Itching for Trouble Defect in Character

A young man had applied for a certain position and his possible employer was getting some sidelights on the applicant's character. "Why, he's all right," said those who knew him best. "He's young and sometimes foolish, but he means all right."

"That is not satisfactory," said the employer. "What's the doubt about him?"

"Well," was the hesitating reply, "he rather has a habit of defying authority, just for the sake of defying it. He doesn't care particularly about breaking the rules or the laws, but he seems to have a complex which makes him antagonistic toward anyone over him. He will probably do his work well, but he will always be itching for an opportunity to sass you a bit."

"Guess that's enough," said the employer, and he looked elsewhere for an employee.—Springfield Union.

Not What It Seemed

The dancers stopped and watched as a sunburnt man crossed the floor toward the host. His whole frame shivered and shook. Then suddenly his tremors ceased and he was surprised to hear a burst of applause from the guests.

"Welcome, old man," cried his host, seizing the newcomer's hand, "and congratulations. I never expected to see such an expert performer of the charleston straight out of central Africa."

The traveler gasped.

"Charleston?" he echoed. "That wasn't the charleston, that was ague."

Tree Preserved in Ice

A Canadian government exploration party recently came across a spruce tree which had been preserved in the ice of the great North American glacier in Alaska. The glacier had receded and left the tree exposed after an imprisonment estimated at hundreds of thousands of years. The spruce was apparently one hundred twenty-four years old when the glacier enveloped it.

Husband, 9, Is Divorced

One of the first cases heard under Turkey's new divorce law was that of a seventeen-year-old girl who divorced her nine-year-old husband to whom her parents had wed her sight unseen under the old law, says Capper's Weekly.

Bluebird Your Friend

The bluebird can never have too many homes free from English sparrows. In feeding, it is his habit to fly from a perch to the ground and return with leisure. He turns flycatcher and adds winged insects to his bill of fare.—Nature Magazine.

New Photographic Film

An elastic photographic film has been developed in Germany which can be soaked and then stretched to any desired size, afterward being placed upon a glass plate and dried. By the new process the film can be stretched until the picture is enlarged ten times the original size.

Division

"How is the earth divided?" asked a pompous examiner, who had already worn out the patience of the class.

"By earthquakes," replied a boy.—Vancouver Province.

Public opinion legislates all the time. It creates and enforces the unwritten laws.

Don't make yourself common; the world only sits up and takes notice of the uncommon.

W. N. U., PORTLAND, NO. 27--1927.

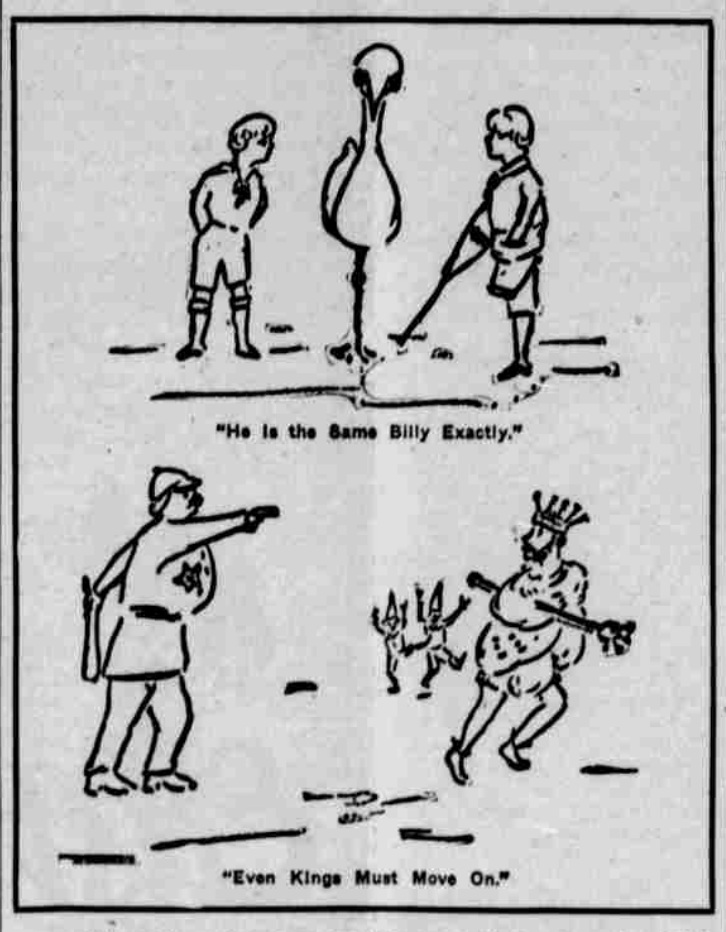
If you can't have your own way you can at least keep out of other people's way.

YOURSELF and YOUR BODY

By WILFRED T. GRENFELL

BOYS DON'T LIKE TO BE TRICKED

Some Interesting Information About The Law of Life.



"He Is the Same Billy Exactly."

"Even Kings Must Move On."

"LET us draw pictures as we go along, shall we? The first thing that I want you to remember is that my body is mine, but it isn't I."

"Oh, father!"

"However, we cannot draw without something to draw with, can we?"

That wanted thinking about. Boys do not like to be tricked.

"No? Well, then you go and get something. This is my paper and my pencil, isn't it?"

"Righto!" in chorus this time.

"Well, you are sure they are not I?"

Popping eyes were the only response.

"Just before we begin, give me my hat, will you?

"Are you sure it is my hat? All right, it isn't I. Thanks. Put it on my head, will you? Sure it is my head? Well, then it isn't I."

"But, father, why?"

"Oh, you think my head is part of me. Do you remember when Billy had his leg cut off? Billy is still the same Billy, isn't he?"

"Rather."

"But he has only got one leg to perch on now, like a stork asleep. So you see he couldn't be the same Billy if his leg were really part of him, could he? He must be some one else. Do you think that he is John now? You just ask him!

"That's right. He only lost a leg. He is the same Billy. You lost that knife I gave you, but you are the same old scaramouche, whatever you lose, aren't you?

"Here is a story. A friend of mine, a dried-up, tough old Indian general, slipped off the platform at a station one day, and the train ran over him. It cut off both his arms and both his legs. People rushed him off to the nearest hospital. Some hours later he swore before a magistrate that he was still he. Every one, even the wise old judges, agreed that he was he, though he had lost the larger part of his house—or his machine with which he used to 'connect up' with what we call 'this world.' Of course his walking-machine parts were gone and his holding-on parts were gone. But he still had his talking parts, so he could swear all right that he was still he.

"Remember that our bodies are not we ourselves. Contrariwise! They are ours. We lose bits of them sometimes. We often spoil parts of them, and some people spoil the whole of them. That is terrible, isn't it? And that is why I say that you must never do anything to spoil your body. Make it the very best body you can. It is the most useful possession you will ever have, and it is all your own. Indeed, you cannot do without it. When it is all spoiled, you must go to some other world, where you may get another one. Let us pretend we are building a good one for somebody in this world now.

"Before we begin I ought to tell you that there are still lots of Hows and Whys that no one knows the answers to—yet."

"But can't we find them out, father?"

"I hate the word 'can't.' If we are really alive we shall, of course go on trying—that is the law of life. It is 'move on or die.' Nothing stands still in this world. Everything keeps in its place because it is moving, just as the earth itself, the moon, the stars, and the very sun itself, move."

"But the rocks stand still?"

"The rocks? Why, the tiniest atom of every rock is moving, as everything else is. Rock, like everything else on earth, is only made of little particles of electricity, called electrons, which dance around a center—and they are always changing their positions. Your own body, which you thought was you, and therefore was always the same, is really always moving on. Some of the little electrons in dancing about fly off and destroy the shape of other old particles, changing them so as to improve your body and to keep it always ready for you to use it as you grow. Most of this is done by what scientists call 'oxidation.' That is almost exactly the same thing as slowly burning up what is no longer any good. Isn't that strange? The body is always being burned up without our even knowing it; and what is more, there is a department called the head office, or brain, specially set aside to keep it burning at the right temperature. This is called the 'heat center.' Sometimes it gets out of order and we get too hot and burn too fast. That is called 'fever.' Then there is an awful lot of trouble, isn't there? You know all about it. Stay in bed, nothing but slops to eat, because you must put less fuel on. But sometimes our bodies get too cold, and grow pale and weak. Then we must 'stoke up' with eggs and milk and jellies and medicines.

"Yes, the law of life is that everything must keep moving on—as the policeman says to the traffic: 'keep moving.' Even kings have to move along and leave their thrones behind them. Everything everywhere must be busy trying to build up a better world, or sooner or later it will have its life taken away from it altogether. Death is stopping. All that is good has come along by moving. For instance, we had to see farther, so some one had to start moving and invent a telescope. We had to see smaller things, so some one thought out the microscope. We had to move faster, so some one found out about steam and railways, and gasoline and automobiles. We wanted to see through solid things, so the X-ray came along. We had to talk farther, so some one moved on and found out the telephone and the wireless. Moving on, moving on, moving on—is the Law of Life."

Forest Has Reclaimed Site of Ancient City

In the northwest of Asia Minor, on the shore of the Aegean sea, separating it from modern Greece and Turkey, a few miles south of Troy, most famous city of classical antiquity, is a village, known as Eski-Stamboul Behind it is a mighty forest of the oaks of that country, and he who explores its leafy shades frequently stumbles over blocks and pillars of stone or remains of old foundations.

Those ruins, covered by growths of centuries of forest trees, are all that remain of a once famous city, so fine, and so admirably situated as to induce Julius Caesar, some 50 years before Christ, and afterward Constantine, the first Christian emperor (274-337 A. D.), to suggest making it, instead of Rome, the capital of the world-wide Roman empire.

Old Fogy Bankers

I have often said that if your banker is not an old fogy, you should look up one who is. There have lately been a great number of failures among bankers. Not one of them was an old fogy; everyone disgraced and ruined was too much of a good fellow with his deposits.—E. W. Howe's Monthly.

Time to Part

Phillips and his wife had always been reputed to be the happiest of married couples, so when Mrs. Jones heard that her friend was suing for divorce she was astonished.

"You say his chief fault is his absent-mindedness?" she asked Mrs. Phillips. "You should try and endure that, dear."

"I did as long as possible," replied the latter. "But when he shook down the player-piano and threw a music roll into the furnace, that was going too far."—Hardware Age.

People who make fools of themselves never fail to attract attention.

Nothing to Flag Her Down

Ardath, age five, was being taught some of the rudiments of reading by her mother, who explained that coming to a period at the end of a sentence meant for her to stop. A few nights later, at the dinner table, she was chattering away with no noticeable likelihood of there being any pauses, when her mother asked her why in the world she didn't stop talking. She replied: "I guess, mother, I don't see any periods."

His Predicament

Mrs. Downing—Why are you bathing your head in cold water?

Her Husband—To keep awake. I've called the doctor for my insomnia and I'll feel like a fool if I'm asleep when he gets here.