

## Hoss Sense

Did it ever occur to you that money thrown away every year on worthless Christmas presents, would have checked the run on the Knickerbocker Trust Company, which would probably have averted the recent panic.

Let your present this year be of worth. Madam, did you ever give your husband a Christmas present and a week afterwards feel ashamed of it? You have, and you will doubtless think that you have done the same by your husband. It is very likely true. Before you invest in presents this year call round and examine the many useful articles of value in our stock. We herewith give a few: Gilted Safety Razors, Knives, Guns, Rain Coats, Linen Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Watches, Rocking Chairs, Couches, Tables, Table Covers, Napkins, Towels, Oil Stoves, Sewing Machines, Shawls, Fascinators and a host of other things too numerous to mention. Let us impress you with the importance of doing your Christmas shopping early in December. We can then give you more attention and the stock will be more complete.

### H. W. & J. C. WEBB

J. S. SPURGEON, President.

P. C. COLLINS, Cashier.

CHAS. A. JETT, Vice-President.

## THE BANK OF ORANGE

Desires an account with every man, woman and child in Orange County.

To new enterprises we will be glad to extend such accommodations as is consistent with conservative banking.

We claim to be the Financial Bureau of Information for Orange County, and will gladly furnish information.

FOUR PER CENT. INTEREST PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS.

DEPOSITS FROM \$1.00 UP TAKEN.

### Among the Lowly.



The picture is by Leon Augustin l'Hermite and was purchased by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, of New York City, in 1905, from the income of the Catharine Lorillard Wolfe Fund. In a letter to the directors of the museum, at time of the purchase, M. l'Hermite says: "I have endeavored to bring to all the figures in the scene the varieties of emotions proper to each but united as one in the expression of confidence—respectful in the old, searchingly so in the young."

roundly and pressed about him to shake his hand. Powell had undoubtedly been popular with his employees, but his popularity had been gained at the expense of results in the output of the factory.

Under the new superintendent the output was satisfactory—and more. The question that continually presented itself to the young man's troubled mind was whether, in the interests of the firm he had not been too harsh with the employees. In eradicating the evils Jim Powell had wrought he had found it necessary to calculate in cold-blooded fashion, to be ready with blame and chary of praise. The result was inevitable. While the profits grew steadily Crawford realized that it was because of his ceaseless vigilance and the firmness with which he held the employees at work.

There were times—when he was tired, especially—when it seemed to him that he had merely developed into a successful slave driver.

Sometimes at 6 o'clock, when the big gong had sounded, he would sit by the time-machine and watch the men file down the stairs. He would have given much if here and there in the long line a face had been lifted to his with a nod or a comprehending smile, but the "hands" rang in their time in sullen silence. His very presence seemed to chill their spirits, and when one of them looked at him it was either with bitterness or a blank stare.

Meanwhile the Perfection Electric Switch Company prospered amazingly, and at the same time the superintendent grew a little more stoop-shouldered, a little more reserved, a little more heavy of eye.

In November of the third year it happened that "Our Mr. Crawford" was taken sick. At the time he was putting forth strenuous efforts to have an increase of pay for the employees, in consequence of which he was at the office several days when he should have been in bed. He wanted the hands to understand that their work had been appreciated, and although he had to grind his teeth to keep from crying out with the pain he went daily to the office and argued with the general manager and the members of the firm.

The firm was obdurate. It was decided finally that, in view of the extensive additions that were to be made to the plant the increase could not be granted for another year. Sick at heart and racked with pain the superintendent staggered to his apartments in the gray November dusk, went to bed and sent for a doctor. The physician came, chided the young man for his carelessness of his health and said a slight operation would be necessary the next day.

The operation was successful, and the physician assured the anxious general manager that the patient would be at the factory in a couple of weeks. But the physician had not reckoned on many things—the weariness of mind and body in his patient, the bitterness of his recent failure to induce the firm to increase the pay of the hands, and the dragging load under which he had struggled silently for the past three years.

The wound caused by the operation healed rapidly, but with the healing came no strength. Crawford sat daily propped up in a chair by the window, listless and uninterested in his surroundings. The physician was puzzled and not a little irritated; the general manager, who came daily, began to show signs of alarm.

"It's the pace of modern business, sir!" the physician snapped angrily to the attendant, who had been sent up from the hospital. "Get him interested in something. It's his only chance."

The man tried everything his fertile mind and thorough training could suggest, but with no results. Crawford sat silently by the window day after day, looking vacantly at the bare branches of the trees and the patches of dull cloud drifting across the early winter sky.

Christmas time found Crawford propped in his chair, looking out over a world newly swathed in spotless white. The doctor declared that now

it was only a question of time, and the attendant had long since ceased trying to rouse the sick man's dormant interest. On Christmas Day Crawford opened an envelope from the factory, and found it enclosed a substantial check. He smiled bitterly and handed it to the attendant.

"Here, take it! Merry Christmas!" he said, in a colorless voice.

At dusk it was snowing again, and just after the lights began to twinkle through the gloom Crawford, in his chair, fell into a heavy slumber. He was awakened by a lusty rapping at the door. The attendant went into the little hall and presently returned. "Two ladies and three gentlemen to see you, sir," he said.

The visitors were ushered in, and as they entered the room Crawford gripped the arms of his chair and stared with wide opened eyes. There were two giggling girls from the wiring department at the factory, two men from the assembling bench and the foreman of the brass room.

The girls tittered and the men looked ill at ease. Crawford sat up in his chair. Two spots of color came into his wan cheeks. The foreman advanced and cleared his throat.

"We've come, sir," he said, looking at the ceiling, "to show you that, even if you're not with us, you're not forgotten. Perhaps we haven't always understood you, but anyway we know you're the right sort. We've heard all about your fight for an increase for us, and even if we didn't get it, we know it wasn't because you didn't do your best for us. So to show our respect for you and your efforts in our behalf we've brought you this."

He tore the covering from a parcel he bore and held out a silk umbrella with a large pearl and silver handle. "And—Merry Christmas!" he finished.

"Merry Christmas!" echoed the two other men and the two girls.

A lump rose in Crawford's throat. He could only beam upon them and mutter feebly, "Merry Christmas to you!"

"Some few minutes after the committee from the factory had gone the doctor came bustling into the hall. The attendant met him and shook a warning finger at him. The doctor craned his neck and peeped cautiously into the room.

Crawford sat under the light. His head was hidden in the crook of one arm that rested on the window sill. Clutched tightly in the other was a silk umbrella with a large pearl and silver handle. Crawford's shoulders rose and fell convulsively; he was sobbing like a child.

The doctor smiled in comprehension. "Good!" he declared, emphatically. "That's something like!"

And turning on his heel he stole softly down the stairs.—From Youth's Companion.

### THE PULPIT.

AN ELOQUENT SUNDAY SERMON BY DR. NEHEMIAH BOYNTON.

Subject: The Will and the Work.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Dr. Nehemiah Boynton, pastor of the Clinton Avenue Congregational Church, having returned from his European trip, was in his pulpit Sunday. In the morning, greeted by a large audience, he preached on "The Will and the Work." The text was from John 4:34: "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me and to finish His work." Among other things, Dr. Boynton said:

The very essence of a rational faith in Jesus is dependent upon His being permitted to make His own impression upon one's soul as a being who met and mastered life in normal relations.

If you permit your fancy to dress Him in the light fluffy and ethereal garments of an airy mysticism you add to your imagination but subtract from His reality. If you array Him in the blue and sometimes navy blue homespun of a provincial theology your philosophy aspiring to do the task of sympathy takes away half His birthright. He recedes from the heart and mind of the world! But if you allow Him to be an actual resident in life and to live in the world to which He came, to work, to wonder, to minister, to suffer, to joy and to love, you restore Him to men. Again He lives in power, and by His very mastery of life indicates His claim to be the chiefest among ten thousand.

The supreme divinity of Christ, His individual and unique relation to the Father are best apprehended by setting His life in its ordinary and usual human relations, permitting it to tell its own story and make its own impression. Whether you compare Christ with the Samaritan woman or with the astonished disciples His own transcendent greatness is in distinct evidence.

Here is a travel-stained, weary and thirsty pilgrim sitting by a well; there a common water carrier comes to fill his pitcher. Their interview shows at once that they are not upon the same level; they do not see life from the same angle. The traveler is evidently in full possession of something for which the Samaritan woman has only heart hunger, something very high, noble, soul satisfying.

The disciples who come as he leaves are not much above her level, so far as appreciating Christ is concerned. They wonder that He is willing to stoop to speak to such a person! They offer Him food. Hospitality is the only grace they can at present afford. "Master, eat!" How slight an appreciation they have of the really nutritive forces of life! "I have eaten. I have been refreshed," says Christ. "Can it be that anyone has offered Him lunch in our absence?" they inquire.

"My meat," says Christ, "is to do the will of Him that sent Me and to finish His work." Here is strong meat, indeed! Here is spiritual manna, indeed! The will and the work are the staples of that perpetual feast which alone will satisfy the higher soul-life of mankind. A first great teaching of this incident is the personal nature of real religion.

One of the pathetic visions of our own day is that of multitudes trying to find a place to trust their souls.

Religions which the world has outgrown are galvanized into life again and are made the depositories of restless spirits. New forms of religion have for many mighty attractions and for a time seem to satisfy the soul desire. There must be some one thing about the faith of Jesus which gives it pre-eminence over all other forms of faith, however much of fragmentary trust they embrace. And that one thing is the sense of personal relation with God. "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me!" This is the great Christian contribution to religion. God is Father of all spirits. To connect with His will is to relate oneself with Him and satisfy the longings of one's deepest soul. "I know Jesus Christ," said Bushnell, "better than I know any man in the city of Hartford, and if He should be walking along the street and see me, He would say, 'There goes a friend of Mine.'"

The joy, the assurance, the certainty of a Christian faith, root them-

selves in the sense of personal relation between the soul and God, which affords the comfort, security and inspiration of living.

Jesus again is insistent in His teaching that a loyal will always expresses itself in work: "To finish His work." A personal relation with God expresses itself through a social appreciation and effort. Nobody ever travels to Heaven alone. Everybody must help carry somebody else who would mount the shining pinnacles of the city of our God. The greatest work in the world is to get one's will in play—to establish goodwill among men!

There is the race question, for example. How are men of different races to be treated in free America?

It is no longer a question of the colored man alone, but of the Indian, the Japanese, the Chinese as well. Indeed, it is no longer a mere American question. It is an international question, bound to become more and more imperative and vital in coming days. What is the solution? Is it in institutions of social sympathy like clubs and settlements? Is it in laws drastic and enforced? These can do something, but the real solution waits upon the will of the people, upon disposition and attitude. The deeper recognitions are in order. "A man's a man for a' that!" The nobler fellowships are due. The will of God is waiting for a larger expression over against passion, pride and prejudice! If Jesus could find in an ordinary Samaritan water carrier a soul worthy of His kindly disposition, His sympathy, His solicitude, then His followers are bound to find in every human being a spiritual relative and maintain toward all made in the image of God a brother's regard and care.

Doing the will of God will always express itself in some form of social service.

You will solve social problems only by kneading into them the leaven of the Christian spirit, and there will be a rise in every social scale as the will of Christ is by His disciples given adequate expression.

A third and final teaching of the Master in this incident concerns spiritual accomplishments.

What we want, says the impatient disciple, is results! Indeed, here is a great truth, but what kind of results, pray? Are apparent returns always the indices of a true Christian progress? Is it not possible "to make a showing" which by its very loudness is only a blind to a really deplorable state of affairs?

Unclean method, superficial endeavor and questionable procedure are, to be sure, dazzling temptations. Apparently they take the kingdom of Heaven by violence and bring it in. Really they are sorry apologies for a true accomplishment, which is, first of all, in the implanting of a will, a disposition.

He that believeth shall not make haste! "The sower and the reaper shall rejoice together." The man who sows a spirit and the man who reaps a harvest are fellow sharers in a common joy!

If Jesus is judged by the harvesting of His life, He has small tally! Two hundred souls, only, embraced His faith when He gave His life for the world. But if any true measurement attempts to estimate the realization of His life, and He is judged by the sowing of His life, then, indeed, does He appear as a master workman. He buried a spirit in the heart of the world which has been in the world ever since, with its ever recurring seedtime and harvest. He is known among men by the splendor of His will, which abides, rather than by the incidents of His work, which are glorious memories of the past.

The will and the work, these two; but the greatest, the most harvesting of these is will, for, after all, "it is not what a man does, but would do, which exalts him;" and mighty are the spiritual accomplishments of those, no matter for apparent figures, whose hearts are stayed on Him and through Him reach loving arms to the world.

Chance for Scorching Balloonists.

A member of the staff of the Blue Hill Observatory, near Boston, has reported that observations made there show that the average speed with which clouds, between 8,000 and 9,000 feet high, move is 60 miles an hour, in midsummer and 110 miles an hour in midwinter. The swiftest flight of a cloud yet measured was 230 miles an hour.—Dunbar Dispatch.

**CHRISTMAS GREETING**  
BY JOHN D. TABB

Good morning, Lord! For little boys  
The day more generous is of joys  
Than unto men, they say:  
If so, for greater happiness  
Teach us Thy holy name to bless  
With fuller hearts than they!

### HEARTENING THE SUPERINTENDENT

THE superintendent was a tall, thin young man, with slightly stooping shoulders and near-sighted eyes which peered keenly through the heavy lenses of his eyeglasses. "Our Mr. Crawford," as he was always called by the general manager of the Perfection Electric Switch Company, had been transferred from his place as foreman of the wiring department to be superintendent of the factory at a time when an iron hand was needed to remedy the mischief which the lax methods and general inefficiency of his departing predecessor had created. It was a difficult problem of reor-

ganization that he had been called upon to face, but time had proved that the general manager's faith—he had stoutly advocated Crawford against the firm's opposition—had not been misplaced. The new superintendent had entered upon his duties quietly, unassumingly, but with a tenacity of purpose and an unrelenting energy that bent all things to his will. Three of the best years of his life he gave unhesitatingly and uncompromisingly to the work before him. At the end of that time the factory was running with a smoothness that took several wrinkles out of the general manager's brow and made the firm think seriously of increasing the plant.

"Our Mr. Crawford"—the firm spoke of him proudly in this manner now—had made himself necessary to the Perfection Electric Switch Company, but his success had not been entirely satisfactory to himself. With all his quiet force, the superintendent was a very human young man. He had hoped to gain the complete confidence of the men and women under him. It was respect he wanted rather than fear.

The lax, easy going regime of the former superintendent had made that careless individual very popular with the factory hands. They had given him all sorts of presents on his birthdays and at Christmas time. The day his "resignation"—oh, euphonic term!—had gone into effect they had presented him with an ornate watch charm, and when, red in the face and embarrassed he had tried to stammer his thanks, they had cheered him



Crawford's Shoulders Rose and Fell Convulsively.

### Alice in Toyland.



Jack-in-the-Box — "Hands off, there!"  
Alice—"Why his hands are off, silly!"

### Wagner as a Curative Agent.

Vernon Lee has told somewhere the story of the marvelous effects of Wagner on a headache; it may be proved any night at the Queen's Hall. One does, after a time, succumb to what is a kind of hypnotism; the sound seems almost to clear the air, or at least to lull one into a kind of dream in which only the sense of hearing exists.—London Saturday Review.