

# The Pulpit

## A SERMON BY THE REV. IRA W. HENDERSON

Subject: Beth-el.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—On the above theme at the Irving Square Presbyterian Church, Hamburg Avenue and Wierfield street, the Rev. Ira Wemmell Henderson, pastor, took his text Gen. 28:10, "And Jacob awoke out of his sleep, and he said: Surely the Lord is in this place; and this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." And he called the name of that place Beth-el.

The scene is as grand as the language is inspiring. And the sublimity of the picture and the elevation of the language are only to be explained upon the assumption that at this time and under the conditions that are described Jacob enjoyed a special and glorious spiritual experience.

Jacob was journeying from Beer-sheba to Haran. He stopped on the way, took stones for a pillow and lay down to rest, the day being spent, for the night. "And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven; and behold angels ascending and descending on it. And behold! the Lord stood above it."

Is it any wonder that Jacob venerated the place? Here he found blessing. Here was inspiration. Here was the manifestation of the everlasting God. It was but a stone in the open, roofed with the arching heavens, walled by the horizon beyond which his vision could not penetrate. And he called the place Beth-el.

No one is so foolish as to imagine that the stone and the surrounding locality were any more sacred in and of themselves than were a thousand similar stones. It is not that Jacob might have rested his tired head or were a hundred other places in the quietude of which he might have found repose. But upon that stone his head had rested when the God of Abraham and Isaac referred to him the covenant He had made with the fathers. In that spot he had been the recipient of the richest joy that the heart of man may experience in this life or the mind of man conceive of the vision of the living God. And so he poured oil on the stone and consecrated the place where he had tarried through a memorable night.

What else would any man have done? He would have done the common thing. The vision was both to his awe and to his joy. The covenant was tremendous both as to its authorship and its duration. Considered from any point of view the occasion was to be commemorated and the locality to be remembered with a subsiding and soul warming atmosphere that would be effective with us to-day were we within the scope of its influence. Jacob would have been neither courteous nor humane had he had the place as in a sense apart. If we may remember heroes with monuments and good men with statuary, shall not Jacob commemorate the revelation of Jehovah with an oil soaked stone? If we are conscious of a thrill as with our heads and our minds as we stand in Independence Hall or about the graves of the martyr dead shall we not admit the sacredness of the spot where God showed Himself to the leader of His people?

All of which is not to push sense over the border line of reason, or to make the logical become illogical. Jacob called the place Beth-el, the house of God, and so we call our churches. Every church is a Beth-el; it is nothing better than a clubhouse. A church is not simply a collection of stone and brick and plaster and wood and glass and iron and nails bound into a building, more than the stone was the sanctuary or the place where Jacob heard the voice of God the shrine. A church is more than an edifice as the shrine was something more than a geographical or accidental place. We consecrate our churches to the benefit uses of the religious life of the people not because we consider that God abides simply and solely within them or that a blessed brick in holier than an unhallowed stone. We enter our churches, rather, I should say we should enter our churches, because in a real way they stand for an experience, they teach with reminiscence, they commemorate individual and social blessings and visions of the sovereign God.

Jacob called the place Beth-el because he had a compelling religious experience. And so we should venerate our churches. A church that lacks the spiritual atmosphere that is not the expression of a deep spiritual conviction, that commemorates no visions and that is ineloquent of mighty spiritual exaltations, is not a church. It is no more than a school. A church is a Beth-el. And as such it should be revered. Within it should be found blessing and inspiration, out of it should flow the influences that tend toward God and that militate for His people. We enter our Beth-el as notable as the commemoration of a blessing. And what blessings have we not had within the confines of our churches. Where such holy reverts, such glorious inspirations, such a joy of education, and because He loves us He comes into the school sometimes and speaks to us. He may speak very softly and gently or very loudly.

But one thing we may be sure of: The task He never ceases to give us is to measure up to His promises and to be assured by His delinquency. It is measured by God's solicitude for our progress; measured solely by God's love; measured solely that the scholar may be better educated when he arrives at his father's home.—Henry Drummond.

**The Leader of Men.**  
We all know perfectly well what a true leader is. He is a man of ideas, a man who advocates a certain line of action, and he works through the press and public speech that the people may be convinced of the wisdom of his course.—The Rev. Dr. Macz, Pittsburg.

**Over at Last.**  
"At last," he sighed, "we're alone. I've been hoping for this chance."  
"So have I," said she, very frankly.

"Ah! you have guessed, then, that I wanted to tell you that I love you."  
"Yes, and I want to say 'I love you' and get it over with."—London Opinion.

In some parts of China the natives have taken to raising grapes and making several kinds of wine.

the nations. The world owes an incalculable debt, as do we, to the church, and the church should by her unceasing and compounding influence for good and for God, and unremitting service for men, place the world ever more largely in her due.

The churches must be Beth-els or more of them never could withstand the abuses to which they are lent. Only upon the assumption that the spiritual influences that move within are born of God can we understand how many of them survive the assaults which they are subjected. The average fair is enough to kill any church. The average church entertainment, paltry and puerile as it is, is a death blow to the church. The average church entertainment, paltry and puerile as it is, is a death blow to the church. The average church entertainment, paltry and puerile as it is, is a death blow to the church.

The church should be Beth-el, it should be the house of God. The temple, the church should be the temple stretching down from heaven, there the ascending and descending angels. There we should see God. There we should make covenant with Him. There we should enter into the possession of His inheritance. There we should have a glorious, an exalted spiritual blessing.

**The Change.**  
"My life is hemmed in by things I cannot change, you see," said a girl, explaining her depression of spirits to an older friend. She had been talking about this lately, and how little money she had to spend, and how there were no concerts or lectures or chances for culture, how monotonous and narrow things were week after week, how her health was not strong, and how there was no special thing she could do in the world. It did sound rather hopeless, and the older woman was silent a moment. Then she said, thoughtfully:

"No, you cannot change these conditions of your life at present. But there is one thing, Marjory, that you can change, and it will make everything absolutely different."

"But what can I change? I don't understand," cried Marjory.

"You can change your point of view," returned her friend. "That's all. But it's everything."

The girl thought it an unattractive answer. She went home sitting and thinking. But it stuck in her mind nevertheless; for she was an intelligent girl.

"It is the only change I can make," she said to herself, and she tried it. Her point of view had been from her home, but now she wanted to do, and have in the world, but could not. She faced round to the point of view that God had put her where she was, had prepared blessings for her if she would recognize them, she had not yet had opportunities for unselfish usefulness to others in her daily life.

From that moment her life was a study in transformation—from discontent to cheerfulness, from languor to activity, from a state of interest in life to a state of loving sacrifice.

"It is all absolutely different," she wrote her friend, a year later. "Only one thing has changed. That was all. But it was everything.—Forward.

**Wear Your Troubles Inside.**  
Many a man gets into the habit of carrying his troubles in his face. The eyes which are the droop of the lip speaks it, the bowed head declares it, the very grip of the hand reveals it, and the footfall is full of it. He has run up the flag at half-mast, and he carries it everywhere, and he is compelled to know his sorrow.

Is this natural? Possibly. Is it fair? Surely not. Is it a sign of weakness? Undoubtedly it is. Is it a sign of a better way? Surely there is. First, a man must make up his mind to expect his share of trouble, and perhaps a little more. Then he should make up his mind to bear it bravely and with hope. The world has enough trouble of its own; let us not add to its burden! It should be the aim of every Christian man and woman to become strong, and when strength is won to use that strength in bearing the burdens of others. Every sorrow mastered, every burden borne inside instead of outside, makes us stronger, and leaves the world brighter.

Learn to smile, get the habit of it; learn to sing, make it also a habit; and you will be surprised how much brighter it makes the world, not only to others, but to yourself. The smile and the song lessen the burden and light the way.—Christian Guardian.

**Life Not a Holiday.**  
Sooner or later we find out that life is not a holiday, but a discipline. Earlier or later we will discover that the world is not a playground. It is quite clear that God means it for a school. The moment we forget that, the puzzle of life begins. We try to play in school. The Master does not mind that so much for his own sake, for He likes to see His children happy; but in our playing we neglect our lessons. We do not see how much there is to learn, and we do not care.

But our Master cares. He has a perfectly overwhelming and inexplicable love for us, and because He loves us He comes into the school sometimes and speaks to us. He may speak very softly and gently or very loudly.

But one thing we may be sure of: The task He never ceases to give us is to measure up to His promises and to be assured by His delinquency. It is measured by God's solicitude for our progress; measured solely by God's love; measured solely that the scholar may be better educated when he arrives at his father's home.—Henry Drummond.

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# The Sunday-School

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR JUNE 28.

Subject: Temperance, Ephesians 5: 6-20—Golden Text, Eph. 5: 18—Commit Verses 15, 16—Commentary.

**TIME—A. D. 64. PLACE—Rome. EXPOSITION.—I. No Fellowship With the Unfruitful Works of Darkness, 6-14. The believer in Christ is a child of light (v. 8), there can be no fellowship between light and darkness. The believer must, therefore, refuse all alliance with the works of darkness (cf. 2 Cor. 6: 17). This settles our duty about the theatre, dance, etc. These works of darkness bring forth no fruit for God (Rom. 6: 21). So far from having fellowship with them we should "even reprove them," i. e., expose and rebuke their badness. "Darkness" does much of its work "in secret," light does its work in the open. The things done by those who are "of the light" in secret it is disgraceful even to mention. Many sins are better un-described. Don't let out the darkness, but let in the light. The light makes everything manifest, and that which is thus made manifest is subject to light on it to become light itself (v. 13, R. V.). The believer who has any fellowship with darkness is asleep. The sinner is dead (cf. Eph. 2: 1). God calls the sleeping believer, the one who is having fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, to awake from his sleep and arise out from among the dead, i. e., from the sinners with whom he is fellowshiping, as a live man among corpses (cf. Ro. 13: 11).**

**II. Understanding What the Will of the Lord is, 15-17. It will not do to carelessly take it for granted that our walk is all right unless we have looked very minutely into it. There are two kinds of walk, the walk of the ungodly and the walk of the godly. In order to walk wisely we must "buy up the opportunity" (v. 16, R. V., Marg.). As the far-sighted merchant buys up all that which he sees to be of large and constantly increasing value, so we must lay hold of every "good and of growth in the knowledge of and likeness to God. The fact that "the days are evil" is not a reason for discouragement, but for more earnest improvement of every opportunity that offers. This is a reason for not being "foolish" (v. 17, R. V., a very strong word, literally "without reason, senseless"). The only way to avoid being foolish is by understanding what the will of the Lord is." The Lord here is Jesus (vs. 20 and 8).**

**III. Filled With the Spirit, 18-20. Paul here takes up one special form of folly, a fruit of darkness that has been cured, and that is the folly of Noah, drunkenness (Gen. 9: 20-25). Perhaps Paul warns against this special form of folly because it is the root of almost every other kind of folly. But by God's wondrous grace one who has been drunk and "washed," "sanctified," "justified" (and may then inherit the kingdom of God (1 Cor. 6: 11)). In drunkenness there is "excess" or "riot" (R. V., corrigentibus, abandoned profligacy). Any one who has a strong desire of life knows how true this is. The drunkard becomes lost to every noble ambition and holy desire. Note that it is drunkenness, not merely with whiskey and rum, but drunkenness with wine that Paul warns against, and proposes as the cure for drunkenness the only sure cure, being "filled with the Spirit." To be "filled with the Spirit" means to have the Holy Spirit take possession of the whole being (cf. Luke 11: 21, 22; Acts 2: 4; 3: 16; 13: 9, 10). It is nearly synonymous with being "baptized with the Holy Ghost," excepting that the expression being "baptized with the Spirit" is better with a second experience, while being "filled" is (cf. Acts 1: 5 with 2: 1-4 and 10: 44-45 with 11, 16). When one is "drunk with wine," wine takes possession of every faculty, and when one is "filled with the Spirit," the Spirit takes possession of every faculty. Intoxication is the devil's counterfeit of being filled with the Spirit. The effects of being filled with the Spirit are: (1) One is lifted out to a supernatural plane of life and activity. The best way to keep a man from having recourse to the devil's stimulation is to have him filled with God's Spirit. He that knows the wine of heaven (1: 55) will not want the wine of hell. The latter is the word translated "be filled with the Spirit" is "be getting filled with (or in) the Spirit," i. e., be getting constantly filled. One filling is not enough, there must be a constant pouring. As to how to be filled with the Spirit, study Acts 2: 38; 5: 32; Luke 11: 14; Acts 1: 31; 13: 17. When one is filled with the Spirit he will be full of joy and song (v. 19), there will be melody in every step of his, but in his heart as well (cf. v. 14). But the songs will not be the songs of this world, but "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs." The Spirit-filled man is taken up with God and Christ (Acts 2: 4, 5; 3: 1, 2, 3) and his songs will be about Christ. The Spirit-filled man will also be filled with thanksgiving (v. 20). He will be returning thanks all the time (cf. Ps. 34: 1) and "for all things." His Spirit-filled soul will see something to be thankful to God for in everything (1 Cor. 1: 14; 1 Thess. 5: 18; 2 Thess. 1: 3; 2: 12; Acts 5: 4; 14: 25; Job 1: 21).**

**Antiquity of the Oath.**  
The oath is practically as old as history itself. As far back as we can go we find some form of appeal to the forces of nature, or to a deity, or to a man. The oath calling God to witness is, of course, much later; that made in the name of the powers of nature, fire, flood and tempest, or the ferocity of wild beasts, or the terror of the pestilence. The gesture of the raised hand and the formula, "So help me God," is of Jewish-Christian origin, although the ancient nations swore in the name of their gods.

**Best Work at Fifty.**  
In the industrial world, it has been accepted that a man is too old at forty, and the London County Council Works Department decided last year not to engage men above thirty-five. How is it in the intellectual world? Despite all the evidences of precocity, Mr. Donald arrives at a conclusion which gives an average of fifty for the master work of great men.—T. P.'s Weekly.

# CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NOTES

JUNE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

Foreign Missions: Henry Martyn, and Missions in India—1 Cor. 2: 1-16. Ready for missions. Isa. 6: 1-9. Aiding missionaries. 2 Cor. 11: 1-15.

1. Working harmoniously. Gal. 2: 1-9. The wide field. Mark 16: 14-18. "To spend and be spent." 2 Cor. 12: 11-15. A live missionary. Jonah 3: 1-10. Some Bible Hints.

The secret of Henry Martyn's influence is the secret of the influence of all great Christians—he let Christ influence men, through himself.

Martyn's weakness was not of his strength, for men saw the spirit of Christ in him, upholding his fainting body. Henry Martyn was a man of the Spirit of God, and moved men because he was himself moved.

Martyn's biography and other writings are among the most powerful of missionary influences, not because of the missionary's intellect, but because they breathe the mind of Christ.

**Henry Martyn's Life.**  
Henry Martyn died in the thirty-second year of his life, but few missionaries have produced a more profound influence upon the world.

He was born at Truro, Cornwall, February 17, 1781. He went to Cambridge, and became a distinguished scholar, famous especially for his Latin and mathematics. He was to become one of the most notable of missionary translators.

Becoming a minister of the Church of England, Martyn was compelled by financial stringencies to take a chaplaincy under the East India Company, the wages being paid for his Latin and mathematics. He was to become one of the most notable of missionary translators.

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# THE ART OF GETTING INTO THE NEWSPAPERS

The Short Cut to Publicity Revealed by One Who Knows Every Road and By-Path.

The following clever and readable article on the subject uppermost in every newspaper man's mind, "Advertising," is by Victor Smith, the "On the Tip of the Tongue" man of the New York Press:

**Advertising.**  
Dear Tip—What is the short cut to publicity? I have been striving in vain to get into the newspapers these seven years. What can I do?

**Hackensack. PUBLICITY.**  
Strive your hardest NOT to get in. Steal a million. Rob another fellow of his wife. Spring a sensational divorce. Beat the bank at Monte Carlo. But the best plan of all is to advertise. I am in favor of the pay-as-you-enter proposition. Commercial houses, theatres, circuses, etc., pay their way; why should not society and the professions do likewise? The general press is under no obligation to you. Address the business office at so much a line, and you can obtain all the publicity you require. Some newspapers are not profitable because they GIVE AWAY vast quantities of space in free advertising, or puffs, to the unselecting. The time is close at hand when everybody and every institution will have to "pony up."

**The Eternal Equivalent.**  
Every commercial business exacts the eternal equivalent in the granting of favors. Of no other institution in the world is so much exacted free as of the newspaper. It is a kind word here, a kind word yonder, a puff here and a puff there. For the price of ONE cent a man expects, eye, even demands, space worth hundreds of dollars. But where is our quid pro quo? The circulation is not increased. We are giving something for nothing. Once in a while Tip's column has a paragraph about an interesting man. It is good reading for all who take The Press; and the interesting man, being deeply interested, buys 100 or 500 copies and scatters them broadcast to interested people. What does it amount to? Five hundred copies cost \$5 at retail; so there is an outlay of \$5 for \$500 worth of advertising. Shucks! The business is too one-sided. It isn't fair.

**Complimentaries.**  
Those not in the newspaper business imagine that the editor, manager, all the boys and every reporter and office boy, the compositor and even the scrubman pass about loaded with railroad passes, telegraph tickets, boxes at the circus, police cards, steamboat complimentaries, telegrams and telephone franks, free use of the mails, race track badges, etc., and their friends on the outside are even insistent upon obtaining these privileges. As a matter of fact, there are but few complimentaries of this character flying about, and all are paid for by the eternal equivalent, the small matter of advertising. A Press man, for instance, sent to Chicago, may ride on a pass, but that pass has been paid for in advertising. Before the anti-pass law was enforced my life was saddened by my inability to meet the demands of friends for free transportation. Some had no delicacy about asking for passes to San Francisco. Now it is easy to say: "You know the law; no more free passes."

**As It Is Done.**  
No gentleman of the staff is supposed to seek transportation from a railroad, steamboat or steamship company, from any submarine, airship or automobile company, on his own recognizance. If he wants to go to Carlsbad, or the heart of Africa, to Mars or to the bowels of the earth, he is supposed to mention it to the business manager, who, if he chooses, refers it to the highest authority. Of course there are department heads who control certain and sundry privileges of the pass evil, such as the drama editor, the music editor, the sporting editor, etc. If I want a free pass for a theatre I may ask the drama editor, and he may (if he feels in the vein) send me a "pasteboard," but it is a quid pro quo. If I want to go to the circus I must ask the sporting editor. Do I want to go to the race track? The sporting editor is the man to snuggle up to, etc.

**Newspapers Overburdened.**  
The newspaper gives as a rule about twenty to one as its "equivalent." No other institution on earth could afford to do this and live. The newspaper is the maker of all men and all corporations, the supporter of all the adviser of all. Mine you, I do not see CREATOR. Without its free publicity most of the men in political and commercial life to-day would be in their graves. We are really too generous. The chief trouble is we do not draw tight enough the little line between news and notoriety. The theatres get an awful lot of free advertising because a vast majority of the people patronize the drama and demand good report of it. So of the opera. So of horse racing. Etc.

**Just an Illustration.**  
The man who has a can of lard to sell fails to understand why he does not get a column or two of a day of beautiful description for his ten-line ad, when a racing association, with the same size ad, commands so great an amount of space. He overlooks the fact that only a few persons may be interested in a can of lard, while tens of thousands are deeply concerned in racing. The theatrical equivalent cannot be estimated. A hundred thousand people, 500,000, 1,000,000, may be anxiously waiting Tuesday morning for a critique on Marx Lankershim's new play of "The Tscherna of di Stearwiler." The advertisement of the drama may amount to \$20, but that cuts so ice with the newspaper. It does its duty by allotting as much space to the perform-

# Baseball.

Baseball gets 1000 times its "equivalent." Why? Because it is an amusement for vast multitudes of readers. The advertising of the game amounts practically to nothing, that is, from a business office view. "No money in it." But no paper could afford to cut out its baseball reports. The Press baseball articles are the best, and they cost us a great deal of money.

**Hunting and Fishing.**  
No other paper in New York is so much read by fishermen and hunters as The Press. Here again the "equivalent" is altogether on our side. We give five times as much as we get out of it, but the Rod and Gun column is expected daily by a multitude of sportsmen, and to stop it would destroy a prominent feature which pleases many who neither fish nor shoot.

**Wall Street.**  
Wall Street receives an overabundance of valuable space, you may say. The Stock Exchange forbids advertising. More's the pity. In a little while, however, all this will be changed through the publicity now being thrust upon it. Thirty years ago a physician who advertised was frowned upon as a quack. To-day some of the leading practitioners introduce themselves to the public by means of printers' ink. Stock Exchange firms will have to advertise or go out of business. The day of the "high-brow" is past. I expect to see the time when all price quotations shall be paid for, and at big rates. Henry Clews made a great fortune in advertising, and his card has been in the papers for many years. He is the best known broker in the world.

**Why Hindoos Worship Siva.**  
Romantic Legend tells how the East Indian Deity Came to Bless a Poor Untucky Hunter

Hindoos young and old solemnly observed the fast of the Sivaratri, on a recent Sunday, and gladly endured its deprivations. For twenty-four hours no religious Hindoo took a morsel of food nor slept a moment, but constantly prayed the god Siva to grant his wish and relieve his sufferings or unhappiness.

The Sivaratri rests on a legend that comes from the misty past. A penniless hunter went out one morning, but when night fell only a puny bird had rewarded his long day's hunt. Weary and fearing ferocious beasts, the hunter took refuge in a bale tree for the night, and hung the "game" on a twig.

It so happened that Siva, in the course of his accustomed nocturnal wanderings, seated himself under the bale tree. The wind was blowing freshly, and leaves and the water they held from a shower fell on the god. This libation and the bird, presumably an offering, made Siva believe that some one in the tree was worshipping him at that late hour. Pleased, the god invited the person so devout to descend. The hunter climbed down and told of his sorrow and needs. Siva gave him many blessings and he lived happily to a ripe old age. So, now, he who fasts and, sleepless, worships Siva at night, will be blessed and enjoy eternal bliss.—Simla (India) Correspondence of the New York World.

**A Remarkable Cave.**  
The President has signed a proclamation creating the Jewel Cave National Monument within the Black Hills National Forest, South Dakota. This remarkable cave, thirteen miles west and south of Custer, the county seat of Custer County, in a limestone formation, is believed by geologists to be an extinct geyser channel. The national monument will embrace an area of 1280 acres. This cave, which was explored as late as 1900, has been found to consist of a series of chambers connected by narrow passages with numerous galleries, the walls of which are incrustated with a magnificent layer of calcite crystal.

The opening of the cave is situated in Hall Canyon, the walls of which are high and precipitous. The surface of the country in which the cave is located consists of a high rolling limestone plateau, about 6000 feet above sea level. The area is almost entirely covered by a forest of bull pine, a considerable portion of which is merchantable, while the remainder consists of a vigorous young growth. The Jewel Cave National Monument will now be given permanent protection by virtue of the act of June 8, 1906, which provides that objects of scientific interest may be declared national monuments, if such action is deemed necessary for their preservation and protection.—Science.

**Resourceful Wives.**  
"I am told that your husband plays billiards for money, too," said the anxious mother to her newly married daughter.

"That's all right, mother," cheerfully responded the young wife. "He gives me all his winnings."

"What? Do you?"

"And he always plays with Mr. Nextdoor."

"What difference can that make?"

"Mrs. Nextdoor makes her husband give her his winnings, too, and she gives the money to me and I hand her what my husband won from here, and so we both have about twice as much money as we could get out of them otherwise."—Chicago Journal.

**Berlin's Electric Signs.**  
It is announced that the Berlin police are taking steps to prevent the defacement of streets by electric signs. No objection will be offered to their erection in ugly or confined spaces, but they will be excluded from the best streets and from places where they are likely to produce "a discordant effect."

**The French Flag.**  
The three colors were devised by Mary Stuart, wife of Francis II. The white represented the royal house of France, the blue Scotland and the red Switzerland, in compliment to the Swiss Guards, whose loyalty it was. It is generally understood that the revolutionists of 1789 had adopted for their flag the two colors, red and blue, but the Lafayetteists persuaded them to add the white, to show that they bore no hostility to the king.—New York American.

# THE TEMPERANCE PROPAGANDA

CONCERTED ATTACK ON DRINK WINNING ALL ALONG LINE.

The Barled Laugh That Alcohol Digs Up—That is Alcohol's Dangerous Power—It Drives Away Sorrow and Brings Back Laughter.

The following remarkable editorial was written by Arthur Brisbane for the New York Evening Journal:

A woman walked along the north side of Twenty-eighth street, near Fourth avenue, at noon yesterday. Her walk was a little unsteady, her carriage not quite natural. She was neither young nor old—perhaps fifty, perhaps only thirty—one of the many women of thirty made to look old by poverty and worry.

The woman's dress was black, faded and shabby. Her face was faded. Her face was a good, honest face; it, too, was faded. Her head was bare, and the hair was gray. The hand that loosely held her skirt was wrinkled, the veins stood out. Many a hard day's work that hand had done.

The woman looked old. But her manner, her actions were for the moment those of a young woman.

Her walk was a little unsteady. Only that walk betrayed the woman's condition at first. As she walked she looked about her gaily, like a girl of fourteen. She walked along humming to herself. She dropped her skirt for a second, and bending far over, seized the dress impatiently and lifted it, with a laugh of almost genuine mirth, smiling at the passers by as she did so.

That laugh told the story. Men passing by had glanced carelessly at the faded working woman. They had