

Worth the Money.
A girl will cheerfully give up a dollar to have a fortune teller inform her that she isn't going to be an old maid.

The Worthy Citizen.
He who possesses worth and intelligence, who is just, speaks the truth, and does what is his own business, him the world will hold dear.—Dhammapada.

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Kingtchen an Ancient City.

Kingtchen is one of the four largest towns of China. Technically it is not a city. It is a town, because it has no wall. In reality it is a busy industrial city, with a population of 200,000. Two-thirds of the people are directly engaged in the manufacture and sale of porcelain and pottery. Historically it dates back to the Han dynasty, 200 A. D. It is during this period that we find the first records of the production of porcelain in China, though earthenware vessels were probably produced some centuries earlier.

The Earth's Crust.

Interesting facts concerning the earth's crust were disclosed by Col. Sir Sidney Burrard recently. "Isotasy" is the particular science which deals with the structure of the earth, and Sir Sidney told how all mountains and heights standing above the sea level are compensated by deficiencies of matter underlying them below sea level, and that all oceans and surface hollows dipping below sea level are compensated by excesses of matter underlying them in the crust.

Homemade Ink.

Ralph Waldo Emerson used to make his own ink. Here is his favorite recipe: Pour a scant cupful of boiling water over one package of slate-colored dye. When it is cool add one tablespoonful of vinegar.

CHOP SUEY

Many good things delivered in small packages.

Somebody said that it couldn't be done.
But he, with a chuckle, replied, "That maybe it couldn't but he would be one."

Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried.

So he buckled right in, with the trace of a grin.

On his face, if he worried, he hid it.

He started to sing as he tackled the thing.

That couldn't be done—and he did it.

Somebody scoffed, "Oh, you'll never do that."

At least no one has ever done it."

Put he took off his coat, and he took off his hat.

And the first thing we knew he'd begun it.

With a lift of his chin, and a bit of a grin.

Without and doubting or quiddit; He started to sing as he tackled the thing.

That couldn't be done—and he did it.

There are thousands who tell you it cannot be done.

There are thousands who prophesy failure;

There are thousands to point out to you, one by one,

The dangers that wait to assail you;

But just buckle in, with a bit of a grin.

Then take of your coat and go to it;

Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing.

That cannot be done—and you'll do it.

That Dreaded Thing

We all dread something all the time. Dread is forever with us to frighten and to terrify. This dread may be disease, death, failure, gossip or a hundred other things.

The dread of doing something that we do not like to do, the dread of meeting someone that annoys us or that we annoy by owing, the dread of old age and the lack of sufficient funds to make us comfortable in old age.

The truth is that dread casts more shadows over life than does disaster. The fault is, with most of us, we do not tackle the thing we dread. We cower, crouch and fear the thing.

My suggestion is to stand up on your two hind legs and challenge the thing that you dread, to come out and have it over with.

The thing that you fear is almost always harmless by the time it hits you. It is seldom that a dreaded thing has a punch that can hurt.

Recall the hundreds of men who have expected some disease to take them off and then recall how they have lived to bury the undertaker.—The Silent Partner.

A Brahman's Wisdom

The first step towards being wise is to know that thou art ignorant.

As a veil doth add to beauty so are a man's virtues set off by the shade which his modesty casteth upon them.

This instant is thine, the next is in futurity and thou know not what it may bring forth.

As the ostrich when pursued hideth his head, but forgetteth the body, so the fears of a coward expose him to danger.

The heart of the envious man is gall and bitterness. The success of his neighbor breaketh his rest.

Of much speaking cometh repentance, but in silence is safety.

Envy not the appearance of happiness in any man, for thou knowest not his secret griefs.

He that committeth no evil hath nothing to fear.

Consider and forget not thine own weakness, so shalt thou pardon the failings of others.

It matters not if you live and die a poor man so far as dollars and cents are concerned, your life can never be counted a failure if the world is better because you have lived in it. That should be your aim as you strive toward the goal—not how much money you make, but how much good you can do.

The cruel furrows in your face, the gray hairs, the uncertain hand, the slow step, the things that seem to hold you back, are all the results of the things you have worried over. And few of the things you have worried over have ever actually arrived.

This column is intended as an antidote for the blues.

Danger! Beware!

A woman who was too economical to subscribe for her home paper sent her little son to borrow the copy taken by her neighbor. In his haste the boy ran over a four dollar stand of bees and in ten minutes looked like a warty summer squash. His cries reached his father, who ran to his assistance, and failing to notice a barbed wire fence, ran into it, breaking it down, cutting a handful of flesh from his anatomy and ruining a five dollar pair of pants. The old cow took advantage of the gap in the fence and got into the corn field and killed herself eating corn. Hearing the racket, the mother ran upset a four gallon churn of rich cream into a basket of kittens drowning the whole litter. In her hurry she dropped and broke past all repair, a twenty-five dollar set of false teeth. The baby, left alone, crawled through the spilled cream and into the parlor, ruining a twenty dollar carpet. During the excitement the eldest daughter ran away with the hired man, the dog broke up eleven setting hens, and the calves got out and chewed the tails off of four fine shirts.

And all to save fifty cents!
Moral—Subscribe for this paper at once and protect yourself from such calamities.—Lakeview Standard

The Nose For This Man

There is a news "News" reporter with a nose for news news, and a nosy newsie who knows all the new news news. Now the reporter with the nose for news knows the newsie news the new nosy newsie knows is new news to the newsy nose of the new "News" (Oh, well, finish it up for yourself; you know how it goes now.)

There was an old man in Fort Wayne Who tried to make whiskey of rayne Being old, he had rusted, When he drank it, he busted— And he never will try it agayne.

The Upward Trend

You remember I reckon that Spink Sawney's wife got killed by a train about a year ago? said a neighbor. And you know Spink sued the railway company. Well, yesterday, the court gave him \$600 for the loss of his wife.

That so? returned Gap Johnson, of Rumpus Ridge, Ark., wives 'pear to have riz like everything else, don't they?

Add Perils of Automobiling

We understand that C. J. McClendon is suffering from a severe sore throat on account of standing on his head in a mudhole recently with his jitney.

In front of a South Side apartment building Sunday was this placard, which evidently had been entrusted to the literary janitor:

4-room apartment
to let
\$75
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furnished
—Kansas City Star.

A Home Product Experiment

Who was the first man, Bobby, asked the teacher.

George Washington.

Why, Bobby, you ought to know better than that, it was Adam.

Aw, I wasn't countin' foreigners.

Going Up

Mrs. Getaway—Twenty-seven dollars for that ticket! Why, I bought the same trip last year for \$26.50.

Husband—But the price of paper has gone up since then.—Billings Gazette.

How much will this cloth cost a yard? asked the man who was getting measured for a suit.

Twenty-Seven, fifty, replied the tailor.

H'm, said the customer, I guess I don't need a suit. You'd better just make me up a watch-fob.

Passenger (after first night on board ship)—I say, where have all my clothes vanished to?

Steward—Where did you put them last night?

I folded them carefully and put them in that cupboard over there.

I see no cupboard, sir.

Are you blind, man, I mean that one with the round glass door there.

Lor' bless me, sir, that ain't no cupboard. That's the porthole.

Standard Flour



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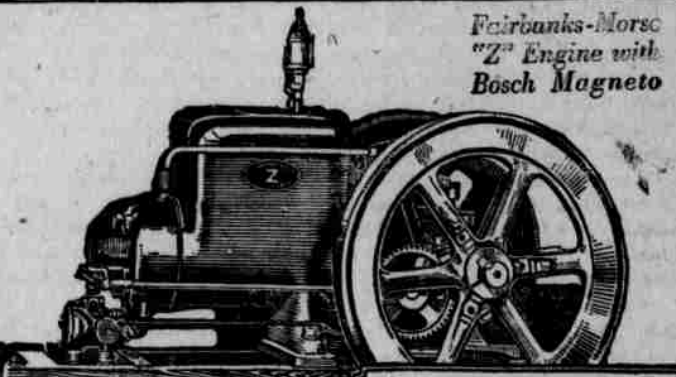
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