

THE PULPIT.

A SCHOLARLY SUNDAY SERMON BY
REV. LYNN HAROLD HOUGH

Theme: The Theologian's Task.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—In the Summer, Field M. E. Church Sunday morning the pastor, the Rev. Lynn Harold Hough presented on "The Theologian's Task." The text was from I. Corinthians 10:15: "Bringing every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ." Mr. Hough said:

The theologian has a multitude of tasks. His world has room for many a Hercules. In the past fields there is a summons to infinite toil and there is opportunity for high and varied achievement. In his hand the theologian holds a book which he is to master and to interpret. This is no simple achievement. The work enlarges and divides itself until this book becomes the creator of vocations.

Sometimes the theologian is a student of detail. With the microscope of his scholarship he applies himself to the mastery of the words weaving across the pages of the book. Sometimes he is a student of history. He studies their life and history in too small to claim his attention. For this work he reads large resources. In the Old Testament field, all the Semitic languages have to be given him. In the New all Greek literature may be found under tribute. A grammatical eye also for the almost infinite variety of meanings, he talks with patience through the years. He builds libraries and grows gray—whole generations of him have grown gray—in accomplishing this task.

Sometimes the theologian is a student of the problem of authority, weighing the evidence of uses of words, of point of view, and the historical background or presupposed in particular portions of the Scriptures, and so rescuing buried documents from the heat touch of time. He is a student of the unknown prophet of the Bible.

Sometimes he is a Biblical theologian in the more formal sense, studying the theological outlook of different periods, and scientifically setting forth the teaching of the various authors of the book. As his summons the prophets once more walk before us; Amos, with his passion for righteousness; Hosea, the prophet of the suffering love of God; Isaiah, stalwart statesman prophet in the nation's crisis; Jeremiah, against whose bent heart life's sadful bleats beat in; and the sunrise prophet of the Exile, with face aglow with light and heart athrob with His great message of vicarious suffering; these, with all the other figures of that wonderful Old Testament life, and out of it all God, with His rich tender love, and the prophets for generations in the training of a people—a great, divinely guided history pointing more and more clearly forward to a Coming One, who is to be at once His explanation and His goal. The ideas of the various men are not only woven into the outlook of different periods, and the way of looking at life and the things of God which in a general way characterizes the whole Old Testament time, the Biblical theologian makes clear to us.

At times, in the New Testament life—the majestic figure of the Spotless One, and with the wisdomness of brother humanity, and the awesome of the divine—the great Redemption Deal, before which we hide our faces—a deed in which infinite love, infinite good, infinite righteousness, infinite beauty, infinite power to the world. Following Christ, the men with lives struck into flame from His, their words and work as redemptive begin their conquests in history. Then, ere we close the pages of the book, a sliver of the life of the men who follow Christ, from all this pageant of great figures and great deeds, with its one supreme figure and one supreme deed, the meaning is extracted so that the teaching about life which comes from Jesus and which is given by the various men, be set systematically before us, and at last continued in such fashion that we come to see and appreciate the New Testament point of view.

Sometimes the theologian is a historical tragedian, tracing the life of the church through the centuries, and when the movement of its thought as it has ceaselessly grappled with the problems of the faith. The ages become articulate through his toil and the past comes before us, lung warm from his pen.

There are great and necessary tasks, and master minds have been devoted to them. There are great tasks and stepping stones to a higher—the supreme task of all.

There comes one great demand to the theologian. When the wonder of the book shines out and the power of its teachings is felt—as the past becomes real—then the present stands waiting. This past must be poured into the life of to-day. The book—the Christ of the book—the faith of the book, must be interpreted to the life of now.

And this interpretation is not to be a placing of Christianity in some mere section of life. Every thought is to be brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ. Christianity is either the obedience of all life—the key to it—or it is nothing. And to show that

"The acknowledgment of God in Christ, Accepted by Thy reason solves for thee, all questions in the earth and out of it."

To construct a vital, organic view of life, dominated by the essentials of Christianity, this is the superb work to which the theologian is called.

We need to take the fact that the world cannot permanently accept a religion which is smaller than life. To refuse like the distinguished German theologian, Albrecht Ritschl, to relate Christian truth to scientific truth, is to sign the death warrant of the faith.

Does it seem an ambitious thing to demand a Christ dominated and a cross-dominated universe? Any thing less means that the fog has lifted from men's thoughts there will be a Christ universe and a hopeless universe. To take a metaphysically divine Christ, an atoning death, an actual resurrection, a tri-unity of rich and perfect personal God, an actual salvation from a great sin, a new life for men, a great ultimate goal in Christ, and with these, to seek every door in this universe—this is the supreme task of the theologian.

What is his relation to men? He is to be a student of all life and of all literature. He listens—oh, so eagerly!—to every voice of humanity. He studies history in its attempt to understand what they all mean. Thus he discovers that the very structure of life, as it is, demands what Christianity offers, and that without a life is a hopeless stigma. His

The Sunday-School

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR JUNE 5.

Subject: Jesus Walks on the Sea, Matt. 14:22-36—Commit Verses 20, 27.

GOLDEN TEXT—"Then they that were in the ship came and worshipped Him, saying, Of a truth Thou art the Son of God." Matt. 14:33.

PLACE—The Sea of Galilee between Bethsaida and Capernaum. EXPOSITION—I. Jesus Sending His Disciples Into the Storm, 22-24. The multitude who beheld the sign of the multiplied loaves and fishes were so affected by it that they wished to take Jesus at once and make Him King (Jno. 6:14, 15). To keep His immature disciples out of the political excitement Jesus immediately forced them to get into the boat and pull for the other side. They wanted to stay. In sending them away He was sending them into a terrific storm. How often today He sends us away from the place of quiet and refreshment to meet the midnight storm. They were safe there. When both disciples and multitude had gone Jesus went further into the mountain to pray. Son of God though He was, He needed prayer. Can we then expect to get beyond the place where we need prayer? There is often greater refreshment in prayer than sleep (Is. 40:31). There had just been a great crisis in His history, and so He must talk it all over with the Father. While He prayed, through the flashes of lightning He saw His disciples walking with rowing against the storm (Mark 6:45). They had been in the storm before, but then Jesus was with them, now they were alone (Jno. 6:17). Jesus did not go to them at once. He left them to battle with the waves while He continued in prayer. But He was helping them by His prayers and He helps us to-day by His intercession (Heb. 7:25).

II. Jesus Coming to His Disciples in the Storm, 25-27. In the darkest hour, just before dawn, as their boat was helplessly tossed about, Jesus Himself came to them in the middle of the night. He came, "walking on the sea" (cf. Jno. 9:8). The disciples were not relieved, but troubled at the sight of Him. They did not recognize Him, but fancied that He was an apparition, and that their time had come. They cried out for fear. Jesus often appeared to them in this way, and he often at first recognized Him, and we are terrified instead of comforted. But Jesus did not leave them long in suspense and fear. He uttered the most comforting words He can ever say, "It is I. The 'be of good cheer' and 'I do not fear' would not have helped without the 'It is I'." III. A Disciple's Approach to Jesus in the Storm, 28-31. Peter, true to his character, comes forward with a proposition. Good and bad are strangely mixed in the request. There was the good desire to get to Jesus at once, there was also the foolish desire to play himself. There is faith and there is unbelief. Jesus says but one word, "Come." Peter climbed over the side of the boat and began walking on the waters. He trusted Christ and the power of God sustained him (1 Pet. 1:5). He was quite proud of his achievement and began to look around instead of looking at Jesus. The wind saw the wind and down he began to sink. Alas, for the man who takes his eyes off from Jesus and looks at his environment. But Peter was wise in one thing, he did the best thing any one could do when sinking. His prayer was short, explicit, fervent, and to the point, intensely earnest, and it was answered immediately, though its faith was by no means perfect. If any sinking soul honestly cries to Jesus, "Lord, save me," He will do it (Ro. 10:13). Jesus helped immediately (cf. Is. 65:24). It was with His outstretched hand that He "took hold of him" and saved (cf. Ps. 137:1; Mark 1:31; 4:35-41; Acts 2:29; 15:9-11). Peter's failure was through his "doubt."

IV. Jesus on Board, the Storm Over and the Desired Haven Reached, 32-36. As soon as Jesus was in the boat the wind ceased and the sea became calm. All that many a tempest-tossed soul needs is Jesus on board and it will find calm and safety at once. The disciples were greatly amazed at what had happened (Mark 6:51). The demonstration that they had already seen of Jesus' divine power should have prepared them for this further one (Mark 6:52). They immediately "worshipped" Jesus. They were right in so doing (Heb. 1:6; Jno. 5:23). Jesus' acceptance without protest of the worship thus offered clearly proves His recognition of His own deity (cf. Mark 4:8, 9; Acts 10:26, 27; Rev. 19:10). He then claimed, "Of a truth, Thou art the Son of God." This, too, was true (cf. Is. 42:1-4). Immediately upon receiving Jesus into the boat they reached the shore. If any one is "all at sea" and storm-driven, toiling fruitlessly but moderately, let him take Jesus on board and he will come speedily and safely to land.

V. Jesus Healing the Sick, 34-36. The disciples are to have still further proof that Jesus is truly the Son of God. As soon as the men of Genesareth recognize Jesus they scour the country around to find out who they are sick and bring them to Him. Word came that we had an equal appreciation of Jesus to-day and would scour the country for all that are sick, not only in body, but in soul. They were very humble in their demand, they only asked that they might touch the hem of His garment. They got what they asked, and "as many as touched were made whole." All that one needs to receive help from Jesus is just to touch Him.

JOURNALISM IN GOTHAM. "Got anything good?" inquired the city editor. "Brutal murder neatly done." "Well, play up strong on the human interest."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

POKER IN TEXAS. "Can he play poker?" "I guess so. Nobody seems to want to play with him."—Houston Post.

The Great Destroyer

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

"What is Whisky?" For some time past Dr. Wiley and other distinguished Government officials have been trying to arrive at a correct definition for whisky, and finally, in concluding the discussion, the President has announced what, in his opinion, it really is. Undoubtedly considerable interest centers in this decision, but it is chiefly a commercial interest. It would have been far more interesting and useful if the Government had taken it upon itself to have run whisky directly to its lair and had answered this question in plain, everyday English by telling us just what for they are doing to the people, what it means to the Nation, and what ought to be done about it.

And it would have been a comparatively easy matter to have prepared this information. In determining the correct commercial definition of whisky man, it is only necessary to give an opinion, and many lines of inquiry were pursued. With no more effort the Government might have secured the other kind of information. It would simply have had to look for it in a different direction; it would merely have had to consult with the men in the street. If you want to find somebody who really knows what whisky is you want to call upon the judge of a police court, upon the chief of police, upon the manager of a charity organization. They are the persons who are best fitted to answer this query for they are brought into daily and hourly contact with the work that whisky is accomplishing. As a rule these men are not what is popularly termed "temperance cranks," yet the stories they could tell would be far more eloquent in their appeal than the any illustrations from the temperance or temperance sermons are able to devise. The simple fact is that these tales are the plain, matter-of-fact incidents that have come to them in the course of their daily work among whisky's worst victims—those whom whisky has brought to a condition of misery that is incalculably worse than death.

Of course, most of us have some idea of the work that whisky is doing, for there are few persons who do not number one or two victims of this beverage in their list of relatives, friends or acquaintances; but to discover the whole truth, it is necessary to go to the police courts and to the tenements in which women and children are starving, for it is then that the charge against whisky commences to assume proper proportions. In fact, it would be a very good idea if every young man could be given an opportunity to study this tract of whisky at first hand. It would be a temperance lesson that would cast the most logical of arguments far into the shade.

Ask any police official, any judge, any charity worker, what is responsible for the famine of misery of the world, and he will tell you that whisky is to blame for the greater part of it. Even when other causes may be assigned a little further investigation would probably show that whisky played its part in the disaster. They will tell you, too, that the bulk of evidence goes to prove that whisky is a thing that cannot be fooled with—that it objects most seriously to being let alone. Once it has gained a firm hold upon an individual it holds on with a grasp of steel, and it takes something more forceful than ordinary determination to break its hold.

It isn't because it tastes good that people drink whisky, for there are few persons who really like the flavor. It is simply for its effect upon the brain that it is consumed, and it is in this insidious effect upon the brain that its danger lies. For, once having gained this penetration more and more frequently, until finally the habit has actually been formed and the end is in sight.

This is the story that those who work among the poor and the law-breaking elements can tell, for poverty and crime follow as naturally in the wake of whisky drinking as the moon follows the sun. It is practically inevitable that whisky spells disaster—disaster to the individual, disaster to the family, and when we realize that there is no other side to the picture—no glorious record of achievement, no record of good, but only misery and death—we begin to regret that the Government did not carry its investigations a little further and furnish us with just the sort of definition of which we are in need.—Graham Hood, in New York Globe and Commercial Advertiser.

Best of the Bargain. At a temperance meeting where several related their experiences, a humorous Irishman was acknowledged to be the chief speaker. He had on a pair of fine new boots. Said he: "A week after I signed the pledge, me an old friend, and 'Bedad,' says he, 'them's a fine pair of boots you have on.' 'They are,' says I; 'and by the same token' says the canteen sergeant 'give 'em to me.' 'He did,' says he; 'an' that was gin'ra me." "It was," says I, 'but he couldn't help it.' Ye see, I had a bargain with him. 'You kape your drink,' says I, 'an' I'll kape me money.' Well, my money got these boots, an' as I got the best of the bargain, I'm going to stick to it."

A Shocking Confession. The Brewers' Journal says: "As long as dealers in intoxicants know their profit will be greater than the risk, so long will they be able to supply all who apply to them, whether there are prohibition laws or not." In other words, liquor dealers care nothing for the law, but only for the penalty. By all means, then, let penalties be made severe enough to compel their respect. If they can make more than their fines, let imprisonment be the penalty.—Herald and Presbyterian.

Trust and Wait. God has promised to satisfy—but He did not promise when. God has time enough, and so have you. God has boundless resources, and His resources are yours. Can you not trust Him? Trust and wait. He knows what is best for you, He has reasons for denying you now, but in the end He will satisfy.—Maltbie D. Babcock, D. D.

The Seeds and the Harvest. Out of dark affliction comes a spiritual light.—John Bunyan.

Compensation being refused for a cut finger, an Illinois (England) domestic servant left her situation and wrote to her mistress as follows: "Madam —, the cut is worst. The doctor says I have cut the spinal cord of my little finger. If you do not immediately send me five shillings a week, I shall insult my solicitor."

CANT PAY ALIMONY. "Your Honor, I don't see how I can pay so much alimony as that." Judge—"Why in the world didn't you think of that before you married her?"

RELIGIOUS TRUTHS

From the Writings of Great Preachers.

THE KINGDOM OF THE MEEK.

BY PRISCILLA LEONARD. Kings choose their soldiers from the strong and sound. And hurl them forth to battle at command. Across the centuries, o'er sea and land. Age after age, the shouts of war resound; Yet, at the end, the whole wide world around, Each empty empire came so proudly planned. Melts through Time's fingers like the dropping sand.

But once, a King—despised, forsaken, crowned Only with thorns—chose in the face of loss; For they are weak, her outcast; gave them love. And sent them forth to conquer in His name. The world that crucified Him, and proclaimed His empire. Lo! pride's vanished thrones above. Behold the enduring banner of the Cross!—Priscilla Leonard.

The Fire of Jesus. We have it on very good authority that lukewarm Christians nauseate the Lord. And a very slight contemplation of His own burning zeal convinces us that it could not be otherwise. He was a red-hot man. It comes out in His fierce attack upon those who were deserting His Father's house. He charged on them with such fire that they were instantly scintillated, and His disciples looking were punently reminded of His passion. "Every man which said, 'The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up.'"

He was consumed with an overwhelming eagerness to complete His great work, and the time in which to do it was very short. The compelling "may" was upon His lips beginning with that early time in the temple when He lost thought of everything else but the discussion of great problems of religion which He found of absorbing interest, and said to His wondering mother, "Knew ye not that I must be in the things of My Father?" "I must preach the Gospel of the Kingdom," He said, "I must go to Jerusalem." He was straightened, compressed, constrained, impelled until His full baptism with suffering was accomplished. There could be no delay. Every man must be brought into requisition. There was scarcely time to eat. His friends thought that He was bordering on insanity, that He was beside Himself. His enemies said, "He hath a devil, and is mad."

It is the way all religious enthusiasts follow, and it is the way of the world. It was the way Paul appeared to Festus, for the great apostle deemed it "good to be zealously affected in a good thing." It was common with Jesus to spend an entire night under the stars in prayer, pouring out His driving, compelling demands upon His God. It was His custom to be intense. His flaming and blazing words made some gnash upon Him with their teeth, while others were ready to lay down their lives at His feet. His apostles were positive men, zealous to the point of fanaticism. Full of fire. It was because of His own hot soul that He attracted such. He had a glowing heart. There was excitement wherever He went. "Driven" Himself by the Spirit into the wilderness, so urgent was it that He went to His course. He came forth to do much, his compelling demands, and causing a panic among wrongdoers.

He had a sensitive, finely organized nature. He saw clearly the majesty and holiness of God, the needs and sinfulness of humanity. Hence He was so ready to throw Himself wholeheartedly into the terrific conflict between light and darkness. It was a crisis hour in the history of the universe. Is it not a crisis still? Is there not a great emergency now? Does not the Master call upon us to participate in His enthusiasm for humanity and for the kingdom of righteousness? Should not our tongue be touched anew with pentecostal flame? Nothing but the fire of Jesus, of one who lived and died for the redemption of all, and has a single object in view, will meet the demands of the day.—James Mudge, in Epworth Herald.

The Central Power Station. One morning I entered the car shops of a great railroad in the Central West. I was struck by a great o'clock, and a great cloud of black smoke was pouring from the huge smokestack. I went with my friend into the work rooms, where for long distances stretched a tangle of belts, shafts, pulleys, till one was almost lost in a maze of the complicated. But there was no motion. All the possibilities of the shop were hushed in inaction. My guide said: "It will look different here in a few moments."

We then went into the engine room, where an eight-hundred horsepower engine was being oiled. At seven o'clock the whistle blew, and the great machine became a thing of life. The arms began to move, and in its admiration of the greatness of the engine I forgot the machine shop. Presently my friend said: "Now look under the shops." As I looked I saw every shaft and belt moving, and the men taking their places at their machines, and soon the whole power was humming with life. The Spirit is the power we all need to make our work a living, glorious, jubilant thing.—J. W. Holland.

Important men who really aren't are the most anxious to tell you all about it. The more money a man could inherit the more he could act as if he made it by his brain. A girl gets so excited about being engaged she forgets what a good time she had before she was. Some men are such natural-born liars they will pretend they would rather go to a church fair than a prize-fight. A woman never gets so fat that she will stop sneering about how other women can't get anything to fit their figures. A girl puts on prettiness very fast when you tell her so. The way a woman fools a man is making him think he's doing it to her. You don't have to explain a compliment to a woman the way you do the constitution. A useful thing about spelling is having a stenographer who knows how to do it for you. There's no excuse ever invented for coming home late that a man hasn't worn threadbare before he's been married three years. It's so natural to lie it's astonishing how few people do it well. The more fun a man thinks he can have being out nights the more his wife knows she can't. Insane asylums are all places where everybody inside thinks everybody outside is crazy. The way for a man to make a girl stop running away from him is for him to stop chasing her. When a man comes to you with an offer to make you rich you're lucky if he doesn't go away with a dollar borrowed from you.—From "Dollar-Reflections of a Bachelor," in the New York Press.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NOTES

JUNE FIFTH

Topic—Christ Our Judge—Matt. 25: 31-46—Consecration Meeting. No respect of persons. Ps. 72: 2-9, 13-17.

Righteous judgment. Isa. 11: 3-5. Purifying judgment. Mal. 3: 1-3. The judgment-seat. 2 Cor. 5: 9-11. Self-testing. 1 Cor. 11: 27-34; 2 Cor. 13: 5. Secrets uncovered. Heb. 4: 12, 13. God will make no arbitrary division at the judgment. Men will separate themselves into sheep and goats by being sheep and goats (v. 32).

Ours is to be a prepared inheritance. How beautiful it will be may be guessed by studying this prepared earth, so lovely though it is only a temporary abode for us (v. 34). We satisfy ourselves with mere occasional good deeds for others, and forget that every opportunity missed is a missing of Him (v. 45). Let us not cheat ourselves with imagining an everlasting heaven and denying an everlasting hell. The two are bound together in the same sentence (v. 46).

Suggestions. He is to our Judge, but He is our Father at the same time. We can think about them separately, but they can never be separated. It is easy to think of Him as the Judge of others, but profit comes from thinking of Christ as our Judge. To judge me, Christ has only to look at me; for all the deeds and thoughts of my past life have their results in my present character. The courts recognize the danger of deciding from circumstantial evidence alone; but Christ knows all circumstances. In an earthly court the defendant pleads guilty or not guilty as his lawyer advises; but in Christ's court there is no pleading by the defendant; he has only to appear.

Cream of Tomato Soup. Scrape two young carrots, peel one young turnip and cut into slices, together with a stalk or two of celery, a leek and a small onion. Add a few sprigs of parsley, half a bunch of chives cut in small bits and a clove of garlic, if desired. Cook for an hour in three cups water, then add a quart can of tomatoes. Simmer gently for two hours longer, then strain through a colander. Melt a large tablespoonful butter in a saucepan, stir until rather brown, then add two table-spoonfuls flour. When blended stir in a cupful of the hot soup stock, then turn the thickened mixture back into the soup pot. Cook ten or fifteen minutes, season with a tablespoonful salt, a scant teaspoonful pepper and a teaspoonful sugar. Serve hot with fried or toasted croûtes.—Washington Star.

EPWORTH LEAGUE LESSONS

SUNDAY, JUNE 5

The Christian's Friendship With His Lord—John 15: 12-16; James 2: 23.

John 15: 12-14. Great love has a right to ask great obedience. Since our Lord has loved us, he may justly tell us whom to love. And he has this right by virtue of the supreme service that His unwearied love has ever known or can know; he laid down his life for his friends—for us. How dare we disregard the lightest wish of him who has thus loved us? And yet he tells us to do what is often a hard thing—to love one another. But we must do it, or lose him.

Southern Beaten Biscuit. Sift together one quart flour, a salt spoonful salt and a half teaspoonful baking powder. Rub into the flour with the tips of the fingers a heaping tablespoonful lard, then add a cup of milk or enough to make a stiff dough, stiffer than for bread. Now, if you follow the old-time method of beating, take a biscuit beater or rolling pin and beat the dough on a block of hard wood until it blisters and pops. It takes a strong arm and a skillful one to beat well. Cut into rounds about the size of a watch (medium size), prick with a fork and bake about thirty minutes in a moderate oven. If you like short cuts in your culinary methods instead of beating try running the dough through a food chopper about six times. This blisters the dough as well as the traditional method of beating and can be done in a tenth of the time.—Washington Star.

Hint for Housewives. Use sour milk and salt to brighten brass candle sticks. If your grocer furnishes kerosene which gives a dim light, put a little salt in the bottom of the lamp, then fill with oil and you will be surprised at the result. Tie up a piece of yellow beeswax in a rag and when the iron is almost, but not quite hot enough to use, rub it quickly with the wax and then with a coarse cloth. By rubbing a fresh lemon thoroughly into a sponge and rinsing in lukewarm water several times it will become as sweet and clean as when new. In baking biscuits, have the oven hot at first, but lower the temperature just a little before the biscuits are ready to take out. This will add materially in making the biscuits light. Take odd pieces of lace curtains, dip in thin starch, lay on plate to be mended, iron with quite a hot iron. The starch sticks the pieces on and will stay till the curtains are washed again. Don't select a large pattern for a small room, for it will be out of proportion and decrease its size. In a place of this kind choose something small and dainty and the charm will be enhanced. Don't use a striped paper in a place with a high ceiling. A room of that description should have a figured side wall with a pattern of generous proportions. If the space admits of that treatment. The same advice applies to materials. How many know that by adding common table salt to gasoline you can remove spots from clothing or the most delicate fabrics without leaving a ring around the edge cleaned? Many a dry cleaner's bill can be saved by useful knowledge. Don't put heavy toned colors in dark or medium light rooms, no matter how much you like them. Gift the salesman not knowing where the light comes from or how the room is situated, in order to make a sale, urge what he sees the customer face.

WISE WORDS.

Important men who really aren't are the most anxious to tell you all about it. The more money a man could inherit the more he could act as if he made it by his brain. A girl gets so excited about being engaged she forgets what a good time she had before she was. Some men are such natural-born liars they will pretend they would rather go to a church fair than a prize-fight. A woman never gets so fat that she will stop sneering about how other women can't get anything to fit their figures. A girl puts on prettiness very fast when you tell her so. The way a woman fools a man is making him think he's doing it to her. You don't have to explain a compliment to a woman the way you do the constitution. A useful thing about spelling is having a stenographer who knows how to do it for you. There's no excuse ever invented for coming home late that a man hasn't worn threadbare before he's been married three years. It's so natural to lie it's astonishing how few people do it well. The more fun a man thinks he can have being out nights the more his wife knows she can't. Insane asylums are all places where everybody inside thinks everybody outside is crazy. The way for a man to make a girl stop running away from him is for him to stop chasing her. When a man comes to you with an offer to make you rich you're lucky if he doesn't go away with a dollar borrowed from you.—From "Dollar-Reflections of a Bachelor," in the New York Press.

THE EPICURE'S CORNER

Lobster Salad Sandwich. Remove the meat from two lobsters, and cut all edible parts in small pieces. Have slices of bread cut thin of the size and shape desired, and well buttered. Make a mayonnaise dressing as follows: Two teaspoons mustard, one teaspoonful salt, one tablespoon sugar, two tablespoons melted butter, eight tablespoons milk, five tablespoons vinegar, one well beaten egg. Boil until it thickens. Spread the bread with mayonnaise, and work the rest in with the lobster. Cover a slice with the prepared filling, place another slice on it, and wrap in paraffin paper until needed.—Boston Post.

Chocolate Fudge. Put two cups sugar, a half cup milk, a quarter cup butter and four squares of chocolate into a saucepan and simmer ten minutes. Take from the fire, add one teaspoonful vanilla and stir for five minutes until soft and creamy. Pour in buttered pans. To make the plain Vassar fudge, add to two cups white granulated or soft brown sugar, one cupful thick cream. Put this over the fire, and when it gets hot add a quarter cake chocolate, grated or broken in fine pieces. Stir constantly and vigorously. When it reaches the boiling point add a tablespoonful butter, and keep stirring until a little poured on a saucer creams with beating. Take from the fire, beat until cool and pour in buttered tins.—New York Telegram.

Cream of Tomato Soup. Scrape two young carrots, peel one young turnip and cut into slices, together with a stalk or two of celery, a leek and a small onion. Add a few sprigs of parsley, half a bunch of chives cut in small bits and a clove of garlic, if desired. Cook for an hour in three cups water, then add a quart can of tomatoes. Simmer gently for two hours longer, then strain through a colander. Melt a large tablespoonful butter in a saucepan, stir until rather brown, then add two table-spoonfuls flour. When blended stir in a cupful of the hot soup stock, then turn the thickened mixture back into the soup pot. Cook ten or fifteen minutes, season with a tablespoonful salt, a scant teaspoonful pepper and a teaspoonful sugar. Serve hot with fried or toasted croûtes.—Washington Star.

Southern Beaten Biscuit. Sift together one quart flour, a salt spoonful salt and a half teaspoonful baking powder. Rub into the flour with the tips of the fingers a heaping tablespoonful lard, then add a cup of milk or enough to make a stiff dough, stiffer than for bread. Now, if you follow the old-time method of beating, take a biscuit beater or rolling pin and beat the dough on a block of hard wood until it blisters and pops. It takes a strong arm and a skillful one to beat well. Cut into rounds about the size of a watch (medium size), prick with a fork and bake about thirty minutes in a moderate oven. If you like short cuts in your culinary methods instead of beating try running the dough through a food chopper about six times. This blisters the dough as well as the traditional method of beating and can be done in a tenth of the time.—Washington Star.

Hint for Housewives. Use sour milk and salt to brighten brass candle sticks. If your grocer furnishes kerosene which gives a dim light, put a little salt in the bottom of the lamp, then fill with oil and you will be surprised at the result. Tie up a piece of yellow beeswax in a rag and when the iron is almost, but not quite hot enough to use, rub it quickly with the wax and then with a coarse cloth. By rubbing a fresh lemon thoroughly into a sponge and rinsing in lukewarm water several times it will become as sweet and clean as when new. In baking biscuits, have the oven hot at first, but lower the temperature just a little before the biscuits are ready to take out. This will add materially in making the biscuits light. Take odd pieces of lace curtains, dip in thin starch, lay on plate to be mended, iron with quite a hot iron. The starch sticks the pieces on and will stay till the curtains are washed again. Don't select a large pattern for a small room, for it will be out of proportion and decrease its size. In a place of this kind choose something small and dainty and the charm will be enhanced. Don't use a striped paper in a place with a high ceiling. A room of that description should have a figured side wall with a pattern of generous proportions. If the space admits of that treatment. The same advice applies to materials. How many know that by adding common table salt to gasoline you can remove spots from clothing or the most delicate fabrics without leaving a ring around the edge cleaned? Many a dry cleaner's bill can be saved by useful knowledge. Don't put heavy toned colors in dark or medium light rooms, no matter how much you like them. Gift the salesman not knowing where the light comes from or how the room is situated, in order to make a sale, urge what he sees the customer face.