

The Court of Last Resort

By LAWRENCE T. BERLINER

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When Webster Smith placed his sign outside the door of the cottage he had chosen for an office and living room, he gave a sigh of relief. The first step in his career had been taken.

Smith was a lawyer. An indulgent parent, a leading member of the bar of a nearby city, was responsible for Smith's residence in the suburban village.

"What the deuce will they want of a lawyer out there, dad?" he had asked his father.

"Never mind, Webb," had been his reply. "We are overrun with budding lights and diploma-bred attorneys here. You get out where no one ever heard of a lawyer named Smith and let's see what's in you."

So the newly admitted member of the bar had come to the little place, more to satisfy his father than to practise the arts of one Blackstone. Blairville had never had a full-blooded attorney-at-law before.

Time went on as it has a habit of doing and the attorney still waited his first client.

Repeatedly, he had traveled to town to inform his father that the simple life was too wearisome for him to bear longer.

Webster had become acquainted. What good-looking young man, a stranger in a small town, could avoid it?

There was Sadie Brown, the squire's only daughter, a miss of long standing, who always kept a watch out for strangers, in hopes of annexing a husband, despite her advancing years. Theresa Perkins was another kindly soul who took it upon herself to



look out for the welfare of strangers. Her pity was also for a purpose. Matrimony was the goal she would reach. The attorney with the ordinary name treated all the damsels with politeness, steadily declined any invitations and spent most of his time reading decisions of the higher courts.

Then Betty Sloan came to town. She was visiting the Turners, up on the pike road. Blairville at once became interesting to the barrister, and he pondered on a way to get acquainted.

Betty was a typical summer girl. When Smith first saw her she was dressed in a fluffy pink gown.

This at once scored for Miss Betty, for Webster Smith had a decided liking for pink. It had been his color at college, and some had gone so far as to call him Pinkey.

It was a hot, dry August morning. Seeking a cool nook the young lawyer had espoused himself in a hammock on the porch of his office, a fan in one hand and a magazine in the other.

Evidently the story had not proved very interesting, for he was aroused from his slumber by a knock on one of the porch posts, while a voice, rather timidly, was saying: "I beg pardon, is this Mr. Smith?"

Smith hastily leaped from the hammock and bowed low to the vision in pink before him, and whom he at once recognized as Betty Sloan.

"Webster Smith, at your service!" he exclaimed. "Won't you step into the office?"

"I would much prefer to sit out here where it is cool and shady, Mr. Smith," she replied. "You see I have come to consult you on legal business."

Her words brought him back to earth. She had come to consult him on legal business. His first case! Smith could not bring his senses together to figure out what kind of a case she could have for him.

He brought out his large office chair. "A client must confide in her lawyer, I have been told," commenced Betty, with an arch glance at the attorney before her, "so first of all I have a confession to make."

"Miss Sloan, is it necessary—" interrupted the young man.

"The young woman waved her hand for him to stop, and said slowly: 'That's just it, every one here calls me 'Miss Sloan,' when they should say, 'Mrs.'"

"What?" gasped the astounded man. All his day dreams had slipped away in that explanation. Betty was a married woman. Time and again he had thought of her, a pink slip of a girl, and now she told him she was married.

"You see, Mr. Smith, I have been living up here with the Turners for some time; in fact, long enough to establish a residence with them for an express purpose. I want a divorce." As she said the last word, she lowered her voice to a whisper, and looked young Smith straight in the eyes.

What she saw seemed to please Betty Sloan greatly, for she would have been accused of laughing if Smith's eyes had their usual shrewdness, which was lacking at this moment.

"Yes, Mr. Smith, I want a divorce. I have tolerated his abuse and cruelty as long as human endurance can, and I am tired of it. My folks and his relatives have interposed, but they have failed. Therefore, I have come to the court of last resort, you, a lawyer," she said.

Webster Smith was coming to himself. It was not so bad as it might have been. Even though she were married, he might be able to secure a divorce and wed her himself.

The Resurrection of Christ

By REV. W. L. MUNHALL of Philadelphia

TEXT—Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord, Jesus Christ.—I Peter 1, 2, 4 and 5.

It was by the sin of one man that death entered the world. The fountain in Eden was poisoned and the waters have flowed on through the ages in their polluted state.

God in His infinite mercy has provided a remedy, a way of escape, by His Son, who descended into the grave, battled with death and was risen again. The text which I am taking is really too big for a day or an hour, for on it one versed in the word of God would talk a week.

The heart of this text is taken from the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead. Psalm 16-10 said: "For thou wilt not leave my soul in hell." This was a prophecy by David in reference to Jesus.

Peter said: "Men and brethren, let me speak of David's prophecy, he being dead. But according to prophecy, his seed shall reign and his flesh shall not see death."

David prophesied and Peter spoke of the accomplishment of the prophecy, that he, David's seed, should not see death.

Paul said: "He rose again on the third day." This was according to the scriptures; the old scriptures, for there was no New Testament in those days. All authorities uniformly agree that no fact is so well established as that Christ rose from the dead.

Here we have over 500 creditable witnesses that testify according to the resurrection of Jesus. There can be no doubt of it, yet there are people who doubt. I suppose all of you say you do believe—but do you?

Let me explain. Do you believe that God's people will be raised in body from the dead? You can not possibly believe in the bodily resurrection of your Lord from the grave without believing in the bodily resurrection for God's people. I throw this out by way of emphasis.

Those who deny literal resurrection from premises of their own, consequently reach unnatural conclusions. There is no teaching of the resurrection apart from the teaching in the sacred scriptures.

I may take for illustration of the resurrection the hideous worm that spins its own winding sheet and lies in a cocoon. By and by it bursts and a beautiful moth emerges. This illustrates but does not explain the doctrine of bodily resurrection from the dead. The only place to find explanation of resurrection of the dead is in the scriptures.

Some say man and horse are the same; that they live and die all the same. This doctrine is not what men say and believe. It is purely and only a revelation from God. What says the scriptures? If you have nothing here that gives you hope, you have nothing. Psalm 16: "Therefore my heart is glad and my glory rejoices. My flesh also shall rest in hope. Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell." David knew there was resurrection. David trusted in God and could say, looking death in its hideousness in the fact: "Oh death, where is thy sting—grave, where is thy victory?" We have been made one with Him and have a living hope through Him.

At the death the spirit returns to the God of David, and the soul departs to its place of felicity until the second coming of Christ, when we enter into our own. Of the wicked—they have a soul, but no spiritual life. At their death the soul departs to torment. The body of all goes into the grave and resolves back to the dust of the earth. "The dust of the earth shall rise" (the bodies).

That which is in the grave comes forth—there is nothing but the body in the grave, therefore it is the body which is raised.

Allow to a certain extent the premises we are as animals; that Jesus was born of woman, like us; that Christ was developed into manhood by the laws of nature. At 33 years He was nailed upon the tree; His body was taken down by kind hands.

On the third day an angel rolled back the stone. The same physical body came out of that tomb. Women knew Him (we will also know Him), and He said: "Go tell my disciples that I ascend."

He ascended, directly returned and allowed women to touch Him, when before when He had met them He had said, "No, I have not ascended." This was in accordance with an old Mosaic dispensation which did not allow women to touch a priest who was engaged in the ceremony of sin offering. Christ, is a priest, and was a sin offering, and could not be touched until He appeared before the Father and completed the offering. He then returned to earth and allowed the women to touch Him. He also let doubting Thomas touch Him. He appeared in their midst and told Thomas to reach forth his fingers, saying probably: "This, Thomas, is the same hand I used in ministering to the needy and suffering and sorrowing. This was the same body born of woman, crucified, buried and risen from the dead."

For forty days He was with the disciples, walked, talked and even ate with them, and was seen no less than eleven times.

What Would Suppress the Saloons. A genuine revival of pure religion and undefiled in all the churches, in the hearts and lives of all church members, would be the best possible means of suppressing the saloon, because it would speedily remove many of the causes of drunkenness. Behind the saloon is apathy, neglect—a lack of the earnest and loving spirit which goes out to relieve distress and win the straying. Let us labor as earnestly as we ought to purify the evil atmosphere in which the saloon flourishes, and the saloon itself will soon disappear.—Cumberland Presbyterian.

TIMELY SUGGESTIONS THAT WILL HELP THE HOSTESS

Greetings for the New Year. Child of eternity, child of the silence, Fair New Year. Wise with the wisdom sages have left thee.

Read thine ear; Lift up the veil that covers thy features, Strange New Year. Rainbow a promise over the darkness, Lest we fear.

Bury our yesterdays, foolish and empty, Fathoms deep; Leaving the mound unmarked, untended, Where they sleep. Then shall the morrows find us valiant, Scouring fear.

Meeting thy glance with glance undaunted, Glad New Year! This charming welcome to the New Year was written some time ago by Ellen Burns Sherman. May we all meet this first day of 1911 with courage and confidence, forgetting all the sadness and sorrow, remembering only the joy and gladness in the days that are past.

We all need to forget, it is an art much in need of cultivation, especially in our social life. To be a gracious hostess, to keep our entertainment simple, to extend true hospitality is an end and aim worthy of all. Madame Merril's great wish is to come closer to every reader of the department, to be a real friend and a real helper in every problem that comes to puzzle either old or young, rich or poor. If cases need immediate attention, please send a self-addressed stamped envelope, otherwise questions and answers will appear in the department as soon as possible after being received; space being limited, it is often several weeks before they appear. May this New Year bring health, happiness, joy and peace to all. "God bless us, every one."

A New Year's Toast. Here's to the old year, drink boys, drink. Here's to the days that have fled. Old friends, old wine, old memories: Drink to the joys that are dead.

Here's to the New Year stretching ahead. To the days that are blithe and gay. May the joys of the old be the joys of the new. It's sorrows fade gently away.

A New Year's Party. All over the world New Year's day is a joyous season and the custom of giving presents is a most ancient one. In olden days the Romans carried gifts of dates and figs wrapped in gold leaf to their senators with small bits of money. In the time of Shakespeare there were some very odd gifts associated with New Year's day, among them, an orange stuffed with cloves, or a gilt nutmeg. Perhaps with this in mind a clever young hostess has devised this party to be given during the week. The Christmas greens will be left up as it will be before the 6th

when, according to tradition, they must all be burned as will be seen in the description of the "Twelfth Night" party.

In the dining room the table is to be in yellow, with a small tree for a centerpiece trimmed with gilt tinsel and small crepe paper oranges, each one containing a small gift; in gilded walnut shells on the tree, there will be a "wish" for each guest. In fact the hostess calls it a "wish tree." The favors are to be dainty calendars, with the ice cream a "Prophecy" cake is to appear, containing a number of small articles, like a ring, heart, wishbone, thimble, button, coin, etc., are concealed.

Twelfth Night Party. The 6th of January is "Twelfth Night," or "old Christmas," and offers opportunities for a party out of the usual order. In England and many places on the continent Twelfth Night was the time to hold the most elaborate masque balls.

An immense cake was always served containing a ring, and the "king" or "queen" for the evening was the guest fortunate enough to obtain it. In history we read how Mary, Queen of Scots, honored her maid, Mary Seaton, by robbing her in her own royal apparel to be the "Queen of Twelfth Night."

Tradition says that on this night every vestige of Christmas green must be taken down and burned. This peace offering to witches and evil spirits assures "good luck" to the household throughout the year.

Invitations for a Sixth of January party afford a chance for the pen and ink artist to show her skill; witches, bonfires with holly wreaths and Christmas trees for fuel are appropriate subjects for the cards. If there is no open fireplace for the burning of the greens, there may be a back yard even to the city apartment, where they may be burned with due ceremony.

A chafing dish supper or oyster roast, with coffee and elder, not forgetting the cake, are most suitable for Twelfth Night parties. Half the fun is to permit the guests to take down the greens from pictures and windows, even to stripping the Christmas tree of its branches. The cracking fire caused by the pine tree boughs gives a fine blaze for roasting marshmallows. Request each guest to tell a story or give a toast while his or her special armful is burning.

For dancing frocks for young girls the bordered chiffons or plain or flowered nets made over china silk offer splendid possibilities at a low cost.

Striking Design



Large Black Velvet Hat, Crown of Opoponax, Cluster of Dull Silver Chrysanthemums in Front.

IN VOGUE

With street suits there are invariably carried muffs. They can be of fur, of combinations of cloth and fur, entirely of cloth or of velvet and satin and lace.

Among the newest hatpins are those mounted with birds' heads, small tufts of fancy feathers, a pair of tiny outspread wings and a hundred and one other varieties.

Black velvet holds first place; then comes myrtle green; "paton," named from the grayish tan of the dog li "Chanteclair," and a soft golden brown are the favorite colors.

Frocks of velvet have been so much worn that little costumes of tweed, serge or other woollens are a trifle more novel. The divided skirt worn in Paris is certainly practical and might well be adopted for hard wear.

New Feather Fans. The new feather fans will arouse the ire of the Audubon society. They are not only made of tails, but heads as well. This gives a queer effect, and it would take a hardy woman to wield them with a light heart. One's conscience can be saved a bit when only feathers are used, but when the whole bird is in one's hand it makes one uncomfortable.

Those that are made only of feathers possess much of the beauty of the old-fashioned fans, with an added smartness of their own. They are smaller than usual, and are not made of ostrich tips, but of a smoother feather. Some have rows of smoocher's eyes bordering their edges, with hazy dyes and sticks of tortoise shell or ivory. They are artistic, and go in well with the barbaric note that runs through the winter fashions.

Silver Dress Trimmings. Silver dress trimmings may be cleaned by covering them with powdered magnesia and leaving them for two hours. Rub the magnesia well in and brush it off with a brush.

JEROBOAM MAKES IDOLS

Sunday School Lesson for Jan. 8, 1911. Specially Arranged for This Paper.

LESSON TEXT—1 Kings 12:25-32.6. Memory verses, 28-30.

GOLDEN TEXT—"Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image."—Ex. 20:4.

TIME—Jeroboam reigned 22 years from B. C. 928, the date of the Disruption.

PLACE—The Disruption took place at Shechem, between Mounts Ebal and Gerizim. He built up this town and made it his capital. The two religious centers or capitals were (1) Bethel, 12 miles northwest of Jerusalem, which was an ancient place of worship. (2) Dan was in the extreme north; also an ancient seat of worship. Bethel on the line of travel was admirably located to intercept pilgrims to the feasts who would otherwise have gone on to Jerusalem.

Jeroboam belonged to the tribe of Ephraim. He was born at Zereda in the Jordan Valley. His father's name was Nebat and his mother was Zeruiah. He was one of the common people, as distinguished from Rehoboam of the royal family and son of one of the greatest monarchs the world has known. He was a man of great ability, a self-made man like so many of the greatest men in history. So marked as a controller of men, of such business capacity and energy, did he show himself in his work on Millo a fortress of Jerusalem, that Solomon placed him at the head of the forced labor hands of the northern tribes.

Thus Jeroboam became acquainted with the needs and harsh, unjust treatment of the people, just as David did during his seven years of exile during the reign of Saul. Thus he had a splendid opportunity for training in true kingship.

Jeroboam made the mistake of starting a rebellion against Solomon. But Solomon quickly put an end to that scheme, and Jeroboam escaped into Egypt, where it is said that he married the daughter of Shishak the king who afterwards invaded Judah. The announcement was made in order that Jeroboam might be prepared for the time when God's providence opened the way. Moses made a similar mistake when he began the deliverance of his people by killing an Egyptian in defense of one of his countrymen. He had to wait 40 years before the time came. But in both cases the mistake was overruled for good.

Jeroboam's opportunity lay in the condition God laid down, that he must obey God, keep his commandments and uphold the true religion, if he would succeed. There was no hope of success in any other way, for the very nature of things. A religion that inspired obedience to God, alone could unite the people, alone could keep them from the vices and corruption which are the sources of ruin.

Jeroboam in his desire to retain his kingdom adopted a plan which would destroy its very foundations, and make it a house built on the sand and not on the rock. He was a politician, i. e. one who seeks his own welfare first; not a statesman, who makes his country's good supreme. He trusted his own wisdom, and proposed to succeed by defying God's conditions of success when he offered him the kingdom. It was the story of Adam and Eve repeated.

He feared that he would lose his kingdom, and the two he united under Rehoboam, if his people should go up to Jerusalem to attend the annual Jewish feasts prescribed by the law of God; that unity of religion would lead to unity of state. He had also the excuse that Rehoboam was a bad man, and a cruel oppressor. If the two kingdoms should unite under him, they would lose all they had gained by the revolt.

He made two calves of gold. "They were probably of considerable size, and represented a young but full-grown bull." The Hebrews were familiar with figures of bulls, and "the most conspicuous object in the courts of Solomon's temple was its molten sea, supported on the backs of twelve bulls." The ox-symbol of God was most natural for an agricultural people, for whom the great animal, so powerful yet so docile, was the breadwinner, a material embodiment of the divine strength and beneficence. And he set the one in Bethel, near the southern border of the kingdom. And the other put he in Dan, an ancient place of heathen worship near the northern extremity of the kingdom.

And this thing became a sin. The doing this was a sin, and a means of sin. Jeroboam "pandered to the rude and sensual instinct which makes materialism in worship so much more attractive, to all weak minds, than spirituality."

Jeroboam's sin was disobedience. The necessity of obedience was plainly set before him. In the face of this condition, he disobeyed. He persuaded himself that he was obeying. He was tempted as Christ was tempted when Satan offered to give him all the kingdoms of the world, if only he would worship him. Jeroboam was ensnared and yielded to the glittering temptation in order to keep the kingdom entrusted to him.

Jeroboam's greatest wrong to his nation was the introducing of bad things under the names and auspices of good things. In the name of the religion of God, he introduced the deadly poison of idolatry which would destroy the true religion. He brought wolves in sheep's clothing into the fold of the sheep. This is one of the most common of Satan's devices. We are meeting it all the time in the adulterations of food under pure food labels.

The "devil of names" is very busy. But the greatest danger lies in the region of morals and religion.

Eddie Girls. The daily announcement in our want columns of "Wanted—A white girl to cook" is eloquent recognition of our claim that the Houston girls are good enough to eat.—Houston Post.

A Benefactor. "You should endeavor to do something for the comfort of your fellow men," said the philanthropist, "with-out thought of reward." "I do. I buy umbrellas, instead of borrowing them."

Temperance

PARALLEL STUDY IN HEREDITY

Most Forceful Presentation of Consequences of Strong Drink and Blessings of Temperance.

Prof. William E. Ashcraft, in an article appearing in the Sunday School Times, entitled "The Saloon," all of which is well worth reading, gives the following bit of interesting history:

The most forceful presentation of the consequences of drink and the blessings of a temperate life that I have seen came to my desk a few months ago in the shape of a little book giving a parallel study in heredity. Its title is "Jukes-Edwards," and the author is Dr. A. E. Winship of Boston. The story is that of two families, the one notorious and the other noted. The one is the family of Jukes, a name given to a Hollander who came to this country and settled in the state of New York something like two centuries ago, while the other is the family of Jonathan Edwards, the great New England theologian and preacher of colonial days.

Jukes was one of those fellows such as is usually conspicuous about saloons, who got drunk on any occasion, would swear innocently and tell a dirty story in a way to make the boys laugh. He was not regarded as a good example, of course; and being thought worse to himself than to anyone else, he was held as "good-hearted," whatever that may mean. Jukes married and became the first progenitor of a family of about 1,300 persons, most of whom figured in the criminal records of New York. Some of them became thieves, some murderers, many of them paupers, and many of the women became prostitutes. The family has cost the state of New York in court trials, and for maintaining them in poorhouses, asylums, jails and penitentiaries, \$1,250,000, or over \$1,000 each.

The Edwards family, on the other hand, reached the number of about 1,400 persons. They became famous as college presidents, governors of states, judges of courts, congressmen, members of legislatures, railroad presidents, merchants, lawyers, doctors, preachers, teachers, farmers, etc. They filled places of usefulness and contributed to the uplift of society in every station of life. And the only degenerate of the 1,400, if he can be rated as such, was Aaron Burr, jurist, United States senator and vice-president, who failed to reach the presidency by only one electoral vote. The Edwards family were all producers of wealth and contributors to the general thrift of society. They were the products of the beneficent influences of education and religion.

But Jukes and his family were products of drink and its accompaniments, of the baser tendencies of a promiscuous and aimless society. They wrecked not only themselves but sapped the wealth of the people.

This parallel study of the tendencies of drink on the one hand and of education and religion on the other, which I have gone over all too briefly, has been set down in a book; but these deadly and startling parallels are to be found in this and every other community where intoxicating liquors are sold as beverages.

The Saloon Problem. The overwhelming magnitude of this (the saloon) problem is such that it demands the best thought of every citizen who has at heart the welfare and perpetuity of our republic. To be indifferent to this problem is as unwise and suicidal as it would be to slumber on the brink of an active volcano. A study of our past and present history proves the truth of the above statement. The vast foreign immigration to this country, the undeniable tendency of the population to gravitate to cities, the large excess of foreigners over Americans in our cities, the rapid increase of the manufacture and consumption of alcoholic beverages, the growing political power of the saloon, are among the serious and threatening facts connected with the maintenance of our national life. Surely the time has come to "cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and show my people their transgression." Unite, educate, preach, pray, give time and money, vote.—Michigan Temperance Advocate.

Alcoholics in Cooking. In these days when total abstinence is becoming more popular, there is a renewed effort to introduce alcoholics into cookery. If you put the devil out the door he flies in at the window, and if you put him out of the window he dances down the chimney and sets his blue lights burning on the cook stove. Caterers consider many of their most delicate dishes incomplete without the smack of alcoholics; they hide this devil in solution in their sherbet, in their pudding sauce, in their cakes, their pies. Let temperance people be on the lookout at restaurants, hotels, and so-called high-toned dinner tables.—Wives and Daughters, London, Ont.

Temperance Bones. "There are three kinds of temperance bones," said a lecturer the other day—"wishbones, jawbones and backbone bones. The wishbones are those who are ever wishing the cause and its adherents Godspeed, but never lend a helping hand; the jawbones do much loud temperance talking, but expend little energy in pushing it along; while the tireless workers form the backbone of the movement that leads to victory."

A Temperance Lesson. A writer in the Arena gives this bit of science which is worth remembering: "Fermentation," says Liebig, "is nothing but the putrefaction of a substance containing no nitrogen," and Pasteur demonstrates that "ferments" are living things, feeding on the albuminoids, i. e. food particles, and excreting alcohol. It is unfermented wine, therefore, which has any food value, not the alcoholized.

Children's Breakfasts

Do not forget that to the school child the breakfast is one of the most important meals of the day. He must have the proper food and a sufficient amount of it or he grows tired and nervous early in the day.

Children, however, do not eat to order. You can not portion out the exact quantity of food as you can exact.

Nearly all well children object to making "parritch" a large part of the meal, yet it is a desirable dish for many reasons. If the child is fond of cream, try securing very rich and fine cream for breakfast; it is expensive, but cut somewhere else. If there is a particular liking for bananas never allow them in the oatmeal, but serve them at any other time. They will be so welcome under any disguise that the objectionable oats will slip down without thought and a liking be created.

Study the diet as much as possible, and call the child early so that

he may have plenty of time to dress neatly before breakfast. See that his is ready for breakfast, and much of senseless worry and hurry will be avoided.

He Has Hopes. "Well," we say to the scientists, "we've gone through the summer, and have killed all the flies we could reach. Mighty good thing you pointed out to us their germ-carrying propensities. Glad it's winter now, and no flies to worry over."

"Yes," he says, with a thoughtful smile. "I think, however, that I may be able to discover some very dangerous germs in the snow."

A Try-Out. "Binks has a wonderful memory. He can quote anything." "Ask him how copper is today."

Do you endeavor to serve a funny story with the evening meal?