

John Hopkin's D.D., on "Petering"

Some things begin small and get bigger. Others begin big and get smaller. In the first class are babies, kittens, diseases, buildings, sins, potatoes, and family squabbles, also several other things. These all begin small and get bigger. In the second class are anticipations, plum pudding, enthusiasms, resolutions, honeymoons, boastings, and flannel underclothes. These begin big and get smaller.

There is also a class of things of which you really cannot tell what they are going to do—grow or shrivel, swell or shrink, increase or diminish. In this class come men, stocks, bonds, nations, social schemes, agitations, revolutions. They may begin small and get bigger, or begin big and get smaller. Some start with a whisper and end with a roar of artillery. Others start with a blare as of fifteen German bands and end like the song of a sickly mosquito. Some start like a race horse and end up like a tired mule.

Now the latter class is peculiarly American. We like to start big in America. When we set out for Klondike we like to announce it in the papers in big headlines, and have a brass band escort us to the station. When we start a club we like to begin with a \$50,000 building, with double-back-action pulley weights and enameled bath-tubs. If we don't start big we are sure it will not be a success.

But we have also a strong tendency to peter. In fact, Peter ought to have been special apostle to the Americans, for I am sure he would have understood us. He proclaimed his courage and enthusiasm with the intrepidity of a Napoleon, and in a day or two was chased from the field by a servant girl. He petered so everlastingly that that particular kind of performance has come to be known by his name wherever it occurs. And it is of quite frequent occurrence.

Most men peter more or less. When they start on a race they feel a strong temptation to spurt on the first lap. Then when the excitement really begins they have to lie down and gasp. When a man starts in public speaking he usually wants to tell all he knows in his first speech, and quite often he succeeds. Then when the crowd hear his next effusion they all agree that he has petered. We lay plans for the biggest cathedral on earth, and after a few months' building we roof over the foundation and hold a prayer-meeting for the help of heaven to get us out of debt. We start for the moon, but when we get up about one-hundred feet we sit down on a chimney-top and think. We soar up toward the sun and get no farther than up a tree. We start to turn the world upside down, and end by thinking ourselves lucky if we get our dinner cooked the way we want it. We lift up our two hundred pound burden like a feather, but we set it down on the first milestone. We start with three cheers and end with an apology. We do our best work before noon. In short, we peter.

Now, this is the discouraging thing about life. And our only hope in life is based upon those things that do not peter. If babies began big and kept growing smaller it would certainly make a hopeless job of it for us all. If our knowledge was large to start with, and grew less and less every day we went to school, we could scarcely blame our teachers for being discouraged. If our love for our friends petered out more every time we saw them, our social intercourse certainly would not be a joy forever.

Peter was not a success until he stopped petering. Nor will you and I succeed until we do likewise. The man who tries to distance competitors in the first ten minutes, and leave his exhausted body in the road for them to carry the rest of the journey, is in no sense a success. In taking up a burden it is a mistake to take up one so heavy that after the first day you have to drop it upon another's shoulder. When a man joins the church he is not a success if he is so good the first month that he has to be a little worse on each succeeding month. And when a young man falls in love he makes a mistake to fall in love so desperately that there is nothing left for him to do but to peter all the rest of his life, when in its trials and irritations his love has need to be at its strongest.

Never peter. Grow, increase in everything you undertake. It does not matter how small you start, but it does matter how small you grow. Rather than lift a three hundred pound weight the first day, and then have to come down to two hundred and fifty the next, and two hundred the next, it is better to begin by lifting one potato the first day, and two the next, and three the next, and so on. By the end of ten years you would be able to lift 3650 potatoes, potatoes, which might be more than one thousand pounds. In everything

that you do begin as small as you please, but see that today's record is better—a tiny bit better, anyway—than yesterday's. Be a little stronger, a little more courageous, a little more faithful, a little nearer God, this week than you were last. If you find you are beginning to peter you would better either pray to heaven for a change of heart, or else get your friend to shoot you before you spoil your record. The world has no use for peterers, it wants Peters.

It is God's way to begin small. He once started to save the world. We might have supposed that in revealing the terror of his majesty and the beauty of his love he would read the heavens, and so astonish the world that they would only be beginning to forget about it now after nineteen hundred years. But he did not. He started with a baby in a cow stable. He could scarcely have made a smaller beginning. Look back. Look into the dark cave. A flickering torch casts huge shadows of long-horned oxen on the rough-hewn walls. There is no sound but the low crunching of the cattle as they munch their hay. There in the midst of them is the young mother, forgetting for the moment her discouragement and discomfort and sickness. For there in her arms lies the Babe, her baby boy, and about his face still plays the light of heaven, from which he came, and the unclouded purity of its skies still linger in his eyes.

O little Babe of the stable, who would dream that thou art a King? Who would imagine that from that throne of thy sweet mother's arms thy power would reach down along the ages, overturning kingdoms; establishing empires, changing the world, and that even today so many proud nations should own thee as their supreme Lord and King—that thou, O gracious Babe, shouldst be enthroned in so many faithful hearts, who would gladly lay down their life and all they hold most dear for thy name's sake. Truly well did he speak, that prophet of old, when he said: "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace. Of the increase of his government and of peace there shall be no end."

In all that he does God begins very small. God's way is always the best. Nothing in which God has a hand peters out. Let us, as God's true sons, build according to his plans, that of the structure that our hands rear it may also be said, the last is best.

Salesmen Wanted.

The sales of our products for which there is general demand, among merchants, farmers, schools, etc., now greatly increased by state laws recently passed, necessitates opening a distributing office in this territory. We desire resident sales manager, well acquainted, of good character, who can superintend sales, deliveries, advertising, collections, etc., with \$600 to \$1,000 to carry enough stock to fill orders, salary \$1,200 to \$1,800 annually, extra commission, office and other expenses; no canvassing; position permanent. Address Advertising Manager, "Liberty" Mfg. Association, St. Joseph, Mo. 6-3t

Dissolution Notice.

Notice is hereby given that Thomas Winterbottom has sold his interest in the firm of Wirth & Winterbottom to L. P. Wirth, and the business will hereafter be conducted by Mr. Wirth. All accounts payable to L. P. Wirth, and all liabilities will be paid by L. P. Wirth.

L. P. WIRTH,
THOMAS WINTERBOTTOM.

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WAITER WHO GAVE AWAY TIPS

Divided Money Received with Pianist Who Had Played Accompaniment to His Singing.

Some out of town visitors were taking in an Eighth avenue cafe. The orchestra was excellent, the pianist especially, but first one waiter and then another, to their surprise, would quit waiting and sing.

One sang so well that he was engaged again and again. That is, quarters were thrown at him from all sides of the room. Half dollars sometimes. They fell in the sawdust about his feet. He kept right on singing, moving toward the raining quarters, however, and pushing them nearer to him, so that he presently stood in an interesting little circle of quarters and half dollars, the pianist playing his very best at his accompaniment, ringing in extra touches, playing beautifully, indeed.

"How accommodating the accompanist is," commented a visitor.

"Wait, and you'll see why," said a New Yorker who was with them.

Just then, the rain of money ceasing, the waiter quit singing, stooped, gathered up the money, divided it in half, and gave half to the pianist before he resumed his work of waiting on the guests.

"That's the first waiter I ever saw give away his tips," the visitor said.—New York Post.

WONDERS OF THE ANTARCTIC

Member of Expedition Impressed with the Fascination of That Remarkable Land.

Dr. Lionville, who is with the Charcot expedition, in a letter to Paris, says: "The Antarctic region is quite up to its reputation. I understand how one can be fascinated with these weird landscapes, where everything that nature shows is strange and unaccustomed."

"The animals are prodigiously curious, and the formation of the mountains and glaciers very unexpected. It is unfortunate that we cannot spend days at this place, 'Deception,' so aptly named. The penguins are most interested in my work. When I turn over pieces of rock on the shores they come up to watch what I am doing, draw closer and closer, elbow each other to see better, peck the places where I am digging and end up by hustling me. I had to speak very plainly to one this morning, and he walked away limping."

Poets of National Greatness.

Victor Hugo once said in his lordly, generalizing way, that it was Shakespeare who prevented England from being only another Carthage; and it is indeed true that but for our great-poets we should not hold the place we hold in the opinion of Europe. Because of them we do not wince when we are described as a nation of shopkeepers, for they prove that we, like the Florentines and Venetians, are something more than that. M. Bourget has expressed the general wonder of cultivated foreigners that the English nation, which seems so matter of fact, and even dull, should have produced two poets compared with whose works all other poetry seems to be prose; and these poets are the very two who are to be honored today in Rome. It is certainly a fact that more than any other nation we produce men of genius who vary extremely from our normal type, and we never have produced more wonderful poets than Shelley and Keats.—London Times.

Stockholm "the Paris of the North."

Mr. Edward D. Winslow, who was recently appointed American consul general in Stockholm, has arrived in Berlin from America and will proceed in a few days to assume his post. He speaks of the rapidly growing importance of the city of Stockholm as a center for tourists, and specially for Americans, who are more and more numerous every year. The influx is expected to be greater than ever this summer, in view of the exposition which is to be held in Stockholm. "Some Americans already know the attractions of Stockholm," said Mr. Winslow, "but more of them should know, for Stockholm is really the Paris of the north."—From a Berlin Letter to the New York Herald's Paris Edition.

Differer.

It was the bachelor girl who stood at the door when the woman opened it. "I thought," she said, "that you didn't allow your neighbors to put their milk bottles in the hall. The last time I was here you were raising Cain about it. And here I had to walk through a forest of them to get to your door. What change has come over the spirit of your dream?"

The woman took her by the hand and drew her into the flat.

"Talk a little lower, please," she implored. "Those milk bottles don't belong to my neighbors. They belong to me."

Very Conscientious Man.

John William Ling, a butcher's manager, cut his throat at his house in Plumstead Common-road, London, recently, and at the inquest a strange reason was suggested. Ling, it was stated, was "a very conscientious man," and the fact that he was going to open a business close to his employer's shop preyed upon his mind. He did not like the idea of opening in opposition to his master, who he had served for nine years, as he had said, it would take away many of his customers, and that would be a mean trick.

The Great "Men's Movement"

In 1806 three boys attending Williams' college, Williamstown, Mass., took a stroll across the country. They were caught in a thunderstorm and took refuge in a haystack. While the storm was passing the boys planned a missionary campaign that has affected the activities of the entire protestant world. This little meeting will go down in history as the "hay stack meeting."

In 1886, now twenty-four years ago, the Student Volunteer movement was organized by a band of college students attending Moody's conference at Northfield. It chose for its rallying cry, "The Evangelization of the World in This Generation." Under the inspiration of this movement thousands of young men and women in our colleges have laid themselves a living sacrifice on the altars of missions.

It was in the year 1906, at the Nashville, Tennessee Student Volunteer convention that the seed thought that gave rise to the Laymen's Movement was planted. A young business man from Washington, D. C., was in the convention. The enthusiasm, zeal and consecration of the thousands of ardent college students gathered impressed him profoundly.

On his return home he conceived the plan of the business men of the country with their great wealth furnishing the necessary means for equipping and maintaining all the Student Volunteers on the mission field. For him to think was to act. On November 15 of the same year a few kindred minds met in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church of New York and from that meeting the present movement dates its beginning.

The Men's Movement is what its name implies. It is strictly a movement only. Its purpose is pre-eminently to inspire missionary zeal and enthusiasm. It investigates missionary conditions, it agitates for an adequate missionary policy, and inspires and encourages laymen to do their reasonable share in prosecuting the missionary activities of the different churches and boards.

It has already proven itself to be of tremendous advantage to every phase of Christian Missions. It is spreading with wonderful rapidity taking the people of the United States, Canada, Great Britain, Germany and Australia as by storm. It is proving

a mighty factor making for a closer unity among protestant churches.

Last fall a series of conventions was planned covering practically the entire United States by holding sessions at strategic centers. Richardson county belongs to the South Platte division, with its convention center at Lincoln. The meeting will open March 15th in the auditorium and continue until the 17th.

Col. Sizer, Prof. McBryan, and Rev. Northup of Lincoln came down to Falls City between trains Friday evening to inaugurate the movement in Richardson county and rally delegates for the convention. A committee was selected of one representative layman from each church, with G. J. Crook as chairman and Samuel Lichty as secretary. At a subsequent meeting it was determined to send a committee consisting of one pastor and two laymen to visit each of the surrounding towns in the county for the purpose of rallying the local forces in the interest of this great convention.

Assignments were as follows:

Humboldt—Rev. R. C. Bailey.
Dawson—Rev. Brooks.
Salem—Rev. F. E. Day.
Stella—Rev. G. H. Reichel.
Rulo—Rev. Nelde.
Shubert—Rev. Nanninga.
Preston—W. H. Wylor.

Richardson county is in the race to win and will send at least a coach load of delegates to the Lincoln convention. Every earnest Christian has a stake in this great movement and should loyally support the general plans as they are being worked out and placed before the people.

Disposition Reflected in Voice.

Be cheerful, keep your disposition serene and genial. If you are a croaker you will have a croaking voice. If you are sunny your talk will be sunny and it will flow out like liquid amber in a stream that will refresh your listeners.

More than 200,000 pounds of human hair imported from Hongkong to this country annually.

For Sale.

One good heavy boned mammoth Jack, weighing about 1,100 pounds. Eight years old. Sure breeder.—J. F. Scarlett, 5-1f

MARKET LETTER.

Letter From our Regular Correspondent at Kansas City.

Kansas City Stock Yards, Feb. 22, 1910.—Conditions continue favorable to sellers in the cattle trade today, following an advance of 10 to 25 cents last week, applying to all grades. Prices have made about this much gain each of the past three weeks, and now stand 50 to 75 cents above their position when the meat agitation was at its height. The supply here today is 10,000 head, and prices are strong on steers and country grades, cow stuff strong to 10 higher. There is a good demand from eastern killers for live animals, and local packers are finding a ready outlet for beef slaughtered here which makes an ideal market from the sellers standpoint. No extra prime steers are here today, the top cattle here selling at \$6.85 to \$7 and bulk of steers \$5.85 to \$6.75. Top cows bring up to \$5.75.

The hog market made good advance last week in the face of a run heater than for several weeks, and the close Saturday was only a shade below the best figures reached during the week. Supply today is 9,000 head market 10 higher, with prices all along the line at the highest point reached on this bulge, and highest ever known here, top \$8.25, bulk \$8.95 to \$9.20, light hogs \$8.80 to \$9.05. Mess pork sold up to \$44 in 1864, and the price is now \$24, while highest price paid for lard in the last fifty years was \$30 per cwt., in 1865; the price now is \$12.80. All provisions futures are now at the highest prices of the season.

J. A. RICKART,
Live Stock Correspondent.

Word-of-Mouth Advertising

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Advertising in This Paper talks to everybody at once and makes them talk back with money.

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This showing includes the most complete, stylish, up-to-date Spring Suits we have ever shown at any time in a spring season. The models are most attractive, as well as practical. Easy fitting, elegant in appearance, made of well-wearing, plain and fancy weaves. The range of shades covers well nigh the entire list of staple and evening colorings.

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