

LOST.

(Continued from page 6, Col. 3.)

shadow, just below that place where the golden cross was set. As she climbed to the platform, as she came to a standstill behind him, she could hear him speak again.

"God," said the voice, "I want to give. But I feel that I have so little to give. Let me say the thing that I should say. Let me answer the word."

Nancy was close behind the man. As he paused, her small hand fell lightly upon his arm. She spoke with an abruptness that made him, whirling, come suddenly to his feet. He was a tall man, and he wore his collar backward.

"Please," said Nancy, and even the man's unexpected height did not startle her, "please—have you seen my mother?"

The man, looking down at the child, moistened his lips just a shade nervously before he spoke in answer. And then—

"Why, no, little girl, he said, 'I haven't seen your mother. Did you expect to meet her, in here?'"

Nancy, a tired small figure, looked up into the man's face. She tried not to cry, but—despite her effort at self-control—two great tears went coursing their way down her round cheeks.

"Mother's lost!" she said brokenly. And then—answering a sudden impulse—she flung her wee body against the tall man. And was clinging to his knees with all the strength of her two chubby arms.

"Mother's lost!" she sobbed. "I can't find her, not anywhere!"

Perhaps the man was unused to children. But the soul of parenthood, that lies in every heart, made him stoop suddenly to the little, forlorn figure. Made him gather the sobbing child into arms grown very gentle. Made him carry her, with the sobs diminishing ever so slightly, down from the platform. He did not speak at first. Only when he was seated upon one of the long benches with the child cuddled against his shoulder, did the words come.

"Now," he said, and his voice was an understanding voice, "tell me! Tell me all about it!"

And Nancy told him. Incoherently, but, despite that, from the very beginning! She told him of the lost time that she had known, and of her rescue of the frightened puppy. She told him about the doctor who came so suddenly, and of Mother's pretty hair and slim, gentle hands. She told him of the tears in Father's eyes—and of nurse's storm of crying. Of the ladies who had passed by, pitying her. And last she told him—between sobs—of her mental picture of Mother. Mother running through the city streets. Mother hiding in some dingy place. Mother cold and hungry and afraid. Mother lost.

And the man—who had prayed that he might help others—knew, as his arms tightened around the crying child, the answer to a prayer. Knew that he had something to give.

He had preached, for years—had the man. Standing on the platform, beneath the shining cross of gold. Looking down into the eagerness of upturned faces. He had preached with a flow of rhetoric and a burst of sound. But as he told, simply, the story of the Resurrection and the Life—translating it into words of one syllable so that a little girl might understand and be comforted—he knew that he had never, really, preached before. That God had given him something real to do. Now—and forever more. To take, for little children, and for children grown older, the fear out of death. To take the horror out of something glorious!

"Not like a frightened waif," he said in his soul, "nor like a terrified animal. Not—lost!"

And so, speaking softly, the man told Nancy that Mother was not hunting, through the darkness, for some haven of refuge. He told a story of Mother in a lovely room, with flowers, such as never bloomed in city greenhouses, all about her. With music ringing on the air, and laughter sounding through wide halls. Mother, with the pink of health in her cheeks, with hands that were strong enough to do dear little tasks. With eyes that smiled as they looked down, out of Heaven window, to watch a small girl as she played in her garden or slept in her bed.

"For she isn't lost, dear," the man said; "she is just waiting. And she has gone to a new house, to wait. A nicer house than the house you live in. A prettier house. And—if you feel unhappy, because you can't see her—you must try to be glad because she can see you. And whenever you look at anything especially beautiful you must try to remember her. And know that she is seeing it, too. And whenever you do anything especially good or fine—all through your whole life, Nancy—for the child had told him her name—"you must know that you have made her glad. And some day," his eyes were fixed on the Cross, "some day her white hands will reach out to you. And I think, Nancy, that you will see them very plainly. And you will hold fast to them, very fast. And you'll never wonder again, my dear, about anything * * *

Lying back in the man's arms, the child was quiet. And then, at last, she spoke.

"There's no being lost, There," she said, "in that Other Place? Where Mother is?"

The minister looked down into the child's face. "There is no being lost, in that Other Place, dear," he told her; "only we who do not understand get lost sometimes. And then—thank God—" all at once his voice sang like an anthem—"we are permitted to find ourselves."—By Margaret E. Sangster, in Good Housekeeping.

Teacher (examining class on flivverology). "Johnny, what is a universal joint?"

Johnny—"A department store, ma'am."

JOHN WESLEY ON THE CHURCH.

Methodists especially and all other church members should be interested in the following copy of the original letter that John Wesley wrote in 1778.

It came into our hands through the courtesy of Mrs. H. C. Valentine, and reveals so intimately the ideas of the founder of Methodism as to the relation of the member to his church that we deem it worthy of publication. The Miss Bishop to whom it is addressed was a native of Bristol, Connecticut. She was a Methodist and was about to marry John Mills, a member of the Society of Friends. It was the prospect of this step that suggested her written inquiry of Mr. Wesley as to how he viewed it.—Ed.

London, Oct. 10, 1778.

My dear Miss Bishop:

I am not unwilling to write to you, even upon a tender subject, because you will weigh the matter fairly. And if you have a little prepossession (which, who has not?) yet you are willing to give it up to reason.

The original Methodists were all of the Church of England, and the more awakened they were, the more zealously they adhered to it in every point, both of Doctrine and Discipline. Hence we inserted in the very first rules of our Society, "They that leave the Church leave us." And this we did, not as a point of prudence, but a point of conscience. We believed it utterly unlawful to separate from the Church, unless sinful terms of communion were imposed; just as did Mr. Phillip Henry, and most of the holy men who were contemporary with them.

"But the ministers of it do not preach the Gospel." Neither do the Independent or Anabaptist ministers. Calvinism is not the Gospel; nay, it is further from it than most of the sermons I hear at Church. These are very frequently unevangelized; but those are anti-evangelical. They are (to say no more) equally wrong; and they are far more dangerously wrong. Few of the Methodists are now in danger of imbibing error from the Church ministers; but they are in great danger of imbibing the great error—Calvinism—from the dissenting ministers. Perhaps thousands have done it already, most of whom have drawn back to perdition. I see more instances of this than any else can do; and on this ground also exhort all who would keep to the Methodists and from Calvinism—"Go to the church and not to the meeting."

But, to speak freely, I myself find more life in the Church prayers than in the normal temporary prayers of dissenters. Nay, I find more profit in sermons on either good temper or good works than in what are vulgarly called Gospel sermons. That term is now become a mere cant word. I wish none of our Society would use it. It has no determinate meaning. Let but a pert, self-sufficient animal that has neither sense nor grace, bawl out something about Christ and His Blood, or justification by faith, and his hearers cry out, "What a fine Gospel sermon!" Surely the Methodists have not so learned Christ! We know no Gospel without salvation from sin. There is a Romish error which many Protestants sanction unawares. It is an avowed doctrine of the Romish Church, that "the pure intention of the minister is essential to the validity of the Sacraments." If so we ought not to attend the ministrations of an unholly man; but in flat opposition to this, our Church teaches in the 28th Article, that "the unworthiness of the minister does not hinder the validity of the Sacraments." Although, therefore, there are many disagreeable circumstances, yet I advise all our friends to keep to the Church. God has surely raised us up for the Church chiefly, that a little leaven may leaven the whole lump.

I wish you would earnestly consider that little tract, "Reasons against a Separation from the Church of England." These reasons were never answered yet, and I believe never will be.

I am glad you have undertaken that labor of love; I trust it will increase both your spiritual and bodily health. I am, my dear Miss Bishop,

Yours very affectionately,

J. Wesley.

In the year 1840 the late Mr. John Mills, on re-perusing the letter, sent it for perusal to Bishop Phillips, Bishop of Exeter. His reply was as follows:

London, July 13, 1840. "Sir—Thank you very much for your permission to peruse the singularly interesting letter of Mr. Wesley's which you have transmitted to me. Your prohibition has been strictly observed—and I rejoice on reading the reason on which that prohibition is founded—viz.: your intention of publishing a series of letters from the same pen.

I consider the document very singularly valuable. I return it with a strong sense of the favor conferred upon me by the communication.

Your obliged and obedient servant,

H. Exeter.

J. Mills, Esq.

Six Days in a Trap.

How little regard many a trapper pays to the legal requirement that he shall visit his trap every twenty-four hours was illustrated last month when a young hound, in Massachusetts, was caught and held for six days in the jaws of a heavy trap. At last, with one leg badly mangled, and reduced almost to skin and bones, he reached his home dragging the trap and a piece of wood about five feet long to which the trap had been fastened. The poor little fellow had made a heroic fight for his life and barely succeeded. That Massachusetts, or any other State, should allow young lads of twelve years to set traps is wholly wrong. The majority of these boys soon lose interest in the experiment and then neglect their traps altogether for days or even weeks. Meanwhile the innocent victims of the cruel trap pay the bitter penalty.

THE PRICE OF A PAIR OF SHOES.

The person who now buys well-made shoes of good calfskin has to pay almost twice as much for them as he used to pay ten years ago. At the same time the farmer or stockman who has a hide to sell can get no more for it than he got in 1914. What is the reason?

Whenever the price of an article is high it is the manufacturer or the retailer that is first suspected of making an undue profit. But any one who knows anything about the shoe industry knows that just now profits are not excessive. One of the largest and most prosperous manufacturing concerns in the country, and one of the few that publish a statement of their earnings, made last year a profit of a little more than six per cent. on sales, or between nine and ten per cent. on its invested capital and surplus. Few manufacturers do so well as that. Many of the smaller concerns make no profit at all, and, if the corporation mentioned above should sell its shoes at a price that would yield it no profit whatever, it would reduce the wholesale price of a pair of six-dollar shoes by only a little more than thirty cents.

Although a calfskin still sells at less than the price of a single pair of good shoes, tanned leather is considerably more expensive than it used to be. That is owing to the higher wages paid in the tanneries. Even so it is less than half as expensive as it was in 1920, though the price of finished shoes is about three-quarters of what it was in that year. For three years few tanners have been able to show a profit on their books. Wages in the shoe factories are more than twice as high as they were ten years ago, and not much below the peak of 1920. On the average they were fifty-two cents an hour then, and they are forty-eight cents an hour now.

The cost of retailing is said to be much higher than it used to be. Precise figures are not easy to get, but every one who really knows the business agrees that it costs more than it should to market shoes. The retailers blame the public for wanting too many styles in shoes and the ladies in particular for demanding frequent and whimsical changes in fashions, which frequently make a good part of their stocks unsalable.

Obviously the man who has hides to sell is not getting one cent too much for them. Obviously the tanners are not guilty of making an excessive profit, and the manufacturers

could not reduce their prices enough to affect the retail price of shoes without having to go out of business. The retailer might save something in the cost of distribution, but he will not be able to reduce it much until people are willing to be satisfied with a smaller choice in styles and a less whimsical taste in fashions.

The final reason for the comparatively high price of shoes is to be found in the wages of the workmen, which are more than twice what they used to be. That is not to say that the workers in shoe factories and tanneries are paid too much. Like other commodities, shoes can be too low in price as well as too high, and the workers are entitled to wages as generous as the industry can support. But those who grumble at the wide difference between the value of a skin and the price of a pair of shoes should understand that it represents higher pay for human workers.—Youth's Companion.

68,000 Veterans Get Claim Checks.

Applications for adjusted compensation received by the army, navy and marine corps from world war veterans up to and including March 7, totaled 2,800,000.

This is 65 per cent. or about two-thirds of the total number of 4,293,000 eligibles as estimated by the Senate Finance committee.

Legion headquarters points out that the fact that two-thirds of the veterans have applied within two-thirds of a year following the issuance of application blanks, completely refutes the charge of opponents that veterans do not desire their adjusted compensation. On March 1 the Veterans Bureau mailed out 68,000 checks totaling \$2,272,000, to veterans and dependents of veterans who died prior to making application. In the latter case the benefits are payable in ten equal quarterly installments.

Commander Chase spent an entire week in Allegheny county attending membership meetings of a number of posts. The twenty leading posts are: Post 294, Johnstown; 6, Clearfield; 127, York; 3, Philadelphia; 54, Lancaster; 73, Shamokin; 91, Mt. Carmel; 21, Reading; 29, Allentown; 281, Tyrone; 11, Erie; 318, Greensburg; 5, East Liberty; 39, Norristown; 17, DuBois; 316, McKeesport; 412, Philadelphia; 201, Sunbury, and 81, Pittsburgh.



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