

The Principle of Rest.

By Rose Edson-Helme.

THE principle of rest is the principle of relaxation—a temporary cessation or suspension of energy from any part or from all of the body. Absolute rest implies the complete "letting go" of all tension, mental, nervous and physical; all are involved, to some extent, in every act of our daily life, nor can they be entirely separated.

Let us see what will happen if we place the body in a reclining position, so comfortably arranged that absolute physical repose would seem inevitable. Then let the mind take hold of some problem and concentrate on it until all the mental energy is aroused. This energy is unconsciously communicated to the nervous system, and soon the entire physical self is in a highly tensed condition. Few people realize this until their attention is called to it. They think they must be resting when the body is inactive. It is not necessary that the body be exercising in order to be tense. A set of muscles may be nervously tense and yet be apparently motionless. This difference between a tense muscle and a muscle entirely relaxed, or devitalized, is what I want you to thoroughly understand, for this tense condition brought on by mental and nervous strain, and often held without relaxation for hours, produces greater fatigue than many forms of exercise that are more physical in execution.

Remember, always, that the mind is the great controlling power, and it is only when the mind becomes, as nearly as possible, a perfect blank, that the body can rest satisfactorily. If the body would rest the mind must rest also; in other words, "Think rest," "Let go" of everything mental, and relax completely.—The Pilgrim.

Government's Business a Model

By Frank A. Vanderlip.

THE responsibility for raising the revenues and for their disbursement, now that the totals have come to aggregate more than one thousand million dollars, would seem to be quite enough to lay upon the shoulders of any man, particularly if he must take up those duties without thorough familiarity with their details, as does each new Secretary. But in addition to that duty, there is the further responsibility for the solution of the problems of an intricate and diverse currency system. The Secretary, too, occupies indirectly, through the Controller of the Currency, a supervisory relation to the whole National banking organization of the country. He is the indirect custodian of \$800,000,000 of gold and silver coin, stored in the Treasury vaults, against gold and silver certificates in circulation representing that coin, and, through his subordinate, the Treasurer of the United States, he shares the responsibility for the care of more than two hundred million dollars, representing the cash balance which the Government carries. All the Mints and Assay offices are, through the Director of the Mint, under his control. He directs the operations of a great factory employing 3000 operatives in the printing of money and Government securities, and he must there meet the same problems of organized labor that other great employers have to meet. He is responsible for the collection of commercial statistics, and is fortunate in finding a bureau for that purpose which has a record for the best statistical work done by any of the great Governments. He is at the head of the greatest auditing offices in the world, where every dollar of income and every item of expenditure is checked over with minute exactness, so that at the end of the year it is safe for him to say that the whole billion dollars, the total on both sides of the ledger, has been collected and disbursed with absolute fidelity and legality and without error.—From "The Treasury," in Scribner's.

Courage, Physical and Moral.

By the Rev. Thomas B. Gregory.

THE sublimest pages of biography and of history are those which show the manhood triumphant over the pressure that was brought to bear upon it.

One day the immortal discoverer of the law of gravity was sitting in his office in the Mint when a charmingly dressed lady entered, and in the most delicate way, intimated to the grand old man that if he would use his official power to aid her in a certain direction she would see to it that he should not be the loser by it.

"Madam!" said Sir Isaac, "here is the door. You will oblige me by your immediate departure!"

"Forward, men—forward!" cried Blucher to his wearied soldiers as they were floundering through the mud on their way to join the English at Waterloo. "I have promised my brother Wellington to be there—promised, do you hear? Would you have me break my word?"

Americans will never cease to be proud of the reply made by Henry Clay when he was urged not to champion a certain cause lest it should jeopardize his chances for the Presidency—"I would rather be right than be President!" thundered back the incorruptible old Roman.

When Stephen A. Douglas was at the height of his fame he was approached by the agent of a rich syndicate, who offered him a princely fee if he would lend his advocacy to a certain bill which the syndicate was anxious to get through Congress.

The Little Giant's eye flashed fire, and there was a sudden exit of the agent—without his hat!

These men had moral courage. There was the highest form of bravery—the bravery which enabled them to bid defiance to the temptation to wrong.

Physical courage, we repeat, is something that calls for our admiration. The spectacle of a fellow human being gritting his teeth, clinching his fists and silently, calmly bearing the pain that is killing him, draws from us at once pity and cheers!

But grander than any mere physical pluck is the silent courage of the soul, which, though hard pressed by splendid inducements to do wrong, keeps its poise, and in its fight with unprincipled never shows the white feather.—New York Journal.

The Value of Human Life.

By Prof. Rudolf Eucken.

BROADLY viewed our present human existence reveals an entirely different condition from that shown by the spirit of pessimism—a spirit which exerts so potent an influence upon our contemporaries. The existence of the facts which pessimism sets forth in support of its views, is not questioned; they remain, and deserve consideration. In reality, however, they constitute but one side of human life, which is fraught with a deeper meaning and involves far more at present than many of us become conscious of. The fact that this deeper meaning is too frequently relegated to the background and that the possibilities of the spiritual life are not sufficiently developed may be explained from the general state of modern culture. Great revolutions have been effected in the last centuries; life is directed into new channels; old doctrines are beginning to totter; and new ideas demand recognition. An equilibrium, however, has not yet been established. The law of compensation has not yet exercised its power to the fullest extent. Above all, there is still an absence of that energetic concentration which should convert man into a complete and harmonious organic entity, as opposed to the variety and multiplicity without—an entity capable of sifting, combining, and clarifying all the innumerable impressions presented by the heterogeneous influence of the external world. An intellectual activity capable of rising superior to all the blows of fate is also lacking. It may, therefore, be said that the centrifugal forces are greater than the centripetal. Labor, with its enormous ramifications, is more powerful than the spiritual force within ourselves. Herein we must seek the answer to the question whether life contains more reason than meaningless complexity and whether true happiness can exist. Life, as conferred upon us, is not invested with a fixed and unchangeable value. It depends upon ourselves what value we are willing to give it. The more man seeks to concentrate his life, the more he seeks to develop a victorious intellectual activity productive of ever higher spiritual strength, the greater will be his ability to confront the complex phenomena of life with cheerfulness and courage. He will then readily understand the words of *Vauvenargues*: "Le monde est, ce qu'il doit être pour un être actif, plein d'obstacles." The world is, what it ought to be to an active being, full of obstacles. In our day also happiness and confidence in the rational purpose of nature may be obtained by zealously and mightily developing the intellectual life, so that man may face all the multifarious phenomena of life as a unit endowed with strength of character and the power of conviction. Never were there greater possibilities in this direction than to-day; and it devolves upon man to avail himself of them, to the end that he may find good cheer and courage within himself and power to become victorious over the petty and depressing impressions which a first view of prevailing conditions produces. He will then tread the upward path ever sought by the powerful and youthful natures, be they nations or individuals.—The Forum.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.



THE VAIN SWAN.

A swan there was in days of old,
When various species, we are told,
Would oft confer in language plain,
Who of her gifts was mighty vain.
All other birds who float or fly
With foolish speech she would decry;
The artless fish who merely swim
Were no fit mates for one so prim.
One summer's day, beside the lake,
A fox his wily steps did take,
And idly on the bank he lay
In wait for any tempting prey.
Observantly he gazed upon
The stately progress of the swan.
With how polite and accents low
'Twas thus he spoke: "Oh, madam, know
Each day I watch where'er you go;
To watch is to admire, adore!"
(He never had seen this swan before.)
"Whenever you sail, your airs majestic
Make other birds seem but domestic."
The silly swan was well content
To hear the fox on dattery bent,
With waddling gait, not seen before,
And awkward tread from side to side,
Her plumage swelled with conscious pride.
The civil fox then led the way
Far from the banks beside his prey;
His laughter was ill concealed,
Till his fell purpose was revealed.

I drew the curtain o'er the scene;
Poor swan! could no one intervene?
As home his prize he bore said he,
"Alack, how simple some folk be!"
His babes all shouted, e'en the least,
"Hurrah! Oh, what a sumptuous feast!"
—Chicago Record-Herald.

AN INTELLIGENT CAT.

Professor R. L. Garner tells an interesting cat story: A certain cat was shut up in a room where there was a speaking tube which he had frequently seen used in calling people.

Desiring to get out of the room and having no means of opening the door he climbed upon a chair near the tube, erected himself upon his hind legs, steadied himself by placing his paws upon the back of the chair, placed his mouth to the tube, and began whining and mewling into it.

In this attitude he was found by his young mistress, who came into the

and put the live coal on top. No doubt the learned man knew that ashes were a bad conductor of heat, but he had never seen the fact verified in such a practical manner.

Two boys of my acquaintance took a walk one morning with a naturalist. "Do you notice anything peculiar in the movement of those wasps?" he asked as he pointed to a puddle in the road.

"Nothing, except that they seem to come and go," replied one of the boys. "The other was less prompt in his reply, but he had observed to some purpose.

"I notice they fly away in pairs," he said. "One has a little pellet of mud, the other nothing. Are there drones among wasps, as among bees?"

"Both were likely busy, and each went away with a burden," replied the naturalist. "The one you thought 'do nothing' had a mouthful of water. They reach their nest together; the one deposits his pellet of mud, and the other ejects the water upon it, which makes it of the consistency of mortar. Then they paddle it upon the nest and fly away for more material."

You see, one boy observed a little, and the other a good deal more, while the naturalist had something to tell them which surprised them very much.

Boys, be observant. Cultivate the faculty. Hear sharply. Look keenly. Glance at a shop window as you pass it, and then try how many things you can remember that you saw in it.—S. S. Advocate.

CONUNDRUMS.

When is a cane-bottomed chair like a bill? When you re-seat (recept it).

Why is Athens like the wick of a candle? Because it's in the middle of Greece.

Why is a horse more clever than a fox? Because a horse can run when he is in a trap and a fox can't.

Why are good resolutions like fainting ladders? Because they want carrying out.

Why is an acquitted prisoner like a

The Funny Side of Life.

TOO MANY BANQUETS.

I'd like to hold a hero's place
With talents to command it,
And yet I sadly fear that my
Digestion wouldn't stand it.
—Washington Star.

EVENING MATTERS UP.

Customer—"That is very large coal you have sent me for the range."
Dealer—"Possibly, but you'll notice that it is a very small ton."

SWEET NOTHING.

"Why did you send me a blank sheet of note paper instead of your usual love letter?"
"Because my love has grown beyond reach of expression."

A NEW OCEAN TERROR.



"Goodness, Bertie, what ever's the matter with you? Been plucked for your exam?"

"No; just flew into one of those new-fangled Marconiograms, that's what."
—London Punch.

AN IMPOSSIBILITY.

"Whose photograph is that?"
"One of the chorus girls in the Frivolity show taken when she was sixteen."
"Nonsense; photography wasn't invented then."

ONE THING SURE.

"Do you believe Germany is in earnest about respecting the Monroe Doctrine?"
"I don't know. If she isn't, she's going to be."
—Chicago Record-Herald.

LIMITATIONS.

Squire Cornfodder—"This free mail delivery is great, ain't it?"
Billy Shoemaker—"Wall, Squar, I don't like it. A feller can't get up no excuse to come to town evenin's any more!"

WORDS, WORDS, WORDS.

Browne—"Gringle has chosen a title for his last up to date novel that is simply perfect for simplicity, truth and directness."
Towne—"What is it?"
Browne—"Eighty Thousand Words."

ONLY PLACE FOR HIM.

Some one said to Brother Dickey: "Here's a story of a man who has eight living wives."
To which after a moment's reflection, Brother Dickey replied:
"Which one er de lunatic asylums is he in?"—Atlanta Constitution.

RESIGNED.

Golfing has a very Scotch story of an old caddy and his wife. The minister who was called in tried to comfort the wife, saying that while John was very weak he was evidently ready for a better world. Unexpectedly, however, John rallied, and said to his wife: "Jenny, my woman, I'll maybe be spared to ye yet."
"Na, na, John!" was the reply: "ye're prepared, and I'm resigned! Dee noo!"

PERFECTLY SAFE.



"What do you mean?"
"The piano lamp provides the parlor with light," replied the young man, according to the Washington Star. "It has a large red shade, which softens the light when it is burning. But, do you know, my girl has that light completely under control? She sees to the filling of the lamp and she has it down so fine that she knows just how much oil is needed to burn to a certain hour, the time that the old folks usually go to bed. When the flame begins to get dim you may bet every dollar you have that it is 9.30. That lamp, controlled by so charming a girl as mine, is a bonanza."



The Woman of Poise.
The woman of poise indulges in few exclamations or superlatives, and does not waste enthusiasm over trifles. She is gracious, but never gushing, and she has acquired the habit of listening attentively, not awaiting with ill-concealed eagerness a pause in the conversation to enable her to rush in and take the floor. The woman of poise never lingers after her good-bye has been spoken; never, in fact, under any circumstances talks long while standing. She does not experience the difficulty too many people have of taking leave gracefully. She says good-bye, gives you a bright smile, and is off to the pleasure or duty which awaits her. You do not find out all there is to know about the woman the first time you meet her; you become acquainted with her by degrees and grow gradually into her friendship.

A KNOTTY PROBLEM SOLVED.
Sapleigh (naughty-never), Yale, made a new discovery recently.
Meeting some of his classmates on the fence, he enunciated this problem: "If I should stand on my head," he began, "all the blood would rush to my head, wouldn't it?"
No one ventured an answer.
"Now," he continued, triumphantly, "when I stand on my feet why doesn't all the blood rush into my feet?"
"Because," said Matty Matics, "your feet aren't empty, Sapleigh."

A Valuable Spring.
What is stated to be a spring giving forth a liquid resembling essence of violet both in perfume and chemical composition has been discovered in a valley near Millau, Aveyron, France.

SWEETHEART PUZZLE PICTURE.



This young lady is in love. Find her sweethearts.

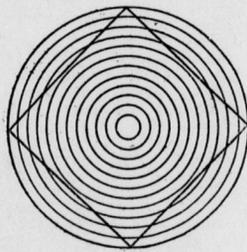
room at the moment that he was trying to call some one to his aid.

OPTICAL ILLUSION.

This is a perfect square, as may be proved by laying a rule along each side in succession.

The apparent curvature of the sides is an optical illusion due to the circles.

A curious effect of this sort, alarming to timid people, was produced at the



recent opening and dedication of a new theatre in Leipzig. The square pillars of the lobby were wound with garlands of leaves, according to time-honored German custom, but in a peculiar fashion.

The lower part of a pillar was wound with a right-handed, the upper part with a left-handed spiral, while in the middle the bands of foliage were horizontal. The result was that the pillars looked as if they had "buckled."

SHARPEN UP YOUR WITS.

A child may know more than a philosopher about some things. A little girl entered the study of Merezal, the celebrated historian, and asked him for a coal of fire.

"But you haven't brought a shovel," he said.

"I don't need any," was the reply.

And then, very much to his astonishment, she filled her hand with ashes,

gun? Because he has been charged, taken up and then let off.

Why is the letter R like the face of Hamlet's father? Because it is more in sorrow than in anger.

When is a Scotchman like a donkey? When he stands on his banks and braes.

What is the difference between a woman and an umbrella? An umbrella you can shut up, a woman you can't.

What title belongs to a soap dish? Companion of the bath.

Why is an orange like a church steeple? Because we have a peel from it.

What sort of men are always above board? Chessmen.

Why are the pages of a book like the days of a man? Because they are all numbered.

Why is a king like a book? Because he has pages.

What is the difference between a tramp and a feather bed? One is hard up and the other is soft down.

What's the only nut without a shell? A doughnut.

Why doesn't an old maid play a violin? She can't catch the bow.

What is the difference between a man looking at Niagara Falls and a sandwich? One is seeking the mist and the other is missing the scene, and, O yes, about the sandwich, that's where you bite.

It wasn't my sister, nor my brother, but still was the child of my father and mother; who was it? Myself.

What word is pronounced quicker by adding a syllable to it? Quick.

What have you to expect at a hotel? Inn-attention.

Who always sits with his hat on before the queen? Her coachman.

Why are boxes at a theatre the saddest places of public amusement? Because they are always in tiers (in tears).

Spent in Doctors' Bills.

Illness costs the people of Great Britain about £85,000,000 a year.