

Church Services

FIRST EVANGELICAL CHURCH.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

Sunday services. Sunday school at 10 a. m., preaching service at 11 a. m., subject of discourse, "Christianity a Life." Junior Y. P. A. at 2:30 p. m., Senior Y. P. A. at 6:45 p. m. Evening worship at 7:30. Brotherhood meeting on Monday night at 8. A paper will be read on "The Christian's Advantage in Business." All men are urged to attend this meeting. Mid-week prayer service on Thursday night at 8 o'clock. The public is cordially invited to attend all these gatherings. H. E. Straub, Pastor.

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. Visitors welcomed. This church is a branch of the First of Christ Scientist, Boston, Mass.

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. Chrisman, priest-in-charge.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

At 10:30 and 7:30 the usual service of worship and preaching. Bible school at noon. The Christian Endeavor Society meets at 6:30 p. m. to discuss the topic, "Why and How to Improve the Mind" under the leadership of Mr. Arthur Johnson. Prayer meeting topic for Wednesday, "Christian Zeal." Rally Day of Bible school Sept. 29.

THE BAPTIST CHURCH.

The regular morning service will be held at 10:45. The pastor will preach in the afternoon there will be special vesper services. Mrs. Genevieve Puffer Reed will interpret "The Harvest." and Mr. R. W. Babcock will give an address upon it. This service begins at 5 o'clock. Everyone is invited. All seats free, and all people are welcome.

Work.

Man must work. That is certain as the sun. But he may work grudgingly, or he may work gratefully, or he may work as a machine. He cannot always choose his work, but he can do it in a generous temper and with an up-looking heart. There is no work so rude that he may not exalt it; there is no work so impressive that he may not breathe a soul into it; there is no work so dull that he may not enliven it.—Henry Giles.

Practical Has to Be Looked To.

A journalist talked recently with a struggling composer. He inquired whether the words of the great masters did not inspire the musician. The musician granted that they did, but that they do not inspire confidence in landlords when the rent was due, an occasion for which it was well to be prepared even if you had to play cheap melodies to do it.

The Good Never Dies.

There is nothing, no nothing, innocent or good that dies and is forgotten. An infant—a prattling child dying in its cradle—will live again in better thoughts of those who loved it, and play its part through them, in the redeeming actions of the world, though its body be burnt to ashes and drowned in the deepest sea.

Spared Money to Feed Her Mind.

An English typist who stated her earnings and expenditures in answer to the London Board of Trade's circular, spent \$2 for eight volumes of Grote's "History of Greece." Her weekly wage was \$6.25. During a year she spent \$5.50 on eleven birthday presents. A girl who earned \$4.25 a week bought pamphlets describing the English poor laws and poor law commission.

Ancient Ophel Potteries.

French savants carrying out extensive investigations in Jerusalem, on the southeastern slope of the Temple hill—the Ophel of Scripture—have discovered a number of very early tombs, some of which contained pottery considered to belong to the period of 3,000 B. C.

British North Borneo.

British North Borneo has an area of 31,000 square miles and a population, according to the census of 1911, of 208,183. The European residents number 355, Chinese 26,202, Malays, 1,612, East Indians 5,511 and Filipinos 5,700. The number of natives cannot be more than approximately estimated but their number is placed at about 170,000.

Alice in a Quandary.

"What's the trouble with Alice's deep-breathing exercises?" "The teacher keeps on telling the poor girl she's got to breathe from her diaphragm, and she don't know what kind of a diagram to get her."—Baltimore

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

LESSON FOR SEPT. 8

THE MISSION OF THE TWELVE.

LESSON TEXT—Matt. 9:35 to 10:15 and 10:40 to 11:1.

GOLDEN TEXT—"He that receiveth me receiveth me, and he that receiveth me receiveth him that sent me."—Matt. 10:40.

The first verse of our lesson is a vivid picture of the life of our Lord. Going about from village to village, he taught, healed and preached the good tidings of his new kingdom. Why? Not only because of his compassionate heart as revealed in the second verse of the lesson, but also as a proof of his claims and, "that believing ye might have life through his name." John 20:30, 31. This does not, however, lessen the force of this second verse, for Jesus as the true Shepherd was indeed "touched with a feeling of our infirmities." Seeing the multitude thus without a shepherd, so faint and weary as to lay down and knowing that his great work was to be carried on by others after he had "finished" it upon Calvary, he makes special provision by choosing the twelve and telling them definitely how to carry on his ministry.

Jesus realized that no one man can minister to all others except as he multiplies his personality in the lives of others. So it is that he gives the church of today a powerful example of how to answer the prayer of verse 38 by his practical method suggested in verse 1 of chapter 10. His vision of verse 36 is the passion of his life and he intends it to be the passion of our lives.

Disciples Restricted.

Following this introduction we find a list of the peculiarly chosen ones who are to be his vice-gerents after his passing, and from verse 5 on we find the charge he delivers to them. There is in this charge, first, the note of limitation, verses 5 to 15; secondly, the note of warning, verses 16 to 23, and thirdly the note of comparison, verse 24 to the end of this chapter and including 10:1. True, in this lesson we have only the first section, the limitation together with the final words of the charge which in reality amounts to a complete identification of his apostles with himself and his life of ministry.

Notice the grouping of the names of these disciples. First the three who formed that inner circle, Peter, James and John, and with them Andrew, who first brought Peter to Jesus (John 1:41). After these the names are in groups of two, and it was as such they were afterwards sent out, Mark 6:7. So we today are not alone, Matt. 28:20, Acts 1:8.

Let us observe the restriction placed upon these disciples. They are to minister not to the Gentiles nor even the Samaritans, though Jesus did both during his life. John 4:4 and Matt. 15:22, but not so those whom he now is sending, at least not till his work is complete and Israel has had its day of opportunity. After Calvary this restriction is removed, as we can see from the book of Acts.

Another restriction is in the message and the method. The message is to be the good news of the kingdom. They are to "herald forth" that it is at hand. That the Messiah has come. We are told that they are not to force the acceptance of their message. That in its proclamation they shall receive all sorts of opposition. That they must look well to their own character, they are to be as sheep amidst wolves, they shall be hated before courts and potentates, but such persecution shall be a witness against their persecutors for "his sake."

Bearing of Disciples.

What is to be their method? First, it is to be that of absolute dependence upon the Father. It is true that Paul labored with his own hands, but at the same time he accepted the bounty of the churches and urged that such fruit might abound, Phil. 4:10, 15, 17. Jesus is here teaching us the other lesson that the "laborer is worthy of his hire." The disciple is to heal. The ministry of hospital, nursing and godly physicians is a marvelous fulfillment of this command. Observe well the ministry of medical missions. There is no greater inspiration to the Christian church. What is to be the bearing of these disciples? It is to be that of dignity and self-respect, see Luke 10:5.

While it is true the disciple is to offer and not to force his message upon the people, yet for Israel to reject was indeed a worse state than that of Sodom and Gomorrah. The overthrow and scattering of the Jewish nation is a byword in history. As to the note of compassion, we should read all of this chapter.

Remember the dignity of our work. Remember that we go in the name of One who came to "show forth the Father." Remember that as we thus "forth-tell" and show forth our Father and that as we receive others and others receive us we honor the Father. Social service is good, but let it be done in the name of a disciple and to the glory of God the Father. Such, indeed, is the practical life of the called ones who follow in the steps of him who came to minister and not to be ministered unto.

IT WAS ONCE HERS

Unbidden Guest in House Once Her Own.

BY EMMEL BEE.

"Who could have expected such a change in a few hours?" thought Mrs. Pennington, loosening the sumptuous fur coat which two years before had cost more than her present annual salary. The coat was warm, and as she pulsed with vitality, and as she walked toward the radiant western sunshine, some of its glow penetrated to her heart. "I will walk home," she said to herself, with an unconscious grimace toward a passing trolley car already crowded. "I ought to walk more, since that is an exercise which not merely costs nothing, but is economical. Isn't it funny that carfare is something to be saved!"

There was but one pleasant route by which to reach her destination, a small room on the top floor of a boarding house, and that was by way of Fifth avenue, a thoroughfare which she usually avoided. Today she entered it courageously. Suppose she might meet some one who would remember and recognize her? She could endure the pang of being spoken by an old-time acquaintance. However, she sighed and then smiled—she had learned to smile bravely—there were more who remembered yet failed to recognize. Once a woman whom she had entertained, one of a troop who had passed as friends, had caught her eye and carelessly looked away. Words could not have said more plainly: "You are no longer one of us—why bother about knowing you?" Mrs. Pennington had been bewildered, frightened, indescribably hurt, and after that day had shunned every haunt of her former life. Even the two or three true friends still surviving from it she saw but seldom, preferring not to accept hospitality which she could not return, and scolding the fringe of a social fabric of which she had once been a shining thread.

But today some sweet inference to the "slings of fortune" carried her past the old familiar places. She en-



The Longing Became Irresistible.

countered not one acquaintance in all the animated crowd and a sense of security grew upon her, disarmed her.

Sharply, of a sudden, she realized how far her feet had wandered. Before her rose a typical town house, of stone and iron, so like any other house that in her state of absent-mindedness she might have passed it heedlessly, had it not been that a striped awning, banner of some social activity, stretched from the doorway to the street. It caught her eye. And she saw that she was passing the house that had been hers. She had not come near it since the day when it had ceased to be her dwelling.

It seemed to her that she turned into a living ache. With her eyes fixed upon a distant point, she forced her way for some hundred feet until the pain had gone, and except for a heavily beating heart, she was herself again.

To that house had she come, a bride expectant of the joy of living. In that house had she lived all of her wedded life. There had she ostensibly ruled in the midst of luxury. And there, for seven years she had striven to hide from the keen eyes of the world her horror of her marriage, living with feverish gayety in a gay set, smiling in public upon her husband, shielding him, dreading him.

It had been a place of bitter disillusionment, and yet a great longing crept upon her to go back to the house, her house, to enter its door once more, to behold that manner of people were in possession now, to stand again in her rooms. Would they be greatly changed? The building had been sold with all its furnishings; perhaps these were still much as she had left them. The longing became irresistible. Slowly she retraced her steps. People were coming and going at the house; apparently it was nothing more formidable than somebody's "at home."

With remarkable calm she entered. If necessary, she could explain to the hostess who she was and what had impelled her to come.

She heard her name announced. She moved toward the hostess who was repeating charming sentences to several women at once, and who clasped her hand with partial atten-

tion and a smile which detained the unbidden guest scarcely a dozen seconds. In another moment Mrs. Pennington was moving among the throng.

What she could see of the place showed little change. Evidently the newcomers had been satisfied with her taste. There was a pretty girl pouring tea from a Sheffield pot which had been an heirloom in her family, at a table which had been a wedding gift. She accepted a cup of tea. As she had expected, the spoon was from her silver; they had changed the monogram. It was almost stupefying to look about the room to see all these strangers in her rooms! In absurd resentment she glanced toward the hostess, just in time to catch a perturbed gleam in the lady's eye.

Without being able to hear a word of what she was saying to someone whose glance was also toward Mrs. Pennington, the latter knew she was suspected. Until that instant she had fancied herself ready to come forward with ready grace and explain. At that instant she felt every social instinct and acquirement desert her. In the presence of all the silent sly eyes of her old life she was unnerved.

She dropped into a chair, her cheeks guiltily crimson, wondering what might be about to happen, feeling perfectly powerless to cope with whatever might be. As she seated herself, the chair moved slightly, brushing against a gentleman who had been standing with his back toward it. He turned quickly, glanced at the occupant who was oblivious to him, and stared.

In another moment he was exclaiming in a voice low and moved by some agitation. "Mrs. Pennington! Of all wonders!"

She looked up, with a rush of gratitude for salvation, to see the one man in the world whom she had forbidden to see her. There he was, fastidious of dress as ever, clear-skinned, clear-eyed, holding out a strong, kind hand.

"Mr. Blunt!" she answered, scarcely above her breath.

"Where have you been hiding?" he exclaimed. "People have forgotten that you are alive—all but me." She smiled. "I work for my living now, which means that I am not for society, nor society for me. I work in an office. I was on my way home when, quite accidentally, I dropped in here."

"In an office!" he repeated, amazed. "You, Mrs. Pennington! But—how fortunate for me—I didn't know you knew the Barbours."

"I don't," she replied, and to his amusement accounted for her presence. "I think you have saved me from ejection," she concluded. "I know they were doubtful of me."

For a moment he could not trust himself to speak. Then, "I don't come here often—because of the associations. There are associations for me, too." He was looking straight at her and she could not meet his eyes. Mrs. Pennington remembered their last meeting. He had chanced to come upon herself and her husband during a wretched scene. Chivalry had prompted him to her defense. All involuntarily her eyes had answered with gratitude. Pity on his part had been succeeded by a deeper feeling. Once he betrayed this, and she sent him from her presence. With a white face, he had accepted the rebuke and never erred again. In her great misery she had been able to forget him, to forget that she longed sometimes to see him.

"You were unkind once," he said in a low tone. "I do not wonder. But in the time that has passed, have you forgiven me?"

She was silent, and he added, "Perhaps you have not thought of me at all!"

"I have thought of you," she said, "as a memory that I would not relinquish."

"Think of me, not as memory, but as a man."

She smiled. "It is all a memory now, my former life and associations."

"But it may become reality again."

She rose. "I must go. Dinner at my boarding house is served at six-thirty, and who comes late fares the worse."

He moved with her toward the hostess whose perplexity, as she spoke a parting word, was not wholly hidden by smiles. "You are sure to be late this evening," he said, as Mrs. Pennington was about to withdraw. "Won't you dine with me?"

She hesitated, murmured her address and fled.

With what grief had she viewed her old home, with what longing and wistfulness entered it, and now with what joy she was speeding from it! Surely Fate had led her steps that day.

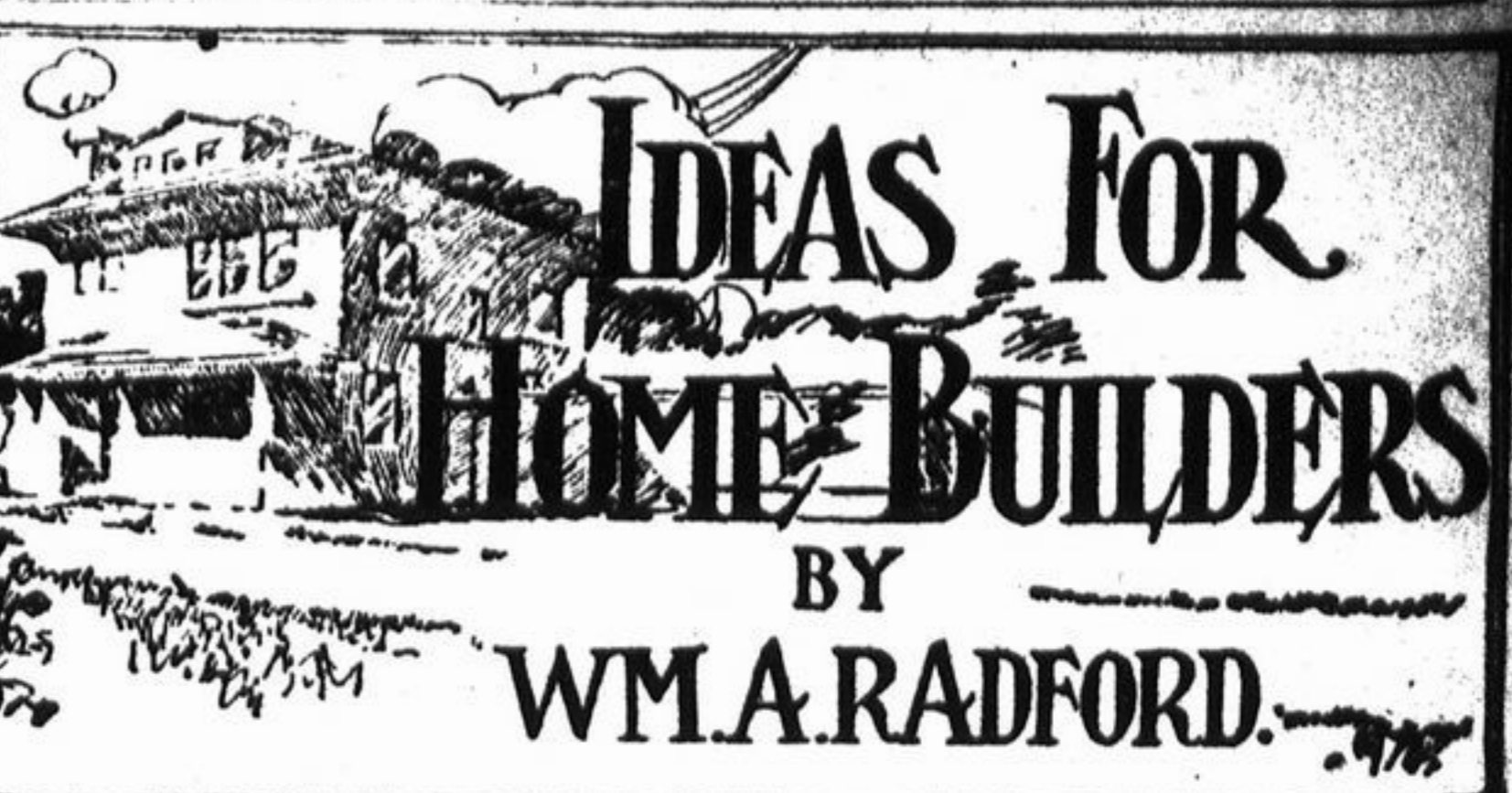
That night she dined in a fashionable restaurant for the first time in two years, wearing a wonderful gown imported from Paris two years before and never worn. She ate the deliciously prepared food, perfectly served, listened to subdued strains of music. The ease of it enveloped her and the time of struggling was forgotten. Through the enchanted hour she learned, moment by moment, that her escort was her lover.

"Will you come back," he asked, "to the life in which you belong? Will you come with me—my wife?"

Her lips were tremulous with happiness. "Ask if I will enter Paradise," she said.

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Mean. The red-haired girl was being teased about the color of her hair. "My hair is not red," she said indignantly; "it is burnished gold." "Really?" said her best friend. "What color?"



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 house here illustrated is built on a plan that many might say belongs to the "old school," but it has a good deal to recommend it. Those who appreciate plenty of light and air like to have rooms built on this plan, because they can have all the windows they want, and have them so placed that sunlight can penetrate into every room.

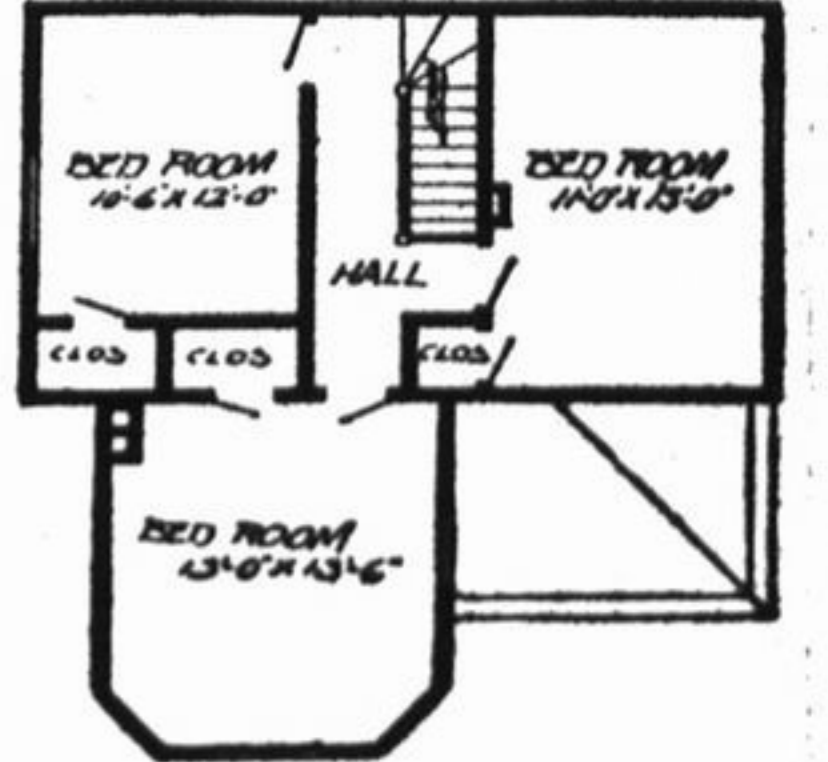
The first houses, built when the country was new to white folks, were square or nearly so. Then, as more room was needed, they were extended in one direction, keeping generally to one room in width. When the limit in this form was reached, some bright, intelligent fellow branched off at right angles, and built a room on the side of his house. This must have been considered a great innovation, as well as a great invention, and so it was, for it has been handed down from one generation to the next, and we still find the idea worth adopting.

There is no record of the original house built on this plan; so we do not know whether it had an upstairs or not; but there is a good second story to this house, and there is also a good cellar—another feature that the original architect didn't understand. It is necessary to "hike" back to those "good old times" when luxuries approached closely to what we call privations, in order to appreciate what we now have.

We could live as the early pioneers did, in one-room houses built with an ax; but we should rather not do it in the winter time. There are, however, a few principles that were worked into those early habitations that we cannot get away from, and we do not want to. One is the open-air freedom, the light and cheerful setting of trees and clearing, and the open fire-

ing circumstances, and changes in families are continually taking place. It is customary, under certain conditions, to build a house larger than necessary, and to leave some rooms unfinished to save expense at the time of building; but it is quite unusual to select a plan with the expectation of making alterations. In fact, it usually is very undesirable to do so.

One feature about this plan that will strike everybody favorably is the possibility of building it for about \$1,600. In these times of advancing prices, no one expects much of a house for any such price. A man



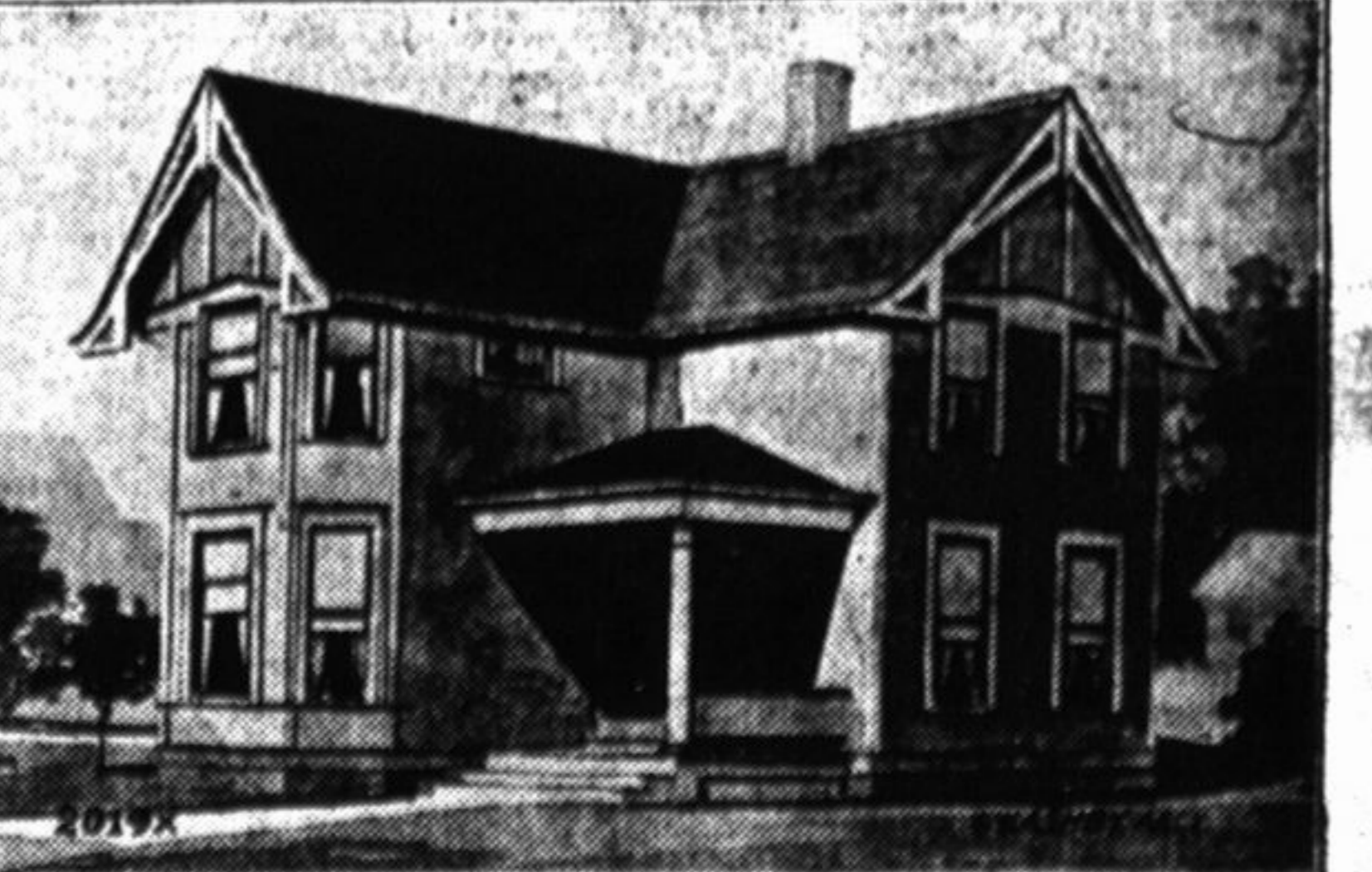
Second Floor Plan.

would have to manage very carefully to get this house for that amount of money; but it can be done in localities where building materials and labor can be had at reasonable prices, and provided the owner understands how to take advantage of such conditions.

FAMOUS RELIC OF THE PAST

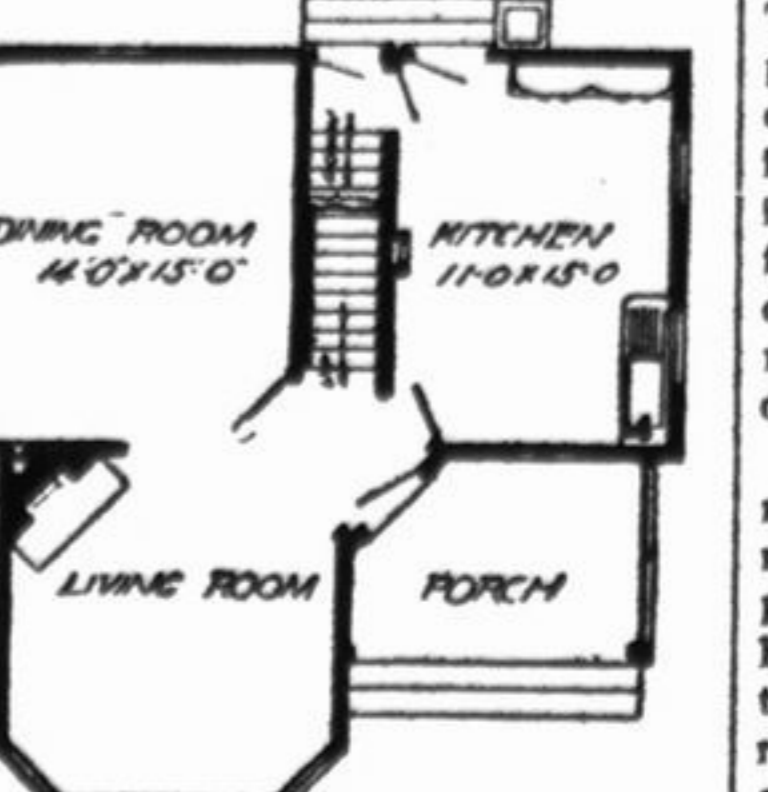
Iron Pillar of Delhi, Made of Welded Metal, Was Wrought Some 1,500 Years Ago.

The famous "Iron Pillar" of Delhi, which stands in the inner courtyard of the "Quth" mosque, about nine miles south of the modern city, has always excited the interest of metallurgists and engineers as well as historians. It was probably made about 413 A. D.



place, the cheerful warmth of which still lingers in our hearts as a heritage from primeval days.

As this house is 30 feet wide and the projections at the roof gables are extra, it needs considerable room. The law has decided that you must not hang your roof over your neighbor's ground, so it would be impossible to put this house on a narrow-minded



First Floor Plan.

city lot. If you want to build on this plan, you must have room enough to look out in every direction.

There is another advantage in a plan of this kind, and that is the possibility of extending it at the back without interfering with the original plan. Some houses may be enlarged when the family increases, while other plans cannot be altered without tearing the whole house to pieces. There are only six rooms in the plan as designed, but the rooms are all large. If an eight-room house is wanted in the years to come, the only thing necessary is to add a wing at the back similar to the one in front, and make two rooms that can be reached without any objectionable features and with no alteration in the original plan except the cutting of two doors.

It is not desirable, as a general thing, to build a house smaller than you really want, with the expectation of making it larger afterwards; but there are a great many different meth-

and moved to its present site in 1058. As it is between 23 and 24 feet high, 12 inches in diameter at the base, and 12 at the top, and probably weighs over six tons, its manufacture at so early a period as the fifth century partakes somewhat of the marvelous. And it was rendered even more of a manufacturing wonder when the discovery was made some years ago that it was a solid piece of welded wrought-iron. The curious yellowish tinge of the upper part had led to the belief that it consisted of brass or bronze. The welding together of such a mass of metal in those primitive days, centuries before the era of modern forges and drop hammers, must have been a mighty troublesome job for King Candar's iron workers.

Some years ago Sir Alexander Cunningham had a rough analysis of the metal in the Pillar made, which finally proved it to be wrought iron. Sir Robert Hadfield, a past president of the British Iron and Steel Institute, recently obtained new samples of the column and subjected them to a careful and very thorough analysis—"the first thorough analysis," he believes. The result was as follows: "Carbon, 0.08; silicon, 0.046; sulphur, 0.006; phosphorus, 0.114; iron, 99.72; total 99.964." Plainly a really excellent type of wrought iron, says Sir Robert, and much to be wondered at when the date of its manufacture is borne in mind. The small quantity of sulphur indicates the use of unusually pure fuel, probably charcoal. The absence of manganese, an element usually present in wrought iron, is also of interest. The specific gravity of the metal was found to be 7.51.

Low Wages for Lace-making.

The hand-made lace industry is important in Belgium, but has been injured by the advent of the machine-made product. There are about 50,000 women, mostly working women in East and West Flanders, producing the country's lace. The wages of these workers are low, and are being reduced still further.