

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

FAMOUS LEADER'S UNKNOWN ADVISER.

By William T. Ellis.
The International Sunday School Lesson for Feb. 9, is "Jethro's Counsel,"—Exodus 18:1-27.

Colonel House is a modern Jethro; or rather-in-law Jethro is an ancient Colonel House, as you please. Both are known only as wise counsellors of great leaders fronting an emergency. Jethro has his place among the immortals because he helped shape history's first democracy. He was only a shepherd from the desert wastes of the Sinai Peninsula. But he was wise in the fundamentals of life; and he was courageous in speaking frankly to the friend who was also his son-in-law. That is how he came to make his impression upon the plastic nation which pioneered the democratic method of government. He helped transform a vagrant horde of newly-freed slaves into that great Theocracy which has been the source of all democracies since.

Friend Jethro comes opportunely on the scene today, for all the civilization engrossed in the huge task of reorganization. We have defeated Pharaoh, crossed our Red Sea and are now busy, with quite Israelish mutterings and complainings and criticism, in finding ourselves for the new life of world society which lies ahead of us. There is considerable analogy between the condition of the Jews just out of Egypt and that of the world today, freed from autocracy and its ancient perils, and keen for the establishment of a fairer, freer form of human organization. What is done now needs to be well done, for what is plastic today will be solidified tomorrow. This is the hour for shaping destiny.

Democracy in the Making.
That was a great period for a then undreamed of world when the Hebrew refugees were being consolidated into a nation. They were safely across the Red Sea, Pharaoh and his hosts had been defeated. Victory had been achieved over now-forgotten local enemies. Moses had come to be accepted and criticized as a leader. Things were taking shape for the exiles.

One day there came upon the scene the wife and two sons of Jethro, the law of Moses. That was a glad reunion for the lonely man who had sacrificed home ties for the sake of his people. We seldom give thought to the price that men pay for public service; their long absences from dear ones, their deprivation of home joys, their overtaxing engrossment in the cause to which they have dedicated themselves. At the spectacle of his joy, let us pause for a moment to be sorry for Moses the leader, that he missed the quiet delights of family life, which he had known when a meditative shepherd amid the hills of Sinai.

Wise old Jethro, a ripe saint, with the maturity of understanding which books cannot give, at once perceived, as he watched the weary throngs waiting to take counsel with Moses, that his son-in-law had not gained his task well. He was attempting to do too much alone, to the hurt of both himself and the people. This desert philosopher knew that it is better to set ten men at work than to do ten men's work. The new nation was beginning wrong; the hour was one for co-operation in the common tasks by distributing them widely among all the efficient. Jethro was for the democratic method; Moses, step unconsciously, was setting out in the autocratic way.

The Strong Man's Weakness.
Every man who has confidence in himself, is likely to fall into the Moses blunder. We see it all about us. Recently I was in the office of the head of an important department of a national business organization. His position and authority are such that I expected him to be secluded

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in high state in an inner office. Instead, even the office boys, and every casual caller, could distract him, and two stenographers and an assistant sitting beside his overworked desk while he answered telephone calls about questions large and small. The man is doing work that belongs to his clerks. He is not big enough to let go. Nobody can be greatly efficient whose mind and time and desk are so cluttered up as his. As I came home on the train that day, the incident was recalled by the words of a friend, now himself a successful business man, who said, "When I was first given an executive position my employer said to me, 'If you allow yourself to get too busy to have time for thinking things over, you are not the man for this place.'"

That same Jethro-type of message had come to me two days before, from a famous publicist, who declared, concerning a national religious organization with which he was connected, "Frankly, I don't know what is going to happen. We are headed for the rocks. Blank is running the show. Five head of the organization—simply cannot or will not distribute responsibility. He tries to do everything himself, and inevitably things do get done, but things, essential things, the prime work for which we stand responsible. He is a good man and a great man, but he is headed toward a colossal failure unless he learns to share his tasks with others, trusting them as fully as they trust him. So we see Moses has plenty of modern company in his big blunder of failing to consult and co-operate with others, and of trying to do everything himself. There is many a pastor and Sunday school superintendent who comes within the scope of Jethro's indictment. Real success, it has been said, consists in making one's self unnecessary. Moses, though the center of all interest and expectancy, was on the highroad to failure.

The Use of the Critics.
If writers and speakers and public men were required to be wholly candid, they could not tell the truth. Frank, interested, helpful criticism of their families and friends, of the society in which they live, of the country they live in, is a necessary part of life. Especially in his own home circle, most men have their wives to thank for the corrective and stimulating effect of spoken opinions. The world little knows what is owed to those unknown Jethros, with their restraining and inspiring influence. There was one man's explanation of his success. The obscure helpmate of the eminent, faithful and fearless in criticism and encouragement, able to see both sides, loving their friends too sincerely to become batters and open-eyed to the highest possibilities, have ever been among the assets of progress, whose place heaven alone can reveal.

Moses might have got lucky, over his father-in-law's outspoken advice. It might have reminded him that, after all, he was only a desert shepherd, whereas Moses was a palace-trained statesman. That is how a petty spirit would have replied to the counsel that he organize his work better. Moses, however, was big. He knew the value of the fresh view. Jethro had clear vision, used to seeing straight and far, and able to distinguish between a mirage and a landscape. The leader of Israel was impatient with petty criticism, but grateful for helpful suggestion. "My friends tell me what I may be; my enemies tell me what I ought to be."

Big Talents For Little Tasks.
Somebody has said that the true genius of success is the ability not to waste five dollar talents on a two-cent job. Moses was giving statesman qualities to village magistrates' tasks. It was as if the Supreme Court were to try police cases. A famous king is pilloried in history because he was busy about watchmaking when he should have been ruling his realm.

True, everybody needs a measure of drudgery, especially in the apprentice time. "It is good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth," said Solomon. We may well be sorry for the person who has never learned the discipline of exacting labor. Moses had been through that mill. For forty years he had toiled as a shepherd; burned by the sun at mid-day, and chilled by the mountain winds as he watched his flocks by night. He had known hunger and thirst and danger. Petty routine had filled his days. Now, in place of highest authority, he was ready to endure the grind of laborious activity again.

He was saved from that blunder by the wise words of Jethro, who bade him reserve his talents for their highest use. As good a test as any of the successful man is whether he is employing his best abilities in the largest way possible. Quality of work is really what the world asks of us. To be high-grade in achievement is nobler than to be either high-priced or high-placed. Life when lived to the full must be expressed in terms of its largest values.

This lesson from the long ago is the newly-interesting land of Sinai is really a message upon what constitutes success. It is a summons to the ever greater and growing and daring task. It matters little what one is, unless he is all that he has the capacity to become. Moses took an advance step when he heeded the sagacious counsel of Jethro.

The Best for the Highest.
Every city dweller knows preachers who are busy and noisy as fire-works; who seem always within sight and sound; who have all the bustle and go of the commercial traveller; whose ambition is to "get there"; who adopt every latest notion, card indexes and follow-up methods and dictating machines, and telephones and window signs and publicity departments; and who nevertheless, are not worth hearing four Sundays in succession. They have no time for great books, or for quiet hours of devotion, alone and open-minded to God. Meditation is an unknown or a lost art to them. They are "too busy" to succeed in their first office. For the world is in no such straits for lack of efficient executives and energetic managers and salesmen, as it is for prophets, who will interpret the Godward side of men and the manward side of God.

Inclusively, Jethro penetrated to the core of Moses' cumbered situation when he counselled, "The thou for the people to Godward." Instead of setting petty disagreements and answering trivial questions, take up your real work, the high and holy office of priest and prophet. Then, as now, the people needed most leaders who were specialists on the Godward side. Power-plants are more important than mere machinery. God's chosen should

be strong at the source of things. Whatever keeps us from intimacy with the Divine, and from the exercise of our most sacred possibilities, is wrong for us; however good it may be in itself.

Weighing my words, I do not hesitate to declare, as I look around upon the new era calling for organization and team work and public spirit, that the one need of our time, surpassing all others, is the need for men who shall be, in Jethro's quaint phrase, "for the people to Godward." The call that sounds above every other call is for spiritual interpreters and intercessors; for men and women who will help our questing generation to find God; and who can tenderly reveal the will of God to all the heart-hungry of earth.

"O Lord I pray,
That for this day
I may not swerve
By foot or hand
From Thy command,
Not to be served, but to serve.
"This too, I pray,
That for this day
No love of ease
Nor pride prevent
My good intent
Not to be pleased, but to please.
"And, if I may,
I'd have this day
Strength from above
To set my heart
In heavenly things
Not to be loved, but to love."

SEVEN SENTENCE SERMONS.

The reward of a thing well done is to have it done.—Emerson.

The glory of life is to love, not to be loved; to give, not to get; to serve, not to be served.—Hugh Black.

We would have misery cease
Yet will not cease from sin.
—Matthew Arnold.

Set it down to thyself, as well to create good precedents, as to follow them.—Francis Bacon.

There is one body, and one Spirit, even as also ye were called in one hope of your calling; one God and Father of all who is over all, and through all, and in all.—Eph. 4:4, 5, 6.

Live, there are many roads
Needing thy care;
Pray, there is one at hand
Helping thy prayer;
Fight for the love of God,
Not for renown;
Not in thine own
Strive, but in His great strength.
—Cowen.

Give me an ideal which will stand the strain of weaving into human stuff on the loom of the real.—Henry Van Dyke.

THE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL DETEKTATIVE'S LATEST ADVENTURES

(Continued from Page 10.)
spoke of red pepper, back to where I hit the rock; back to the blue steamer to Minneapolis. I slouched around Minneapolis until I found a tobacco store where they knew a young man that used to mix red pepper in his tobacco. I found out that his name was Jones—Henry J. Jones. I asked if there was any way they could remember him, and the man said: "If I was to say my mind, I'd say you was Henry J. Jones, grew a little older; but there's no way of telling—Henry J. Jones has a wreath of forget-me-nots tattooed on his left wrist. I pulled up my cuff and there it was. I was right, and I was the murderer, and I was the detective after the murderer. I fled—died all over Europe, Asia and Africa and wherever I went I was after myself, ready to arrest me."

Chi Foxy paused and glanced at P. Gubb questioning. Gubb was dumb. Such strange happenings are in almost every detective story. "So now arrest me," said Chi Foxy. "I'd like to, but I favor you by so doing." Mr. Jones, said Gubb, "for I can't arrest you, but it's against instructions in Lesson Six to arrest a man without a good clue, and the only clue you had was blown away."

For a moment this seemed to annoy Chi Foxy, but his face brightened. "Clue?" he said. "Say, friend, I've got a clue that'll mean something. I can tell you right where I buried the old miser's bones. I can. You go to the river until you come to a tool-house on the railway, and just back of it is an old, unpeeped house. Right in that yard, close to the railway fence, the bones are buried. Now turn me over to the law and you go up there."

"We'd best go up there immediately."

Why Can't I Get To Sleep?

Thousands of people all over the country ask this question, but still continue to toss night after night on a sleepless bed, and it is impossible for them to get a full night's refreshing sleep.

Some constitutional disturbance, worry or disease has so debilitated and irritated the nervous system that it cannot be quieted except by the perilsous use of opiates or narcotics. Or, again, you have heart palpitation, and sensation of sinking, a feeling you are going to die, or perhaps you wake up in your sleep feeling as though you were about to choke or smother, and the only way you can get relief is to sit up.

To all who suffer in this way Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills offer an inestimable boon. They bring back the much-needed night's rest by improving the tone of the nerves, strengthening the heart, enabling the system and making the whole organization act in harmony—then you sleep as peacefully as a child.

Mrs. Jas. Latimer, 39 Leicester street, St. John, N. B., writes: "At night I could not sleep. I had to sit up in bed, my heart beat so fast, and when I walked up stairs I would get all out of breath. A friend recommended Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and after using two boxes, I can sleep all night and am not out of breath after waking."

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first before anything else," said Gubb, starting to remove his paperhanger's apron. "Putting off clues is against Lesson One. If you come with me—"

"Look here," said Chi Foxy, "will you buy me a breakfast on the way up if I go with you?"

"Quite certainly sure," said P. Gubb. After the pair had stopped at Hank's restaurant and Chi Foxy ate a hearty meal, Chi led Gubb to the tool-house and pointed out the wire fence to the spot where the bones of the murdered miser were supposed to repose. "Right there!" he said. And when P. Gubb had climbed the fence and walked to the weather-beaten house and knocked. A lanky, loose-jointed man came to the door, and a woman peered from behind the man.

"I hope you'll pardon my excuse," said Mr. Gubb, "but I'm looking for a case. May I trouble you for a spare or shov-el?"

"What you want with it?" asked the man, gruffly.

"I'm looking up the murder of a miser that was murdered," said Mr. Gubb. The man seemed relieved, and handed Gubb a spade on which there were still traces of soft soil. Gubb walked to the rear of the tool-house and jammed the spade into the soft soil. It struck something hard. The evidence of the crime was completely uncovered. There were bones buried there. Gubb looked up and wiped his brow. Then he looked at the bones. It was indeed a skull, but it was the skull of a calf! All the bones were calf bones—not bones of the human calf, or lower leg, but bones of the veal calf. The lanky man was ap-proaching.

"All right," said he. "I give up. You've got me; I surrender. When a detective gets that close to a case, hasn't any chance. I own up. I did it."

"You did what?"

"Now, quit!" said the lanky man. "No use rubbing it in after I've owned up. I'm the man that stole Hopper's calf. I give up."

"I'm much obliged to you," said Gubb.

"Well, I ain't obliged to you," said the lanky man. "But I wish you'd tell me how you found out I was the calf thief."

Mr. Gubb smiled an inscrutable smile.

"A detective don't spend time and money being told a case. He does Complete Lessons in Detecting without acquiring dexterity in the way of capturing up the criminal classes," said Philo Gubb, with oracular yet modest simplicity.

CONSERVATION OF HEALTH AN IMPORTANT DUTY

CARE IN DIET SAVES BOTH FOOD AND HEALTH

The Use of a Tonic To Keep the Blood Built Up and the Nerves From Being Under-nourished Strongly Recommended at This Season.

Nature is always fighting to keep us well. Under normal conditions the forces of health within our bodies keep the disease germs in subjection. They are not expelled entirely, but they are kept harmless. Some indiscretion in diet and the digestion is upset; overwork and worry disturbs the nervous system, the blood gets thin and watery and the ever-present disease germs assert themselves. The blood fights the body's battles, but the blood can only keep you healthy when it is rich, red and pure. That is why it is of the greatest importance that thin-blooded people, people with pale faces, or those troubled with skin blemishes, or indigestion, or rheumatism, or any of the many ailments due to poor blood, should fortify themselves with a safe and effective tonic like Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills purify and strengthen the blood and bring good health and efficiency to weak, ailing men, women and children.

Pale and Weak.
The blood is responsible for the health of the body. If it is bad disease is bound to appear. One person may be seized with rheumatism and sciatica, another with anaemia, indigestion, heart palpitation, headaches or backaches, or unstrung nerves. There is just one certain, speedy cure—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They make new, rich blood, and this good blood strengthens the whole system and brings good health and happiness. Miss Devina Laliberti, St. Jerome, Que., says: "Last year I seemed gradually to grow weak and run down. I did not sleep well, had a poor appetite, and grew pale and generally languid. I consulted a doctor who told me I was anaemic, and gave me a tonic. This I took faithfully for some time, but it did not help me, and I appeared to be growing worse, and finally I was hardly able to get about the house and almost wholly incapacitated for work. While in this condition a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I got several boxes. It was not long after I began their use when I could see an improvement, which first manifested itself in an improved appetite and better rest at night. From this on the improvement was rapid and I was not long in regaining perfect health. I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a real blessing for all weak girls."

Nervous Breakdown.
Nourish your nerves—that is the only way you can overcome life's worst misery—nervous exhaustion. The fits of depression and irritation, the prostrating headaches, the weakness and trembling of the legs, the unsteady hand and the imperfect digestion that mark the victim of nerve weakness, must end in nervous breakdown if neglected. Your nerves are crying out for pure blood and the mission of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is to make new, rich blood. This explains why these pills have proved successful in so many cases of nervous disease that did not yield to ordinary treatment. For example, Mr. Wilfrid Donald, West Flamboro, Ont., says: "Before I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I was in a very serious condition. I was not only badly run down, but my nerves seemed to be completely shattered. I slept badly at night, and when I got up in the morning was as tired as when I went to bed. I seemed to be on the verge of a nervous breakdown. At so. After taking them some time I continued to take them steadily for several months, until I found that I was completely cured. While taking the pills I gained both in strength and weight, and I feel it impossible to praise Dr. Williams' Pink Pills too highly."

Indigestion Cured.
Thin, pale people who complain of indigestion must improve the condition of their blood to find relief. The most active blood builder in existence is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They make the rich, red blood which quickly restores the digestive organs to their proper activity, and the dyspeptic who has hated the sight and smell of food now looks forward to meal time with pleasure. Miss Edith M. Smith, R. R. No. 4, Perth, Ont., says: "I can honestly say I owe my present good health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. My stomach was terribly weak and I suffered from indigestion and sick headache. I was always very nervous. I was troubled this way for nearly three years, and in that time took a great deal of doctors' medicine, which, however, did not help me. I could not eat anything without experiencing the most agonizing pain. My sick headaches were most violent and I could not rest night or day. I was asked one day by a friend to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and consented to do so. After taking them some time I found they were helping me, and I continued to take them steadily for several months, until I found that I was completely cured. While taking the pills I gained both in strength and weight, and I feel it impossible to praise Dr. Williams' Pink Pills too highly."

Do not be persuaded to take a substitute. See that the full trade mark name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is printed on the wrapper around the box. If you cannot get these Pills through your dealer they will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

What Union Labor Will Demand at Peace Table

The man with the hoe has broken the silence of the centuries. Almost every dispatch from Paris emphasizes the fact that the most potent voice in the reconstruction of the world after the great war is that of labor. It is speaking at the peace table itself. The laboring forces of almost every country are making demands. What every American, be he employer or employee, desires to know is what American labor is making and should make at the conference.

To answer this question, THE LITERARY DIGEST has asked the editors of journals voicing various phases of labor opinion in this country to give it their opinions, and the result is published in this week's LITERARY DIGEST, dated February 8th, together with the demands of English, French, Belgian, and other labor leaders. These spokesmen for organized labor have very clear ideas as to what ought to be done in Paris and Bern, and there is no doubt that this highly informative article will be widely read and discuss.

Other articles in this exceptionally interesting number of THE DIGEST are:

Irish and English Views on the Sinn Fein Republic

A Summary of Opinion as Gathered from Leading British and Irish Newspapers.

- The Peace League Launched
- To Halt Immigration
- "Wilson Diplomacy" and the Bolsheviki
- Efficiency and Horse Sense
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