

How to Live

Common Sense Comments on Health, Happiness and Longevity

By GEORGE F. BUTLER, A. M., M. D.

WORK.

"Employment is nature's physician." Health is maintained by occupation. When one quits work he loses the pep that comes to him from doing something and being of some use, of responding to demands and maintaining a routine, and his muscles get soft, his internal organs go on strike, his appetite fails and he loses sleep. Work is necessary to growth, because through it one acquires strength of mind and body. Both brain and muscle grow strong by exercise, by assuming responsibilities, by bearing burdens and doing things. Work of some sort is as necessary to health as eating and drinking.

Idleness and inaction breed nervous prostration, fear, worry, gossip, crime, constipation, and a host of evils. We make friends through work, we find in it beauty, humor, pathos—all that goes to make up a full, normal life. Congenial work is as necessary to peace of mind as it is for the health of the body; it is the symbol and avenue for almost all that is worth while in human life. The happiest hours of your life should be when you are working, and you can learn to like any work you may be doing. But whatever your job is you should dignify and vitalize it by putting your ideal into it, giving your life, your energy, your enthusiasm, all to the highest work of which you are capable. Your heart must inspire what your hands execute. Your work sometimes may be hard and thankless, but like tough metal it serves to suit the needs of a strong man and is better suited to that purpose than sipping soft drinks at a summer resort.

Out out your "grouch" if you have one. Quit feeling sorry for yourself and feel sorry for others. When you pity yourself because you think you have a hard job your soul shrivels up, but when you pity others your soul expands and grows. When you are troubled with grouchiness and self-pity just remember that you are in a universal guild of toil, and the universal forces are infinitely adaptable to the poor jobs as well as to the good ones, and that someone must do the work—why not you? Any labor will be irksome if done in a discontented, unhappy spirit.

"Who sweeps a room as in His sight makes that and the action fine."

To work, and to honor one's task by associating it with the whole; to cut out envy, jealousy and complaint, and replace them with nobler traits would prevent much sickness and go a long way toward solving the labor problem. Anyone can be healthy, happy and successful who holds the right mental attitude and who works with enthusiasm, determination and a light heart. When you work, cultivate calmness, poise, sweetness, do your best, bearing all things bravely, living your life undisturbed by the prosperity of your boss, or the malice and envy of the man out of a job.

Health and happiness are free if you but reach for them—occupation and the right state of mind are pretty sure to fetch them. The more useful work you do, and the more you think and feel, the more you really live. Then after your work is over for the day, give yourself an hour or so for self-examination, for thought, for body and brain rest, for amusement, and you will have a good conscience, a good appetite, and peaceful slumber. LEARN HOW TO LIVE.

Though no man can add a cubit to his stature, we can all make ourselves ill, and most of us can keep ourselves well. Most people will keep fairly well if they eat little; avoid alcohol and tobacco; take plenty of fresh air and exercise; keep the mind at work and the conscience at rest.

Let us abate something, at least, of our devotion to the almighty dollar, and regard the world as something better than a huge workshop in which we are to toil and mull unceasingly, till death stops the human machine. Let us learn how to play.

Nervous strength, power of concentration, of application to a task, of control of emotion, of decision, of inhibition and perseverance, in spite of distraction and fatigue, come only by exercise and practice—in short, by work.

If anyone wants a happy old age, he must first of all never betray his optimism; second, never brood over the past and the dead; third, work away to the last breath, to keep as much of his cerebral elasticity as possible.

The courage given us by our work is like the self-reliance which Emerson has made forever glorious. Like self-reliance, courage is ultimately a reliance on widening concentric circles of property which reach to God.

All defects in the air passages, as well as the unphysiologic conditions arising from them, must be corrected before one can breathe properly and be well.

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

THE GIANT.

"I'm going to tell you this evening of the fine big Giant met by the boy and girl who were adventuring," said Daddy.

"Sounds exciting," said Nancy. "All adventures, somehow, sound exciting," said Nick.

"First of all," said Daddy, "the Giant gave the boy and the girl a lecture."

"I don't like giving you a sermon," he told them, "but if there is one thing I despise, it is a creature who, because he is big, bullies the smaller one. The Toad felt the same way about it, so he punishes as often as he possibly can those who do such cowardly things as to hurt creatures smaller than themselves."

"A toad doesn't put on any airs and graces. He's natural. That is why I let my friend, the Toad, do this fine work. He deserves a fine job."

"Ah, no one likes the bully, and, in the end, you'll be found out to be a coward if you let yourself go on being a bully. A bully is really a coward—it's the same with nations as with boys and girls."

"The boy felt he would never be a leader if he did such dreadful things and he began to feel very sad, but the Giant comforted him."

"You are discouraged," said the Giant, "because you do not do all the fine things you wish to do and you do things you wish like anything you hadn't."

"But we all make mistakes. And you're on the right road to the House of Secrets. You have met the Toad."



"How About It?"

and he shows you a secret—you've learned that one already!

"Now, you should feel happy and gay. But you must rest, too. You must fix up your tent. Make haste. In the morning the sun will shine and you'll start off again. You must start off in the morning."

"But Giant," said the boy, "we have no tent!"

"What! You came on a trip of adventures without a tent? Well, there is only one thing to do about it. We'll have to call on Mrs. Wood Elf and ask her if she can put you up for the night."

"Come with me and we shall see." The boy and the girl followed the Giant and turned off the road into a dense forest. The Giant pushed back the branches and waited until the boy took hold of them, so they wouldn't fly back in their faces.

"They went on and on for some little distance."

"Won't we lose our way when morning comes and we're trying to get back again?" asked the boy.

"Mrs. Wood Elf will show you the way back," said the Giant. "There she is, now."

"They looked and saw the ugliest person they had ever beheld. She was small and her face was very red. They had imagined from her name that she was going to be quite beautiful. The boy almost laughed aloud, and the girl's nose almost wrinkled into a disappointed look, but a wink from the Giant made them careful."

"Will you put up these two young people for the night?" asked the Giant. "They're making their way to the House of Secrets, I've been told. They're a good pair—they want adventures. How about it? Will you put them up so that they can go on with their adventures tomorrow?"

"Surely, surely," said Mrs. Wood Elf. "And glad I'll be of the company. Mr. Wood Elf has gone to get some fish and vegetables and early delicacies, and is stopping with some friends in the next wood. It was his turn to look after the larder. We take turns, you know."

"Different from some creatures we've met," said the boy.

"Mr. Gnome (no relation of Peter)," said the girl, "lets his wife do all the work, and so he never grows any bigger, because his mind won't let him. Mrs. Gnome grows more wrinkled because she works so hard and because she won't see that it isn't fair to him to spoil him so."

"I've never met them," said Mrs. Wood Elf. "But we each take our own share of the work and find it works splendidly."

"So you'll leave the adventures with me?" said Mrs. Wood Elf.

"In your safekeeping," said the Giant. "Then tomorrow they may have more adventures."

"Good-bye, nice Giant," the boy and girl said.

Reunited By the Stage

By LULU LANGDON

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Frederick Stone had gone into the theater quite accidentally; he had been dining with a friend who was suddenly called away, and, passing homeward he had stopped and found himself gazing with passing interest at the poster representing Victoria Green in "The Romance."

Then he bought a ticket and went in, in bitter mood, in order to sneer.

He had devoted five years of his life to play writing, and every effort had come back to him with the barest formality of a reply. So he had abandoned that field to reap a fair success as a story writer.

Yet when Victoria Green came on and captivated the attention of the audience, when the plain, simple story gradually began to make its way into the hearts of the audience, when sobs punctuated the silence Stone found himself gripped, enthralled, by the writer's power, but it was not until the second act was half over that he half leaped out of his seat and then subsided, very white, very determined, and sick with the sudden upwelling of memory. For this was his play, and in it he had told the story of his own tragedy.

It was a common enough story—that of the separation of the lovers. It had happened to him three years before, when his fiancée, Julia Arnold, and he had had their quarrel. But both were proud and both were young; and so the little quarrel had become a big one, and finally he had left her in anger, to find when he was ready to ask forgiveness that she had gone away. He had found no trace of her since that day, though he had sought far and wide. Once she had had literary aspirations, too; he had hoped to hear of her in some of the magazine offices, but she had disappeared completely from the knowledge of all who had known her.

He watched the development of the drama, the tragedy that set forth, word by word, line by line, an indelible picture that revived each single memory and seared him to the heart. It was his! It was he who had written this and offered it to a manager the year before, hoping that in the final stage reconciliation Julia would read his own hopes and dreams; that she would see it and remember their love and come back to him. And the play, rejected everywhere, had yet been held long enough to enable some manager to make a copy of it and steal it and have it produced.

There was no mistaking that. Skillfully as it had been changed and rewritten, though every word had been put through the crucible of the manager's mind, yet the play had emerged the same. It was his plot! It was his play! And he would have justice.

Suddenly, at the height of the second act, when the most tense stillness brooded over the darkened theater, Stone was impelled to glance across the aisle. A woman sat there, watching him, upon her mouth the faintest vestige of a smile. But there might have been tears in her eyes—in Julia's eyes.

It was Julia. He knew her immediately. She had changed but little, though lines of suffering had come about her mouth and her face was more earnest, more mature, but not less beautiful. Stone rose in his seat.

"Sit down! Silence!" called some one angrily behind him.

He would go to her after the act was over. He wanted her as he had never wanted her before. For her sake he would lay aside the last vestige of his pride, for her sake he would confess his folly; and for his own sake he would beg for the glory of her love.

He could not see her face through the misty curtain that floated before his own. He put his hand to his eyes and was surprised to find it wet. He looked again. He could not see her now.

The curtain fell; the lights went up. But Julia was not there.

He looked up. Julia was standing before the curtain, and her bow was to the crowd; but her eyes were on his.

Then suddenly Stone understood. She was the author; she had succeeded where he had failed, and she had put all the sorrow and suffering of both of them into the story. And even as he watched her she was gone, and he stood still in the aisle among the moving crowds.

The second seat was empty. Stone slipped into it, and presently he saw her coming down the aisle toward him. Her head was very high, her cheeks aflame with happiness. And she sat down at his side.

"Julia!" he whispered, hardly daring to look into her eyes. "It was you!"

"Yes," he heard her answer faintly. "Julia, I have sought you all this time. Why didn't you let me know? Why couldn't you forgive?"

"But I have forgiven long ago," she said.

"Then you—"

"I thought you knew where I was living. I thought—hush, I'll tell you afterward. See, the lights are going out for the last act."

"The last act!" he muttered. "Julia, how is it going to end? Will it—?"

"It ends as our romance will end," she whispered. "You will see soon. Have patience. Haven't we been patient for three years? It's only a half hour longer now."

And with this Stone sat strangely content.

Neighborhood NEWS

LOWER PRESTO NEWS.

Little Clifford Jensen has about recovered from his recent illness.

Frank Phillips is at home and able to be about again, after a few days illness in a Blackfoot hospital.

W. E. Hall spent Tuesday at the Dunn ranch, assisting with the cutting out of the young calves from the herd.

Frank Pratt was a Firth visitor on Tuesday.

Mrs. Emma Just, John Teeples and Wm. Pratt, were elected members of the school board.

Miss Edith Mackie and Miss Anna Mackie were Firth visitors Thursday.

Mr. Meacham, of Firth, called on G. O. Jensen on Friday.

Mrs. M. A. Jensen and son, Forest, visited in Goshua on Thursday.

We were all visited by the assessor this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Mackie are visiting at the James Mackie home. Wm. is working for his father.

Mrs. W. E. Hall was a Firth visitor on Tuesday.

Mrs. L. Carpenter spent the week-end visiting with friends in Shelley.

Jack Jensen was a business visitor in Firth on Thursday.

Many of the farmers, using as their motto, "The better the day the better the deed," chose Sunday as a branding day for their cattle.

Jake Stutznegger was a Firth visitor on Saturday.

Ellis Hall spent Saturday and Sunday of this week in the hills.

Adolph Bartowsky, Harry Mackie, Forest Hodge and Max Jensen, visited at the Kalford ranch on Sunday.

Mrs. M. A. Jensen was a Firth visitor on Saturday.

Wm. Hall assisted in branding cattle on the Thompson ranch the first of the week.

Peter Kalford made a trip to Firth on Saturday.

A bucking contest was held on Sunday. The usual crowd of "rough riders" attended, and the fun was enjoyed by all.

GROVELAND NEWS

Last Wednesday when Rasmus Christensen was plowing, the harness on a young colt he was driving, broke. This frightened the colt and started him to running. Mr. Christensen's leg got caught in the plow, but he was fortunate, inasmuch as the tongue broke, which saved his leg, but his ankle was hurt quite badly.

Mrs. Jennie Peterson has been on the sick list the past week.

Albert Hampton has been on the sick list the past week, confined to his bed with an attack of la grippe.

The seventh and eighth grades gave a party at the school house Thursday night. Dancing was the pastime of the evening.

Claus Anderson has been suffering with a badly swelled and painful hand, caused by running barbed wire into the same.

Thelma Farnworth is staying at the home of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Farnworth of Centerville, and will finish her school term at that place.

Mrs. Victor Hampton has been on the sick list the past week.

Mrs. R. B. Higgins and Mrs. James McKie, visited Mrs. Rasmus Christensen, Friday.

Arbor Day was observed last Friday by the school children. A Fordson tractor was demonstrated by plowing up the school grounds for the purpose of putting in a lawn. The school children also cleaned the grounds, after which games were played, races were run, and refreshments were served. It was an enjoyable day for the young folks.

Mrs. James Nunnoy left Saturday for a week's visit with her niece, who lives on the reservation.

Quite a number of our young people attended the dance at McDonaldville Friday night.

Mrs. Charles Packham was taken to the Blackfoot hospital Friday, to be operated on for appendicitis.

Mrs. Samuel Seamons is visiting friends and relatives in Utah.

Several young girl friends went to the home of Francella Collister Saturday afternoon, and gave her a pleasant surprise. Games were played, refreshments were served, and all had an enjoyable time.

Miss Alice Yancey has returned to her home, after spending the winter at Logan.

The meeting Sunday was taken up by Professor Hilton of the Blackfoot High School, who teaches the Bible Class. Members of his class attended, each of whom gave interesting talks on different subjects of the Bible. They were as follows: Mr. Buchanan, Norma Johnson, Edith Kent, Vernon Kinney, Lulu Barlow and Barbara Webb. Opening and closing prayers were offered by Ernest Hale and Osmond Buchanan. Everyone thoroughly enjoyed the meeting.

Little Miss Margaret Hampton is suffering with tonsillitis.

Miss Delta Mangum visited her parents, Sunday.

S. Hammond and Claus Anderson were called to visit the Latter Day Saints at Aberdeen, Sunday.

THOMAS NEWS.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Van Orden entertained a number of their friends Friday evening at their beautiful new residence. Games and visiting were the main features of the party. Refreshments were served during the evening.

Mrs. W. F. Covington, who has been ill for some time, has recovered enough to be able to be out among her friends again.

The school had their clean-up day Friday, the weather being bad on the regular clean-up, only a program was rendered by the school, and the cleaning postponed until a week later.

The local Boy Scout baseball team were challenged by the Keever Boy Scouts for a game to be played at that place on Saturday.

The nursing course was not completed last week as stated, on account of the nurse, Mrs. Elizabeth Norton, being ill and unable to come out to give the last lesson, but examination was given Wednesday to the members of the class. Ice cream and cake were served after the trying ordeal of taking an exam.

D. J. Williams and family are quarantined for the small pox this week.

The school base ball team played last week with the Rockford school team Thursday afternoon, the score being 24 to 16 in favor of the home team.

The county assessor was a visitor in our midst this week, soliciting taxes for the coming year.

Mr. and Mrs. Tobias Furniss left last week for points in Utah, where they will visit relatives for a time, and afterwards make their future home.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Jackson called at the Lewis Fackrell home Saturday afternoon.

Miss Millie Hennefer was on the sick list several days last week.

Miss Martha Van Orden assisted in the Hans Peterson & Sons store at Rockford last Saturday.

D. C. Woods was a Blackfoot visitor Wednesday.

R. P. and T. P. Fackrell and daughter, Rena, called at the N. P. Fackrell home on their way to Pingree, Saturday evening.

Harry Horton spent Sunday night with Victor Peterson, returning to Pingree Monday.

Mrs. Ruel Fackrell, of Pingree, visited relatives of this place Tuesday.

The farmers are rejoicing over the fine weather the latter part of this week, and the seeds are going in the ground at a rapid rate.

Robert McMurdie sold his fine Holstein bull and several head of sheep last week to W. H. Horton, of Pingree.

Wren Osberg caught a fine 4 1-2 pound trout in Snake river Sunday.

Miss Daisy Goodwin is assisting Mrs. Will Dance this week.

CLEAN-UP MONTH

WE are just about to enter the annual Clean-Up month of May. The time when the good housewife really gets on the job and says:

"This one room at least must have a new rug. This bed room must be papered, and the kitchen must have a new linoleum whether anything else is done or not."

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