

# Truth and Quality

appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing. Accordingly, it is not claimed that Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is the only remedy of known value, but one of many reasons why it is the best of personal and family laxatives is the fact that it cleanses, sweetens and relieves the internal organs on which it acts without any debilitating after effects and without having to increase the quantity from time to time.

It acts pleasantly and naturally and truly as a laxative, and its component parts are known to and approved by physicians, as it is free from all objectionable substances. To get it, beneficial effects always purchase the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

**The Wooling of the Woodcock.**  
The wooling of the woodcock is one of those sights to witness which a lover of nature in all its moods will make a journey of miles. The scene is enacted at twilight, and the setting is of willow or alder bushes whose branches are just beginning to show the tender green of early spring. Suddenly from the damp ground a bird form shoots upward like some swamp spirit until it is outlined against the gray of the evening sky. Then it circles above the branches, and the song of the wooling begins. Hidden in the darkness of the thick lower growth is the object to which this love song is directed. The bird above circles perhaps a score of times, then drops back to the damp thicket, making a sound which can be likened only to the dropping of water into a woodland pool. Again the bird soars and circles, singing still the love song. This is repeated time after time until the last gleam of light has faded and night's darkness comes down.

**Surface Indentations.**  
Stranger (in Gotham)—This is a pretty rough part of the city, isn't it?  
Cobby—Yes, sir; this is Greater New York.

## DRAGS YOU DOWN

**Backache and Kidney Trouble Slowly Wear One Out.**  
Mrs. R. Cronse, Fayette St., Manchester, Iowa, says: "For two years my back was weak and rheumatic. Pains ran through my back, hips and limbs. I could hardly get about and lost much sleep. The action of the kidneys was much disordered. I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and the result was remarkable. The kidney action became normal, the backache ceased and my health is now unusually good."

**Doan's of China.**  
There are more ducks in China than in all the rest of the world. Children herd ducks on every road, on every pond, farm, lake and river. There is no back yard without its duck house. There is no boat, little or great, without its duck quarters.

All over the land there are great duck-hatching establishments, many of a capacity to produce 50,000 young ducks every year.

The Chinese duck is extremely tender and delicate—the best game duck for eating in the world. Duck among the Chinese is the staple delicacy. It is fattened and smoked like ham or beef, and duck eggs are eaten as hen's eggs in America.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

**A Chance to Work It Out.**  
Political Spellbinder—You know I put in two or three days preparing a speech I was expected to deliver at the convention. Well, there were so many fellows ahead of me that they didn't get around to me at all. I've still got that speech in my system, Alvin.

His Wife—You have? Then I wish you would go out to the kitchen and thunder it at the cook. I've tried to discharge her and she won't go.—Chicago Tribune.

**Experienced the Sensations.**  
"Have you been away on any vacation this summer?"  
"No, I expected to go, and sent my suitcase on ahead, but something turned up at the last moment that prevented the trip. I got all the effect of a vacation, though. The suitcases came back last week with \$7.15 stonage and express charges on them."

**WANTED TO KNOW**  
The Truth About Grape-Nuts Food.  
It doesn't matter so much what you hear about a thing, it's what you know that counts. And correct knowledge is most likely to come from personal experience.

"About a year ago," writes a N. Y. man, "I was bothered by indigestion, especially during the forenoon. I tried several remedies without any permanent improvement."  
"My breakfast usually consisted of oatmeal, steak or chops, bread, coffee and some fruit."  
"Hearing so much about Grape-Nuts, I concluded to give it a trial and find out if I had heard of it was true."  
"So I began with Grape-Nuts and cream, 2 soft boiled eggs, toast, a cup of Postum and some fruit. Before the end of the first week I was rid of the acidity of the stomach and felt much relieved."  
"By the end of the second week all traces of indigestion had disappeared and I was in first rate health once more. Before beginning this course of diet, I never had any appetite for lunch, but now I can enjoy a hearty meal at noon time." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich., Road, "The Road to Well-Willie," in 1915.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

# The Chauffeur and the Jewels

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## CHAPTER IV.

Three days after Mrs. Waring and her party left Havre, an artist boarded the Liverpool express just as it was leaving Birmingham, barely in time to be locked up in his carriage by the raising guard.

The two other people in possession of the first-class compartment—youth sports with their bulging caddy bags, their suit cases, and their Gazettes—took up the entire seat. The artist settled himself modestly in a corner opposite, and pulling his cap well over his face and long, curly brown hair, opened his Daily Telegraph. Having read the editorials from end to end, he glanced leisurely over the political news, and finally, doubling the paper, took in the various paragraphs of current interest with attention and, one in particular, with some amusement.

This was dubbed, "Special from the Paris Herald," and contained these head lines:

"Remarkable Burglary at Havre."  
"American Woman Robbed by Her Chauffeur."

"Mrs. Richard Waring, of New York and Washington, who has been traveling on the Continent with a party of friends, was the unfortunate loser on Wednesday of some unusually fine diamonds, valued at 250,000 francs.

"The gems must have been stolen from her trunk while at the Hotel Maritime. The suspected thief is her chauffeur, one Ludovic Sarto, lately in the employ of His Highness the Prince del Pino. Sarto has been running Mrs. Waring's motor for the past two months.

"The burglary was not discovered until this morning, when the party was leaving Calais, but the authorities of the place were immediately informed of the affair and are on the lookout for the thief. A reward of 5,000 francs is offered for his apprehension."

Having read this paragraph twice over very carefully, the artist folded the paper, crammed it into his pocket, and leaned back in his seat, giving himself up to a fit of hard thinking which lasted till the train rumbled into the Liverpool station just five minutes late.

It was while the artist was hunting up a cab that he first noticed the man in the brown overcoat—a tall, thin, stoop-shouldered person, who favored him with a brief, interrogative stare, then disappeared into the ticket office.

A minute after, a four-wheeler containing a painter and his paraphernalia bowed slightly away in the direction of the Metropole Hotel. From time to time its passenger looked out through the little window at the back with a keen, inquiring glance. Finally passing out of a broad avenue, the trap crossed a square at right angles and turned a sharp corner.

"Stop," said the man inside suddenly. Dismounting, bag in hand, he looked furtively to right and left. Ahead of him stretched a long, narrow street given over apparently to lodging houses and a few unpretentious shops. Pulling out a sovereign, "Cabby," he said, speaking with a strong foreign accent, "behold your fare—something, as you see, beyond. Make your best time to the Metropole and leave there my belongings. I get out at this place."

Then, crossing the street as the cab rattled off, the artist plunged into a stationer's opposite.

He was gazing at the counter a little later, reflectively choosing a note book, when the sound of wheels outside made him start and look out expectantly, but there was nothing unusual in sight—only a station cab, containing a commonplace looking man in a brown overcoat, passing by the shop at a quick trot.

Paying for his purchase and shouldering his bag, the artist walked briskly up the street. Turning on his course, he soon took to side alleys and short cuts, walking with the assured gait of one who knows his town thoroughly, until the gray stone facade of the Hotel Adelphi came into view.

Entering the lobby, "Can you tell me," he asked the clerk suavely, "if His Excellency the Prince del Pino is not staying here?"

The young man consulted a slip of paper.

"Leaves by Majestic this afternoon, Suite 21, second floor. Take a lift." The words came out automatically without the slightest punctuation.

Following the direction, the caller found himself at length standing outside of a closed door opposite.

After a little the door was opened in answer to his ring and a head thrust out.

"His Highness begs to be excused," announced a guttural voice, without any preliminaries.

But the artist stepped forward and, seizing the cautious one by the hand, held it very firmly.

"Alceste," he said in French, "do you not recognize me, my friend? It is Sarto."

The other gave a start. "Come in, come in, without doubt," he said in a low voice, "and close the door behind you."

It was an imposing anteroom in which Sarto now found himself, with doors opening out at the two ends, and six long windows communicating with a balcony commanding the street.

While the visitor looked about him, his companion slipped to the portiere opposite and drew the draperies more closely. Turning he came back rapidly, a trim-looking fellow of middle height, the typical French valet, with a shallow, smooth-shaven face.

"And so it is Ludovic Sarto!" he said incredulously, approaching the pseudo artist. "I should never have known you, as he surveyed the professional get-up with a slight smile.

"I see, I had better ask no questions! Eh, bien, my friend, here you are safe at least, only—struck by a sudden thought he asked a few words in a whisper—"have you ever had the scarlet fever?"

The chauffeur nodded his head. "A slight case, when I was a boy," he answered briefly; and then, with some concern, "Not the prince?"

The other acquiesced. "The devil, say rather!" he ejaculated feelingly. "Such temper, such abuse, for the past week; and now this high fever—M. le docteur is in there now." He glanced at the opposite door. "One cannot tell yet positively what may be the outcome. As for our journey this afternoon, where are we to go—what we are to do?"

He shrugged his shoulders, spread out his hands, rolled his eyes, and glanced upward, all in one brief, pantomimic movement.

"But how about you, mon choux?" The chauffeur pushed back his long ar-

istic locks, which now showed unmistakable signs of belonging to a wig.

"As you suggest," he said, "it is wiser sometimes to ask no questions about the past. For the present—this with a whimsical lift of his eyebrows—"Scotland Yard is after me. I have been followed all the way from Southampton. That is the reason I am here."

He paused, his eyes inscrutably on the valet; but Alceste avoided the gaze.

"You come at a bad time, then," he objected, with sudden fretfulness. "The prince—his ownself, these hundred demands upon me—one must see, under these circumstances—"

"Ah!" broke in the chauffeur. Looking down, he studied the points of his boots and appeared to meditate a moment, then, shaking off his abstraction, "Come, then," he said lightly, "no more of my affairs. We will discuss them for the nonce. Sit down, let us talk."

Placing himself leisurely in a chair, he eyed the valet with a faint smile that hardened and broadened.

"Ah, Alceste! But the sight of thee recalls many things! Dost thou remember those two weeks at Toulouse?" His gaze rested reminiscingly on the ceiling.

"And that accident to the gens d'arme? It was an unhappy mistake of mine," he laughed jarringly.

But Alceste did not laugh.

"Un peu plus bas," he ejaculated, his eyes on the closed door opposite.

Sarto crossed his legs with deliberation. "Ah!" he laughed unheedingly. "There was also that affair in Spain. Ma foi! How amusing!" He raised his voice with apparent unconsciousness. "The prince has heard these little incidental diversions? Eh, Alceste?"

Alceste made no immediate reply. His eyes were still glued on the door, his usually dull skin turned the spent, unhealthy hue of a wax candle.

After a pause, "Is not this a bad time for such banal reminiscences?" he asked, sneakingly enough now. "I am all eagerness to do what you wish in this difficulty. It is but a question of expedients. Chut!"

He broke off abruptly, listening, for from the next room came the sound of voices, and then footfalls.

"M. le docteur!" ejaculated Alceste. "Already!"

He moved swiftly toward the door. Then, over his shoulder, "Look you! Through that door opposite! Make haste; I will be with you directly." His tone was almost beseeching.

Rising with a careless shrug, the other stepped into the next room. Having closed the door, he stood listening to the sound of approaching feet.

The next instant a voice became audible, the hoarse, wheezy voice of a very fat man. Standing close by the intervening wall, Sarto could hear every word.

"Yes," the doctor was saying, "there is considerable fever, but we can't be sure what the trouble is for twenty-four hours at any rate. If it wasn't that Liverpool had been so full of scarlet fever lately I should say positively—"

"Well, keep him quiet and do what I told you."

"Mais, monsieur," the valet's voice rose in voluble remonstrance, "all arrangements made for Son Altesse departure to-day. Look you! The very trunks have left for the steamer. This hotel full-crowded. Eef all dese peopies suspect the truth, dere will be great trouble—big fuss."

The doctor was evidently in a hurry, for the chauffeur could hear the struggle with his overcoat.

"Suspect," he grunted. "Why should they suspect? Can't you keep things quiet a little longer? I tell you seriously the prince can't be moved for twenty-four hours without danger. Just tell Mr. Bachelton that, with my compliments, I'll drop in later and have a word with him."

There was a shuffle of departing feet and the door closed.

Stepping over to the window which gave on the street, the chauffeur glanced out, hoping for a glimpse of the great man going into his brougham, but there was no sign of either.

Instead, a hansom had just driven up to the side entrance and, as Sarto watched it, some one jumped out and passed rapidly into the hotel—a tall, thin man in a familiar looking brown overcoat.

With a muttered exclamation the chauffeur turned away and stood perfectly still, staring ahead of him with the dilated, startled look in his eyes of a hunted animal. Listening with sickening expectancy, he made out the creak of the ascending lift outside, the sound of feet along the hall, and a loud knock.

After a moment's silence, it was repeated, and the flip-flap of Alceste's slippers came hastening from an inner room to answer it.

The door was opened, and a quiet voice was heard—the listener's strained senses—most unpleasantly distinct and near.

"These the prince's rooms?" it asked suavely. "The clerk tells me that a friend of mine was directed up here a half-hour ago—an artist—tall, dark man. I've called for him! Just ask him to step out, please?"

There was a pause, while Ludovic held himself stiffly at bay, wondering what would come next; everything hung on the valet's next words.

"Out, monsieur," came the guttural response at last. "The gentlemen who you describe called here, by-s-a-vingt minutes, but—called Son Altesse could not see them—be leave directly."

"Indeed?" The tone sounded incredulous. "That is very extraordinary! The clerk tells me he didn't see him go out. How do you account for that?"

"I do not know, sir, me!" Alceste's reply was gibberish itself. "I shut de door on beam. Sen Altesse, he so much occupy, and myself no less."

The detective took the obvious inference.

"Well," he remarked, after a pause, "if you're sure he's not here, I won't detain you any longer. Much obliged. Good morning!" And footsteps retreated down the hall.

The situation was apparently saved, but the astute chauffeur realized thoroughly that the Adelphi was no longer a possibility for him. Something other hiding place must be found, something must be done—and at once.

The next half hour he spent tramping up and down his rather circumscribed quarters and cudgeling his brains for a solution of the problem that confronted him, so absorbed in his thoughts that he almost forgot to wonder what had become of Alceste.

At last, however, the valet made his appearance, his colorless face more chafed than ever.

"Ah!" he ejaculated savagely for the moment more interested in his own dilemma than in the chauffeur's woes. "Could anything be worse? Some servant has spread abroad the report that Son Altesse has the scarlet fever, and the hotel is infested, you! Every one in a panic! M. le Proprietaire declares that if the prince does not carry out his intention and leave to-day, every one in the house will leave; his season will be ruined! Miserable canaille!" He wrinkled his forehead. "If one could but arrest their suspicious, keeps things quiet for twenty-four hours longer, when everything will be decided."

Sarto seemed deep in thought. "The staterooms are taken?"

"But yes, taken and paid for—the best on the ship. Ah! Mille tonnerres! Sacre! And the very trunks on board!"

"So much the better," said the chauffeur suddenly.

Alceste stared at him.

"I mean it!" the other repeated. "Let them go, even if they have to cross the ocean to save appearances!"

He was standing before a mirror, staring at himself critically, eagerly.

"Yes—to himself—it could be managed with a little ingenuity." Then, turning to the valet, "Calmes toi, Alceste!" he said soothingly. "You have helped me and I shall now extricate you. This moment even, a blessed idea has come to me by which all can be managed. The affair is concluded! Between us both we can accomplish everything. His Excellency can remain here in secret until the crisis of his illness is passed, and yet at the same time—the proprietor, the hotel, all the city if necessary, shall see the Prince del Pino sail for America!"

(To be continued.)

**"LITTLE GRANDMOTHER."**  
Russian Character Who Is Very Widely Known as "Babushka."  
"In the spring of 1906 I traveled deep into the interior of one of the most central provinces of Russia," writes Kellogg Durland in the Woman's Home Companion. "In a remote village many leagues from the nearest railroad I learned of a woman, who in many respects is one of the most remarkable personalities in Russia in a generation. Her name is the key to thousands of hearts. Her life has been the inspiration of millions. No person—man or woman—has been more constantly sought by the police than she. For years a price of many thousand rubles was on her head. Yet she is one of the sweetest, the purest, the most loving and most lovable souls it has ever been my privilege to meet.

"For thirty years this woman has been a leader of the movement for liberty in Russia. Back in the year 1878 she was arrested and exiled to the mines of Kara in Central Siberia, and there she spent no less than twenty-three long years.

"The name of this remarkable personality is Catherine Breshkovsky. From nearest Russia to farthest Siberia she is known, revered and loved. Not only does every one in the great empire of the Czar know her by her own name, but also by the word of familiar endearment, which in Russian means 'Little Grandmother'—Babushka. Any beloved old lady may be a babushka, but there is only one whom every Russian instantly thinks of when reference is made to Babushka. It is almost like the Little Corporal or the Widow of Windsor. I know this, because I have asked about Babushka in St. Petersburg and Moscow, in South Russia, in the Caucasus, in North Russia, on the Volga, on the Don, and in distant Siberia, and never once was I called upon to explain whom I meant."

**SEA-BATHING ON OCEAN LINERS.**  
A new amusement for passengers on ocean liners has been introduced on board some Pacific steamers. It is a swimming bath on deck big enough to hold about a dozen people at once. The bath is filled with sea water. Passengers can enjoy their swim without fear of sharks.—Illustrated London News.

**Consumption of Tobacco.**  
According to the census figures recently issued the consumption of tobacco in the United States is enormous. The money spent for cigars in the year ending June, 1905, was \$198,186,372 and for cigarettes, \$3,354,903. The sales of chewing and pipe tobacco showed an expenditure of more than \$110,000,000, of which it is estimated that \$55,000,000 was spent for smoking tobacco.

Uncle Sam's appetite for the weed is voracious. The consumption of tobacco has increased from 203,894,453 pounds in 1900 to 355,620,971 pounds in 1905. This includes chewing tobacco. In 1905 he actually smoked more than 150,000,000 pounds. Yes, it all went up in smoke, and with it the cost of the Panama canal and of 27 battleships.

The consumption of cigars has increased 27.5 per cent since 1900, and of cigarettes, 27.3 per cent. From 1869 to 1905 the consumption of cigars and cigarettes steadily increased sevenfold. During the same period the population of the country increased only a little more than twofold.

More money is spent each year on tobacco than on potatoes or vegetables or fruits or coffee.

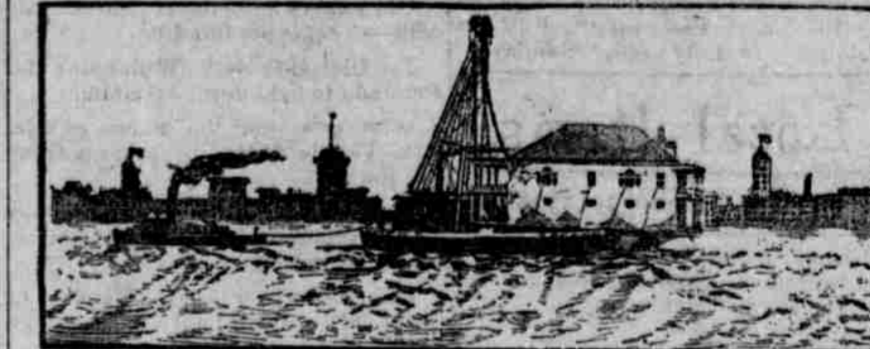
**Tame and Wild Game Mixed.**  
School Teacher—And now that we have finished discussing the lion and the tiger, who can tell me about the lynx?  
A painful pause. Finally a small hand is hesitatingly elevated.  
Teacher—Well, Tommy, can you describe the lynx?  
Tommy—No'm.  
Teacher—Then why did you raise your hand?  
Tommy—I thought Willie Wuggles thought Willie could describe the lynx?  
Teacher—And what made you think Willie could describe the lynx?  
Tommy—'Cause his brother's a cad-die.

**Absence of Mind.**  
Browning—So your engagement with the rich widow is broken off, eh? What was the trouble?  
Greening—Oh, one of my famous bad breaks, as usual. In an unguarded moment I asked her if I was the only man she had ever loved.

**Ten Healthy.**  
"Do you believe that mosquitoes carry malaria?"  
"Not the mosquitoes around here," answered Farmer Corotassel. "They couldn't possibly do it and be so healthy."—Washington Star.

**Restaurant Reparatrice.**  
"Waiter, what kind of a steak was that you served me with just now?" demanded the dissatisfied guest.  
"Well done," responded the waiter, with a low bow.  
"If not Do you mean me or the steak?"

## METHODS OF HOUSE MOVING.



The first picture shows a California house which has been cut in two for removal, the second a house being moved by horse-power, and the third house moving by boat.

Nowadays when a person wants to move and doesn't like to think of giving up the old home, he takes the old home along with him. This is not always easy, but frequently it is advisable to do it rather than go into a new country and build another home. The group illustrates some of the ingenious methods employed in moving houses. The California home was cut in two and moved up the hill on a prepared roadway. The house shown on the barges was moved a considerable distance up the Hudson from New York, as shown in the picture. It was accomplished without serious mishap. The other picture shows a house moving in Winipeg, where a good many horses were used as motive power, after the house had been jacked up on rollers.

## Science AND Invention

It has long been known, theoretically, that the tides act as a brake on the rotating earth, and tend to lengthen the day. The effect, however, is so slight that it cannot be measured in any length of time at man's disposal. It may be estimated with the aid of certain assumptions; and using the data available, W. D. MacMillan has recently made the necessary computation by the formulas used by engineers. He finds for the increase of the length of the day one second in 460,000 years.

The second largest masonry arch in the world has, according to Engineer-

attention to beautifying not only the fronts of buildings, but the roofs as well, so that they may not offend the eye of the aesthetic traveler through the sky."

The expedition organized by the American Museum of Natural History which has been exploring the Fayum Desert, in northern Egypt, seems to have located the place of origin of the elephant in the Tertiary age. Remains of the ancestral form of elephants, called the Moehterium, were obtained, and restorations have been made by Charles R. Knight under the direction of Prof. Osborn. From northern Africa, it is affirmed, the elephant stock migrated south through Africa, north into Europe, and east and northeast through Asia into America.

Oranges and all fruits of the citrus family in Florida suffer extensive rav-

**Smart Sets.**  
Smart sets must sooner or later be in the grave, rotting in oblivion, and in the eye of the world and in the world's heart are enshrined only the few with brain and character, and who by force of that brain and character do something of real importance to their day and generation.—Rev. Thomas B. Gregory, Universalist, New York City.

**The Purpose of God.**  
The purpose of God through this revelation for us is not knowledge alone. Men devote their lives to science and philosophy. His purpose is not physical power. It is not wealth and luxury. God comes through His word to give us eternal life and pardon from the power of sin.—Rev. Clayton B. Delanater, Methodist Episcopalian, Providence, R. I.

**Ambassador of Christ.**  
Laws are made, men are subjected to civil authority. Broken laws are open to penalty. The governments are powerful enough to enforce. If men in authority are weak or unwilling, is it in the power of the church to say thou shalt? Is the church being the noble standard that it has won? Is she no longer the ambassador of Christ? Has she become the spy of government?—Rev. W. H. Allen, St. Peter's by the Sea, Narragansett Pier, R. I.

**Christianity and Labor.**  
It is my belief that the solvent for all our social ills is found in the words of Jesus and in the spirit He brought to this world. Christianity will help more than any other agency to solve the problem of capital and labor. It is my firm belief that in time the laborer will own the tools with which he labors and will hire from the capitalist what money he needs. The workingman, instead of working for the capitalist, will have the capitalist's money working for him.—Rev. Lyman Abbott, Congregationalist, New York City.

**Rendring Tribute to God.**  
There are three ways of rendering tribute to Christ—with the mind, the heart and the will. I do not appeal to your minds. No man of sense-to-day honors the Christ; that day is past. I do not appeal to your hearts and work on your sympathies. It's easy enough to make women cry and get into a state of ecstasy so often mistaken for real surrender to Christ. I appeal to your will, for it's with the will alone that you must answer that great question, "What think ye of Christ?"—Rev. John Falcon Shaw, Presbyterian, Chicago, Ill.

**Proof Positive.**  
"How do you know that the De Stylies have come back from the country?"  
"Because their next-door neighbors told me they were living in the front of the house again."—Baltimore American.

**Getting Ready.**  
"What did May think of the college football grounds at arrangements?"  
"She was delirious; said the private rooms at the hospital were just too cuts for anything."—Baltimore American.

It is easy to prevent failure; all one has to do is refrain from trying.

# Sermons of the Week

**Right.**  
Right is slowly but surely marching on, ultimately to claim its own.—Rev. Thomas B. Gregory, Universalist, New York City.

**Condemnation of Sin.**  
Sin against the body must be condemned as severely as sin against the soul.—Rev. Matthew S. Kaufman, Methodist, Norwich, Conn.

**Confidence.**  
Live for the great convictions. Carry with you an atmosphere of confidence and victory.—Rev. N. D. Hills, Congregationalist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

**Cleaning Up.**  
A cleaning up should be a cleaning up, and not a moving around. It will not mean anything, as a whole, to shovel up a load of filth from one place and simply move it to another.—Rev. Charles E. Guthrie, Methodist Episcopalian, Washington, D. C.

**Chance.**  
There is no such thing as luck in the world. It is an error of thought, a misapprehension of the nature of things, to imagine that we are in any sense under the dominion of chance.—Rev. George Bailey, Presbyterian, Washington, D. C.

**Wet and Dry Goods.**  
One of the things that is breaking up the American home to-day is the woman's love for wet goods and the man's love for wet goods. The greatest enemy the American home has is the American snob.—Rev. W. W. Bustard, Baptist, Boston, Mass.

**Human Progress.**  
The motive of human progress has been ever a belief in spiritual reality. Whenever that motive has been superseded, progress has ceased, disintegration has set in, whether in the nation or in the individual.—Rev. Sidney H. Cox, Evangelical Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

**A Conceded Conscience.**  
The worst thing in the world is a conceded conscience. You cannot reason with a man so afflicted. A man so troubled will apply the torch and the sword, forgetting entirely that hatred and death have no place in God's plan.—Rev. Charles L. Goddell, Methodist, New York City.

**Small Things.**  
The gentle traits, the modest qualities, the quiet tastes, the unobtrusive deeds, the unselfish attitude, the little attentions—it is just these small things which render our life fragrant, giving gentleness and character to our religion.—Rev. Abram S. Isaacs, Hebrew, Paterson, N. J.

**Godliness in Finance.**  
If godliness had been entrenched in many an institution of large and high income that has gone to the wall during the year, that institution would still be standing, commanding the confidence and patronage of the community.—Rev. John Flagg, Presbyterian, New York City.

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It is my belief that the solvent for all our social ills is found in the words of Jesus and in the spirit He brought to this world. Christianity will help more than any other agency to solve the problem of capital and labor. It is my firm belief that in time the laborer will own the tools with which he labors and will hire from the capitalist what money he needs. The workingman, instead of working for the capitalist, will have the capitalist's money working for him.—Rev. Lyman Abbott, Congregationalist, New York City.

**Rendring Tribute to God.**  
There are three ways of rendering tribute to Christ—with the mind, the heart and the will. I do not appeal to your minds. No man of sense-to-day honors the Christ; that day is past. I do not appeal to your hearts and work on your sympathies. It's easy enough to make women cry and get into a state of ecstasy so often mistaken for real surrender to Christ. I appeal to your will, for it's with the will alone that you must answer that great question, "What think ye of Christ?"—Rev. John Falcon Shaw, Presbyterian, Chicago, Ill.

**Proof Positive.**  
"How do you know that the De Stylies have come back from the country?"  
"Because their next-door neighbors told me they were living in the front of the house again."—Baltimore American.

**Getting Ready.**  
"What did May think of the college football grounds at arrangements?"  
"She was delirious; said the private rooms at the hospital were just too cuts for anything."—Baltimore American.

It is easy to prevent failure; all one has to do is refrain from trying.