

The Phrophecu

By H. M. EGBERT

Jim Bennett and Arthur Royce were described as the two boys in the village who least resembled each other. Bennett was selling newspapers when he was seven and planning a monopoly among village magazine subscribers. Arthur Royce at that age was described as the best pupil in the Sunday school. Naturally Jim was the favorite among the townspeople, who admired him a good deal more than they admired sanctity.

However, Arthur was not smug. He was just a hard-working, doctile sort of chap. At fifteen he was clerking in a store to support his widowed mother, and turning in his three dollars a week to take out her Civil War pension. At the same age Jim Bennett was expelled from school as incorrigible, and being laughed at and patted by his adoring parents, who were always planning his college career. Thomas Bennett was president of two banks and reputed to be rolling in money.

At the same age Millicent Patterson was publicly telling Arthur that she preferred Jim anyhow, because he wasn't a milkop, and beside Jim was rich and she meant to marry a wealthy man when she grew up.

"I'm going to be wealthy," answered Arthur, setting his teeth, "and you're going to marry me."

Millicent was secretly impressed, but she made short work of Arthur's pre-



Saw That He Was Quite Dead.

tensions. "I wouldn't marry you in a million years," she said. "The man I marry must go to college."

Arthur planned to work his way through college, but his mother lived through a long period of invalidism, and that put an end to his ambitious plans. What happened was that Bennett senior took the boy into his bank, where, at twenty-two, he was earning ten dollars a week. Soon afterward Bennett senior died, leaving the banks to Jim, and Jim came home from college with the expressed intention of making things hum.

Millicent and Arthur were on speaking acquaintance, but the young fellow had never got much further with her. When Jim came home there was not much doubt whom she preferred. She did not take much pains to hide it from Arthur, either.

Arthur went to work for Jim, who considerably raised his salary to twelve dollars. He told him, with a grin, that he would be able to get married on it, if he lived frugally.

By this time Jim Bennett and Millicent Patterson were as good as engaged, in the opinion of the townspeople. Jim Bennett operated a car—two cars, for the matter of that, and the two were to be seen together everywhere. People went so far as to say that if they were not engaged they ought to be.

They were engaged, but what determined Millicent to have it announced was the behavior of Arthur Royce. He was calling on her by this time, and one evening he seemed somehow different from what he usually was. Millicent said to herself, with a laugh, that he was falling in love with her. But she was not prepared for his sudden proposal, nor for the tragic way in which he took her refusal.

"I always told you I'd marry a rich man and a college man, and you are neither, Arthur," said Millicent.

"And I told you I would marry you, and I will," answered the boy.

"Maybe you will," replied the girl, "but I'm going to marry Mr. Bennett first, anyway." She stretched out a slim, white hand. "This is my engagement ring," she said. "Isn't it pretty?"

Arthur ran from the house. A week later the engagement was announced. Somehow there lurked the rudiments of a heart in Millicent. She was sorry for Arthur, and she said nothing about his proposal to Jim.

But that was what was at the back of her request that the announcement should be made. Nobody was greatly surprised, and everyone said that she was a lucky girl, and maybe Jim Bennett would steady down a bit with her hand on the checkbook.

They were married in the Presbyterian church, and the wedding was the event of the week. There were columns about it in the papers. Arthur read them in his hall bedroom. His girl lay, packed, on the bed. He had resolved to run away, anywhere, without notice, but when he had finished reading them he suddenly sat up and squared his shoulders.

"I'll stay," he said. "And I'll get her."

Which expression, though far-fetched, might be pardonable in a young fellow of twenty-three.

Jim Bennett had made things hum when he returned from college, as he had said he would, and he kept up the process after his return from the honeymoon. During the next two years Jim Bennett and his wife made the money fly. They inhabited the finest house in the town, and life was for them a succession of entertainments and pleasures. Arthur Royce was now getting twenty dollars a week. Bennett never saw him and seemed to have forgotten him. But Millicent bowed. There is something about a rejected lover that makes a woman feel tenderly toward him.

Two years passed and Bennett became a financial leader in the place. A few who watched knew that his affairs were unstable, Arthur was among these. And for Millicent's sake he drenched the crash that must come. But Bennett plunged more wildly, until the banks were tottering upon the verge of the precipice, while Bennett juggled with his millions and refused to look facts in the face.

He treated his wife badly, too, everyone knew. There were reports of his infatuation for several women successively. Arthur saw Millicent rarely, but he noticed the progressive look of unhappiness upon her face.

Bennett began to notice Royce again. He promoted him to twenty-five, chiefly because another bank, an old, conservative institution, wanted to get hold of him. Arthur would gladly have left, but he had an instinct against leaving his present bank when it was in difficulties.

One day the truth came out. Arthur had been sent to Bennett's house on an important errand. He found Bennett out, but as he was about to leave Millicent came in.

"What did he send you for?" she cried hysterically.

"The manager sent me, Mrs. Bennett. It was about a private matter."

"A banking matter?"

"Yes."

She burst into tears. "I thought he sent you to taunt me," she cried. "He has told me I ought to have married you. O, I am so wretched."

She cried on his shoulder. During that interval the young man learned many things—of Bennett's infidelity, of his dishonesty. He had made her life a misery from the day they were married.

Presently she grew calm. "I should not have spoken in this way," she said. "But sometimes I think of the old days—do you ever remember them, Arthur?"

"Remember them? When they lay upon his mind forever?"

Somehow he managed to tear himself away. His last memory of Millicent was of a pale-faced woman who watched him at the door pathetically, as if nothing in life was worth living for.

Faster and faster Bennett's banks careened toward disaster. The coming crash was clear to everybody now, Bennett himself went about with an anxious face and grim expression. It was at first a matter of months, then one of weeks—then people just waited.

Arthur Royce waited. He was thinking all the time of Millicent and wondering what she would do.

One afternoon Bennett sent for Arthur to come to his house. Arthur had not been there since that last interview with Millicent. He did not like the task; but he went, because it was part of his duty.

"Mr. Bennett is in his library, sir," said the butler. "He said you were to go right in when you came."

Arthur went in. He saw Bennett seated at his desk. Bennett did not look up, and when Arthur approached he saw that he was quite dead, with a bullet hole through his head. Upon the desk was a letter addressed to him. Arthur opened it.

"Take her. She loves you," was all that it contained.

Arthur never quite remembered the details of the following hour—his hasty summons of a doctor, the terrified servants; lastly Millicent, whom he had vainly tried to keep out of the room, standing before her husband's body. And she wrung her hands, and all she could say was:

"I meant to leave him tomorrow."

It was six months before Arthur saw Millicent Bennett again. She had been travelling. When she came back she went to her old home. She announced that she was going to open a school. All the heartlessness seemed to have died when Bennett died.

But Arthur had other plans for her. "Do you remember, dear," he said to her one day, "how I used to tell you you would marry me, and your own prophecy? Yours has come true. Now make mine true. I am going to take over the management of the Fifth National next month, and—dearest, I have loved you so long."

And Arthur thus came into his own.

Historic Pawnee Rock.

A short distance north of Pawnee Rock station, Kansas, is a high southward-facing cliff of sandstone known as Pawnee rock, projecting as a rocky promontory from the broad ridge that forms the north side of the valley. The elements and the hand of man, says a report of the geological survey, have made great changes in its size and appearance since the days when the Santa Fe trail passed along its base. Here there were many encounters between the savages and the whites, and also between hostile bands of Indians, for the place is noted not only in pioneer history but in Indian traditions as well. Names and initials of many travelers, from the early trappers and the "forty-niners" to the later army detachments, have been scratched on the smooth faces of the ledges.

Was Looking for Easy Money.

"I asked for alimony of \$50 a week. I see women are getting that right along." "But, madam," expostulated the lawyer, "your husband is earning only \$12." "What's that got to do with it? I thought the government provided the alimony."

The Union.

"I see where an illuminated keyhole has been invented."

"That will be great for a man who has a keyhole in his eye."



Colorful Evening Frocks.

Prosperity is translated into clothes in this season's evening frocks. Satin, crepe, brocade, cloth of gold and silver, metallic laces, and, above all, masses of net are used for making them. There is no limit to the use of color, which is of wonderful value in them. Intricate combinations of color, and the introduction of unusual shades bring the attention to a standstill in many a gorgeous gown. In this particular designers have found a new world to conquer, and they appear to be enjoying the business in hand.

Leaving the matter of color to those who study it, the lady of fashion may proceed to choose either straight-hanging or spreading skirts for her evening frocks. If the slim silhouette is possible to her she may choose it, but the full skirt covers up defects of too little or too much flesh. It makes the waist of the stout figure look smaller than it really is, and it obliterates the angles of the thin woman entirely.

The under slip of silk and metallic tissues is in high favor, along with satin and taffeta, as a foundation for

evening gowns of net. Not far the gown, in at least two colors, both different from the color of the slip, reveal the latitude allowed in this matter of color. Two odd and beautiful combinations have been found in periwinkle blue and honey color, and in pinkish buff (like the inside of a cantelope) and light olive green.

The evening dress pictured has a bodice of satin, and a full yoke of it, in the skirt, is gathered on to the waist. An insertion of light net is set on to the satin yoke and a rounce of dark net is shirred to this insertion. An underpetticoat of taffeta is finished at the bottom with a puff of the light net, and the model may be made successfully in any good color combination.

There is a scarf drapery of net over the shoulders. It begins at the waistline at the back, falling in long ends at the front. The airy scarf of malines or net, whatever the evening frock may be, is a part of it, or is wound about the shoulders or may fall from the hair as a separate drapery.



Collars, Convertible and Otherwise.

The trend of fashion in collars is toward the original and unusual, especially in separate collars to be worn for added warmth with suits or frocks. Collars have taken their inspiration from every period and clime, but only a hint of their origin is discernible in most of them, for about all coat and separate collars are convertible. That is, whatever the style of the collar to start with, it is convertible into a muffer-collar that swathes all of the throat and part of the head.

Costumers, having centered their attention on collars, have contrived some ingenious novelties on blouses and one-piece frocks, but these are another story told in the dainty terms of chiffon, crepe, georgette, and net. A wrath of the ensnaring muffer-collar appears in nifty scarfs of malines

that are worn with evening and dance frocks. They are wrapped loosely about the neck and shoulders and suggest a floating mist about the figure. Everyone wears them.

A very wide cape-collar is shown in the picture, on a handsome fur coat. It is converted into a muffer-collar by utilizing buttons and buttonholes also.

The latest arrival in collars is simple to the last degree. It is merely a wide band of fur which stands straight up about the neck and fastens with a rosette and soft ends of ribbon on one side. Or the ties may be of crepe. In either case they match the fur in color.

The plainest of coats may depend upon a spirited collar to give it class, and the element of style in blouses and frocks as well lie more in the collar than in any other detail, at present.

Geisha Bags.

A pretty name for a pretty fad! These delightful little bags of brightly printed Japanese silks in all sorts of colors and patterns come made in simple shapes, with bright cords run through a loosely crocheted edge at the top. The color of the design is repeated in the lining. A prettier use for scraps of Japanese silks could not be found. If you want something particularly lovely, buy one of the embroidered Japanese silk bags. Or if you have remnants of an embroidered kimono or

silk scarf, turn that into a bag for your party accessories.

Sleeve Caps of Fur Appear.

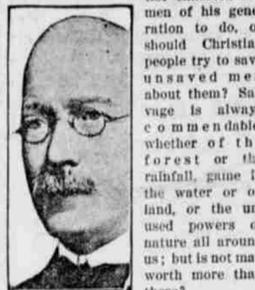
It is something of a fad to have the upper part of the sleeves of the suit or coat made of fur; for instance, a suit of deep purple velour had the upper part of the sleeves of mole; a topcoat of burnt orange had lapin or Belgian hare used for the upper sleeves, as well as for trimming the cuffs and collar and for a banding at the bot-

A Sheep Versus a Man

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TEXT—How much then is a man of more value than a sheep?—Matt. 12:11.

Is a man worth saving? Should he try to save himself as John the Baptist exhorted the men of his generation to do, or should Christian people try to save unsaved men about them? Salvage is always commended, whether of the forest or the rainfall, game in the water or on land, or the unused powers of nature all around us; but is not man worth more than these?



In a recent religious periodical there was a picture of a drove of animals being driven through a passage in a stock yard. In connection with the picture was a verse of poetry, describing these as going to the slaughter without a care, without a dream of death, without a quickened breath, all unknowing, and the last words of the verse were these: "And these are sheep." There was another picture of young men marching along a city street. They were in civilian clothes, but each carried a bundle as if going on some very uncertain journey. They were described as smiling to cover hearts that faltered. They knew their fate; they were touched with fear and hate. They were recruits going to the slaughter, too, and the last words of the verse were: "And these are men." No, not only in the days of our Lord, but in these days the question may be asked, "Is a man better than a sheep?"

Popular Estimate.

A man is worth more than a sheep in dollars and cents. In the days of slavery in this country a strong negro man would fetch more in the market than a sheep. Today if a man is killed by a public conveyance, more can be recovered on his life than on the life of a sheep. The higher valuation is largely because intellectually man is far above a sheep. Whatever may be the intellectual power of a horse or a dog, certainly a sheep is considered the least intellectual of all animals. Man has a moral nature of which the sheep is apparently absolutely devoid; his spiritual nature puts him far above any animal. His spiritual nature in a sense suggests immortality, for when he dies his spirit goes to God who gave it, while that of a sheep goes down.

Man's Estimate of Himself.

But what seems to be man's estimate of himself as compared with a sheep? To preserve a sheep is to preserve perishable property or material interests. To preserve himself, his whole being, is to preserve his spiritual and immortal interests. How is a man acting at that point? Is he not giving more time, thought and labor to the things that perish than to the things that endure? Does the Bible get as deep interest as the morning paper? Is the house of worship or prayer attended as enthusiastically as a place of amusement? Is the thought of making the world better as insistent as that of pleasing himself?

Man seems to be quite enthusiastic in the propagation of sheep, spending money without stint and giving thought and time to the subject, but how rarely does he consider the propagation of the right kind of men. Possibly in this day propagation of men for the slaughter in war would be parallel to the propagation of sheep for the food market.

God's Estimate of Man.

What is God's estimate of man? Did he not create him in his own image and likeness? Someone has said man is the paragon of creation. God did not do so with sheep. It is true that everything in creation was good, but no creature was in the likeness of God except man. God made full provision for the preservation of his own likeness, making man's environment most congenial to such preservation, and when man demanded liberty of moral choice, God presented the strongest possible plea for obedience. When man fell, God still held before him laws of easy performance and connected with them the fairest promises of blessing. For centuries, while man would fall away from God, God followed him up most patiently and lovingly. When at last man would not heed the most loving call to moral rectitude, God gave his only begotten Son to die for him, and for nineteen centuries the salvation of Jesus Christ has been offered to man without money and without price. And to return to the figure of the sheep, Jesus Christ stands ready to be a spiritual shepherd to any man who will come into his fold.

As man demanded moral freedom in the garden of Eden, so today every man is responsible to God for his standing before him. He is his own keeper, in a sense, but as man looks on himself and recognizes that it is utterly impossible to be perfectly moral, and is thus rendered hopeless, there is only one thing to do, and that is to recognize God's gracious provision for him in presenting the salvation of Jesus Christ before him for his acceptance. To accept that salvation is to show that a man estimates himself above a sheep. Many recognize the value of this acceptance of Jesus Christ in their own experience, but are there not many of these who are quite indifferent to those who are about them, who have not so accepted Jesus Christ as shepherd? To save a sheep out of a ditch is a commendable thing, but to save the soul of a man is something a thousand times more commendable, and is worthy of the most laborious and persistent efforts.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Acting Director of the Sunday School Course in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)
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LESSON FOR DECEMBER 10

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

LESSON TEXT—Rev. 2:1-7.

GOLDEN TEXT—Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life.—Rev. 2:10.

This passage most wonderfully illustrates that dominating purpose of Paul's life. More than most lessons a map will be necessary to locate distinctly the places mentioned. There are interesting stories in connection with each of the seven cities and churches. It might be wise to give to seven different people the task of bringing information to the class regarding each one mentioned.

I. Ephesus, whose love is waning (vv. 1-7). The key word to these messages is the word "overcometh." In each of the messages our Lord describes himself in a different way according to the peculiar needs of that particular church. Here he is represented as holding the stars (messengers of the churches, Ch. 1:20) in his right hand, and keeping them secure, controlling them while he walks in the midst of the seven golden lamp stands. Literally churches. The symbolism of "lamp stand" is used because the churches were intended to be light bearers as they held forth the light given by the oil of the Spirit (Math. 5:16; Phil. 2:16; Zech. 4:2-6). Ephesus was the capital of a province said to be one of the richest in the Roman empire. In it was the great temple of Diana. Here Paul had labored and had various experiences, and to Ephesus he had written a letter (See lesson 8, third quarter), but there were good things to be found in this Ephesian church (vv. 2,3). Forty years after being founded, John writes this message. He knew their "works," their general moral conduct, especially its active and passive sides through its trials, its dealing with impostors and its practical energy and enterprise; and its patience (literally steadfast assurance) in bearing witness for Christ. Jesus knew of their never wearying endurance. Surely these things would indicate pretty nearly a model church. Jesus says, "No, there is something seriously wrong," so seriously wrong that unless repented of he would remove them out of their place.

II. Smyrna, the church with a crown of life (vv. 8-11). Smyrna was 40 or 50 miles from Ephesus, and at this time a city of 250,000 inhabitants. To this church the Son of Man (Ch. 1:11) sends another message. It is interesting to note that this church and the one at Philadelphia received from the Master unqualified praise. It had works, activities; it also had tribulations, riches and poverty (for thou art rich) rich in good works, rich toward God, rich in treasures laid up in heaven; however, it was in the midst of persecution. It was here that Polycarp labored, who afterward, as bishop of Smyrna, was martyred (see v. 10). Of Polycarp it is said that rather than save his life by renouncing Christ, he cried out, "Eighty and six years have I served him, and he has done me no ill; how then can I blaspheme my king who hath saved me?" The crown is eternal life, the crown of victory. The second death is the final condemnation which sinners undergo at the judgment seat of God. The first death is, on the other hand, the natural one. There was great hardship just ahead for this church. These hardships patiently and loyally endured would bring the crown mentioned.

There are doubtless great persecutions just ahead for believers of the present day, but we should not judge them but rather rejoice in them, since, patiently endured, they will bring to us a crown and a throne (Math. 5:10-12; II Tim. 2:12).

III. Pergamos, the church in a stronghold of faith (vv. 12-17). Our glorified Lord knew that the church in Pergamos was in a peculiarly difficult situation, that it was Satan's headquarters, his "throne" (v. 13); hence they were in especial need of a defender and the Lord is represented as "he that hath a sharp, two-edged sword," the word of God (Heb. 4:12-13; John 5:22). Pergamos was almost fifty miles north of Smyrna, a city of about 17,000 inhabitants, and the capital of the province. To it were brought many of the early Christians who were compelled to suffer martyrdom. Again we have a church whose works are commended, whose steadfastness is mentioned in that they "held fast to my name, and did not deny the faith"—martyrs (v. 13). However, dangers threatened them for there had been a compromise with the world and with other systems of faith, what we would call today liberality in doctrine and breadth in view in teaching: (1) Some of their number had accepted and practiced the doctrine of Baalim (Jude 11; Num. 31-16). (2) These teachings cast a stumbling block before the children of Israel (v. 14). This was done by persuading the Israelites to join in the idolatrous feasts and revelings of the heathen, and also their impurity of worship. (3) Some of them had held to the teaching of the Nicolaitans referred to under the admonition at Ephesus. These taught that the flesh had no part in the divine life, and might be regarded as something indifferent; in other words ethical perfection was in the spirit; the body might indulge in whatever sins it saw fit.

This kind of teaching the Lord Jesus hates. The one way of salvation was for them to repent for the Lord would raise up faithful and true prophets who would wield his sword effectually against such monstrous forms of error, which were warring against the truth.

Temperance Notes

NEW ATHLETE.

The following is from an article in Association Men, contributed by L. C. Reimann, left tackle in the University of Michigan:

The day of the "bottle-scarred" hero is gone, and the new type of athlete is taking his place. The first question the student body asks of a football hero is: "Do you drink?" His popularity will hang upon his general manner of living. All the best coaches and trainers in the country absolutely forbid drinking of intoxicants during the training season and keep a watchful eye on their men the year round. The first infraction of the rule against drinking is dealt with harshly by the coach and athletic directors. The second means unqualified dismissal from the squad. This has been found the only way to deal with such cases, for Coach "Hurly-Tip" Yost says he has no time to waste trying to train a drinker, and nothing tries a man's staying powers like football.

While the old type of athlete is passing out, the "new athlete" is coming in rapidly and is aligning himself in the fight for dry territory. He is typified by such men as Jack Watson, captain of the Illinois football team and president of the Y. M. C. A.; "Cub" Beck, captain of the Wisconsin football team and president of the Y. M. C. A.; Rutherford, the football star and president of the University of Nebraska Y. M. C. A.; Mike Dorcas, University of Pennsylvania, champion strong man of the East and all-around athlete; Hobson of Yale, Brickwork of Harvard, and hundreds of the foremost athletes of the United States. Such men are forming a line of offense against booze and all forms of dissipation, because they know that no man can combine drink and good playing. Eddie Collins, the White Sox star, says: "You can't hit 300 if you bar yourself all night," and one of his ten commandments to young athletes is: "Don't drink alcoholic drinks." Connie Mack, manager of the Philadelphia Athletics, said in 1910 of the team which won the world's baseball championship, that 15 of the 25 players "did not even know the taste of liquor," and predicted that in five years 90 per cent of all baseball players would be strictly temperate.

SALOON AND WORKINGMAN.

Saloon politicians are the worst enemies of the laboring man's rights. They get plenty of money to buy beer and whiskey to debauch the electorate. They raise the cry of "personal liberty," and with solid saloon support, the honest workingman has no show against them.

The saloon fills workhouses and penitentiaries with its victims, and their labor is brought into competition with free labor, to the injury thereof.

The saloon is labor's worst enemy. The sooner working men realize the fact, the better it will be for them. The corrupt politician thrives through the saloon and corrupt politicians are bleeding this country to death, bringing it down to conditions of older and less resourceful countries. The abolishment of the saloons will not bring labor immediately all that labor ought to have, but it will be the removing of the greatest obstacle to labor's success.

The working people of the United States earned more money each year for the distillery and brewery kings of America than was paid to all the kings and emperors of Europe.

Working people are now asserting their rights and are freeing themselves from slavery to the inhuman liquor traffic and the dominance of an aristocracy of beer.—John F. Cunneen, Labor Leader, Chicago.

RAILROAD TRAVEL SAFER.

To guard over 450,000,000 passengers for a total distance of over 19,000,000,000 miles (400,000 times around the world) without the loss of the life of a single passenger, is a railway record of which to be proud. These figures are given by a certain eastern railroad system as a total record in announcing also the fact that in the first six months of 1918 over 92,000,000 were carried on the system without the loss of a single passenger's life.

A WANT AD.

Johnsen, the drunkard, is dying today. With marks of sin on his face: He'll be missed at the club, at the bar, at the play;

Wanted—a boy in his place, Boys from the fire-side, boys from the farm.

Boys from the home and the school, Come, leave your misgivings, there can be no harm.

Where "drink and be merry" the rule Wanted—for every lost servant of men— Someone to live without grace; Someone to die without pardon divine, Have you a boy for the place?

WHAT RUM MEN WANT.

The rum men declare that they want their business licensed, restricted and hampered and curtailed and lessened in various ways, but they don't want it prohibited, because that would surely bring them so much more business that they could not attend to it.—Exchange.

AIR FULL OF STRAWS.

"The air is full of straws and they are all of the same color," says an anti-liquor journal. They are all blowing the same way, too.

NOT FOR PROHIBITS.

According to "Posers for Prohibits," a leaflet sent out by the Liquor Dealers' National Protective bureau, prohibition causes increase of crime and insanity, produces poverty, spreads disease, fosters child labor, extends immorality, and is largely responsible for murder. Only a man whose brains are poisoned by alcohol can be fooled by such "posers!"

PUMPS POISON.

The liquor traffic pumps poison into the arteries of the republic.