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The Lost Boy

By Rev. FARLEY E. ZARTMANN, D. D. Secretary of Extension Department Moody Bible Institute, Chicago



TEXT—I will arise and go... and he arose and came. Luke 15:13-20.

One needs hardly to be told that these sentences are found in that "Pearl of Parables," which we call that of the Prodigal Son.

Jesus spoke the parables in this chapter in answer to the Pharisees and scribes who murmured and said, "This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them."

Nothing the father had was good enough for the younger son. The father's will was too strict, his ways too serious, his home too solemn.

The fascination of the far country faded away upon close contact with it; the music which charmed the youth soon turned into discord.

"I perish with hunger." "And no man gave unto him." "And no man gave unto him; he was denied the very husks that the swine did eat.

Thank God there is a way back home! a. In the heart. "I will arise and go." Dissatisfied, disappointed, despairing, near to death, perhaps, the vision glorious of what he has missed by his own willful rejection now fills his mind and stirs his heart.

When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him. "You have never been as homesick as the father has been son-sick. And now, at last we see the wistful look upon the face.

Man Should Fear Wife. "A man doesn't have to be a coward to be afraid of his wife. The man who isn't afraid of his wife when he has done something he shouldn't have done hasn't much of a wife."

Just Like a Woman. "Remember you are on your oath here," said a man to his wife at Lambeth police court. "Yes, and I hope that if I am telling a lie it will come true," was the reply.

How to Keep Pins From Rusting. Needles and pins will never rust in a cushion filled with coffee grounds. Rinse the grounds in cold water, spread on a sheet of paper to dry thoroughly, and then stuff the cushion.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Director of Evening Department, The Moody Bible Institute, Chicago)

LESSON FOR AUGUST 16 THE WICKED HUSBANDMAN.

LESSON TEXT—Matt. 21:33-46. GOLDEN TEXT—"The stone which the builders rejected, the same was made the head of the corner." Matt. 21:42 R. V.

Tuesday morning of this his last week (Mark 11:20) the disciples saw the fig tree withered away from the roots. Passing on they enter the temple where Christ's authority is challenged.

1. The parable, vv. 33-39. It is a story of God's long suffering goodness and Luke (20:9) tells us that it was addressed to the people. We need to keep in mind the previous parable of the two sons (vv. 28-32) in order to understand perfectly the method he employed in answering the chief priests.

In this case it stands for the Kingdom of God which is no longer identified with Israel but taken away from it and given to the Gentiles (v. 43). The Lord was dealing with the responsible rulers of Israel, those familiar with the prophetic writings.

A Lesson in Economics. A workman walked into a grog shop and asked the man behind the bar the amount of his month's bill. He was told it was \$11.10.

IN THE MIDST OF BATTLE. The temperance cause started out well-nigh alone, but mighty forces have joined us in the long march. We are now in the midst of the Waterloo battle, and in the providence of God the temperance army will not have to fight that out all by itself.

TWENTIETH CENTURY POLICY. The mother deer hides her fawn from wolves in a thicket. That was what woman did for ages. Now she is out in the open hunting the wolves.

NO POORHOUSES. We have practically no poorhouses in our state. Out of 50 counties, 44 have none at all, and in the other six the poorhouses are more what might be called county hospitals where sick old people are cared for.—Gov. L. B. Hanna.

BY ALL MEANS EDUCATE! It is the thoughtless vote of the uneducated and misguided masses that enables the enemies of personal liberty to deprive Americans of the inheritance left them by the fathers of the republic. Educate the masses and liberty will return to all of us!—The Brewers' Journal.

Superstition. "What worries me about my wife," said Mr. Meekton, confidentially, "is that she is getting superstitious." "What about?" "Me. Whenever anything goes wrong she always manages to figure it out that I'm the person who brought bad luck into the family."

Important Consideration. "The future of the race," says John Galsworthy, "depends more on the morals of the women than on the morals of the men."

TEMPERANCE NOTES

(Conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.)

THE PRINCIPAL CAUSE.

The Empire is a paper published in the East penitentiary of Pennsylvania. Its pages contain frequent testimony by the convicts to the influence of drink in the wrecking of their lives. Writes one: "Seventy per cent of crime is attributed to drink. Why not make an effort to 'burn our bridges' and cut off the principal cause of our being here? A petition signed by 1,400 men and women in this place would carry more weight and be ten times as effective as any petition signed by a similar number of people on the outside. Liquor is the cause of 70 per cent of us being here. It is the cause of 85 per cent of parole violations. Let us add our little weight to the temperance cause, as a selfish precautionary measure, if for no better motive."

Says another: "Many men are social outcasts through the use of liquor. It was the cornerstone of my undoing. Through it I gained acquaintances and lost friends. Sacrificed the wearing of good, comfortable clothes to buy it, slept in barns and open fields rather than buy a comfortable night's lodging, and called myself a 'wise guy,' while the saloonkeeper, the 'jobster,' went to a warm bed, and good victuals, a cozy home and loving wife, talking with him the earnings of a poor man. It was the cause of leading me often to beggary. It is causing men to go to jails for villainy. It is a wife's woe and children's sorrow and neglect. It makes a self-murderer out of a man who drinks to another's 'good health,' and robs him of his own."

Plain to Him. Among those visiting an art exhibition held recently in Cincinnati was an old German, who wandered about, looking at the paintings with interest. Finally, he stopped before a portrait which showed a man sitting in a high-backed chair. Tacked to the frame was a small white placard, reading: "A portrait of J. P. Jones, by himself."

New Cures. "Music is the latest cure for melancholia! What marvelous strides the science of medicine makes!" The speaker was one of the leading boxers of the Chicago Athletic club. George Ade gave him a quizzical smile and said: "Right you are, my boy! And they tell me, too, that a summer girl in a shined skirt will cure a cold every time, while as for these new-fangled one-piece bathing suits like Annette Kellermann's—well, there's nothing better going for sore eyes."

The Model. John Sloan, the well-known painter, was lecturing on "Models" before an art class in New York. "Then there is the frivolous model," said Mr. Sloan, "she, unless very beautiful, is to be avoided. A frivolous model besought a friend of mine to employ her. "No, no," said he. "I only do still life—flowers and fruit." "Well," said the model, looking up at him reproachfully out of limpid blue eyes, "well, ain't I a peach?"

Beyond Shakespeare. Critic—Marvelous drama of yours, sir. There's a scene in that play that Shakespeare himself could not have written. Author—Indeed, you are too flattering. Critic—I was referring to that railway smash in the third act.

Brides with sour dispositions are apt to spoil honeymoons.

SIMPLY DEMANDING HER OWN

Recent Discoveries Show That Woman Has Retrogressed Since the Days of the Pharaohs.

In the days of the Pharaohs—no less than in the days of the Roman Empire—woman was on a plane of equality with man. There is thus, perhaps, nothing so exorbitant now in her demand for the vote. She is only asking for a little of her own back.

Sir Gaston Maspero has unearthed some Pharaonic papyri which throw an interesting light on the Pharaonic consideration of woman and marriage. In those days mankind evidently favored a kind of trial marriage, and this marriage woman entered on terms of perfect equality, or even, perhaps, on terms of superiority.

This was the usual Pharaonic marriage contract, as deciphered by Sir Gaston Maspero. "Thou takest me to be thy wife and thou givest unto me a dowry. If it so hap that I tire of thee or that I cast my eyes on another than thee, I will return unto thee a part of thy dowry and will go where good seemeth unto me."

Pining for a Companion. A Buckinghamshire (Eng.) farmer once wrote to a distinguished scientific agriculturist to whom he felt under obligation for introducing a variety of swine: "Respected Sir—I went yesterday to the fair at A—. I found several pigs of your species. There was a great variety of beasts; and I was greatly astonished at not seeing you there."

Another farmer wishing to enter some animals at an agricultural exhibition wrote as follows to the secretary of the society: "Dear Sir—Enter me also for a jackass."

The director of the zoological gardens was on his holiday. He received a note from his chief assistant, which closed thus: "The chimpanzee seems to be pining for a companion. What shall we do until you return?"

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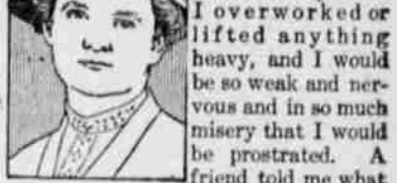
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Paternal Wisdom. "Pa, what is an optimist?" "An optimist, my son, is a man who thinks his wife is one."

Don't think because a girl's complexion is a dream that all dreams are hand painted. He who strikes while the iron is hot doesn't always succeed in making warm friends.

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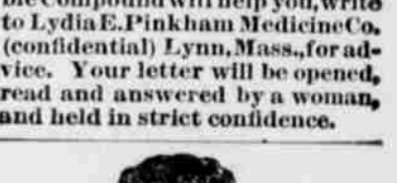
Creston, Iowa.—"I suffered with female troubles from the time I came into womanhood until I had taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I would have pains if I overworked or lifted anything heavy, and I would be so weak and nervous and in so much misery that I would be prostrated. A friend told me what your medicine had done for her and I tried it. It made me strong and healthy and our home is now happy with a baby boy. I am very glad that I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and do all I can to recommend it."—Mrs. A. B. BOSCAMPT, 504 E. Howard Street, Creston, Iowa.



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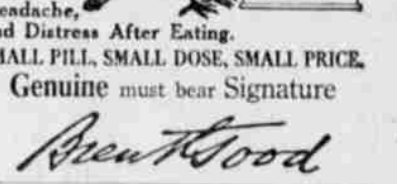


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MADE THE CONDUCTOR SMILE

Dignified Lady Thought She Was Handing Man Her Ticket, But It Was Something Else.

With an air of satisfaction a dignified matron living on the South side settled herself in a section of the Pullman bound for Chicago—the first stage in a trip to Europe, relates the Kansas City Star. Presently came the conductor, and the woman handed him a small envelope. The conductor had grizzled hair and eyes that twinkled. He looked long and carefully at the object he drew from the envelope.

"Did you think, madam," he asked, "that you could ride to Chicago on this?" "Why, of course I did," said the woman.

"But I do not think I can possibly accept this transportation to Chicago," persisted the conductor, whose eyes were now frankly laughing. The woman became very reserved, but her eyes snapped. "On what grounds do you refuse my ticket?" she demanded.

"At this the conductor could not restrain his mirth. He held up the object he had taken from the envelope. "I didn't—no, I couldn't have given you my bunion tickets."

Just the Thing. She was an unsophisticated damsel, and it was with a bashful air that she sidled up to the necktie counter in the outfitting stores. "I want a tie for my young man," she said to the polite assistant. "Something appropriate to his tastes; he's a keen footballer, you know."

"Perhaps you can tell me his club colors?" suggested the salesman. "Sorry," was the maiden's answer, "but I really forget them."

"Just the thing," she cooed, ecstatically. "Show me some semi-final ties, please."

His Day of Rest. "Well, Master Jackson," said a minister, walking homeward after service with an industrious laborer, who was a constant attendant, "Sunday must be a blessed day of rest for you, who work so hard all the week! And you make a good use of the day, for you are always to be seen at church."

"Aye, sir," replied Jackson, "it is, indeed, a blessed day; I works hard enough all the week, and then I comes to church on Sundays, and sets me down and lay my legs up and thinks nothing."

Hint to Mothers. As a summer precaution every mother should commit to memory antidotes for the commonest poisons known, especially those that might be possible for children to come in contact with. In addition to this memorize some methods for aiding drowning and injured persons.

Why Worry? She was very much in love with him, and one evening, while they were alone, she asked: "Frank, tell me truly; you have loved other girls, haven't you?" "Yes," replied the young man, "but I love you now."

Good at Subtraction. "He jigs much of a goifer?" "His form is very poor, but his arithmetic is excellent."

As difficult for some women to get their hats on in the evening as it is for some men to get theirs on the next morning. A regular woman never waits until tomorrow to blow in the money her husband handed her yesterday.

A man isn't necessarily attached to his baby carriage because he follows it.

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