MINISTER'S COLUMN

At the moment of Napoleon Bonaparte's abdication, he remarked that instruments of destruction had been left in his way, he seemed to think that they were placed there purposely, in order that he might attempt his own life; and with a sardonic smile, said, "Self murder is sometimes committed for love, what folly; sometimes for the loss of fortune, there it is cowardice. Another cannot live after he has been disgraced, what weakness. But to survive the loss of Empire, to be exposed to the results of one's contemporaries, that is true courage.

The Japanese from their earliest history have been strong on self extermination. Disappointed, unable to achieve, or defeated, it then became honorable and in order to suicide.

When I read of such episodes my soul revolts and I cry aloud, what shameful cowardice.

In Germany in this shocking demonstration of blood letting, in this merciless slaughter of human beings, men are offered the privilege of severing the cord of life or of being marched before a firing squad. Again I lift my hands in horror and ask, what makes human flesh so cheap? And what pitiful weakness is here displayed.

In our own country the toll of death by suicide is appalling. From youth up, all casts, rich and poor, great and small, are swept by this raging madness. The daily records read, a bullet, a cup of poison, inhaled gas, the swift flowing river, the high bridge, a rope, and what for? What weak kneed, lack of backbone, or trifling soul can slip so easily. What man or woman made in the image of God can sink to such sin and shame.

Where, oh where is courage, strength of character, purpose of will, bravery, poise and chivalry.

Shame forever, shame on that unmanly, un-christian, un-civilized weakness that refuses to stand and face disgrace, or loss, or scandal, choosing rather to follow the way of least resistance, that quits the world and heaps an added burden and irreparable damage on the living.

The man worth while, Is the man with a smile, When everything goes dead wrong.

GEO. M. HULME, Minister

PERSONAL NOTES

"Poppy" Cox, George Chandler and Harvey Boyles attended the ball game at Cleveland Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Evelyn Phelps Hissem entertained a group of friends at bridge Tuesday evening.

CHURCH CALENDAR

BIBLE SCHOOL - - - - - - Sunday, 9:30 A. M.
MORNING WORSHIP - - - - - Sunday, 10:45 A. M.
BIBLE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA PRACTICE - - Tuesday 7:30 P. M.
LADIES GUILD - - - - - Wednesday, July 18th
MENS BIBLE CLASS MEETING - - - - - July 19th
TRUSTEES MEETING - - - - - - - - - - Thursday, July 19th
Mrs. Roxbury recently ill is now recovering from her sickness.

Wm. R. Lodge left Thursday on a 1500 mile trip to Fayette, Mo., a little college town 120 miles west of St. Louis. Saturday afternoon he expects to attend the wedding of his second son, Edward Ellsworth Lodge to Miss Frances Basket. The ceremony will take place in the Methodist church at Fayette. The young people will reside in Cleveland where the groom has held a good position with the Lincoln Electric company for over two years. Edward is a member of the Stow Community Church and is well known here.

Wm. R. Lodge states that this will be the first Sunday church service he will have missed attending in over five years. Would that we had twenty-five other men as faithful.

On Children’s Day there were many flowers at church but not a single flower did any one bring last Sunday. And where were all our regular and irregular church members. Al Stein was attending another one of those family reunions but where were the rest of the folks? Some were there, but let us ALL attend church next Sunday so there will be enough present to welcome the visitors—and do not forget the flowers.

James Cross, one of the boys who made the trip to the World’s Fair last week reports having a wonderful time. They made it over in 11 hours and back in 10 hours. The car, late 23 model “T” consumed considerable oil but no trouble of any sort marred the trip save one very bad tooth ache.

On account of the rain the Sunday School Picnic to have been held last Saturday (Providence willing) will take place Saturday Afternoon, August 4th. Personally we did not feel so bad about missing the picnic because there were a lot of nice wet weeds and grass to cut in the rain and then a lot of late overgrown petunia plants were set out in the damp earth, besides all that extra pie, cake and other out of the ordinary good things which tasted as good on Saturday and Sunday at home as at Sandy Lake.

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STOW, OHIO

Mr. Monteith, Miss Dorothy Hulme, and Mr. Zirkle were contributors to the birthday box last Sunday. We understand that Don Stein should have contributed recently. Mrs. Stein and Roy Lowe have birthdays this week. Roy's birthday is on Friday the 13th.

Mr. C. H. Monteith and family are leaving this Friday for a two week vacation trip up into Michigan. He will probably have some big fish stories to tell when he returns.

Mr. and Mrs. Bailey of Hile Road will celebrate their Silver wedding anniversary July 22nd at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Lowe, Overlook Drive.

Mrs. L. C. Stein, 135 Hudson Road, has been having her mother, Mrs. Thomas, as a visitor the past week.

The Church should be an institution that has the power to draw people to it, a place of great spiritual uplift, and a place where people may glorify and worship God. This from Sunday Sermon.

Lest we forget. Someone should fix the church furnace before next winter.

Joe Fisher is remodeling the little house in the rear of his residence. C. C. Bush is doing the painting.

Mrs. Sadie Leonard and daughter Miriam are spending a month's vacation in the vicinity of Cambridge.

HISTORICAL NOTES
By George M. Hulme

During the summer of 1808 an
Indian chief, one of a tribe of Indians living in the Silver Lake area, came to the home of Henry Wetmore, on the southeast shore of Silver Lake.

The Wetmore’s had at that time a little baby girl, Clarissa. This little tot came to the door as the father talked with the Indian chief. Now the chief had never seen a white papoose. So the old Indian coaxed the little girl to him. Then he asked Judge Wetmore the privilege of carrying the little white girl to his squaw and tribe. The judge assented, for the Indians and whites about Silver Lake were very friendly. Mrs. Wetmore, however, objected, but finally consented, for the old Indian had coaxed and pleaded so hard. The Indian village was along the southeast corner of the lake, just back of the present greenhouse site. All day long Mrs. Wetmore looked longingly across the lake for the return of her child, but no sign of its return. Supper time and no little Clarissa. Sun down and no appearing. Mother walked the floor, wrung her hands. It was the month of June, days were long, nine o’clock just getting dark and the Indian chief came walking in with little white papoose in his arms.

The Indians were loathe to part with the white child. They had stripped the child of its clothes, greased her body from head to foot and stuck eagle feathers in her hair, making her truly a white papoose.

Monroe Falls. In 1836 a man by the name of Monroe from Boston bought land and laid out the town of Monroe Falls. A number of other men, all members of wealthy families of Boston, joined Mr. Monroe in his enterprise of building a city. $80,000.00 was spent laying out the town, purchase of land, a grist mill was built, saw mill, planning mill, paper mill, woollen mill, machine shop, blacksmith shop, distillery, stores, bank. Great was Monroe Falls. Bigger and mightier than Akron or Cuyahoga Falls. Heaven and Earth were moved to persuade people to locate in this new mecca of the frontier. This new city purposed to shine as the elite of the west. The poor were not welcome. A premium was placed on business men and merchants. One poor family was paid twenty-five dollars to get out from this aristocracy. They took the money, quit town and moved back within a month. Great was Monroe Falls. Up it went like a rocket, blazed a most spectacular achievement, then down to the earth it came like a stick. Great were the losses and great was the fall thereof.