OF COURSE YOU CAN

A lady writes that at a time when she was greatly perplexed over complicated matters, and there seemed no way for her to straighten things out, she was about to give up discouraged when she picked up a small piece of paper on the floor on which there were only four words, "Of course you can." This had been part of the heading of an article, but the rest was gone.

"Of course you can." These few words opened up a little rift in her dark mind, let in a little light. They made such an impression upon her that she pinned them to a wall of her bedroom, and every time she was attacked with discouragement or blues, she would look at the paper and repeat the words. This seemed to be a turning point in her fear slavery.

A little slogan like this will often change the whole career. It will often furnish the match which will start the giant powder within us and release pent-up powers which will deliver us from our slavery.

SLAVE OR MASTER—WHICH ARE YOU

Are you going through life half slave, half freed? Are you tied down by certain habits which enslave you? Are you a slave to your appetite, a slave to your palate? Are you a slave to tobacco, a slave to some drug? Are you a slave to laziness, to apathy—a slave to the easy chair? Are you a slave to your peculiarities; a slave to your temper or your nerves? Do you go all to pieces over little things—little annoyances which would not trouble a man or woman of poise or self-control?

Many people are slaves of their nerves. They can't stand this and they can't stand that. They can't sleep in a room with a clock ticking, or stay in a room where anyone is chewing gum or talking aloud! Are you a slave to any of these things? Are you a slave to fear and worry and business cares? Are you a slave of some political party, of some church denomination, of prejudices, of superstition, or of your likes and dislikes?

Are you slave, or are you master?

PRESIDENT WILSON'S MAIL

President Wilson receives an average of 2000 letters daily—some days more. The President insists that every communication shall be read and respectfully answered within twenty-four hours. In fact, he is very insistent that the routine of the executive offices shall be punctiliously carried out. Probably less than one-fifth of the daily mail, addressed to the White House, comes to the President's personal attention; most of the letters which do are marked for his perusal. His correspondence clerks are employed frequently until eleven o'clock at night. President Wilson, it is said, receives more letters than any former President. Since his illness, letters concerning his health, have been received from the remotest corners of the world.

PRESIDENTIAL LENGTH OF LIFE

Of the twenty-five Presidents of the United States who have died, only twelve reached the age allotted to man by the Psalmist. Only one, John Adams, reached fourscore and ten, and no President since John Adams has lived to be 90. The three oldest Presidents were the immediate successors of Washington.

Taken according to longevity a table of our departed Presidents offers an interesting sequence:

	Age when Inaugurated	Age at death
John Adams	61	90
James Madison	57	85
Thomas Jefferson	57	83
John Q. Adams	57	80
Martin Van Buren	54	79
Andrew Jackson	61	78
James Buchanan	65	77
Millard Fillmore	50	74
James Monroe	58	73
John Tyler	51	71
Grover Cleveland	47	71
R. B. Hayes	54	70
W. H. Harrison	68	68
George Washington	57	67
Benjamin Harrison	55	67
Andrew Johnson	56	66
Zachary Taylor	64	65
Franklin Pierce	48	64
U. S. Grant	46	63
Theodore Roosevelt	42	60
William McKinley	54	58
Abraham Lincoln	52	56
C. A. Arthur	50	56
James K. Polk	49	53
James A. Garfield	49	49

The average age at which Presidents of the United States took office was 55. The average period of their lives after that was fifteen years. So, in a way, the Psalmist scores after all, for the average age of these upright men was 70.

Theodore Roosevelt was the youngest to enter the White House, and of the five who died younger than he three were victims of assassins.

NO DIFFERENCE

A food faddist harangued a mob on the marvelous benefits to be obtained from a vegetarian diet.

"Friends!" he cried, "two years ago I was a walking wreck! What do you suppose brought this great change in me?"

He paused to see the effect of his words. Then one of his listeners asked:

"What change?"

STRAINED

Two microbes sat on a pantry shelf
And watched with expression pained
The milkman's stunts; both said at once,
"Our relations are getting strained."