

ing. For victors in shining armor the modern world has no place. It will not worship them, it will not obey them. It will not respect those who either worship or obey. It finds no men good enough to rule over other men against their will.

"A great nation which its own people do not control, is a nation without a government. It is a derelict on the international sea. It is a danger to its neighbors, a greater danger to itself. Of all the many issues good or bad which may come from this war, none is more important than this: that the German people should take possession of Germany."—David Starr Jordan.

After eleven years' of experimenting, Mr. A. G. Howard, a "telephone man," of Nebraska, has succeeded in perfecting an invention which is bound to become popular among all users of party telephone lines, which are especially common in the rural districts. By it all telephone-eavesdropping can be successfully prevented, as when the device is affixed to any telephone it immediately sounds warning when a third party breaks in on the line, and, more than that, at once makes plain the identity of the encroacher. "One of the questions most frequently asked of me by new subscribers," says Mr. Howard (in October Technical World Magazine, Chicago) "is this: 'Does everyone on the line have an opportunity to hear what I say when I am talking to another?' I am forced to acknowledge that such is the case. One farmer's wife asked me that question eleven years ago. When I replied, she asked if there was not in existence a telephone that would give private service on a party line. When I told her that I had never heard of such an instrument, she said some bright telephone man had better get busy and invent one; it would make his fortune. I took the tip, got busy, and believe I have solved the problem. Mr. Howard's invention has been successfully tried out on several party lines.

Of the minor horrors of war, outside the battle-field, not the lightest are being suffered by the English drill sergeants, according to the same Philadelphia paper. Hawkins, Smithers, and Scrooge have long answered blithely enough to British roll-calls, but now a new sort of Tommy is in the field—a "Thomas," whose aristocratic name, for example, of Cholmondley does not sound familiar to his ears when pronounced in common-sense, drill-sergeant style. As the story goes:

A sergeant calling the roll for a com-

pany of the new "sportsmen" battalion for the first time had a terrible experience recently. Having disposed successfully of a few "Harpers," "Mitchells," etc., he came to the name "Montague."

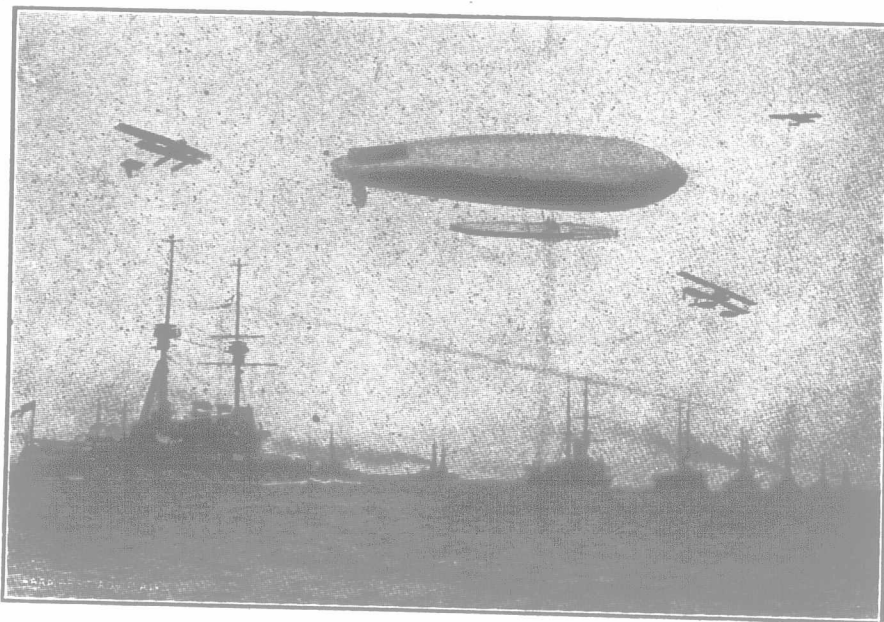
"Private Montague," shouted the sergeant.

There was no reply, but when the name was repeated a half-hearted "Here, sir," came from the ranks.

"Why didn't you answer before?" demanded the sergeant. "Because my name is Mon-ta-gue," replied the recruit.

"Well," snapt the sergeant, "you'll do seven days' fatigew."

The next name on the list, Majoribanks, brought no response, for the sergeant pronounced "Majoribanks."



Part of the German Fleet.
From "The World's Work."

A second call brought the mild response; "I expect you mean me, sir. My name is 'Marshbanks.'"

The sergeant almost reeled, but proceeded bravely with "Colquhoun."

"Private Col-kew-houn," he called. "Coo-hon, sir, that's me," came a brisk reply from the front rank.

The drill-instructor gave up and, closing his book, he wearily gave the order "number." When this was completed he said:

"One hundred and twenty-one. That's right. Now, if there are any more of you with fancy names just come to me after drill and tell me how you 'would like to be called.'"—Literary Digest.

eagerly offering far greater gifts. They are greater because they involve real self-sacrifice, and it is not unlikely that they actually amount to more because poor people are more numerous than rich. It is very touching to read of some of these generous offerings of the poor. Think of the panic-stricken refugees from Ostend carefully choosing the few delicacies from their lunch-baskets and pressing them on the wounded soldiers. Think of the Swedes hurrying to meet the trains loaded with Russians, who fled from Germany when the war began, and also the trains loaded with Germans who were flying from Russia. They pressed their packets of food on the half-starving people, who crowded through their coun-

Hope's Quiet Hour.

Loved by God.

Let each man do according as he hath purposed in his heart; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver.—2 Cor. ix: 7. R. V.

If God loves those who give cheerfully—loves them with a special love—how He must be rejoicing over multitudes of His children in these days of severe testing. Everybody wants to give something, "not grudgingly, or of necessity." The rich are giving largely, and the poor are

try from both sides. If anyone said, "I have a parcel of food already," they would say, "Take this, too; you will need it later."

In every paper we see accounts of cheerful giving. Every little village is stirred with the desire to send comforts to the soldiers or the destitute Belgians. Those who have already given brothers, fathers or sons for the service of the Empire are more eager than other people to help in lesser ways. Giving (cheerful giving) is not only an infectious thing, it is so pleasant that it soon becomes a habit. One can get a taste for giving, and it is a good taste to cultivate—it blesses the giver even more than the receiver. I have good reason to know that there are many cheerful givers among my unseen friends of "The Advocate." Only a week ago I was asked "pass on" a gift of two dollars from one of our readers, and a few days later the same cheerful giver sent five dollars for my needy and discouraged neighbors.

Do you remember that act of splendid giving which is recorded in 1 Kings xvii?

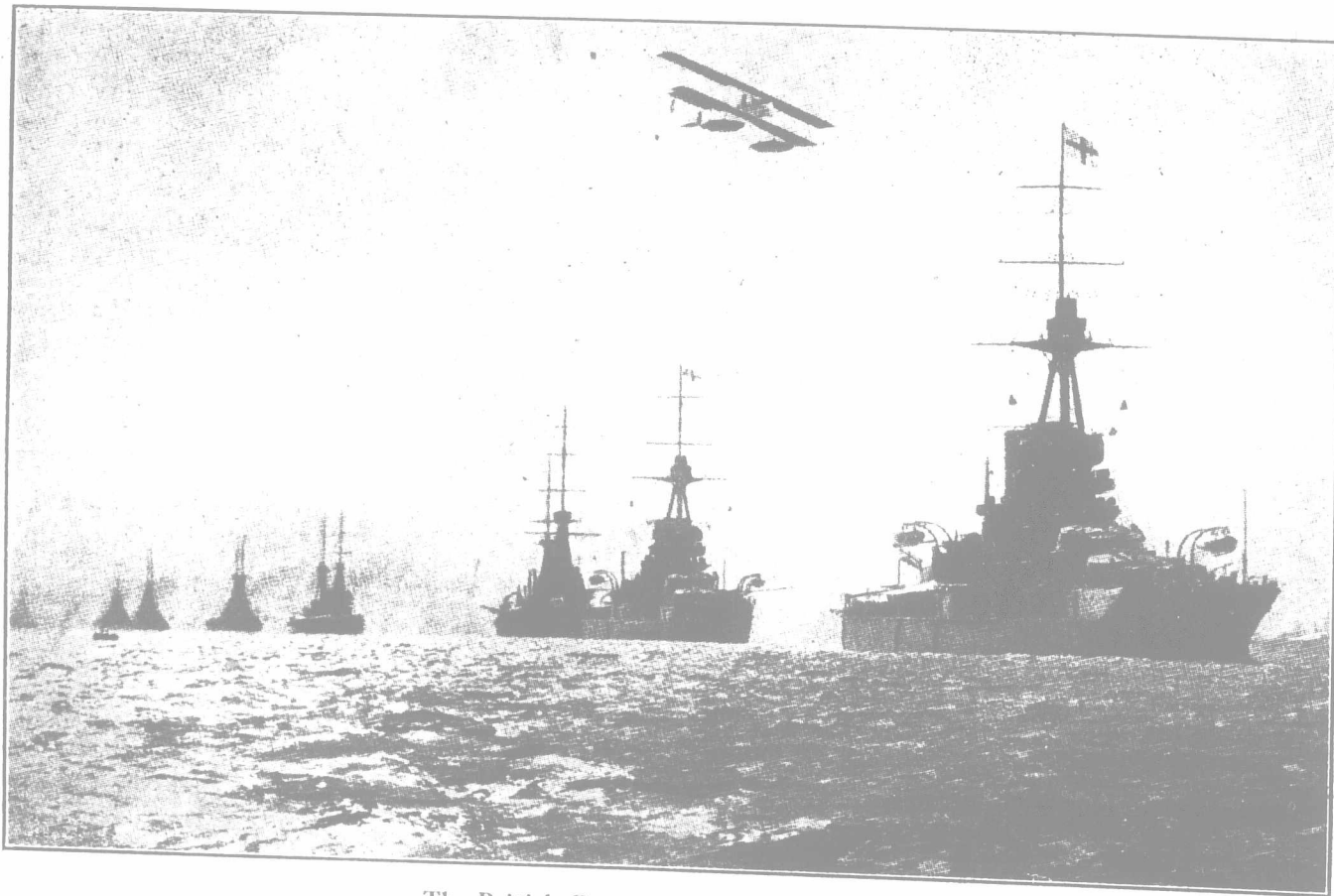
Elijah had fearlessly told the wicked king of Israel that a long drought would punish the nation for its open idolatry. Then the prophet had remained in hiding beside a brook, until the water dried up and he was sent to the heathen city of Zarephath. Can you imagine how wild he must have looked after his long stay in the wilderness, with shaggy, uncombed hair falling over his rough sheepskin cloak? A poor widow was outside the city, gathering a bundle of sticks for fuel. Elijah was dusty and thirsty, hungry, and evidently poverty-stricken. He begged for a drink of water, and the poor woman at once started off to get it. She seemed so kind that he ventured to ask also for a morsel of bread. It was a small thing to ask, but in this case it was a great thing to give. The widow had only meal enough to make one cake for herself and her son. After the scrapings of her barrel were exhausted there seemed nothing before her but starvation. The prophet, strong in faith, promised her in the Name of Jehovah that if she reached out a hand to His messenger she should herself receive needed help. She believed, and was saved because she proved the reality of her faith by her works. God did not suddenly shower riches upon her, because she sheltered and fed His servant; but there was always enough meal in the barrel, and enough oil in the cruse to supply the needs of the widow, her son, and their honored guest. Her splendid gift to God was the means of saving herself and her child, and it will be an inspiration to the world for all time.

Our Lord has promised to those who receive a prophet with honor, because he is the messenger of God, that they shall receive a prophet's reward. He goes even farther, and says that one who receives His messenger is receiving Him as a Guest—a high privilege indeed—and one who gives even a cup of cold water to a thirsty child "shall in no wise lose his reward."

The King is travelling in disguise through His earthly kingdom. We meet Him often, and any kindness we show to Him is treasured as a love-token. "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth," says the wise man, "and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty. The liberal soul shall be made fat: and he that watereth shall be watered also himself."

God has been teaching us this in the great yearly miracle of the harvest—which is also a parable. "He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully," says St. Paul. He was not a farmer, but he knew that it is poor economy to sow in grudging fashion. One who wants a harvest must cheerfully sacrifice his seed-grain. The parable is preaching to us every year. If we are afraid to risk the sacrifice of the seed "it abideth alone, but if it fall into the ground and die, it bringeth forth much fruit." Our Lord made this declaration when the hour was come that He should be glorified—glorified through the willing endurance of awful humiliation. He was ready to prove His great saying: "He that loveth his life shall lose it: and he that loseth his life for My sake shall find it."

Think of those grand words of good cheer, you brave women who have given



The British Grand Fleet Putting to Sea.
The leading vessel is the Iron Duke, super-Dreadnought, Admiral Jellicoe's flagship. Behind her follow the twenty-five Dreadnoughts and super-Dreadnoughts which proceeded into the North Sea.