Corner

Enthusiasm ran high, and after some

term's board, and I won't have time chuck!"

to do anything more.'

"Good-bye!" "Good-bye!"

"Dear Inez:-Please send me

at once all the information you

can find on Juliana's field. My

home League has asked me to

speak to them Sunday evening

on Missions, and of course I shall

tell them about Juliana. Pray

"Sixty dollars raised by Wes-

It is not enough to love those who

love best, and most wish to help .-

ton League. Story later. Hal-

lelujah! Mira."

His promises again."

lected.

sionary incidents and facts.

Mira."

praying, too."

WHEN I PASS ON.

When I shall fill my little niche no more, And others pass my old accustomed spot Will those who knew me truly, pause before The empty space, and sigh that I am not?

When I shall drift beyond my sister ships, Would I could hear the words from loving

"We'll miss the little craft, 'twas brave and true."

When I shall leave life's sweet and bitter And fare me forth beyond its narrow pale,

Will any say, who stay within its rule, "She bravely tried her task, she cannot

When I shall lay aside life's web, and sleep, Will any say, "She toffed well and fair?" Or will they find my broken threads and

O'er the poor weaver's unrequited care? When I have vanished from the little band Of those with whom I've worked and

laughed and played, Will any by my earthly pillow stand And say, "We loved her-would that she had stayed?"

-Laura Burnett Lawson.

PRAYING FOR A TYPEWRITER. By Mary Alice Hoover.

"Mrs. Leslie writes that one of the needlest needs of their mission station is a typewriter," observed Mira, laying down the letter she had been reading.

held a shade of indignation. "Just scant attention, and came home dis- his kitchen stove must be smoking. imagine their doing all that corre-consolate. spondence in long hand!" She shut the "Life of Paul" she had been studying, with a bang.

"And Juliana is a stenographer," thoughtfully countinued Mira.

"Yes, and with no typewriter to take with her to India, and no prospect of having one, either. It's maddening!"

But Mira remained unruffled. "We must send a typewriter with Juli- Mira, confidently. "I still believe him in the basket." ana," she asserted.

"Send a typewriter with Juliana! How, I should like to know? The whole schoolful of us couldn't spare sixty dollars."

"I know," Mira assented. "Almost every one is earning her way, or part felt. of it, and it's just holiday time, too, but"-

"Oh, don't mention Christmas," groaned Inez. "I'm crushed to earth because I can't send any gifts home this year—just long letters with lots stoutly, "if I had anything to give, I'd rather contribute it toward the typewriter. I never realized before significant: how missionaries are handicapped for the lack of common necessities. It's a shame; and yet here are we, a bunch of us, unable to do a thing!"

Mira smiled a prophetic smile. "We are getting ready to help later," she said. "And even now we can pray for the work. Don't you believe, Inez, that if we prayed for a typewriter we'd get it?"

Inez's face softened. "You're a living rebuke to me, Mira," she exclaimed, affectionately. "I'm always looking at my own insufficiency, while you are the personification of the text: 'Our sufficiency is from God.' I'm afraid my prayers aren't very effective, dear but I'm ready to join ily, as she went home to bed. "They catch the woodchuck.

them with yours." It was a wholly natural and wholesome thing that these two young women, seniors in the Bible and Social Service Training School, should form a compact of prayer, for faith in vitalized the school atmosphere. Simply they knelt and made known their from Mira should come. request to the everlasting Giver of dia to meet an emergency call from the missionary ranks. The summons coated messenger boy with a yellow river below. was so urgent, the need so vital, that envelope in his hand. she had decided not to wait to gradujust three weeks. The girls, her as- wiping her hands excitedly and tear- ty smoky in there!" sociates for many months, were burn- ing open the dispatch. This is what ing with the desire to help in some she read: way the work to which she was offering her splendid young life. They had been reading the letter from Mrs. Leslie, a missionary on the field, that had hastened Juliana's decision, a communication full of the missionaries' successes, their needs and their heavy burdens, especially that of a large and necessary correspondence. Now, Juliana, in addition to many other graces, was a thorough business girl, with the magic of system in her brain and speed in her fingertips. All that was lacking to make a perfect secretary for the station was the typewriting machine. "Lord, give Juliana a typewriter! We would give it if we could, but we have no resources, and so we come to Thee!" pleaded Mira, and added, reverently, in closing: "All things whatsoever

them." "Now," planned Inez, as they rose from their knees, 'why not ask in a few of the other girls and talk everythink of something to do to help an- are dear to us. We must show that house, and there he lived happy ever swer our own prayers. You go to we do so. Many of us, through igswer our own prayers. You go and norance, thoughtlessness, or want of Churchman. ask Mary Barnes, and I'll see Ora judgment, wound those whom we

ye pray and ask for, believe that ye

receive them, and ye shall have

Dean." Mira agreed, and five additional Lord Avebury. JIMMY COOPER'S WOOD-CHUCK.

Jimmy Cooper's father owns the flour mill on the stone road, and Jimmy Allen lives in that tiny brown house near the mill. He and Jimmy winner, if he will, and gives this Cooper are great friends.

One day Jimmy Cooper invited Jimmy Allen to help him catch a wood-

know how," explained Jimmy Cooper, come in contact with to whom you tossing a clump of grass into the mill might say a word. pond. "The mill man told me. He! A friend of mine was giving a home from school. It was so lonely, says most woodchucks have a front Bible reading when a lady came up with Gertie at school, mamma downmembers were admitted to the circle. door and a back door."

a brief stay with her family before cles in the water.

"You dear girls!" she exclaimed, snatching his hat from the grass as of the children. So you see htere is her face alight with wonder and joy. he spoke, and making a dive at a but- one person who can't lead souls to

'That is what I, too, have been ask- terfly. The butterfly escaped. ing of God-that He would give me "You stop up one end of the bura typewriter. It makes me feel so row so the woodchuck won't get out," Walker answered, "but I can't see it strong and sure to know you are continued Jimmy Allen, "and pour in yet. Will you allow me to ask you a water at the other end until the few questions?" Juliana's words deepened the pur- woodchuck is drowned." Then he pose of the typewriter band. In the made a dive at the butterfly with his

midst of term-end examinations and old straw hat, and caught it. busy preparations for Christmas That's the way to capture a woodtreats for ragged classes and desti- chuck if you want it fo ra pet!" extute families, they still found time claimed Jimmy Cooper, watching the to meet and pray and report the quickly released butterfly float

results of their various plans. A through June sunshine. dozen ways of raising the price of a "Catch a woodchuck with your

typewriter were discussed and sev- hat?" inquired Jimmy Allen. eral of them tried, but, oddly enough "No. I mean catch him alive. My nothing was met on every hand but father's mill man says that two boys discouragement and failure. Inez and can do it if one boy holds a basket Ora even went so far as to visit two tight over the front door of the burleading typewriter establishments, row. Then the other boy goes to the seeking the donation of a machine to back door of the burrow and builds a missionary work; but, being ama- fire in it. Pretty soon the smoke "I should think so!" Inez's tone teurs in asking, they were shown gets so bad, Mr. Woodchuck thinks But, if he goes back through the long "We've tried everything," declared hall and through his bed-room to see Inez, at the last little gathering be- what is the matter, he thinks his fore they scattered for the holidays, house is on fire, and straight he goes "unless some of you can think of to the front door, ker-bang into the semething to do at home during va- basket! It is just as easy! All you cation. I've got to stay here in the have to do is, shut down the basket city and work to help pay my next tight, and there is your pet wood-

> "That is easy," agreed Jimmy Al-"We'll all keep on praying," said len. "Let's try it. I want to catch that, if we persist, the typewriter will "S'pose you dare?" questioned Jim-

"Well, let me know as soon as it bite.

dwindling," answered Inez, trying my Allen. "Let's get to work, be- people who were coming to my house not to look as utterly blue as she cause we ought to build a pen to keep every day. I didn't see how I could him in."

encouragingly. "We'll telegraph." ter house of stones and sod," added He would show me the way; so I "Keep your faith bright." "Good- Jimmy Cooper. "My father's man made up my mind to begin with the bye, dear, don't work too hard." says the reason woodchucks get so fat milkman. I went down the next in the summer is because they go to morning, and waited for him, and I Several days passed before Inez sleep in the autumn and don't wake had a nice little speech all ready. of love in them. But," she added, received any communication from up until spring. I want my pet wood- Soon he came in and poured out his the absent band. Then came a post- chuck to be as comfortable as he milk, and out he went, before I could card message from Mira, brief, yet would be at home."

help and advice from the miller's the door, so I dropped the speech, hired man, they talked of Jimmy's and ran after him and called his woodchuck.

"It will be such fun to watch him

Allen, in tones of astonishment.

Inez had found a place to do house- Natural History' says. He will sit on he said: 'Madam, why didn't you work not far from the school, and she his hind legs like a squirred and lick ask me that question last winter? spent her hours off that evening, and smooth his fur like a cat. He Last winter we were having special searching in its library. At a late will clean and comb his face with his meetings in our church, and I was hour she posted a letter, full of mis- claws, too! It seems as if I can't interested and wanted to become a

wait!" "I wonder what Mira intends to When all was ready, the miller's them down at the church; so I kept ask them to do," she wondered sleep- man left his work to watch the boys talking to you about those who had

could hardly do it all-just one Epworth League—and Mira isn't any the burrow was about to light his turn the conversation and say somegreat speaker, if she is the dearest match, he called to Jimmy Allen at girl in the world. I wonder what the the other end: "Basket-bas-ket-

Lord does think of our asking Him, watch out!" Scr-scratch went the match on out and out, for a definite thing, anyprayer was the oxygen element that way." And she waited, with alter- a brick, and crackle-crackle the fire nating hopes and fears, till a report began to burn.

Jimmy Allen wasn't afraid as he "If Mira mails me a letter to-day I clung to the basket against the hill- and if ever I confessed my sins to all. A member of their class, beauti- ought to get it to-morrow," she was side, but he kept wriggling his bare ful Juliana Weeks, was going to In- thinking on Monday over her tubs, toes and sending loose stones bumwhen she was interrupted by a blue- pety-bang, bumpety-bang, into the

"Watch out! watch out!" warned "She telegraphed! They did say Jimmy Cooper at last. "He thinks ate with the others, but was to sail in they'd telegraph!" she exclaimed, his house is on fire by this time: pret-

The next minute something went bang-bump! against the basket, and Jimmy Allen was rolling down hill. If his blouse hadn't caught on some bushes, he might have rolled

into the water. When she had sent away the boy, "Where is the woodchuck?" he telling him there was no answer, Inez called, as he scrambled to his feet laid her head a moment on the kitch- and tried to pretend he didn't care en table and cried. "Just because if he had skinned his knee.

God didn't drop the typewriter from "Where is he?" repeated Jimmy the skies at once, I thought He hadn't Cooper. "I'm sure I don't know! I heard," she sobbed, penitently. "But laughed so hard I didn't see what here He has brought everything became of the woodchuck!"

about naturally, through an ordinary "There he is!" called the miller's girl and an ordinary Epworth League man, pointing to a higher spot on the that was just waiting to be connected river bank. "Look, boys, look, he's with Juliana's need. If the Lord a-winkin' at you, I do believe!" will only forgive me, I'll never doubt Sure enough, there sat the woodchuck on his hind legs, gazing down

And then she went so energetically upon the little boys. Possibly he to work at her washing and sang an took them for the fire department. accompaniment with such spirit, that Anyway, he made a few cheerful reher mistress upstairs stopped to listen marks, cleaned his coat, and combed and to wonder what it was that made his face, just as the miller's man said her maid-of-all work so happy .- Se- he did! Soon, when the boys were gone,

home to his burrow ran Jimmy Cooper's woodchuck, straightened his

"It is not what we say, not what we do; it is what we are that tells."

EVERY CHRISTIAN A SOUL-WIN-NER.

(Epworth Herald.) The Rev. Howard W. Pope insists that every Christian can be a soul-

striking illustration: If you say that you don't have opportunities, just stop and count them for a single day, and you will be sur-"It's as easy as anything if you prised to see how many people you

to her, and said: "Mrs. Walker, I town, and nurse taking her nap. Mar-"O, I know that much," interrupt- don't believe some things you said to- garet had come downetairs to the lidiscussion, the whole seven waited ed Jimmy Allen, and he, too, threw day. You said every Christian could upon Juliana to tell her what they a clump of grass into the mill pond. win souls to Christ if he would. Look hoped to do. Juliana was in her room His clump of grass went father than at me, for instance. I am a mother hen I shall drift beyond my sister ships.

And my poor bark shall land—my voyage packing her things ready to leave for Jimmy Cooper's and made bigger cir- with several small children. I have

"I may be rather stupid," Mrs.

"Yes." "Does the milkman ever come to your house?"

"Comes every morning." "Is he a Christian?"

"Well, I never thought of it."

"Does the grocer ever come to your house?"

"Yes, he comes every day-generally twice a day." "Is he a converted man?"

"Really, I don't know-I never asked him." "Does the butcher ever come to

our house?"

"Yes, he comes every morning." "Is he a Christian?" By that time her face began to

color up, and she answered in a rough way: "I don't know anything about it." And away she went, leaving Mrs. Walker alone.

Two years after that a lady came up to Mrs. Walker in another city, and said: "Mrs. Walker, do you remember me?"

"Well, I have seen you." And then she went on to recall this incident, and she said: "Went home pretty well disgusted with you-and with myself, too, if I confess the truth-and I lay awake that night, my Cooper. Sometimes woodchucks, thinking the matter over, and asking myself whether it really was true happens, for I confess my faith is "Dare! who's afraid?" replied Jim- that God wanted me to talk to those do it, but I came to this conclusion, "We will," chorused the others, "And make him a warm little win- that if the Lord wanted me to do it, begin my speech. I couldn't find While the boys built the pen, with either end of it before he was out of name. He came back.

"'Want another quart?' and he comb lis face!" exclaimed Jimmy began to pull out his quart measure. "'No, sir, but I would like to ask "Comb his face!" repeated Jimmy you a question; I would like to ask you whether you are a Christian.' He "Yes, sir, that is what 'Johnson's looked at me a full moment, and then Christian, but I was too proud to tell been converted, I kept telling you When Jimmy Cooper at one end of about other people hoping you would thing to me about becoming a Christian. Now, madam, you have lost your opportunity, for I don't care a snap for the whole business;' and he picked up his can and went out. You can imagine how I felt. I just lay down on my face on that cold floor. Him I would try to live henceforth

for Him. And that very day nine Miss White. "Five little children, people came to my house to whom I all too small to go to school, are left had an opportunity of giving gospel alone all day because their mother messages, and to-day seven out of the has to work in a big factory. They nine are Christians. I believe what have only one plaything, which is a you said is true, that every Christian | doll made out of a clothes-pin and can, if he will, lead some soul to some old rags." Jesus Christ."

HOW MARGARET CHEERED UP.

look out on the broad, snowy street.

girls who are too little to go to to do my own work. I couldn't be school, and don't have anything to starting on her long journey over "Well, let's hear you tell what you here today, only my mother has come do?" thought Margaret aloud, for know." Jimmy Cooper suggested, from the country, and is taking care that was her usual way of thinking.

talk to."

speaking of." garet, settling herself for a story.

Margaret Brice was looking out of the window to catch the first glimpse of her sister when she should come brary to sit in the big arm-chair and

many little girls--" so glad to see you. Mother isn't at Presbyterian. home, but you will stay with me, won't you, for I haven't a person to

"There's isn't much to tell," began Phillips Brooks.

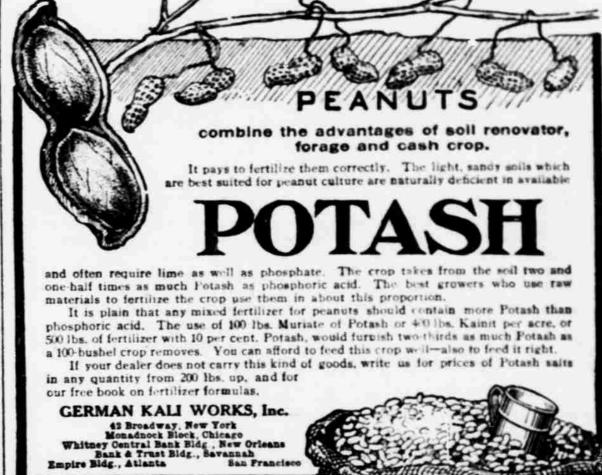
"Why, Miss White, I have just lots of playthings, and there's only one of

"Yes," answered Miss White, and then there was silence for a few minutes, when Margaret said: "Do you suppose that they would like any of my things?"

Miss White assured her that they would be delighted with them. Then the planning began, and it was at last decided that Margaret should get "I wonder if there are other little the playthings together on the lonely afternoons, and on Christmas they would give them to the other little

"It seems funny," Margaret was "Yes, indeed, there are a great heard to remark some time later, that in helping other people to pass "O Miss White-is that you? I'm the time it goes easier for you."-

Is it not true that a man's heart "Yes, dear; but I can't stay very can really be only in the heart of his long. I have just been to see a fam- work, and that the most consolenily of children, such as you were tious faithfulness in details will always belong to the man, not who "Do tell me about them," said Mar- serves the details, but who serves the idea of the work he has to do!-



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