

Conducted by Lucille Skaggs Edwards.

#### HAVE A PURPOSE.

The summer has past, autumn is here. September,

"With summer's best of weather And autumn's best of cheer."

The cool weather brings a relief to us after the continued warm days of summer. Our children have returned to school and we have settled down to our work in the home, the office or whatever be our vocation, with fresh zeal and interest. In fact, it like beginning of a new year.

Are we merely drudging along or have we a purpose in life? Are we making every action count in perparation for working out some aim? We best help ourselves by helping others. We accomplish most good by not seeking happiness, but by creating it. Of the children and youths in school we would ask: "How are you spending your time?" Are you studying merely to pass examinations? Is your effort for school and not for life? It is a mystery we cannot fathom that not only life but eternity depends so much for its happiness upon the first years-those happy, free-and-easy years when life has no burdens. But it is true nevertheless, that we must start in the right direction if we would reach a given point and we must cultivate the noblest virtues from childhood if we would be distinguished by them in mature life.

Dear child, dear youth, you are laying the foundation for the building you are to erect; and you are not a wise architect if you do not build according to some plan and lay every block in its proper place. If, as the poet tells us,

"Our todays and yesterdays

Are the blocks with which we build."

Every day of our lives will need to be strong and sound. Let us live for the things that are worth while, for nothing is really lasting but that which is good.

L. S. E.

#### STORIES PICKED UP

He always wuz a-singin' Ter "make de gospel fly," But, come ter payin' fer de wings-He let de hat go by!

W'en dey took up a collection Fer de heathen 'crost the sea, He shut his eyes en raise de tune; "I'm glad salvation's free!"

En w'en he gits ter heaven-

he rejoices with me in my successes. I depend upon his loyal adherence, for without it I would be weak or filled with a vain conceit. His voice is the one that speaks to me in the still watches of the night and its message rings true-unfalteringtly and

directly true, for he does not fear. Unselfishly he journeys with me through life's highways and bywaysthrough sunshine and shadow, from mountain to plain. Guide, censor, comforter and adviser, I make of him-My Friend-Pills and Pallet.

## MOTHER'S CHAIR By T. DeWitt Talmage

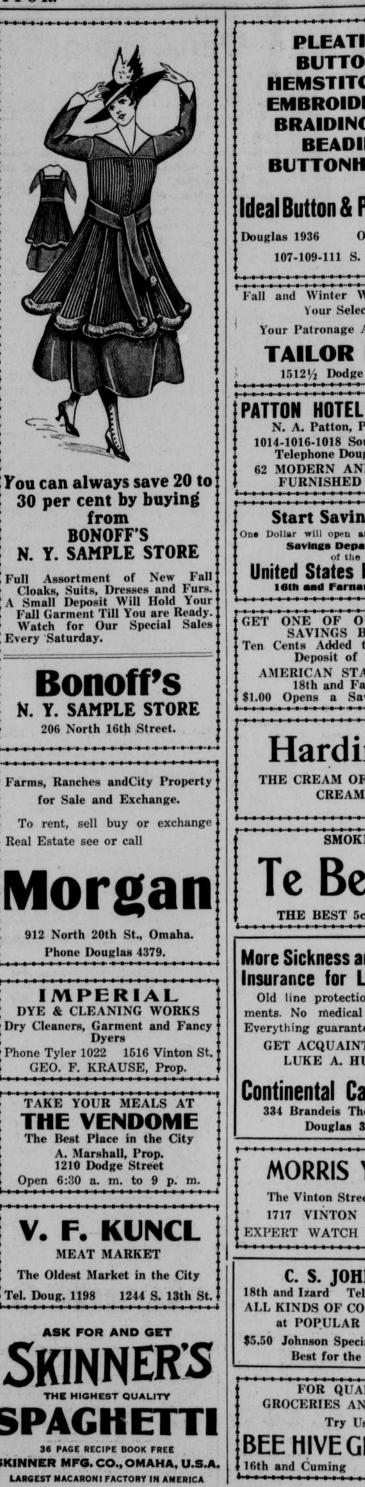
Mother's chair had rocked the whole family. It made a creaking noise as it moved, but there was music in its sound. It was just high enough to allow us children to put our heads where we deposited all our hurts and worries. Oh, what a chair that was. . . It was a very wakeful chair! In the sick day of children other chairs could not keep awake-it kept easily awake. That chair knew all the old lullabies, and all those wordless songs which mothers sing to their children. Songs in which all pity and compassion and sympathetic influences are combined. That old chair has stopped rocking for a good many years. It may be set up in the loft or garret, but it holds a queenly power yet.

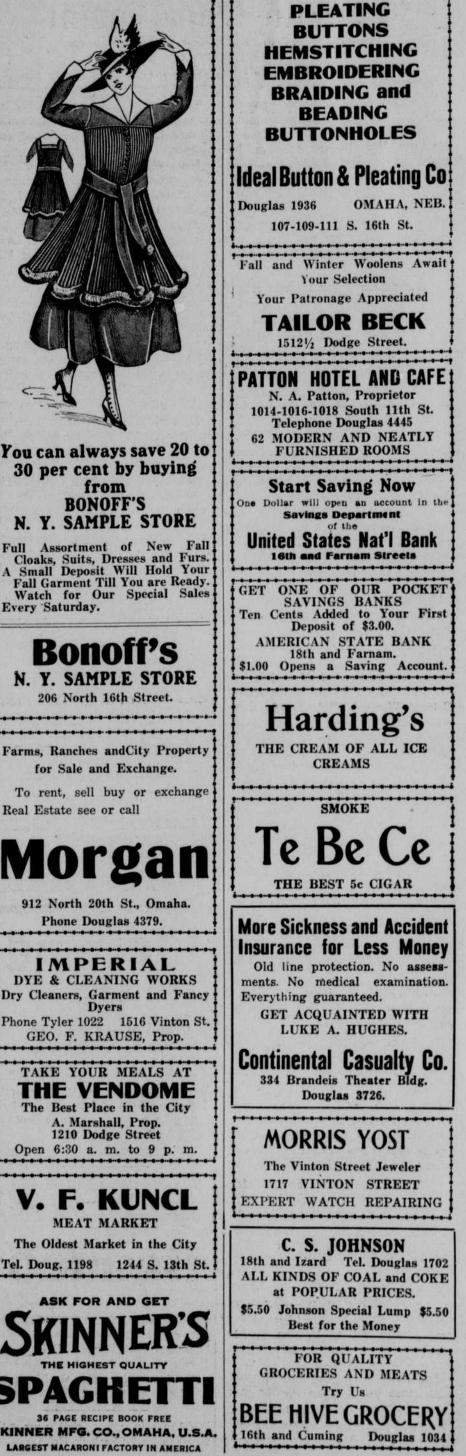
# **DUBOIS DRAMATIC CLUB** PRESENTS "THE STARRY FLAG"

"The Starry Flag," a stirring three act drama, was presented at the Boyd Theatre the evening of September 21, by the Du Bois Dramatic Club, to a large and appreciative audience. In aa.l'tion to the drama, Mrs. Marguerett Lee, the Hawaiian Nightingale, charmed and thrilled the audience with song; and Mr. Walter Bell, as usual, made his hit.

The cast of characters was as follows:

Miss Beatrice Majors, as Mabel Horton, acted like a professional; John A. Smith, as Harvey Maitland, i.1 love with Mabel, was charged with performing a humorous and difficult role, and acquitted himself cleverly; Mrs. Ada Smith, as Alice Maitland, sister of Mabel, was excellent; John O. Woods, as Captain Kenneth Tracy, was a sensation and a star; Andrew Reed, as Captain Le Clare, admirably delineated his part; Mrs. Jessie Moss, as Bridget, housemaid, was superb. and, later in the attire of a man, as Jose, friend of Don Alfredo, Cuban, he kidnapper, was a scream; Cecil Alexander, private, as Barney O'Shea, in love with Bridget, matched the inimitable maid in their "soft captivity;" Edward Turner, as Lieut. Horton, was every inch a soldier; Mr. Maitland, a wealthy New Yorker, was portrayed by H. A. Chiles, and as a sad, dignified father, left nothing to be desired; Juanita, the kidnapped girl, was Miss Cordelia Johnson, who was good; Don Alfredo, Cuban, the kidnapped, was well played by Benj. Gray.





De glory ter behold, He'll sho' walk in en tell 'em: "Gimme dem streets er gold." -Philadelphia Inquirer.

## MY FRIEND

A drunken wit once remarked to me that " a real friend is a feller that knows you ain't worth a -- and yet he tries to forget it."

In the cameraderie of alcoholic conviviality he was, perhaps, not very far wrong but I hope I am right in my belief that friendship is the weave of a stronger cloth.

I glory in the belief that my friend can see in me my two sets of attributes-the one for good and the one for evil; that he impartially judges their relative strength and, with kindness of spirit, generously applauds the Osborne, in a very neat speech, thankone and gently condemns the other. I of everyone for their co-operation feel that he sustains and strengthens during the four years she has been in SKINNER MFG. CO., OMAHA, U.S.A. me in overcoming my errors and that the city.

The net proceeds of the play amounted to over \$100.00, which was turned over to the St. John's Church. At the close of the drama, Mrs.