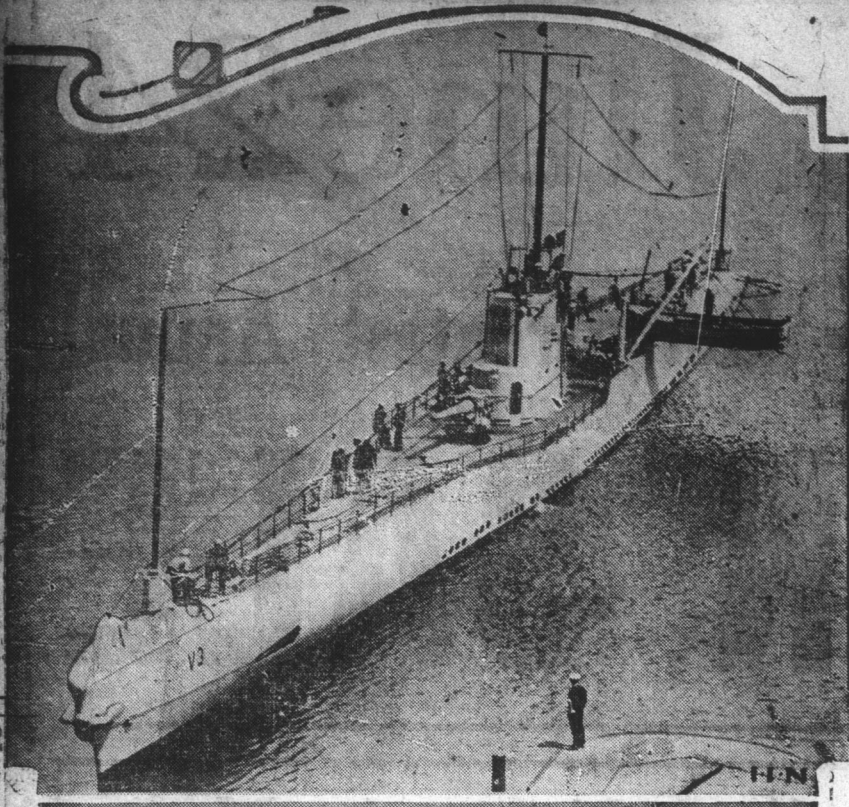
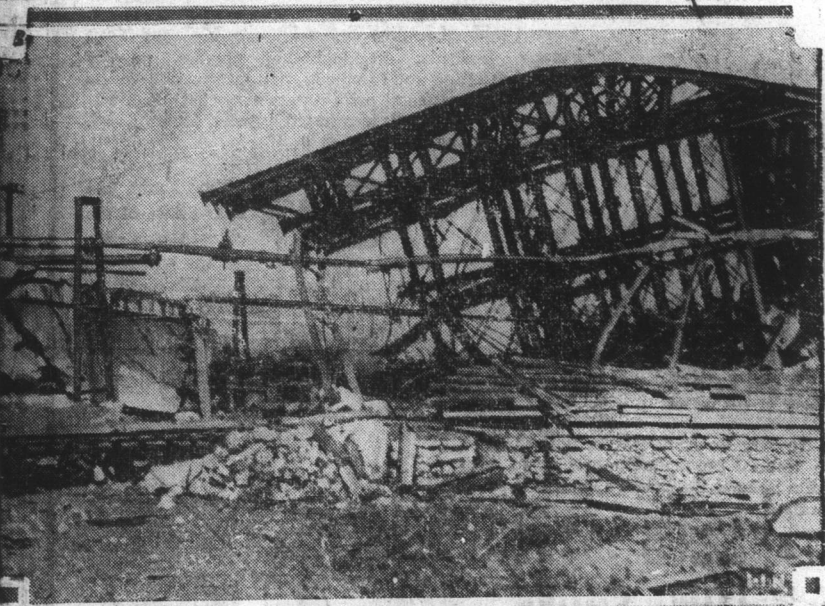


NAVY'S NEWEST WAR TERROR



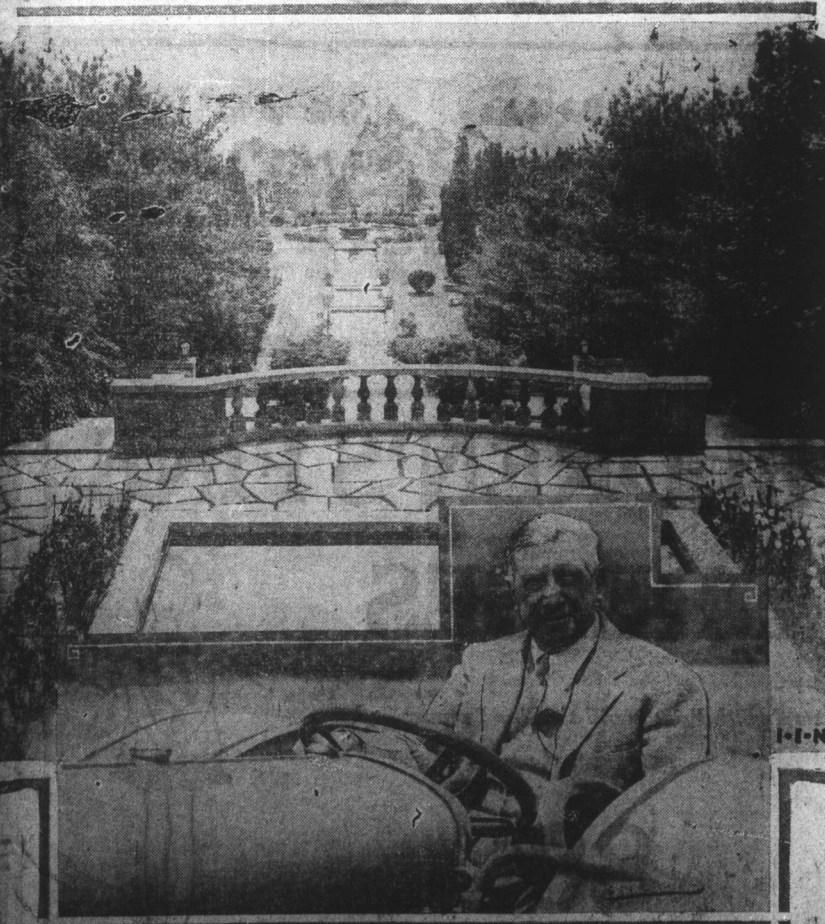
The V-3, latest submarine to be added to Uncle Sam's sea forces, is in reality an undersea battle cruiser. It has a gun turret on the deck and carries lifeboats. A similar type developed by Great Britain carries an airplane. Photo shows the V-3 leaving Charleston, S. C., navy yard for a cruise.

BURNING MINE BLOWS OFF SEAL



With five men, believed dead, entombed, the Woodward Colliery, near Wilkes-Barre, Pa., was sealed to check the spread of fire. Accumulating gases blew off the cap, wrecking the superstructure, and broke windows within fifty miles. Picture shows the demolished structure.

SCHWAB, STEEL MASTER, TURNS TO LIFE ON FARM



Charles M. Schwab, mighty steelmaster, is thinking of retiring from business to occupy himself on his 1,200-acre farm at Loretta, Pa., and is getting the place in order. Photos show the lawn before the mansion, and Mr. Schwab guiding a tractor. The chairman of the board of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation calls his farm "Imagery."

Characteristic Sayings at Revival Conducted by Rev. McKendree Long

Following are a few of the characteristic sayings of Mr. Long throughout his sermons: The religious ideals of the insur-rendered, are stars that turn to meteors. The religious ideals of those crucified with Christ are as the North Star "of whose true fixed and vesting quality here is no fellow in the firmament," and all of the constellations of grace and glory revolve about them. Revenge is itself the Nemesis of retaliation. Ambition is a serpent which only latches her progeny to swallow them. To understand all mystery will be ours in heaven. To believe and bear all things is ours on earth. The thread of love's earthly labyrinth is trust. Many church members petition God as if he had not an angel about His throne, nor an ounce of gold in His fusing pot. To live a beggar is bad enough; but to pauperize "the prince of the kings of the earth" is a crime indeed. The lines of earthly latitude, our circles of Christian difficulty get smaller as they get closer to the poles of trust and obedience. Money may talk, but the goddess of liberty on most men's dollars is struck dumb when she goes to church. Christianity without the redemptive cross, soon degenerates into a system of moral mockeries; and Christianity without cross bearing disciples, as a gazing stock, upon which heathendom itself cries out in disdain. The tongue of all the Godhead cries from that cross, "It is finished." And the fiery tongues of Pentecost cry to the ears: "The sacred voice of the Holy Ghost himself sayeth unto all men everywhere, 'Christ is the end of the law of righteousness to everyone that believeth.'"

Bubbles are the more iridescently beautiful just before they burst; ice-clad trees the more bewitching just before the sun melts them. Take care of your heavenly vision! They descend quickly and vanish as quickly. To obey the visions of hell, means damnation. To disobey those of heaven, the greater damnation. Many preach on faith, who have never gone to the limits of trust. The woodman must first cut the tree to measure it. We need more of the wood cutting of daily reliance on Christ, and less ethereal discourse on the transports of religion. Where there is reliance on Christ there will be rapture with Christ.

Of all preaching and testimony, the Holy Ghost honors most that dealing with the blood. Beginning at that point, he leads us up, past pinnacle upon pinnacle of happy trust to the shekmal summit of glorification itself. As well try to quench smoking Sinai itself as conscience. "A wicked conscience mouldeth goblins more swift than frenzy thought." Deliberate sinners are breaking the necklog on the horns of their own hearts. The formalist is the church's undertaker.

The Pharisee, like the Wandering Jew, leaves his ignoble footprints in every community. The corban-mongers, the tithers of mint, and anise, and cummin, the philatereed Despoilers of those who choose the moderation, or even the poverty of Christ as their heavenly dowry; behold, how these are with us yet! And yet no man need envy the stupidity of the world, nor the contumely of the Pharisee. If the devil were asked whom he pitied most of all the earth, he would reply, "I pity most the spiritual pauper who will deposit his dilatory riches and honors with most of tragic bitterness at the river of death!" I pity most the pharisaic wretch whose soul is poisoned with the folly of pride, and pride, sin's mother and original. And who will scar the sides of the pit itself with a bottomless fall.

The dove of peace alights on a cross bravely taken up, just where we laid it down. That cross may be heven from the thorn-tree of agony, and the crown that encircles its head may have been cast in the furnace of affliction, but of our cross, we must take it up being strengthened with all might according to his glorious power, into all long-suffering with joyfulness.

One surrendered heart can change the universe, but a universe of change cannot alter an unsundered heart. A little Scotch girl was converted under the preaching of Whitefield. She was asked if her heart was changed and gave the following beautiful answer: "Something I know has changed; it may be the world, it may be my heart. There is a change somewhere for everything is different from what it was before."

Jesus under the black nimbus of separation from the Father, Jesus' pierced body and torn and broken head with its last thought breathed out in love and pity, these are the guarantees of eternal peace.

The Holy Ghost drives all the booding devils of melancholy out of the heart He cleanses. The last thing that can give us peace is ourselves.

Women are often strong when men are weak. The starlight of a woman's gentler counsel is often the remedy of our souls after the scorching, blasting highnoon of life's fever, fret and fighting. Often the palmtree of woman's spiritual fortitude stands defiant of the hurricane, when the mountain pine of man's moral might, more rigid, less resilient, has been twisted out of rootage by the whirlwind of the world.

Idleness always distills the ichor of detraction. When conversation is without brains, it is always without heart.

Punchbowl reveries, and petting pruriencies, and midnight solicity, and all the chartered devilry or putrescent society with its Babylonian morals and Pompeian code, will never produce Dargness to clothe the poor, and Abigail to feed them. The bigger the lion, the more the jungle fowl chatter at him. Not all the surges of joy, can, against the ravished lye of distrust, Gabriel himself cannot tune to unclasp the heart strings snapt by jealousy and betrayal!

When we repeat an old sin, we double sin's power, and divide our power of moral resistance in half. The road to perdition and wreck, is lined with the mileposts of old sins repeated till morally monotonous.

Samson went to Sorek! A bad place for a Nazirite to wander to; G'y-en a Delilah amid the vineyards, and what can guardian angels do? If we stick our heads in the lion's mouth, we need not expect God to send an archangel to prop their jaws open. Surely we are maddest of all when we take a wild leap over the whirlpool rapids of our special weakness.

Faith can germinate in grace only. But when planted by grace in the most barren ground, like the flowering cactus it can suck its nutriment from the sterile bosom of the desert, and drop blooms of paradise from its thorniest branch.

Faith is like an anchor: it can hold something apparently out of all proportion to its size and power. One of its grapple points rests on the short of eternal grace, and the other holds fast our surging hearts. The biggest soul, the lordliest gifts, must be anchored by it. It is fairest jewel of mighty minds, and lack of it vulgarizes any man to the level of the brute and the savage.

Doublemindedness has no satisfaction. It is as if a man had two consciences, one good and one evil, and were daily endeavoring to satisfy the claims of both. The soul becomes a frightful amphitheatre ren and torn by the rolling battalions of conflicting desire.

The worldling is the paid parador of time. The Christian, the bold crowned heir of eternity.

Our life is above all a hidden life. No noisy fluttering, no egotistic trumpeting, no self publications must be tolerated. The fairest pearls are yet on the floor of the sea, and though men behold them not, they delight the eye of God. Many a beetle on a leaf is clad in burnished mail no armourer can fashion, and wears a cuirass more resplendent than that of God-fred de Bouillion. Many a gem in the crystal bowl of the unknown mountain gorge, is fairer than that on the throat of a princess. Be content to be hid with Christ in God, and you will be revealed of God in Christ. If we are not willing to be unknown because of Christ, we are not worth being known of men.

God often suffers the devil to raise a storm to show us the security of our ship.

Better one humble heart, beating with the passion of simple benevolence and fired by Christian love than all the decorations of royalty and all the favor of princes. The humblest believer is of the seed royal, and bears the scutcheon of Abraham, the friend of God and the father of the faithful upon his armorial field. His is a royalty outdating Norman and plantagenet and Carolingian, and running back 1900 B. C.

Any weakness of orienting is better than the undurable hypocrisy of those who hate. Better to stoop to your enemy than cringe before your own conscience.

I have read that James Russell Lowell was once passing from Rome to Germany. In his company was a friend from Germany who crossed the Alps with him. Lowell paused on a high peak overcome by the magnificence of the scene before him. Turning his face toward Rome and lifting his hat he exclaimed, "Glories of the past, I salute you!" Then his German friend turned his face toward the fatherland and lifting his hat he likewise exclaimed, "Glories of the future, I salute you!" Yet both of these saluted passing glories, while you and myself, earth's chiefest sinners, mere scions of The House of Worthlessness, we can stand on the top peak of the Alps of assurance and hail the King All Glorious, and the glory of His Kingdom which will never pass away! And the chant of the Spirit in the soul of Paul comes up in our souls, "Therefore let no man glory in men; for all things are yours; whether Paul, or Apollus, or Cephas, or the world or life; or death, or things present, or things to come, all are yours; and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

Nearly all husbands and wives think they are martyrs.

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Advertisement for Standard Oil Company "STANDARD" GASOLINE. The ad features a large headline, a small illustration of a car, and the Standard Oil logo. Text includes: "Until a product has been proved worthy by every known test it cannot carry the name of the Standard Oil Company 'STANDARD' GASOLINE". Below the logo, it says "Made in The Carolinas".

Advertisement for physical education in schools. The ad features a photograph of several young boys in athletic gear standing in a line. Text includes: "Perfect Children Rare in U. S. Schools, Asserts Engineer". Below the photo, it says "Results of Physical Education" and "PEORIA, ILL.—More than 75 per cent of the school children of the United States have physical defects, according to J. M. Roff, heating and ventilating engineer. In an address here. 'Not more than 3 per cent of the boys and girls in school in this country could be classed as perfect physical specimens,' said Mr. Roff. 'The others have to struggle under more or less serious physical handicaps. In face of this situation, school authorities have a deep responsibility but limited powers. Most schools have programs of health and physical education, and a few have clinics, but the utmost that the great majority of schools can provide for the pupils are the three essentials, sunlight, pure water and fresh air. 'Strange as it may seem, fresh air in winter is the hardest of the three to assure to all pupils. Opening windows, for ventilation, has proved to be the best only dangerous out-fits. The best equipped schools have controlled mechanical ventilation, which draws in fresh outdoor air, passes it over radiators and diffuses it equally throughout the room. On the haphazard open window plan some pupils are chilled and some overheated and the air is stagnant; most of the time. 'Mental progress of the school child is less of a problem to the teacher than the child's physical condition. Our curriculums are adapted to the mentality of the average pupil and the normal child has no trouble with his school work if his health is sound.'"

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