

ALABAMA BAPTIST

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PARAGRAPHS

Quite a number of the Cullman saints were on hand at the association and all had good things to say of Pastor Reeves.

Chilton County Association has within its bounds three ministerial students. The Association raised quite a neat sum to help one of the young men to pay his way at school.

The world's fifth Sunday school convention is to be held in Rome May 20-23, 1907. The White Star Line steamer "Romanic," sailing from Boston April 27, 1907, will carry the delegates from North America.

W. H. Shaw, of Jemison, was re-elected clerk of the Chilton county association, carrying out one of Brother Crumpton's pet theories that a good clerk ought to be retained indefinitely.

Rev. P. G. Maness, the Moderator of the Chilton county association, is one of our best scholars whose love for his own people causes him to remain in country pastorates, where he believes he can do his best work.

Rev. F. Tidwell was elected Moderator of the Warrior River Association. He is a warm-hearted Baptist and knows how to treat the visiting brethren. W. S. Tidwell was re-elected clerk. He is an efficient one.

The Cullman Association met with Bethesda church, out five miles from Cullman. Brother Glasscock drove me out part of the way and turned me over to his father-in-law, brother Turner, who saw me safely on the grounds.

Miss Genevive Voorheis has just received the appointment by the foreign board as missionary to Bahia, Brazil. She goes about December 15. She has been visiting her aunts in West End, Birmingham, Mrs. B. G. Eastburn and Miss Loufse Jones the past week. She has returned to her home in Little Rock, Ark.

I have been to many country churches in Alabama, but for beauty of location the Pine Bluff church surpasses them all. It was a constant inspiration to look out over the cliffs and listen to the music of the waters below.

I had a twenty-mile drive through the county to get the Chilton County Association, which met with Pilgrim Rest church. I rode behind a pair of fast ponies and had a sturdy little fourteen-year-old boy for a driver, who in his way is one of the manliest little fellows I have ever met. For two years he has been driving for one of the Clanton stables and knows every cow path in Chilton county.

I have accepted the hearty and unanimous call of the Baptists of Yorkville, S. C., and will move to that place at an early date. My resignation was presented yesterday. This leaves a good field open for some one. Never was the church in better condition. Many noble people live here and I turn reluctantly from my friends here as well as those throughout the state. May God bless them all. We used the individual cup yesterday in observing the Lord's Supper for the first time. We like it very much. It is surprising that all of our churches do not use it.—J. G. Murray.



MRS. JEFFERSON DAVIS
Whose Death Caused Sorrow Throughout the South

MRS. JEFFERSON DAVIS HAS ANSWERED THE CALL

In New York at the Majestic hotel, she died of pneumonia at 10:25 o'clock on Tuesday night October 16. With her were Mrs. J. Addison Hayes, her only surviving daughter, Jefferson Hayes Davis, a grandson, and other relatives. For days there was hope that her unusual vitality would resist the disease, but it was not to be. And from a sinking spell, ending in unconsciousness, she passed to her everlasting home. As the wife of President Davis, and as his widow she was greatly beloved by the entire southern people, and to this great love she responded with singular devotion. In her death we sorrow, for she was ours. The wife of the only Confederate president, Mrs. Jefferson Davis came of distinguished ancestry. Her grandfather, Major Richard Howell, was born in Delaware, and was a descendant of the Howells, of Caerleon, Monmouth county, Wales. He was in 1775 captain of Fifth company, Second battalion, New Jersey line, and in 1776 went in the expedition against Quebec. In 1776 he was appointed major Second regiment, New Jersey troops. He participated in the battles of Brandywine, Germantown and Monmouth with such distinction that he was highly commended by Washington. In 1793 he was made governor of New Jersey, and for eight

terms was re-elected successively. His fourth son, William Bur Howell, was the father of Mrs. Davis, and was an officer in the marine corps and served with distinguished bravery under Commodore Decatur in the war of 1812 in the engagement on the lakes. After peace he came to Natchez, Miss., and settled at Briers, near the city. Here he formed a friendship of life-long intimacy with Mr. Joseph E. Davis, and it was at the latter's home, Hurricane, that his young daughter, Varina, at the age of seventeen, met his brother, Mr. Jefferson Davis. This acquaintance soon ripened into love and marriage.

Mrs. Davis was endowed with a brilliant, versatile mind, and this, with a fine classical education, made her a fit life companion for the great statesman, the president of the Confederacy. She was a gifted writer, and there, perhaps, has not appeared from an American for some years a more readable, interesting book than her "Memoir of President Davis' Life and Times."

She was her husband's almost constant companion, going with him to Washington when he first took his seat in congress in 1845. Her insight and appreciation of character seemed to be most wonderful. Her perceptions were quick and she observed all that was passing around her. Even Mr. Calhoun made her his friend and wrote her long letters on governmental subjects when she was a very young woman.

Her book takes you into Washing-
(Continued on Page 16.)

PARAGRAPHS

Rev. J. F. Watson, formerly pastor at Pratt City, has been compelled to move from Holdenville, I. T., to Pomona, California, on account of the health of his wife.

Rev. W. Absher, of Hanceville, who was re-elected Moderator, ruled with absolute impartiality and ran the Association on schedule time. Brother W. J. Jackson was re-elected clerk.

Rev. James M. Gray, D. D., dean of the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago, and well known as a Bible expositor, will conduct a series of evangelistic meetings in Little Rock, Ark., in November.

The Warrior River Association has now passed into history. In future it will be known as the Blount County Association. It is a large body and has within its bounds some of the Lord's anointed.

Brother Nash helped me greatly in getting a list of new subscribers at the Warrior River Association; in fact, the Moderator and pastors all assisted, and the speech of Brother W. M. Cole was greatly appreciated.

I had the privilege of preaching the Missionary Sermon at the Cullman Association. About \$30 was given to missions in the basket collection. There are some enthusiastic mission pastors in the Cullman Association.

Rev. J. W. O'Hara, of Montgomery, who came to represent the State Board, arrived just as the Association was about to adjourn, but got in his say. He was not expected and had to walk quite a good way to be present, but he is the kind that does not let little hindrances keep him from doing his duty.

I had a time in getting to the Warrior River Association. I first rode on an electric car, then changed to the Louisville and Nashville main line, then to a branch road which took nearly three hours to travel ten miles, then got a seat in a farm wagon and rode six miles over about as rough a dirt road as there is in the south and which made me an earnest advocate of "good roads" for Alabama; then I walked part of the way through some lovely fields, the pleasantest portion of the trip. I felt worn out from the trip until we flushed a covey of partridges and some of them lit on a rail fence and watched us as we rode by.

A pathetic case of a brother's life-long devotion to an invalid sister is reported from Erlen, in the Canton of Thurgovie, by the Geneva correspondent of the London Express.

Madeline Opprecht met with an accident 65 years ago, when she was 17 years of age, and the lower part of her body was paralyzed. She has just died, her only nurse during that long period having been her brother.

Eleven years after her accident an operation was performed and she was for a time able to walk a little. The brother, who believed she would be cured, became engaged to be married, but when his sister had a relapse, making recovery hopeless, he broke off the engagement to devote his attention completely to the invalid.

DR. HENRY W. BATTLE
ON THE REUNION.

Birmingham Home-Coming a Type of the Reunion Above.

"And they shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God."

Luke 13:29.

I have received from the Hon. William D. Jelks, Governor of my native state, Alabama, a summons to "come home" and join in a great reunion of native Alabamians and their descendants in the splendid city of Birmingham. You will not think the less of me when I say I long to go, but duty to the great enterprise we are now rounding into splendid success admonishes me to lose not a day from my post at this most critical time. With a sigh born of an exile's fathomless yearning, I turn from the beckoning hand of my beloved state to anticipate a reunion more glorious still, in the city whose builder and maker is God.

"Beautiful city, the home of the blest, Beautiful mansions where weary shall rest,

Beautiful river of life, never old, Beautiful streets of purest gold.

Beautiful greeting when friend meet-eth friend,

Beautiful meeting that never shall end,

Beautiful day of no shadow of night, Beautiful vision eternally bright."

I joyfully anticipate the celestial "home-coming," because my heart and the heart of each man and woman the wide world over needs it.

This life is marred by separations. "Good-bye" is a word whose sad meaning has been woven into universal experience and echoed in every language of earth. Love may whisper with sweet confidence,

"Earth holds not a lonesome glen, So secret but we meet again," but, alas, here we meet only to part. Many of those who hasten to enter the wide-open gates of Alabama's great city that they may for a little while renew precious amenities, after long separations, will not meet again this side the river. That thought will flit like an unbidden specter through the banqueting hall and sometimes still the music's joyous beat.

Somewhere there must be a place where we can abide; some day the heart must hold its restored treasures with an embrace that will never relax, or the deepest yearning of the soul is vanity of vanities!

As the burning thirst of the famishing proclaims that there is water somewhere; as the gasps of the dying are nature's testimony to the existence of the air which her weakened and disorganized powers cannot appropriate, so the heart's irrepressible cry for reunion with the loved and the lost is the pathetic but blessed prophecy of heaven. It was in answer to this that our Lord said, "If it were not so I would have told you."

I anticipate the heavenly home-coming and reunion because it is the promise of God.

In that beautiful chapter whose mild and tender light has so often beamed like a soft-eyed star on the couch of the dying, the 14th of John the Master says, "In my Father's house are many mansions." What sort of a strange father's house, think you, must that be which celebrates no reunions? Does not the Sulammite, typical of the church triumphant, raptuously exclaim, "He brought me to the banqueting house, and His banner over me was love?" Ah, there will be a mighty throng, gathered "out of every kindred and tongue and people and nation," throughout all ages, to banquet with Jesus beneath the radiant canopy of his love, to the music of the harpers harping on their harps. How sublime the spectacle! How ineffable the glory! How transcendently blessed it will be to be there! I cannot go to Birmingham, but by the

grace of God I'll be there! Will you? And will you carry your loved ones along with you?

I have called the heavenly home-coming a reunion, because it will be a home-coming, and because the soul demands it should be, and because Jesus implied as much in his sweetest words. But somebody may ask: "How can you, with any respect for accuracy of expression, call that vast gathering a reunion, when there could have been no union between multitudes who will then meet for the first time? Many of them were separated from one another by thousands of miles, and many spake a different language on earth." True, but nevertheless there was union, the sweetest and profoundest on earth—a union based on blood relationship, the blood that was shed on Calvary, a fellowship created by enduring natal ties!

The most powerful influences at work in human society spring from the ties of patriotism and consanguinity. The one joins the heart in deathless bonds of affection to the place where the infant eye first saw the light; the other brings life under the magic spell of those sacred words: Mother, father, sister, brother.

He who sprang from the same loins with myself, pillowed his head on the same soft bosom, felt the same magnetic fingers toy with clustering baby locks, drank sweet balm for childish sorrows from the same ruby lips and went forth to life's hard battle with the same benediction on his head—he, go where he may and do what he will, he must ever be to me more than a citizen of the wide world, dearer than a stranger. And he who rightfully claims nativity in my beloved state and, wherever his feet may roam, cherishes her traditions and illustrates her virtues—that man is for me manhood's noblest type.

"The courtiers, soldiers, scholars, eye, tongue, sword, The expectancy and rose of the fair state, The glass of fashion and the mold of form, The observed of all observers."

Our feet may wander far, and the years may sweep with billowy experiences between, but we pass not beyond that holy influence. The inspired seer of God realized all this and broke forth into rapturous acclaim: "Glorious things of thee are spoken, O city of God! And of Zion it shall be said, this or that man was born of her. The Lord shall count when He writes up the people that this man was born there."

Only the right conferred by birth will avail in the day of the celestial reunion. You must be born in Zion here below if you would enter beautiful Zion built above and participate in the glorious reunion of the people of God.

When the multitudes gather within the gates of Birmingham the badge provided for each will mean, "I was born in Alabama." It will thus proclaim, by a distinguishing mark, to all the world that the festivities and loving fellowships of the occasion are intended to celebrate and perpetuate a birth. Others who have made their homes within her borders may have served the state as well, or even better than many of her own children (and she has honors and unstinted appreciation for such), but surely every generous bosom will applaud the royal welcome home the glorious old mother will give to her returning children.

But says generous Birmingham, "Those of Alabama blood, and those who have ever lived in the state, with all those who are dear to them are invited to come and share in the festivities"—grandsons and great grandsons to the end of the line. Let me solemnly warn you against a danger at this point. No such plea will avail when the innumerable multitude shall "come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, and sit down in the kingdom of God." The Lord Jesus taught

in the parable of the ten virgins the tremendous truth that saving grace is not transferrable. Said Spurgeon: "My children may inherit my gout, but they cannot inherit my religion." Nicodemus was wise and honorable and distinguished and proudly boasted descent from Abraham, but Jesus said to him: "Ye must be born from above."

Sociability will be the distinguishing characteristic of the week's reunion.

The busy wheels of industry will pause; men will turn aside from the mad pursuit of wealth and the passion of greed will give place to the nobler sentiments of good-fellowship. Homes will fling doors wide open that the guest may find within the clasp of warm hands and the sympathetic beat of loving hearts; hearts will thrill; eyes will brim with happy tears; eloquent tongues speak of the long ago, of heroic struggles and achievements and prophesy of greater things yet to be, when Alabama shall spread her canvas, woven in her own mills to catch all the breezes of heaven, and with iron prow digged from her inexhaustible mines, proudly plow the waves, queen of the southern seas!

The great reunion up yonder, too, will be social.

Believe me, heaven is, or will be, a place, I say "or will be," for who knows but what this earth may when purified and glorified be the heaven of Christ and his people? There is abundant scriptural grounds for the heart to found such a hope upon. I love to think that it may be so; that this dear old world, redeemed, purified with fire and rehabilitated with robes of bridal loveliness, will welcome back her Lord; will give Him a throne where once she planted the cross, and with her ten thousand times ten thousand voices in ecstasy hail Him Lord of Lords and King of Kings!

SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER THERE?

Why Jesus says: "And I say unto you that many shall come from the east and west and shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven." Shall we know Abraham and Isaac and Jacob? Could there be any special honor or pleasure in being permitted to sit down with the grand old sacred celebrities unless we knew them? Let me but know, I care not how that yonder radiant ones are mother and father, sister and brother, and I will clasp them to a heart that will beat with a quickened pulse of joy though it had been still a thousand years! Together, in luminous resurrection bodies, redeemed from the ruins of the tomb and the deeper ruins of the fall, refined, purified, glorified, every tear wiped away in white robes, wearing crowns and waving palms, we will walk the streets of gold and gaze on the face of the Lamb!

There will be tears of joy, mingled with the handshakes when old friends meet again. And I read in Revelation of the reunion above: "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne will feed them and shall lead them unto living fountains of water; and God shall wipe all tears from their eyes." Will not that be glorious beyond the dream of fancy in her loftiest flight? The ambrosia of heaven with Jesus at the head of the table; water from the living fountain. What! Is that a tear, sparkling in the light of the holy city!—a tear of joy because the struggle, the pang, the heartache is forever gone! blessed tear! it will not have long to flow. God's own hand, tenderer than a mother's, will quickly wipe it away, and that will be the last tear that eye will ever shed. Talk of sociability! What blessed converse we shall have up yonder! How we shall talk! No cloud to dim the spirit; no need of suspicion or fear; no failure to understand; no limping and halting vehicle we call language. Pure spirit answering to pure spirit with not a cloud between—O poverty-stricken earth—language (German, or French, or Eng-

lish) we shall not need you then! How you hamper our spirits now, but then we will speak the dialect of heaven! One tongue, one motive, one glory, one rapture-filled heart! Society that will be the aristocracy of eternity. No revolution can ever change it; no convulsions such as earth's societies know can shake its member out of their places and reverse heaven's order! Each will wear on his forehead as the badge of his nobility, the mark of the Lamb; each will have right to enter through the gates into the city. And Jesus will be there! Our blessed Savior! Higher my imagination cannot rise! more my heart cannot ask—

"I love to think of heaven; its cloudless light,
Its tearless joys, its recognitions and its fellowships
Of love and joy unending; but when my mind anticipates
The sight of God incarnate, wearing on his hands
And feet and side marks of the wounds
Which He for me on Calvary endured,
All heaven beside is swallowed up in this;
And he who was my hope of heaven below
Becomes the glory of my heaven above."

R. S. GAVIN MAKES ANNOUNCEMENT.

Dear Brother Barnett: I have just finished meetings with Pastor Kilpatrick at the Twenty-seventh Street church, Birmingham. That is a very difficult field, but as I see it, rich in possibilities. It is going to take a great deal of consecrated common sense and some good help from the board to get it thoroughly on its feet, but it will be all but criminal to neglect it. It is a strategic point and we can hold it if we want to. By the time this is in print I shall be with the Castleberry church, in south Alabama. Brethren will write me there until the next issue of the Baptist. It gives me a great deal of pleasure to be able to announce that I am now entirely well. Yes, I am sure enough well. Remember, I do not mean that I am "patched up," but that I am as well as if I had never been sick. So say my physicians—and better than that—so I feel.

I will continue in the evangelistic work until I locate as pastor. If at any time the brethren who want to write me forget where I am, they may address me at Bessemer, and I will get the letter, no matter where I have wandered to.—R. S. Gavin, Bessemer.

IN ALABAMA ASSOCIATION.

I have just returned from Brad-leyton, where I attended the eighty-seventh session of the Alabama Association, oldest in the state and mother of all. Once (in 1836) containing 37 churches, we are now reduced to eleven, with a membership of 866 and 67 baptisms reported. Quite a number of visiting brethren were with us, but we very much missed the frank and genial face of ye editor of our state organ. Prominent among the visitors were Dr. J. V. Dickinson, Brother J. W. Hamner and O. P. Bentley, who helped us much. The sermon of Dr. Dickinson on Saturday, theme "Loyalty to Christ," was elevating and inspiring and that of Bro. Bentley at 11 a. m. Sunday, Gal. 6:14, was equally impressive and like the apostle of old, rising to the grandeur of his theme thundered into our ears the great central truth of his text: "Glory in nothing save the cross of Christ."

Though small, much of the zeal of other days remains. The session just closed was an ideal one, fraught with a manifest interest in the things of the Master scarcely excelled by the ancient body in days of yore.

Our contributions for missions, though insignificant, is larger (pro rata) perhaps than in twenty years. Fraternally, C. C. Lloyd, clerk, Greenville, Ala., October 17, 1906.

IN THE HOMES AND THE SOCIETIES OF THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN OF THE EAST LIBERTY, COLUMBIA, NEWTON, TUSKEGEE AND CAHABA ASSOCIATIONS.

Mrs. T. A. Hamilton,
Birmingham, Ala.

Following up the invitation extended at Talladega by the excellent vice president of the East Liberty Association we turned our face toward Lanett.

The home of Miss Alma McLaugh, thinking to be there early in the afternoon, but missing connection at Opelika furnished the excuse for spending an hour or so in Mrs. W. E. Hudmon's hospitable home, and discussing the coming meeting at her association, the Tuskegee, of which she has been the faithful and efficient vice president for a number of years. Pursuing the journey, brought us to West Point, where the largest cotton mill in this part of the country is operated and where the twin city of Lanette employs some eight hundred operators also. In the ideal home of the vice president we rested and heard of the well organized church work being conducted here, met the bright, intelligent, eager young people that night at the church and saw our Sunbeam children face to face. The Woman's Missionary and Aid Society, the Young Woman's Missionary Society and the Sunbeams are all at work. Meeting an earnest teacher and leader, Mrs. Moncrief, that evening we consented to visit her school the next morning at

Langdale,

and were so pleased to know of her Sunbeam Society and her anxiety to organize a Young Woman's Society. Thus are these earnest women striving to bring brightness and happiness into the lives of children and young people, most of whom are spending these beautiful October days within the walls of the cotton mills and whose pale faces and stooping shoulders declare that the plea for child slavery should be pressed by thinking people our country over. In the school room decorated with the feathery golden rod, bright autumn flowers and trailing vines, this good woman rejoices to teach those favored little ones entrusted to her care and is reaching out to those whose lives are less happy as they come within her reach in Sunday school and Sunbeam work.

Leaving the vine covered home of Miss McLaugh, where all that is beautiful is loved by its inmates and whose center is a dear little one, "a child of many prayers," we set out on a 12-mile ride through the beautiful October afternoon, and in good time reached

Fredonia,

Where the East Liberty Association was to meet. The best of care was given us in the home of Mrs. Jim Fuller. Was ever hospitality more precious or more genial than that dispensed by our Baptist folk at their associations? Sometimes I think the plan was given them and then the pattern was lost—it has never been duplicated! Such warm hand-grasps, such urgent invitations to their homes, such lavish providing for the crowd at the long tables groaning with good things, makes one rejoice to be present at the gathering of the Baptist clans. The meeting for the ladies and children had been carefully planned by the vice president and had it not been that October forgot to be herself and played the prank of giving us nipping cold weather, the carrying out of the program would have formed an ideal woman's meeting. But for fear of colds being contracted in the cold church, many good things were eliminated, not, however, before the roll call of delegates and the additional societies and gifts had proven beyond peradventure that growth of woman's work was assured in the East Liberty and that bright-

Woman's Work

CENTRAL COMMITTEE.

President—Mrs. L. F. Stratton, 1135 12th street, Birmingham.
Vice President—Mrs. H. L. Mellen, Livingston.
Vice President—Mrs. A. J. Dickinson 517 North 22d street, Birmingham.
State Organizer and Sunbeam Superintendent—Mrs. T. A. Hamilton, 1127 S. 12th St., Birmingham.
Leader Young Woman's Work—Mrs. J. W. Vesey, 4804 10th avenue, Birmingham.
Secretary—Mrs. D. M. Malone, 736 S. 29th street, Birmingham.
Treasurer—Mrs. N. A. Barrett, 7900 Underwood avenue, East Lake.
Auditor—Mrs. Peyton Eubanks, Ensley.
Recording Secretary—Mrs. T. W. Hampton, 431 S. McDonough street, Montgomery.
Advisory Board—Mrs. Charles A. Stakely, Montgomery; Mrs. S. A. Smith, Prattville; Mrs. George M. Morrow, Birmingham; Mrs. D. H. Montgomery, Woodlawn; Miss Birdie Ethridge, Avondale.
(All contributions to this page should be sent to Mrs. D. M. Malone.)

ening skies allure his good women to greater endeavor. A tender tribute was paid to the first vice president, Mrs. J. M. Vernon, who "though dead, yet speaketh," and even now "resting from her labors, her works do follow her."

En route to Columbia association we enjoyed again an hour or so with Mrs. Nudman, "the latch of whose door ever hangs on the outside" for the "religious tramp." So Dr. Patrick and this scribe availed ourselves of the privilege. Entering open doors seems to be one of the opportunities often offered, and thus a delightful half-hour in the prayer meeting of the First church of Opelika was enjoyed. The pastor has his work planned so as to have the proverbial seven men do the work instead of his doing the work of the seven men, thus leaving him free to do many things ordinary men might not be able to do. His prayer meeting topics are printed upon a neat folder and a leader appointed for each service, giving opportunity for the membership to prepare themselves upon the subjects suggested. Some one has said "A man's success in any line depends upon his ability to organize." The application is apparent.

Away down the Atlantic Coast Line we sped to

Pansy,

Where the Columbia Association is to meet. The visiting brother is in evidence as well as the visiting sister, and to both a hearty welcome is extended. The report on woman's work is made by Rev. C. N. James, of Columbia and would that all the sisterhood might know with what gentle, generous hands we had fallen. The subject was given liberal time and some half dozen of the pastors spoke to it, to our encouragement and comfort. A most unusual feature of the association was the special meeting for the young people. The gospel was presented in a simple and tender little sermon by Brother Rife, and rapt attention was given by the children. I am told that this is not the first time this "feeding of the lambs" has formed a part of the program. Blessed day that recognizes the fact that the "children are the best assets of both the church and the nation." A great find was made for woman's work in the securing as vice president of the association Mrs. C. N. James, of Columbia. At the woman's meeting several societies reported and requests were made by others for help in organizing bands and societies. Mrs. W. P. Steward, wife of the pastor at Pansy, is earnest and intelligent and was most helpful in the meeting. She presented an excellent paper on "How to keep up a society in a country church, which was encouraging and suggestive. After the parting hand had been given and the dear old hymn "How firm a foundation" had been sung, we turned toward

Newton,

Where years ago we had fallen in love with her people and have ever found them constant and true. A meeting had been planned by our dear Sister D. M. Jones for the after-

noon, and to the church we repaired to meet and greet our Sunbeam children, many of them grown almost to woman's estate, and all of them missing their faithful leader, Mrs. McLaney. Who will be raised up to fill her place? The answer means much for the work among the young people. At night we heard a debate at the college on the immigration subject, which is even more momentous than these young giants who hurled argument after argument against their opponents. It is a matter that should be well weighed by Christian people, for with them as with some other problems, rests the solution. "The more one knows of the dear old "Book," the more its wisdom forces itself upon the heart and mind; the more one is impressed with its adaptability to all men and to all times. All this comes of the injunction to the twelve to go out two and two, being the plan for the woman's meeting at

Ozark

Where my friend and sister and hostess bore me company. It was a most comfortable feeling having some one to go with to the association, to plan along the way with and to consult together about the things of the kingdom. It has long ceased to be a subject of conjecture as to how this scribe will fare; she always fares well at the hands of the sisterhood. Again the sweet home of Mrs. William Simmons was opened to her, and the dear little boys gave most homelike and happy welcome. Let these lines bear witness to the fact it is well worth while to win the heart of a little child. The first day of the association was ours to enjoy, as the woman's meeting came on the second day. It is always a pleasure to hear our missions presented as well as orphanage and the Howard and the Judson. Too many good things are crowded into the associations these days, that we are in danger of having mental dyspepsia! The meeting with the Sunbeams on Sunday afternoon was a season of mingled joy and sorrow, memory recalling a year ago, when two dear little sisters who had been among the happy children had been called away, but thank God to a better land. May we be counted worthy some sweet day to meet them there. It had been upon the heart of the pastor's wife, Mrs. Yarbrough, for some time to have a young woman's society organized, and this was effected under the leadership of Mrs. J. A. Anglin, who will associate some one of the young girls with her. Thus she will multiply her usefulness in training another, while she gives herself to the work also.

How often we plan and our plans seemingly fail, and yet there is no such word as fail when conscientious effort is made. When we reached Milledge on our way to

East Tallassee

We heard that Mrs. W. E. Hudmon, vice president Tuskegee Association, could not fill her place there, as she had certainly thought to do on account of the sickness of her daughter. But she is a wise woman and could send two of her society at Opelika to carry out the well planned program, and

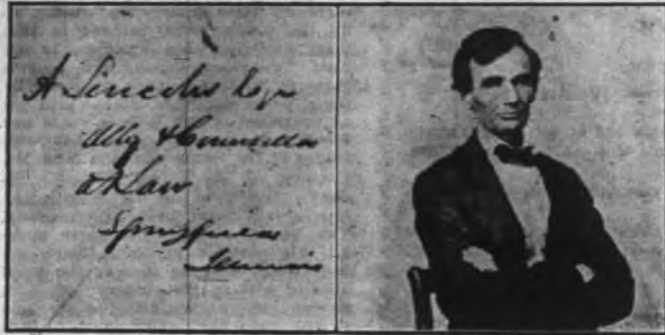
though she was greatly missed the efforts of those who were willing to fill the breach were blessed in that three societies were organized in the East Tallassee church, and reports from eight others were rendered by their delegates. Mrs. Steene will act as president of the Woman's Aid and Missionary Society. Mrs. Ashhurst, leader of the Sunbeams, and Miss McCluskey, of the Young Woman's Society. We went on our way rejoicing in our heart over this meeting. Two young teachers helped to make all this possible by their hearty cooperation. Who so wise as the great apostle who in the category of those having gifts named the teacher next to the preacher? Our good fortune on this trip seemed to lie in meeting those of earnest heart and invincible determination to help the cause and thus do the will of God. A young man who kindly brought us on our way, Mr. C. A. Machin, told us of the training he is enabled to do in his Sunday school class, composed of young people from the cotton mill at Tallassee, whereby he is effecting regular contributions to the cause of Christ, and constraining them by precept and example to "choose the better part."

It was not difficult to place a number of the plank cards for the West Huntsville chapel in the Sunday school classes, and in the hands of the Sunbeam and Young People's leaders, thus affording a fine illustration of how good a thing a church building fund would be, inasmuch as the helping hand is readily extended to others, as our own church houses are finished. An hour set apart for the children was a feature of this association also, and it was a gladsome sight as the children filed in and filed down the middle aisle of the building. Bro. Murray, of LaFayette, and Bro. Mosley, of Evergreen, were chosen to address them and good attention was accorded to the good things given them.

We were glad of the opportunity in passing through Montgomery to see the building that the people of the grand old First Baptist church are erecting. Truly, as we have heard, so here we "seen" and as we saw it, so we marveled. We were delighted to walk about and go round about to mark his bulwarks and consider the towers thereof. Beautiful indeed for situation, this church will be the joy of the Baptist brotherhood of Alabama.

Wending our way onward we reached Marion, that Mecca of the Baptists, and found ourselves in the friendly care of Rev. J. E. Barnes, who placed us within the gates of Mrs. J. W. Bates. There we abode with greatest comfort and pleasure. Old Sioam church had put on beautiful garments since last we worshipped within her historic walls. It was good to be there. Every session of the association was enjoyable and the woman's meeting a success. The vice president of the association had a number of reports from her societies, several excellent papers and a room full of sisters to give undivided attention to the discussion of that great movement—Woman's mission to woman. It was a fitting finale to all these good meetings and greetings, to wind up at the Judson. We are under a thousand obligations for the privilege of again being permitted to enjoy the inspiration of those happy faces and smiling eyes. Truly youth is beauty, and a sigh will perforce escape one as the longing, overpowered you to be a girl again. And such kind attention to the message brought, such intelligent apprehension and appreciation of the weighty matters urged upon them for their betterment and for the betterment of their kind the world over! The brightening smile, the earnest expression, the suffused eye, spoke eloquently of the depth of feeling, the widening sympathy, the devout determination to think on these things. Truly the heart of the Judson girl is as the heart of the rose—exquisitely sensitive and sweet.

(Continued on Page 12.)



FREDERICK TREVOR HILL'S "LINCOLN THE LAWYER."

Frederick Trevor Hill's study of "Lincoln the Lawyer," which began in the December Century, is the fruit of many year's thought and research.

"I do not know just when I first thought of writing the story of Mr. Lincoln's legal career," said Mr. Hill recently, "but it was a long time ago. For many years I have been intensely interested in all Lincoln literature. In reading the histories and biographies connected with his name I frequently found myself thinking 'that was done like a lawyer,' or 'there the lawyer in him showed to advantage,' and I began to wonder vaguely whether he might not have been an abler member of the profession than was generally supposed. I think it was a close reading of the debates with Douglas which convinced me that no one but a lawyer, and a very able one at that, could have held his own in such a contest; and when I studied the questions which Lincoln propounded to his opponent in that debate, I saw what I thought was a demonstration of high legal qualities. Then I began to examine his record at the bar more carefully, and was amazed to discover that he had been in active practice for more than twenty-three years—nearly half of his whole life, and all but a few years of his maturity. Except a few stereotyped stories and comments, I could find scarcely anything in the books dealing at all adequately with his legal experience of almost a quarter of a century.

"From that moment I began to gather material wherever I could find it touching upon this neglected period of development and preparation; but even Nicolay and Hay's history, published in ten volumes, devoted less than two chapters to his life in the courts; and although the distinguished authors of that work admitted that he was a good lawyer, and that his legal training was of value, their admission was not supported by evidence and might be called a judgment by default. Other recognized histories were equally unsatisfactory. My interest in the subject then grew so intense that instead of hoping to find something bearing upon the topic, I began to hope that I would not find it in any published form. Meanwhile I had begun to gather material from first hand, and luck was with me almost from the start.

"One Friday morning I received a letter of introduction to Judge Lawrence Weldon, of the United States Court of Claims, and to post myself concerning him I referred to 'Who's Who,' and discovered, among other things, that he was well advanced in years; and knowing him to be the last surviving lawyer who had traveled the old Eighth Circuit with Lincoln, I instantly telegraphed him, asking if he would see me the next day. He replied in the affirmative, and I immediately started for Washington, where I was received most courteously by the judge, and for almost half a day he talked to me in a delightfully informal manner of his experiences at the bar with Lincoln and of all that pertained to legal practice in those times. Later we entered into a correspondence on the subject, and he was engaged in procuring further data for me when he was taken ill and died, only a few weeks after he had placed me in possession of his invaluable reminiscences. I had suggested to Judge Weldon that I might go to Illinois to see what I could discover by traveling over the old Eighth Circuit, but he advised me against this, saying it would be a waste of time, as all material had been removed from the files and all landmarks destroyed; and I received equal discouragement from other high authorities.

"I did not think I could cover this subject, however, unless I had been over the ground in person, and had at least made an attempt to get the material I wanted. So I started West, and almost the moment I arrived in Illinois I chanced upon the right trail. Although much valuable material was missing from the records, I found something of interest in every town I rode through on the circuit. Not only this, but I met and talked with men who had been Lincoln's clients or who had been otherwise associated with him in his practice as lawyers, witnesses, jurymen and the like. I also found that two court houses in which he had argued cases were still standing, and the facilities which were placed at my

disposal officially and unofficially made the trip in every way successful. While in Springfield I visited General Orendorff, the president of the Illinois Historical Society, who very kindly allowed me to examine and use his collection of Lincoln's law papers and other documents pertaining to his legal career. I also made the acquaintance of Major William Lambert, of Philadelphia, who owns what is perhaps the finest collection of Lincolniana in this country. He also cordially cooperated with the result that a reproduction of some of his rarest manuscripts will illustrate the pages of the articles.

"Students of Lincoln history know that he was always an ardent advocate of compensated emancipation of the slaves. It is not generally known, however, that he actually drew up a plan for compensated emancipation as the basis for a bill which was afterwards introduced in the Delaware legislature. Among the priceless manuscripts in Mr. Lambert's collection is the original in Lincoln's handwriting of this plan, and the reproduction of this remarkable document will serve to illustrate that part of the text which refers to Lincoln as a lawmaker, in which capacity, of course, his legal training was of the highest importance."

The Disciple and His Lord, or twenty-six days with Jesus, published by the American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia, at \$1, was first published in Service, the organ of the Young People's Union, as a part of the sacred literature course for 1905-1906. They were at the time found eminently helpful and attracted wide attention.

The Young Convert's Problem, by A. C. Dixon, published by the American Tract Society, 150 Nassau street, New York, at 50 cents, has for its object the desire to help young Christians and seeks to do so by a biblical treatment of every subject.

A PAGE ABOUT NEW BOOKS

Tarbell's Teachers Guide to the International Sunday School Lessons for 1907. By Matha Tarbell, Ph. D. The Bible Text. Words and phrases explained. Suggestive thoughts from helpful writers. Light from oriental life. Suggestions for teaching the lesson. Three lesson thoughts with illustrations. Sentence sermons. The Bible its own interpreter. The personal thought. The lesson summary. Subjects for Bible class discussion. Work to be assigned. Intervening events. An analysis of the first nine books of the Bible. The geography of the Old Testament world, Egypt, Sinai Peninsula and Palestine. Large 8vo, 6x9 inches, beautifully printed in plain, open type, over 500 pages, handsomely bound in cloth. Illustrated with innumerable drawings, maps, charts, designs and photographs. \$1.25 postage prepaid. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, publishers, Indianapolis.

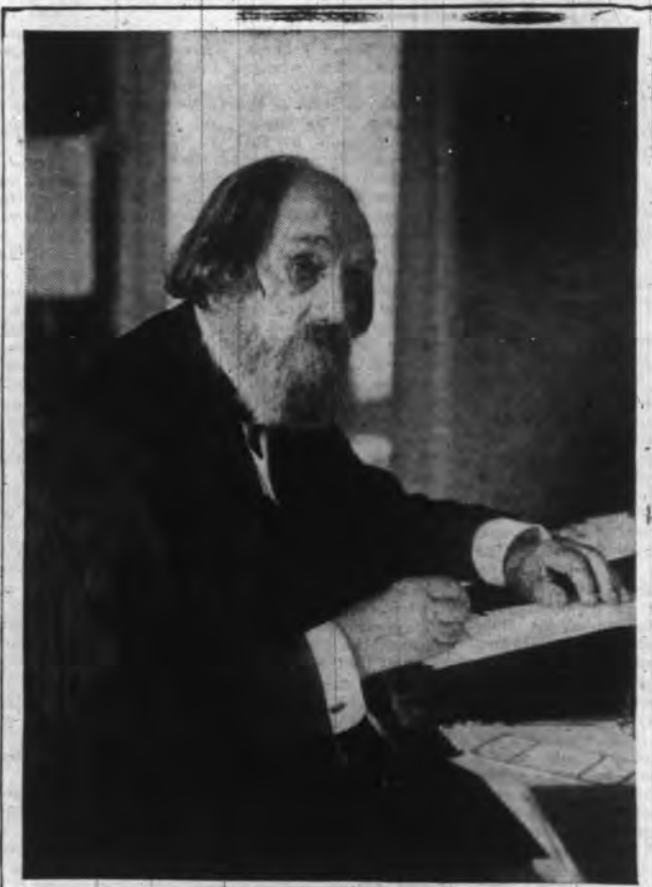
The Tarbell Guide is designed for use by both teachers and pupils. Its five hundred pages contain scholarly comments on word and phrase; suggestive quotations from writers on Bible lands and people; a sound method of teaching the points of the lesson; a valuable summary of the meaning and contents of each lesson; illuminative discussions of geography—in short, all that the Bible student and teacher want to know.

Life and Letters of Robert Edward Lee. By Rev. J. William Jones, D. D. Dr. Jones has written of a man among men. His hero is a man whose strength was the might of gentleness and self-command. A modest, God-loving gentleman, a firm, staunch patriot and intrepid soldier, a brilliant commander, a magnanimous foe, a thorough scholar, a useful and honorable citizen, Robert Edward Lee's place is at the head of the great men of recorded time.

We can not have too many biographies of him, we can not raise too many monuments to him, we can not see his gentle face too often. Noble, just and generous, tender, strong and loving, he is venerated and loved throughout the world. Here we have his life as told by himself through his letters and by his chaplain, "the fighting parson," whom he greatly loved.

Postpaid \$2. The Neale Publishing Company, New York, Broadway, Fifth avenue and Twenty-third st.

The South Wind, by T. Howard Pattison, D. D., late professor in Rochester Theological seminary, was issued in accordance with the wish and direction of the seminary. The volume, which is published by the American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia, at \$1, contains twenty-one sermons. Dr. Pattison's students hold him in grateful memory and many of our leading colleges miss his rare lectures.



Dr. Edward Everett Hale, Chaplain of the United States Senate, who makes a stirring appeal in the Woman's Home Companion for a mother's fight against Child Labor



SOME GOOD REVIVALS.

Roanoke—We had good revivals in all my churches. I had Brother Jesse Cook, of East Lake with me. He helped me in all four of my churches. Brother Cook is a fine young preacher and our people were delighted with his preaching. Brother Cook was reared at Roanoke, Ala., and we are proud of him. He has always been a fine boy. He has been in college three years. He will graduate this year. He is destined to be a strong preacher.

Our first meeting was at Rock Mills. The church was greatly revived and four added to the church.

We went from there to Macedonia and held a week's meeting. We had a fine meeting there but received only one member.

From there we went to Luinia, Liberty church, where we had the best meeting on the round, baptized six and we think several more were converted.

From there we went to Providence and had a good meeting; received seven.

Brother Cook did most of the preaching and did it well. Our people helped him liberally. We predict for him great success. The Lord Bless the Alabama Baptist. I am yours in Christ.

W. H. WRIGHT.

YES, WE MISS YOU.

"Do they miss me at home; do they miss me?" and fearing that they will not, has prompted me to publish the fact that I have left Alabama, and I can hardly write it without a tear, in your valuable paper, if you will deign to give it a place. The first of October myself and family said goodbye to one of the sweetest pastorates a preacher ever left, to-wit: Midway, in Bullock county, and Bethlehem, a country church in Barbour. For thirty years I wrought in the ministry in the dear old state, fifteen years at Brundidge. That is still the home of my heart, around it linger the sweetest memories of life and back to that dear people I hope to go when too old longer to work and with them spend the closing days of my earthly life. Five years at Clayton and the Lord wonderfully blessed those years, giving me the heart and hearty co-operation of that dear people. The last three years in Alabama at Midway and it rejoices my heart that they regretted to see me leave and this regret was mutual on my part as well as theirs, but the providence of the Lord indicated this move. While at Clayton and also Brundidge I was pastor of Mt. Zion in Montgomery county and Oswichee, so notorious for its good water that I need not locate it geographically. Oswichee is still the tie that binds me to the dear old state and I can truly say, "Blest be the tie that binds." I still get a letter occasionally from Brother Crumpton. The Lord bless him and may he not forget me. He has done a noble work and is still "everlastingly at it."

Greetings to the brethren! There never lived a nobler band than the Baptist ministry of Alabama. I love them all.

I am now at Talbotton, Ga., and I find the laws of compensation fully demonstrated in the warm hearty reception this people gave myself and family. We have hardly recovered from the royal "pounding" they gave us and still the good work goes on. May it continue until the close of the chapter.

I can't get along without the Alabama Baptist. I am going to take the Index, of course, but I must have the Alabama Baptist, too. I have been a subscriber since its first issue. You will therefore change my paper from Midway, Ala., to Talbotton, Ga. You are giving the state a splendid paper. May the blessings of the Lord be upon you and your work. Your brother.

N. C. UNDERWOOD.

IN THE UNION ASSOCIATION.

The writer has been hoping some one would send you some account of the recent excellent meeting of the Union Association. For a number of years in the past Rev. John C. Foster was moderator. During the thirteen years since his death other excellent men have held this position of honor. For several years past Hon. W. G. Robertson, of Carrollton, has presided over its deliberations. At the recent session, held with the Aliceville church, he was re-elected moderator and served with his usual enthusiasm and efficiency. In the absence of the former clerk, Brother A. T. Ezell, of Gordo, was elected clerk, and filled the office efficiently. Rev. J. R. Magill, who has recently left Northport and become pastor at Atala, preached the introductory sermon and did it well. Dr. W. B. Crumpton, the "beloved secretary," was present and "whooped up" things all along the line. Brother Stewart, the Orphanage manager, was present and advocated the claims of his fatherless family. Rev. A. T. Camp, of Columbus, came in at the eleventh hour and exchanged greetings with the brethren, while your representative, Brother Hamner, was present and did effective work for the Baptist. The meeting was harmonious and, was said by old brethren to be the most delightful session for some years. The Association is supporting Brother J. M. Mills at Howard College this session. The next meeting of the Association will be held with Grant's Creek church, twelve miles south of Tuscaloosa.

Good meetings were held with my four churches in August, the last one closing in September, a few days before the meeting of the Association. The first was with Beulah in the edge of Green county. In this meeting we had the help of Rev. M. J. Derrick, of Mississippi. The church was refreshed, the congregations large and the word preached was well received. Seven members were received into the church by experience and baptism.

The next meeting was with New Hope church in Tuscaloosa county. Here also we had the help of Brother Derrick, but he had to leave us before the meeting closed. Five up to his leaving had been approved for baptism and three came in after he left, making eight in all received into this church by experience and baptism.

The next meeting began immediately at Grant's Creek. Here we had no ministerial help except two services in the beginning by Brother Mitchell, and two excellent sermons by Brother Magill during the week. Three were received into this church by experience and baptism. Then the district meeting came on at Forrest, in Pickens county. At the close of the district meeting the church decided to continue the services and we went on through the week.

Despite the fact that the primary election came on in the midst of the meeting, and the further fact that the pastor had no ministerial help, the Lord graciously blessed us. The church worked nobly. There were two received by letter and five by experience and baptism. Others were converted and should have joined; one united with the Presbyterian church. In all I baptized into the four churches twenty-three and felt very much refreshed in spirit and very thankful to the Lord.

I was a total stranger at the Association, although a native of Tuscaloosa county, but was rejoiced to receive the right hand of welcome from a number of good brethren at the meeting of the Association. During its session I had a delightful home with Brother Massengale and his excellent family, near Aliceville, and members of the Aliceville church.

L. S. FOSTER.

A GOOD REVIVAL.

We at 27th Street church have just enjoyed a season of refreshing from the Lord. Brother Gavin came and went and his preaching was an inspi-

ration to us all. He is a safe evangelist and added to our church, as we believe, only the saved. His good wife rendered valuable aid in the music at the closing services and we enjoyed her sunny presence in our homes. Brother Brownlow came from Tennessee and the four McIver brothers from Avondale and were very helpful in the choir, the former remaining during all the meetings.

Quite an inspiration came to us in the gracious presence of Sister D. M. Malone, who has joined our Working Ladies' Aid and consented to teach a class of young men in our Sunday school.

Many of our dear brethren in the ministry joined heartily in our services and often cheered us with their helpful presence. Brother Wear, former pastor, came to our aid. Brother Vesey, pastor of East Birmingham, accompanied by a goodly number from his church, came and cheered our hearts. Rev. H. P. McCormack and crowd of strong helpers from his southside church did us valuable service all through the meetings. Brother Patterson and his (Methodist) people gave us their help and good will also. Although our meetings embraced one week of rain storms and one week of Jack Frost weather, and although we were at last "faired out," ours was withal a good meeting. About twenty accepted Christ as their Savior and there were added to our membership sixteen souls. Many who accepted Christ have not united with us. We are praying that they may soon do so. Some holding letters will join us soon. Since my acceptance of this pastorate the last of July our congregation and Sunday school have enjoyed a steady growth in numbers and interest. Our new Sunbeams are enthusiastic and the society is growing. All these blessings are gratefully acknowledged as having come direct from the hand of God and to Him be all the glory. Yet, being in the very heart of Birmingham, we still are burdened with the crying need of a mighty awakening, such as the gathering into the church of many of Brother Crumpton's "lost Baptists" with their membership even in other states, such as the closing of saloon doggeries and of putting out of the accursed red lights forever from us.

Brethren, pray with us to this end. Meeting with the pastor of this mighty working district every Monday is very helpful indeed. The ministers are soon to enjoy, at the First Baptist church, a series of lectures upon the various phases of their work. How important that every minister avail himself of them. Yours in Christ.

J. BUNYAN KILPATRICK.

LINCOLN'S SELF-CONTROL.

Persevering Industry Marked His Young Life, Generous Forgiveness His Mature Years.

From Helen Nicolay's "The Boys' Life of Lincoln" in October St. Nicolas.

The keynote of the president's young life had been persevering industry. That of his mature years was self-control and generous forgiveness. And surely his remark on the night of his second election for president that he did not thing resentment "paid," and that no man had time to spend half his life in quarrels, was well borne out by the fruit of his actions. It was this spirit alone which made possible much that he was able to accomplish. His rule of conduct toward all men is summed up in a letter of reprimand that it became his duty while he was president to send to one young officer accused of quarrelling with another. It deserves to be written in letters of gold on the walls of every school and college throughout the land:

The advice of a father to his son, "beware of entrance to a quarrel, but, being in, bear it that the opposed may beware of thee," is good, but not the best. Quarrel not at all. No man resolved to make the most of himself can spare time for personal contention. Still less can he afford to take all the consequences, including the

viliating of his temper and the loss of self-control. Yield larger things to which you can show no more than equal right; and yield lesser ones, though clearly your own. Better give your path to a dog than be bitten by him in contesting for the right. Even killing the dog would not cure the bite.

It was this willingness of his to give up the "lesser things" and even the things which he could claim an equal right, which kept peace in his cabinet, made up of men of strong wills and conflicting natures. Their devotion to the union, great as it was, would not have sufficed in such a strangely assorted official family, but his unflinching kindness and good sense led him to overlook many things that another man might have regarded as deliberate insults, while his great tact and knowledge of human nature enabled him to bring out the best in people about him, and at times to turn their very weaknesses into sources of strength. It made it possible for him to keep the regard of every one of them. Before he had been in office a month it had transformed Secretary Seward from his rival into his lasting friend. It made a warm friend out of the blunt, positive, hot-tempered Edwin M. Stanton, who became secretary of war in place of Mr. Cameron. He was a man of strong will and great endurance and gave his department a record for hard and effective work that it would be difficult to equal. Many stories are told of the disrespect he showed the president and the cross-purposes at which they labored. The truth is that they understood each other perfectly on all important matters and worked together through three busy trying years with ever increasing affection and regard. The president's kindly humor forgave his secretary many blunt speeches. "Stanton says I am a fool?" he is reported to have asked a busybody who came fleetfooted to tell him of the secretary's hasty comment on an order of little moment. "Stanton says I am a fool? Well!"—with a whimsical glance at his informant—then I suppose I must be. Stanton is nearly always right." Knowing that Stanton was "nearly always right," it made little difference to his chief what he might say in the heat of momentary annoyance.

MOBILE ASSOCIATION.

We had a short but interesting session of the Mobile Association at Vinegar Bend, Washington county, October 16th and 17th. Because of the great storm ravages the attendance was small. Dr. Cox, pastor of St. Francis Street church, Mobile, on account of the funeral of Brother E. R. Quattlebaum, could not attend and he was greatly missed.

Brother Crumpton, our beloved mission secretary, honored us with his presence, and talked on missions and the work of the Anti-Saloon League. Mr. H. R. Schramm, of Montgomery Association, helped us much by several excellent speeches. The new pastor of the Palmetto Street church, J. W. Sandlin, made a fine impression. Brother H. C. Morgan, who gave part of his time to Baldwin county this year, was another valuable addition to our working force. Brother J. D. Anderson, who has lately come from Mississippi, highly commended, was welcomed to a place in our ranks. Our moderator, Brother W. Alexander, who is a deacon of St. Francis street church, and our new clerk, Bro. A. T. Sims, were efficient officers. The veteran, Brother J. R. Newell, will be employed as colporteur the coming year.

Pastor Sims and his good people won our hearts by their hospitable entertainment. Next year we meet with Zion church, near Mobile, Thursday after second Sunday in October. This change was made to give us a better attendance from brethren representing our denominational interests.—J. M. Kalin, Mobile.

HAVE A FIXED PURPOSE.

D. E. Heaton.

Every man should choose a calling which should become his main object in life, clinging firmly to it and bringing all of his energies to bear upon it. He should collect the thoughts from the great field of literature that presents itself to men in every vocation in life.

Life is a book; every man does his own writing, be it much or little. When once written it cannot be unwritten. The pen used is time; the ink is indelible. Every moment a word is written, every day a sentence, every week a paragraph, every month a page and every year a chapter. At last every man walking down the pathway of life will be called to a halt by an unknown voice, and turning in the arena of time, he will face the antagonist, death, who will demand the book that has been written, but, says the man, "I have not yet completed the book. In early life I formed a purpose and have not yet executed them; I ask for a little more time," but the swords are crossed, followed by a deadly conflict, a moment's struggle, then all of life on earth is over.

The man living without an object in life, without ambition, without a purpose to achieve some definite end, is to be pitied. He takes no thought of today nor forethought of tomorrow. He aims at nothing, has no plans to carry out and is destitute of a settled purpose. One of the greatest pleasures of life is to pursue and attain, to endeavor and to overcome.

The man who goes calmly plodding without a purpose in life is apt to run a vagrant and useless career.

"Where there is a will there is a way," so runs the old proverb. A great purpose is usually followed by a great action. An honest purpose is almost necessary for success.

If Demosthenes had not have purposed to become one of the orators of world-wide fame, do you suppose he would have labored as hard as he did to conquer the natural defects in speaking? Did Franklin have a purpose when he bridled the lightnings of the heavens and gave them to man to use at will? Yes; and Lincoln had a purpose when he sat at midnight and read borrowed books for the development of his mind.

A man with a purpose is firm and resolute. Not leaning on another for support, he is like the cedars of Lebanon growing between the crags in the mountain. It first strikes down its roots, seeking a more firm foundation; the winds grow fiercer and the storms howl wilder; the cedar will strike deeper and widen its anchoring roots. It will brace and nerve its energies to stand every storm that may blow. Place a man on his feet in a difficult place, where the winds blow fiercely, where he must stand by his own strength or fall, every defiant bolt makes him more strong. He will ride every great wave that rises before him.

The young men and women of America should resolve upon some great end and by the resolution you have scaled the great barriers to it. If you have not the golden opportunities that are given to your wealthy neighbor, seize at once the grand idea of self-cultivation and solemnly resolve upon it. You will soon find that resolution burning like fire within you and ever urging you to your own improvement. Can it be that earth is man's only home; that we are thrown out of the great ocean of eternity upon life's sea to float a moment upon its waves, then sink into nothingness. Why is it that these glorious aspirations and longings leap from the throne of our hearts like the angels from the temple of God, to go forever wandering unsatisfied? And at last why is it that bright forms of beauty are given unto us, then taken from us, leaving a thousand streams of our affections to flow in Alplan torrents back upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny



A Page for Young Men

than that of this world. There is a realm where the stars never fade, where the flowers never wither, where the beautiful beings will pass forever before us.

INGERSOLL'S TESTIMONY.

On one occasion Mr. Ingersoll was announced to deliver a lecture in the city of Pittsburg upon the subject, "The Foundation of the Christian Faith." There happened to be living in the city of Pittsburg at that time a lawyer who had been a schoolmate and friend of Mr. Ingersoll. When he had graduated he had started in his life's profession with bright promises and had married a lovely girl. Two children had come into their home, and then there fastened upon him that awful habit of drink, which was dragging him down to the very lowest depths of hell. It broke up his home; it sent his children into the street, took the roses from the cheeks of his wife, took from him his good name, character and friends.

There came to this man a slum-worker. He was taken to a house, where he was washed, put to bed and in the morning he was fed. This slum-worker pleaded with him that he would change his mode of living. The young man lifted his hand to heaven and said: "By the help of Almighty God I will make one more effort; this time it is heaven or hell, life or death for me. For God's sake, for my sake, I will change."

He never drank another drop, he brought his children in and he painted the roses again on the cheeks of his wife, and then went down again to the city of Pittsburg, where he was practicing his profession. When he read in the newspapers that Mr. Ingersoll was to speak, he wrote him a little note something like this:

"My Dear Old Friend: I see that tonight you are to deliver a lecture against Christianity and the Bible. Perhaps you know some of my history since we parted; perhaps you know that I disgraced my home and family; perhaps you know I lost my character, and all that a man can hold dear in this world almost. You may know that I went down and down until I was a poor, despised outcast, and when I thought there was none to help and none to save, there came one in the name of Jesus who told me of His power to help, of His loving kindness and His tender sympathy, and through the story of the cross of Christ I turned to Him. I brought my wife back to my home and gathered my children together again and we are happy now and I am doing what good I can do.

"And now, old friend, would you stand tonight before the people of Pittsburg and tell them what you have to say against the religion that will come down to the lowest depths of hell and find me and help me up and make my life happy and clothe my children and give me back home and friends—will you tell them what you have to say against a religion like that?"

You can find fault with the church, but let me say that there stands one supreme—and that is the character of the Son of God. His name shall be called Wonderful, because no man has ever dared to point his finger at the character of Christ and find any fault with him.—Episcopal Recorder.

THE HABIT BUILDER.

By John Boyle O'Reilly.

"How shall I a habit break?"
As you did that habit make.
As you gathered you must lose;
As you yielded, now refuse.
Thread by thread the strands

twist,
Till they bind us neck and wrist;
Thread by thread the patient hand
Must untwine, ere free we stand.
As we bulled, stone by stone,
We must toil, unheaped, alone,
Till the wall is overthrown.

But remember, as we try,
Lighter every test goes by;
Wading in, the stream grows deep
Towards the center's downward
sweep;
Backward turn, each step ashore
Shallower is than that before.
Ah, the precious years we waste
Leveling what we raised in haste;
Doing what must be undone,
Ere content or love we won!
First, across the gulf we cast
Kite-borne threads, till lines are
passed,
And habit builds the bridge at last!

WHY YOUNG MEN FAIL.

An interviewer has gone to a number of professional and business men with the question. One after another of them accounted for the majority of the present day failures by a single word—laziness. They took the view that the one indispensable quality was industry, willingness and ability to work, and they testified that this is the quality which is most lacking in young men today. I do not forget that some people who are very willing to work and are really industrious do not succeed. Nor do I ignore the undoubted fact that a few people fail because they are too busy; in other words, because they try to do too much. At the same time laziness is at the root of most failures.

THE BEST BOOK FOR YOUNG MEN

Whitelaw Reid, editor of the New York Tribune, was once asked by a New York merchant what was the best book for him to put in the hands of his clerks for a business handbook. He recommended "The Book of Proverbs," and the man went to the American Bible Society and bought a lot of them. We give here below a few samples out of the book:

A wise son maketh a glad father.
A soft tongue breaketh the bone.
Labor not to be rich.
A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.
Buy the truth and sell it not.
Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it sparkleth in the cup.
A faithful witness will not lie.
The borrower is servant to the lender.

He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man.
He that soweth iniquity shall reap calamity.

How much better it is to get wisdom than gold.
Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging.

Whoso curseth his father or his mother, his lamp shall be put out in obscure darkness.

Thine own friend and thy father's friend forsake not.

There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.—American Boy.

HIS FIRST JOB.

Young men are often heard to complain of the difficulty of obtaining employment and then, when it has been obtained, of the lack of opportunities for advancement, says the New York Sun. It then relates the following story:

The late George H. Richards, who began his life as a bookseller's clerk and died one of the greatest bibliopoles in the world, annually handling rare books and manuscripts worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, used to tell how he obtained his first situation in New York:

"When I came to New York," he said, "I went into several book stores, looking for any kind of job without getting one. Early one morning I walked into Dick Worthington's—the late Richard Worthington, of Worthington & Co.—then on Broadway, near Clinton place.

"He was sitting at his desk opening his mail, and looking up, asked me what I wanted. In response to my request for a job he said:

"No, no; got more help than I need," and went on with his mail.

"Instead of going right out, I stopped to look at some books on a nearby counter. I did not know it at the time, but it was Worthington's habit, if he wanted a book or anything else, to call upon the nearest person to get it for him.

"He evidently had a query in his mail for some particular work, and suddenly looking up and seeing me, said:

"Here, young man, get me that book," pointing to a volume near at hand.

"I promptly handed him the book and waited until, after a brief inspection of it, he handed it back. He didn't say 'Thank you,' but I said to myself: 'My boy, you're at work.'

"So I put my hat away, looked around the store and found a duster. I noticed several gaps in the shelves and saw that most of the books needed dusting.

"So I fixed up the stock and made the place look 100 per cent better. I kept as far from Mr. Worthington as I could all day and escaped his notice until closing time. Then I went up to him and said:

"What time shall I come tomorrow, sir?"

"He stared at me. The situation suddenly flashed upon him, and with a laugh he replied:

"Well, well, make it 8 o'clock."

"I went home feeling pretty well satisfied with myself. I hadn't said a word as what my duties were to be or the wages I was to receive.

"However, I remained in his employ a good many years, and when I left to go to another firm I was the highest salaried man in the store."

FORCE OF PUBLIC OPINION.

The big corporations with their rules against drinking are doing a wonderful work for temperance. But more significant than their rules is the fact that they are able to enforce those rules. Twenty years ago these men would have kept on drinking and the corporations would have had to yield, for twenty years ago it was among the best classes of workers that the drink habit had the most slaves. The real cause of the improvement in this and every other direction is the simple enlightenment of public opinion. The habit of obedience to the clear mandates of public opinion is so ancient and powerful that it may be called instinctive and imperative. The public opinion that laughs at the man who varies his dress very far from the recognized standard has its way. The public opinion that causes the lip to curl contemptuously at sight of the fellow who has let a thief in at his mouth to steal away his brains also has its way. Often "silly" is a stronger word than "sinful," and "Don't be an ass" goes where "Don't do wrong" would not.—Saturday Evening Post.

HOW DO YOU KNOW.

How do you know—
There's a boy in the house?
By the cap that is hanging down stairs
in the hall;
By the gun and the pistol, the bat
and the ball;
The Indian war dance, the toy canon's
roar,
That are heard, now and then, through
the nursery door;
By the engines and drums and the tool
chest and nails;
The steam cars and tracks and the
boats with trim sails;
By the volumes of Cooper which from
cover to cover
Have been read and reread by an In-
dian lover.

"But you must take care, if you value
your head,
When you go to the nursery," declares
Uncle Fred.
"When I open the door there's a
scramble and shout;
I'm attacked by a brigand, and I'll
never doubt
Who clutches me fast, as a cat does a
mouse—
Well, these are good signs there's a
boy in the house!"

How do you know—
There's a girl in the house?
By the beautiful doll with the movable
eyes—
A French doll that sleeps, and that
talks, walks and cries;
By the toyhouse and trunk, and the
stove and the chairs;
By the needle and thread in the nurse-
ry upstairs;
By the doll hats and furbelows made
every day
For Annie and Sallie and Bessie and
May;
By the soft little laugh and the sweet
little song,
Which never to grown folks or boys
could belong.

"And if you run up to the nursery
floor,
And go to the room and then open
the door,"
Aunt Dorothy says, "well, when I take
a peep,
And see a wee mother a-rocking to
sleep,
Her own little dolly, as still as a
mouse—
Why, then I am sure there's a girl
in the house!"

SHE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.

There was a girl—perhaps you know
The little maiden's name,
For maids in country and in town
Are apt to be the same,
She went to bed at 8 o'clock
And slept the whole night through,
And when the morning came she said
She didn't know what to do!

She went downstairs and breakfasted,
With many a frown and pout,
And quarreled with the servants,
while
She ordered them about;
She made her little brother cry,
Then cried herself—she knew
She'd have no fun that day, because
She didn't know what to do!

She had more dolls than you could
count,
She had a hundred toys,
And bookshelves filled with handsome
books
For little girls and boys,
And dainty dinner sets and games
To play with one or two;
But yet she wouldn't play, because
She didn't know what to do!

So all day long, from morn till night,
This little maid would sigh
And mope and fret about the house,
And say she didn't know why
She never could have any fun,
Like little sister Sue—
Because, with all her pretty things,
She didn't know what to do!
—Selected.



A PLEA FOR THE SMALL BOY.

Underneath his boastful little ways,
his independence, the hard little shell
of him that is really petrified shyness,
the Small Boy's heart is in the right
place. It fills a big part of his little
interior. A gentle probing and you are
likely to touch it anywhere. Suppose
his hands are past redemption for a
white boy's hands; suppose he leaves
smirches and bangs and apple-cores
in his turbulent little wake, never
shuts doors, shouts nerve-rackingly,
spills things, breaks things, stirs
things up—I know, but look at the
other side.
Here is a mother's debit and credit
account with her Small Boy, kept for
a single day:

BOBBY.

Broke parlor window.
Lost hose nozzle.
Upset palm.
Spilled mullage.
Spilled milk.
Forgot to mail letters.
Forgot to get yeast-cake.
Tracked Maggie's floor.
Waked baby twice.
Said five "Gee whizzes."

BOBBY.

Went upstairs on errands seven
times.
Went down town on errands three
times.
Threaded grandma's needles.
Spread out Maggie's clothes.
Mended baby's lamb.
Picked up threads on carpet.
Weeded.
Didn't say "Gee whiz" a dozen
times!—Annie Hamilton Donnell, in
Harper's Bazar.

HIS MOTHER AND DICKY.

She's a woman with a mission; 'tis
her heavenborn ambition to re-
form the world's condition, you
will please to understand.
She's a model of propriety, a leader
in society, and has a great vari-
ety of remedies at hand.
Each a sovereign specific, with a
little scientific, for the cure of
things morbid that vex the
people sore;
For the swift alleviation of the evils
of the nation is her foreor-
dained vocation on this sub-
lunary shore.
And while thus she's up and com-
ing, always hurrying and hum-
ming, and occasionally slum-
ming, this reformer of renown,
Her neglected little Dicky, ragged,
dirty, tough and tricky, with
his fingers soiled and sticky, is
the terror of the town.

Tit-Bits.

WHAT SHE WANTED.

A big policeman was walking along
Westport avenue the other day when
he came upon a little golden-haired,
dirty-faced girl of about six years. She
looked up at him and said: "Mifter
Policeman, my mamma licked me."
"That so?" said the big man in blue
with a smile. "Do you want me to ar-
rest her?" "No thir," said the child.
"Well, what do you want, then?"
asked the officer. The little girl took
hold of his hand. "I want a ice-cream
thoda," she said, as she tried to pull
him toward a drugstore.

BABY'S BATH.

The water for the baby's bath
should be soft and of the proper tem-
perature to be perfectly comfortable
to the little body. The soap should
be of the purest, as skin diseases
have been traced to the use of impure
soap among adults, and the baby's
skin is much more susceptible to
injury. Soft washcloths and towels are
necessary, and they should be care-
fully washed, as cloths not carefully
cleansed will irritate the tender skin.
It is best to wash all of a baby's be-
longings entirely separate from the
rest of the family washing, so that
the work may be done with especial
care.

It is always well to have a large,
soft towel over the lap while bathing
the babe, and to wrap him in it the
moment he is taken from the tub. The
drying of the little body is then ac-
complished by gentle rubbing, with-
out exposing it to possible drafts of
air. Powder the entire body with re-
liable talcum powder, giving particu-
lar attention to the neck, groins
and under the arms, where chafing
is most likely to occur. Sift on the
powder and rub it over gently with
the hand to make sure that the skin
is well covered. The bath should not
take enough time to tire the child,
and yet it may not be done in a
hurried manner, as that is likely to
irritate him and make him cross.
Children, as well as their mothers,
have nerves, and hurried movements
are a means of communicating nerv-
ousness from mother to child. Keep
the mind calm even if baby does cry
a bit, and by soothing tones and quiet
movements the victory will soon be
won and the babe will learn to enjoy
his bath.

After the bath is a good time for a
nap, and the child will wake from it
refreshed and good natured. Do not
forget to feed the baby before letting
him go to sleep.

THE MILLIONAIRE BABY.

Prof. Cesare Lombroso, who has not
only a reputation in Italy as being
an authority on genius and insanity,
but also has a world-wide fame, has
been recently studying American mil-
lionaires. He says that they have com-
monplace qualities exaggerated in an
enormous degree. He also says many
other things which are probably not
over pleasant to the very rich. His
remarks about the children of mil-
lionaires are worthy of a thought or
two. To quote: "He isolates his chil-
dren lest they should come in contact
with the lower classes. Col. J. J.
Astor's child was attended by two
cooks, six attendants and a governess,
and Whitney's baby was watched by
three nurses and four physicians, who
visited him every day and telegraphed
his state of health to every member
of his family."

NAMING THE BABY IN JAPAN.

When a child is thirty days old it
is taken to the temple of its parents'
gods, and, with the assistance of the
priest, a name is chosen. Three names
are selected by the parents and writ-
ten on slips of paper. These slips are
tossed in the air by the priest, while
he mumbles incantations, and the first
slip that falls to the floor is believed
to contain the name chosen by the
gods for the little babe. The priest
then writes this name on a piece of
sacred paper, and it is given to the
parents as a talisman.—Error's Chain.

SILENT BABY.

The baby sits in her cradle
Watching the world go round,
Enwrapped in a mystical silence,
Amid all the tumult of sound.
She must be akin to the flowers,
For no one heard
A whispered word
From this silent baby of ours.

Wondering she looks at the children
As they merrily laughing pass,
And smiles o'er her face go rippling,
Like sunshine over the grass,
And into the heart of the flowers:
But never a word
Has yet been heard
From this silent darling of ours.

Has she a wonderful wisdom
Of unspoken knowledge a store,
Hid away from all curious eyes
Like the mysterious lore
Of the bees and the birds and the
flowers?
Is this why no word
Has ever been heard
From this silent baby of ours?

Ah! Baby from out your blue eyes
The angel of silence is smiling—
Though silver hereafter your speech,
Your silence is golden, beguiling
All hearts to this darling of ours,
Who speaks not a word
Of all she has heard,
Like the birds, the bees and the
flowers.
—From Songs of Motherhood (Mac-
millan.)

CHILDREN AND FAIRY TALES.

Fairy tales and legendary lore are
the rightful heritage of childhood, be-
cause—whether they are based upon
truth or are the mere products of
fancy—they foster and encourage the
sensibility of whatever is great and
good in imagination or feeling, a sen-
sibility that children possess to a de-
gree not appreciated by many adults.
To be pitied indeed is the child who,
from mistaken ideas of those in
charge over him, is denied these sugar
plums of literature, but who is fed, as
it were, solely upon solid facts. Life
for such a child, even when grown to
man's estate, must always be com-
monplace and painfully rational, with
no imagination to lift him out of the
ruts and to temper the too often hard
and fast judgment.

The child to whom the fairy world
and legendary lore is an open book,
seen in every flower by the wayside
a familiar friend; to him the clouds,
which under the "Gradgrind system"
of training are mere masses of fog
floating in the atmosphere, assumes
the form of towering snow-capped
mountains, deep chasms and foamy
billows. He hears in the thunder's
roar and the lightning flash naught
to make him fear, but will tell you
with gleesome delight that what you
hear is but the rolling of the thunder-
God, Thor's chariot over the moun-
tain crags, and what you see is the
glint given off as he hurls his magic
hammer against the rocks. This is a
natural phenomenon robbed of its
awesome terror.

To this child of the fairy world the
very beggar in the streets becomes a
prince of princess in disguise; his day
dreams are peopled with beautiful
and attractive creatures of the imag-
ination. When grown to manhood he
becomes the owner of vast estates, the
greater part of which are castles in
Spain, and it is in the sweet retire-
ment of these castles, when hard
pressed by the realities of life, he can
take refuge until the storm passes.

Fortunately, public educators are
realizing the necessity of cultivating
this sixth sense and are introducing,
even in the primary grades of our
schools, as supplementary reading,
folk-lore and fairy tales that have
been handed down from time out of
mind, and are thus effectually defeat-
ing the Gradgrinds, many of whom,
sad to say, still flourish, instilling
into the young minds the love for
the high and deep, the great and the
whole.—Katherine E. Megee, Vir-
ginia.

FRANK WILLIS BARNETT
Editor and Proprietor.



J. W. HAMNER
Corresponding Editor
A. D. GLASS
Field Editor

THE WORK OF REVISION.

The modern work of revising the Bible began when the convocation at Canterbury in 1871 decided to undertake the work of making corrections and improvements on the version of 1611. This resulted in the revised version of the New Testament in 1881, of the Old Testament in 1885 and of the Apocrypha in 1895. Collectively this is known as the Anglo-American version.

The committee in charge of this work was composed of representatives of British and American scholars who worked together with the understanding that in case of disagreement, the English company should have the deciding vote. The readings and renderings proposed by the American Company were to be incorporated in an appendix which was to appear in every copy of the revised Bible for fourteen years. The members of the American committee pledged themselves not to sanction any other edition than that published by the University presses of England during these fourteen years.

When the work of revision was completed in 1885, the American committee decided not to disband, but to continue their organization and work, in anticipation of a demand for an edition recognizing the suggestions made by them in the appendix. Such a demand did arise. The judgment of scholars, both in England and in the United States, so generally approved of the American preferences that the second or American revision was promptly undertaken.

This meant, however, much more than simply incorporating the readings of the Appendix into the text, for the Appendix itself was in need of revision, having been prepared under great pressure.

The American revisers sought to correct three groups of defects, namely: Inaccurate translations, obscurities due to obsolete words and phrases, and errors in textual readings. The aim was to produce a translation that would make the Scriptures as simple and intelligible as possible. The Park Review says: It is not because it is an American Version that we call it the best, but because it is the best, we are proud that it is the work of our best Christian scholars. God's Word has stood in the English language for the purest type of Anglo-Saxon speech, and now again it takes its places, pruned of what is obsolete, to twine itself even more in the years to come, close to the heart of this great world language.

Brother Crumpton says: "I think it is decidedly preferable to the King James' Version, and am doing all I can to put it in the hands of the people."

WHAT IT COSTS TO KEEP EUROPE IN ARMS.

In view of the enormous expenditure for warships to which our government is now committed for an indefinite period by the adoption of the so-called naval program, it is a matter of significant interest to note the conclusions reached by M. Messimy in the preamble to his recent proposal for the reorganization of the French army. He shows that from every million inhabitants the French army takes 5,620 recruits, the German army 4,120, the Italian army 3,130, the Russian army 2,812, the Austro-Hungarian army 2,670 and the English army 1,170. The difference to the disadvantage of France is enormous, and is likely to become greater every year in proportion as the birth rate remains inferior to that of other nations. Moreover, to take 5,620 recruits annually for every million inhabitants it is necessary to accept many weaklings, with the result that in 1901 the mortality in the French army was treble that of the German army. Examining the financial sacrifices which are entailed by the excessive armaments of Europe, M. Messimy says that the military expenditure amounts in France to 1,270 million francs, or 35 per cent of the total expenditure; in Russia, 1,300 million francs, or 25 per cent; in Germany to 1,200 million francs, or 21 per cent; in Austria to 475 million francs, or 17 per cent, and in Italy to 400 million francs, or 22 per cent. The military budget in France absorbs 1,270 million francs, while the civil expenditure is only 1,220 million francs. The military budget in Germany amounts to 1,200 million francs and the civil expenditure to 2,000 million francs. Italy spends 400 million francs on her defenses, and 600 million francs on civil matter. The conclusion which M. Messimy draws from these statistics is that disarmament is becoming a necessity for France, and that it is natural that the French people should be favorable to the conclusion of arbitration treaties. By the same reasoning it may be shown that arbitration is the only rational, humane and economical method for settling international disputes the world around.

DIVIDED CHURCHES.

One of the saddest things to come under our observation as we go up and down the state is to find Baptist churches rent asunder by factions. In many instances the division begins over some trifle. Sometimes the pastor is at fault, but more frequently some chronic kicker starts a fuss and soon the church is involved and the cause of the Lord suffers. The following story carries its own moral:

An Argyleshire elder was asked how the kirk got along. He said: "Aweel, we had 400 members. Then we had a division and there were only 200 left; then a disruption, and only ten of us left. Then we had a heresy trial, and noo there is only me and ma brither Duncan left, and I ha' great doots o' Duncan's orthodoxy."

LED BY THE SPIRIT.

To assume that the Holy Spirit does not directly abide in a Christian is to take the ground that no Christian is definitely and distinctly led by the Spirit in relation to those affairs in every-day life which require more than human wisdom to conduct according to God's will. That professor of religion who says that the Spirit has no distinct place in him arrogates to himself the sole power to govern his actions according to his own inclinations or beliefs or impulses. He may say that he walks by faith, but it is a faith which acts independently of the Holy Spirit, and hence of God. It is useless for such a person to say that he depends upon the inspired word of God to guide him, for that word gives no specific directions to any Christian in reference to many questions of duty which often arise in one's pursuits. Moreover, God's word is not properly honored by the person who rejects its teaching concerning the guidance of the Spirit. Paul was directed by the Holy Spirit to write these words: "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, these are sons of God." And the reverse of that saying is true, namely, those who are not led by the Spirit are not God's children. It seems difficult to understand why it is that any one believing himself to be a veritable Christian will persistently deny the Bible truth that the Spirit does lead a believer in such ways as He is permitted to lead him. We can account for it only on the ground that the Spirit does not possess that person. The true Christian, feeling his own incompetency, yearns for the leadings of Spirit. Often perplexed with respect to some question of duty or privilege, the Christian beseeches God to so move upon his mind as to give him just such light and leading as he presently needs, and such praying is surely answered through the Holy Spirit.

THE LOVE OF MONEY.

"We all go to the devil," said Dr. Hills, "when we have fifty thousand a year. Or most of us," he added, hedging a little. "Some men can stand it, but not many." And a close student of social science says: With millionaires willing to be sharpers in order to get more millions; with politicians stealing from the people, in city, state and nation, and habitually using men, women and children as mere pawns in a private game to capture wealth; with yellow papers plunging their readers into dirt and danger for business and circulation—the love of money may fairly be called a sickness in our country.

And yet it has been asked: What is success? Is it a million dollars? Hardly, since in the greedy argument of folk bent on worldly victory a million has grown to mean no more than pocket money.

But suppose success were represented by a million. There be twelve million of the male youth of this country for an audience when one preaches on "success." Is there a "million" waiting for each should each observe those precious rules?

Now, if one were to preach peace or content, or love of family, or the joy of a good book, or the blessing of a clean life as a standard of success, every one might hope. But too many preach money—money and its capture as that one success which for its attainment should engage wholly and solely the body and the soul of man. And when he gets it? Well, according to good authority, the first thing the beginner usually tries to buy with his money is ease; the next is pleasure. That's where the fifty thousand gets in its deadly work. When its possessor buys ease and pleasure instead of opportunity, it may raise the devil with him, as Dr. Hills justly suggests.

"Life and Light," thoughts from the writings of George Dana Boardman, with memorabilia, published by the Griffith & Rowland Press, Philadelphia, at \$1.00, will prove a delightful volume to the many friends of the gifted preacher.

STOP THE SALE OF POISON.

Alfred Hodder, in Everybody's, says:

In the course of his investigations, Dr. Lederle, the New York health commissioner, collected several hundred samples of the whisky sold in the lowest Bowery and sailors' boarding house resorts and submitted them to analysis. He collected also samples of the best liquors vended in fashionable clubs and expensive restaurants. It had been his idea that the cheap whiskys sold were not whisky at all, but were practically poison; he found that the cheap whisky was not whisky, but that it contained less poisonous matter than the drinks served over fashionable bars in uptown clubs. Naturally, no prosecution was instituted in regard to this matter and the public was and is entirely unaware of it.

And Carl Vrooman, in The Pilgrim says: Multitudes of wrecks are caused by the adulterated wines of France and the chemically treated beers of England and America. Recent commissions in France and England have discovered an alarming condition of impurity in these drinks, and such a commission in America would undoubtedly reveal to us a condition of affairs very much worse.

A distinguished Japanese official visited New York recently, and a member of the municipal government, who had been in Japan and can speak the language of the country, undertook to show him around.

"Is that an officer making an arrest?" asked the Japanese, as he saw a man stop a milk wagon.

"Not exactly," replied the official; "he is a milk inspector, and his duty is, under the law, to see that no impure milk is sold in the city. If the milk is all right, he will let the milkman pass on; otherwise he will arrest him."

"What is impure milk?"

"Milk that has been mixed with chalk or water."

"Is the chalk a poison?"

"Oh, no, it impairs the vitality, that's all."

"Does water in milk make anybody sick?"

"Why, of course not. But when a person pays for milk, he wants milk, not water, which he can get for little or nothing when he desires it. It is a swindle on the public to put water in milk."

"But you say no one is hurt by it."

"Feelings are hurt, that's all."

Soon after they passed a low corner saloon, when the door opened and a man, who came staggering out, tripped, struck his head heavily on the sidewalk, where he lay as one dead.

"What is the matter with that man?" asked the foreigner from Japan.

"Full of benzine," replied the municipal officer, with a glance of disgust.

"Benzine! What is that?"

"It is a name we have in this country for poor liquor—poison whisky, you understand."

"Is there any good whisky?"

"Oh, yes, there is good whisky, but some saloons make more money by selling bad."

"Bad whisky is a poison?"

"Deadly poison sometimes."

"Has the man a license to sell whisky, same as milkman has to sell milk?"

"Of course, or he couldn't carry on business."

"And do they inspect the whisky as you do the milk?"

"Never."

"Yet there may be poison in it, while the milk is adulterated with chalk and water, which does no harm in particular, you say."

"Ahem," said the city official, twisting about uneasily, "let's look at the markets."

At the markets they found officials inspecting the meat which was on sale.

"What do they do that for?" asked the Japanese.

"To see that the meat is healthful," was the reply.

"If a man should eat a piece of unhealthful meat, would he stumble on the sidewalk and split his head open against the lamp-post, as the man did coming out of the saloon? Would watered milk make him do that?"

"Why certainly not."

"Yet you inspect meat and milk, and let men sell poisoned whisky, which kills people as much as they please. I can't understand your country."

Lectures on Homelitics, by Henry C. Graves, teacher in homelitics and biblical analysis in the Gordon Bible and Missionary Training school, and published by the American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia, at 75 cents, is the outgrowth of studies and notes on the subjects named which the author used for several years in the classroom and dictated in analyses and illustrations to many students.

China will never be brought to Christ through commerce, but she can be brought through the gift of His gospel.

We are facing a great danger in this country, for we are forgetting Christ and plunging into commercialism.

Slas was an ideal traveling companion: he could make the best of things, for he was ready to lift a tune in prison at midnight.

When Paul went to Rome he preached Christ and Him crucified, and if there was more preaching of Christ and less sermon making about art and aesthetics there would be more conversions.

Paul had nothing to sell, but when he met Lydia, who was a seller of purple he gave her the gospel freely and she became the first convert ever made by a foreign missionary.

Our faith rests on centuries, and it is hard for us to understand the utter desolation of Christ's disciples during the days that lay between his death and his resurrection.

Pascal, the French philosopher and theologian, said once that "Jesus Christ is the center of everything, and the object of everything, and that he that does not know him knows nothing of himself."

Many persons who could not be classed with liars are not always careful to speak the truth. A false impression is often made by telling only a part of a truth. Let us say what we mean, and mean what we say.

The apostles did not deal so much in doctrine; they did not dwell very distinctly upon the atoning death of Christ; but they proclaimed what they had seen with their eyes, that Jesus died and rose again.

According to the figures compiled by the Publishers' Weekly the number of new novels and volumes of stories published in the United States in 1904 was 1,007, nearly 200 more than were recorded in 1903. The number of new editions of fiction published in the same period was 814.

The Greeks and Romans believed that the shades of the dead were collected in an underground region, or Hades, where all wandered around aimlessly and hopelessly in a world so devoid of interest that Homer makes Achilles say that the lot of a ploughboy on earth is better than that of a king in the subterranean world.

It is not surprising that certain schools of theology deny that the doctrine of immortality is taught in the Old Testament when they confidently deny that it contains any reference to Jesus of Nazareth as the Messiah and limit Isaiah's wonderful prophecy of the suffering Messiah to his own times.

The Department of Agriculture has discovered a remarkable potato now grown in Europe which is several times as large as our ordinary tuber, which, although not edible, might be of inestimable value in the production of denatured alcohol. An acre of ground, it is said, planted with this potato will grow a crop large enough to make six hundred gallons of alcohol, which, it is estimated, would mean light, heat and power for a farm household for a whole year's length.

The worst evil in the non-enforcement of law is that it tempts honest men to become scoundrels by forcing them daily and hourly to choose between "doing as everybody else does" and ruin. And there you have the most poisonous thing about the monopolistic trust; for it is the arch-tempter of men in responsible positions, public, semi-public and private.

The wretched "foreigners" were going to ruin the country more than fifty years ago. So many good people thought. Are the sons and grandsons of those immigrants going to shut the door in the face of these later comers? Oh, but these are different. These are not Germans or Irish or Scandinavians, but "low-down" Italians, Huns, Slavs, Russian and Roumanian Jews. These will never do. They can never "assimilate with our people."

Noisy dogs invariably belong to noisy people. Noisy people will, of course, deny this, but listen to them some day when they scold a dog for barking. Whose voice is loudest? Whose fiercest? Whose harshest? I have heard people disciplining dogs for growling, and I have been much more frightened of the people than of the dogs. When from a front door I can hear a dog inside a house begin to howl and bark the moment that the bell is sounded, I know very well that he has caught the trick from some one in the house.

The injunction given by Paul to the widows, that they were first to learn to show piety at home, is an injunction of first importance not only in the specific application given it by the apostle, but as a general direction to all in the home life. Home religion is the truest religion, the most beautiful, the most lasting and the most difficult.

A series of articles has recently appeared in the Berlin Nationalzeitung on "Das Evangelische Pfarrhaus" ("The Protestant Pastor's Family"). It furnishes some indirect evidence in favor of a married clergy, by giving in full statistics which show how much of the best and most successful intellectual and practical work of the nation and the world has been done by the sons of Protestant clergymen. It describes the Protestant parsonage as "the greatest home of culture and morality and character in the nation."

As to the extent of drunkenness in France the latest official statistics are those issued by the ministry of justice for the year 1903. Drunkenness is regarded by the law as a simple offense, punishable by a fine from 20 cents to \$1 and three-days' imprisonment at the most in case of repetition of the offense during the year. Repetition of the second offense and punished by the police court is punishable by the tribunal correctionnel by imprisonment of from six days to one month and a fine of from \$3 to \$58. In case of another repetition during the year these penalties can be doubled.

The retail liquor dealers are allowed to keep open in Paris every day of the year until 2 o'clock in the morning, and in the provinces until 11 p. m. This closing time is readily extended on request. In certain quarters of Paris the cafes and marchands de vin do not stay open longer than the requirements of their customers demand, and are therefore closed about 11. In other quarters of Paris, where there is much business going on during the night and early morning, such as in the neighborhood of the big city markets, the wine shops stay open as long as they wish.

Some people act like a tonic or an invigorating and refreshing breeze. They make us feel like new beings. Under the inspiration of their presence, we can say and do things which it would be impossible for us to say and do under different conditions. One stimulates my thought, quickens my faculties, sharpens my intellect, opens the floodgates of language and sentiment and awakens the poetic within me, while another dampens my enthusiasm, closes the door of expansion, and chills me to the very center of my being. There emanates from him an atmosphere which paralyzes thought, dwarfs expression.—Success.

A well kept nursery is a charming place, but it ceases to be such if its inmates are never graduated. Childish songs and childish prattle and childish plays are appropriate for children and give joy to those who can retain through life the child's heart. But is there not oftentimes a disposition to keep our churches in the nursery state? May not the word of inspired exhortation be addressed to us? "When by reason of the time ye ought to be teachers, ye have need again that some one teach you the rudiments of the beginnings of the oracles of God and are become such as have need of milk, and not of solid food."

The governor general of Canada has just issued a proclamation regarding the National Transcontinental railroad line in Manitoba, Ontario and Quebec. A belted territory, forty miles wide, twenty miles each side of the railroad line, is marked out as prohibition ground, and the establishment of any saloons inside those bounds is strictly prohibited. The National Transcontinental railroad is to be constructed by the Dominion government as a public work. Its construction is entrusted to a commission, but all the machinery of the national government may be used for the preservation of peace within the area stated. If no laxness is permitted, it is asserted that the task of effective enforcement will be easy. If the liquor traffic is allowed to obtain a foothold, it will be hard to overcome it. These prohibitions along the right-of-way of the railroad have been on the statute book of the Dominion for nearly twenty years, but this new proclamation by the governor general puts them in full force from this time forward.

A wise man has said it may be well for us to remind ourselves of the fact that man is not here to make a living, but to make a life. In the old fable, Midas the greedy asked for gold, and the gods, who were insulted by this request, gave him nothing but gold, and the poor, foolish mortal perished amid his riches. The churches must lay a hand of love and power upon the many sided life of the world. They must seek not only to make better men; but to purify the cities in which men dwell, and to change the conditions among which they live.

Family worship focalizes and aids home piety very much. While it sanctifies the home it trains the home circle in the idea of worship, and associates religion with all that is most tender, enduring and impressive.

Twenty per cent of human beings die before they are a year old, 25 per cent before reaching the age of five; 50 per cent only reach twenty-five and the average length of life is forty years. There is a best way to live, and it is best to live the best way.

The building of spiritual character is not to be done by gush or flush. It is a slow, painstaking, toilsome work. There is nothing of sensation about it. It is the farthest removed from sensation of all things. The presence of sensation is as the infusion of poison in it.

Says an English critic: "Great Britain lost 22,000 soldiers in the three years of the Boer war; America—the United States—lost 32,000 innocent citizens in the same time by murder alone. Of the murderers only a few score suffered the extreme penalty, a few more went to prison and more than half went scot free. What, with lenient courts, law technicalities, ineffective detective and police service, and pardoning governors and boards, there is a foul growth of crime and murder overspreading the boasted Utopia of the new world."

About the time that the Japanese serf was made a land-owner the Russian serf was invested with the miserable freedom of an oppressed tenant. Under the old conditions it was to the master's interest to provide the serf with suitable food and shelter, but the grant of freedom transferred responsibility from the landlord's shoulders to those of the tenant. The landlord no longer saw profit in providing food and shelter for these people. The peasant must now pay taxes and pay rent, and yet he could buy neither land nor home. To these burdens he has, through his own ignorance, added the danger of starvation, by impoverishing the soil from which he must get his living.

Not one one-hundredth of the present successful periodicals, either daily, weekly or monthly, could give their readers one-half the quantity or one-half the quality of the news and literary matter which they now present, if the reader paid the bills unsubsidized by the advertiser. The grouchy, gouty, grumbling dyspeptic may find fault with the advertising pages. He may not know that without these pages there would be few other pages. The income which comes from advertising enables the periodical advertiser not only to exist, but to give from double to several times more matter, and better matter, than it would be possible for him to present without advertising.

Those who ride to fortune on the Financial Juggernaut never look back over the maimed and bleeding bodies that strew its cruel course. Ahead are new victims waiting to throw themselves beneath the never-pausing wheels. After a massacre Wall Street's corpses are cast into the river and sand is strewn to conceal the blood-stains. The injured sink into holes and nurse their wounds in secret. Wall Street never publishes lists of its dead and wounded. Regrets, in its philosophy, are as futile as burned matches. Besides, such details discourage speculation. Let the band play, whoever is hurt. Who cares for yesterday when tomorrow's ahead! Of all aspects of frenzied finance, this brute insensibility to failure and collapse, this greed for the new victims, is the worst. It was only a few days till the old Juggernaut, after the crash of May 9th, resumed its interrupted death course along the dollar highway, and the sun shone and the birds sang and the fools prostrated themselves in the dust before its conquering wheels, just as though the North River were not at that very moment glutted with its victims.

Banfort's Wine and Spirit Circular, published at Boston, says:

If one were to judge by the style of the obituary notices in the daily papers nowadays, no person in liquor business ever leaves this mortal sphere. The deceased may be respected members of any other business or profession and full mention of their rise and success in their chosen calling is made; but when an old liquor merchant passes away, he is credited with being a successful commission merchant or an enterprising importer, or a wholesale grocer, but the uninitiated is never informed that the departed was a successful wine and spirit merchant, and that the money he made in that line enables his wife and children to live in grand style in the most select, residential quarters.

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A WONDERFUL REVIVAL.

In September, 1905, Rev. Henry W. Fancher, pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist church, Rome, Ga., came to Prattville to assist Pastor E. E. George in a meeting, and the whole town was stirred, every church revived and over seventy were added to the Baptist church. This was a wonderful revival in that it has lasted all the year. People have been converted and uniting with the church almost every Sunday since September last year. The church has grown and developed in every respect during the year, and when our meeting began two weeks ago (October 7th) our church was in as revived condition as when our meeting closed last year. This was shown in that six joined the church Sunday, the first day, and on Monday, October 8th, when Rev. H. W. Fancher returned to assist the pastor again, a great congregation of anxious listeners greeted him and he took up the meeting where he left off last year. Then for twelve days God wonderfully used Fancher and blessed us. The congregations grew and the interest increased each day. Almost every heart and home in Prattville was reached and revived. It is impossible to estimate all the good that was done; over eighty have joined the church so far, and many others will doubtless come. Over sixty for baptism and more than eighty per cent are men, a large number are the heads of families. This is over a hundred since January 1st this year. We give God all the praise. Fancher has wonderfully developed in the year. This last series of sermons were the ablest and strongest I have ever heard. He preaches the plain, practical gospel with a force, earnestness, logic and power as few men can. He relies fully on the Holy Spirit for results. There is no deathbed scare and no excitement and no tricks to catch the people. After listening to Fancher one says "truly the gospel the power of God unto salvation." Fortunate, indeed, is the pastor that secures such a valuable man to help in a meeting. We trust and believe this revival wave will grow and spread until the town is thoroughly transformed. Our police say they are put out of business and have been for a month. I hope the town will not need them any more. Our hearts are full of joy. God bless you, brother editor.

E. E. GEORGE,
Prattville, Ala., October 20, 1906.

CHURCH ORGANIZED.

On last Sunday, October 14, a Baptist church was organized at Mardiban, in this county, about a mile and a half from Granpond. The presbytery was composed of Elders J. W. Hosmer, S. W. Hosmer and John T. Bealle. Mardiban is an ore mining camp. Up to six months ago there was no Sunday school or preaching there and the place is said to have been very wicked. Some one prevailed on Elder J. W. Hosmer to go there and preach. He did so and continued to preach there once a month for five months, when a protracted meeting lasting for nearly two weeks was held. This led to the organization of a church and the establishment of a Sunday school and prayer meeting. Now the people meet every Sunday and study the Scriptures and sing and pray together, where a few months ago there seemed to be a total neglect of the worship of God. The ordinance of baptism was administered on Sunday afternoon to one person. Others could not be baptized on account of sickness. The church is having a meeting of a few days this week and it is very probable that there will be several converts. Elder J. W. Hosmer has been preaching for thirty-two years. He has kept count of the persons he has baptized and says the number is now 1036. While he has done all this work he has received little pay for his preaching but has labored with his own hands for the support of himself and family.

A HOME MISSIONARY FIELD.

Rev. L. L. Kyle, Ralston, O. T.
I preach for Yale one-fourth of the time. It is situated on the San Francisco and Santa Fe railroad, in Poyner county, a new town under new conditions. We have had twenty-two additions there this year with, I think, others to follow. Have a good ladies' organization, fair Sunday school and small B. Y. P. U. We have a new house almost paid for, seated and lighted. We also have a mission Sunday school with about forty scholars. Their greatest need is training to give of their means. This has been neglected largely.

The field is considered a large one, but it is hopeful. I give half of my time to this field. We are fairly well equipped, have good new house, seated, lighted, good Sunday school with library, B. Y. P. U. and W. Workers Society. Also a four-room parsonage by the church.

We have had some additions this year, with several promises by letter yet to come.

Both of these churches are ready to be dedicated and the last is clear of debt. This is also considered a hard field, because so hotly contested by other denominations, but we are gaining a little ground and prestige.

I have supplied and preached at the school houses around to fill the remainder of my time. At one of these points a year ago I held a meeting, assisted by Brother Fields, and organized a nice little church, which has called him and has gained some good members. Very hopeful I think.

I am now preaching five miles west of here to good, large congregations. I think I will hold a meeting there soon, and hope for great success. This is a place where "Holiness" has burnt out.

FROM THE FRONT: A HOME MISSIONARY'S APPEAL.

Rev. E. H. Harper, Ashland, I. T.
As I see it, this is the most important mission field in the southwest, a field white unto harvest, but the laborers are few. Oh that the people of God would pray the Lord of the harvest to send more laborers into this part of the field, and then go down into their pockets and take of their means and help to bring it to pass. There is a great door of opportunities swinging wide open to us at this time. Shall we meet these opportunities? God help us that we may.

I have been laboring in this part of the field for seven years, during which time I have pastored three or four churches, and worked with my own hands to support my family. At this writing I know of at least a dozen churches in my own association that are without pastors. Some of these are small churches, not able to support a pastor, but they are located in good communities and small towns, and if pastors could be located in these fields and supported for a few years they would become strong, self-supporting churches, and a strong factor in our own mission work; but as it is, the few self-sacrificing preachers who are willing to give their lives and all they have to this work cannot hold the fort. Now what we need is preachers—preachers who want to preach and who are willing to suffer for Christ's sake. And then we need money to supply their needs. At this time the money cannot be had on the field. Had it not been for the help I received from the Mission Boards this year I don't know what I would have done. I thank God for the missionary spirit that prompted these offerings.

Another great need is church houses. But few churches in this country have houses sufficient. Before we can build strong churches we must have better houses. In making your gifts do not neglect this part of the work.

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CHILDREN'S PAGE

A SONG OF THE FAIRIES.

From "Books and Reading" in July St. Nicholas.

Among Elizabethan poets of far more renown in their own day than in ours, is William Lyly, known to all students of English literature as the one who brought into fashion that taste for high-flown and stilted language known as euphuism. And yet, to show that he was able to write in the simplest and plainest words, what proof could be better than his exquisite little "Song of the Fairies?"

By the moon we sport and play;
With the night begins our day;
As we dance, the dew doth fall,
Trip it, little urchins all,
Lightly as the little bee,
Two by two and three by three;
And about go we, and about go we.

What could be a prettier piece of verse to teach to a little brother or sister who was just beginning to learn about the fairies? There is but one word in it that even the youngest might stumble over, the word "urchins." But what does he mean by speaking of tripping lightly as a bee? Certainly bees do not "trip."

A BRIGHT BOY.

A telegraph messenger boy, Chas. F. Fielding, living at Newport, R. I., recently rigged up a wireless telegraph instrument of his own, in his father's attic, with an old automobile coil, a cut-off electric light lamp, some acid and a Morse sending key. With this simple contrivance he was able to send messages which completely interfered with the work of elaborate apparatus of the United States Government, and made it impossible to send messages from a distance at the torpedo station. The boy attracted the attention of the commandant of the station and has been enlisted in Government service as third-class electrician, which will enable him to take a thorough course in electricity of the Government school, while he draws \$35 a month besides his board. Before that he was getting \$14 a month and board at home. 'Rah for the boy!

A CHINESE RHYME.

The mother of a Chinese baby enjoys counting the little one's toes just as American mothers do. When the gay, embroidered shoes are taken off she pinches one tiny toe and then another, as she sings:



This little cow eats grass,
This little cow eats hay,
This little cow drinks water,
This little cow runs away,
This little cow does nothing
But just lie down all day.
W'll whip her.

—Exchange.

WHERE'S MOTHER.

Bursting in from school or play,
This is what the children say;
Trooping, crowding, big and small,
On the threshold in the hall—
Joining in the constant cry,
Ever as the days go by,
"Where's mother?"

From the weary bed of pain
This same question comes again;
From the boy with sparkling eyes,
Bearing home his earliest prize;
From the bronzed and bearded son,
Perils past and honors won—
"Where's mother?"

Burdened with a lonely task,
One day we may vainly ask
For the comfort of her face,
For the rest of her embrace;
Let us love her while we may,
Well for us that we can say,
"Where's mother?"

Mother, with untiring hands,
At the post of duty stands,
Patient, seeking not her own,
Anxious for the good alone
Of the children as they cry,
Ever as the days go by,
"Where's mother?"
—Good Housekeeping.

THE WIDOW'S GRATITUDE.

A newly made widow of Geary county sent her card of thanks to the Republic for publication:
"I desire to thank my many friends and neighbors most heartily in this manner for the united aid and co-operation during the illness and death of my late husband, who escaped from me by the hand of death on Friday last while eating breakfast. To the friends and all who contributed so willingly toward making the last moments and funeral of my husband a success I desire to remember most kindly, hoping these few lines will find them enjoying the same blessing. I have a good milk cow and roan gelding horse, five years old, which I will sell cheap. God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform; He plants His footsteps on the sea, and rides on the storm; also a black-and-white shote, very low."— Junction City Republic.

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OBITUARY.

Mrs. Charlotte Buford, who had been ill for several weeks at the home of her nephew, Mr. W. E. Fike, died at 8:30 o'clock Friday morning, October 19, 1906. She was born March 17, 1841. She united with the Baptist church at Mt. Hebron when only fifteen years of age and lived a consistent member until she was called up higher. We have lost one who was dear to us, yet we "sorrow not as those who have no hope," knowing that she is with our Blessed Savior. One more loved one in heaven. The Lord gave, the Lord has taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord. Her remains were interred in the cemetery at Marbury, Ala. Brother Smith, our pastor, conducting the services.

ONE WHO LOVED HER.

OBITUARY OF JOHN F. DEER.

Brother John F. Deer was born October 11, 1849, and died July 25, 1906. Brother Deer came to Monroe county when about eighteen years of age and was a resident of this county till his death.

For many years he was treasurer and not one charge was ever brought against his life, even though he was before the public for so long a time. He held his office until, on account of failing health, he resigned and sought relief from his sufferings in New Mexico. He remained there for months, but came home to die.

Brother Deer was for quite a number of years a member of a missionary Baptist church. He was a Baptist from conviction and had the courage of his convictions.

During the writer's first pastorate he was for a while the pastor of Brother Deer, and there was a brotherly, cordial feeling and friendship which sprung up that will last with the life of the writer. I love his memory. He gave testimony of his acceptance with God but a short while before leaving for heaven.

Brother Deer began life a poor boy, but by hard work and frugality left a nice competency for his family.

John was proud of his family and gave his interesting daughters, Mrs. Tom Costen, Misses Gertrude and Constance, every advantage that he could to acquire an education. Besides whom he leaves an only son, John F. Jr., for whom he requested to "watch after and pray for." May he but walk in his father's footsteps.

His widow survives him, also, three sisters and one brother, "Billy" Deer, of Perdue Hill, Ala.

Brother Deer was a Master Mason and was duly buried by many brethren.

May heaven's richest blessings attend his loved ones till they all shall meet him in God's presence. His friend and brother,

S. P. LINDSEY.

OBITUARY OF MRS. MOLLIE MARTIN.

Mrs. Mollie Martin at 15 minutes after 9 p. m. on October 16th, peacefully fell asleep in Jesus at Magalla, Ala. She was born at Jemison, Ala., on the 6th of April, 1880, and was therefore 26 years old when she died.

When fourteen years old she was converted and joined the Baptist church at Jemison, Ala., under the preaching of Rev. F. M. Wood. She lived a consistent Christian life for twelve years and died in the triumph of faith. During the last year she suffered greatly, but was always cheerful and trustful in the midst of her afflictions. With a smile indicative of her trust in her Savior she entered the operating room at the Hillman hospital. Two weeks later she passed away from her earthly home to the Paradise of God. She leaves husband and two children to mourn her loss. The prayer of her heart has been that her husband, Mr. John W. Martin, might become a Christian. Beside the bier her husband voluntarily pledged

himself to join the church, and thus her prayers have been answered. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

ADDISON W. LYNCH.

RESOLUTIONS OF SYMPATHY AND LOVE.

Whereas, An allwise and omnipotent God has seen fit to remove from our Sunday school class one of its most faithful members, Flora Hairston, therefore be it

Resolved, That we hold in sacred memory her life and character as a Christian.

Second, That we tender to her bereaved relatives and friends our tenderest love and sympathy and commend them to a loving heavenly Father, who doeth all things well.

Third, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased; that a copy be sent to the Fort Deposit Vindicator and that a copy be sent to the Alabama Baptist for publication.

MRS. M. L. SEWELL,

Teacher.

Committee—Miss Jessie Hattermer, Miss Julia Bell, Miss Rosa Bishop, Miss Leila Bailey.

(Continued from Page 3.)

And so filled with rejoicing over the outlook for woman's mission work and enriched by sweetest memories of old friendships mended, and new ones made, we turn our face homeward, thinking if human love and the earthly home are so ineffably precious, what must be the joy of the heavenly? If this earth is so fair, these autumn tints of flower and shrub and sky be so entrancing, what must be the beauty of those Elysian fields where our possessions lie?

October, charmed with many a grace, I love the smiling of thy face, I love each hill, each grove, each place Which tells that thou art near;

Thy skies are veiled in smoky veil, Thy clouds are tinged with crimson pale,

And heaven and earth repeat the tale, "October fair is here."

But, oh, the beauty of that place— The heavenly home so fair! Where we shall see him face to face And all His love declare.

SEMINARY OPENING.

Your readers will be glad to know that the seminary has had one of its greatest openings. There are at present 250 men on the ground at the seminary. The outlook is that the attendance will exceed 300 before the end of the session. Some brethren seem to be in doubt as to whether they can enter after the first of October or not. Will you kindly inform them that students will be coming all along till the middle of November or the first of December, and if they reach here by that time they can take up the work. Perhaps they will not be able to take quite as full a course as otherwise, but they can begin work, and by a little extra reviewing catch up with the classes, and thus complete the session's work with the rest. If brethren need financial help, they should write to me or to Mr. B. Pressley Smith at once.

You will doubtless be interested to know, and are at liberty to announce through your paper, if you desire, that the faculty of the seminary have arranged for the celebration of Founders' day on January 11th next. Two addresses will be delivered on this occasion, one on the character and career of Dr. James P. Boyce, and the other on the character and career of Dr. John A. Broadus. January 11th is the birthday of Dr. Boyce, and this action by our faculty is taken in accordance with a suggestion recently made by Dr. Lansing Burrows that the celebration of founders' day would

be an excellent thing in the seminary. The suggestion has met with our hearty approval, and we believe the denomination will be interested in this event.

Yours very sincerely,
E. Y. MULLINS, President.

B. Y. P. U. QUARTERLY.

The Sunday school board beginning with the quarter now current and for succeeding quarters has made new and extensive improvements in its periodicals: I wish to emphasize here especially the B. Y. P. U. Quarterly. This can be best done by giving the subjects for October, November and December as now appearing in the Quarterly.

FOR OCTOBER.

7. Devotional meeting. Obedience to Jesus.
14. Bible study meeting. The Epistle to the Philippians.
21. Doctrinal meeting. The Baptist Distinctive Doctrine; the Bible, the rule of faith and practice.
28. Missionary meeting. Italy.

FOR NOVEMBER.

4. Devotional meeting. The Blessedness of Communion with Christ.
11. Bible study meeting. The Epistle to James.
18. Doctrinal meeting. Baptist Distinctive Doctrine; religion, spiritual and personal.
25. Missionary meeting. Work on the frontier.

FOR DECEMBER.

2. Devotional meeting. Courage or Cowardice, Which?
9. Bible Study meeting. The Epistle of Philemon.
16. Temperance meeting. (May also be used as a business meeting.)
23. Doctrinal meeting. Baptist Distinctive Doctrine. Baptism a special act of confession.
30. Missionary meeting.

According to this program each month has a devotional meeting, a Bible study meeting, a doctrinal meeting and a missionary meeting. And with each meeting there is a suggested program. The devotional lesson and doctrinal lessons are prepared by our editorial secretary, Dr. I. J. van Ness. The Bible lesson studies are prepared by Dr. B. A. Dawes, the missionary lesson by Dr. W. O. Carver, and are all able and timely.

This gives the Quarterly a new and unique place and is finely adapted to the needs of our young people. There is no change in the price.

Single copy ten cents per quarter. Ten copies or more to one address each six cents. The Board takes great pleasure in co-operating with the Executive Committee and doing what we can to promote the great interest.

J. M. FROST.

Nashville, Tenn.



DRAUGHON'S Business Colleges

Montgomery, Atlanta, Nashville, Knoxville and Jackson, Miss. 26 Colleges in 15 States. POSITIONS secured or money refunded. Also teach BY MAIL. Catalogue will convince you that Draughon's is THE BEST. Call or send for it.

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We are curing Cancers, Tumors and Chronic Sores without the use of the knife or X-ray, and are endorsed by the Senate and Legislature of Virginia. If you are seeking cure come here and you will get it. We Guarantee Our Cures. KELLAM CANCER HOSPITAL, 1612 W. Main St. Richmond, Va.



An Eczema Hand

should not be covered by a glove. A fresh antiseptic bandage every day after applying Heiskell's Ointment is all that is needed to cure the trouble, no matter how old or stubborn it may be.

Heiskell's Ointment

goes right to the spot. It cools the skin, stops the burning and itching, and cures. There is no case too obstinate. All skin diseases yield to its magical influence. Used successfully for half a century.

In all cases it is best to bathe the part affected with Heiskell's Medicinal Soap before applying the Ointment. To make the blood pure and clean up the liver take Heiskell's Blood and Liver Pills.

Ointment 50c, a box; Soap 25c, a cake; Pills 25c, a box. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO.,
521 Commerce St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The State of Alabama, Jefferson County, Probate Court, Sept. 28, 1906.

This day came Susan O. Ellard and Eugene Ellard, administrators of estate of James Ellard, deceased, and filed their application in writing and under oath, praying for the sale of certain lands therein described, the property of said decedent, for the purpose of paying the debts due by said estate.

And whereas the 14th day of November, 1906, has been set as a day for hearing said application and the testimony to be submitted in support of same.

Notice is hereby given to all parties to be and appear before the probate court of this county on said above named day, and contest said application if they think proper so to do.

S. E. GREENE,
Judge of Probate.

FARM LANDS

I am making up a large list of Alabama farm lands that are for sale, which I shall place before buyers through an extensive scheme of advertising. I shall not list any property that is not placed with me exclusively for a reasonable time, say six months. My commission for furnishing a buyer will be 5 per cent. Further particulars furnished on request.

JEROME A. TUCKER
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TIRED OF LIFE AWFUL SUFFERING

From Dreadful Pains From Wound on Foot—System All Run Down After Six Months' Agony—Not Able to Work—Completely Cured in Two Weeks

MIRACULOUS CURE BY CUTICURA REMEDIES

"Words cannot speak highly enough for the Cuticura Remedies. I am now seventy-two years of age. My system had been all run down. My blood was so bad that blood poisoning had set in. I had several doctors attending me, so finally I went to the hospital, where I was laid up for two months. My foot and ankle were almost beyond recognition. Dark blood flowed out of wounds in many places, and I was so disheartened that I thought surely my last chance was slowly leaving me. As the foot did not improve, you can readily imagine how I felt. I was simply disgusted and tired of life. I stood this pain, which was dreadful, for six months, and during this time I was not able to wear a shoe and not able to work.



"Some one spoke to me about Cuticura. The consequences were I bought a set of the Cuticura Remedies of one of my friends who was a druggist, and the praise that I gave after the second application is beyond description; it seemed a miracle, for the Cuticura Remedies took effect immediately. I washed the foot with the Cuticura Soap before applying the Ointment and I took the Resolvent at the same time. After two weeks' treatment my foot was healed completely. People who had seen my foot during my illness and who have seen it since the cure, can hardly believe their own eyes."

Robert Schoenhauer,
Newburgh, N. Y.
Aug. 21, 1905.

Sold throughout the world. Cuticura Soap, 25c, Ointment, 50c, Resolvent, 50c. (In form of Chocolate Coated Pills, 25c. per vial of 50), may be had of all druggists. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston, Mass. U.S. Mailed Free. "The Great Skin Book."

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TO WORTHY YOUNG PEOPLE.

We earnestly request all young persons, no matter how limited their means or education, who wish to obtain a thorough business training and a good position, to write by first mail for our great Half Rate Offer.

Success, independence and probable Fortune are guaranteed. Don't delay. Write today. The Ga.-Ala. Business College.

Women, Why Suffer?



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Quickly Cures all pains, headache, backache, neuralgia and nervous exhaustion, brain lag, etc.

At all Druggists, 10c, 25c and 50c

TRY A TEN CENT BOTTLE

COLORED BAPTISTS ADOPT RESOLUTIONS ON THE NEGRO QUESTION.

The Muscle Shoals Baptist Association, composed of all the colored Missionary Baptist churches in a majority of the counties of the Eighth district, recently held its annual meeting in the Missionary Baptist church, colored, of Huntsville.

The following resolution, offered by Rev. L. J. Green, Ph. D. D.D., pastor of the St. Mark Baptist church, Florence, Ala., was unanimously adopted:

To the moderator and delegates composing the thirty-seventh annual session of the Muscle Shoals Missionary Baptist Association, now in session with the First Colored Baptist church, Huntsville, Ala.

Dear Brethren:—I ask your very careful consideration of the following resolution:

Whereas, On the 4th of October there appeared in the columns of the newspapers of this state a special letter from the pen of Governor Jelks, addressed to the negroes of Mobile and the race, and,

Whereas, This letter has been carefully and prayerfully considered by many of the leading colored men of our race in various localities of the state, and,

Whereas, This letter sets forth serious charges against members of our race and presents conditions which are deplored by leaders of the race, and,

Whereas, This letter coming from our Honorable Governor presents to us an opportunity to put ourselves on record as an association as being heartily in favor of law and order, and,

Whereas, Peace and harmony exist between the white and colored races in the bounds of this association, that we are desirous that this peaceful and harmonious relation that exist between the two races shall continue; therefore be it

Resolved, That we not only put ourselves on the side of law and order, but we declare our purpose to stand by the law-abiding element of the white race in their efforts to suppress vice, lawlessness and vagrancy; that we pledge ourselves as delegates of this association to do all in our power to apprehend criminals, and especially those charged with heinous crime of assault, and that we are in favor of a speedy apprehension and punishment by due process of law.

Second, Since the home is the foundation of our republic, we therefore declare our unalterable purpose to defend its sanctity.

Third, We ask also that this resolution be spread upon the face of the minutes and that we earnestly ask the press of Huntsville to give the widest possible publicity to this, our declaration and sentiments as an association.

By special invitation Mr. R. E. Pettus delivered an address to the association, his subject being "The Negro's Condition Morally and Spiritually; How He May Improve It." Rev. H. E. Rice also delivered an address with a few remarks of interest to the members present.

LAMPS RETURN TO FAVOR TO READ AND SEW BY.

Considered Less Injurious to Eyes Than Other Artificial Lighting.

"Lamps for reading and sewing are still preferred by those who have much need of artificial light, though electrical and gas fixtures have been made practical for such usages. The mellow light of a student or reading lamp and the strong burner in one of the "sewing" or table variety are much easier on the eyes when burned during the long fall and winter evenings than white light from gas or the glare from an incandescent globe that is not yellow or soft enough to be agreeable. Kerosene lamps of thirty or sixty candle power are found to be more serviceable than any other kind of light for night work and better for the eyes, and, though it is a

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is the Cotton and Corn Planter's greatest labor-saving invention since the Cotton Gin—used from bedding the land to laying by the crop—compact—strong—best cast steel—steel or wood beam. Extra point free. My free booklet gives convincing testimonials from practical users all over the South—straight-from-the-shoulder words on economy for you, telling why. Price moderate. Write for free booklet.

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15 NEW Solos, Duets and Quartets. 15c

ROUND AND SHAPED NOTES.
(One Ladies Quartet)
CHARLIE O. TILLMAN
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trouble to fill them with oil every day or two, as well as to keep the wicks in condition and the chimneys and globes clean, they are used in almost every household where the smartest gas and electric fixtures are installed.

Student lamps for reading have either one or two burners, according to the purpose for which they are needed, and the variety used on a table for needle work has one large round burner.

Macbeth lamp-chimneys require replacing less frequently than electric bulbs or gas mantles. They don't break from heat, they fit and they are clear as crystal.

Probate Court, Jefferson County, Alabama.
William H. Graham, deceased. Estate of.

Letters of administration upon the estate of said decedent having been granted to the undersigned on the 7th day of July, 1906, by the Hon. S. E. Greene, Judge of the Probate Court of Jefferson county, state of Alabama, notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against said estate will be required to present the same within the time allowed by law, or that the same will be barred.

DOLLEY A. GRAHAM,
Administratrix.

The State of Alabama, Jefferson County.

In Chancery. At Birmingham, Alabama, Fifth district, Northwestern Chancery Division of Alabama.

George R. Rockhold vs. Mary M. Rockhold.

In this cause it being made to appear to the register by affidavit of complainant that the defendant, Mary M. Rockhold, is a non-resident of Alabama, and her last known address is Dutch, Granger county, Tennessee, and further that in the belief of said affiant, the defendant is of the age of twenty-one years, it is therefore ordered by the register that publication be made in the Alabama Baptist, a newspaper published in the city of Birmingham, Alabama, once a week for four consecutive weeks, requiring her, the said Mary M. Rockhold, to answer or demur to the bill of complaint in this cause within 30 days after the 22d day of November, 1906, or a decree pro confesso may be taken against her, the said Mary M. Rockhold.

Done at office this 24th day of October, 1906. J. W. ALTMAN, Register.

ESTEY ORGAN & 50 SONG BOOKS

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Charlie D. Tillman,
Atlanta, Georgia.

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The **UNEQUALLED BEAUTIFIER**, endorsed by thousands guaranteed to remove freckles, pimples, all facial discolorations and restore the beauty of youth.

The worst cases in twenty days. 50c. and \$1.00 at all leading drug stores, or by mail.

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My mild combination treatment is used by the patient at home. Years of success. Hundreds of testimonials. Endorsed by physicians, ministers, etc. The local application destroys the cancerous growth, and the constitutional treatment eliminates the disease from the system, preventing its return. Write for free book, "Cancer and its Cure." No matter how serious your case—no matter how many operations you have had, no matter what treatment you have tried—do not give up hope, but write at once, Dr. O. A. JOHNSON, 515 E. 13th St., Kansas City, Mo.

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It is used by millions of Mothers for their children while teething for ever. It cures all pain, croup, colds, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

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The Louisville and Nashville railroad will sell special low round trip tickets to many points in the North, South, West and East.

Summer tourist tickets on sale daily until September 30th, limited October 31st, to all summer resorts.

The L. and N. offers the finest sleeping car and dining car service in the South. All meals served on through trains. Service a la carte.

For rates, reservations, etc., call on or write to P. Sid Jones, D. P. A., or R. G. Peirce, T. P. A., both phones 825, Birmingham, Ala.

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BABY CLOTHES IN MEXICO.

The babies of Mexico—bless their dimples! They are no more like our babies than their grandfathers are like our grandfathers. Their long skirts are made to hang open in the back from the yoke down to the bottom, and it is a dainty exhibit of hand-made lace and linen, drawn to the fineness of a spider's web, that spreads its expanse over the nurse's arm. The top of the garment is fashioned from the most elaborately flowered and gorgeously hued material conceivable, and if the infant be a girl her splendor is not unfrequently enhanced by a set of coral-necklace, bracelets, pin and earrings. The colorless baby dress is reserved for the unfortunate whose grandmother or great uncle has died since its birth. The white dress in this case is used as a background for a sash of wide black ribbon, tied in a manner that nearly obliterates the front of the waist, while the long ends hang on the child like the badge on the doorbell of a house of mourning.—Lieuella Tisdale, in Sunset Magazine for October.

LEARN THE CARE OF CHILDREN.

"My girls, whether they marry or remain single, shall be taught how to care for babies and little children. Where is the common sense in teaching a girl everything but this most important one? The chances are in favor of her having the care of some child, her own or not, as may be. My first child was all but sacrificed to my conscientious, struggling ignorance. I ought to have her spared all the suffering I endured because of my own lack of preparations for the care of a little child. I would take every girl I know and have her learn in some practical way how to feed, clothe and care for a baby. This is a hundred times more important than three meals a day. I don't know what we are thinking of that we disregard this. Motherhood under present conditions cannot be left to instinct."—A Mother in Good Housekeeping.

A STEPM THER'S LOVE.

They say I cannot love you as my own,
Dear little sleepy head upon my breast;
The only mother-joy that I have known
Is but a borrowed joy at best.
They say I do not know the mother-thrill
As your dear baby eyes look into mine,
I cannot be your mother if I will;
Real mother-love is deeper, more divine.

And when you say, "I love you, mamma dear,"
The "mamma dear" to you is but a name,
And tho' you have no other mother here,
I never can be just the same.
But, little one, your kiss, your soft, warm face,
Give me assurance, and I love you so!

We hold each other in a close embrace
And wonder—O! we wonder how they know.
—Lillian Chatterdon Timberlake in Good Housekeeping.

Would you save half of your fuel bills?
Would you save half the labor and trouble of your cooking?
You can do this and more with the
COSBY PATENT AIR-TIGHT BAKER and HEATER



The Cosby Air Tight Baker and Heater is a stove designed for practical work. It is guaranteed to heat any room thoroughly, and cooks better than most ranges. It can be used satisfactorily for any purpose that a cooking range is intended to serve.

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REV. J. W. BLOSSER, M. D.

A Noted Minister and Doctor of Atlanta, Ga., is Meeting with Wonderful Success.

Those who have long doubted whether there really is a permanent cure for catarrh will be glad to learn that a southern physician, Rev. J. W. Blosser, M. D., of Atlanta, Ga., has discovered a method whereby catarrh can be cured to the very last symptom without regard to climate or condition. So that there may be no misgivings about it, he will send a free sample to any man or woman without expecting payment. The regular price of the remedy is \$1.00 for a box containing one month's treatment.

The Doctor's remedy is radically different from all others, and the results he has achieved seem to mark a new era in the scientific cure of catarrh, foul breath, hawking and spitting, stopped-up feeling in nose and throat, coughing spells, difficult breathing, catarrhal deafness, asthma, bronchitis and the many other symptoms of a bad case of catarrh.

If you wish to see for yourself, what this remarkable remedy will do, send your name and address to Dr. J. W. Blosser, 352 Walton St., Atlanta, Ga., and you will receive the free package and an illustrated book.

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 IN VARIOUS LEATHERS AND PATTERNS
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DON'T SWALLOW IT.

Don't be forced to swallow those mucous discharges which drop into your throat, caused by catarrhal affection.

Porter's Ca-Tarrh-O is guaranteed to cure catarrh when applied regularly according to directions. Try it.

Don't be beguiled into thinking you can be cured of catarrh by merely smelling of a medicine. Get a box of Porter's Ca-Tarrh-O, price 50 cents at all druggists. Send stamps if not kept by your dealer.

Porter's Ca-Tarrh-O contains neither opiates nor narcotics. It is simply antiseptic and curative. Sold on a guarantee.
PORTER MEDICINE CO., PARIS, TENN.

AN APPEAL TO THE STATE OF ALABAMA, TO THE PRESS AT LARGE, AND TO THE PRESS OF THE STATE.

Coden was absolutely swept out of existence by the violence of the storm which raged along the Alabama south shore on September 27th, and its sister city, Bayou La Batre, laid in waste by the wind and water of the most terrific hurricane that has ever within the period of history ravaged this coast. The deadly tide rose fifteen feet and the awful force of wind reduced the places to a mass of wreckage which is pitiful to look at.

In the Portersville section of Coden, which embraces the beach settlement and comprizes 75 per cent of the place, the destruction has been absolute. Seventy-five houses with their entire contents were wiped out, and 20 per cent of those living in this section perished by the fury of the gale. The dead lie buried in shallow holes, some without coffins, on the road side, in open fields and on the beach.

In Bayou La Batre the destruction of property was equally as great, although it was spared the loss of life.

In sorrowful silence the people sit trusting in Providence and not knowing what step to take in order to stay the suffering which is inevitable and will be their unhappy fate before the cold of the winter shall have passed away.

Building material, tools and money with which to reinter the dead, shelter the homeless and provide against privations are in urgent demand.

Many have lost their all, while a few with some little assistance can recover from the effects of the disaster sufficient to sustain themselves.

The rebuilding of the places will afford occupation for the unemployed, which will at once restore order and industry where chaos now holds sway.

The Coden-Bayou Le Batre Relief Association appeal to the Alabama Press Association as a medium through which to acquaint Alabamians and the world at large of the true conditions as they exist here, for it must be known that the fury of the gale concentrated its force on the twin villages, and they are affected as no other section. The situation appeals to the world and has been but feebly told. Will not the press of the state tell the world how the stricken people suffered? Will not every newspaper in the state collect and forward to Mr. A. C. Harte, secretary Y. M. C. A., Mobile, and financial secretary of this movement for the restoration of the places, whatever in tools, building material and money the generous people of the world may desire to contribute for the relief of these stricken villages?

The afflicted have bravely met the disaster, but a knowledge of the true situation which beggars description will convince any skeptic that such an awful tragedy has never been enacted on Alabama soil within the time of man, and that the smitten people are powerless to rise above the results of the disaster without substantial aid.

As citizens of Alabama and fellow creatures of the world, in the name of humanity, we appeal to you for deliverance from the impending peril.

Trustees; Dr. Jas. T. Persons, Frank N. Stanton, Geo. A. Stein, Jno. Rolston, Chas. M. Ingersoll.

J. A. Joullian, president; F. P. Andrews, vice president; John Ewing, general secretary; A. C. Harte, financial secretary; Rabbi A. C. Moses, treasurer.



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BABY CLOTHES IN MEXICO.

The babies of Mexico—bless their dimples! They are no more like our babies than their grandfathers are like our grandfathers. Their long skirts are made to hang open in the back from the yoke down to the bottom, and it is a dainty exhibit of hand-made lace and linen, drawn to the fineness of a spider's web, that spreads its expanse over the nurse's arm. The top of the garment is fashioned from the most elaborately flowered and gorgeously hued material conceivable, and if the infant be a girl her splendor is not unfrequently enhanced by a set of coral-necklace, bracelets, pin and earrings. The colorless baby dress is reserved for the unfortunate whose grandmother or great uncle has died since its birth. The white dress in this case is used as a background for a sash of wide black ribbon, tied in a manner that nearly obliterates the front of the waist, while the long ends hang on the child like the badge on the doorbell of a house of mourning.—Lillian Tisdale, in Sunset Magazine for October.

LEARN THE CARE OF CHILDREN.

"My girls, whether they marry or remain single, shall be taught how to care for babies and little children. Where is the common sense in teaching a girl everything but this most important one? The chances are in favor of her having the care of some child, her own or not, as may be. My first child was all but sacrificed to my conscientious, struggling ignorance. I ought to have spared all the suffering I endured because of my own lack of preparations for the care of a little child. I would take every girl I know and have her learn in some practical way how to feed, clothe and care for a baby. This is a hundred times more important than three meals a day. I don't know what we are thinking of that we disregard this. Motherhood under present conditions cannot be left to instinct."—A Mother in Good Housekeeping.

A STEPMOTHER'S LOVE.

They say I cannot love you as my own,
Dear little sleepy head upon my breast;
The only mother-joy that I have known
Is but a borrowed joy at best.
They say I do not know the mother-thrill
As your dear baby eyes look into mine,
I cannot be your mother if I will;
Real mother-love is deeper, more divine.

And when you say, "I love you, mamma dear,"
The "mamma-dear" to you is but a name,
And tho' you have no other mother here,
I never can be just the same.
But, little one, your kiss, your soft, warm face,
Give me assurance, and I love you so!

We hold each other in a close embrace
And wonder—O! we wonder how they know.
—Lillian Chatterton Timberlake in Good Housekeeping.

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Would you save half the labor and trouble of your cooking?
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REV. J. W. BLOSSER, M. D.

A Noted Minister and Doctor of Atlanta, Ga., is Meeting with Wonderful Success.

Those who have long doubted whether there really is a permanent cure for catarrh will be glad to learn that a southern physician, Rev. J. W. Blosser, M. D., of Atlanta, Ga., has discovered a method whereby catarrh can be cured to the very last symptom without regard to climate or condition. So that there may be no misgivings about it, he will send a free sample to any man or woman without expecting payment. The regular price of the remedy is \$1.00 for a box containing one month's treatment.

The Doctor's remedy is radically different from all others, and the results he has achieved seem to mark a new era in the scientific cure of catarrh, foul breath, hawking and spitting, stopped-up feeling in nose and throat, coughing spells, difficult breathing, catarrhal deafness, asthma, bronchitis and the many other symptoms of a bad case of catarrh.

If you wish to see for yourself what this remarkable remedy will do, send your name and address to Dr. J. W. Blosser, 352 Walton St., Atlanta, Ga., and you will receive the free package and an illustrated book.

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Don't be beguiled into thinking you can be cured of catarrh by merely smelling of a medicine. Get a box of Porter's Ca-Tarrh-O, price 50 cents at all druggists. Send stamps if not kept by your dealer.

Porter's Ca-Tarrh-O contains neither opiates nor narcotics. It is simply antiseptic and curative. Sold on a guarantee.
PORTER MEDICINE CO., PARIS, TENN.

AN APPEAL TO THE STATE OF ALABAMA, TO THE PRESS AT LARGE, AND TO THE PRESS OF THE STATE.

Coden was absolutely swept out of existence by the violence of the storm which raged along the Alabama south shore on September 27th, and its sister city, Bayou La Batre, laid in waste by the wind and water of the most terrific hurricane that has ever with in the period of history ravaged this coast. The deadly tide rose fifteen feet and the awful force of wind reduced the places to a mass of wreckage which is pitiful to look at.

In the Portersville section of Coden, which embraces the beach settlement and comprises 75 per cent of the place, the destruction has been absolute. Seventy-five houses with their entire contents were wiped out, and 20 per cent of those living in this section perished by the fury of the gale. The dead lie buried in shallow holes, some without coffins, on the road side, in open fields and on the beach.

In Bayou La Batre the destruction of property was equally as great, although it was spared the loss of life.

In sorrowful silence the people sit trusting in Providence and not knowing what step to take in order to stay the suffering which is inevitable and will be their unhappy fate before the cold of the winter shall have passed away.

Building material, tools and money with which to reenter the dead, shelter the homeless and provide against privations are in urgent demand.

Many have lost their all, while a few with some little assistance can recover from the effects of the disaster sufficient to sustain themselves.

The rebuilding of the places will afford occupation for the unemployed, which will at once restore order and industry where chaos now holds sway.

The Coden-Bayou Le Batre Relief Association appeal to the Alabama Press Association as a medium through which to acquaint Alabamians and the world at large of the true conditions as they exist here, for it must be known that the fury of the gale concentrated its force on the twin villages, and they are affected as no other section. The situation appeals to the world and has been but feebly told. Will not the press of the state tell the world how the stricken people suffered? Will not every newspaper in the state collect and forward to Mr. A. C. Harte, secretary Y. M. C. A., Mobile, and financial secretary of this movement for the restoration of the places, whatever in tools, building material and money the generous people of the world may desire to contribute for the relief of these stricken villages?

The afflicted have bravely met the disaster, but a knowledge of the true situation which beggars description will convince any skeptic that such an awful tragedy has never been enacted on Alabama soil within the time of man, and that the stricken people are powerless to rise above the results of the disaster without substantial aid.

As citizens of Alabama and fellow creatures of the world, in the name of humanity, we appeal to you for deliverance from the impending peril.

Trustees: Dr. Jas. T. Persons, Frank N. Stanton, Geo. A. Stein, Jno. Rolston, Chas. M. Ingersoll.

J. A. Joulilian, president; F. P. Andrews, vice president; John Ewing, general secretary; A. C. Harte, financial secretary; Rabbi A. C. Moses, treasurer.



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IN MEMORY OF MARY LEAH JONES.

On the 14th of October, 1906, God saw best to remove from earth to heaven Mary Leah, the four-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Jones. She is sadly missed, but we can say:

Sweetest blossom, brightest promise,
To our world the Lord had given,
Deemed too pure for earthly trials,
Plucked from earth to bloom in heaven.

Father, mother, whom so dearly—
Dearly, fondly did she love;
May the lesson God intended,
Draw their hearts to things above.

Many times we've been together,
Talked and whiled the hours away;
In the presence of the angels,
Now her voice is heard today.

Many angels joined to welcome
To her bright eternal home;
With joyous, smiling faces,
Led her to the Father's throne.

Stricken father, heart-sore mother,
Let your tears descend like rain,
Yet, while your great loss deplores,
Think of her eternal gain.

Farewell, Leah, tears are useless,
But to relieve the burning heart,
In the presence of our Savior,
May we meet no more to part.
—ANNIE B. PARKER.
Chewacla, Ala., Oct. 19, 1906.

BASS—Mrs. W. M. Bass (nee Reed) was born June 1, 1848. She was married to W. M. Bass November 5, 1867. Died at her home in Opelika, Ala., October 6, 1906. Five children survive her, four sons and one daughter. Sister Bass joined the Beulah Baptist church July, 1879, and was a faithful and consistent member until her death. Her life, beautiful and true in every relation, made a profound impression upon me. She was richly endowed by nature. Her mind grasped and mastered the difficult problems of life in such a practical way that she was a true help meet to her husband. To know her was to love her. Her strong, lovable nature, with its frankness and sympathetic interest in others drew and held her friends. But it was in the home she reigned a queen. To her own immediate family, her smiling face, her cheerful words, her loving council, made her the idol of the home. She was the helpful companion of her children. They confided in her and seemed happy when with her. She was a kind, affectionate and patient wife. In her home, in her church and in her social relations she conscientiously assumed and faithfully performed her part. To her neighbors and friends she was a willing and unselfish source of happiness. She "fell on sleep" in great peace, surrounded by loved ones and was buried at Beulah cemetery in Lee county. It was a touching scene to see the four sons, E. P., T., N. J. and M. F. Bass, and her four nephews, J. M., E. L. and H. B. Holt and Joseph Reed, as pallbearers with tender hands to lay the body in its last resting place. A good woman has gone home to rest. May heaven's richest benedictions rest on all the children and husband and may the Holy Spirit guide them safely to an eternal reunion in the celestial city. The funeral services were held in the Baptist church at Beulah in the presence of a large concourse of friends and relatives, conducted by the writer and assisted by Rev. W. A. Tallafiero, pastor of the First Baptist church, Opelika. Affectionately,
GEO. L. BELL.

(Continued from Page 1.)
ton society and makes you feel that you had really known the prominent characters of that long past time when Calhoun and Seddon and Sildell and are presented to you in a most attractive and charming way, with all their humor were actors on the stage of life. The beautiful women of the day of others in their moods, eloquence of speech, repartee, dignity, courtesy and Buchanan and Clay and John Quincy Adams, Webster and Tyler and hosts diversity of character. Mrs. Davis had a keen sense of humor and a quiet way of expressing it—as: "I saw Mr. Benton today walking up the avenue, keeping up a gentle remonstrance with himself for being so much greater than the rest of the world." Mrs. Davis was also as imitable in her description of plantation life and negro lore and character as she was in describing congressmen and their wives and daughters. It is said that she had great tact and nerve in dealing with the plantation hands, while Mr. Davis was in the Mexican war. She was gifted in understanding the theory of government, and this enabled her to follow and intelligently interpret and report the leaders, speeches of the representatives and of the senate in those days

of excitement and storm preceding the civil war.

She was beautiful in her character as wife and mother. During all the trying vicissitudes of her husband's life, while he bore the burden of his anguished country upon his heart, she remained by his side, giving comfort and help, and since his death she has done all in her power, both by her pen and conduct, to honor and perpetuate the memory of this noble, matchless man. It should be a fitting tribute, for the women of the South to inscribe words of love and appreciation of her on the projected monument to him, our great Confederate president, for he honored and loved her above all others. For long years Mrs. Davis has made New York her home, not that she had in any way forgot or loved in any degree less her own southland; her health required a cooler climate, and being engaged in literary pursuits she found in that great city the best of facilities for prosecuting her work. Her devotion to the South was manifested to the last. So long as her strength permitted she would even at great discomfort to herself take the long trip to the South to attend the reunion of the Confederate Veterans or the erection of monuments to honor the Con-

federate dead. It is in Richmond, in beautiful Hollywood, that her beloved dead are sleeping. It was in 1893 that President Davis' remains were brought from New Orleans to the Confederate capitol, and her children, Jefferson and William Howell, are resting there too in the beautiful cemetery, and but a few years ago she was called on to lay her darling Winnie, the beloved "daughter of the Confederacy," by the side of her other loved ones, and turning away with a mother's broken heart, she exclaimed, "Nothing in this life can ever hurt me more!" Now life's fitful fever for her is over and she will rest peacefully in that beautiful spot in lovely Hollywood. The shining, rippling waters of the historic James river flowing near will sing them a requiem through the passing ages.
MRS. J. C. HIDEN.

I am in the Castleberry meeting at this writing, but by the time this is in print I shall be with Brother White in Pratt City. The meeting there will continue at least two weeks. Correspondents will address me there for the next ten days.—R. S. Gavin.

Mr. and Mrs. John P. Coltman announce the marriage of their daughter, Josephine, to Mr. J. Walton Hankins, on Wednesday, the 24th of October, 1906, St. Louis. At home after the 1st of November, 4474 Page avenue.