

been credentials sufficient for Moses.

"I can stand anything that anybody else can stand, and I can do anything that anybody else can do," said a traveler to a friend, in explanation of his success in overcoming hardships. Moses, blacked his face, and became a Jew, when the Lord says "Go!" it is no time to respond, "Who am I?" The answer to such a command is the first made by Moses, "Here am I." God's greatest servants have ever been those who developed the habit of saying, "Here am I" to His calls—ever when they are a summons back from the bushes and desert to the palace, or to the throne.

"If by a still small voice He calls, To paths that I do not know, I'll answer, Dear Lord, with my hand in Thine."

I'll go where you want me to go. Equipped by his providential experience, and by his call, Moses resolutely—reliantly—assumed the task of Israel, to deliver them from out of captivity. His long conflict with Pharaoh, until by the argument of the plagues he won, at last, as told in the Lesson Text. One of the wonders of the conflict was the simple fact that a shepherd from the desert was arrayed against the mighty king of Egypt. By a way he knew not, Moses had been led to a place of world leadership, such as he could not have attained had he remained a palace favorite.

God seems to lead us a long way around to our dearest goal, perhaps to teach us to know our Guide. Forasmuch as the cause of Moses and his enslaved countrymen, it is noteworthy that he was living in the day of the triumph of Pharaoh, which five years ago seemed quite a desperate case of the Israelites. Sometimes we think that we must pinch ourselves to make sure that we are awake and not dreaming. Behold, after centuries, Bohemia is free, and Poland. The cruelties of the German and of all other nations, to the blacks of Central Africa are ended. Turkey's tyrannical rule has been broken, and Armenia, Syria, Arabia, the Druzes and all the other little subject peoples have been delivered. The small nations of Middle Europe are now free from ancient yokes. Slavery is gone. The liquor power is going. Child labor has its shackles broken. Verily, this is the day of jubilation for Pharaoh's foes.

Now we wonder who of the men remaining from Pharaoh's freed from old fears and conventional limitations, will be the new followers of the example of Moses, to lead mankind into still higher liberty of spirit, as well as physical. Has some Paul or Whitefield or Luther or Moody been in training in the trenches? In this high hour of history and the unity, who are to be God's chosen instruments?

## SERIOUS ILLNESS AVOIDED

Many a serious illness has been avoided by the prompt use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills act by enriching and purifying the blood, and in this way build up the system, tone and strengthen the nerves and invigorate the vital organs.

Serious diseases generally come from some simple disorder that has been neglected. Therefore any thinning of the blood should be looked upon as a warning sign, and more serious illness should be avoided by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In the case of young girls and women the blood is peculiarly liable to get out of order—to become thin and watery—and to lead to a general breakdown in health. This can be avoided by the occasional use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which are suitable for the most delicate constitution. These pills will give you a new appetite, improve your digestion, tone and strengthen weakened nerves, banish depression and lack of energy, clear the complexion of pimples and blotches, cure pain in the back and general weakness, cause the disappearance of headaches, dizziness and heart fluttering. Give these pills a fair trial and you will soon note a wonderful change in your condition. Your spirits will brighten, good health and strength will return, and you will feel like a new person.

You can get these pills through any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockton, Mass.

## DON'T MISS IT BY ANY MEANS

AND EVENING

Notable Engagement

Hilarious Farce "The Hokus-Pokus"

PLOMATIC MISSION"

## Just Folks

THE DEAD RETURN.

Hear us, oh, glorious dead—  
Come from the valleys of pain!  
Rise from the fields of the slain!  
Come, share in the feast that we spread.  
For you did not loathe,  
The doubt of your last hours is past,  
The tyrant is vanquished at last!  
We have broken and shattered his line;  
We have silenced each cannon and mine;  
And now as war's thundering dies,  
Our anthems of victory rise.

John us, oh, glorious dead,  
In all our exulting today!  
Come share in our laughter and play!  
Twas for this that you suffered and bled,  
Twas for this that you gave life away.  
By your lance and your sword as you fell,  
In those mad days of shrapnel and shell,  
We pledged to be true to the end,  
We swore that your cause we'd defend.  
Now come from your fields of the slain  
And know that you died not in vain.

Send us, oh, glorious dead,  
Oh, God for an hour, for a day!  
Let them come that were taken away,  
The pals of the living to tread—  
To hear what the living would say,  
Open their eyes; let them see  
This word from the tyrant set free.  
Let them know, as an silence they slept,  
That our pledges to them have been kept.  
Lord send them to us once again  
Just to know that they died not in vain.

## THE CLERK

By Dr. Frank Crane.

From a talk with the manager of a store the other day I gathered the following items concerning what a clerk ought to be.

You can be a clerk all your life, or you can rise to something higher. Your ambitious discontent may be either wholesome or unwholesome; you can tell which it is by whether or not it makes you perform your present duties faithfully.

The way to get a better position is to fill the position you have better than any one else could fill it.

Be honest yourself, and if you are working with dishonest clerks or a dishonest employer quit your job.

A clerk's best asset is being wide-awake, and that you cannot be unless you get plenty of sleep.

Make your record contribute to efficiency in your work.

Watch the clock when you go to work, but not when you quit.

Be neat. Ninety per cent. of store-employees are women. Please them. Be polite. Everybody likes it. Practise saying "Thank you."

Keep busy. If you have nothing to do, find something, whether it is for you to do or not. But don't be officious.

Remember your customers' names and faces. Train yourself in this. Know a little book.

Never argue. Never give advice. Never be flippant or try to be funny. Be pleasant. Don't look grim.

When a customer is dissatisfied, sympathize, don't antagonize. Don't say "lady" or "mister." Say "madam" or "sir."

Don't talk price; talk quality. Talk positively, not negatively. Say "What else?" not "Is that all?" Associate, out of work hours, as much as possible with people who know more than you do.

Save something out of every bit of money you get.

Don't gamble. Invest. Pay cash for everything you buy for your personal use.

Enjoy your friends. Shun what is called society.

Don't keep up relations with anybody who discourages you.

Read. Read, read, read. If you are ever going to get on it will be because of what is in your head.

Associate with people who know more than you do, who have better manners than you have, and higher ideals.

Be teachable. Be a good listener. Be open-minded.

By practise you can make your voice have a pleasing quality. This you will find a great asset.

Converse as much as possible with those who use good English. Learn to talk interestingly, with the use of facts.

Make your fellow-clerks like you by being unfailingly obliging and considerate, but don't become too familiar with them.

Find out and carry out your employer's wishes. Remember instructions exactly and do them. Write them down in your notebook.

Be obedient but not gushing, industrious but not officious, kind but not patronizing, positive but not egotistic, human but not weak.

Which, after all, is good advice for anybody.

## NOTHING IS COMMONPLACE

By H. ADDINGTON BRUCE.

You are weary, I understand, of living a commonplace life in a commonplace city.

You are tired of seeing the same old streets and houses and stores day after day. Everything is so dull, so drab, so monotonous. Your soul surges in intense revolt.

Lingeringly, regretfully, you recall the vanished delights of the summer vacation from which you have recently returned.

You expatiate on the beauties and wonders of the hills you climbed. You talk of the wild animals you saw. Enthusiastically you sing the praises of the brook in which you fished.

Everywhere you turned there was something at which to marvel, something to admire. The country was so picturesque, so romantic, so alluring. But, tell me, what about the farmer with whom you chatted during one of your adventures into "the hills"?

You were astonished, were you not, at his failure to share your enthusiasm for the rugged landscape to which you drew his attention?

You were disgusted that he could see in it only Deacon Brown's wood-lot, which could stand some thing—Jim Smith's corn field, "coming along nicely," and Bill Jones's pasture, "too swampy to be good for much."

Instantly you voted that old farmer a dull, prosaic, unimaginative clod. You are sure this description does him no injustice.

Do not be too sure.

Give this dull clod of a farmer a

quivered deliciously within him, for the bob was swaying perceptibly.

But it was only the wind, and, after remaining there as motionless as the surrounding scenery for two more hours, he arose regretfully and wound up his line, remarking to himself philosophically, "Oh well, better luck next time."

CHAPTER TWO.

That night he took his wife to the theatre. He made her take ten minutes from her own dressing to the his for him just the way he wanted it, and as a result she kept him waiting two minutes and fourteen seconds, which so put him out that he refused to open his mouth all the way to the theatre, and during the performance every time she applauded he didn't, and every time she didn't he did.

## Mother 'Phoned Home for the Powerful Katrinka to Bring Over the Music in the Piano Bench and That's Just What She Did.



## THE EVENING STORY

### MOTHERING LUCILLE.

(Copyright, 1918, by W. Womers.)

Melons were four for a quarter, and Lucy Lent bought four. She did not like them, but Lucille did, and she never thought of consulting her own tastes rather than Lucille's. What she longed for was a cucumber, green and cool, but she could not afford that in addition to the melons.

The street at 8 o'clock was still terribly hot. It faced west and the light struck it with glaring intensity. Lucy talked under the shade of the awnings where Lucy had been standing all day doing "piecework." She had not earned as much as usual.

As a matter of fact, Lucy was giving out, and she knew it. Every woman who worked in the factory gave out sooner or later. That day Lucy had seen Emma Keator, who stood beside her, faint. A cab was called to take her home. This was as much as ever done for an employee. Lucy had no doubt but that

down carefully before she spoke to her mother.

"I couldn't get it right so I took it to the dressmaker. What she did to it won't cost much and it helped a lot."

"Well, come to supper, dear," Lucy said.

From her side of the table she watched Lucille enjoy her meal with a hearty young appetite. She was too tired to eat. And somehow she couldn't get the satisfaction from Lucille that she ordinarily did. "I feel a little sick," she thought. "I'll be better tomorrow morning when I've had a good night's rest. It's the heat. Nothing more."

All the time Lucille was talking, Lucy was over to Ruth Brazer's today and they have a electric fan, which made the house as cool as winter. Wish we could have such things."

"I wish we could for your sake," Lucy said.

"Don't you want them for your own?" Lucille asked at last.

Lucy hesitated. She might have said that she had trained herself not to want the impossible without some what variable success in one or two instances. Color, like hair, played across her face, and she crumpled her dress, absently.

"At present of yours fell down to day and the dress broke," Lucille went on. "I'll show you." She sprang up and brought the picture.

Lucy looked at it and her golden locks had been washed. She was sitting quietly at her feet upon the porch, smiling down at her. Her head fell back and she slept. The door, rising with a soft thud, sent a beam downward upon her face and turned it again in its peaceful slumber into the young, serene face of a girl. She was dreaming something so

"You Don't Want Me?"

Lucy's hands moved. She was smiling. "Alec! I—love—me!" She opened her eyes wildly, staring, staring. Her hair, like the golden locks of a girl, played across her face, and she crumpled her dress, absently.

"Oh, she said, confusedly, 'I thought it was all a dream. You are here.' The man, who while she slept had been sitting quietly at her feet upon the porch, reached up and took her hand. He was smiling in a way that made her strong face very fine to see. "Yes, I'm here," he said. "And I'm here to stay, this time. See here, Lucy, are you awake enough to listen to me?"

"Yes, I'm awake," she said. Her hand shook in his.

"Don't you think," he asked, "that I've been just about long enough?"

"You mean—?" she breathed.

"I mean I let you marry Joe Lent because you wanted him, and I've let you pretty nearly work yourself to death since because you were too proud to marry a man who happened to have more means than you did. If you're your way, my dear, I don't mind the going to put an end to it."

He got up and, coming behind her, put his hands on the back of her chair and tilted it back so that he could look deep down into her face. "Love is love, Lucy, when it's worth the name," he said. "You can't lay it aside and forget it. It's a thing you wear every day because you have to. If it is taken from you you suffer and perish. Nobody is going to take mine from me—did you see?"

He did not speak. She felt bewildered, strange. Coming from a dream of him to this reality had confused her. Her thoughts were all in a tangle.

"Lucy," he said abruptly, "I want you to go with me to Dr. Old's. I want you to marry me. If you say

## RANN-DOM REELS

By HOWARD L. RANN.

CURIOSITY. Curiosity is caused by the nose becoming elongated and prying into other people's business. Many a man has begun life with a nose of normal dimensions, and after becoming addicted to the Curiosity habit has sprouted a pronosus longer than the anticater. There have been instances where this roving tendency has been resented by its victim, who pushes the nose back to its proper location with an iron fist.

Curiosity should be guarded against, especially in the case of husband who were formerly in the prisoning. It is a dangerous matter to pry into the personal transactions of a citizen who carries a left upper-cut and enough ready money to pay his fine. Scores of happy homes have been broken up by the gossip whose Curiosity has run over the dam and convinced a credulous wife that she has married a gay Lothario instead of a master bricklayer.

Curiosity which is not fenced in can be cured by reading the parables about the mote and the beam and training the nose to keep on the sidewalk. There would be less baleful Curiosity at work in this country if people would look inside a little often and not worry so much about how their neighbors can afford pork tenderloins twice a week. If nobody would go off his own premises when he feels like doing a little prying, there would be a little less prying in the church and fewer blackballs cast in the lodge.

Curiosity is an effort to secure information which belongs to somebody else.

There is a great deal of information lying around loose which would not look well if printed on the front page, and if it were not for Curiosity it could kick around on the four corners for weeks at a time without being picked up and woven into a lawsuit. There is considerable complaint about the activities of Curiosity, but it probably

When Phil Gubb returned to the Hodge residence, the crowd that had occupied the lawn before Mr. Hodge's widow was gathered at the gate for the purpose of watching the removal of Flora Wix to the jail. Mr. Murphy, recognizing Mr. Gubb instantly in the cowboy disguise, spoke to him.

"Well, ye haven't found out anything, I guess," Mr. Gubb said. "Only that you've got the wrong man, and I'm to charge at the present moment of time," said Mr. Gubb simply.

"I suppose, then," said the chief of police who can tell us who the murderer was.

He spoke scornfully, but Mr. Gubb was unmoved by the scorn.

"Up to now," he said calmly, "I've only been detecting who the murderer was not, and I know who it wasn't. I've almost done it when it was. It was an attempt to charge at the present moment of time," said Mr. Gubb simply.

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