



FOR THE GOOD OLD DAYS HAVE COME AGAIN.

KEEP TROUBLES TO YOURSELF.

Keep your troubles to yourself; Put them on an upper shelf; Far away as it may be, Where no eye but God's can see.

Other people have their share of affliction, pain, and care; Why should you, though sorely tried, Burden them with yours beside?

Daily brooding o'er your grief In no way affords relief, But intensifies the smart, Turns the arrow in the heart.

Think of others who have known Greater sorrows than your own, Keeping all their wounds concealed, Heroes on life's battlefield.

Give of treasures you possess, Loving care and tenderness, Cheerful smiles or sordid pelf, But keep your troubles to yourself, New York Ledger.

An Old Love Story

"Then he did consent at last?" said Emmeline.

"Yes," replied grandma. "There really wasn't anything else for him to do. I said: 'Dear father, Mr. Hackerley impresses me with sentiments of the most profound respect; I esteem him most highly, but I do not love him, and it grieves me to the heart that you should consider me unfaithful. On the other hand, if you forbid me to marry William I must as your daughter obey you, but I shall be most unhappy, believe me.'"

"Were you joking, grandma?" asked Vivien.

Grandma looked at her rather severely. "Why should you ask that question?" she inquired.

Emmeline gave her sister a surreptitious pinch. "I—I thought that perhaps you weren't really in earnest," explained Vivien.

"Indeed, I was," said grandma, smoothing her skirt. "Very much in earnest. I could not, even to please my dearest father, contract a matrimonial alliance with a gentleman forty years my senior. William contrived to send me a billet urging a clandestine meeting, but that, of course, I denied him."

"Why?" asked Vivien.

"I am surprised that you should ask me that question, my dear," said grandma. "Why, such a meeting would have been highly improper."

Emmeline coughed.

"Still, I do not believe that my father would have abated his determination had it not been for the intervention of Mr. Hackerley himself, who with a chivalry and kindness that was far beyond our expectation, resigned his pretensions and actually pleaded William's cause."

"How perfectly sweet and lovely of him," exclaimed Emmeline.

"Wasn't he just noble?" said Vivien.

"After you had turned him down to do that. Grandma, you won't mind if I ask you, will you, how did you call

him William—when you were together, you know?"

"Certainly not," replied grandma. "Not before we were formally affianced, at least. I called him 'Mr. Pompin'."

"How funny!" remarked Vivien, quite frankly.

Emmeline giggled a little, and then begged her grandmother to go on. "I'm just crazy to hear you tell all about it," she said.

"There is nothing more to relate," said grandma. "When dear father had given his consent and our betrothal had taken place, we were of course permitted to see each other with comparative freedom. William was invited to dine with us every Sabbath and on any social occasion, such as a ball, or when my mother and I attended the play, he was allowed the privilege of escorting us."

"Gee!" exclaimed Emmeline, unguardedly and with fervor.

"Emmeline, you shock me," said her grandmother, reprovingly.

"I didn't mean anything by it and Tom says it so often that I say it without thinking," said the girl. "Please don't mind me. How long were you engaged, grandma?"

"For two years," replied grandma. "Father and mother considered that we should both have time to acquaint ourselves with each other's dispositions before taking the irrevocable step of marriage."

"Didn't they have divorces then?" asked Vivien.

"I presume that then, as now, there were divorces, but there was not then



WILLIAM WAS INVITED TO DINE WITH US.

the laxity of opinion concerning them that unhappily prevails at this day and age," replied grandma. "Furthermore, well-conducted young women would not even have mentioned such a subject."

"Go on, dear grandma," urged Emmeline. "They wanted to give you a chance to know each other thoroughly, so they allowed you to see each other once a week and sometimes even oftener?"

"Yes," said grandma, seriously. "and if parents were equally wise nowadays we should hear of fewer hasty and ill-considered unions. I tell you there is nothing more. We were married on the 18th of June, 1856."

"What did you wear?" asked Emmeline, with interest.

"Get me those daguerreotypes out of the top drawer in the highboy," grandma directed. "There," she said, opening one of the faded red square cases. "That was taken a month after our wedding. I wore that dress to a ball the evening of the day that I heard Mr. Lincoln make a speech in favor of Mr. Fremont. Your grandfather was very indignant at some of the argu-

ments Mr. Lincoln advanced. At that time he was a strong Buchanan man himself, and—"

"Just see that crinoline!" interrupted Vivien. "Oh, if they ever do bring them back I'll die! Why did you wear that funny-looking thing across your forehead, grandma?"

"The fillet? Those were worn then. I think, Vivien, that if your hair—"

"I think they were awfully becoming," Emmeline hastened to say. "What color is that dress, grandma? It's a sort of pink, isn't it?"

"Salmon pink," replied the old lady. "It was silk. I'll show it to you some day. Here's your grandfather. We were taken at the same time."

"Was his coat as blue as that?" asked Emmeline.

"Bluer than that," said grandma. "The picture is faded."

"Blue coat and yellow trousers?" gasped Emmeline.

"But, my dear," corrected the grandmother, "they were nankeen. He always wore nankeen in those days. That waistcoat he is wearing was embroidered by hand. Some of the embroidery was in gold thread—pure gold. It was handsome. Now, put them back. I'm going to take my nap and I'm tired of your chatter."

"Dear, funny old things," said Emmeline. "Did you ever hear anything so ridiculous? Can you imagine them?"

"And think of falling in love with a girl with hair arranged like that and in a salmon-pink silk over a hoop skirt! How could he?"

"How could she? That necktie sticking out on each side of him! And Vivien, his coat sleeves were down over his knuckles. The coat doesn't fit, to say nothing of the color. And that hat on the table by him! Do you honestly believe they ever did—really?"

"Em," said Vivien, suddenly. "I'm going to call in every one of my photographs and burn them!"—Chicago Daily News.

Phases of the National Game.

There are two sides to almost anything, and the national game is far from being an exception. From the standpoint of the baseball enthusiast "our town has a club in the league." From the standpoint of the professional player the league has a club in each city. In the heart of the baseball patriot our club is a band of heroes, going out to conquer other cities and uphold our honor. In the mind of the man with soul so dead they are stock companies—properly financed. To the excited partisans at a game each player is an earnest contestant for his side. To the man who is from foreign parts it would be an important fact that they are hired men, employees with salaries set by companies that all belong to the same corporation, and that they get their pay for playing and not for winning. To the public it is a game. To the president of the company it may be a good or bad "performance."

—Century.

If there is enough love in that kind of a letter, the orthography doesn't matter much.

Necessity is the mother of several other children besides invention.

Professor's Illustration of the Theory that Mind is Marvelous Thing.

"The mind is a marvelous thing," said Prof. Zachariah Terwilliger to his psychology class, according to the New York Sun. "Let us consider," went on the worthy sage, "the process expressed in the good old homely phrase, 'making up one's mind.' I am on the threshold of an important decision. What I determine to do may have a grave bearing on my future. First I ponder over the matter carefully. I look at it in every aspect, examining it searchingly in all light, from all angles. By the indefinable process of reasoning I arrive at a certain conclusion. But that is not all.

"As a man of discretion, it behooves me to secure counsel. I listen carefully to judgments, noting zealously each person's individual bias. Then I assort and catalogue these outside opinions.

"I next step aside psychically and view the array. Having, as I modestly beg to claim, a plastic, although notably individual mind, I am able thus to project myself into the personalities of others, and view my own impressions and my own status as they might view them. This, young gentlemen, is an especially valuable exercise. I urge you to cultivate the faculty.

"Finally, I give one last, sweeping survey to the whole subject. Then I decided; my mind is made up irrevocably. No stress, no threats could alter that decision; no cajolery, no urging could modify it. For, there is nothing so calculable as firmness.

"This illustration has been taken from actuality. I have come to an unalterable decision."

The students departed, much impressed. The professor, in a glow of self-satisfaction, sought his home. Mrs. Terwilliger met him at the door.

"Zachariah," she said, "have you made up your mind on that matter?"

"Yes, my dear, I have thought it over and decided to say no."

"Really?" There was a touch of irony in the good lady's tone. "Well, I've thought it over, too, and I've decided you must accept. It would be nonsense to—"

Mrs. Terwilliger's aspect was ominous.

"Very well, my dear," interjected the professor quickly and meekly. "All right; do not let us have any words. Of course, I shall accept; of course."

WHAT'S IN A TITLE?

The Puritan needed a vent for the energy repressed by his rigidly ordered existence. Shorn of ornament in dress and decoration, he evidently worked off a portion of his sense of the ornate in some of the titles of the religious works of the time. Many of them are sensational and alliterative enough to satisfy the yellowist reporter of to-day. The contents of the bottles thus labeled must be of lurid and strenuous nature, or else it might be said of them, as the dramatist wrote of the cognomen of humankind: The name is but a shadow which we find.

Too often larger than the man behind.

"The Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soul for Sin, or the Seven Penitential Psalms of the Princely Prophet David; whereunto are added William Humlin's Handful of Honey-suckles, and Divers Godly and Pithy Ditties, Now newly augmented," is impressive, but a little cumbersome for ordinary conversation and advertising.

Another, inconveniently long, is: "A reaping hook well-tempered for the stubborn ears of the coming Crop of Biscuit baked in the Oven of Charity. Carefully Conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation."

After these, titles such as the following sound tame and hardly worthy of notice:

"The Spiritual Mustard Pot to make the Soul Sneeze with Devotion"; "The Shop of the Spiritual Apothecary"; "Matches lighted at Divine Fire," and "Sixpenny-worth of Divine Spirit."

In a much milder and secular sort of a way the modern newspaper parades of the spirit of its Puritan exemplar in the heading of the paragraph columns:

"Quicks and Quibbles"; "Nibbles for the Million"; "The Junk Shop"; "Crumbs for all kinds of Chickens"; "Paraphrased Pudding"; "Spice Islands Passed in the Sea of Reading."

The Witty Laborer.

Henry Labouchere, the English publicist and parliamentarian, one day met a deputation of woman suffragists in the lobby of the House of Commons. His own version of the encounter runs as follows:

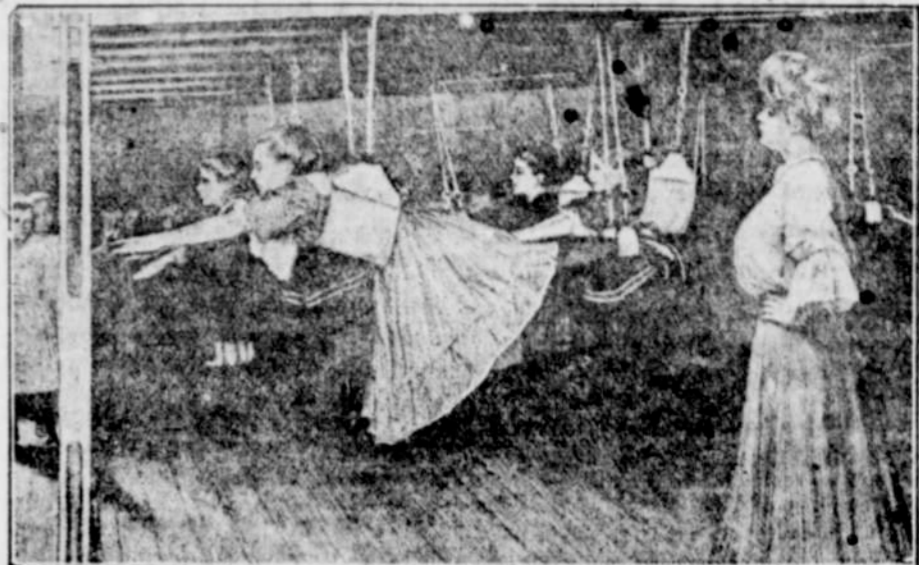
"They all talked at the same time. After listening a few moments, I said: 'Ladies, though your arguments may not persuade me, I am particularly susceptible to female beauty, and I am afraid this may influence my judgment if I stay longer.' The compliment was enough, and they all, I think, felt that my heart was in the right place, if my judgment was not."

Leaned That Way Herself.

"That man you are engaged to is an awful spendthrift. Are you marrying him to reform him?"

"Nope; I'm marrying him to help him be a spendthrift."—Houston Post.

Men enjoy farming—if they have enough money to hire it done.



SWIMMING WITHOUT WATER: AN INVENTION FOR PRACTICING THE STROKE.

"Mother, may I go out to swim?"

"Yes, my darling daughter. Hang your clothes on a hickory limb; But don't go near the water."

One naturally concludes that the daughter will learn very little of the art of swimming if she obeys the command of her mother, for water always has been regarded as indispensable to swimming. It is not so any more. A contrivance has been invented which does away with the necessity of Mary Ann going into the water when she wants to swim, and it even renders it unnecessary for her to hang her clothes

on a hickory limb. She can go swimming with her clothes on. In brief, it is an apparatus to teach in schools and at home the movements of swimming. From a stout wooden frame hangs a series of slings, one broad one for the body and two narrow ones for the ankles. From bands the pupils swing, and makes the leg and arm motions of swimming. The leg slings are balanced on weights and pulleys so as to allow of a compensating motion. The invention is German, and is meeting with great popularity in gymnastics and physical culture schools.

AUTOS DEADLY AS WAR.

Figures Prove that Automobile is "Red Peril of Civilization."

The automobile, with its terrifying and daily increasing list of permanently injured, dying and dead, abundantly proves itself the Red Peril of Civilization. Wherever it goes upon the highway, when guided by the hand of a speed-crazed devotee, the motor car leaves in its wake a trail of destruction, desolation and death.

The long list of accidents this year show that the execution wrought by the motor car is more deadly by far than that of the Spanish guns at San Juan hill.

Since Jan. 1, 1907, at least 114 persons have been killed and 302 injured in the United States by automobiles—a total of 476. After the battle of San Juan hill Lieutenant Colonel Roosevelt's report showed that of the 490

A WOODLAND DANGER.

However, the Poison Ivy is Not Utterly Without Merit.

There are few persons in the eastern part of America who are not familiar with the common poison ivy—its sinister three-fingered leaves creeping alongside the harmless five-fingered woodbine or Virginia creeper. Some persons are immune and may pick the leaves at will, but others are so susceptible that the wind will carry the poisonous vapor and bring discomfort without contact with the plant itself.

Cows and horses feed with impunity upon the vine, but it is terribly poisonous to dogs, producing convulsions which result in death. A volatile substance which forms salts when combined with alkalis has been isolated from the leaves, known as toxicodendric acid. This resembles formic acid and is the source of the poisoning.



THE FLYING DEATH OF THE HIGHWAY.

More interesting to the many sufferers, says the New York Evening Post, is the fact that a certain cure for the painful skin blisters is found in a solution of potassium permanganate.

This blistering effect on the skin was taken advantage of by old-time doctors and administered in cases of skin disease. One reads that in 1640 the poison ivy was introduced into England, and in 1798 was used as a medicine in Europe. Even before this the juice of the plant had been used as a marking ink, and is to-day widely employed for that purpose. It resists soap, acids, alkalis and bleaching powders, and yields only to ether. So, when the nature writer is out in the wilds, away from stores and human dwellings, and his ink gives out, a splendid substitute may be found in the juice of the poison ivy—which will guarantee the physical permanence of the record of his observations—if not the veracity of the facts themselves.

Another commercial use for the juice of this plant is in the manufacture of a blacking fluid for boots and shoes.

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Sure Enough.

"Stick Pete, seems to have got next to that young dude," said the first bunko man, "but I wonder what's the use."

"Oh, there must be somethin' in it," replied the other, "for Pete don't waste his time."

"Well, anyhow it looks as if he was tryin' to do somethin' foolish."—Philadelphia Press.

In this world the hardest knocks we get are delivered by our supposed friends.

Somehow a blooded dog always reminds us of a boy dressed up.