

Old "Sayings" Which Are False

By Mrs. FRANK LESLIE

THERE are a great many things which have been said so often and so positively that they have at last taken a sort of brevet rank as facts, but which are nevertheless ABSURDLY FALSE and often very stupid. It is one of the funny fashions of this very funny world to enunciate these maxims with the air of having just originated some especially smart new maxim.

For instance, if a young man shows a tendency to go away from home and see something of the world, become "a globe trotter" to a greater or less extent, he is warned that "a rolling stone gathers no moss," that is to say, the moving man will not acquire money and position. Now, WE ALL KNOW THAT THIS IS A PRODIGIOUS FALSEHOOD. It is the moving man, the pusher, the hustler, the rustler, or whatever else he may be called, who succeeds and makes for himself position, money and influence. The human boulder gathers moss indeed, but it is the moss of decay and THE RUST OF INACTION.

But opposed to this is another proverb equally false, "Homely youth have ever homely wits," a statement perhaps true in Shakespeare's time, but not at all true now, for it is in quiet and seclusion at home, or college, or in some sort of retirement, that "wits," if wits mean intellect and mental processes, go on the best, and the scientist, the chemist, the philosopher, the lecturer or the preacher would come to great grief if he had not some sort of "home" to shut himself into.

But the popular saying which just now annoys me the most is one that your friends always present to you in times of trouble and perplexity, generally offering it with a sort of benevolent and perfunctory air, as if it were a piece of religious consolation or a well proved recipe for happiness, a sort of panacea for every ill of spirit, mind or body. It is sometimes expressed in one form, sometimes another, but the idea is, "ALL THINGS COME TO HIM WHO WAITS."

The young girl fixes her affections, or perhaps only her fancy, upon some man, who in turn has fixed his upon some other woman, or, as is more likely, upon himself and his own interests. "All things come to him who waits," whispers the poor child to herself, and she modestly and silently WAITS until the man either marries the other girl or drifts out of her horizon altogether.

Saddest of all perhaps is the love that comes too late, the pang with which a weary heart recognizes that it has spent itself for naught, has given its PURE GOLD FOR BASEST DROSS, and that now, when it is bankrupt and discouraged and hopeless, here is the object to which it should have turned; here is the diamond of purest water which it should have purchased with all its wealth; here is the ONE opportunity life has held for the happiness of that poor sorrowful heart, and it has come too late, TOO LATE!

AND SUCH ARE THE IRONIES OF FATE AND SUCH IS THE TRUE AND MOST FREQUENT TRANSLATION OF THAT GLITTERING GENERALITY, "ALL THINGS COME TO HIM WHO WAITS."

The Pastor of the Future

By Professor ALBION W. SMALL, University of Chicago

THE pastor of the future will not be merely a preacher. HE WILL BE A SOCIAL WORKER. The most of his work will not be done on Sunday. His WEEKDAYS will be busy as his Sundays. The work of the ministers will be more like the work now being done by Jane Addams and Professor Graham Taylor in the social settlements. Perhaps the minister is destined to become the MIDDLEMAN between the employer and the employed.

The Faults of Men and Those of Women

By Mrs. FRANK LESLIE

WHILE the barrooms are full of men the churches are full of women," said a shrewd observer in one of the daily prints lately. His statement was a broad one, but after all conveys a truth of which women may perhaps be too proud.

Women don't frequent barrooms and similar resorts, to be sure, but then one must remember THEY DON'T WANT TO. They do go to church a good deal, but they take pleasure in doing it. Virtue and vice are, after all, COMPARATIVE terms, and the temperament of the individual comes in to modify most decisions.

On one of the occasions when I helped to swell the congregation of women at church I heard what seemed to me a most sensible and rational theory propounded by the preacher. He was talking of the judgment, and he said that the Judge was not going, like an earthly magistrate, to apply an iron law TO EVERY CASE ALIKE, but to consider each culprit's temperament, opportunities and environment.

MEN, FOR INSTANCE, WOULD NOT BE SO SEVERELY JUDGED FOR FREQUENTING BARROOMS AS WOMEN WOULD, AND A FRET-

FUL, SUSPICIOUS, "NAGGING" WOMAN WOULD NOT BE PUNISHED FOR HER FLIGHTS OF TEMPER AS A MAN WOULD BE FOR SIMILAR CONDUCT.

Each sex has its own class of faults, and doubtless the temptation to those faults is far stronger in the class which has a sort of hereditary right to them than in any other. They differ essentially, these faults of men and women do, and very often they clash all the more ON ACCOUNT OF THESE DIFFERENCES. Man's wrong tendencies run into vices more or less coarse and degrading, while woman's tend rather to foibles and faults more or less narrow and contemptible.

The woman has her foibles of temper, of selfishness, of jealousy, of vanity, of precision and intolerance. These qualities are not vices, unless we call jealousy one, but they are capable of making life INTOLERABLE to any one compelled to associate intimately with the woman who possesses and develops them.

A man under certain conditions of excitement and provocation is apt to become coarse and brutal. He swears, he bangs the furniture about, he tells his wife she is a fool, or a liar, or a scold, and taunts her with cruel insults. He visibly, to her eyes if not to his own, steps down from his position AS MAN AND GENTLEMAN and becomes an object of scorn and loathing.

Now come in her foibles to fan the flame his vices have kindled. She uses her nimble tongue like a lash, she reminds him, she "looks" at him, she wishes she had his picture; in fact, she arouses all that is worst in his nature to a condition of frenzy, and AFTER THAT POINT ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE. He may strike her, he may heap upon her insults so terrible that no penitence can ever wash them away, he may even be so wrought upon by rage and that sense of helplessness which assails a man when a clever woman lets loose her tongue upon him as to lay out his brute strength upon her and lay her dead at his feet.

TWO MEN OR TWO WOMEN RARELY, IF EVER, STIR EACH OTHER TO SUCH A PITCH OF IRRESPONSIBLE WRATH AS AN ANGRY WOMAN CAN DRIVE AN ANGRY MAN.

SPANISH NAMES.

How They Came to Be So Freely Scattered Over California.

It was the custom of the old Spanish explorers to name places after the saint for whom was named the day on which they camped there. In the summer a great number of melodious and sonorous Spanish names have been scattered over California, so that the names of a great number of places begin either with "San" or "Santa." In some cases a subtitle, as it were, has been affixed. For instance, we have San Luis Rey and San Luis Obispo (Saint Louis the King and Saint Louis the Bishop), also San Juan Capistrano. In the case of Los Angeles, it was named "Nuestra Señora de los Angeles" (Our Lady of the Angels). This name is altogether too bulky for frequent use, so the early officers shortened it to "Angeles."

One curious name among the saints is that applied to a picturesque little settlement on the divide between the San Gabriel and Pomona valleys—San Dimas. San Dimas, as it is known, was one of the two men who were crucified at either side of Jesus—the one who asked to be remembered by the Lord when he should enter into paradise. He is the patron saint of robbers. The way this name came to be given to the San Gabriel valley village was thus: In early days a gang of Mexican horse thieves had their "lair" in a canyon there, which was subsequently referred to as the Robbers' canyon or the canyon of San Dimas. When the Santa Fe railroad came along and laid out the station there the name of the canyon was adopted; hence San Dimas.—Los Angeles Times.

CHANGING A QUARTER.

It May Be Done Twelve Ways and Takes Seventy Cents.

"How much money does it take to make change for a quarter?" queried the man whose fad is freak mathematics. "Twenty-five cents, eh? You're away out. To change a quarter in the various way it can be done requires a capital of 79 cents. If a fellow wanted plenty of coin for his quarter he'd tax you for twenty-five pennies. On the other hand, the man who wanted the least loose change for his quarter would come at you for two dimes and a nickel. The chap who wanted a diversity of coin in his change would get into you for two five cent pieces, one dime and five pennies, which would allow him to jingle copper, silver and nickel in his jeans. Others might ask you to produce four nickels and five pennies, three nickels and ten pennies, two nickels and fifteen pennies, or one nickel and twenty pennies. If you escaped these demands you might be requested to come up with five nickels, three nickels and one dime, one nickel, one dime and ten pennies, one dime and fifteen pennies or two dimes and five pennies. There are just twelve ways of "breaking" a quarter in current United States coin, and to be there with the goods for any demand you would require twenty-five pennies, two dimes and five nickels—in all, 79 cents."—Philadelphia Press.

A new suit is apt to be noisy in that it calls loudly for new shoes and a new hat.

Perseverance is a quality not commendable in crying babies.

More men would be wealthy if their wives' plans to save money materialized.



MRS. LEROY JONES, WHO MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED.

Not long ago Mrs. Leroy Jones, a handsome and wealthy New York society woman, left her home under puzzling circumstances and was later found living in a hall bedroom in a nearby boarding house. She was penniless and had endeavored to get work as a servant. The developments indicated that her mind had become affected.

Shove Over.
When a pass is on against it
It's of course is not in clover.
But the road may be quite near him;
He would better shove over.

Sign of Youth.
"How old is Miss Jenks?"
"She must be pretty young. I heard
her telling what the man must be like
whom she would marry."

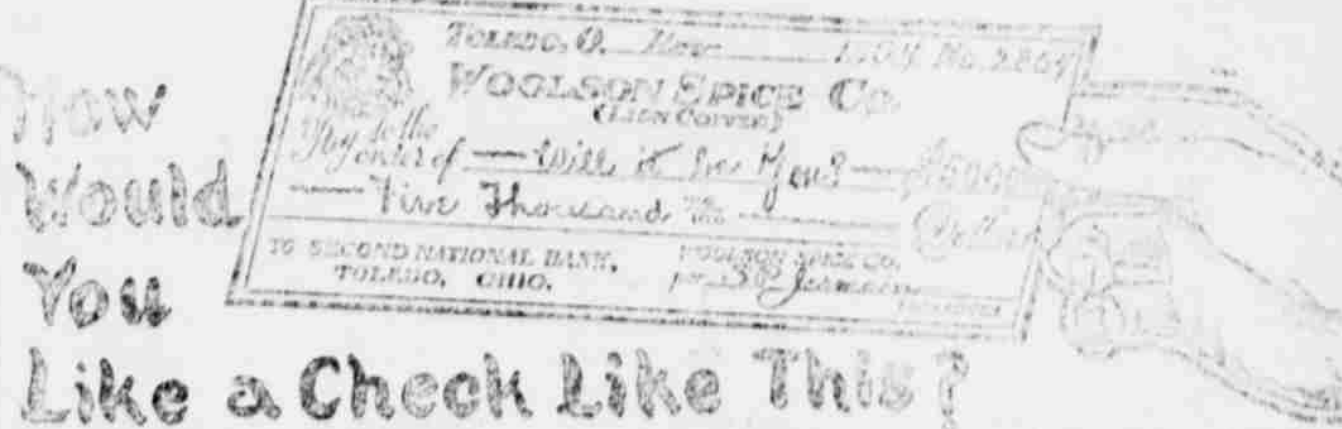
A careful search of the patent office would disclose the fact that house cleaning was not invented by man.

When it is desired that a funeral should be particularly solemn, the funeral parlors should be professional humorists.

The woman with a trim middle does not need a middle crossing.

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