



The dusty, crowded common street was a sanctuary where Love bowed at

sat together in judgment of another who had fallen low, There was no suggestions of angel wings, Rather

one thought of the birds that congre-gate to tear with cruel, hungry beaks

. . .

every one!

were mothers!

Her

deep

first you wouldn't have noticed, wore the jewel of motherhood very he was young all the manhood gone out of him and he was a have creature staggering slong a much awry if any angels were lo

it was "circus 'day," and everybody ad come. The countryside had empt-d itself into the streets. It was to be gain day of good times. It is so easy gain day of good times. It is so easy to make a mistake about beginning good times. The staggering man had made one. "Though your sins be as scariet, They shall be as white as anow; Though they be red like crimson They shall be like wool."

As he passed along he seemed to brush the smiles off the women's faces, and pitiful eyes followed him. Semetimes a woman shuddered and turned away. A few laughed. He went slows in his shameful a holy shrine, and the people watch-ing were silent as in olden times, they used to be when an angel's wing cast its shadow upon them. He went along in his shameful epiesness as far as he could, and ish he fell. A few men with an officer hurried toward him. In the pretty parlor with its dainty furnishings, its flowers and dainty odors, these refined Christian women

From the crowd a woman spran outstripped them. She was not a pretty woman, nor young, nor daintily dressed. Her body was just a place for her soul to suffer in. She looked as if nobody had ever loved her very much. There is a very distinct ex ression of unlovedness. She had it. the thing their eager searching eyes have found. And they were mothers, You could not imagine anyone kissing her, or saying to her any of the little things that mean so much.

The woman moved swiftly and the n fell back as if they were waiting. Nobody asked any questions. No-body knew her name. There was one thing that everybody did know. She his mothe

He had been the little baby that had been her own in the holy way that only mothers know. The soul of a mother never believes in the grow-ing up of the child. Theboy, the baby. baby. was hurt and she was helping. He was broken and ruined and she was loving

. . . . The fallen creature was a loath-some object lying on the ground. Low-er than a beast, more pltiful than any living thing. The woman bent over him. a living, breathing expression of God's companyion. There was a sort of defiance in her expression, and a

world of mute tenderness, "Charlie, Charlie, let me help you. You've somehow got down here. Get up and let's go home. I'm not likin' this crowd. Get up, Charlie!" The men helped her a little and

they got him on his feet. It was a thousand times sadder than the little boy's funeral we attended to-day. The eyes of that woman! They were not big and soft and beautiful like the tragic eyes we see on the stags. Long ago they had shed all their tears. Long ago their lustre had faded. They were the sort of eyes that see only the hard things. A woman's eyes are never the same after they have seen shame of the best beloved.

He stood weakly, leaning upon the slight bent form of the woman. It seemed as if all the sunshine was sudfilled with pictures of the woman's disappointment. One could se she had cared for him all the way, how she had nurtured the germ of manihess and hoped-for strength that was to be her comfort. Alas, and alas!

hearthstone? There were people all about them, but to this woman they were as noth-

ing. In the balance against her ruin-ed boy they were sadly wanting. She cared nothing for them. Just the one poor degraded man filled her world. She was his mother

Somebody brought an old buggy and they got him in and without a glance she drove awaybackward the weak, bent woman and the mass of stupefied flesh that was her boy. Such fidelity, such patience, such love have described? by some other mother, or the girl who is in danger and, God. pity her, motheriess! The boy who fails to the earth when no embodied spirit or love and pity comes out from the crowd to overshadow him with angel wings that don't mind the dust! What or these?

When the plain worn woman bent over her degraded and ruined boy, one could almost see the folding of great white wings, and the little breezes seemed to whisper in low refrain,

that don't mind the dust what a these? You simply have to keep younself unwabed! Tou are atraid of casting your pearls before swine. I should not be afraid of your pearls being hurt poor swine who would never think of rending weak little to be hurt by the poor swine who would never think of rending weak little things like you. I knows boy who was precious to more than one, and he fell. It was a fair fail, because the place in which his father had set him was clean and high. But he fell, Mother-love followed and failed. It fails so pilifully often, not in its effort, but in success. Have ou ever known a man, strong, gen-tle, woman-like, yea, and reverently-Christilke? A friend of sinners, yet white-souled and clean was the man who found the boy in the dust. They were both young. One had lost his hances. The other's place was where, before, no very young man had stood to fin is face. Nobody needed to be told that he was a comrade of the made of the boy in the dust a com-panion. He ate with sinners. He took atins to be seen with the boy. When other haves were turned away his hand was held bravely out. He knew way better, and he saved the boy, what the other people didn't know and was held bravely out. He knew what the other people didn't know and was held bravely out. He knew way better, and he saved the boy.

It was a gruesome thing, this little council of outraged women. Their

cruelty was only equaled by their ex-cessive absorption. They had the look When you look into your child's clear eyes you read there no prophecy of transgression. It is the other girl that is in danger, the other boy who is likely to fall. If harm comes by and by to this that is yours, it was the fault of some other and not of your child. Are we misers hoarding our treasure? covered their shining faces with drooping wings. And these women

NEW POINT RAISED.

Church Leaders Have Apparently Failed to Realize the Importance of Certain Issues at Stake For the First Time in the Present Presi-dential Election — How Foreign Missions May Be Affected by Taft's The laughing, jeering crowd is si-mod when the old bent mother lenced when the old bent mother covers the sin of her boy with the magnificent charity of motherhood. Her eyes are opened to the clear true Election.

seeing of this one sinner. She sees, by the power of motherhood, through to the Editor of The Observer:

the environment that hides him fro Among the many voices now being raisall the others. Her heart recks little ed in active opposition to the avowed of the sin. It is merely a cruel some of the two presidential candithing that is hurting her boy, her dates as those opinions would seem to baby. Other men may be drunkards. militate against or adversely affect the boy is overcome in some unac interests represented by the objectors, it countable manner. She sees him awa is surprising not to hear an official pro-test from the entire Christian Church of down under it all, the most lovabl and the most precious boy. She can America against the elevation of a Uni-tarian to the position of President. never understand why others and blind to the claims of this one boy. are

Wrapped in a mantle of pseudo-liberal-But even a mother who has sufism and perhaps dreading a false cry of fered and loved like this, even one whose pathway lies often through the religious persecution, the leaders of the Christian Church at large (regardless of divisions), those representing the official deep valley of humiliation, joins sometimes the council of mothers who organization of the Church and clothed pick and rend and tear the child of with authority to protect its interests, some other mother. It is a marvelous material as well as divine, apparently thing. This vaunted metherhood of fail to realize and are certainly ignoring ours that the world takes off its hat the importance of certain issues at stake to, the divine quality that poets write for the first time in the history of Ameriabout and painters put on canvas, the ca. On the part of the Church large mathing that great men never forget though they left it close to the earth in their ascent of fame's ladder, has it terial as well as spiritual interests are involved in the selection of one of the canfidates, their welfare or the reverse. To mission no broader than a woman's be as brief as possible, we will concen trate upon one of its greatest works, vis. that of foreign missions, and endeavor to We have had women who were all make the situation so clear that "he, who

mother. It would be well to put the words together and call them Alimothruns may read." words together and call them Allmoth-ers. Margaret of New Orleans! She was possessed of the spirit of moth-erhood. She was a genius. She had the divine gift of mothering as Blind Tom had the divine gift of melody. Every waif was Margaret's child. Could you fancy her joining a coun-cli of indignant mothers such as I have described? Through the efforts of the Church a large moneyed interest has been created to enable it to carry on a great mission ary work in foreign fields among th work in foreign fields among the tal doctrine of Christianity, the divinity of Christ. This large sum of money is placed in the hands of the Church with the understanding on the part of the con-

to resource of America with one hand try to resource the heathen from the darkm of error, and with the other helping its elience and by the ballots of many its officers and members to place in position of highest power and most fo

position of highest power and most far-reaching influence one who gives the lie to its most sacred teaching, the work smong the heather had as will be closed, the "mission trust" be dissolved and the call for money and teachers cease, in common honesty. Perhaps our even peo-ple may listen to and understand the political reasons as to why honor should be given regardless of the "faith," but to the heathon nations there will appear two flags in this fight, as far as the Clurch is concerned, one carried by an arowed follower of Christ; the other by an arow-ed disbeliever in Him. Is the Church ready to answer their question, "Under which fag, Begonian". B.

Joe Rece on the "Shake" in Singing. Greensboro Record.

Greensboro Record. A young lady who, according to our notion, is possessed of good same, asks this question: "I am studying voice culture, but I abhor this 'shake' that is being taught. It is insistent that the singer use this 'shake' all the been the 'ashion,' or is it a fad " To answer this honestly may cause some to proceed to fight, but we try to be honest. It is our deliberate opinion that this "shake" was brought to this soon after the war with their fiddles and marps. The violin was not held under the chin, but rested on the knee, just as a violincello is played and while a good many of them could

Edaa D. Allen

CURES ECZEMA OUHCKLY

plea, blackheada, herpes, such as pun-plea, blackheada, herpes, such as pun-plea, blackheada, herpes, such as pun-ples, etc., which require but a small quantity to cure. To oversome this, and in response to ingent appeals, the di-pensers of posism have been obliged to adopt, in addition to the regular two-dollar package, a special fifty-cent size which in future may be found on sale at R. H. Jordan & Co.'s and other leading drug stores in Charlotte, or sizy be or-dared direct from the Emergenity Labora-tories, No. E West Sth street, her Tork (ity, In all extense cases posism stops (ching with first application, and pro-ceeds to heal immediately; chronic cases being cured in two weeks. In less serious skin troubles, results are seen after an oversight application. Bamples for experimental purposes may still be had, free of charge, by writing to the laboratories for them.



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A WOMAN TO BE PRETTY

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other love!

of the awful unspeakable creatures that tear with beak and claw the weak of their kind. Motherhood wasn't doing much for them now. Womanhood was at a low ebb. Humanity was lost in common dust. It was pitiful. If any angels were there, if any are so strong and compassion-ate that they stayed, I know that they

get it? . . .

It seems to me that there is some thing superhuman in that strength, the endurance and the love of a mother. It is beyond the human. The mother herself cannot understand it. It seems to me that mothers are the places where God's love shines through clearest. There is something marvelous in the untiring, unfailing devotion of mothers.

This mother-love is something distinctly apart from the character or nature of the individual woman. It uses her for one purpose. It controls her. She is a little vessel lost in an ocean of love. It is sublime. But it does not really alter a woman's nature any more than the bright blaze changes the nature of the lamp on my desk.

. .

Mother-love is all for the child, or for something that represents the child. The woman who exhibits it in its grandest form may astonish us by lack of sympathy, her want strength or any sense of justice where her children are not concerned. Any woman of natural instincts

would follow her child, all whithers.

"If I were drowned in the deepest sea, whose love would come down to me,

Mother of mine!"

. . Have you watched a mother's tire-

to me that belongs to it? It seems to me that I have seen it shining sweet and strong through a very fim-ey nature, dike the life-giving sunshine through the crude and slily decora-tions of a cheap window.

A little group of women was talk-ng together, and they had chosen for heir subject another woman who had orfeited her place among them. They are all mothers. Mothers of lads and usles and little bables. They had sen down, each one alone, to the niss back to common things wearing the grown of motherhood.

. Margaret and Miss Jane Addams!

What if you and I and our friends and neighbors were joining hands with these? Margaret! Why the/very name has come to mean child-love. Not one boy, not one family, not one's very own, but all weak and helpless children—a great, beautiful human motherhood that should answer to the holy Fatherhood, as the earth re-sponds to the shining of the sun! Is that what it means? It seems to me 80.

. . . The mother of our child is in a sense the mother of all children. She is a human mother responsible for human offspring. Is it not divine office to mother every weak and help-less thing that has nothing between it and the hard, hard world? A wo-man's purity is a very frail thing if it is endangered by the contact simple motherly goodness to a girl

who missed, somewhere, her rightful measure of mothering. .

Losing caste is a serious matter, but it is another story and different from this that I am telling. The bloom can never be restored once it brushed from the grape. Wounds heal, but scars remain. The relation of the world to those who forfelt its respect is distinctly another matter and one

that I should never venture to touch with the uttermost tip of my tinlest pen. But this matter of motherhood. If here is no help in it, if the good of it is just sufficient fo rone's very

this work, and that it is to be managed in an honest, businessiike way, in such wise as to bring in the largest possible returns in the way of the result desired, vist. the greatest number of conversions to Christianity of those who deny Christ.

to be held in trust fo

tributors that it is

Now, having assumed this position of trust, involving the honest guarding of the interests entrusted to their care, mindful of the fact that this money is asked for and given for the express purpose of the maintenance of the belief in Christ as God, is not the Church as much bound morally to use the full weight of its influence against the election of a Unitarian President, as representatives of a temperance party, appointed to carry out the policy of that party, would be to oppo a liquor candidate; of free trade dele gates to oppose a high tariff protection

party? The cases are parallel, and this is a practical, material, though apparently unthought of, view of the moral obligation of the Church to the cause of oreign missions and their supporters in the coming election. When any man offers himself as a can-didate for the highest seat in the council

of the nation, every vested interest has a perfect right to argue as to how those in-terests will be affected by his election. That the great mission work of the Church is a vested interest can scarcely be denied-nor the fast that the creation of this trust carries with it obligations, which may not be avoided honorably, to-wards the army of laboring missionaries and their heathen charges on the one side, If here is no help in it, if the good of it is just sufficient for rone's very sufficient to meet the demand. There was not need to determ the super is the sum the super is the sum the sufficient to meet the demand. There was not need to determ the super is the sum the super is the sum the sufficient to meet the demand. There was not need to determ the sum the sufficient to meet the demand. There was not need to determ the sum the sufficient to meet the demand. There was not need to determ the sum the sufficient to meet the demand. There is a soft of the sum the sufficient to meet the demand. The sum the sufficient to meet the demand. The sufficient to meet the sufficient to meet the sufficient to the sufficient the sufficient to the sufficient the sufficient to the sufficient the sufficient to the sufficient t <text><text><text><text><text>

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