

**OBJECT OF EDUCATION.**  
The doctrine has been held that the mind of the child is like a sheet of white paper, on which by education we can write what characters we please. This doctrine assuredly needs qualification and correction. He comes to us as a bundle of inherited capacities and tendencies, labeled "from the indefinite past to the indefinite future," and he makes his transit from the one to the other through the education of the present time. The object of that education is, or ought to be, to provide wise exercise for his capacities, wise direction for his tendencies and through this exercise and this direction to furnish his mind with such knowledge as may contribute to the usefulness, the beauty and the nobleness of his life.—John Tyndall.

**A BIRTHDAY.**  
My heart is like a singing bird,  
Whose nest is in a water'd shoot;  
My heart is like an apple tree,  
Whose boughs are bent with thick set fruit;  
My heart is like a rainbow shell,  
That paddles in a halcyon sea;  
My heart is gladder than all these  
Because my love is come to me.  
Raise me a dais of silk and down;  
Hang it with vair and purple dyes;  
Carve it in doves and pomegranates,  
And peacocks with a hundred eyes;  
Work it in gold and silver grapes,  
In leaves and silver fleur-de-lys  
Because the birthday of my life  
Is come, my love is come to me.  
—Christina G. Rossetti.

**SENTENCE SERMONS.**  
The present is the living sum total of the whole past.—Carlyle.  
The remedy is worse than the disease.—Dryden.  
From little spark may burst a mighty flame.—Dante.  
God giveth quietness at last.—Whittier.  
Beneath me flows the Rhine, and like the stream of time it flows amid the ruins of the past.—Longfellow.  
Kings will be tyrants from policy, when subjects are rebels from principle.—Burke.

**TRUE PRAYER.**  
Many a man prays with his whole being, feels himself thrilled with the divine currents and going out in inspiration after the eternal, and yet finds words forsake him when he attempts to put his devotion into speech. And yet is not this true prayer? For how can you translate aspiration into speech?—W. D. Little.

**LIFE'S CHECKS.**  
It cannot have escaped the notice of any one who has had much experience that human life is a system of cunningly devised checks and counter-checks. This is easily seen in considering physical things—such, for instance, as the human body. One of these bodies has a particular disorder. You could cure it by a certain remedy if that remedy could be continued far enough. But it cannot, as it would produce another disorder. The same law holds good throughout life; and sometimes, when there is an appearance of the power of free movement in many directions, there is in reality a check to movement in every one.—Sir Arthur Helps.

**SWEETEST FLOWER THAT BLOWS.**  
The sweetest flower that blows I give you as we part.  
For you it is a rose,  
For me it is my heart.  
For you it is a rose,  
For me it is my heart.  
The fragrance it exhales,  
Ah! if you only knew,  
Which but in dying falls;  
It is my love for you.  
The sweetest flower that blows I give you as we part.  
For you it is a rose,  
For me it is my heart.  
For you it is a rose,  
For me it is my heart.  
—Charles B. Hawley.

## Caleb's Conversion

By HAZEL OSWALD

IT WAS Christmas eve, and Caleb Churton, the money-lender, sat in his great dining room, surrounded by all that makes for luxurious living.

"So Jack preferred his artist's work to this," he mused, chuckling contemptuously while he half spoke the words.

Ten years before, his elder brother had told their father that he was not cut out for a Shylock, that he preferred to get a living by pleasant means than his fellow beings' flesh and blood, and had gone out into the world cursed by the father and laughed at by his brother.

It was three years later—and 12 months after he had announced his marriage to a fellow artist's daughter—that old Churton died, leaving all the business to Caleb, and not mentioning Jack Churton by so much as a single word in his will.

To do him justice, Caleb had rebelled against this as much as he could, but he had found out that his brother was able to keep his head above water, and after offering him a share—only to be indignantly refused—Caleb applied himself to the task of doubling his father's wealth. All these things went through his brain as he sat by his fire. Of a sudden a thought struck him.

"I will go and parade my wealth before them—will make the wife bitterly envious and Jack sorry that he ever refused me!"

With this amiable intention he rose, ordered his automobile to be brought



out, and was soon whirling toward Jack's home.

Suddenly the auto stopped, and he got out, telling the chauffeur to return in an hour, not longer.

"If I am finished before, I can spend the time somehow," he thought.

Up the steps of the great apartment he went until he came to a door labeled 42. Then he knocked, and getting no answer, entered very quietly, finding the door not locked.

He looked round the tiny hall, and then stepped into the first room.

"Are you Santa Claus?"

The timid little query stopped him in his wanderings, and he looked down to his feet to see a sunny-haired, blue-eyed little mite gravely regarding him.

"But no, you can't be Santa Claus, for he's ever so old, and has got a white beard and a long coat, and a big bag full of toys, and comes down the chimney, and doesn't come till after I've gone to bed, and—"

She paused in her list of details for want of breath, and the first time for many years, Churton laughed heartily. "You queer little mite," he said, "I'm not Santa. Who are you?"

"I'm Gladys Churton, and I'm not queer. I'm very well, thank you."

"So you are Gladys," he said.

"Where are your father and mother?"

"They've gone out to buy some things for me, and they told me to be ever so good. They will be back soon."

Churton looked around him. It was so pleasant, so happy, evidently, and the home he had left seemed to lack a great deal. He sighed.

"What's the matter, strange man?"

"Nothing, dear."

"But there must be something. I always go like that when I want a doll, and mamma won't buy it for me. Is your little girl naughty?"

"I haven't got a little girl."

"Poor strange man!" with a clouding of her sunny face. Then, suddenly,



ly, "look out, here come mamma and dad! Let's hide."

"All right, dear; tell me where."

Hastily she drew him behind a curtain, and followed.

"Where's my little girl?" in a clear, happy voice.

The mite ran out and struggled in her mother's arms.

"You don't know who else is here," she said importantly. "There's a strange man, and—poor dear!—he hasn't got a little girl, and he isn't happy."

She ran back to the curtain and dragged out a somewhat dusty, shamed-faced individual.

"I came to see you—felt a bit lonely—hang it all! Jack, I want a taste of home life, and escape from the eternal accounts. No," as the clear, blue eyes of the baby were fixed on him, "that's a lie. I came here to show off my wealth, and to make you envious; but your little ray of sunshine here took the conceit out of me. Hang it, man, take me in, for pity's sake, and let me be human this Christmas-tide. The money can go. I must stay here."

When Churton's man came back, he was told that the master would not be home for some days.

## THE COUNTY FAIR.

How to Make it a Vital and Helpful Institution.  
[By C. F. Norgard, superintendent Wisconsin farmers' institutes.]

To make a county fair the vital, helpful institution that it may be the boys and girls must be encouraged to take part. With old and young working together the fair becomes, as it should, a real community effort.

Nor is it hard to get young people to help in making their local fair a decided success, for the interest is already there. No event of the year, except perhaps the circus and Fourth of July celebration, holds such a thrill for the average boy or girl as does the annual county fair.

To prove this look back into your own youth and recall with what tense excitement and image filled brain you went to bed the night before the fair. Remember how you arose earlier than usual, by an hour or more, to get in the cows and rush through the chores. See the family packed into the spring wagon as it rattled down the frost coated lane and hear the merry shouts and good natured jests as you meet friends and neighbors along the way.

Feel again the thrills of expectation as you near the tall board fences of the fair grounds and hear the alluring strains of the merry-go-round organs and the metallic drone of the hawkers. It was surely a big day, and if you had some choice ears of corn or a fine ewe that was to compete for a prize you were doubly interested and excited.

Teachers and county superintendents do much to interest the boys and girls in the important features of the fair. Oftentimes they arrange for the exhibition of the handicraft of their pupils and provide for spelling matches and other forms of scholastic competition.

The social side of the fair is one that is too important to be overlooked and one that ought to be strengthened in every possible way. In many communities the fair is the one medium by which farmers and their families meet friends among people living in other parts of the county. People meet at the fair who seldom see each other throughout the rest of the year. This chance to renew acquaintances and friendships and to meet strangers, of course, is a splendid thing. A wide acquaintance is a broadening factor in the life of any person, and the farmer needs such an influence as much as any one. To further this idea picnic grounds on the grounds, township and school district receptions (the people of one district inviting those of another to a basket lunch) and various kinds of get together meetings should be encouraged.

The worth of a county fair is judged by the number of exhibitors. It can never be of great influence unless a large percentage of the people within the county are interested in its growth and improvement. Every one should plan to exhibit. Then only does the fair become a real, vital, helpful institution.

## GOOD RETURNS FROM SHEEP.

Every Farmer With Forty Acres is Advised to Keep a Flock.

"Keep all the sheep your spare pasture will support," says a contributor to Farm and Fireside. "And for sheep pasture you can count every nook, fence corner and briar thicket where no other stock will do any good. Sheep can be relied on not only to help clean up the farm, but to gather up young weeds, briars, fence corner grass and thistles and actually turn them into your bank account or your pocketbook. And when I say this I am speaking from real experience. On our farm we have thirty-five ewes. We always winter that many. Then we keep a thoroughbred buck. We breed so that our lambs come in March.

"A year ago last fall our sheep money was \$206. This we could almost call clear gain; at least it was almost self

maintaining."

"Now, nigger, you-all see that black man swingin' up there?"

"Oh, yas, sah, 'deed I do, sah!'

"An' you-all know why we done that?" queried the leader.

"Oh, yas, sah," said the colored man.

"He got just what he deserved didn't he?"

"Boss," replied the old negro, "pears to me, sah, dat he got off mighty light."—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

**Ozokerite in America.**

One of the products of petroleum that has been exported by the United States to a value of between \$9,000,000 and \$10,000,000 during the last three years is paraffin wax. In spite of these large exports, natural mineral wax (ozokerite) is imported, for the reason that its melting point is very high, and although the paraffin wax from petroleum can be produced with this high melting point, the process is difficult and costly. Ozokerite occurs in considerable quantity in Utah in the region of Soldiers Summit, and has been produced there, but the cost of extracting it from low-grade material, together with the cost of transportation to the market, which is chiefly in the eastern states, has made it possible for the foreign material, which comes from Galicia, to compete with it successfully. The domestic ozokerite should now replace the foreign material.—Bulletin 599, United States Geological Survey.

**Limbs Essential.**

The need of lime in the laying and breeding stock ration is very important. In one dozen ordinary sized eggs there are nearly four ounces of lime. This element is best supplied by giving cracked oyster shell in hoppers. Skim milk also provides life to a certain extent in palatable form, and alfalfa and clover are satisfactory sources of supplying lime.

## CALLER WAS TOO POMPOUS

Excess Peevishness Over the Telephone Caused One Woman Troublesome Mistake.

Here is a significant little story I tell you for future guidance, so that you may realize that you are not alone in suffering the inexplicable humors of the telephone service. A very busy man I know was trying hard to telephone from a big hotel the other day. Of course he couldn't get the number he wanted for a long time, and when at last he did get through the telephone, humorists promptly connected an incoming call with his line.

Then followed the usual "Please get off the line" dialogue, but my friend found that the incoming caller was a very pompous lady who wouldn't give way. "I won't get off the line, I won't ring off," she said peevishly. "You're the 'Metroritz' aren't you? Then take this message at once! My friend was helpless. It was of the greatest importance that he should get back to his original call, so he let the peevish lady talk.

She dictated an order for a special dinner for 12 guests that night. She specialized the table, ordered about two hundred and fifty dollars' worth of flowers to decorate it, insisted on certain waiters attending, and finished up by sharply reprimanding the man at the hotel end for negligence and impertinence. Then she rang off. My friend got through again to his office. Now, what he wants to know, and what I want to know, is what the pompous lady said when she arrived at the "Metroritz" that night and asked for her table.—London Mirror.

## HAD CAUSE FOR INDIGNATION

Protest of Chinese Over Proposed "Exhibition" in England Seems to Have Been Justified.

The Chinese Review, a highly interesting London publication edited by two Chinamen, makes the following comment on the bigoted attitude exhibited in the West against everything Chinese:

"In the year of grace 1912 the honorable and high-minded promoters of the Anglo-Japanese exhibition decided to add a touch of Chinese color to the great display at Shepherd's Bush. A scheme was forthwith proposed, and widely advertised in the press, to install a typical opium den within the exhibition grounds, and attempts were made to hire Chinese sailors from the East end to play the part of opium smokers and exhibit to the West, in realistic detail, all the disgusting particulars associated with opium smoking.

"Suppose the tables be turned. Imagine the promoters of a Chinese exhibition proposing to represent Great Britain by setting up the model of a low-class drinking shop, and engaging Britishers to act the role of besotted drunkards. In place of the mild protest raised by the Chinese students, Great Britain would probably have sent a fleet of warships to demand reparation for the national insult."

In the whole range of China's past and present, asks this Chinese editor, is there nothing worthy of notice and representation except an opium den?

## He Agreed Unanimously.

Senator Simmons, of North Carolina, tells this story of a lynching: "The festivities were at their height, and the object of the mob's vengeance was hanging to the limb of a tree with a fire built under him. The leader of the mob detected an ancient negro hidden in the nearby bushes and dragged him out. The trembling captive was brought close enough to see the gruesome sight, and the leader of the mob asked:

"Now, nigger, you-all see that black man swingin' up there?"

"Oh, yas, sah, 'deed I do, sah!'

"An' you-all know why we done that?" queried the leader.

"Oh, yas, sah," said the colored man.

"He got just what he deserved didn't he?"

"Boss," replied the old negro, "pears to me, sah, dat he got off mighty light."—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

## INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Acting Director of Sunday School Course.)

### LESSON FOR JANUARY 10

DEBORAH AND BARAK DELIVER ISRAEL.

LESSON TEXT—Judges 4:4-16. GOLDEN TEXT—The righteous cried, and Jehovah heard and delivered them out of all their troubles.—Ps. 34:17 R. V.

There are two inspired accounts of this victory, one in prose (ch. 4) and one in poetry (Judges 5). They present different views of the same event. Israel had been oppressed for 20 years under Jabin and Sisera, his chief captain (4:2) though it seems to have been that the northern tribes of Naphtali, Asher and Zebulun, the Galilee of Christ's day, were chiefly concerned.

**Mother in Israel.**

I. Deborah's Call to Service, vv. 4-9. As the people forsook God he forsook them, and they became easy prey. If we withdraw from his service we also withdraw from his protection. Although Joshua had burned Hazor (Joshua 11:11), yet because of Israel's backsliding it is now strong enough to become the ruler. It is so with sin—allow it to exist and it will conquer. When, however, Israel repented and cried unto God (v. 3) he raised up a deliverer and in this case it was a "mother in Israel" (ch. 5:7).

The word Deborah means "bee," and it is suggested that "she answered her name by her industry, sagacity and usefulness to the public, her sweetness to her friends and sharpness to her enemies" (Matthew Henry). Her husband's name is given, but none of his achievements. From her dwelling place at Jotham, as she sat beneath a palm tree she gave forth her wisdom and judgment to the people who brought their difficulties before her (Ex. 18:13; Deut. 17:8-12).

Judgment of sin always precedes any manifestation of grace (I Cor. 11:31, 32). Deborah, the judge, recognized the gravity of the situation, for she was not only a judge, but a prophetess by divine appointment (II Pet. 1:21). When she called Barak at once recognized her note of authority (v. 6). Deborah gave Barak explicit instruction and direction. In this chapter only the two tribes most interested are mentioned (5:17, 18).

**Bold, Sagacious Leader.**

II. Barak's Conquest of Sisera, vv. 10-16. Barak was a bold, sagacious leader and chose one of the world's best and most famous battlefields, Endor. Barak led his men to Mt. Tabor, from which could be seen the whole region where Sisera's armies were spread out upon the plain. From chapter 5 it appears that some came to the battle from the tribes of Manasseh and Issachar (5:14, 15) and that others were expected who failed to obey the summons (5:15, 17). From the slopes of Mt. Tabor, Deborah and Barak saw Sisera and his iron chariots advancing across the plain. One of the descendants of Hobab, Moses' brother-in-law (Num. 24:22 R. V., and Judges 1:16) had revealed the place of Barak's camp (v. 11). Heber should have been in the land of Judah and Simeon and not in such close proximity to the enemies of Israel. Josephus says that when Barak saw Sisera's army drawn up, and attempting to surround the mountain of his encampment his heart failed him, and he determined to retire to a place of greater safety. Deborah, however, urged Barak to attempt the battle.

"For this is the day in which the Lord hath delivered Sisera into thine hand." The thing was as sure to be done as if it were done already. As we read verses 11 and 12, together with 5:17-18, it would look as though Sisera seemed to have the advantage against Barak and his ten thousand men. Sisera did not, however, count upon Barak's powerful ally—God. "Is not Jehovah gone out before them?" Deborah had enthusiasm and zeal, but needed Barak's action. She depended upon the sure word of God and was devoid of fear (Rom. 8:31). She knew that victory was certain, for God had said so (v. 7). Her charge, "Up, Barak!" was a clarion call and served to nerve the entire army of Israel. Verse 15 tells us who it was that won the battle that day (see also 5:20, 21; Josh. 10:10; I Chron. 15:15-17). Even the stars fought against Sisera, meaning that God turned the elements to the advantage of Israel's army. Showers of meteors have been recorded in this land in recent times and 5:21 tells of the floods of water that "swept away" the chariots of Sisera. The word "discomfited," we are told, scarcely suggests the sudden terror and confusion which fell upon Sisera's army. Like all of God's victories, it was most complete.

A bravo, outraged woman executed a sentence which some male member of her "family" would certainly have been bound to carry out.

The "course of Meror" (5:23) is that bestowed upon the shirker, the cowardly and idle. It is the curse of uselessness, the causes of which are cowardice, false humility and indolence. The work of the Avenger is a necessity.

Evil stalks the world on the way to execution; though wrong reigns, it must and will lead through the power of the highest to Christ's glory (Eph. 6:12, Rom. 8:37-39).

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