

News of the Churches and Religious Topics

Directory.

Baptist—

Bethel—Twenty-ninth and T streets South Omaha. The Rev. J. C. Brown, pastor, residence 467 South Thirty-first street. Services, Morning, 11; evening, 7:30; Sunday School 1 p. m.; B. Y. P. B., 6:30 p. m.; praise service, 7:30 p. m.

Mt. Moriah—Twenty-sixth and Seward streets. The Rev. W. B. M. Scott, pastor. Services: Sunday School, 9:30 a. m.; preaching, 11 a. m. and 8 p. m.; B. Y. P. U. at 6 p. m.

Zion—Twenty-sixth and Franklin (temporary location). The Rev. W. F. Botts, pastor; residence, 2522 Grant street. Telephone Webster 5838. Services: Devotional hour, 10:30 a. m.; preaching, 11 a. m.; Sunday School, 1 to 2 p. m.; pastor's Bible class, 2 to 3 p. m.; B. Y. P. U., 6:30 p. m.; choir devotion, 7:30 p. m.; preaching 8 p. m.

Episcopal—

Church of St. Philip the Deacon—Twenty-first near Paul street. The Rev. John Albert Williams, rector. Residence, 1119 North Twenty-first street. Telephone Webster 4243. Ser-

vices daily at 7 a. m. and 9 a. m. Fridays at 8 p. m. Sundays at 7:30 a. m., 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 12:45 p. m.

Methodist—

Grove M. E.—Twenty-second and Seward streets. The Rev. G. G. Logan, pastor. Residence, 1628 North Twenty-second street. Services: Sunday School at 10 a. m.; preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Epworth League, 6:30 p. m.

Allen Chapel, A. M. E., 181 South Twenty-fifth street, South Omaha.—The Rev. Harry Shepherd, pastor. Residence, 181 South Twenty-fifth street. Services: Preaching, 11 a. m.; Sunday School, 1:30 p. m.

St. John's A. M. E.—Eighteenth and Webster streets. The Rev. W. T. Osborne, pastor. Residence, 613 North Eighteenth street. Telephone Douglas 5914. Services: Sunday, 11 a. m. and 8 p. m., preaching; 12 noon, class; 1:15 p. m., Sunday School; 7 p. m., Endeavor; Wednesday, 8 p. m., prayer and class meetings. Everybody made welcome at all of these meetings.

Science Notes

BY WILLIAM G. HAYNES.

THE SCIENCE OF MEMORIZING.

Now, is there not a scientific way of remembering such a difficult thing as a name? Salesmen need to know how to do this more than any other group of people, unless it be politicians. This is the way it may be done. When you meet Mr. Brewer, get the name clearly, speak it clearly, fasten your mind upon it. That will make the impression deep. Next say it to yourself while you look at the man's eyes, face, form, and when you hear him speak and see him walk. This will give you many pathways leading into the impression. After he has left you, recall his name a few times during the next twenty minutes. This will fix his name so that you will know him anywhere you may see him, and so that you can call him by name almost the very minute after you catch a glimpse of him.

The same method may be applied in the learning of other things that must be memorized, and with equal success. Attend with all your will power to the thing you wish to remember, repeat it several times and after intervals of rest, and, lastly, associate it with as many of your other ideas as you can. This is the science of memorizing.

The adult brain is criss-crossed in thousands of directions by pathways such as we have described. During all our waking hours, the mind travels through these, from one to another, choosing for itself which course to take at every point of crossing. Its movements are irregular, consisting of stops and flights, the stops occurring in the idea impressions, and the flights, along the pathway between impressions. The amount of time spent at each stop varies, but probably averages about three or four seconds.—The Spatula.

COFFEE A FOOD.

Coffee performs two functions as a food. A food is any substance which,

when taken into the alimentary canal and absorbed into the blood, is used for building up the body tissues, that is, the organism, or for the production of heat and energy, or for bringing about conditions favorable for the production of heat and energy. Coffee does not perform the first function to any marked degree, that is of building up the body organism. Coffee produces—on account of its percentage of fat or oil which constitutes about one-eighth of the total weight of the coffee—to that extent it furnishes a substance capable of being burned in the body and produces heat and energy. In addition to that, however, coffee renders the body capable of consuming and assimilating more nitrogenous food such as meat than it otherwise would consume or make available, and of using this meat or proteid or nitrogenous food in the production of heat and energy, and in this way it increases the amount of available energy that can be obtained from a given quantity of food.—The Spatula.

The above clipping was taken from a current pharmaceutical journal, and is interesting because it presents coffee in a light that is little thought of. For once it is not depicted as the enemy of man and sleep and nerves.

The editor of this column would like to receive the opinions of some of its readers upon the preceding abstract. It is taken for granted that coffee as mentioned here applies to the aqueous extract that appears at so many breakfast tables every morning. One or two points that might be deserving of comment are, first, whether a sufficient quantity of the oil or fat of coffee is extracted by the hot water to be of benefit to the consumer of the liquid extract; and, secondly, whether the food value of coffee is, or is not far overbalanced by the injurious effects of the caffeine.

"When first he was married, he used to boast that his wife had a way of her own."

"Well?"

"Now he complains that she has her own way."—Judge.

I KNEW HIM WHEN HE WAS ALL RIGHT.

A bunch of young fellows were out on a lark, and while standing on the corner making hilarious remarks about themselves and everybody else that passed by, a little scene took place that put a damper on their frivolity. In the midst of their revelry a man came staggering along. He was ragged, red faced and despondent. Instantly the gang began to jeer at him and make light remarks. One of the boys in the crowd suddenly discovered that the subject of ridicule was an old friend of his father. He had known him when a boy in a country town as a prosperous merchant. Reverses had made a wreck of the fellow and he was sliding down hill about as fast as he could go. Suddenly the young fellow who had known him in his boyhood raised his hand and stopped his companions from making any further remarks. Then he said:

Hold on boys, don't ridicule Casey
Because he is clear down and out;
Don't twit and laugh at his manner,
His rags and his reeling about.
The clothes he is wearing are tattered
And his face is a terrible sight,
But, boys, spread the mantle of kindness,
I knew him when he was all right.

Years ago in a town called Ulysses
Pat Casey was one of the men
Who made business hum with a spirit,
He was happy and prosperous then.
But fate took his money and savings,
Death claimed his wife Maggie one night,
So, boys, have a heart for old Casey,
I knew him when he was all right.

The bunch of young fellows stood silent,
With heads bowed to indicate shame;
They were sorry they jeered at old Casey,
Or said ought that would injure his name.
"Come, Casey, we're for you, old timer,
You're good for some twenty years more,"
Said a lad, as he gave him a five-spot,
And the others showered silver galore.
The face of Pat now was a study,
As he glared at the silver and bills;
He thought sure at first he was dreaming,
And he knew he had fever and chills.
A lump in his throat almost choked him,
As he heartily thanked the young men
And swore in their presence that evening
He'd never touch liquor again.

It's a lesson we all should remember,
For fate is a wily old fox;
Today you may be worth thousands,
And tomorrow knocked out of the box.
Be careful in chiding a person,
For we are all equal in might,
And some one can say of each brother,
I knew him when he was all right.
—Tanner's Magazine.

ENCOURAGING.

"Here, my dear," said the husband, producing his purse; "here's fifty dollars I won playing cards in the smoking room last night. You may have it to buy that dress you wanted."

Reluctantly the conscientious wife took the money, then, said, with an expression of rigid rectitude:

"I simply shudder at the thought of using money gained in such a way. Henry, promise me that after you have won enough for me to buy the hat to go with the dress you will never touch those awful cards. I don't want my husband to become a gambler."—Topeka Journal.

Culinary Hints and Recipes

BY E. W. PRYOR,
Steward Omaha Commercial Club

Good Cookies.

Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, cream well. Add three well beaten eggs, one cup of thick sour cream, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in cream, one nutmeg, one pinch of salt; add enough flour so they will roll easily; set in refrigerator or cool place over night. In morning roll very thin and bake in quick oven.

MRS. J. W. WALLACE.

Humbled.

Mrs. Mellen did not wish to offend her new cook.

"John," she said to the man servant, "can you find out, without asking the cook, whether the tinned salmon was all eaten last night? You see, I don't wish to ask her, because she may have eaten it, and then she would feel uncomfortable," added the good soul.

"If you please, ma'am," replied the man, "the new cook has eaten the tinned salmon, and if you was to say anything to her you couldn't make her feel any more uncomfortable than she is."—Christian Register.

Man's Part.

"Woman," says Dr. Anna Shaw, "ever has been man's companion, sharing his exile, espousing his cause, and buckling on his armour." And man ever has been woman's companion, sharing her happiness, espousing her when she would have him, and buttoning her up the back."—Boston Globe.

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