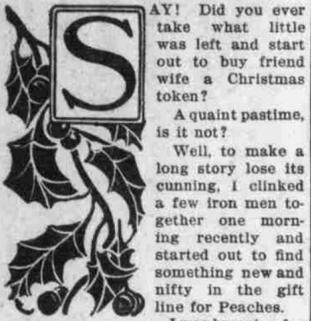


John Henry on Christmas Presents

By GEORGE V. HOBART



A department store when I ran across Hep Hardy, limping in the direction of a taxicab stand.

"Up late, aren't you, Hep?" I inquired, glancing at the Waterbury. "I sure am running behind my schedule this morning, John, Hep wheezed. "Accident."

"What's the matter? Fuse blow out and leave you and your favorite bartender in darkness?" I ventured.

"Nix," he answered; "I interpolated a new step in the Tango about five this a. m. and my partner, an impulsive little thing from Spokane, didn't get my signal, with the result that she stepped on me and lost one of her French heels somewhere between my ankle and my instep. I had to wait till a Doctor Shop was open so he could probe for it. The medicine peddler found it all right and my left wheel is a bit wobbly, but I'll be in the roped arena tonight when the bell rings, clamoring for my favorite rag, you can bet on that, John, old pal."

"The dance bug has you for fair, hasn't it, Hep?" I laughed.

"Not at all," Hep came back; "but like a lot of other ginks who have been going through life with stoop shoulders and plantation feet I've suddenly discovered how to be graceful and I have to stay up all night to see if other people notice it. Where are you going?"

"I'm going down to see one of those stores and make a fool out of fifty dollars—little Christmas presents for Peaches," I answered.

"Fifty dollars!" Hep sneered. "Say, John, if I had a wife, and we were speaking to each other, fifty dollars wouldn't buy the ribbon around the bundle. Fifty dollars! You make a noise like a pike."

"Sure!" I snapped back. "If you had a wife you'd take her down to your favorite jewelry store and let the clerks throw diamonds at her till they fell exhausted. But I'm just a regular



A Lot of Eager Dames Were Pawing Over Some Chinchilla Ribbon.

human being, working for a living, and every time I see a hundred dollar bill I get red in the face and want a drink of water. You know, Hep, my father didn't spend his life wrapping it up in bundles and throwing it into an iron washbasin against the time I became old enough to use it as a torch!"

"Say!" chirped Hep, who hadn't paid the slightest attention to what I was saying, "why don't you get her an emerald necklace? Some idea—what? I saw one the other day for \$3,000. Wait a minute! I'll give you a card to the manager."

"Give it to the chauffeur," I said as I pushed Hep into the taxi. "By the time he gets you home you'll owe him enough to buy emeralds."

Then I left him flat and moseyed off for a department store to get a Christmas present for friend wife.

"Say! did you ever get tangled up in

one of those department store mobs and have a crowd of perfect ladies see you for a doormat?

I got mine!

They certainly taught me the Huer-ta glide, all right!

At the door a nice young man with a pink necktie and a quick forehead bowed to me.

"What do you wish?" he asked.

"Well," I said, "I'm down here to get a Christmas present for friend wife. I would like something which would afford her great pleasure when I give it to her and which I could use afterward as a penwiper or a fishing rod."

"Second floor—to the right—take the elevator," said the man.

Did you ever try to take an elevator in a department store and find that 3,943 other American citizens and citizenesses were also trying to take the same elevator?

How sweet it is to mingle in the arms of utter strangers and to feel the pressure of a foot we never hope to meet again!

I was standing by one of the counters on the second floor when a shrill voice crept up over a few bales of dry



The Pale Young Woman Fainted.

goods and said, "Are you a buyer or a handler?"

"I am looking for a Christmas present for friend wife," I answered. "I want to get something that will look swell on the parlor table and may be used later on as a tobacco jar or a trouser stretcher!"

"Fourth floor—to the left—take the elevator!" said the shrill voice, but shriller.

With bowed head I walked away. I began to feel sorry for friend wife. Nobody seemed to be very much interested whether she got a Christmas present or not.

On the fourth floor I stopped at a counter where a lot of eager dames were pawing over some chinchilla ribbon and chiffon overskirts.

It reminded me of the way an emotional hen digs up a grub in the garden.

I enjoyed the excitement of the game for about ten minutes and then I said to the clerk behind the counter who was refereeing the match, "Can you tell me where I can buy a sterling silver Christmas present for friend wife which I could use afterward as a night key or a bath sponge?"

"Fifth floor—to the rear—take the elevator!" said the clerk.

On the fifth floor I went over to a table where a young lady was selling "The Life and Libraries of Andrew Carnegie" at four dollars a month and fifty cents a week, and in three years it is yours if you don't lose the receipts.

She gave me a glad smile and I felt a thrill of encouragement.

"Excuse me," I said, "but I am looking for a Christmas present for friend wife which will make all the neighbors jealous, and which I can use afterward as an ash receiver or a pocket flask."

The young lady cut out the giggles and pointed to the northwest.

I went over there.

To my surprise I found another counter.

A pale young woman was behind it. I was just about to ask her the fatal question when a young man wearing a ragtime expression on his face rushed up and said to the pale young lady behind the counter: "I am looking for a suitable present for a young lady friend of mine with golden brown hair. Could you please suggest something?"

The pale young woman showed her teeth and answered him in a low, rumbling voice, and the man went away.

Then came an old lady who said: "I bought some organdie dress goods for a shirt waist last Tuesday, and I would like to exchange them for a music box for my daughter's little boy, Freddie, if you please!"

The pale young woman again showed her teeth and the old lady ducked for cover.

After about fifty people had rushed up to the pale young woman and then rushed away again, I went over and spoke to her.

"I am looking," I said, "for a Christmas present for friend wife. I want

to get something that will give her a great amount of pleasure and which I can use later on as a pipe cleaner or a pair of suspenders!"

The pale young woman fainted, so I moved over.

At another counter another young lady said to me: "Have you been waited on?"

"No," I replied; "I have been stepped on, sat on and walked on, but I have not yet been waited on."

"What do you wish?" inquired the young woman.

"I am looking for a Christmas present for friend wife," he said. "I want to buy her something that will bring great joy to her heart, and which I might use afterward as a pair of slippers or a shaving mug."

The young lady caught me with her dreamy eyes and held me up against the wall.

"You," she screamed, "you complete a total of 25,493 people who have been in this department store today without knowing what they are doing here, and I refuse to be a human encyclopedia for the sake of eight dollars a week. Go on, now; throw yourself into second speed and climb the hill!"

I began to apologize, but she reached down under the counter and pulled out a club.

"This," she said, with a wild look in her side lamps, "this is happy Yuletide, but, nevertheless, the next guy that leaves his brains at home and tries to make me tell him what is a good Christmas present for his wife will get a bitter wallop across the forehead!"

The girl was right, so I went home without a present.

I suppose I'll have to take Hep's tip and get those emeralds after all.

But first I'll go down to the delicatessen store and see if there's anything there.

THE MYSTERY OF CHRISTMAS

One Day of the Year That All Other Days Are Learning to Envy and Imitate.

It seems to me that always, as the 24th of December commenced to shorten, the white, fleecy snow began to fall, says a writer in the Craftsman. When the street lamps flickered up like candles on an altar, they gazed on a world that was white. The strife of the city was muffled. Carts went by, but you had to peer out through the blinds to know that they were passing—they made no sound. An atmosphere of gentleness had descended. Everyone in the house went about with stealth, as though planning some secret kindness.

And then the night and the trying to keep awake till Santa Claus should come. And the waking up, with the frost weaving patterns on the panes. Somewhere far away a harp was being played, and a cornet was challenging the silence. The tune they played was an accompaniment to the most beautiful legend in the world. At first, dreamily, you tried to remember why for once the darkness was not frightening, and then, "Ah, it's Christmas!" As you turned, your feet made the paper crack, and at the end of the bed you were too content and happy even to look at your presents. Why was it that next day everybody and everything was different? The air was full of bells singing riotously. Every one, for this one day, ceased to think of his own happiness and found happiness in bringing cheerfulness to others. The stern gulf which is fixed between children and grown-ups had vanished—there weren't any grown-ups. Somewhere in your childish heart you wondered why every day couldn't be made a day of kindness.

And that wonder of a child's heart is the Christmas message. Once a year, by a divine conspiracy, all the ships of our hopes and fears turn back from their voyagings to the harbor of tenderness. They are borne back on the crest of a white tide of mysticism that sweeps round the world. A truce of God is declared to all fightings, and men and women walk as children through a world that is kind. They commence to give and cease to annex; they act in the belief that God is in his heaven. The spirit is one tremulous white day of unselfishness—a day which gradually some other days in the year are learning to envy and imitate.

Why We Burn Candles.

The custom of burning candles on the Christmas tree comes from two sources. The Romans burned candles at the feast of Saturn as a sign of good cheer, while the Jews burned candles during the feast of the Dedication, which happened to fall about the same time as that of Saturn in the Roman calendar. It is quite possible that for this reason there would have been many candles burning all over Palestine about the time of the birth of Christ, and from this comes the term "Feast of Lights," which is the name used in the Greek church for Christmas day.

A Christmas Hint.

To those who may have become tired of the old-fashioned games usual at Christmas the following may be found suitable:

Hunt up a lot of poor people that have not got any Christmas dinner and go and give them one.

N. B.—This game may be played by any number of persons.

Welcome to Christmas!

Christmas, crown 'o the year! Golden clasp to its round of light and shadow. Truly the bells of it shall ring out, "Plague I banish, peace I bring!" Welcome it royally. Spread out for soul and sense a feast of good things.—Martha McWilliams.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Acting Director of Sunday School Course of Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)

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LESSON FOR DECEMBER 5

UZZIAH'S PRIDE AND PUNISHMENT.

LESSON TEXT—II Chron. 26:1-15. GOLDEN TEXT—A man's pride shall bring him low, but he that is of a lowly spirit shall obtain honor.—Prov. 29:23 R. V.

Again we consider the southern kingdom. No better character could have been chosen to illustrate the condition of rulers and people in the declining days of Judah's glory. Uzziah ruled for 52 years and his reign was almost midway between the days of Solomon and those of the Babylonian captivity.

I. Priest and Parents, vv. 1-5. The name Uzziah means "God has helped me," and no king ever had better advantages in the way of parents and counselors. To the influence of his parents he yielded in his youth (v. 4), followed the good counsel of Zachariah the prophet of God (v. 5), and as long as he sought the Lord, "God made him prosper." Ancestry and environment are not, however, a guaranty of any perpetuity in character.

II. Pride, vv. 6-15. Uzziah or Azariah (margin) made a fine start and his reign, considered as a whole, was one of the most brilliant in Judah's history. It bears some striking resemblances to that of Solomon in that the dangerous enemies became subject nations (v. 8). In the conduct of his campaigns Uzziah "waxed exceedingly strong" (v. 8 R. V.). Uzziah also greatly improved and strengthened Jerusalem and gave much heed to stock raising and forestry (v. 10). The secret of all of this prosperity was that he sought Jehovah. Christendom is not Christianity, yet it is a fact that in those lands where God is most highly exalted and most nearly followed we witness the greatest prosperity and men living amidst the most comfortable surroundings. Seek Jehovah, know his will as revealed in his word, and do that will when learned, is the only true basis of real and lasting prosperity. Uzziah also gave an exhibition of worldly wisdom that he strengthened the defenses of the nation (v. 9-10). Confidence in God does not paralyze human energy or make us presumptuous and careless (I Chron. 27:25-31). Uzziah brought the army up to a high point of efficiency (v. 13-15), using the best weapons known in his day. We, likewise, may be "marvelously helped" from the same source and upon the same conditions; viz., that we "seek the Lord" (Eph. 6:10; Phi. 5:13).

III. Punishment, vv. 16-21. (1) Pride—Uzziah's fall and shame is one of the saddest chapters in history. His strength became his ruin. "When he was strong his heart was lifted up." Poverty, struggle and adversity are not passports to glory though they have strengthened the moral fiber of thousands. The tempting tests of prosperity, gilded, perfumed and attractive are, however, far more hard to withstand. Pride always leads to (2) Presumption—Centuries before God had warned men that prosperity would lead to ruin (Deut. 8:11-17; 32:13-15) and Solomon also gave warning (Prov. 16:18). The subtlety of pride is the gradual way by which we come to look upon our prosperity as the work of our own hands, thereby forgetting the source of our power and becoming filled with a feeling of our own self-sufficiency. The next step was that Uzziah assumed to himself those duties (v. 16) which rightfully and exclusively belonged to the priesthood (see Num. 16:40; 18:7; I Kings 12:33; 12:1-4; Heb. 5:4). (3) Protesting—We now behold the strange spectacle of the king protesting for the wrong and the faithful priests Azariah for the right. A sad spectacle indeed when the head of a nation openly avows the wrong and persists in it despite the protests of the servants of God. The last part of verse 18 indicates the extent and perversity of Uzziah's pride. Admonition only aroused the anger of the all-conquering monarch. No honor ever comes from disobeying God (I Sam. 2:30; Dan. 5:27). Uzziah apparently (v. 19) was about to use the censor in his hand as a weapon in execution of his wrath, but God interfered (I Peter 6:6-7). Azariah is saved and Uzziah becomes a leper.

We must not press the teaching that all sickness is the result of sin (read Job).

Uzziah was forever separated (v. 21) and was in his death "unclean" because "His heart was lifted to his destruction."

There are four suggestions in closing: (1) Uzziah's pride had gone too far, secretly and perhaps unconsciously it had slowly, but surely permeated his whole nature.

(2) Leprosy was a fitting punishment, for it was an emblem of the foulness of his sin.

(3) His leprous condition was in marked contrast with what he had formerly enjoyed.

(4) His punishment shut him out effectually from the work of his kingdom—ability, strength, experience and ambition fall before the blighting west of sin.

Perfection—The False and the True

By REV. L. W. GOSNELL, Superintendent of Men, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago

TEXT—Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect. Let us therefore as many as are perfect be thus minded.—Phil. 3:12, 15.

This text makes it clear that there is a sense in which Christians can be perfect and another sense in which they may be perfect.

The apostle states clearly that he has not already attained, neither is already perfect, or as the Revised Version reads, "made perfect." The verse preceding speaks of the resurrection of the dead, so that his disavowal evidently has to do with the perfection which will come in the future. It may seem to some unnecessary that a man should disavow this final perfection since he is evidently not yet raised from the dead; but the human mind is capable of very strange things, and this same apostle Paul speaks of some in his day who taught that the resurrection is past already. On some such basis, it seems, that teachers arose who declared that even now we may reach the perfection which belongs to the resurrection state. The apostle is clearly against such a doctrine.

Bishop Moule, one of the most saintly men the modern church has produced, in commenting upon this passage says: "As far as my own observation goes, such views (i. e. of perfection) are not uncommonly attended, in those who hold them, by a certain oblivion to personal shortcomings and inconsistencies; by an obscuration of consciousness, and of conscience, more or less marked, towards the sinfulness of ordinary, everyday violations of the law of holiness in respect of meekness, humbleness of mind, long suffering, sympathy, and other quiet graces."

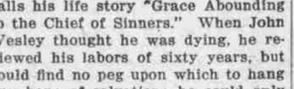
Indeed, the saints of all the ages unite with Paul in declaring that they are not already perfect. The apostle, after suffering many things for Christ's sake so that he bore in his body the marks of the Lord Jesus, writes of himself as "chief of sinners." John Bunyan although he spent twelve years in Bedford jail for his Lord, calls his life story "Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners." When John Wesley thought he was dying, he reviewed his labors of sixty years, but could find no peg upon which to hang any hope of salvation; he could only repeat the sentiment of the hymn,

I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

The same spirit was manifested by Charles Spurgeon, who said during the serious illness, that if he got well he would have many things to preach, but just at that time four words were enough for him, "Jesus died for me." Dr. A. J. Gordon was a man of such saintly character that his very face gave evidence of the indwelling light.

But the other portion of our text speaks of a sense in which we may be perfect. The context shows that the apostle is using the figure of a runner in a race. He has not yet attained the prize, but forgetting the things which are behind and reaching forth unto those which are before, he presses toward the mark. It is this attitude to which the word "perfect" is applied. The man has laid aside the weights and the easily besetting sin; he is not content with what he has attained, but forgetting that which is behind, he presses with neck stretched forth and every muscle strained, to the goal. It will be seen at once that this sort of perfection is very imperfect and is in no sense a finality. It only prepares us to be made perfect in the day of Christ's coming. Nevertheless we are bound by the grace of Christ to fulfill this ideal and not to put him to shame.

Two matters are involved in the exhortation to be "thus minded." First of all if we feel like the apostle, we will have the lowly estimate of ourselves of which we have spoken, the feeling that we have not attained. Very far from Christian perfection is pride; on the contrary, humility is its very essence. Again, if we are perfect in the sense of which the apostle speaks, we will emulate him in pressing forward for the prize of final glory. This is the very opposite of complacency as to our attainment. It is said that Thorwaldsen once wept because he was satisfied with a statue he had made. "Alas," he said, "I shall never improve now, for I have reached my ideal." How ought they to be aroused who, because they have come to Christ and are living with some consistency are satisfied! Life manifests itself by growth and he who is not growing may well examine himself to see whether he be in the faith. How good it is that the apostle goes on to assure us that "if in anything we be otherwise minded, God will reveal even this unto you." May we never cease to walk in this light!



Rev. L. W. Gosnell, Superintendent of Men, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.

Carefully Treat Children's Colds

Neglect of children's colds often lays the foundation of serious lung trouble. On the other hand, it is harmful to continually dose delicate little stomachs with internal medicines or to keep the children always indoors.

Plenty of fresh air in the bedroom and a good application of Vicks' Vapo-Rub Salve over the throat and chest at the first sign of trouble, will keep the little chaps free from colds without injuring their digestions, 25c, 50c, or \$1.00.

VICKS' VAPORUB SALVE

He Got It.

A negro boy, while walking along the street, took off his hat and struck at a wasp. He turned to a man and said:

"I thought I got dat ar ol' wass."

"Didn't you?"

"No, sah; but I—" He snatched off his hat and clapped his hand on the top of his head, squatted, howled, and said:

"Blame 'I didn't git dat ole wass!"

HAD PELLAGRA; IS NOW CURED

Hillsboro, Ala.—J. W. Turner, of this place, says: "I ought to have written you two weeks ago, but failed to do so. I got well and then forgot to write you. I can get about like a 10-year-old boy; you ought to see me run around and tend to my farm. I can go all day just like I used to. I am so thankful to know there is such a good remedy to cure people of pellagra."

There is no longer any doubt that pellagra can be cured. Don't delay until it is too late. It is your duty to consult the resourceful Baughn.

The symptoms—hands red like sunburn, skin peeling off, sore mouth, the lips, throat and tongue a flaming red, with much mucus and choking; indigestion and nausea, either diarrhoea or constipation.

There is hope; get Baughn's big Free book on Pellagra and learn about the remedy for Pellagra that has at last been found. Address American Compounding Co., box 2090, Jasper, Ala., remembering money is refunded in any case where the remedy fails to cure.—Adv.

Those Queens Again.

It—I dreamed last night I took the classiest queen on the campus to the prom.

She—Did I dance well?

To Fortify the System Against Winter Cold

Many users of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC make it a practice to take a number of bottles in the fall to strengthen and fortify the system against the cold weather during the winter. Everyone knows the tonic effect of Quinine and Iron which this preparation contains in a tasteless and acceptable form. It purifies and enriches the blood and builds up the whole system. 50c.—Adv.

Heard Down the Line.

Hobo—Gimme er loaded acrobat.
Barkeep—Wot's dat?
Hobo—Tumbler full o' whisky. See?

Not Gray Hairs but Tired Eyes

make us look older than we are. Keep your eyes young and you will look young. After the Movies always Murline Your Eyes—Don't tell your age.

The fact that the fool killer neglects his business contributes much to the safety of most of us.

To keep clean and healthy take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach.—Adv.

More often than not the inside tip fails to win out.

Answer the Alarm!

A bad back makes a day's work twice as hard. Backache usually comes from weak kidneys, and if headaches, dizziness or urinary disorders are added, don't wait—get help before dropsy, gravel or Bright's disease set in. Doan's Kidney Pills have brought new life and new strength to thousands of working men and women. Used and recommended the world over.

A South Carolina Case

L. W. Garrison, 1510 S. Main St., Anderson, S. C., says: "I was in terrible shape with kidney complaint. Often the pain seized me in my back and down I would go, having to be helped up. The kidney secretions were scanty and filled with sediment and I had awful dizzy spells. There are boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills cured me and I haven't suffered since."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Backache

rheumatism, neuralgia, sprains, chest pains disappear almost by magic when treated externally with Yager's Liniment.

YAGER'S LINIMENT

Is a safe and sure remedy "The Relief Was Instant"

Mr. Joe E. Bann, Witley Park, N. C., writes: "I suffered with 'I' most severe pain in my side, rubbed well with Yager's Liniment and relief was instant. Also had numbness in my leg which ceased a good deal of pain and swelling. There are boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills cured me and I haven't suffered since."

At all dealers. An eight ounce bottle for 25c. Prepared by Gilbert Bros. & Co., Inc. Baltimore, Md.