The Scrap Book

Knocked Out In One Course.

A quaint story about a guest who had been invited to sup with Mr. C. H. McCormick, the inventor of the reaper, is told in the book "Cyprus Hall McCormick."

A very dignified and self centered military officer was taking supper with the McCormick family. The first course, as usual, was cornmeal mush and milk. It was served in Scotch fashion, with the hot mush in one bowl and the cold milk in another. The practice was so to co-ordinate the eating of them that both were finished at the same time.

The officer planned his spoonfuls badly and was soon out of milk.

"Have some more milk to finish your mush, colonel," said McCormick. Several minutes later the colonel's mush bowl was empty, at which McCormick said, "Have some more mush to finish your milk." And so it went, with milk for the mush and mush for the milk, until the unfortunate colonel was hopelessly incapacitated for the four or five courses that came afterward.

Faith.

Better trust all and be deceived
And weep that trust and that deceiving
Than doubt one heart that if believed
Had blessed one's life with true believing.

Oh, in this mocking world too fast
The doubting fiend o'ertakes our youth!
Better be cheated to the last
Than lose the blessed hope of truth.
—Frances Anne Kemble.

One of the Lost Ones.

The father of Senator Dolliver of Iowa was a Methodist circuit rider in the early sixties in northern West Virginia.

One Sunday morning he was on his way to preach at one of his several appointments when he met a young fellow trudging along with a mattock on his shoulder. Mr. Dolliver, anxious to do good at any time, stopped his horse and said: "Good morning, my son. Where are you going this fine day with a mattock on your shoulder?"

The young fellow answered: "I am going over here to dig out a fine big groundhog. Where in thunder are you going?"

"I am out looking up some of the lost sheep of Israel," replied the minister.

The young fellow's face lighted up, and he exclaimed, "There's a big buck over here at Uncle Billy's, and I'll bet that's one of them!"—National Monthly.

His Fast Friends.

A teacher in a New England grammar school found the subjoined facts in a composition on Longfellow, the poet, written by a fifteen-year-old girl:

"Henry W. Longfellow was born in Portland, Me., while his parents were traveling in Europe. He had many fast friends, among whom the fastest were Phoebe and Alice Carey."

He Drew the Line.

Old John was a lawyer's confidential clerk, and he had the pernicious habit of going to a neighboring saloon every morning at 11 o'clock and taking a small glass of whisky. He was not proud of this habit; hence after the whisky he always took a clove.

But one morning it happened that there were no cloves on the bar, and John, after having considered the matter, ate a small raw onion from the free lunch tray. That would destroy the telltale whisky odor, no doubt, as well as the clove had always done, and, so thinking, he returned to his desk.

It was a double desk. At it he and his employer sat face to face. John on his return was soon aware that his employer noticed something. The man's nostrils quivered, he sniffed, and finally, with a grimace of disgust, he broke out:

"Look here, John; I've stood whisky and clove for nineteen years, but I draw the line at whisky and onions!"

Her Bargain.

A man who was detained at the house for a part of the day handed his wife, who was going downtown, a quarter of a dollar and requested her to get him three cigars for it. When she returned she handed him the package, remarking exultantly:

"That shows that women can beat men all hollow when it comes to making purchases. I found a place where I could get eight for a quarter instead of three. Isn't that going some?"

And the poor man, as he took his medicine, merely remarked:

"It certainly is, dear."—Oil City Blizzard.

Dessert Was Expensive.

A business man asked a young woman of his acquaintance to lunch in a department store lunch room. Pulling out his watch in the middle of the meal, he suddenly remembered that he had an important engagement and had only a few minutes to catch a train.

"Order what you want for dessert," he told the young woman as he handed her a ten dollar bill, "and you can give me the change when I see you this evening."

He kept his appointment, and in the evening the young woman handed him an envelope. "Here's your change," she said. He placed the letter in his pocket and didn't open it until the next morning, and as he did so 85 cents dropped out.

He is still wondering what the young woman had for dessert.—Philadelphia Times.

Saturday Night Talks

By Rev. F. E. DAVISON
Rutland, Vt.

THE KING DESCRIBING COUNTERFEITS.

International Bible Lesson for June 25, '10—(Matt. 13: 24-30, 36-43).

Among things that look alike there is often a great difference. Many a person has planted seed purporting to be one thing and the crop was quite another. Going by a field of oats, it is impossible for one who is not a botanist to distinguish wild oats from tame ones. There are wolves in sheep's clothing. Paint and putty cover a multitude of sins.

In the Orient when a man was particularly Satanic he would go out by night and sow tares in his neighbor's field. The tares grew with the wheat, looked like the wheat, could not be distinguished from the wheat. They both grew together until the harvest, and then the farmer discovered the worthless darnel. Instead of good wheat he got a narcotic and an emetic, the grain so inextricably mingled that separation was difficult, if not impossible.

Deception Everywhere.

The world is full of counterfeits. To such an extent has deception and adulteration spread that it is very difficult to tell the genuine from the spurious, and we pay for one thing and get another. So universal is the practice that we take it for granted that in every bargain we shall be cheated. This custom touches the food we eat, and the liquid we drink, and the clothes we wear. To go just as far as possible and escape detection seems to be the rule of conduct. Old fashioned honesty is out of date, and to hoodwink and deceive the public is the thing.

Labels on goods no longer mean anything. Watches labeled Geneva, Switzerland, manufactured in Massachusetts. Wine stamped Maderia, bottled in California. Sardines purporting to come from France, packed on the coast of Maine with fish of an altogether different species. Articles of rare value "made in Germany" that never were outside of this country. Pure Vermont maple syrup in which there is not an ingredient that came from Vermont, or from a maple tree. Coffee warranted pure and wholesome, composed of every ingredient except the coffee berry. Shoes whose fictitious soles are pasteboard, sandwiched between thin leather. Cassia bark sold for cinnamon, brick dust sold for cayenne pepper, prussian blue mixed with tea leaves, plaster of Paris and chalk adulterating the flour, sand mingled with the sugar, water pumped into the milk.

Adulteration Universal.

So widespread is the custom of adulteration and counterfeiting that the wonder is there is a healthy person in America. Only those who are in the secret know what they put into the spices, into the sugar, into the butter, into the canned goods. Every now and then a whole family is slain by the fiend of the dinner table, served up in the soup, or the roast, or the dessert. Chemical analysis and the microscope reveal the poison after it is too late. In England it has become necessary to pass a law forbidding the putting of alum in bread. The public authorities examined 51 packages of bread and found them all guilty. Physicians writing prescriptions that mean health, are always under the liability of prescribing death, through the weakness of one important element and the full force of another, the remedy producing just the opposite effect. The idea seems to be to get a cheaper material that will look like the genuine, smell like the genuine, taste like the genuine, cannot be distinguished from the genuine, no matter what effect upon the patient.

Shoddy in all kinds of clothing. Chromos for oil paintings. Diamonds for $1.50. Spavined horses by skilled jockeys made to look spry. The biggest apples on the top of the barrel. It is a universal rule, adulteration, deceit, fraud, hypocrisy over the warehouse, the store, the barn, the field, the orchard. The Congress of the United States is wrestling with the problem of pure food and is overwhelmed with the seeming impossibility of framing a law that will hit all the rascals.

Differences in Men.

When Christ told the story of the wheat and the tares, He meant to point out the difference in men. There are men who are wheat and there are men who are tares, and it is often impossible to distinguish the difference; to all outward appearance they are alike. They grow together, are born, educated, do business, engage in politics, unite in society, belong to the same church, live in the same community, die and are buried side by side.

The difference is not in birth, creeds and churches are no absolutely certain criterion, what their neighbors think of them does not always settle it. Christ intimated that only the angels could tell them apart, when He said they must grow together until the harvest and the harvest is the end of the age.

Yet there is a vast difference, and it is a real difference now. Wheat men are genuine grain, tares men are spurious. False labels do not affect the quality. Wheat will stand the test, however severe and at whatever time it is applied. While sooner or later that which is essentially a counterfeit will be discovered.

For the Children

A Busy English Boy and His Motorcar.

The little boy running the motor lives in England. He is the Hon. Maynard Greville, son of the Countess of Warwick. Besides getting his lessons, having a good time at sports and running motorcars, he has been a page at 100 society weddings.

The Secretary.

This is a variation of the old game of "consequences," but it is more personal and therefore more interesting.

The players may be seated around a table, provided with pencils and paper and directed by the leader, or secretary, as he is called, each one to write his or her own name at the top of the sheet and fold it over so as to conceal it.

The secretary then collects the papers and redistributes them, with the order to "write a character." The players set to work to write a description of an imaginary character, good or bad, or they may take any one of their companions as a model. The more extravagant the details the more fun.

Again the papers are taken up and distributed, all being changed around, and the writers are told to describe the past life of the unknown person whose name is hidden at the top of the page. Then follows the order to describe the person's present, future, fate or fortune or any particulars the secretary may think to ask for. At last the papers are collected and read aloud, and great is the amusement as each one present is described.

Name Characteristics.

This game will please those who like to tax their wits and who enjoy a problem, especially when competition furnishes a spur. It consists in writing a descriptive account of well known persons, authors or others, using only words beginning with the letters composing their names and using these letters in the order in which they come in the names.

An example is given:

W-hose i-mmortal l-ines l-ive i-n a-ll m-emories. S-overeign h-onor a-bove k-ingly e-state. S-hakespeare's p-oetry e-nchants a-ll r-eaders e-verywhere.

It would be even more amusing to take the names of some of the company present. A name might be secretly allotted to each player.

Guessing Game.

In preparation for this cover four spaces on the walls of the room with pictures representing (1) famous men and women in history or times past, (2) famous buildings, (3) authors of today and (4) well known men and women of the present time.

Cards, with pencil attached, should be given to each player. Every picture is numbered, and opposite the corresponding number on the card the name of the person or building represented is written.

The person correctly guessing the largest number is the winner. Prizes may be given.

About Cats.

We all know the story of Dick Whittington's cat and the fortune which it brought to its master. It was valuable because it was the only cat in the country to which Dick carried it.

Our domestic cat is the descendant of a very ancient family, which was held sacred in ancient Egypt as far back as 1300 B. C. It is even said that our word "puss" comes from an Egyptian name for the cat. If, therefore, ancient lineage counts for anything, pussy is certainly entitled to respect.

Why the Sun Sets.

Little Jack asked his mother one night why the sun set so often. She told him so that it might rise in the morning. This seemed a useless reason, and Jack hunted for another. At last he said:

"Oh, I know, mother. The sun sets so that she can hatch all the days."

International Salutations.

The British and the French have always had the greatest contempt for each other, and this contempt has even gone into proverbs. An Englishman speaks of "taking French leave" and a Frenchman "going away in the English fashion."

Conundrums.

Why are house builders like novelists? Both construct stories.

When is a wheel like a fly? When it is a flywheel.

What ships are more common on land than on water? Court-ships.

Two Cats and a Dog.

Two cattails started in to fight
One pleasant summer day.
A sun dog jumped down from the sky
And scared them both away.

Short Sermons FOR A Sunday Half-Hour

Theme:

THE MODEL LIFE.

+ + +

BY FREDERICK H. KNUBEL

+ + +

Text—As he is, so are we in this world.—I. John, iv., 17.

+ + +

"The simple life" held attention only a while. "The strenuous life" wearies all. But the life of Jesus never varies from its place in men's thoughts. It is the copy, the model life, of the world. It has that message at least for all. The details and manner of human life change with country and century, but the principles of that one life are recognized as those of the highest human life everywhere and in all ages. The "imitation of Christ" is man's struggle for perfection—to be in fullest sense "as He is, in this world."

There is, however, an unnoticed wonderful method of using His life as a model. It will startle, when rightly recognized, though simple and practical. It is merely to take his utterances concerning His own life and to study if I can honestly say them of mine. This must be possible if His life principles are guides for me. His conceptions of His life must in some degree be possible for us with ours, else He was not truly a man, and the whole idea that we may at all imitate Him is false.

He justifies such use of His words. For instance, He said of Himself, "I am the light of the world." Some of us may also boldly say it of ourselves, for He tells us, "Ye are the light of the world." Let us try the method on other statements of His and find its stimulus and attractiveness.

He spoke of the limits of His life, saying at one extreme, "Before Abraham was, I am;" at the other, "I am with you unto the end of the world." Can our lives have a reach like that? Yes. Somebody has said a man's biography begins a thousand years before he is born. It goes further back than that. Unless we see our personal beginnings hidden back in the purposes and plans of God from eternity, and reaching forward with results far into the future—unless this, instead of being bounded within a few miserable years, we are grovelling in the dust as we live.

As to the cause of His life, He said God so loved the world as to give Him. "The living Father hath sent me." I, too, think unworthily of my life until I conceive that same love as sending me, until I realize there is a thought of God toward men wrapped up in me.

Life's purpose.—Jesus said: "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." Dare I say that? The truest lives are always those which, when touched, make men feel God—those whose good works lead us to glorify the Father.

Life's Method.—Jesus: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Similarly, our ideal intention must be that men shall not through us find trouble, worry, annoyance, deceit, loss—but rest. Every true life must be a helpful lift, an invitation to others to rest.

Life's Possessions.—Jesus: "All things that the Father hath are mine." The same wealth is theirs who are heirs of God. "All things are yours." "All things work together for good to those who love God." The universe runs for their sakes.

These are but samples of the method. Definitely realized, each one exalts mightily. The records of that model human life, thus searched, throb with new, practical meaning for us. We see anew its own towering height, its deep foundations, its wide inclusions. Yes, more! The effort to transfer His statements to our own lips, successfully possible though it often is, will finally realize that in much He lived, after all, "a separated life"—that there is uniqueness to which none other can attain. Thus it is when He says, for instance, "Without me ye can do nothing," or "I am the way, the truth, the life." There is nothing in us to repeat such statements as to ourselves. One soon recognizes that by His own words, though He be truly a model, yet He claims to be for us something beyond and before that.

Preparing for Heaven.

If we love pure things we shall grow pure. If we love heavenly things we shall become heavenly minded. If we love the Bible its words will sink into our hearts and run through all our life, and make us like the things the words mean or describe. If we love the Father's house in this world we shall be prepared for the Father's house in the other world. Many people, however, who want to go to heaven when they die, show very little affection for heavenly things in this life. The puzzling question is, how they will enjoy heaven in all its purity, when they cannot enjoy heavenly communion and service here on earth?

I do believe the common man's work is the hardest. The hero has the hero's aspiration that lifts him to his labor. All great duties are easier than the little ones, though they cost far more blood and agony.—Brooks.

Do good to them that hate you and you will soon have them hating themselves.

Saving the Oil.

"In Cairo," said a journalist, "I heard a queer yarn about the fellahin. The fellahin are the native ruralists. They are very poor. Well, when the British built the Egyptian state railway the officials were astounded at the enormous quantities of train oil that disappeared. They knew that all this oil couldn't be used for lubricating purposes, so they made an investigation and found that it had become the staple food of the poor fellahin. The railroad detectives reported that the fellahin all over Egypt were using the Egyptian state railway's train oil as their chief support. They buttered their bread with train oil. They fried their fish in train oil. They made a kind of suet pudding with train oil as a base. They drank train oil heated as a flesh producer or builder up. So the railway officials mixed castor oil with the stuff, and the fellahin after a year's torturing and vain effort to acclimate their systems to the mixture decided to give train oil up."

The Giant Bible.

There is in the Royal library at Stockholm among other curiosities a manuscript work known as the giant Bible on account of its extraordinary dimensions. It measures 90 centimeters in length and is 50 centimeters in breadth—that is, about 35 by 19 inches. It requires three men to lift it. There are 309 pages, but seven have been lost. The parchment of which the book is composed required the skins of 160 asses. There are two columns on each page, and the book contains the Old and New Testaments, with extracts from Josephus. The initial letters are illuminated. The binding is of oak, four and one-half centimeters in thickness. The book narrowly escaped destruction in the fire in the royal palace of Stockholm in 1697. It was saved, but somewhat damaged, by being thrown out of a window.—London Globe.

Under the Spell.

Dashaway—A few short hours ago I was sitting with a girl, telling her she was the only one in all the world I ever loved, and so forth.

Cleverton—And she believed you, didn't she?

"How could she help it? Why, I believed it myself."—Life

Without Trimmings.

Payne, an examiner at Cambridge university, whose questions were always of a peculiarly exasperating nature, once asked a student at a special examination to "give a definition of happiness."

"An exemption from Payne," was the reply.

Setting Her Right.

Mistress—So you want to leave, Mary? With what motive are you leaving? Cook—It ain't a motive, mum; it's a policeman.—Boston Courier

MAN'S DEBT TO THE HORSE.

A Docile, Willing, and Useful Servant for Ages.

Of all dumb brutes the horse is the one which most deserves the gratitude of man. It has been his docile and willing servant for ages. It has helped him to conquer the reluctant earth. It has eased and aided him in the dull business of getting a living. It has played a greater part in human progress than many a race of men.

Until man had made the horse his servitor and ally, the thing that we now know as civilization was out of his reach. The mere labor of getting his daily bread consumed all of his energies. But when the first plowhorse threw its weight forward a new era dawned for humanity. Thereafter man began to have leisure to plan and dream. Life became to him less a matter of muscle and more a matter of mind. It was then that progress really began.

The horse appeals very little to the theatrical sense. It is a silent, patient, undemonstrative beast, with little of the humanlike emotionalism of the dog. It does not dash into raging torrents to save its master's life; it is not a destroyer of burglars and kidnappers; it does not cuddle down on hearth rugs. One rarely loves a horse, perhaps, as one sometimes loves a dog. But in those drab but invaluable virtues which distinguish the honest friend and true comrade, willing to take his share of labor in the heat of the day, the horse is without a peer.

The day of the horse, say the prophets, is well nigh done. In another generation or two he will give way to soulless machines. We two-legged mortals will eat him, perhaps, or watch him race around a track, but we will no longer need him in our endless battle with the pitless earth. So be it! Let him go—but let us not forget him. Time was when there were no devil wagons or gasoline engines, no locomotive or steam thrashers, and in that time man and the horse, laboring valiantly side by side, conquered continents and made the waste places bloom.

Advertising a Dog's Cemetery.

For several years Parisians and English visitors to Paris have made pious pilgrimages to the Dogs' Cemetery on the Ile des Ravageurs, just outside the city. There they have read with emotion such inscriptions as "A mon toutou adore," "A mon malou cheri" and many others of a similar kind. But it now transpires that these tender tributes were the invention of some enterprising stonecarver who, when the graveyard was opened, in 1899, was given a monopoly for the tombstones to be erected over the graves of canine favorites. In order to attract others he erected fifty stones in various parts of the cemetery and engraved apocryphal inscriptions on them.