

could produce light without heat. If a fortune had ever thus been made we today would know it and each of us would be using, with possibly little cost to ourselves, the light thus produced. Generally speaking, there is no shining without a burning. John's shining was at the expense of his burning. In this thought do we find the subject for our message. This is a truth which has the force of law. 'This is a law which is general if not absolutely universal.

We find this law illustrated in nature. The Master expressed it: "Except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone." But because it falls into the ground and dies does it reproduce itself a score of times and hungry mouths are fed. We see this law illustrated in the insect realm of nature. I am a frequenter of a certain wooded mountain trout stream. It is teeming with life. It's life is most interesting. I only wish I were more of a student of its life. Lamentably be it said, and probably, less profitably to myself, I am there to fish. Even so, I learn many lessons and gain many illustrations from its life. I often stoop over and disengage from a stone below the surface of the water, to which it is attached, a small stick which has cemented to it and around it small stones and sand. Pulling these apart I find in the enclosure a worm which itself is food for the fish inhabitants of the stream. Unmolested, the worm finally comes forth a fly, the fly a food for the finny tribe. Uneaen, the fly finally gives up its nature. First worm, then fly and visa versa. We find in this realm an illustration of this law.

This law is illustrated in commerce and trade. Years ago the Standard Oil Company had manufactured thousands of lamps at an expense of thousands of dollars. One of these lamps was placed in practically every home in China, without cost to its possessor. The effect was costly, the expenditure was lavish. By such burning as this has the Standard Oil Company been shining its way around the world. Likewise all successful business ventures.

This is preeminently the law of success in all worthy endeavor and achievement. How clearly we see it illustrated in the life of that prominent American citizen who died only a few years ago. Coming to New York a young man he was refused lodging at French's Hotel because he did not possess the necessary fifty cents. Coming out of the lobby he looked up at the building and vowed that some day he would possess it. Visiting New York you will want to go thru, from basement to dome, the World Building. It occupies the old site of French's Hotel. It was established and owned, at the time of his death, by Mr. Pulitzer, the founder, editor, publisher and owner of that metropolitan daily, The New York World. He was an omnivorous reader, thinker and student. But at what a tremendous cost. Approaching maturity, his eyes commenced to pain him. But still he read. The more he read the greater the pain. By constant, continued reading did those bright orbs which were his eyes literally burn themselves out. Then he gathered around him a corps of readers who read to him the newspapers and literature of the world. There was still and ever that burning in those places which were once his eyes. Would it be a perversion of that which is sacred to say of him, he was a burning and a shining light? His luminous ardors shone their way around the world but at what a burning. This is a law of endeavor and achievement. In fact so often is this law illustrated and exemplified about us that we feel justified in asserting that this is a universal law of life.

I am not so far removed from my schooling as to have forgotten all that happened in connection therewith. A number of years ago I occupied the same position, relatively speaking, that you now occupy. Without casting reflection upon the ability of my patient teachers I must say that I have forgotten about all the Latin I ever knew. (Parenthetically, I don't know what Latin is all about anyway. To me it is just a manner of expressing yourself in a way in which the other fellow does not understand but which makes him think that you know a whole lot.) I have forgotten all the Latin I ever knew, but I remember that as a graduating class we had taken for our motto this phrase: "Per asper ad astra," which, being expressed in common, understandable, every-day English means, "Thru the Bars and Bolts to the Stars." And so it is. To arrive at the place of shining you must batter your way thru the bars and bolts of difficulty and obstacle.

As a visitor, I was one time present at a large meeting of young people. The speaker was a man of large acquaintance. Among other things he told those young people that he carried in his pocket a letter received from the head of a large Chicago corporation asking him to recommend a young man for a position paying \$4,000 a year. He continued: "I have been carrying that letter in my pocket for weeks and I have not yet thought of or met the young man that I could recommend for that position." The thought occurs to me that when opportunity in this form comes it does not go down to the street corner near the pool room to find its sub-

ject. Preparation for the reception of such an opportunity is at the cost of midnight oil and sleepless eyes."

A father received a letter from the president of an institution in which his daughter was a student. The letter was severe in its terseness. It merely said: "We want you to come and get your daughter." Arriving at the institution and coming into the presence of the sender of the letter, the father asked its meaning. He was told to take his daughter home with him. He wanted to know why. The reply he received was: "She lacks capacity." The father, who possessed the ability to sign his name, reached in his pocket, wrote out a good sized check and handing it to the president of the school said: "Then go and buy her some." Money may pay your electric light bill, but a shining personality cannot be bought—at least by so easy a process as writing a check, large though the check may be. There are some things that money cannot buy.

The Master himself has left for us that beautiful parable of the ten wise and foolish virgins. The ten wise ones lit up their way and were admitted to the marriage feast only because they had put forth the necessary effort to go and get oil in their lamps. Did the ten others think that some one was going to do it for them? And the Master himself is preeminently the exemplification of this law of life. Thirty years of preparation for three years of service. One day he said, "Some one touched me." The disciples replied: "The crowd is about you and press up against you." Said the Master: "I perceive that virtue has gone out of me." At what a tremendous cost was the expenditure of that virtue and that service. But what a blessing to you and I, my friends, and to the world. And you will find that the worth while contribution which you make in the form of service to mankind, because of which many shall rise up and call you blessed, and which shall cause your light to shine down thru the years, will be at some sacrifice, some burning.

A minister with his family went out in the country to spend their vacation. They were in the neighborhood of a church and a committee of the church, hearing of his presence waited upon the minister with an invitation to come and preach for them the following Sunday. The minister consented. Accompanied by his young son the next Sunday he went to the church. Entering the vestibule he saw fastened against the wall a box with a slit cut in the top, having over it these words: "Contribution Box." Reaching in his pocket he pulled out a silver half dollar which he dropped into the box. The sermon and service over, the committee waited upon the minister, and told him that he fine sermon, and told him that it was his custom to give to the man who supplied their pulpits the contents of the contribution box. "Will the be satisfactory?" they asked. He replied that it would be, so the key to the box was produced, the box was opened and the contents, one silver fifty cent piece, was taken out and handed to the minister. Outside the church, the little fellow, the son of the minister, looked up into his father's face and said: "Dad, if you had put more into it you would have gotten more out of it." We ministers discover that in this business of the church it is those who put something into it who get something out of it. This is a homely illustration but it true to life. Not only in the church is this true but it is illustrated so frequently as to be accepted as a general law, that we get out of a thing and out of life just about what we put into it. Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.

I am fond of flowers. I am fond of all flowers. I love their fragrance and beauty. And then, they speak to me of the Creator. But there is one flower of which I am more fond than all the rest. I do not find it in the green house. I cannot get it by merely stepping out on a box or vase or jar. Nor is it to be found in any village garden. Perhaps the reason why I love it the most is because it is so rare. As I think of this flower my thought turns to one certain locality. To get it I have to travel far. Arriving at the base of the hill I begin its ascent. Laboriously I make the climb. I puff and sweat. I fume that that which is so prized cannot be obtained more easily. Finally arriving at the spot I get down on my knees. I scratch away the leaves and sticks and debris and possibly the snow, for this flower can only be found before other flowers are bursting into bloom. Having removed its protection I finally discover the beautiful, the fragrant, the rare, trailing arbutus. I have lived long enough to have observed that the finest flowers of life do not fall, unsought, into one's hand.

Now in connection, let me again emphasize that which in this message I have so often reiterated; namely, that the price of shining is burning. I look forward to your future, my young friends, with anticipation. I covet for you the best that life can bring. May you be like that one, who, having found one pearl of great price goeth and selleth all that he hath and buyeth it. We know you to be of serious mind and earnest endeavor. Your having completed the high school course while others, possibly, have

This Week



By Arthur Brisbane

Men to Rule Earth's Forces. Grandma's Younger Face. Free? How Can he Know? Those Liberty Bonds.

The scientific person says "the recent terrific heat comes from spots on the sun, unusually fierce." Another says "the heat travels north from tropical jungles, thanks to atmospheric conditions." Accidental conditions of the air lanes send us heat from the Equator. How soon shall we learn to do, for ourselves, what nature does fitfully and at the wrong time?

Do you doubt that fully civilized men will transfer surplus heat from the Equator to the North Pole? That will seem a modest accomplishment some centuries hence. It seems difficult to us. But suppose you had predicted two hundred years ago that the lightning flashing in the sky, occasionally killing men, would be harnessed one day and made to run a washing machine, a fan or a carpet sweeper. Men will manage and direct the earth's heat as easily as they now direct heat from the furnace.

Coningsby Dawson, writer, mourns because women are set aside, "shelved," at an age when their brothers and husbands begin to be interesting. He says a woman is, or ought to be "at the height of her charm after forty."

Various things work against women and prevent their having ardent young admirers, as Ninon de L'Enclos had at the age of seventy. The children come too close together, in many cases, and that wears women out.

Then, husbands are dull, and after a day's work their talk is frightfully tiresome. No food for the wife's mind. Also, women have lived on the earth for 500,000 years as drudges, with a small percentage kept as toys. They literally have not had a chance.

But times and conditions are changing. Women vote, families are smaller, you cannot tell a woman from her granddaughter, when their backs are turned. And often, when they face you, one is about as young as the other, and the grandmother has, spiriually, the younger face.

Tom Lee, negro boatman on the Mississippi, lived long before the world heard of him. The steamer Norman sank and he saved thirty lives. The "folks" collected money to buy him a house, much to his surprise. His performance seemed to him commonplace. "I kept going and coming," said he, "until I saved everybody I saw in the river. Then I went to the sand bar and built a fire."

The world exists and life is made possible, thanks to the workers that "just-keep-going-and-coming."

A man writes in last hour, "Burn me up, scatter my ashes around the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor. Death has set me free."

How does he KNOW that death has set him free? Nature, of which death is a part, has a habit of using the same material over and over again. The tree of this generation supplies mould to the tree that takes its place.

A man burned up today may go traveling, his spirit to continue his work and struggling in some other far off sphere. Everybody knows what a depressed working man said to his dog: "You're lucky. When you're dead, that's the end of it. But when I die, they're not through with me yet; I have to go to hell then."

However weak this nation may be, in the face of a spirited article written by obscure Socialists, it is a strong nation, financially. U.S. Government bonds went higher than ever last week.

Those assured by this writer during the bond selling campaigns that bonds would go above par will please note that Treasury "four and a quarters" sold last week at 107.10. It takes every man fifty years to learn how to live. "At fifty a man is either a fool or a physician." But if a man at fifty will do what he knows he OUGHT to do, he may easily live fifty years longer. To KNOW is one thing, to DO is another. Someone will own a new home as a direct result of one of today's real estate ads. fallen by the wayside, is evidence of these qualities. We commend you for their possession. Cultivate them more. We bespeak for you a life of usefulness, of service and satisfaction, for we believe that you are willing to pay the price.

At The Auditorium

"THY NAME IS WOMAN" At the Auditorium Friday and Saturday Evenings, June 26-27.

"Thy Name is Woman," the dramatic comet of the year, is at the Auditorium Friday and Saturday nights. This new Fred Niblo production has held its audiences almost gasping for breath at the fire of its love scenes and the power of its climaxes.

The credit for this accomplishment appears to rest surely on the shoulders of Mr. Niblo and his cast of players, the latter including such favorites as Ramon Novarro, Barbara La Marr, William V. Mong, Edith Roberts, Robert Edeson, Wallace MacDonald and Claire MacDowell. That cast is one of the strongest of the season. Certain it is that no other combination of players has succeeded in getting over any better the illusion of reality.

The story, of course, has a lot to do with it. It concerns the eternal conflict of men over a beautiful woman. An old smuggler in the Span-



FRED NIBLO'S "THY NAME IS WOMAN"

ish Pyrenees has a young wife who is sought by several other men. A young soldier is sent from the garrison to make love to her and thus learn enough about the smuggler to effect his capture. The soldier and wife fall in love and the struggle is on. With this as a starting point, the picture works up to great dramatic climaxes, with the final solution coming only after a tragedy.

The unusual chance for rich, warm atmosphere with the background of life in the Pyrenees has been fully taken advantage of by Mr. Niblo. His exterior "shots" are of rare beauty, and the interior sets especially that of the smuggler's cabin, are vivid and filled with interesting detail. In this he had the help of Victor Milner, the cameraman; Ben Carre, the art director, and Pablo Aguilar, a native of Spain who advised in matters of research.

"Thy Name is Woman" is a Fred Niblo production, presented by Louis B. Myer thru Metro. The credit for the unusually lucid adaptation and continuity goes to Bess Meredith, who did the same duty for Niblo's "Strangers of the Night."

The film is a picturization of Karl Schoenher's play, which, translated by Benjamin Glazer, was played successfully on Broadway last season by Mary Nash and Jose Rubens.

REMARKABLE HORSE IN PICTURE

Fred Thomson, the F. B. O. western star, appearing in "The Silent Stranger," at the Auditorium, is justly proud of his horse, "Silver King."

This remarkable animal can count to 100, he answers questions by shaking his head "yes" or "no" he knows seven colors, having a great dislike for brown; he can pick the American, British, French and Italian flags from 25 or 30 other flags when told to do so; he can "take" the high and low hurdles without a rider, he will kill a snake by tramping on it instead of running away as other horses do, he covers himself with a blanket when he lays down and knows all the other stunts

cinners even, and the mountain vomited gases and fire. Yet the people stayed on. Their fears allayed by changing signs that were thought to mean a subsidence in the activity of the volcano. Scientific men expressed soothing opinions. No one thought to take ship and flee, and on the morning of this terrible day, it seemed their faith was justified, for the day was clear and fair. Then suddenly, without a breath of warning the monster in the mountain breathed fire and death. Its blast of burning gases, cinders and lava, seared the people unto death, and then buried them where they fell. Only those who were on the outskirts and the felon in an underground cell, escaped to tell the tale.

My Pelee is not of any great height, we would call it nothing more than a common hill and the awful crater has disappeared for now the surface is covered with vegetation and tropical growths of small timber. One can yet see the small channels where the melted rock poured down on the city at the time of the awful disaster, but aside from a few old scars on the surface one would hardly know what had wrought such awful disaster.

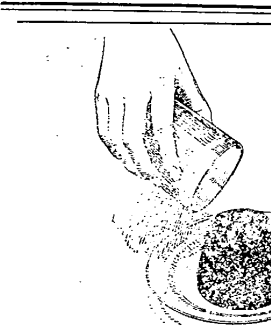
Tomorrow the sun may shine fair over St. Pierre, and the sea off the shore is fathomless blue, but ships do not tarry here, for the most of the bottom dropped out of the harbor, and a large portion of the city went down to unknown depths, in this great catastrophe. There is no commerce as there once was. The inhabitants are chiefly fishermen and those who wait for tourists to come and view the tragic ruins. Here one sees poverty in all its awfulness as the people are in very destitute circumstances. They are inveterate beggars from the tiny tot of two or three years to the oldest inhabitant of the city. Volumes could be written of this unique island but one would have to see it to grasp any conception of what it really is.

We sailed at four p. m., for the island of St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, this island is owned by our Uncle Sammy and no doubt you will like to know something of what he is doing for those indolent people of which I will tell you something later.

Descriptive of Trip To South Seas

(Continued from First Page)

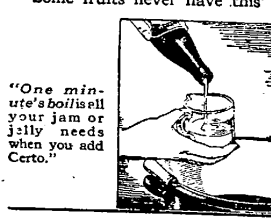
that are required of a circus or vaudeville horse; namely, cake walking, standing on the hind legs, keeping time with music and "playing dead."



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