

As each day dies a new disaster's born.

Missouri mules have been sent to Alaska. Reindeer will soon be looking for new positions.

The average man has from 15 to 20 pockets in his clothes, and about \$2.85 in them altogether.

Japan is rather imposing on good nature by sending 631 coolies to the United States on one ship.

English ladies, it is said, are wearing nightcaps quite generally. And English gentlemen quite generally are taking them.

Another bad thing about profanity is that sometimes when a man is maddest he can't think of the most effective thing to say.

What a terrible world this world would be if we were not permitted to hire lawyers to tell us when to refuse to answer questions.

"A woman should train her husband as one trains a mule," says Carrie Catt. What an interesting sidelight this throws on Mr. Catt!

Most people will be surprised to read that there were more than 8,000,000 Bibles sold in this country last year. If they were only read!

The cause of education in the East is not to suffer. Harvard authorities have decided that the regular football course will be continued next fall.

Railroad and steamboat accidents are ghastly enough, in all conscience, but think what would happen if a crowded airship should go wrong!

Carrie Chapman Catt believes a woman should train her husband as one trains a mule. Mrs. Catt is right. Never sneak up on him from behind.

Consul H. J. Harvey writes from Fort Erie that the development of electric power at Niagara, Ontario, has stimulated many new industries in that district.

Consul General Church Howe, of Montreal, reports that the total immigration into Canada during 1906 was 215,912, an increase of 49 per cent. over 1905.

If the French aeronaut who has made 210 successful attempts has ever studied the law of probabilities he must realize that it is about time for him to quit.

The income of Mrs. William Aator is put down at \$2,500,000 a year, but her resources are practically unlimited. She is now 76 years old and a great grandmother.

Marie Corelli says there is an invisible power which compels her to write. This will lead Hall Caine to believe that invisible powers must be possessed of unworthy tendencies.

Dr. Charles Harrington has recommended that the president extend an invitation to the coming congress of hygiene and demography at Berlin to hold its meeting at Washington in 1909 or 1910.

King Edward is busy revising the prayer book of the Church of England. There was a time when people would have doubted it if they had been told that Edward would ever take up such serious work.

Naturally, the Chicago man who has retired from business with only \$5,000,000, because he "has enough," is being sharply criticized. Why doesn't he keep on working to get money to endow universities and establish educational funds and libraries?

And now the Japanese generals are assailing Kuropatkin's so-called history of the late war. The Japanese gentlemen say the story is more of a defense of himself than a statement of actual facts. And when it comes to history it must be admitted the Japanese generals made some themselves.

That this is the children's century was judicially affirmed by the supreme court of Mississippi, says the Baltimore American, which affirmed in a suit for damages brought by the parents of a boy injured by an electric light attached to a tree that the small boy in the pursuit of happiness guaranteed by the constitution has an inalienable right to climb a tree.

"Buffalo robes will soon be a thing of the past," said a local dealer to a Kansas City Star reporter, who has had six robes on sale this winter, the property of a citizen who could not afford to keep the precious skins longer. Five of them have been sold, and while \$500 has been offered for the last of the lot the dealer is holding it for \$800, the price demanded by the owner. The robes are not unusually large, either.

Mulberry plantations are being opened in India with a view to enlarging the propagation of the silkworm, as well as to make the mulberry gardens a distributing center from which cuttings and young plants may be distributed to the public.

The comet that is to strike the earth will not do any damage beyond terrifying the oversusceptible, as has for ages been the custom of comets.

The dogs of war in Central America seem disposed to turn into Kilkenny cats.

Some people are born lucky. For instance, according to a London paper, there are 16 houses in Limehouse the tenants of which did not pay any rent for several years because no landlord could be found.

A doctor tells the women that they ought not to carry muffs because they contract the chest—and the time will soon be here when they won't.

A balloon corps is to be added to the army, thus insuring a rapid rise for the fortunate few who are selected membership.

For the Homeseekers' Benefit

By Theodore Waters

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"Did you know, Hocky," remarked Mr. David Gimbold to his partner, Mr. Israel Hochheimer, "did you know that just previous to his death, Roosevelt P. Flower was planning a corner in zinc?"

"No, I did not know it," replied Mr. Hochheimer, reflectively, gazing out of the window of their Wall street office.

"I've been thinking, Hocky," went on Mr. Gimbold, "that we might take up the matter where Flower laid it down. I have a notion that we might corner the necessary funds simply by modifying Mr. Flower's methods. In fact, I believe we could get the government to help us."

"Nearly all of our zinc comes from Arkansas and Missouri. There is a trust, but it is a puny affair, down at Joplin, with a paltry half-million at stake. For a peculiar condition exists. Most of the land in the zinc country is government land, subject to the homestead law. The government charges a fee of about \$14 for every 160 acres of land, but every applicant must live five years on the land before he gets his title. Now, if we could get that government land we would be able to control almost half of the zinc output of the district. And we could force the trust to buy us out."

"Very good," said Mr. Hochheimer, as Gimbold paused for breath. "But since no man can secure more than 160 acres, and since each applicant must swear that he intends to establish a home, and is not taking the land for purpose of speculation, how are we to get around it?"

"Hocky," replied Mr. Gimbold, waving his hand around comprehensively, "there are many poor fellows in this city who would be glad to own land in Arkansas or in Missouri. You know a great many, and so do I."

"Well, then, if we showed those poor fellows how to get land free in Arkansas and Missouri—if we paid the government fee for them, and bought them railway tickets to their new homes, don't you think they would be grateful enough to assign us the right to mine whatever ore might be under the surface of the land?"

"Davy," said Mr. Hochheimer, feelingly, "you are a wonder."

"But that isn't all," said Gimbold. "I believe there are many benevolent old persons in this city who would be delighted to subscribe to a fund which we would be glad to manage, and which would be used to transport those poor fellows to their new homes."

"Beautiful," said Mr. Hochheimer. "Simply beautiful."

"Of course, it would not be necessary to say anything about the option on what is under the surface, either to the benevolent old persons or to the poor fellows, until after the latter had started on their way."

"But how would we hold them, in case they refused?" asked Mr. Hochheimer, anxiously.

"Well, you see," replied Mr. Gimbold, "as managers of the fund we would go to the railroads and secure transportation in bulk. There ought to be a good commission in that. Of course, those poor fellows will want their household goods sent on ahead. We will be glad to do that for them, but we will not give each one a ticket until just before the train starts. I am sure that not one of them would object to signing the option on the spot. In case any one refuses, it will be very easy to have one of our investigators suddenly find that under the rules of the benevolent fund the ungrateful fellow is ineligible."

Gimbold went into the churches and the charity bureaus and among the old gentlemen, and appealed in the name of all that is kindly and true for the relief of the suffering poor. From the moment it got fairly launched, the scheme began to take care of itself.

"Great Caesar, Hocky, look there!" It was the morning after that memorable Sunday when the three or so many sermons, Hochheimer and Gimbold had come down town together somewhat late. They went up to their office in a crowded elevator, and when they got off at their floor the crowd went with them. The corridor was jammed from wall to wall with an indiscriminate mass of humanity—male, female, respectable, disreputable, well-dressed, unkempt, native, foreign—pushing and crowding, babbling and gesticulating.

There was no turning them away, those poor fellows, for not only were they clergymen among them, as Gimbold had seen, but reverend gentlemen were in many cases leaders of special contingents of home-seekers, and many others in the crowd carried letters from contractors to the fund which were not to be ignored. It was late

in the day before the last application was received, the last dreary explanation made, the last golden promise uttered. Day after day the crowd surged into the office and out again. And it grew not only in size, but in its expectations, for humanity in general is very insistent in the matter of its rights when they involve free-for-all schemes. Then the notoriety which the newspapers gave the scheme not only increased the size of the crowds, but it brought in a couple of government inspectors, who wanted to know if it was being thoroughly explained to each applicant that the non-speculative clause in the government contract would be rigidly enforced. It also brought in a "plain-clothes man" from Mulberry street, who caused the partners additional concern.

They set out upon their task with callous disregard of the consequences. They were sending a horde of unfortunates thousands of miles away from familiar associations, to mountain fastnesses which in many cases would yield nothing to the plow, and in return they were exacting the only product which made the land worth the acquiring. Summoned to their office, the home-seekers came one by one, and in the private room the question was put to each. Some of them, poor innocents! were eager and willing to do anything in return for the boon of a promised home. Some had to be coaxed, some wheedled, some threatened, and a few, who saw through the whole business, pleaded. But on the morning of departure Gimbold and Hochheimer had secured signed options on mineral rights from three-fourths of the home-seekers. The rest were considered too risky to approach.

On the morning of the departure they went over to the railway station. Nothing but the fascination of seeing the last of their handiwork took them there.

In the depot they were given a rousing reception, and they beamed from one to another of their dupes, and went among the mothers and their children, helping them to seats in the train and bidding them Godspeed with a benign courtesy that was beautiful to behold.

In the end they were compelled to make a speech—Gimbold made it from the rear platform of the train—a speech so inspiring in its patriotism, so tender in its pathos, that the enthusiasm invoked was tremendous, and the people struggled with one another to get to the orator, who was forced to retreat into the car. There he met the government inspector face to face. Back of the inspector stood the "plain clothes man" from police headquarters.

"And now, Mr. Gimbold," began the inspector, without preamble, "and now that you have excited those innocents until their feelings are at the breaking-point, what do you think they would do to you if I were to tell them that those options of yours rendered their homestead claim invalid?"

"Why, I—I—stammered Gimbold, taken aback, "I—I—don't know what you mean."

"Oh, yes you do," replied the inspector, calmly. "You have with you signed options on all the ore bodies underlying the claims of these people. Suppose I tell them they have invalidated their titles?"

"I don't believe it," blustered Gimbold, hotly. "It's a point of law—it would have to be proved!"

"Granted," said the inspector; "but those fellows wouldn't wait for the law to settle it if I told them of my doubts."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" demanded Gimbold, reverting to that time-worn defiance.

"Why, I'm going to tell them, unless you hand over those options."

"Never!"

"I guess you'd better give them up, Gimbold," put in the "plain-clothes man." "I don't believe the chief would like it to be found out that you had disregarded his advice."

Gimbold thought a moment. Then the fullness of resistance must have struck him, for with an imprecation he pulled a thick wallet from his pocket and handed it to the inspector.

The crowd outside surged up the steps and into the car, calling loudly for Gimbold and his partner. The people wanted to see more of the men who had done so much for them.

While the conductor called "all aboard," the crowd instantly forgot its gratitude and rushed for their places in the train.

"Well, what do you think, Hocky?" asked Gimbold at last.

"I think," replied Mr. Hochheimer, bitterly, "I think we have been working for the benefit of the poor."

Horses Saved by a Dog.
A New Jersey farm laborer went to Egg Harbor City to do some shopping and when he emerged from a store his team had disappeared. No one had seen the driverless horses go and it was thought that they had been stolen. The man walked home and discovered that the house dog and also missing. Some days later the dog returned to the farm, got some food and drink and started away, barking furiously. He was followed and in a piece of woods several miles away the team was discovered. The horses had wedged the wagon between two trees and there they had stood five days without food or drink. They had gnawed the bark from the trees.

Peculiarly Unfortunate.
"Darn that bore!" exclaimed Saterly, after the caller had gone. "I was just beginning to write an article when he came in and began to talk, and he made me lose my train of thought."

"That's too bad," said Spacer, who was hammering away on a typewriting machine at the next desk. "Your next train, you know, may not come along for a week."—Chicago Tribune.

ARE NOT CURIOUS

WASHINGTON CITIZENS SHOW LACK OF INQUISITIVENESS.

Leading Lights of the Nation Too Common at the Capital to Command More Than Passing Attention from Residents.

Living in Washington is a man 99 years old who has passed nearly 80 years here and has never set foot inside the capitol.

At the Virginia end of the Aqueduct bridge, across the upper Potomac, is a woman past 80, who, living within half a mile of Washington all her life, has never been in Washington.

The old Washingtonian, who is hale and intelligent, said when questioned that he'd never cared to go inside the capitol. There was no business calling him there. He'd always been perfectly willing to let the folks inside the capitol go their ways if they'd only let him alone.

The old woman at the other end of the Aqueduct bridge observed in response to an interviewer's inquiries that she'd never crossed over to Washington because she'd never cared to. She'd always had enough work to do without gadding about.

These two old persons fairly represent the lack of inquisitiveness which is perhaps the strongest characteristic of the people who live in and around Washington. Washingtonians are probably the least curious people on earth.

On New Year's day, when the president received the general public, the double line of people eager to grasp his hand curved in two directions out of the White House grounds and upon the streets till four or five o'clock in the afternoon, though the reception began at noon. Of the thousands in those two patient lines hardly any were Washingtonians.

Washingtonians don't attend public receptions at the White House. The lines were made up of visitors who came here especially for the purpose and of folks residing here transiently. If, by dropping a cent in the slot, the average Washingtonian could be instantly whisked to the White House, there to receive the double mitt from the president, a "Dee-lighted!" or two, and a little narrative about a bull moose or the art of hitting a timber wolf or a fawn in the left shoulder with an express bullet, it isn't in the least likely that the average Washingtonian would be attracted by the investment.

This feature of Washington's characteristic indifference is a growth of comparatively recent years. Washingtonians did go to Mr. McKinley's public receptions in quite considerable numbers. They attended the public levees of Mr. Harrison and Mr. Cleveland, too, and they fairly swarmed through the east room when Mr. Arthur was president. But they have entirely remained away from these affairs at the White House in recent years.

Washington folks don't flock to the capitol at all. The big people don't appear to interest them. Washingtonians are pretty close to the wires of government, and this may account for the lack of interest in the wire manipulators.

"Why, I—I—stammered Gimbold, taken aback, "I—I—don't know what you mean."

Every day the vice president of the United States walks down Pennsylvania avenue from the capitol, accompanied by some senator or other. The vice president is a very tall person—so tall as to make him an unusual figure, on account of his stature, and the silk hat atop of the stature, almost anywhere. But never a Washingtonian wheels around to gaze after the vice president.

Hint for Vice President.
A New York man visited the senate gallery in Washington and from his vantage there had a good look at the vice president's carefully concealed bald head. On returning home he wrote to his congressman, saying: "If you have any influence with Mr. Fairbanks, for heaven's sake get him to cut off that scalplock that he drapes over the top of his head and admit that he is bald. The people will elect a bald-headed man president sooner than they'll elect a man who tries to deceive them as to his baldness."

Few Senators Hear Prayers.
Attendance at prayers in the United States senate is not large, but it always includes Senators Platt and Dewey, who usually sit together and withdraw before the business of the day begins. Sometimes there are only five or six who assemble to hear Dr. Hale's invocation. Upon a recent occasion there were seven, and a curious observer made a memorandum of their names. In addition to Platt and Dewey there were Perkins of California, Smoot of Utah, Dick of Ohio, McCreary of Kentucky and Clark of Montana.

Room for Improvement.
Some friends of Speaker Cannon were discussing with him the news that "Len" Small of Kankakee had been converted by Evangelist Sunday, ex-baseball player. It was suggested that perhaps Mr. Small's conversion might interfere with his usefulness as a party man, but the speaker did not see why such should be the case. Mr. Cannon went on to say that he had no doubt of the genuineness of his friend Len's conversion, he being a thoroughly sincere man in every respect. The conversation drifted on to the subject of conversion, "Uncle Joe" expressing the opinion that it would do no harm if a few conversions could take place in the house. However, he did not wish to mention any names.—Chicago Chronicle.

Chief Justice Fuller Protests.
Chief Justice Fuller thinks that the newspaper men are a little previous in their announcements of his pending resignation from the supreme bench. He says that when he is ready to retire he will himself be the first to hear of it.

HEAD TAX IS REMOVED.

Secretary Straus Does Away with Cause of Friction.

Recently there was a little notice issued by the secretary of the department of commerce and labor announcing that the head tax on foreign diplomatic officers coming to America had been removed. It did not mean much to the average man who read it, few residents of this country knowing that there was such a tax or realizing what a long-standing source of annoyance it has been to foreign diplomats. As a matter of fact, however, there is such a tax on all aliens entering this country, and while it is only two dollars, and is included in the price of the steamer passage, it is still regarded as an affront by foreign diplomatic officers, putting them on the same plane with passing passengers, when they are theoretically the guests of this government and people to be treated officially with marked consideration.

Secretary Straus having been in the diplomatic service himself, knew how his trifling impost was regarded, and his action in removing it is important as removing a decided and useless cause of friction. It may be said also that most of the steamship companies manage to make a trifle out of the general tax on the side, it being only two dollars, but always being charged as \$2.50 additional on the ticket. This extra 50 cents, of course, the steamship company pockets. It does not claim that all of the tax is paid to the government, but apparently grabs the extra half dollar merely because it can, and there is seldom any row over it, because the amount is too small for most passengers to raise a kick over.

FAILED TO MAKE CONVERTS.
Washington Crowd Had No Use for "Revivifier."

A tall, shifty and angular individual of the man kind blew into the capitol during the session and made a vain search for the member from his district. It was explained that the reason he did not find his representative was that his representative saw him first. The man carried a strange-looking package, which he said was his "revivifier."

A curious crowd soon collected and plied the bearer with questions which he answered readily. In fact, he seemed glad to be plied with questions. He explained that mankind had been making a great mistake ever since the world began by eating, sleeping and drinking. These things, he added were utterly unnecessary to life and happiness.

"Why," he exclaimed, "by the use of my revivifier man can live without food, drink, or sleep, just as the inhabitants of Mars and the planets in space do. We are of the earth earthy. Instead we should be of the spirit spiritually. Now if there are any of you here who want to get out of the eating, sleeping and drinking habit, I can tell you—"

"So can I tell you how to do it," broke in a hard-faced, muscular man in the crowd. "The answer is simple. Just get out of the living habit."

A Drum Major General.
At a White House reception last winter the wife of a new representative from the west had a rather exciting experience. She had never attended a White House function before, and arrayed herself with considerable care. Her gown was a dream of beauty, and there was a wealth of lace and fluff things such as are said to delight the feminine heart and are the despair of the sterner sex. As the lady was taking her departure she passed close to a major general resplendent in full dress and wearing on his breast a score of medals and decorations won for brave and gallant conduct in the field. Somehow, the lady's decorations got tangled up. Her husband, who was several paces ahead, called to her to hurry up.

"I'm coming, my dear," she said, "just as soon as I can get loose from this drum major."

The "drum major" laughed heartily. He and the lady afterward became great friends, although he said that it was the first time he had ever been mistaken for a drum major.

Letters Are His Name.
"Now and then," said a prominent member of the Cosmos club at Washington, "inquiries are made concerning the names of members of our club and I am embarrassed in endeavoring to explain the name of our distinguished scientist, Prof. W. J. McGee, whose eminence has placed him in the front ranks of geologists of the world. Every one assumes that W. J. are initials and almost invariably they are printed with a period after them."

"The fact is they stand for nothing at all. Prof. McGee's name is W. J., and that's all there is about it. But I never expect to see the day when the newspapers will acknowledge the brevity of his name by leaving the usual period off after each letter."

Senator Tillman's New Name.
Senator Tillman sees more with his one eye than many men see with two, but nevertheless those who see the fiery southerner cannot avoid noticing his misfortune. The other day he clapped his hands for a page from the cloakroom door. A new page who had not yet mastered the senatorial names responded. "Tell Senator Clay," he said, "that I want to see him in the cloakroom." The page ran on the errand, on his way stopping to ask the head usher where Senator Clay sat. Then he asked: "Who's this that has only one eye?" The usher, thinking it a question in mythology, replied: "Why, Cyclops, of course." The page delivered his errand in this astounding way: "Senator Cyclops wants to see you in the cloakroom."

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THE AMERICAN HOME

Wm. A. Radford
EDITOR

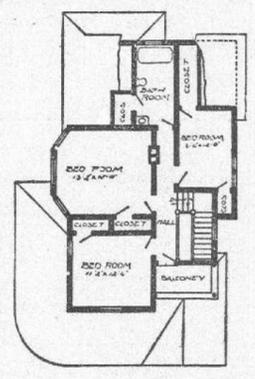
Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 34 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

A splendid seven-room house is shown in detail in this plan. The house is 26 feet wide by 41 feet long, exclusive of the porch, and may be built under favorable circumstances at a cost of \$2,200 to \$2,500, according to location. There is everything necessary in this house for a family of four or five persons. As the average family is said to consist of about five individuals, including children, this may be considered an average home.

There is something about the plan and general arrangement of the rooms that is sure to appeal to the man of moderate means, the average man of industrial habits who enjoys his home and works hard to provide the members of his family with the comforts of life. The parlor, sitting room and dining room have just about the right proportions and relations to each other. The parlor is not used much as a general thing, but the sitting room is the embodiment of home comfort. It is easy to imagine what such a sitting room would be like in the hands of a good housekeeper.

In most houses the dining room is used but three times a day, at meal time only, and then in varying periods lasting from half an hour to possibly an hour and a half when some extra occasion comes along. This room would be the most difficult to heat in winter, but less heat is required. The sitting room and kitchen are warmest and most comfortable in winter, all

such a cupboard as this at the top of the cellar stairs. It would be impossible to have a more convenient way into the cellar from the kitchen. It is a straight-down stair from the kitchen directly down and it lands in the front part of the cellar, which should be partitioned off for fruits and vegetables. There is a great difference in houses in the

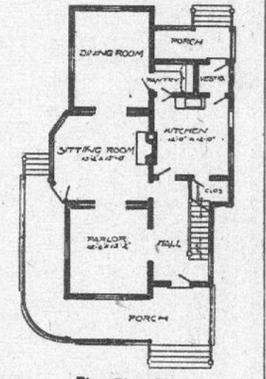


way they are planned and in the way they are managed afterwards. There are some expensive houses that have no rightly arranged storage for anything. Builders or owners do not seem to understand that certain temperatures are necessary to keep certain things. They do not seem to know or to realize that provision may be made in the cellar for keeping apples and



though either one could be made airy and pleasant in summer.

In a house built after this plan the family would spend the greater part of their waking hours in the sitting room and kitchen. The kitchen claims the attention of the women. It is the work shop and most important room in the house. It is occupied in some houses the greater part of the time between six o'clock in the morning and one or two in the afternoon. It requires extra good management to get through with the day's work by two o'clock in any house, and the woman who has the energy and ability to do so deserves the few hours remaining before tea time for rest and recreation. A room that is used so



constantly should receive more attention at the hands of architects and builders than it usually does.

Here is a kitchen arranged for comfort and convenience. Entering from the back porch there is a vestibule to keep out the cold in winter. This vestibule is just right to hold the ice box and this is the right place for the ice box for three very good reasons. It saves dirt from being tracked into the kitchen when the ice is being put in, it saves ice in summer, and the temperature is cold enough so the ice box may be used in winter for storage purposes without ice, and that is impossible when the ice chest is kept in the kitchen. You couldn't have a better arrangement for a pantry because the plan saves steps at meal time and when cleaning up afterwards. It is convenient to the dining room and it is close to the sink, two things that are very necessary in the careful laying out of a house.

There is another good arrangement at the top of the cellar stairs. The landing is built wide enough for a good-sized cupboard, to hold such things as would otherwise have to go in the cellar. Few houses have places suitable for keeping preserved fruits, pickles and jellies. Jellies dry up if kept upstairs and they are very likely to mould if kept in the cellar. It is very annoying to put up jars of nice jelly and have it go wrong afterwards. It may be prevented by having just

vegetables in good condition almost all winter. It is directly in the line of economy as well as comfort and general satisfaction. Fruits and vegetables are abundant in the fall. The proper thing is to lay in a sufficient stock to last all winter, but it is poor economy to buy a lot of perishable produce and house it in a furnace heated cellar. Apples require a temperature of about 32 or 33 degrees to keep them all winter to the best advantage. If the cellar window is left open during the fall and early winter the thermometer will be found to register below 50 degrees most of the time, which is, upon the whole, a very satisfactory temperature for keeping apples up to February.

A good many women like to have direct communication between the kitchen and the front door, something that is difficult to get in most plans, but it is had without difficulty in this house. We often find houses that are nicely arranged down stairs but very objectionable in the upper story. Here is a plan, however, that is almost perfect both upstairs and down. The two bedrooms used the most are splendid rooms and the smaller one is all right for a single room; it is helped out splendidly by having two clothes closets. Upon the whole it would be difficult to find a more satisfactory plan for a seven-room house.

Sticking to an Old Friend.
"Queer world, queer life!" sighed the Old Man. "I'll be 80 soon, an' I've got to give up the one comfort of my old age. Doctor says I must quit smoking! Now, my pipe has been my consolation all these years of age and loneliness, and it's come hard to part with it. And why should I? Before a friendly fire, on a night when the winter wind rumbles in the chimney, this old pipe brings dreams to me. I live it all over—the long life that seems so short—as the smoke curls upward. Old friends come and take me by the hand; sweet faces smile, and one—the sweetest of them all—beams on me and brightens all the gloom. Why, I—"

But just then a rosy-cheeked youngster came bounding in the room. "Grandfather," he said, "will you lend me your pipe—to blow soap bubbles?"

"You see," said the Old Man, "he's heard what the doctor said."

He gave the boy a cent for a clay pipe.

Value of Cheerfulness.
If you wish to possess bright eyes be animated and cheerful. An excellent health rule for bright eyes and a clear skin is to take the juice of a lemon in a glass of water with a dash of salt added every morning before breakfast. This acts on the liver, which has more to do with good looks than people imagine.

Beauty from Within.
"Noble thoughts and pure love improve the countenance and give dignity and grace to one's whole bearing. A fair and luminous soul makes its body beautiful."—Rochefoucauld.