

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

LESSON FOR JUNE 14

THE FRIEND OF SINNERS.

LESSON TEXT—Luke 13:3-4; 13:10. GOLDEN TEXT—"I came not to call the righteous but sinners." Mark 2:17.

The first section of our lesson is the beginning of a new paragraph (see R. V.) and contains one of the Master's best-known parables. Immediately preceding this is the parable of the unjust judge and the importunate widow. We are plainly told (v. 8) why the Master spoke this parable. It is easy to say that those who trusted in their own righteousness and "set all others at naught" (R. V.) were the Pharisees, but such is not the case; and this parable is a warning to us, lest we also trust our own righteousness (Isa. 64:6). Using this particular class as a background, Jesus paints, in words of simple grandeur, a picture quite familiar throughout the ages. In it he reveals the falseness of human standards and declares the judgment of heaven. The contrast is vivid. Let us look at (1) the Pharisee. The illuminating phrase is in the words "he prayed with himself" (v. 11). Ostentatiously the Pharisees separated themselves from their fellow men and this separation seems to have extended even into his prayer life, and he is withdrawn from God also. This is an appalling picture of the man who trusts only himself. Examine his prayer and we see the supposed prayer is really a psalm of self-exaltation.

Humility of Heart.

(2) The Publican regarded himself as "the sinner" (v. 13 R. V. marg.). He knew he was a great, an irreligious offender against law and grace. He had sacrificed everything to acquire money. He comes with no outward show except an abundant evidence of the shame and humility of his heart. He also was excluded from men but not from God. Burdened with the sense of his sin, he casts himself upon the mercy of God. He is absolutely devoid of any trust in himself, any contempt for others, and makes a straight, earnest, passionate abandonment of himself and his need to God. He goes away "justified" (judged right). Why? Because he had taken the right place, a sinner's place before God, and found pardon.

(3) The Second Section is a story and deals with an individual case, Zaccheus, who was a "chief Publican." Jesus sought him (see Golden Text), whereas Zaccheus was animated by curiosity, and the writer informs us he was small of stature, hence the necessity of climbing the sycamore tree. He went up the tree because of curiosity, he came down because of conviction. He wanted to see this man in the center of the crowd and was amazed to hear Jesus call him by name.

Must Yield Wealth.

Zaccheus was rich, dishonest, dissatisfied, but desperately in earnest, and a man of prompt decision. The estimation of his fellow-citizens is indicated by v. 7. Notwithstanding all of this Zaccheus was not so wedded to his money as to let it keep him out of the kingdom. In chapter 18 we read of the rich man who "lacked one thing." He was lost—"went away"—because he would not yield his wealth (see also 18:26, 27). What took place within the house of Zaccheus we are not told, but for the Master to enter was looked upon either as amazing ignorance of Zaccheus' character or else extreme carelessness concerning the maintenance of his own character. Jesus was dealing with one man, not the multitude, hence he leaves them to their amusement. While this is true, yet we can surmise something of that interview by the result (v. 8) for Zaccheus seems to have made a public avowal of his ethical and moral change of heart. Note the steps: (1) He "sought to see Jesus," John 3:14, 15; Isa. 45:22. (2) He was very much in earnest, "climbed a sycamore tree," Luke 13:24. (3) He made no delay, "make haste" Isa. 55:6. The result was that of great blessing to the people and joy in the heart of Zaccheus. (4) He was obedient, joyously and promptly. The genuineness of his transformation was evidenced by the way it affected his pocketbook. He made abundant restitution and gave bountifully to the poor. The love of God shed abroad in the heart of a miserly, selfish man or church will promote honesty both to God and man.

AT THE BOOKING OFFICE OFF-STAGE COMEDIES by Will Bradshaw

LEILA WAS JUST A DAY LATE.

Leila Westcott (leading lady)—What do you know about it, girls? I just turned down an offer from Sam Putton, the producer, to feature me in a big play with the pick of Broadway for a supporting company. Can you imagine it?
Alice Le Due (of the chorus)—We certainly can't. I thought you'd be glad to do seven shows a day in a shootin' gallery, the way you've been weeping around here for a contract with dollar marks on it.
Leila Westcott—Pooch, pooch, young one. Sam Putton knows his line of work. He lost so much this year he realizes it will take a star like Miss Westcott to recoup his shattered fortune.
Algy (late of the 'Allie)—I s'y, Leila. Don't you know it was your nine on one-sheets that put us where we are today—lookin' for something for the last 'art of next week? I wouldn't have cared only I was gettin' where I could like me place in society, y' know. It was you who induced me to go out in "A Lonesome Widow."
Billy Daly (a single)—So it was the leadin' lady that turned the Lonesome show into a flivver, eh?
Maudie Lalor (soubrette)—It was 50 and 50, Billy. Her and Algy shared that honor. I seen some of the notices they got at Ithaca. Whew! That Morning Star cricket must have hated himself for a week after. It was the most sizzling pan I ever

seen, and I'm a good judge of criticisms.
Dad Waddell (who knew Booth—by sight)—I suppose because you've had so many yourself. A criticism of my work isn't in existence today.
Algy—I'll bet some of the old newspaper files are still left.
Maudie Lalor—What do you know about it, Dad? Don't rebuke a lady. When you played "Hamlet" for the ushers' fund, didn't I say you was the niftiest old ham for your age that I had ever seen? Don't knock; it ain't professional.
Algy—Let him s'y what he pleases. 'is Hamlet was detestable.
Dad Waddell—My Prince of Denmark was something like this—
Billy Daly—Cut it out.
Algy—Give us some more of it, Dad. It puts me in mind of the time I was with Al Barnes' rep, doing flag stations.
Leila Westcott—I shall never forget Sam for giving me that chance. I had a presentiment that something would happen—
Billy Daly—Something would. One week out and another bunch of trustin' trowsers would go over the brink. It takes a personality to head a production. Now, I have an idea for a play written around my specialty. It would be a riot.
Maudie Lalor—Put clamps on the comedy. What chance has your Georgie Cohan imitations got in a real show? You can't get booking now. You never had any luck since you and Susie separated.
Algy—Separated, eh? Who got the custody of the scenery, Billy?
Leila Westcott—When I think of the awful deal poor Susie got when she married Billy Daly! A man who never got a bow or a curtain that he didn't steal. Some day Cohan will hear of his work and have him arrested for malicious mischief.
Alice Le Due—I knew Susie well. She came from Yonkers and got her first part in "The Fly By Night." She only played in the chorus two weeks when she had a fat part handed to her. The night before we came in for our run the author came out to see us, and the minute he saw Susie he wanted to write her a star-in' vehicle right away.
Algy—E was wise. Susie is a one beat bet, as y' s'y over 'ere.
Leila Westcott—Did Artie Writem have a case of heart trouble like that?
Alice Le Due—Did he? I was standing next to her after the second act when he out and asks her to be his the next day. He said if she didn't marry him he'd lose his amb-



"When You Played Hamlet for the Ushers' Fund Didn't I Say You Was the Niftiest Old Ham for Your Age That I Had Ever Seen? Don't Knock, it Ain't Professional."

tion, go to the bow-wows in a week, smash his typewriter and quit the same.
Algy—I notice 'e just registered 'is biggest 't an' 'e's still single.
Dad Waddell—The gentleman didn't mean a word of it. He was probably trying some new lines, to hear how they'd sound.
Maudie Lalor—Aw, don't y' think a man can have any real sentiment? Certainly, he meant it. Artie's whole family is that way. I knew his brother, Wallie, before he married Elsie Van Allen.
Leila Westcott—Was he sentimental, like Artie?
Dad Waddell—Sentiment is a thing apart from me. I remember—
Alice Le Due—Wallie was there with the romantic material. Elsie was one of the Flying Van Allens. She did an aerial serpentine for a close. Wallie was in the house one night, caught her act, and because she put him in mind of a flyin' angel he made Artie introduce him, and married her the next week.
Leila Westcott—That's what I call putting the "rome" in romance. If the Writem boys are that kind of stock, I want to meet Artie as soon as possible.
Algy—That Wallie must 'ave 'ad a wonderful imagination. Susie mide me think of a flyin' pelican.
Leila Westcott—I want to see Sam Putton again. If Artie Writem was the author he had in mind for the play, it's going to be my name on a

Putton contract. An author like that puts soul in his work. When I know he wrote it, it will magnetize me.
Billy Daly—You need magnetism; you don't attract anything now.
Alice Le Due—You're speakin', Leila. Artie is the man you needed to write you something. I can see you livin' his characters.
Dad Waddell—The seven ages of man I could do. I remember—
Algy—I can ply an old man so 'e'll look younger than 'is grand-children. That's art, o' chap.
Maudie Lalor—It's a wonder you never met Artie. His personality and yours are exactly alike.
Alice Le Due—I bet the minute he sees her it will be Wallie's romance repeated; eh, Maudie?
Leila Westcott—Oh, girls!
Dad Waddell—Years have brought him discretion. I remember—
Leila Westcott—I'm going to accept Sam's offer. I'm positive Artie is his author. Something tells me—
Algy—It means a dinner for us on your 'appy wedding d'y, Leila.
Book Agent (entering)—You have often heard Artie Writem say that the woman he married would have to be noble and strong? Well, that's what he got. He just married Hercules of the strong lady act—the Atlases.
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About the Modern Jail.
A jail is a place where people go when they are too poor to get bail or hire the right kind of a lawyer.
The object of a jail is to protect society from amateur criminals until they have been in jail long enough to become incurable. They are then let loose in order that the newspapers may be able to print enough information about their activities to keep up their circulation.
Jails are usually made out of stone and iron. The stone, which is purposely thick, is used to keep out the rain and to protect the prisoners from sunshine and fresh air. The iron is used to enter their souls with.
Some jails are models of luxury and are provided with real bathtubs, where small coal and other bric-a-brac can be conveniently stored.—Life.
Know When to Hiss.
Foots Lighte—Don't you think a steam-heating pipe sometimes shows human intelligence?
Miss Sue Brette—Sure; I noticed it hissed while you were on the stage.

Forget-Me-Not.
"Ah, yes, there are still true and loyal souls in this sad world," murmured the solemn individual in the tortoise-shell glasses. "I used to know a dear girl—it was ten long years ago—and not a year has passed since that she hasn't written me a birthday letter. Always what she writes is about the same: 'Dear Alfred, I can't ever forget, not if I live to be a hundred, this day of all the days in the year. Let me once again wish you long life and happiness with all my heart,' etc."
"Very sweet of the girl," said the stout young man with the ambling waistcoat, "very sweet of her, indeed."
"Very," replied the solemn individual; "only, you see, she writes that dashed letter to me on a different day every year."

SCALY PSORIASIS ON LIMBS

Troop H, 6th U. S. Cavalry, Camp McCoy, Sparta, Wis.—"I was troubled with psoriasis for nearly two years. Portions of my arms and limbs were affected mostly with it. It appeared in scaly form, breaking out in very small dots and gradually grew larger and white scales formed when about the size of an ordinary match-head. The looks of it was horrible, which made it very unpleasant for me. It itched a little at times.
"I tried several treatments which cured me for a month, but it always broke out again. One day a friend saw the advertisement of Cuticura Soap and Ointment in the paper and I sent for a sample. They helped me, so I purchased two more boxes of Cuticura Ointment and some Cuticura Soap and they completely cured me. It took three months for Cuticura Soap and Ointment to complete my cure." (Signed) Walter Mahony, Oct. 23, 1913.
Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

Unpromising.
"The Frosts expect their boy will be a priest first and then a bishop."
"Do you think he will?"
"Nope. That boy will never confirm anything but the neighbors' worst fears."—Life.

All that glitters isn't gold. Many a man has pinned his faith to a star, only to discover that it was really only a firefly.

But a crank ceases to be a crank when he does you a good turn.

He Was Right.
"Money won't buy happiness, my dear."
"Certainly the little that you earn won't."—Detroit Free Press.

HAD NO RATIONS TO SPARE

Good Reason Why Confederate Commander Was Willing to See His Prisoners Escape.

When, at Gaines Mill in 1862, the 6th Texas captured two whole regiments of Union soldiers, the Texans were all very proud of their achievement. One of them has described an amusing scene in connection with the surrender.

When the Union Officers gave up their swords to Col. Upton, they were so prompt in the duty that he was compelled to lay down the frying pan which he carried in the place of a sword and hold the weapons presented in his arms.

Just then he noticed a commotion at the far end of the captured regiments. That was near the timber, and a squad of the prisoners were making an effort to pass by "Big John" Ferris of Company B, who stood there unaided, endeavoring to intercept them.

Springing upon a log, the armful of swords dangling about in every direction, Upton shouted:
"John Ferris, what are you trying to do now?"

"I am trying to keep these fellows from escaping," yelled Big John.
"Let them go, you fool!" shouted back Upton. "We'd rather fight than feed them!"

Followed Her Vanished Nest.

This story of a thrush that missed, and caught its train comes from Limavady, in Ulster, Ireland. The bird had built its nest under a first-class carriage immediately over the steam heating pipe, and notwithstanding that the carriage traveled between Limavady and Londonderry, the nest contained four eggs.

The institution of the summer service of trains caused trouble. The carriage left Londonderry in the evening at 4:40 instead of 4:50, and when the mother thrush, who had presumably been on a foraging expedition, returned, she found carriage, nest and eggs had disappeared. She was noticed at Londonderry in apparent distress, and the station master apprised Limavady of the circumstances and asked the railway people there to look out for the bird, suggesting that she would probably arrive by the next train. The bird duly arrived at Limavady either by train or air and resumed her task of hatching the eggs.

The sympathetic railway officials have decided to withdraw the carriage from service pending the hatching of the eggs.

Money won't buy happiness, my dear.
"Certainly the little that you earn won't."—Detroit Free Press.

WOMAN COULD HARDLY STAND

Because of Terrible Backache. Relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Philadelphia, Pa.—"I suffered from displacement and inflammation, and had such pains in my sides, and terrible backache so that I could hardly stand. I took six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and now I can do a very amount of work, sleep good, eat good, and don't have a bit of trouble. I recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to every suffering woman."—Mrs. HARRY FISHER, 1642 Juniata Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Another Woman's Case.
Providence, R. I.—"I cannot speak too highly of your Vegetable Compound as it has done wonders for me and I would not be without it. I had a displacement, bearing down, and backache, until I could hardly stand and was thoroughly run down when I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helped me and I am in the best of health at present. I work in a factory all day long besides doing my housework so you can see what it has done for me. I give you permission to publish my name and I speak of your Vegetable Compound to many of my friends."—Mrs. ANNE LAWSON, 126 Lippitt St., Providence, R. I.

Danger Signals to Women
are what one physician called backache, headache, nervousness, and the blues. In many cases they are symptoms of some female derangement or an inflammatory, ulcerative condition, which may be overcome by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Thousands of American women willingly testify to its virtue.

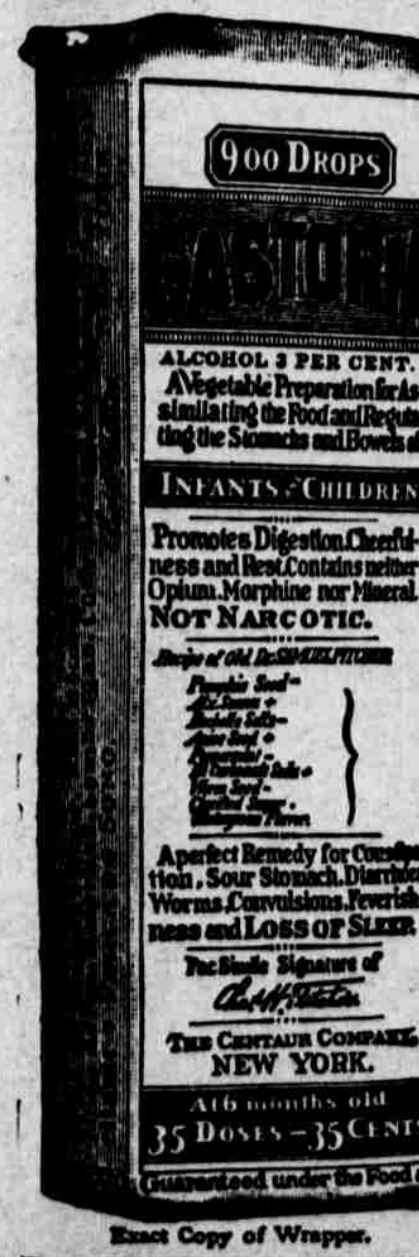
Your Liver Is Clogged Up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days. They do their duty. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion and Sick Headache. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature
Carter's Little Liver Pills

What is Castoria.

CASTORIA is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.



Letters from Prominent Physicians addressed to Chas. H. Fletcher.

Dr. Albert W. Kahl, of Buffalo, N. Y., says: "I have used Castoria in my practice for the past 26 years. I regard it as an excellent medicine for children."
Dr. Gustave A. Eisenberger, of St. Paul, Minn., says: "I have used your Castoria repeatedly in my practice with good results, and can recommend it as an excellent, mild and harmless remedy for children."
Dr. E. J. Dennis, of St. Louis, Mo., says: "I have used and prescribed your Castoria in my sanitarium and outside practice for a number of years and find it to be an excellent remedy for children."
Dr. S. A. Buchanan, of Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have used your Castoria in the case of my own baby and find it pleasant to take, and have obtained excellent results from its use."
Dr. J. E. Simpson, of Chicago, Ill., says: "I have used your Castoria in cases of colic in children and have found it the best medicine of its kind on the market."
Dr. R. E. Eskildson, of Omaha, Neb., says: "I find your Castoria to be a standard family remedy. It is the best thing for infants and children I have ever known and I recommend it."
Dr. L. R. Robinson, of Kansas City, Mo., says: "Your Castoria certainly has merit. Is not its age, its continued use by mothers through all these years, and the many attempts to imitate it, sufficient recommendation? What can a physician add? Leave it to the mothers."
Dr. Edwin F. Fardeau, of New York City, says: "For several years I have recommended your Castoria and shall always continue to do so, as it has invariably produced beneficial results."
Dr. N. B. Sizer, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I object to what are called patent medicines, where maker alone knows what ingredients are put in them, but I know the formula of your Castoria and advise its use."

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher
The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.