

THE QUIET HOUR

In his Primitive Culture, E. B. Tylor tells of some "Chinese worshippers who, when their idol failed to give them the things prayed for, were overheard to say to him, 'How now, you dog of a spirit we've given you an abode in a splendid temple, we gild you and feed you and fumigate you with incense, and yet you are so ungrateful that you won't listen to our prayers.' So they drag him in the dirt, and then if they get what they want they clean him and set him up again with apologies and promises of a new coat of gilding."

How childishly stupid and absurd they are to imagine that such selfish utilizing of the idol merely to secure their selfish ends can be considered worship. And yet how easy it is for us to do the same thing.

The fact is we are constantly in danger of merely utilizing God, instead of worshiping him.

It is the temptation to value our religion chiefly for what we can get out of it in the selfish, lower sense,

The man who tried to use Christ to get his brother to have his inheritance with him, and the woman who tried to "use her pull" with him to get good berths for her two sons, are but two representatives of a vast multitude.

Their central thought in their relation to Christ, is not one of loving devotion and joyous fellowship. The fact of the matter is that, if you scrape off the surface gloss you will find essentially the same thought as that which found place in the Chinese idol-worshiper's mind.

It is the difference between making Christ an end in himself, and making him merely a means toward an end; between loving him and using him.

It is the difference between the warm hearted, passionate devotion which loves him for what he is, and is almost oblivious to the gifts he brings, or sees in them only calls to deeper gratitude; and the sordid, calculating spirit attracted to him by the loaves and fishes.

It is the difference between the meaner standard of baser soul which catching no glimpse of his grace and glory, would press heavenly power in to the service of earthly plans; and that nobler, diviner insight which marks earth's loftiest souls in the presence of the Master, and which expresses itself in worship.

One of the evils incident to this substitution of a utilized God for a worshiped God is the fact that the man is liable at any moment to be disappointed in, and to discard his God as he would a machine that no longer "works."

Man's fidelity hinges on God's utility. So long as piety brings prosperity it is a fine thing. But when Job's possessions are swept away and the storms of adversity strip his fields bare—why then, according to his wife philosophy, the proper thing to do is to curse the God who is no longer a guaranty against earthly disaster.

You have known such people. As a rule they have no trouble in reconciling the ways of God with some other chap's troubles. President King's characterization of the optimist as "the man who thinks everything happens for the best—as long as it happens to the other fellow," fits their case to a tee.

But when the cyclone levels their home; or the bursting dam carries it away; or the death angel fails to pass over their family circle and leave it unscathed, these people are apt to question the value of a God whose favor does not guarantee them immunity from humanity's common heritage of sorrow, and oftentimes their idol is toppled down. Almost any pastor's reminiscences will furnish men and women, supposedly firmly grounded in the faith, who, passing through some murmurings and even drifted out into unbelief.

Some times this type of religionist stakes all upon the answer to some specific prayer. If their God endures this test, well and good. If the answer is not forth-coming in what they deem a reasonable length of time, they are ready to heave faith overboard and brand devotion as a delusion.

the lesson that he is in a measure the result of his own deeds.—Selected.

The Message of the Bells.
Ring, ring, O bells of Christmas-tide,
Your joyful message far and wide
Thru all the blessed land proclaim.
This is the blessed Day of days
When here, to walk earth's troubled
ways.

The Lord our Savior came.
Not with pomp and splendor fine,
But 'mongst the lowly sheep and kine
And cradled in the straw.
He came, and low the path He trod
Always—the greatest gift from God
An erring world e'er saw.

As in the dawning eastern skies
The Wise Men watched the Star
That heralded His birth.
Thus we await God's Kingdom come,
When man and all God's creatures
dumb
Shall dwell upon this earth

In brotherhood; when war shall cease
And Love and Universal Peace—
Their banners white unfurled—
With tenderness and gentle sway,
Their watch word "Mercy," shall for
ay
Prevail thruout the world.

Fling out your message, O ye bells,
Your cadence silvery foretells
The gracious times to be
When sweet Compassion, angel fair,
O'er this our land and everywhere
Shall brood perpetually.

Louella C. Poole

Size is no criterion of value. The loudest voice does not always utter the wisest words. Size may impress the shallow, but the thoughtful know that power often abides in the smallest things.

Elect Officers.

The Degree of Honor met in regular session on Thursday evening and elected the following officers for the ensuing year:

First Chief of Honor—Mrs. Elizabeth Pecht.

Chief of Honor—Mrs. Belle Mulligan.

Lady of Honor—Mrs. Mary Marr.

Chief of Ceremonies—Mrs. Carrie Paxton.

Usher—Mrs. Cora Bloom.

Financier—Mrs. Mary Parchen.

Recorder—Mrs. Emma Foster.

Receiver—Mrs. Sarah Wanner.

Inner Watch—Mrs. John Jones.

Outer Watch—Mrs. Emma Scobie.

Trustee—C. M. Wilson.

The officers will be installed on the first Thursday evening in January.

Library Books.

The following is a list of new books at the library:

Life of Charlotte Bronte—Gaskell.
Fighting The Slave Trade in Central Africa—Swan.

Study of Words—White.

Across the Plains—Stevenson.

My Mark Twain—Howells.

Love and Law In Child Training—Pouillon.

Heroes of Missionary Enterprises—Mott.

Fiction

Master of The Vineyard—Feed.

Heart That Knoweth—Roberts.

Paid in Full—Walter.

Jane Field—Wilkins.

Good Men and True—Rhodes.

Flamstead Quarrels—Waller.

Over Bemerton's—Lucas.

German Books.

Ludwig—Wisconsin Himmel und Erde—Ludwig.

Immenste—Storm.

Das Edle Blut—Wildenbruch.

Novellen—Heyse.

Der Katzensteg—Sudermann.

Lichtenstein—Hauff.

Juvenile.

Boys and Girls of The White House—Sage.

Our Country's Flag—Rolden.

Stories of the Saints—Chenowath.

Childrens' Stories of Great Scientists—Wright.

Randy's Winter—Brooks.

Grandpa's Little Girl at School—Curtis.

Mary Ware in Texas—Fellows-Johnson.

Our Country West—Mason.

He that thinks he can afford to be negligent is not far from being poor.

Johnson.

Ribbons! Ribbons!

Ladies, This is Your Opportunity

to buy all silk, imported Ribbons at less than half price. Very choice for sash and fancy work.

Sale Commences
Friday a.m., Dec. 9

50c Ribbon for 23c | 75c to \$1.00
Ribbon for 38c

Don't wait; be here and get first choice.

See samples in window

R. A. Dittmar



AN EYE TOOTH

will often cause much misery to the owner if it begins to decay. It is wisest to have your teeth looked to frequently, so as to be sure that none are decayed.

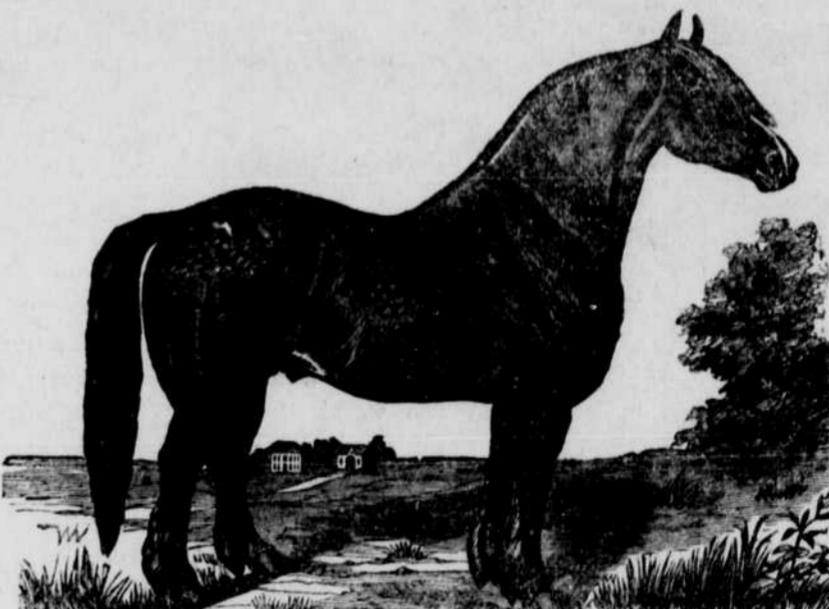
FOR APPEARANCE SAKE
as well as for the practical purpose of chewing, get your teeth in good shape. It is our business to do this excellently.

Dr. Yutzy, Dr. C. E. Heffner, Falls City, Nebraska

MEAT Fresh meat of all kinds may be had of Mack & Nixon, either at the Market in Barada or at the Mack farm. Good Beef, 8c and 9c per pound. Pork dressed 11c. Will deliver if not too far out.

Mack & Nixon, Barada, Nebr.

WANTED!!



Horses, Mares and Mules

For Eastern, Southern and Foreign Markets

As I have bought and owned more horses and mules in the last twenty years than any other one country buyer in Europe or America, and as I buy horses and mules for eight or ten different markets, I can pay you more money than any other man in America for any kind of a horse or a mule you have for sale.

Falls City, Saturday, Dec. 10

Now if you have an extra draft horse, trotter or pacer, chunk or southern horse, don't sell them until you show them to me. I want mules from fourteen hands high to as big as they grow. I want them from three to ten years old. I'm coming to buy not to look.

You'll Get the Same Square Deal that I've Given You for Years

W. J. Owens

Most Extensive Dealer in the U.S.

Wait for Me—I'm Coming

The ONE Cleanser For The Farm.

Cleans, Scrubs, Scours Polishes

Old Dutch Cleanser

Is the only thing you need to do all your cleaning—in the kitchen, dairy, bath-room, parlor, pantry and throughout the house and in the barn.

Old Dutch Cleanser polishes brass, copper, tin, nickel and all metal surfaces. Excellent for cleaning harness; no acid or caustic; (not a soap powder).

For Cleaning Harness: Sprinkle Old Dutch Cleanser on wet sponge, rub harness well, rinse with clean water and wipe dry—removes all dirt and will not harden or crack.

For Polishing Metal: Sprinkle Old Dutch Cleanser on wet cloth, rub briskly, rinse with clean water, wipe dry and polish with a little dry powder—easiest and quickest.

10¢ Large Sifter Can

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Johnson.