

The Passing of Jenny Wren

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

Jenny Wren's chatter filled, weekly, column next the "want" advertisements in the Midvale Clarion. It was for the most part mildly amusing, though now and then there came a touch of malice. Naturally there was much curiosity among Clarion readers as to the real name of Jenny Wren. But Editor Blake only smiled at questions outright, and shook his head at the wily ones who tried to trap him into telling.

It was a good fellow, Editor Blake, tall and thin, faintly stooped, and beginning to grizzle. He kept away from women, not through shyness, but because they bored him. At least the general mass of them did. There were exceptions.

Because Beatrice Henry was the youngest and the prettiest of these exceptions; moreover, saucily bright, and just the least bit spoiled, more than half of Midvale said she was Jenny Wren, and governed itself accordingly. Beatrice knew the fact—both as cause and effect. She was everywhere, to everything, through fear of what Jenny Wren would say, or the greater fear that she would say nothing.

It was puzzling, however, that Jenny often passed over with a line on occasions at which Beatrice had been almost the bright, particular star; also at functions from which she was conspicuously absent were either raised extravagantly or deftly ridiculed.

Still, with every beau in town more or less among her satellites, Beatrice was in the way of knowing almost everything. Yet, for the would-be hunters who addressed her in public, Jenny Wren had a fine scorn at her in itself predicated innocence. Moreover, was not Lily Green as bright, as popular and very much more given to sharp speeches than Beatrice?

Lily also disclaimed Jenny Wrenship, but, somehow, she did it less convincingly. She too was among the exceptions—he dropped in to her for half-hours in the late afternoon when his day's work was done, and all this gave color of reason to the public belief. The public was only convinced it was one of the girls—mainly for the reason that could, according to its mind, be no other.

Beatrice and Lily did not love each other. There were those who said Editor Blake, despite his grizzlings, was cause of the war. However that may have been, they were, in public, studiously civil to each other that was impossible to misunderstand the land lay. Jenny Wren never mentioned either of the young women. Midvale never would have believed that it was as much a puzzle to Beatrice and Lily as to anybody else. Next to Jenny Wren's identity, Midvale's interest itself most as to what Editor Blake did with his money. He had the Clarion pay its way—it never did more—but aside from that he had a tolerable competence. In spite of this he lived very simply—saddle shoes were his sole extravagance. His income went out of the bank steadily as it came into it. He not spent nor gave it away, to Midvale's knowledge; he could not waste a riot since he stuck by his work in and year out. Nor had he any dependants—at least, any visible ones—coming, as he did, from a rich family. He gave meagerly to town charities, so meagerly indeed that his lady managers were his most hostile critics.

Mrs. Light, head of the Improvement guild, said outright, in face of all meeting, that he was distinctly unbecoming. She intimidated by this his courage of liberality kept her out of Midvale men from going down in their pockets.

Beatrice, Scates, who, although she had a living, belonged to every-thing going and somehow did her silent, as usual. Lily Green grumbled angrily, but was also silent. Beatrice sprang up with eyes light-ly, "Unless you take that," she said, trying hard to speak lightly, "I will quit the guild—and I think, will every other person hates stabbing in the dark."

Where His Interest Lay.

Mr. A. (recently betrothed)—Can I confide in you, young man?

Jeweler's Assistant—Why, yes, sir.

Mr. A.—My intended is undecided between a ring and a necklace. For goodness sake, tell her necklaces are out of fashion, or else I shall become a bankrupt and you won't get paid.—Tit-Bits.

Tea Imports From Japan.

Japan furnishes 42 per cent. of the imports of tea, China, 32 1/2 per cent., and the United Kingdom 11 1/2 per cent.

MODES of the MOMENT



ONE of the most popular entertainments of the moment is to compare bargains. Everyone has secured some, and each woman is anxious to justify her supreme wisdom of selection.

And the lawn blouse, by the way, continues among the popular favorites in spite of whole costumes of toulard, nixon, and muslin being its very serious rival, writes our Paris correspondent. Still, the well-chosen lawn blouse and a white linen skirt cut in corset fashion continue to be the success they have been for the past five seasons, while the crowning point of hat is best achieved by a Tegal with a single rose of fine quality and a binding of black velvet to the brim. However, this is not the most usual order of gown, for the tunic and skirt made of muslin, or nixon, or fouldard, with square, narrow kimono sleeves and yoke and tight undersleeves of ivory lace, must be accredited with occupying the topmost step on the ladder of our love.

Foulard frocks of different colors, displaying a device in white, look extremely well with a tunic of nixon, a particularly good example being of mauve and pink shot foulard, patterned with white and veiled in light gray nixon. Effective, too, is a light brown and white foulard with a nixon tunic in dark brown, and the dark brown hat which completes it is a close turban shape in chip with an erect uncurled ostrich feather at one side held with a topaz jewel at the base.

The straight, narrow frock of muslin or foulard, which is unveiled is invariably accompanied by a scarf; and very effective indeed, at a garden party the other day, when the sun descended



to shine for a few hours, was a dress of white muslin embroidered a jour, of very narrow outline and simply belted above the waist with a piece of white ribbon, which was drawn through a buckle made of forget-me-nots and pink roses. A bright blue chiffon scarf was held in the hollow of the arms, and this was fringed with white glass beads, while the hat was a leghorn bound with black satin, with a bunch of forget-me-nots and roses at one side, tied with black satin. Black shoes and pale blue stockings put finishing touches eminently picturesque, an adjective well deserved by the entire scheme. The same gathering included the wearer of a buff-colored volute gown, with a narrow skirt held in the knees with four lines of thick cords, the same adornment appearing at the waist, which was set rather high, and again outlining the round yoke, which was filled transparently to the throat with gold and platinum lace. A bunch of wallflowers in a turban hat of Tuscan was most wisely worn with this, while a scarf of printed chiffon in Paisley colors fringed with silk was an excellent accompaniment.

Paisley colors have reappeared in full force, and without a doubt dresses of dark serge benefit much from their influence when carefully used as facings to the coat. I have also seen gowns of Paisley successfully introduced on corset skirts of dark blue serge which fit quite tightly round the hips and are completed by fitting bodices of Paisley much decorated with

Jacob's Wrestling With God

By Rev. W. H. Carwardine, Humboldt Park Methodist Church, Chicago

"I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me."—Genesis 32:26.

"Two brothers have been separated for twenty years," said Rev. Mr. Carwardine. "They parted in anger. Esau, the elder, vowed to slay Jacob, the younger, for robbing him of his birthright. It was a bad affair. But time had wrought a change.

The elder brother had become the head of a wild, roving and indomitable race of people. The younger brother had been a wanderer, but had gathered about him, by industry and shrewd trading, a large fortune. Now, with his herds, servants and family he is moving back to the country of his early days. News is brought that Esau is coming to meet Jacob, and in fear the latter imagines that there is still hatred in his heart. He seeks to still his brother with magnificent gifts, sends his flocks and family over the brook and beside the still waters of Jabbok he has the struggle of his life.

"Jacob's wrestling with the angel is the struggle of a soul with his God. Jacob was a workman. He had suffered in a man's way, he had known of shame, he had known of grief, he had known of the birth-right and the greater man of the two, and by right of character and intellect was better fitted for the birth-right and the greater result which it gave him than was Esau.

"Man must suffer for the evil he has done, but he can rise superior to the mistakes and blunders of his youth.

"If there had been no hope for Jacob after the duplicity and deceit of his earlier life, largely the result of an overweening fondness of a mother for her favorite child, then there would be no hope for a vast number of good men in this life. But there must come the time of struggle, with its bitter tears and its fear and anguish. Through deep waters of mental and physical anguish, man's better nature comes to the front and he rises to a higher ideal. All souls that have wrought good to the world have had the storm and stress of struggle. Woe is the man who has evaded this struggle, whose courage failed him at the crucial moment, who ran from the angel of his better self and let slip the golden opportunity to win the self-victory.

"Evade the struggle and degeneration sets in. Degeneration is a terrible force, as inevitable as the laws of the universe. The uncultivated field returns to weeds. Flowers and fruit degenerate if not cared for. The change consequent on neglect is always for the worse. What we call the dress of society contains men who have had a chance and have settled to the bottom of the social mass. If neglected physically he becomes debilitated, if neglected mentally, he lapses into imbecility. If neglected spiritually, he becomes hardened to God and things divine. It is not the dreamers and seers of visions who have played the great part in the world's drama. It is rather the strugglers and wrestlers who have wrought out the great things for humanity. When on the morrow Jacob had fought his battle and had halted upon his thigh, he had crossed the Jabbok a new man. He had crossed his spiritual Rubicon and had burned the bridges behind him and went out to a new life.

"Tell me thy name?" cried this man in the night struggle to the angel. It was the demand of the soul for an answer to the mystery of deity and things holy. It is the mystery of all things that touch on immortality and the eternal verities. What is the answer to the demands of the soul? What is the answer to the inquiry of my heart and my intellect as concerning the things that lie out so mysteriously beyond the ken of human conception. All men in greater or less degree have this demand of the higher nature for an answer to the deep riddle of life and the future.

The answer to Jacob came by prayer. Physically he was crippled for life, but his loss was his strength. In his weakness he had received the greatest blessing of his life. When man battles truly with God he will be defeated as to his pride and his self-glory, but he will be victor in the soul strength that makes for a nobler life. Better to lose some things than to lose one's spiritual power. There are some scars that are worth having. Either the devil will inflict scars or God will. Better to carry about you the scars of the Almighty than those of the evil one. The old veteran who marched in the parade last Monday may have had the wounds of battle on his body, but they were honorable wounds and gained in a just struggle. Out of the scars and smittings of life's struggle comes the beatification of noble upliftings.

"Necessity drove this man to his knees. When we feel that the avenger is on our path, when the precipice yawns beneath our feet, when the end of a lifetime is about to be revealed, when hope dies out and our last resource is cut off, then it is that some men think of God. Sorrows and afflictions drive many men to God. There was a time when we loved to choose our own way and did not pray that God should lead us on. Thank God then that He hears our prayer. Not all men are led this way. But some are, and it is good to know that the ear of the eternal is not deaf to our entreaty, nor His arm shortened that He cannot help.

God's Peace.

"The peace that passeth understanding." Peace is love reposing. It is love on the still waters; it is that great calm which comes over the conscience when it sees the atonement sufficient and the Saviour willing; it is unclouded assurance in a lake of glass; it is the soul which Christ has pacified, spread out in serenity and simple faith, and the Lord God, merciful and gracious, smiling over it.

The true basis of happiness is a work that one loves.—Lee.

The Sunday-School

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR AUGUST 21.

Subject: Jesus Nearing Jerusalem, Matt. 20:17-34—Commit Verses 25-27.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give His life a ransom for many." Matt. 20:28.

TIME.—March, A. D. 30.

PLACE.—Near Jericho.

EXPOSITION.—I. The Self-Seek. Disciples, 17-28. Jesus foresees and foretells the definite course of His coming suffering at Jerusalem. It was the third time He had told it to them since the transfiguration, but they were so occupied with their own petty ambitions that they had not heeded what He had been saying. At this most important moment of the best men in the apostolic company come to Him with a request that He be preferred above all others (v. 20; cf. Mk. 10:35). They presumed upon the fact that Jesus had already condescended upon them favors withheld from most of the apostles (Mk. 5:37; 9:2; 14:33). They have also hoped something from the relationship existing between His family and their own. Jesus has often said to us when we pray, as to them, "Ye know not what ye ask." II. Duty under Difficulties. 29-34. There was a condition of shining Christ's glory with Him, which His petitioners little dreamed (v. 22:26-39; cf. Mk. 14:38; Lu. 22:42; Jno. 18:11; Lu. 12:50; 2 Tim. 2:12; Rom. 8:17). James and John, full of self-confidence, unhesitatingly declared themselves able to drink the cup which Christ had to be baptized with the baptism with which He was baptized. Many to-day with equal readiness and equal thoughtlessness declare themselves ready to follow wherever Christ leads the way. Jesus took them at their word. We best be content with our professions, for Jesus may take us at our word. It lies with the Father to decide who shall have the place of honor in His kingdom. The ten who had made no such request as the two were nevertheless just as selfish as they (v. 24; cf. Mk. 9:32; Lu. 22:27). The method of Christ's kingdom was utterly at variance with the methods of the kingdoms of this earth (vs. 25-27). The Head of the kingdom is the supreme illustration of the principles that govern it: He came not to be ministered unto but to minister. His ministry cost Him all He had. He laid down His life as a ransom to purchase life for the wicked world that had forfeited it (cf. 2 Cor. 5:21; Gal. 3:13; Tit. 2:14; Isa. 53:5; 2 Cor. 8:9). He gave up the highest glory and descended to the deepest shame and the meanest name that man has above every name (Phil. 2:6-9). The only greatness in God's kingdom is the greatness of service.

II. Blind by the Wayside Begging, 29-41. The three accounts of this miracle (cf. Mk. 10:46-52; Lu. 18:35-43; Jno. 9:1-41) are in general agreement, but they differ in details. The blind men were sitting by the wayside—not a pleasant place to be, but better far for them than some shady palm grove of Jericho—for Jesus was to pass that way and the best place for needy, sinful men to be when Jesus is in the land is by the wayside. Many a Bartimeus-to-day needs simply to be told that Jesus is right at hand. As soon as they heard they began to cry out. That was not much to do, but it was enough (Rom. 10:13). The time to call is the time that they were crying (Isa. 55:6). The blind man who cried, "Thou Son of David," i. e., as the Messiah (Jer. 23:5; ch. 1:1-12; 23; 22:41, 42). They cried simply for mercy. The people were displeased to hear them cry for mercy and rebuked them. There are some people still, ever rebelling against the Lord, who are irritated when they hear poor, sinful, afflicted people making a disturbance by crying aloud to Jesus for mercy. They thought it beneath the dignity of Jesus to be disturbed by the clamor of this poor blind wretch. Though they were poor, they were rich in faith, and the cure was so far from closing their mouths, only made them cry out the more. It was well that they improved this opportunity, for Jesus never passed that way again.

III. Receiving Sight and Following, 42-52. Jesus was on an important business, the most important errand of His life, and yet "He stood still" to listen to the cry of the poor blind beggars and to relieve their need. Are we like Him? They were ready to go as soon as the call came (cf. Mk. 10:49; 5:19). Even the cure depends on what we really "will" that God do for us. Jesus knew what they wanted, but would hear it from their own lips (ch. 6:8). Jesus would have definite prayers. They believed in Jesus as the Messiah, and the prophets marked the Messiah as the receiver of sight (Isa. 85:5; 42:1; Lu. 4:17; 18). Jesus opened their eyes with a mere touch. The cure was instant and complete.

Unanswerable Logic.

If Jesus Christ is everything to me, I know I can do anything to any man, and because I know it, then will I do it? I do not do all that is in my power to let every man who does not know Jesus Christ share Him with me.

There is no escape from this logic. If I love Jesus Christ, which means if I am loyal to Him, which means if I keep His commandments, I am in touch with everybody to the ends of the earth who needs Him, and I cannot wash my hands and say that you must excuse me from this matter.—Maltbie D. Babcock.

Resist Beginnings.

"Should we ever reach the point at which some particular vice has become a sort of second nature to us, it will do no good to rail at fate or destiny. There is no fate for us, but such as we choose for ourselves. We have it in our power to make or mar ourselves. If we choose to make, rather than mar, our destiny, we have the secret, given long ago by one who knew: 'Resist beginnings.'—Baltimore Sun.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NOTES

AUGUST TWENTY-FIRST

Topic—Duty Under Difficulties—2 Tim. 2:1-13.

Patience in dark days. Ex. 5:19-23; 6:1.

Duty rewarded. Josh. 11:6-15.

A trying situation. Acts 26:19-29.

Duty in peril. 2 Cor. 11:23-33.

No surrender. Acts 4:13-24.

Graces we need. Rom. 5:15.

It will help us to endure hardness if we remember that we are soldiers of Jesus Christ, and that our Commander is enduring it with us (v. 3). A soldier cannot be a banker at the same time. War is the most jealous of masters. The Christian soldier must always say "This one thing I do" (v. 4).

A mother will endure all privations for her loved ones, and in proportion as we love men we shall be glad to be worn in their service (v. 5).

The cross is made light by the vision of the crown, the rough road of life is made smooth by the sight of the golden streets glistening ahead of us (v. 12).

Suggestions.

"Good things are hard," said Plato. We are to keep at them until they become easy.

There is a stimulus in difficulties to any manly mind. No one but a weakling would change the sofa in preference to the pincushion.

Duty brings us difficulties, but it does not remain under it, soon gets on top of them—and what a view there is from that height!

It is without significance that the one common rhyme for "duty" is "beauty." Duty is one of the most beautiful things on earth.

Illustrations.

Remember Mark Tapscott in "Martin Chuzzlewit," the jolly young man who took no pleasure in being jolly except under difficulties, when there was "some credit in it."

There is a merry "catch" in which a series of obstacles are placed across a road and several are blundered and made to race over them. But the obstacles are quietly removed, and the spectators are amazed by the valiant leaps of the racers—over nothing! But how many of our fancied obstacles in the way of duty.

EPWORTH LEAGUE LESSONS

SUNDAY, AUGUST 21

God's Reasonable Expectations—Mk. 6:8; Deut. 10:12, 13; Gal. 5:22-24.

1. "What doth the Lord require of thee?" (Mk. 6:8).

1. "To do justly." Common honesty demands that we do something in return for the special favor shown us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us. Not that we can make any compensation for what we have received; but having received the grace of God in redemption as a gift, justice as well as gratitude requires that we do his commandments. James exhorts us to show our faith by our works.

2. "To love mercy." The Scriptures are the best explanation of themselves. Read Prov. 3:1-4; Prov. 21:21; Matt. 23:7.

3. "To walk humbly with thy God." Bishop Goodell once said, "Humility is the first virtue." A humble spirit is necessary in the learner. Peter says: "Humble yourselves under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time." James says: "Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord and he shall lift up his face against you." Paul says: "By the grace of God I am what I am."

4. "What doth the Lord require of thee?" (Deut. 10:12, 13).

1. To love him. Love is the motor power of the Christian life. There are some who seem to carry their cross as a burden. They attend services because duty demands, and strive to live right because duty must. "When love shines in the burden becomes a banner borne gladly and triumphantly." "The love of Christ constraineth." We are to love with all our heart, soul, mind, and strength. With such an aspiration the yoke becomes easy and the burden light. Happy is the one who finds it so. Christian service is no longer a task but a delight.

2. "To keep his commandments." One thing ought not to be forgotten. The Ten Commandments have not been repealed. In these days of Sabbath-breaking and disregard of authority every Christian needs to be loyal and true. A good soldier obeys his commander.

3. "What doth the Lord require of me?" (Gal. 5:22-24).

To bear fruit. The fruit of the spirit is joy, peace, gentleness, meekness, with a crucifixion of the flesh and affections. "Herein is my Father glorified that ye bear much fruit."

Reasoning of Domestic Animals.

According to a French investigator domestic animals have a certain amount of reasoning, and can associate ideas from which they draw inferences. Dogs, and still more so cats, he says, learn to imitate the voice and movements of their masters or mistresses. He has noticed old watchdogs which, when they barked, had a peculiar intonation, which resembled the voice of their master. Cats try, by the way in which they cry, to make their mistresses understand exactly what they want.

The Rational Fourth.

American Parents (in the year 1810)—Ebenzer, my boy, give me that blunderbuss—I'm afraid you might hurt yourself—and shoot off that horse pistol instead.—Puck.

Lies in His Teeth.

"Dentocracy" is the latest Parisian fad. It is "the science of reading the soul by the teeth." Suppose a man has false teeth, what then?—Philadelphia Press.

Where It Never Freezes.

Only a small portion of the United States, the southern tip of Florida, never has experienced freezing weather.

Training Bad Luck.

"Abusin' you bad luck," said Uncle Eben. "Is 'l'be to git it so tame dat 'll' follow you aroun like a yaller dog?"—Washington Star.

NEW YORK'S HIGH BUILDINGS

Deal a Deathblow to an Old Reputation Animating Many a Country Youth.

A New York octogenarian, the height of buildings in New York dealt a deathblow to an old superstition that animated many a country youth who came to the city to make fortune 60 years ago. Heaven knows how they came by the belief, most of those up-state boys came to the city thinking that if they could get a coin over a house that they had a fancy to at the first try they would be there some day.

One of my surest convictions was that I put it to a test immediately by paying for my first meal in New York. The only money I had left was a three-cent piece. With my hand I walked around looking for a desirable piece of property, soon a corner lot on which a two-story and a half brick looked my eye.

"I had practised coin throwing in the country, so I let my three-cent piece go for all it was worth over the front of the house and ran around the back to see where it landed. It went clean over. I knew then that that house and lot would be mine in due time, and sure enough they were. People don't win fortune by flipping coins these days. The fellow whose success depended upon tossing a three-cent piece over the Singer building would be in a pretty bad fix."

Audacious Trust.

Let us approach our friend with an audacious trust in the truth of the heart, in the breadth, impossible to be overturned, of his foundations.—Emerson.

Riches Have Wings.

Jack-I hear you had some money left you.

Tom—Yes; it left me quite awhile ago.

CATFISH IS SIX FEET LONG

Nebraska Farmers Catch One That Weighs 297 Pounds—Claim It's the Biggest Ever.

Valley, Neb.—Presumably the largest fish ever caught in inland waters was landed here by Willis Orris and John Wixon, farmers. It was a black catfish and weighed 297 pounds, and was almost six feet long.

The Platte river was unusually high this spring, having flooded the lowlands and bottoms. Now it is rapidly receding. The other day Orris and his hired man, Wixon, were out in a pasture, repairing fences. In a swale over which the river had swept, and which was filled with water to a depth of a couple of feet, they noticed a great disturbance. Going out there, they discovered the monstrous fish. Pitchforks were secured and then the chase commenced. The swale was about 100 feet wide and 300 feet long, and back and forth the fish flew, lashing the water into foam.

The fish, finally tired out, was driven into shallow water and speared to death. It is presumed that it came up out of the Missouri river, as a fifty-pounder is the largest fish that has heretofore been caught out of the Platte.

Have Basis for Color Scheme.

A plan which results, not only in economy in the wardrobe, but a certain distinction as well, is that of taking a single color scheme of the whole wardrobe. This is accomplished most frequently with black, by persons in mourning, but there are few others who care to have the most of their costumes plain black. Gray is good, if it is becoming. Black and white, separate and in combination, is quite delightful. Brown, if it is a favorite color, gives satisfying results. And in this color you have chosen, have your petticoats, parasols, stockings, gloves, feather boas, scarfs, the straw of your hats, the groundwork of your foulards, blouse slips, and a hundred and one other items of the wardrobe. In this way many clever and new combinations may be produced from a limited supply.