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YOUR BOY.

This is a serious talk to parents about the boy—the common, everyday garden variety of boy.
He is a great institution.
He is bigger than factory or farm or business, because he has in him the making of a man, and a man is the biggest thing in the universe.

Also the boy may miss being a man and become a mere thing.
Naturally there is a lot of good in your boy. He is inclined to be trustful. He has a very keen sense of justice. And his heart is wide open to the influences that appeal to his pride and manliness. He wants to do his best.

Now, all of this in your boy is fine raw material out of which you may manufacture manliness. But—
If you want to get the most out of him believe in him. Just make believe will not do. He will find you out.

If you really believe in him he will believe in you, which is your starting point.
And if you really believe in him you will not scold him or find fault with him all the time, because that sort of treatment does not bring out the good in him. It brings out the bad in him. If you would get at the heart of him cultivate his ambition and foster his natural desire to do his best by encouragement.

Because the boy will grow into the likeness of that which he desires to do and be. If you can stimulate him to do and become the best he will grow into that realization as naturally as the flower comes to its fruition. Even flowers must be encouraged.

Cheer him on!
If his habits have become bad change his surroundings. Association has everything to do with the making and unmaking of a boy. Get him into the right company, change his activities, and the bad habits will disappear by disuse.

Do not do too much for him. You must be careful along this line. If you do too much for him he will do nothing for himself. And that is fatal, because the best way for him to learn to do things is by doing them by experience.

In short, while the boy is young treat him very firmly, but very kindly and very justly—remember, very justly.

As he grows older appeal to his natural pride to get on in the world. Get his confidence and hold on to it. Stimulate his ambition by encouragement. Keep him in the right company.
Common advice? Yes, but many a parent is trying to force his boy or neglect him or scold him into manliness. It cannot be done.

RELAXATION.

You get tired, of course.
But you wait until your bedtime to take your rest. You "never have time" during the day.
Strange, to say the least.

People say, "Oh, I can't sleep in the daytime!" And because they can't sleep they will not rest. No matter how worn they may be, they will not lie down or relax. Patiently they wait until the sun goes down and then after a time crawl into their beds.

The animals know better.
Watch your dog. The very moment he has a chance he throws himself prone upon the ground. Even his head goes down on his paws, and his exuberant tail is limp. He relaxes every muscle. And he snatches every chance he can get to do this.

But you—why, you will wear yourself out, body and soul, go all the day long without a single effort to relax and sometimes wonder if you will be able to hold out until Sunday.

I am talking now to people in middle age and past.

Learn to relax.
During the work and the worry of the day your muscles and nerves get taut and tuned up like violin strings. A violin string that is always kept keyed to its highest tension soon loses its fiber and resonance. And if the tuning up process continues the string snaps.

Let down the taut strings!
How do you do when you travel, for instance? Do you sit upright, straight as a bean pole, every nerve and muscle high strung, every brain cell alert? Certainly not. Like the other passengers, you let go and loll and rest.

Suppose you should do this every day—or oftener?

You would discover soon that invigoration and strength would come to you and you would not be nearly so tired when night comes.

I know a man up in the eighties who is in the active practice of the law. I interviewed him as to his longevity and vigor. He said:
"I have but one reason. Every day for fifty years I have taken a brief nap in the middle of the day—not a long sleep, mind you. I simply lose consciousness. By long practice I am able to do this in four or five minutes. A minute's sleep is as good as an hour's—sometimes better. When I wake up it is like waking up in a new world. I thus cut the day into two parts—dodge half of it."

Relax!
That is the last word of modern science. It is the word of practical experience. It is the word of common sense.

Relax!
Saving the Moon.

The eclipse of the moon is full of portent to the Macedonian Mohammedans. It indicates bloodshed. It is met with reports of firearms, and from the minarets the imams call the faithful to public prayers in the mosques. This recalls in striking manner the

practices of barbaric nations. The great nations of Asia, such as the Hindus and the Chinese, still cling to the belief in the eclipse monster. The latter meet it with prayers, like the Turks. Even in civilized Europe, both ancient and modern, one finds numerous proofs of this superstition. The Romans came to the succor of the afflicted moon by flinging firebrands into the air, by the blare of trumpets and the clang of brazen pots. The superstition survived through the middle ages into a very late period.

Life.
Life is a continual process of selection. No mind has room for everything, and as something must be left out let it be the unsightly and the unlovely.

Buying the Ring.
To buy the wedding ring on Monday means a hustling life, full of excitement.

On Tuesday—An easy life, contented and free.

On Wednesday—A partner gay, and fond of pleasure.

On Thursday—You will gain what ever you wish.

On Friday—You will sow with toil, but reap a good harvest.

And if purchased on Saturday you will always have cause to rejoice

Fishing Today.
The boy with pole and string and pin. The expert with his book of flies. Are watching for the flash of fin. Along the streams where shadow lies bites may not come to him who tries. Ever so hard, but still we say. With radiant sparkle in our eyes. "The fishing season starts today."

We'll hear the same old tales again. About the one "I almost got. I had him in the boat, and then he left me. Lord, but it was hot!" Long hours of sitting at a spot. Where once a big one got away. Of tramping over field and lot—The fishing season starts today. —Spokane Spokesman-Review

A Dead Shot on Livers.
"I hear, doctor, that my friend Brown, whom you have been treating so long for liver trouble, has died of stomach trouble," said one of the physician's patients.
"Don't you believe all you hear," replied the doctor. "When I treat a man for liver trouble he dies of liver trouble."—Everybody's Magazine.

Triumphant Optimism.
Sister's eloped with the "shaver."
She might have married a count.
They have just trimmed her father in Wall street—
Took an enormous amount.

Mother is in the hospital.
Tomorrow they operate.
Brother's been fired from college.
For breaking a freshman's pate.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Worst He Knew.
The Butler—You know, George, that different people have different conceptions of what the state of eternal punishment really is. Now, what's your idea of hell?
The Chauffeur—Having to drive a horse car for a living!—Exchange.

The Burglar's Waterloo.
The burglar bold slipped under the bed.
As burglars bold will do.
He foiled his feet and tucked in his head
And waited an hour or two.
At last she came—by all the stars,
That burglar will never forget!
She mauled him and placed him behind the bars,
For she was a suffragette.
—Judge's Library.

A Suspicion.
"What is a political rainbow chaser?"
"There are various kinds," replied Senator Sorghum, "although I suspect that most of them are more or less influenced by the legend that every rainbow has a pot of gold at the end of it."—Washington Star.

Chanticleer.
Sally flaunts him from a hatpin.
He's on Willie's tennis ball.
Mother sports him as a shoe clasp,
Jennie on her parasol.
Daisy hangs him to her neck chain,
From him Mary takes her tea,
For Augustus he's a pipe bowl,
But I choose him fricassee.
—New York Times.

For the Asking.
"Pardon me, governor," began the interviewer, "I"—
"Certainly, certainly," replied the Tennessee executive, reaching for a blank. "What are you guilty of?"—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Man's Inconsistency.
Men seek to wed their opposites,
But you'll notice, just the same
That after one is dealt a hand
In the matrimonial game
The chances of his better half
To please him are quite slim
If, perchance, his love grows cold
And she makes it hot for him.
—Chicago News.

The Latest.
"Nice car."
"Yes."
"Is it the latest thing in cars?"
"I guess so; it has never got me anywhere on time yet."—Houston Post.

Her Love.
"Now, do you love your neighbor well?"
I asked a fair and charming one.
"Not much," she said, "the truth to tell,
But, oh, I love my neighbor's son!"
—Detroit Free Press.

His Descent.
Mrs. Gabbie (to her new washerwoman)—My husband has descended from one of the finest houses in the land.
Mrs. Mulcahy—An' phwat is he, a hod carrier?—Boston Transcript.

Don't Worry.
Can't stop the world from rolling.
So keep a quiet soul.
Although you're standing in the way,
It's bound to roll and roll.
—Atlanta Constitution.

A NEW LINCOLN STORY.

Lincoln's birthday brought out a new Lincoln story. This is it:
Mrs. Eliza Wells of Ypsilanti, Mich., is old now, but fifty-four years ago she was a flippant young girl of Springfield, Ill.

Her father, Dr. Taylor, was a chum of Lincoln, and they officed across the hall from each other. Looking through Lincoln's uncouth exterior, the doctor saw a beautiful soul.

"I didn't like him then," says Mrs. Wells. "I thought he was so ugly."

Presently the cholera came to Springfield. Taylor was busy day and night. Lincoln helped and cheered him and when medicine was needed for the poor spared a few bills from his lean purse.

The strain and loss of sleep put the doctor on his back with typhoid fever. Lincoln spent much time at the bedside and when the doctor was dying leaned over the bed and said:

"Don't worry, doc, about going. I'm left to look after your family."
"I won't, Abe," were Taylor's last words.

Two weeks later Mrs. Taylor died of a broken heart, leaving the young girl doubly orphaned.

At the funeral they sent the daughter into the parlor to her mother's coffin alone. Dazed with her sorrow, heartbroken, shaken with dry sobs, she threw herself across her mother's coffin.

"Then," says Mrs. Wells, "I became aware of a gentle hand stroking my hair. 'Poor Eliza! Girl, come home with me now.'" And, looking up, she says:

"I saw the kindest and most beautiful face God ever created. It was Mr. Lincoln's."

She also had seen a glimpse of Lincoln's soul, and he was no longer ugly. For two years the girl lived as a member of Lincoln's household in Springfield. She says he was always housing some forlorn waif, much to the discomfiture of Mrs. Lincoln.

After two years Eliza was married in the Lincoln home. When her husband died, shortly following the birth of the first baby, Mr. Lincoln looked after her as if she had been his own daughter.

Lincoln's biographers lost something valuable when they omitted that story. "He belongs to the ages."

Thus spoke Secretary Stanton on the morning of that fateful day in April, 1865, in the room of the house across from Ford's theater as he put out his hands to close the eyes of Abraham Lincoln when he had breathed his last. But—

The Lincoln we want to know is the one who got off his horse to put the fledglings back in the nest whence the storm had blown them, the Lincoln who took to his home and heart the orphaned girl.

HEART TREASURES.

In the windows of a church hangs a beautiful painting of the Madonna and the Child.

The picture cost \$1,000 and was donated by a member of the church. The donor, you conclude, was some wealthy member of the congregation.

No.
The picture was presented by one of the humblest members, Mrs. Anna Kuehn, a widow and a washerwoman. The story that goes with the picture is greater than the picture—and more beautiful.

The gift was a memorial of the poor woman's dead boy, her only child, who died at the age of eight years, several years ago.

By patient toil at the washtub, by the most pinching economy, Mrs. Kuehn saved the thousand dollars.

When the reporters visited her humble home this woman, who had given much more than the "widow's mite," who had given grueling years of toil and anxious hours of close savings, asked that her name should not be used.

"It was for my little boy who died," she said. "It makes no difference to other people."

"A waste of good money," says the utilitarian.
Let's see.

Do you remember the immortal story of the woman who poured her costly ointments at the feet of the Christ 2,000 years ago?

And do you remember what the disciples said?

They said it was a waste of money—the foolish woman should have sold the precious spices and given the money to the poor.

The Master saw it differently.
He knew better than his poor fishermen followers the tremendous value of a genuine sentiment. He rightly estimated the priceless rarity of a real heart tribute. He knew that heart treasure was poured out along with the ointment.

And so exalted a place did he find for the fine act of that woman that he declared her story should be told to the ends of the earth. And it has been so told.

Why does the world still hug to its heart that Bethany story?

Why is the world touched by the tale of the poor woman who hid in her heart a great picture in honor of her baby boy?

Why? Because, my friend, there are things of more value in this world than money or success or fame or pleasure. Kill in the heart of a woman her love for her child and nothing remains.

The light of the whole world dies
When love is done.

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