

THE PULPIT.

A SCHOLARLY SUNDAY SERMON BY
REV. I. W. HENDERSON.

Subject: The Eighth Commandment.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Preaching at the Irving Square Presbyterian Church on the theme, "The Eighth Commandment," the Rev. I. W. Henderson, pastor, took as his text Ex. 20: 15: "Thou shalt not steal." He said in the course of his sermon:

This is a call for simple honesty, and the need for clear and fearless thought and utterance is both imperative and apparent as we apply this eighth commandment to the social life and communal conditions of to-day.

The common interpretation of what it means to steal is quite elementary. In the public estimation, stealing, very largely, is a form of open and specific disobedience to law which will likely land the evil doer in behind the bars. It is not my purpose to say or to imply that the average individual conscience does not recognize the obligations and the validity of that moral law which overlaps our penal code. But to a large extent the robber, in the public mind, is the man who forces locks; who spends his evenings at his neighbor's safes with dynamite and jimmy; who misapplies to his own uses our silver, our clothes, or our money. Ask a man, who is a thief and the likelihood is that often, though not always, he will run the list of those who bear the stigma and the dishonor of that self-seeking fraternity whose members live by their wits. But are the men who do not declare open war upon society and who adhere to the principle that the world owes them a living the only ones who steal? Is it the man who picks your pocket or the man who steals your savings, by heedless mismanagement of that fortune you gave into his trust, who robs you of most? Who is the most dangerous criminal, the second story burglar or the man who, under the guise of a conservative financier, wrecks your home and takes your all? Who best merits prison clothes, the man who steals to save his family from starvation's grimmest death, or the millionaire of Wall street who inflates values that he knows can never last? Who most deserves the scorn of honest men, the man who cracks a safe or the philanthropic plutocrat who made his wealth at the price of human blood?

The consensus among those whom the lesson hardest hits is that robbery is all right so long as you steal enough. Only the small burglar is to wear stripes; the rest, if they are in being caught, and its worst disgrace is not to be deft enough to bag everything in sight.

Stealing is wrong and it should be punished no matter by whom or how it may be committed. The members of Congress who violate the law and rob his country for his private gain deserves the limit of the penalty. The moneyed man who wrecks a corporation to satisfy personal spite or secret grudge, should wear the iron fetters with that other of his company who represents as a real investment proposition a property that is chiefly air, paper and water. The business man who underpays his labor and hugs the lion's share of the profits to himself, with the concern or care of the toilers who made possible his material success, is a thief. The rich man who raises prices and lowers wages, without right or need, to such an extent that poor men have no decent chance to live, steals more than money.

"Thou shalt not steal," says the commandment, and to my mind's eye there comes the vision of that cotton mill in the sunny southland. I hear the whirr of wheels, the rattle of the loom, the roar of leather belts, the shouting and the mill race there, in among that bustle and clatter and ceaseless racket. I see mere children watching wheels, instead of birds; tending cotton when they should be at their books; growing old and blind in a body, and in spirit, which they should be learning lessons in God's wonderful out-of-doors. Mere children driven into slavery by the laziness of lying parents or the greed of northern capital. And what you may see in the cotton mills of Dixie, you may see in the glass works of New Jersey, the mines of Pennsylvania, or in the sweat shops of New York. Is such stealing wise?

The amount of wholesale and unrestrained robbery that bestes place in our public life is enormous. It would seem that the sense of honesty is on the decline did we not know better. The caliber of the consciences of a host of men who administer the affairs of the plain people is not very large.

Strangely, even yet, with many leaders in our political life, a synonym for assured success, "Thou shalt not steal" is left out of their moral code. To be honest, to be square, is with them, to be marked for defeat. When we read in our daily papers of the shameless frauds perpetrated upon the Government by corporations, by and with the consent of those who make and those who administer our laws; when we learn from time to time that hosts of men and women are ruined by get-rich-quick syndicates; when we find daily instances of wholesale defalcations by men of trust and repute and former seeming probity; when we see the expressed will of the sovereign citizenship of self-governing communities made the football of political brigands, and whole States beneath the power of political buccaniers; is it any wonder that we feel at times that the sense of the unrighteousness of stealing has been abandoned by many in control of affairs in public life?

We need an enlightened public conscience. Men must be made to feel and to know that corporate and public thievery, as private, are contrary to the law of God. Statesmen who wink at and foster robbery of the treasury ought to be returned to private life, if nothing more. Politicians who are out for graft must be relegated to the rear. Clean men must cut the way to the regeneration of our social life. The crowd of unwholesome and immoral civic parasites who despoil and besmirch communal life should be removed from power and influence.

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"Thou shalt not steal" said Moses. So says Christ to us. All that Moses asked of Israel, Christ demands of America. No man can steal and be plumb to the law of love. With the entrance of Jesus the heart will seek to give rather than to get; and with the soul that walks with Moses' God, the right will ever reign supreme.

But despite all the unwholesomeness around us, the signs of the times presage a glorious transformation that is near at hand. Whatever may have been the evil sowing of yesterday, and whatever may be the alarming harvest of to-day, we need not fear for the harvest of tomorrow. The Lord is coming into His own. Society is coming to its senses and better men are moving to the front. The dormant will of a mighty people is awaking and woe betide the wicked charlatan who falls to see the writing on the wall, or seeing, fails to heed it. And the awakening will come most largely, as in the nature of the case it ought, among the common people of the land; those at whom the unphilosophical slander is so often hurled that they are not worthy to be trusted because they are so fickle, so foolish and so weak.

That a social regeneration and moral revival is taking place in society no man may with reason doubt. It is in the air. Men are applying moral standards that for years we have never, or seldom, heard employed in the judging of individual and public actions. The newspaper to-day blazes the word ahead of the pulpit, and many an editorial handles the ethical cudgel more forcefully and effectively than many a sermon. Men, within and without the church, are asking for more definite, concrete, fearless ethical preaching from the pulpits of our land. Ecclesiastical authorities are hesitant about receiving the money of our talented millionaires, not because they are convinced that money itself can partake of the moral qualities of the individual who possesses it, no matter how bad a man he may be or however flagitiously his money may have been acquired; but because they do not want to become suspected of being receivers of stolen goods or lay themselves open to the charge of justifying, or compounding, wickedness. Reform movements are rife, and the bottom plank of the reformation platform is, almost without exception, in substance, the Eighth Word of the Mosaic law.

Now and again we hear it said that those who promise us reform will, in their turn, when they shall have entered into power, exploit the people for their own advantage, as has been done of yore. I do not believe that this is so, as I read and interpret to-day's events; but of this I am sure, that they who betray the confidence of the people under the promise of a clean reform, will go down, at a later day, to a political disaster, beside which the downfall of an Arnold will be counted tame.

Hand in hand with the moral reformation, a religious revival which shall purify men's souls will sweep the land. Spiritual blessedness and "joy and peace in a holy spirit" will become the chief desire of men's hearts. Having tried the counterfeit that the world gives and found it faulty, men will seek the peace of God which passeth all human comprehension, which the world cannot give and which the world cannot take away. Let us place our trust in the God of Israel and of America. Let us face the future with a cheer.

Plowing Around a Rock.
"I had plowed around a rock in one of my fields for about five years," said a farmer, "and I had broken a moving-machine knife against it, besides losing the use of the ground in which it lay, because I supposed that it was such a large rock that it would take too much time and labor to remove it. But, to-day, when I began to plow for corn, I thought, 'If by I might break my cultivator against that rock, so I took a crowbar, intending to poke around it, and find out the size once for all. And it was one of the surprises of my life to find that it was little more than two feet long. It was standing on its edge, and was so light that I could lift it into the wagon without help.'"

"The first time you really faced your trouble you conquered it," I replied aloud, but continued to enlarge upon the subject up to myself, for I do believe that before we pray, or better, while we pray, we should look our troubles squarely in the face. We shiver and shake and shrink, and sometimes we do not dare to pray about a trouble because it makes us seem so real, not even knowing what we wish the Lord to do about it, when if we would face the trouble and call it by its name one-half of its terror would be gone.

The trouble that lies down with us at night, and confronts us on first waking in the morning, is not the trouble that we have faced, but the trouble whose proportions we do not know. Let us not allow our unmappped trouble to make barren the years of our lives, but face it, and with God's help work out our salvation through it!—Advocate.

The Great Weaver.
Life is a great shuttle. But the pattern grows; the web is wrought. It takes both dark threads and golden to work out God's design. You cannot judge the purpose of the Weaver by the thrust of the shuttle or the weave of one thread, whether it is dark or bright. "All things work together for good to them that love God." We are yet on the loom. The shuttles are not yet empty. Give God time to put this and that, dark threads and bright, together, and complete the purpose of His Providence.

The Law of Growth.
There comes a time when the chestnut burr opens up intuitively and the nut rolls out—there is a time when an apple gets so luscious and ripe it can hang no longer on the tree and falls—there comes a time when the chicken gets too big for its shell and picks its way out and manifests his larger form of life. There comes a time when every justified soul that keeps in harmony with God will walk into the experience of holiness.—T. E. Nelson.



Knee Protectors.
Excellent knee protectors for children may be made of women's stockings that are worn in the feet and of practically no further use. Cut off the upper part of the stocking a piece about eight inches long. Hem the top and bottom and run in elastic bands and you will have a serviceable protector for stockings and drawers.

Always Open.
"There are always two good vacancies which either a man or a woman is fitted to fill. One is the post of hairdresser. The other is the post of coffee maker."

The speaker, an employment agent, went on hurriedly.
"If I had sons or daughters they should all be apprenticed to hair-dressing or to coffee making. He or she who can undulate the hair in the marcel wave, he or she who can make clear and rich and aromatic coffee, may always be sure of a good job at a high salary."
The hairdresser who can put in a fine wave that will last five days is worth 25 a week. The coffee maker who can turn out coffee that is black, rich, clear and shimmering on the surface with an aromatic oil should never be content with less than \$20.—New York Press.

With a Doll's Churn.
Any one who has once acquired a taste for unsalted butter becomes almost pathetic in his desire for more of it. There's no passing off of butter from which the first freshness has passed, made possible when you eat it in its unsalted state, and fresh butter is a delight in itself to epicure and the ordinary mortal blessed with a healthy appetite alike.

Tiny churns—really dolls' affairs—come, in which a leftover bit of cream may be beaten up in a little while into delicious butter; and the butter-milk, although meagre as to quantity, will be very different from the best sort the average city dweller is used to.
Chill the cream first, and keep it chilled while you are working with it, and ply the tiny dasher with a will. When the butter "comes," work the lumps together with a wooden spoon; press to exclude every drop of moisture, and mold into little balls with butter paddles.

The Boarding School Girl's Needs.
A good tailored suit in a plain color or for street wear.

An extra skirt or two to wear with separate waists.
At least half a dozen shirtwaists of wash materials, either cotton or wash flannels.

A pretty afternoon gown of voile or Henrietta cloth in a light color to be worn with a dainty lace trimmed guimpe.

Several pretty little wash frocks for dinner wear. These should be of lawn, India linen or muslin. A house gown of wash silk or some light-weight material is also useful.

If the boarding school is out of town, a heavy sweater and a long heavy coat.

A dress hat, a small toque for every-day wear and a patent leather sailor or three-cornered hat for wear in bad weather.

Two pairs of stout walking boots and a pair of patent leather shoes and slippers for evening wear.

Ribbons, stock and collars in abundance, a dozen and a half plain handkerchiefs and several dainty lace ones for special occasions.

Short flannel petticoats, one long one of silk and one of heavy sateen for wear with everyday frocks.

Half a dozen of each undergarment, half a dozen pairs of black stockings, one pair of black silk, and one of white hosiery or silk for evening wear.—New York Mail.

Don't Force Children.
"Never force a child to eat food it does not want," says a well known children's specialist, "and let it choose the things it likes if they are not known to be injurious, for when a small boy or girl is in a normally healthy condition the appetite should be abnormal, and the dishes it craves the system ordinarily needs, I believe, and for that reason I think a mother should ask a child between the ages of five and seven what food it wants at meals and endeavor to supply the dishes asked for."

"I always lay special stress on the statement, never force a child to eat food it does not want, for I know from my experience that nothing will bring on indigestion quicker than to make a youngster eat a dish it does not care for. Rebellious against the food makes the boy or girl nervous, and nothing so readily disarranges the stomach as excitement, so for the child's own good I think it should never be compelled to take undesirable food-stuffs. Yet I know

many parents with healthy children who decide what is good for them and then place the dishes before the little ones and if they do not eat of them they get nothing, but this course of treatment with a nervously constituted child is injurious and more than apt to bring on chronic indigestion.

"Of course parents must select the dishes to a certain extent. They should make sure that there is plenty of variety in vegetables and fruits, especially during the summer months, when fresh ones are so plentiful. "But aside from there being a sufficient number of dishes to keep the appetite good, I should permit a child to regulate its own diet.—New York Telegram.

The New Colors.

In regard to the fashionable colors for fall and winter, it will be the peculiar tones, rather than the usual ones, that will be the most fashionable. Dark shades are to be favored in striking contrast to the delicate tints which were so much the vogue last autumn. The very new point about the new colors is that they all, more or less, look as though they were seen through a mist or veil. The vivid shades are all subdued. For instance, there is an ashen tinge to the reds. The greens are softer, and the browns are dulled to mode, the blues reflect a gray shadow, and even the grays themselves are deepened. Instead of pure gray, we have taupe, which much resembles mole, and another deep gray known as elephant's breath.

Brown will be extremely fashionable all through the fall and winter, much more so in fact than gray. A shade of brown known as modore, and which has a decided greenish tinge, will be a very exclusive and fashionable shade. The chestnut browns will also be good style, and puce, which is another shade of brown, having a pinkish tinge.

Deep, but a brilliant, blue called pavlov, will be much the vogue, as well as a bronze green. The rose shades that deepen into wine are good, but pink and old rose will not be used as much as in the spring. Dahlia, petunia and orchid purples will still be seen.

The shades under the name of sherry brandy will be extremely fashionable, and as for black it will maintain its position as a leader straight through the season. All-black gowns and hats will be much worn by the women who have a reputation for smart dressing.—Grace Margaret Gould in Woman's Home Companion.

Fashion Notes.

Black-and-white and gray-and-white checks are fashionable for rain coats.

Natural color linen is a very serviceable material for children's school frocks.

Some skirted coats are seen among the fall suits in long hip or three-quarter length.

The long loose coat of mohair is a most convenient and comfortable garment for traveling at all seasons of the year.

With a dainty gown of rose-colored silk and Valenciennes lace, there was worn a Leghorn hat with a very large rose-colored feather.

A practical and becoming automobile leather turban has a leather crown and a leather strap encircling it, threading under straw bands.

Valenciennes is the most used of all laces. Confined once to the lingerie, its vogue has increased until it trims the handsomest toilets.

The bolero suit of tuckered taffeta remains a favorite and is very attractive when trimmed with plain taffeta bands and crocheted rings with spider webs.

The tiny glove handkerchief has given place largely to the sheer handkerchief, which, though of practical size, is so thin that it slips into the palm of a glove.

At a fashionable French wedding the other day, a duchess wore an Empire gown of silk muslin and Valenciennes lace, decorated with black and white striped ribbon.

The many laces composed of several varieties of light and heavy mesh which have appeared during the past season will be used in great quantities on both gowns and wraps for fall.

The skirt fitting closely over the hips and having a group of about 12 tucks at the middle of the back and front has been a well-liked model which bids fair to hold over the autumn season.

Rough pongee is the first favorite among automobile materials. It is light in weight and cleans readily, two very important considerations. Mohair, because it is dust shedding, is also popular. Silver grays and dun browns are popular tones.

HOW THEY MADE THEIR CALL.

Strict Etiquette of Country Lad's Formal Visit.

The call was to be conducted on approved principles laid down in "Hints and Helps," a handbook on etiquette:

Abner began to repeat paragraphs from "Hints and Helps." "It is best to remark," he opened, in an unnatural voice, "how well you are looking! although fulsome compliments should be avoided. When seated, ask the young lady who her favorite composer is."

"What's a composer?" inquired Ross, with visions of soothing syrup in his mind.

"A man who makes up music. Don't butt in that way; you put me all out—composer is. Name yours. Ask her what piece of music she likes best. Name yours. If the lady is musical, here ask her to play or sing."

This chanted recitation seemed to have a hypnotic effect on the freckled boy; his big pupils contracted each time Abner came to the repetend, "name yours."

"I'm tired already," he grumbled; but some spell made him rise and fare further.

When they entered the Claiborne gate, they leaned toward each other like young saplings weakened at the root, and locking branches to keep what shallow foothold on earth remained.

"You're goin' in first," asserted Ross, but without conviction. It was his custom to tear up to this house a dozen times a week on his father's old horse, or afoot; he was wont to yell for Champe as he approached, and quarrel joyously with her while he performed such errand as he had come upon; but he was gagged and hamstrung now by the hypnotism of Abner's scheme.

"Walk quietly up the steps; ring the bell and lay your card on the servant," quoted Abner, who had never heard of a server.

"Lay your card on the servant!" echoed Ross. "Cady'd dodge. There's a porch to cross after you go up the steps—does it say anything about that?"

It says that the card should be placed on the servant," Abner reiterated doggedly. "If Cady dodges, it ain't any business of mine. There are no porches in my book. Just walk across it like anybody. We'll ask for Miss Champe Claiborne."

"We haven't got any cards," discovered Ross, with hope.

"I have," announced Abner, pompously. "I had some struck off in Chicago. I ordered 'em by mail. They got my name Pillow, but there's a scalped gilt border around it. You can write your name on my card. Got a pencil?"

He produced the bit of cardboard; Ross fished up a chewed stump of lead pencil, took it in cold, stiff fingers, and disfigured the square with eccentric scribbles.

"They'll know who it's meant for," he said, apologetically, "because I'm here. What's likely to happen after we get rid of the card?"

"I told you about hanging your hat on the rack and disposing your legs."

"I remember now," sighed Ross. They had been going slower and slower. The angle of inclination toward each other became more and more pronounced.

"We must stand by each other," whispered Abner.

"I will—if I can stand at all," murmured the other boy, huskily.

"Oh, Lord!" they had rounded the big column of evergreens and found Aunt Missouri Claiborne placidly rocking on the front porch! Directed to mount steps and ring bell, to lay cards upon the servant, how should one deal with a rosy faced, plump lady of uncertain years in a rocking chair? What should a caller lay upon her? A lion in the way could not have been more terrifying. Even retreat was cut off. Aunt Missouri had seen them. "Howdy, boys; how are you?" she asked, rocking peacefully. The two stood before her like detected criminals. — Harper's Magazine.

An Important Guest.

When Miss Phoebe Washington returned in her wedding finery to the house where she had reigned as cook for several years, she announced briefly that she had returned "for a while," and seemed disinclined toward explanations until the next evening, when she unburdened her heart to the mistress of the household.

"Nobody needn't ever go to tell me again dat thutteen ain't a terrible unlucky number, Miss Clemmy," she said, gloomily. "I guess I knows now how unlucky 'tis. Dey was thutteen pussons, Miss Clemmy, at my wedding, yest'day, and dat wedding nebbber came off 't all!"

"Why, Phoebe, how strange, how very strange!" and the lady looked most sympathetic. "But whatever happened," she said, conscientiously, "of course you know, Phoebe, the fact of there being thirteen persons at the wedding couldn't have had anything to do with it."

"Deed it did, Miss Clemmy," and Phoebe's face took on its most determined look. "Ain' you understood the feteenth pusson would 'a' been dat trifling Samuel I's expecting to marry?"—Youth's Companion. . . .

Progressing.

Tom—How are you getting on with Miss Slippy?

Dick—Great!

Tom—See much of her?

Dick—No, but I've got her mother and her father and her little brother down pat, and now I'm cultivating the dog. After that, getting her consent ought to be a cinch!



Kitchen Don'ts.

Don't litter up a kitchen any more than you can help while getting a meal. It will take hours to straighten up after the meal is over.

Don't lay a greasy spoon down on the table. It leaves a stain that will take hard work to remove.

Don't crumple up your dish towels, Rinse and hang them in the sun.

Don't pour boiling water over china that is piled in the dishpan. It is apt to crack from sudden contraction and expansion.

Don't try to black a stove while it is hot. It takes more blacking and there is less polish.

Don't use knives for scraping pots and pans if you have any respect for either knives or pans.—The Bee Hive.

Putting Away the Jellies.

Remember to supply yourself with a few cents worth of paraffin wax when getting ready to make your jelly. When the jelly is made and in the glasses, belt in a water bath (a double boiler can be made by setting one vessel containing the wax into another vessel containing boiling water), until it will pour, a sufficient quantity of the wax to pour over the top of each glass an eighth to a quarter inch of the paraffin. This must be put on the jelly after the jelly is "set" and cold and the wax will immediately harden, sealing the jelly effectually away from insects, preventing mould, and preserving it from the air. If you like, you can cover the top with the glass cover, or paste a bit of cloth or paper over it. When the jelly is to be used, simply lift the cake of wax off the top, wash it nicely and drop it into a can for use again. It will last a long time and should be kept perfectly clean.—The Commoner.

Bottling Pickles.

When putting up sauces and relishes for winter use, care should be taken that the bottles and jars are perfectly air-tight, and this fact can not be assured if the corks are simply fitted into the necks and tied down in the usual manner. Corks are more or less porous. The corks should be first dipped into a mixture of one-quarter pound of beef suet and one-half pound of beeswax, melted down over a slow fire, and be dried at the fire afterwards—this process being repeated several times. Then press the cork into the neck of the bottle and dip the heads and rims into a solution of one-eighth ounce of beeswax melted down with one pound of sealing wax and the same quantity of black resin. When making this mixture, it is well to stir it with a long tallow candle, the wax preventing it from sticking to the bottom of the pan. Sauces, relishes, pickles, liniments, etc., bottled in this way will be in good condition to "keep" indefinitely.—The Commoner.

Recipes.

Pineapple Cobbler—Four slices of pineapple cut in dice, one lemon and one orange sliced very thin, eight tablespoonfuls of sugar, one pint of iced water and one cup of shaved ice. Place the fruit in a bowl, strewn with sugar and a little ice, and in ten minutes add the ice water. Stir well and pour into glasses half full of shaved ice; decorate with ripe berries.

Chicken Cutlets—Season pieces of cold chicken or turkey with salt and pepper. Dip in melted butter; let this cool on the meat, and dip in beaten egg and in fine bread crumbs. Fry in butter till a delicate brown. Serve on slices of hot toast, with either a white or curry sauce poured around. Pieces of cold veal make a nice dish, if preferred, in the same manner.

Curried Tomatoes—Green tomatoes curried are one of the late summer possibilities. Cut the aloes into thick slices. Slice half a large onion or a whole small one and cook it until it is a golden brown in two tablespoonfuls of butter. Then add half a teaspoonful of curry powder, put in the tomatoes and fry on both sides, seasoning with salt and pepper, just before removing from the pan.—Evening Sun.

Veal Soup—Into four quarts of water place a three-pound joint of veal, well broken, and put on the fire to boil. In a separate dish, put a quarter of a pound of macaroni, with just water enough to cover it, and boil until tender; then add a little butter. Finally the soup should be strained, seasoned with pepper and salt. Afterward add the macaroni and the water in which it was boiled. It is an improvement to add one pint of cream or rich milk and celery flavor.

Deviled Fricassee—Cut up a chicken. Fry each piece and dip in beaten egg and roll in cracker crumbs. Season with pepper and salt and fry very brown in half butter and half lard. When well browned add 1 cup of hot water, cover and simmer half an hour. Then take out the chicken and put on a platter in a warming oven; have ready a bowl of cooked rice, put it into the frying pan, in which the chicken liquid has simmered; add two tomatoes chopped fine. Toss all to gether lightly with a fork. Pile high in the centre of a platter and lay around it the pieces of fried chicken.