upon his name? (3) His allusion to Elijah, going outside of Israel for sustenance. Do not forget the searching fact that there were those who knew him best through long association, yet they reject him. Our peril is to know him and yet reject his fellowship. Let us emphasize that verse in John's Gospel which follows the Golden Text (1:12), "But to as many as received him to them gave he power to become the Sons of God."

A JOYOUS SUMMER BY THE SEASHORE

Hanscombe Proved to Be a Good Captain in Rough Weather.

By LOUISE MERRIFIELD.

(Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press.)

For one moment Hanscombe lost his head. "It's been a joyous summer, girlie, and there's another one ahead of us, I'll try to come back."

He was lying full length at her feet on the shore. Nan hardly noticed him. Her face was turned down toward the point. Something of the sunset glory seemed to linger on its girlish contour, but her eyes were full of latent mischief.

"It's so nice of you even to promise that, Mr. Hanscombe," she murmured. "Mother'll be glad."

"Won't you?"

"I won't be here."

Hanscombe sat up.

"Not if I should ask you to be here?"

Nan laughed and bit her lip.

"You always seem like a funny, overgrown boy to me when you're to be earnest."

"I'm not trying, Nan. You've known all along just what I've meant."

"It's a good thing for me that I have," laughed Nan. "Oh, don't protest, now, and try to make good at the last minute. You don't have to wish me. You came down here with Hal—"

"He told me about you before I came, and that's why."

"He's awfully prejudiced."

Hanscombe kicked a bit of driftwood half buried in the sand, and frowned. Fate was leading him into a snare. He knew when he reached the danger point, and always moved along at the right moment. He didn't want to marry any girl. He had come to Point of Pines purely out of curiosity to see Pan Phillips because Hal had said she was the "bulliest" girl in the world.

Across the bay he could see the white spot of the tents even in the deepening twilight. To-morrow he would be on the train bound for the west. And Hal would be over there in the tent, with Nan in the cottage up in the pines, only a few hundred yards away.

"Won't you miss me a bit, Nan?"

"Lots." Nan's tone was perfectly matter of fact. "You're a dandy bass catcher."

"I can't seem to catch anything else," said Hanscombe cheerlessly.

"What's the matter with me, Nan?"

"Matter? How?" gullelessly.

"Don't you like me?"

"Very much. So does mother."

"Are you sorry you kissed me?"



Once She Turned and Looked Out to Sea.

savagely as a last chance at stirring up emotion.

"Which time?"

"Have you got them all tabulated for future reference? Nan, didn't you care at all?"

"Yes, I almost think I did." For the first time Nan's voice was a little unsteady. She still watched the far-off point jutting out like a long nose into the sea. "But I don't care now. I suppose that's the last test, isn't it? When you know that everything is going to end, and you just don't care?"

"Would you go with me?" Hanscombe's face was a study in conflicting impressions. It was not an invitation he gave, merely one of his speculative flyers in love, and Nan knew it. She laughed, and shook her head.

"It would be a pretty hard sentence, wouldn't it? For both of us? No, thank you, kind sir, not today."

Hanscombe studied her for a minute in silence. He did not know this mood. Vaguely he realized that Nan was, as the boys would call it, "kiddin' him." It was not pleasant to be a 6-foot, 170-pound halfback and be "kidded," especially by the girl he had been gracefully trying to depart from without breaking her heart. Watching the little reddish curls that snuggled against the tanned throat, he wondered what the next ten minutes held for him. All at once he knew that Nan Phillips held his heart and future very nearly balanced on her strong little pink palm. And there was Hal.

"You see, Rob, you're nice to have."

"Like a hammock or cake of ice," growled Hanscombe. "Go on."

"But I don't believe you'd make a good captain in rough weather, and we get a lot of that sort through life, don't you know it? You're a good pal to talk to, and all that, but—"

She stopped suddenly and stood up. He saw in a moment what had happened. Drifting rapidly out to the open sea was their motor boat.

A couple of miles across the bay was the little summer camp on the point. And they were on an island in midchannel, with no chance of a steamer passing before the city boat in the morning. Hanscombe kicked off his shoes.

"You're not going to try and swi m after it?" Nan demanded indignantly.

"I'm going to the point," he retorted deliberately. "I'll get Hal's boat and come after you. Don't get rattled now. I won't be long."

"There are cross currents out there—"

"So there are here," he said, grimly. "Better take my matchbox and get some driftwood together for a fire in case I give out. Hal will see it, and know there's trouble. Goodby."

"Why don't you wait and see if we aren't missed?"

"Just to show I can be a rough weather captain, I guess," he laughed. "Rustle after the driftwood, mate. I have to get into swimming gear."

Slowly she turned and went back over the winding shore, through the little path of sword grass and white clover. Once, at the top of a hummock, she turned and looked out to sea. It was a shadowy violet haze. His head looked like brown seaweed floating with the tide, far off from the shore. Nan watched it with keen, half-closed eyes until it disappeared, the little silver matchbox pressed to her cheek unconsciously.

All her life she had lived at the Point. She knew every swirling current out in midstream beyond the island. Night after night she had gone out with Hal while he hung a red lantern of warning on the piling that marked the steamer channel. And now Hanscombe, careless, indolent, city-bred Hanscombe, was out there fighting the sea just to make good in her eyes that he was no coward.

She gathered the driftwood into a heap, and set fire to it, not to warn Hal, but to give some cheer to the man out in the water in the darkness. She knew in her heart she had cared for him from his first few days at the Point. Hal was dear, but he was just a big brother. The very faults of Hanscombe made her indignant against him because she reasoned he was too idle to put up his own good fight with fate and fortune. And she had made up her mind to let him go.

Once she put her hands to her lips and called him to come back, but there was no answer, and as the night closed in, she sat on one of the tall sand dunes, her face buried on her arms and sobbing until suddenly she felt Hanscombe's arms close about her.

"Dear, don't do that," he said with a new, masterful touch in his tone. "Hal started after us—saw the fire, I think. When I caught sight of his boat pulling out, I turned and came back. What's the matter?"

Nan kept her face hidden against his cheek.

"Why didn't you come right away?"

"I had to dress and put out the fire so it wouldn't spread in this wind, Nan?" He forced her to face him there in the semi-darkness. "Nan, you didn't care a rap, did you, on the level, whether I came back or not?"

Nan hesitated, and whispered very softly.

"I didn't want the ship left without a captain."

The Finish Fight.

Maurice Maeterlinck, the Belgian poet, playwright and philosopher, is to box for charity's sake in Paris. A Chicagoan said of this the other day: "Maeterlinck is robust. He should box well. I have often met him on the Riviera. He has a villa at Grasse, and he spends the whole winter exercising out of doors in the dazzling Riviera sunshine."

"He talks excellent English, and at a luncheon at the Grand hotel in Grasse I once heard an American girl ask him:

"I see that pugilists fight in a ring. What kind of a ring is it, Mr. Maeterlinck? You are an athlete, and so you ought to know."

"The poet, pushing back his thick, pepper-and-salt hair, smiled and replied:

"In the ordinary sparring match, limited to seven or eight rounds, an ordinary ring is used, but when it's a fight to a finish they always employ a wedding ring."

The Aeroplane's Record.

Though still an "enfant terrible," the aeroplane has achieved excellent records. It has attained a speed of 104 miles an hour in a closed circuit, has flown nearly 14,000 feet high and has carried 13 passengers at once, their weight aggregating 1,440 pounds. It has flown through storm clouds, over mountains, seas and continents. It has voyaged by compass over inhospitable routes, from city to city, faster than the eagle or the railway locomotive.—Popular Mechanics.

Hubby Was Stingy.

"Hubby, we must give a reception." "It will cost too much."

"Oh, no. I can rent some plants and some dishes and some plates."

"You see, Rob, you're nice to have."

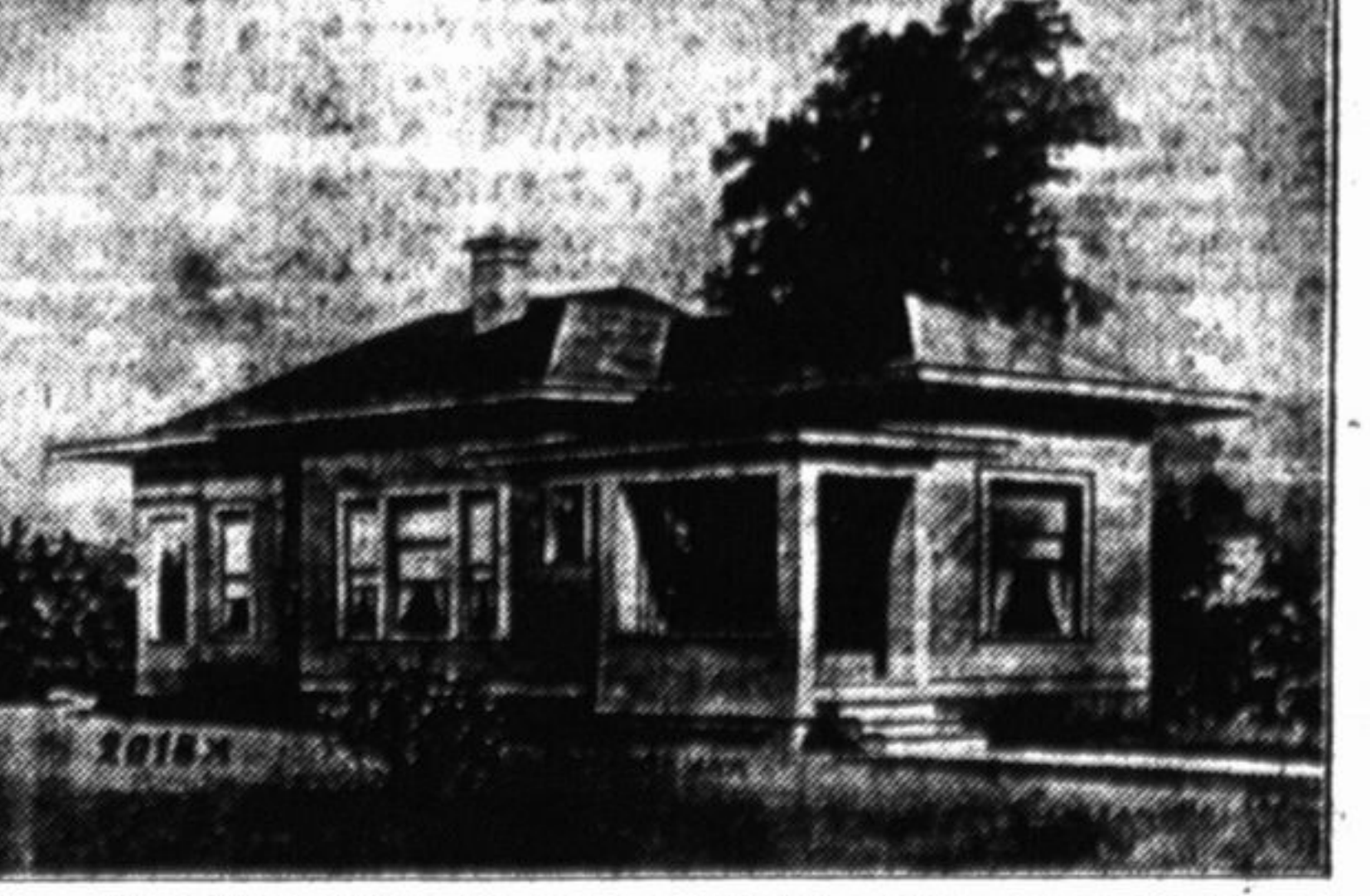


Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 178 West Jackson boulevard, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

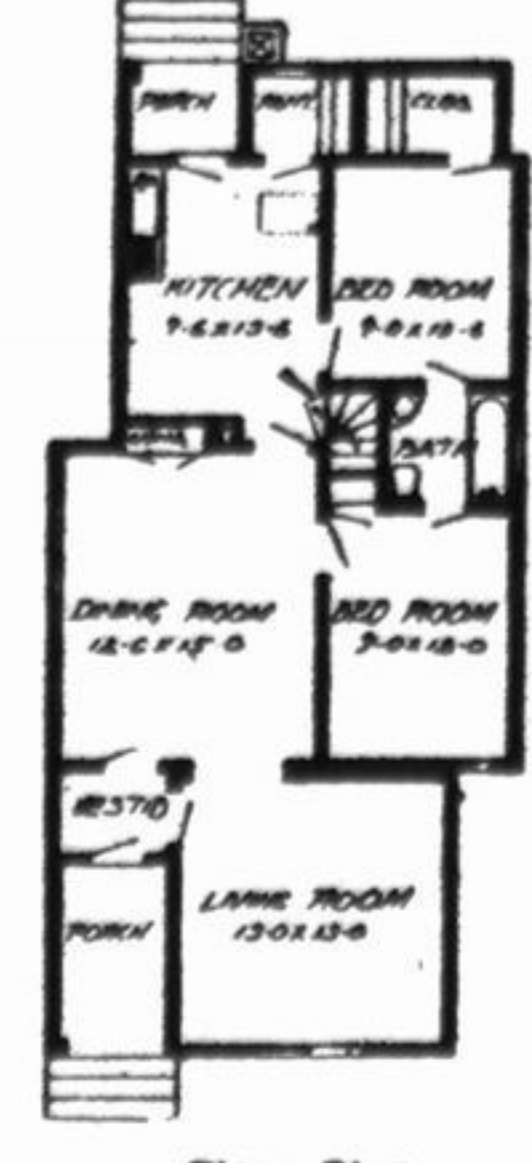
The bungalow or single-story type of dwelling house has some special advantages and is coming into increasing favor. A cottage home of this type, 25 feet wide by 48 feet 6 inches long, is illustrated herewith. It is built without an attic, which saves expense in roof construction; and the low roof design fits the general style of the house better than a high roof could. It is a small affair when measured up against the ordinary house; but it contains more room and more conveniences than the orthodox five-room flat in a city, and is immensely superior when it comes to comfort.

A person never appreciates the value of a good cellar until he leaves a house that has one, and goes to live in a city flat where there is no cellar except an ice-box, and no room to store a pint of cider or a peck of potatoes. The house here shown is much better arranged than a flat, because you have light on all sides, and the bedrooms, as well as all other rooms, are light and airy—a great advantage in both comfort and health. "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home," is a sentiment that applies in a general way to all small houses, but not especially to this one, because it is so attractive in appearance, so thoroughly well arranged, and so comfortable that the humble features are lost sight of entirely.

A good deal in a house depends on the layout or shape of the cellar. Many cellars are almost useless except to keep the house up away from the ground, to keep it dry, and to assist to some extent in keeping the lower floors warm. Some cellars are too dark and musty to be desirable, and a great many cellars are too contemptibly dirty for any purpose whatever. Much depends on the shape of the cellar to commence with, but more depends on the manner in which it is built and the care it afterwards receives.



All cellars should be dry; that is, there should be no perceptible dampness. When stables are stored in a cellar, there should be no accumulation of mould. At the same time, a cellar should not be dusty dry. Generally, if a cellar is five feet underground, and the wall extends two or two and a half feet above grade, the cellar will be cool in summer, will



Floor Plan.

In building your own home, it pays to look after the building of the cellar. After the excavation is made, study out for yourself the peculiarities of soil, location and exposure. If the soil is inclined to dampness, have a course of 3-inch tile laid all around the bottom, outside of the wall, with an outlet at sufficient distance. The outlet may be simply a sink-hole filled with stone, but it must be lower than the cellar bottom, and give a good opportunity for any water that may accumulate to get away easily. If the ground is very damp, have another course of tile about two feet above or half-way towards the surface.

The use of cement mortar is a great preventive against dampness in the cellar, and the way the cellar floor is made has a great deal to do with it. You can make a cement bottom that is porous, or you can make it watertight, just by the difference in the way the materials are mixed. It sometimes is desirable to have the back end of the cellar dry, and the front part somewhat moist for fruit and vegetables; but this depends upon what use you wish to make of the cellar.

Great changes have come in building small houses within a few years. Until recently the idea of hot and cold water and a bathroom in a house of this size was almost unheard of. In order to enjoy what are ordinarily called "modern conveniences," it was necessary to occupy a large house; but bathrooms, hot water in the kitchen and gas and electric lighting are growing more common all the time, and they are being installed in smaller houses every year. Because it is necessary or because a person prefers a small house, it is no longer necessary that they should do without the comforts of civilization. With the increase of small houses fitted with such luxuries, the health of the people has improved.

It is generally understood that cleanliness is a good thing for more reasons than one. Cleanliness, as long ago as Bible times, was recognized as one of the leading virtues; but the full benefits were not appreciated until the bacteriologists got to work with their microscopes and fac-

reted out a whole lot of mischievous germs that were making human life miserable. Cleanliness cannot be maintained without hot water and a reasonably warm atmosphere. This is one reason why a furnace and running hot water are so valuable in a house. These things do not necessarily cost a great deal more when you are building. There is a little additional expense, of course; but it is so small when weighed against the many benefits to be derived, that the extra cost is not worth considering. When you build, have all the modern improvements you can get your hands on. If you can't have electric light and gas at once, you can put in the pipes and wires. You can have hot water under pressure if you want it, and there is no excuse for not having a well-equipped bathroom. It is better to do without a parlor than to leave out the bathroom.

An Accepted Invitation.

The Austrian humorous writer of the nineteenth century, M. G. Saphir, was as ready with his tongue as with his pen, as the following anecdote will show: Among his friends was a Mme. Lammel, who was renowned for her stinginess. Although she loved to have people of culture at her table, she would not open her purse enough to make that table attractive. Once, after a particularly poor and scanty dinner, Mme. Lammel asked her guest:

"And when, my dear Saphir, would you dine with me again?"

Saphir heaved a hungry sigh. "At once."—Youth's Companion.

Field Neglected. Mrs. Struckit Fish—Our waiter is a student. He is working his way through college. Mr. Struckit Fish—You don't eat well, do you? Mrs. Struckit Fish—No, I don't. I've got to eat what he eats.