



SMILES

TRAGEDY OF A LOST LINE.

"This patient looks harmless."
"He is. That's the one we call the sonneteer."
"And did making sonnets drive him insane?"
"No. I am told his trouble originated in the fact that he wrote a peculiarly beautiful sonnet called 'On Visiting the Scenes of Happy Days,' and that the printer accidentally omitted a line. When the poet saw he had put his name to a thirteen-line 'sonnet' he went stark mad."
"Unhappy fellow. He has a kind face."
"Yes. But just tell him you are a printer—then jump back and hear him gnash his teeth!"

Attempt Useless.

Needing some ribbon one day, while in a very small southern town, we went to the one store there.
"Ribbons?" questioned the storekeeper. "Well, we all just mislaid our stock of ribbons, but if you-all come back later, I'll see if I can find them."
So back we went later. He had found them.
"What color did you-all want?"
"Blue," we replied.
"Oh, blue!" he exclaimed in disgust. "We haven't got any blue. Blue is so popular we don't even try to keep it."
—Harper's Magazine.

SURE THING.



"What's the best cure for insomnia you know of?"
"Sleep."
Too Bad.
Alas, alas for pretty Fan,
Unhappy as can be;
She's married to a legless man
And can't sit on his knee.

Muffled Knocks.

"It's too bad, old chap, that you didn't get an invitation to that affair; we forgot all about you."
"Say, Lil, you don't need to be ashamed of that dress. When a garment is well made, what's the difference how cheap the stuff is?"
"What I admire most particularly in your lectures, professor, is that they're always short."
"You take splendid care of your horses, anyhow, Throgson; by the way, do you ever hear from that runaway boy of yours?"

It Surely Was.

A German who had not been in the country very long walked into a drug store one day. The first thing that caught his attention was an electric fan buzzing busily on the soda counter. He watched it with great interest for some time, then, turning to the clerk, he said:
"Py golly, dat's a lively squirrel vot you got in dar, ain't it?"—Everybody's.

As Usual.

"What's the news in Plunkville?"
"The authorities have decided that the old railroad bridge is dangerous."
"I always thought so. But what made them decide?"
"It collapsed last week and killed six people."

Slap's No Caress.

"Jiggs used to rave about his wife's little hand before they were married, but he doesn't do that any more."
"Why not, I wonder?"
"Possibly because there is more power behind it now when her little hand is laid against his cheek."

And Who Wouldn't?

"Miss Bolde," said the shy student to the fair one on the other side of the sofa, "if I were to throw you a kiss what would you say?"
"I'd say you're the laziest man I ever met."—Minne-Ha-Ha (Minn.)

A Green Buyer.

"Have you any lobsters?"
"Yes, ma'am; here's a fresh lot."
"Haven't you any that are ripier?"
Those look so green."

Used to Being Run away With.

"So Zetty has eloped with Jack Huggard?"
"Well, I really can't say I'm surprised."
"You're not?"
"No; she's let her imagination run away with her many a time."

Made No Difference.

"Before she was married she was constantly on the lookout for a husband."
"Well?"
"And since she got one she is still constantly on the lookout for him."

BOY'S DEFINITION.



Teacher—What is philanthropy?
Scholar—I don't know.
Teacher—If you had 10 cents and gave your brother a nickel, what would you be?
Scholar—A fool.

Not So Easy.

In life you will find lots of men who can not fill a fountain pen.

Looking Up His Record.

"There's no doubt about my getting in," said the newly arrived shade to St. Peter. "Here's a newspaper clipping of the eulogy the minister delivered at my funeral."
"Take this," returned St. Peter, handing the clipping to the recording angel, "and compare it with his past performances." — Lippincott's Magazine.

All in Sight.

He had been appointed a smoke inspector in Chicago. Day after day he was seen loafing around the downtown section.
"Why don't you travel around town and inspect the smoke?" demanded his chief one day.
"What's the use?" was the reply. "I can see it all from here."

Good Resolutions.

"The Willamses certainly have made queer New Year's resolutions!"
"What are they?"
"Well, she resolved not to smoke any more cigarettes, drink any more highballs or take any trips to woman's rights conventions."
"And he—"
"He resolved to make her allowance so small that she would be compelled to keep her resolution!"—Judge.

OBLIGING DAUGHTER.



"This thing has got to stop. You keep me putting my hand in my pocket all the time."
"All right, papa. I'll have the rest of my purchases charged."

No Change.

Although the Turk would vengeance wreak, He still maintains That losing streak.

Thought They Were Alive.

Patience—Your brother is a pigeon-shooter, isn't he?
Patrice—Yes, he shoots at clay pigeons.
"Well, he kills them, doesn't he?"
"No, he never killed a clay pigeon in his life."
"Oh, I didn't know he was such a bad shot as that."

Suspicious.

Miss Rocksey—What makes you think that papa has no idea of letting me marry you?
Young Scads—So far he's given me three wrong tips on the stock market.

We Hope Not.

"The train struck a man and injured him severely."
"Was the man on the track?"
"He was. No engineer, I trust, would run the train into the woods after a man."

Murdering Strauss.

"Excuse me," said the detective, as he presented himself at the door of the music academy, "but I hope you'll give me what information you have, and not make any fuss."
"What do you mean?" was the indignant inquiry.
"Why, that little affair, you know."
"I don't understand."
"Why, you see, we got a tip from the house next door that somebody here was murdering Richard Strauss, and the chief sent me down to work on the case."—Tit-Bits.

PUBLIC INTEREST IN SPORTS

It is the Spectacular in Athletics Which Makes Games Popular With the People.

If interest in athletics were confined to athletes, the value of athletics would be lessened about 99 per cent. The only way to rouse public interest in athletic sports is by their spectacular character.

The value of football lies in the ten thousand prairie organizations which train a hundred thousand boys in nerve and team work each year. But these prairie teams would not exist if the great college teams did not give thrilling spectacles each fall. These great matches keep up that keen public interest without which football would be forgotten.

The same is true of baseball. Every lad swatting balls in a vacant lot models his play on that of some big league hero and dreams of himself in that hero's place on the diamond.

A sport which is only a spectacle would not be worth much. But a sport which has no exhibition value never gets beyond a small circle. If America ever finds a winter game to take the place which baseball holds in summer and football in autumn, it will be a game which rivals these great sports in thrilling spectacular appeal.

GETS WOMEN'S LAW CASES

Modesty Keeps Some From Going to Men, Says New Zealand Practitioner.

A woman who practices as a lawyer in New Zealand has been induced, in connection with the bar's disapproval of the admission of women to the Inns of Courts, to narrate her experiences of forensic life.

"My clients," she says, "are principally women, but my services are sought by some men. Matrimonial and separation cases have, in the main, claimed my attention." Mrs. De Costa is convinced that without her services many a case would never have been dealt with.

"The woman, in many instances, prefers to suffer in silence rather than unfold her story to a man solicitor, however sympathetic he may be," she says.

Does this not support the contention that, if women were allowed to practice at the bar in England they would be engaged principally in the delicate cases in which their appearance would place their men opponents, as well as judges and juries, under a feeling of restraint which would interfere with the proper administration of the law?

Where Fashion Is Individual.

The fashion in Kiangsu province, China, is whatever one wants. Every man wears what is right in his own eyes. A panama goes jauntily down the street followed by a fur covered brim cap. Felt hats of scarlet and verdigris green follow along with grays and browns that really do the amateur hatter's credit. Eskimo top capes, a few derby hats and the smart military uniforms give the streets a piquancy that was missed formerly in the monotonous China blue crowds. Of all the notices posted on the city gate the one that attracts the most attention is the fashion plate that has been exhibited for weeks. It displays two or three of the typical "western" suits. There are the "swallow tailed" and the low front frock for evening functions. There one finds the plaited skirts recommended for the women. The silk or "stovepipe" hat has its corner with the other felts.

"Tramp's" Advice on Care of Feet.

"A tramp" writes: "Bathe your feet as often as you can. Before retiring give them a good soak in hot water, with salt in it. For untoughened feet, use a boot not too tight, with a thick sole, a low heel, and wear two pairs of stockings. Each day, before starting—and during the day if needful—apply vaseline or tallow very freely to any parts that chafe. Little pads of cotton carrying vaseline, tucked between troublesome toes or plastered on the surface of the foot anywhere that there is trouble, simply work wonders. Starting with soft muscles and tender feet, the writer has walked hundreds of rough miles without a particle of distress in the feet—simply because they were given good care."

Surgery and Crime.

Surgical treatment to turn a confirmed criminal into a useful citizen received a bad setback in a case where a great apparent change after such an operation led to the pardon of the remade man. His release was followed by a series of burglaries which necessitated his return to durance vile. Perhaps one of the reforms to come will be the better protection of society from theory and experiment connected with the criminal classes. So far, the experiments made to prove that morality is merely a matter of physiology have not been brilliantly successful.—Baltimore American.

His Elaborate Dinner.

It was in the grillroom of a local cafe, and two visitors took seats at a table in the corner. "I am as hungry as a bear, and I am going to order an elaborate dinner," one of them was heard to remark. Everybody listened to hear just what his dinner consisted of, having visions of terrapin, pate de foie gras, and, maybe, fresh strawberries. After carefully scanning the menu and looking at the price list he said something to the waiter in a low voice, who answered, "Ham and eggs, sub? Certainly, sub."
—Indianapolis News.

Four Great Facts

By REV. PARLEY E. ZARTMANN, D.D., Secretary of Extension Department, Moody Bible Institute, Chicago

TEXT—But now is Christ risen from the dead. I Cor. 15:20.



The blustering winds of March remind one of the phenomena of spring; the trees bursting into bud and leaf and bloom; the lawns putting on their coats of green; the birds rejoicing in the triumph of the sun; the warmth of a new life pulsating in nature; spring is a fact.

These natural phenomena lead one's mind up to that more profound event the day on which we will sing our alleluias, for our Christ is risen from the dead. "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead." And as I sit and think of the glorious heritage to which the church has attained by the resurrection of the Christ, four great facts impress themselves upon me. Let us meditate on them.

I. He is risen. "Vain the stone, the watch, the seal." What a jubilant shout was that as the once terrified disciples now greeted each other, "He is risen." Put to flight is every fear, rekindled is their hope for the gospel, and henceforth they go forth in the animation of this fact preaching the power of his resurrection. That Christ is risen is a monumental fact, it is the foundation of all Christianity. No, let me rather say that it is the keystone of Christianity; for without it the beautiful arch would go to pieces and the entire fabric would be in irretrievable ruin. What an awful condition we are in, if Christ be not risen; (I Cor. 15:14-19). Life is fruitless, faith is rootless, hope is wretchedness, sin is without atonement, night without promise of day, death without assurance of resurrection, earth without promise of heaven, humanity without redemption, no Savior, no Lord, no King, no life eternal; nothing but waste and woe and wretchedness. What a dismal picture! But, blessed be God, Christ is risen from the dead, and that fact changes everything, drives away the darkness and gives promise and guarantee of eternal day and eternal joy.

II. He lives. "Lives again our glorious King." The angels said to those early seekers at the tomb: "Why seek ye the living among the dead; he is not here." No dead Christ for us; no speculative basis for our creed and no dead principle for our life, but a risen and a living Christ, a Christ alive forevermore, a living God who has promised to be with us even unto the end. Oh, what a joy to have the Easter life pulsing in us! What inspiration to know his promise is true. "Because I live ye shall live also." "God hath quickened us together with Christ."

III. He reigns. Once he was holder of death (and the powers of darkness were jubilant over destruction of Jesus), but it was only that his triumph might be more glorious and complete, and that he might make us heirs of his glory. And now he is victor and conqueror and king. He has led captivity captive. Jesus reigns. He is now king—oh, may he soon be king of kings. He is in our hearts the only Potentate. Is this Easter Christ your lord and king? Give him the throne of your heart, the service of your life, that you may have the victory over yourself and may know the fullness of joy of the life ruled by Jesus. "Bring forth the royal diadem, and crown him Lord of all."

IV. He intercedes. What a climax in all the precious truths of this Easter time! Our risen, living, reigning Lord "ever liveth to make intercession for us." We were without strength, we were ungodly, aliens from God and enemies of his kingdom; and until Jesus went to the right hand of the father as our advocate we had closed to ourselves the way of approach to forgiveness and blessing and peace. But Jesus Christ is "able to save for evermore them that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them." Therefore, we can rejoicingly shout that nothing shall be able to separate us from the love of God as it is in Christ Jesus our Lord. Note the rest of that intercessory prayer, "Father I will that they also whom thou hast given me may be with me where I am." Could infinite love do more than this? and can I do less than accept this wonderful gift of God's grace to be with him.

"Far from a world of grief and sin, With God eternally shut in."

And this makes Easter in the soul and crowns the life with Easter flowers and fills the world with Easter perfumes. Tremendous thought—Jesus ever liveth to make intercession for us. Hence, for me the seal is broken, I am risen from the dreadful and rayless sepulcher of my old self, I live the life of Jesus Christ.

NEED DAILY EASTER

Too Many Hesitating Christians Who Neglect Opportunity to "Let Their Light Shine."

Among all the bright Sabbaths of the round year, the brightest is that which commemorates the most thrilling fact in the history of the human race—Christ's triumph over the power of death and the grave. Easter bells ring from church towers; Easter flowers make the house of God fragrant; and Easter hymns are pitched to the most jubilant key. All this is very beautiful and inspiring; but there are multitudes of people who profess and call themselves Christians who need something more than flowers or songs or Easter sermons. Their daily lives are not very joyous or vigorous; it is a gasping for breath rather than a growth in grace. There is not much bloom or fragrance in their religion. The most that they can honestly say for themselves is: "Well, I think that I was converted some time ago, and I am a member of the church, and I hope that I am a Christian." They are like the conies, "a feeble folk"—with little muscle in their faith, little ring in their devotion, and little power in their influence on those around them. What these people need to have is a genuine Easter for their souls.

The Easter message to them is: "If ye be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ is. Set your mind on things above, and not on things of the earth." We seldom get better things than we seek for; and you, my good friends, may be grubbing away—like Bunyan's man with his muck-rake—among the straws and rubbish, while there is a crowd in the air above you. What you need is first look higher, and then strive to live higher. Set your mind on something better than merely getting on in the world, and aim at getting up, which is infinitely more important. Adding dollar to dollar in your income or adding room to room in your dwelling or round to round in the ladder of social promotion, is not the true mark of the prize for a Christian. There is a loftier realm of spiritual life—of which the risen Christ is the center—that you should strive to rise into. This need not make you a visionary or a sentimentalist, or any less a practical, every-day Christian. You may make these every-day duties in your business, in your shop or study, in your home or elsewhere, the stages in your climb upward towards Jesus Christ.

Clean Heart From Sin.

As you look searchingly into your own heart you will probably find that a great many besetting sins have found houseroom there. A cleaning and clearing out is necessary if you would have the master dwell there. You must make a fresh surrender of your heart to that loving Lord, even as Peter did. What a different man it made of Peter! He had indeed risen into Christ—into a close and vital, and victorious union with his Lord. It was a prodigious lift that hoisted the sleeper of Gethsemane and the coward of Pilate's court up into the heroic thunder whose single sermon converted three thousand souls. Oh, if this Easter season could see a reconsecration of God's people, what a Pentecostal power would be manifest. What a new liberality in giving and new zeal in working. What a new revelation of the risen Christ to an ungodly world. Even such a soldier of Christ as Charles G. Finney confessed that he sometimes found his power lacking. When he put himself into close communication with Jesus Christ, and sought a fresh baptism, the currents of spiritual power flowed again mighty and irresistible.

Seeking the Things Above.

Similar experiences have happened to tens of thousands of Christ's people. They have realized their low estate and begun to "seek those things that are above." Instead of grieving and thwarting the holy spirit, they have prayed to be filled with the spirit. Instead of leaving their Christian lives with a foundation but no edifice on it, they have laid hold of "building themselves up on their holy faith, in the love of God." They have added to their faith, courage, meekness, temperance, patience, and the other virtues that beautify the Christian. A happy and a glorious Easter will this be to all who get a new vision of the risen Christ, and prostrate themselves in humble adoration at his feet, and cry out "Rabboni, Lord."—The late Rev. Theodore Cuyler, D.D.

Definite Faith Needed.

The faith of our fathers had God in it; it was spiritual; it recognized a change of heart, a cleansed nature, a trust in Christ as the Son of God, and to the essence of this faith we cling. Whatever of other knowledge, other force, other influence, other light, may aid and uphold this faith which saves is welcome, thrice welcome, but away with theories and pretensions which dethrone Christ and ignore the existence of evil.—Michigan Christian Advocate.

Making Prayer Acceptable.

God respects not the arithmetic of our prayers, how many they are; nor the rhetoric of our prayers, how long they are; nor the music of our prayers, how melodious they are; nor the logic of our prayers, how methodical they are; but the divinity of our prayers, how heart-sprung they are. Not gifts, but graces, prevail in prayer.—Presbyterian.

Temperance

(Conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.)

LIMIT OF PERSONAL LIBERTY

Person Is Free Moral Agent Where Exercise of Privilege Does Not Conflict With Laws.

(By C. N. HASKELL, Former Governor of Oklahoma.)

The liquorites, in pleading for a right to carry on the liquor business, say that "the person is a free moral agent," and such privilege is guaranteed by the constitution of our land. Yes, I grant it, when the exercise of that privilege is not in conflict with the public welfare.

Two adult citizens possessed of money are not permitted to take a deck of cards, engage in a gambling game with their own money, their own cards and their own time. Why? Because the law has decreed that it is destructive to the moral tone of the community.

Two young men engage in a prize fight. It is their own fists they are using; they are both of age, but the law has decided that the welfare of the community cries out against brutal sport.

We have gone farther, and have said that open selling of poisonous drugs shall be prohibited by law. We say that a citizen may not purchase a bottle of carbolic acid and drink it; we deny him that privilege. Why? If he is bound to kill himself he might as well do it in five minutes with carbolic acid as in five years with whisky. In fact, I favor the carbolic acid route.

We have laws that say that certain kinfolk shall not marry. Think of invading this privilege of the citizen!

For the welfare of the public the law has gone farther. It has entered your home. It has taken the control of the minor child away from its father, and has said, "You must educate him." It prescribes compulsory education of the children that belong to the father, are under his roof for support, and under his control in their infancy.

In nearly every state in the United States the law takes from the father and the mother the right to control the labor of children and provides a code of laws which shall regulate child labor.

Do you people who are in doubt as to whether prohibition is an interference with private rights realize how extensively you have already invaded the private rights in the interest of the public welfare? And yet, there is one great evil—the liquor traffic—which remains. In localities it is in subjection. But that is not enough; it must be conquered.

MAMMOTH TRUST IN WHISKY

Principle Upon Which Saloon Is Built Is to Secure New Recruits—Leaves Immense Toll.

The most dangerous principle upon which the saloon is built is this. It is not fashioned to supply the demands of men whose passion for liquor has been developed, but, with the cunning which only the lust for money can inspire, it is fashioned to teach a new generation to drink. The saloon system is the recruiting station of the whisky trust and brewery combine. Under the law of life, the men already enlisted in the army of drink will be dead within the limit of twenty years. The slogan of the saloon is, "New recruits! New recruits!" As a hundred thousand men drop out of the ranks, a hundred thousand new recruits are made. Never a maimed and bruised and dying man falls out of the ranks, that the saloon is not ready with a new recruit, and from this vast ever-increasing army, the masters of the liquor interests are yearly drawing a thousand million dollars in toll.—Hou. Seaborn Wright of Georgia.

Liquor Deteriorates.

I have no sympathy with the statement, so often made, that the manufacture and sale of liquor has contributed to the industrial development of the nation. On the contrary, I believe that liquor has contributed more to the moral, intellectual and material deterioration of the people and has brought more misery to defenseless women and children than has any other agency in the history of mankind.—John Mitchell.

Work of Alcohol.

Alcohol antagonizes every manifestation of life, stamps every issue with the seal of disease, depraves the morals and destroys the soul. Instead of the "Ellixir of Life," the "Fountain of Immortal Youth," it is the essence of depravity, the grave of hope, the advance of death.—T. Alexander Mac Nichol, M. D.

Maine Is the Lead.

What state has the fewest criminals? Maine.
What state has the longest school term and most high school graduates? Maine.
What state has the fewest renters and the most owners of their homes? Maine.
What state has the most per capita in savings bank? Maine.
What state has the fewest women working for a living? Maine.
What state has the fewest children in factory labor? Maine.