



THE TIN SWORD.

Once upon a time, two swords hung on the wall of a real soldier's room. One was a large sword and had been in a real war. The other was a little tin sword which the real soldier played with when he was a little boy.

When he hung the big sword on the wall after he came home from the war, he said: "You are much larger than this little fellow beside you, but you have never killed Indians, and he has."

Although he laughed when he said it, the little tin sword felt itself of great importance, and it did not mind in the least the size of the big sword which was many times as large as it was.

That night, when the house was still and dark, and the only light in the room was from the dying embers on the hearth, the little sword said to the big sword: "Is it true that you never killed an Indian?"

"I have never killed anyone," answered the big sword with dignity. "What is the use of being a sword?" asked the little one, "if you never have killed anyone. Why, I have killed so many Indians that I cannot remember how many."

"I have been in battles, too," continued the little sword, "and cut down the enemy, and once a dog was a bear and I killed him, too."

"How could a dog be a bear?" asked the big sword, taking notice of the little sword for the first time when it was not asked a direct question.

"Because the little boy said it was," replied the little sword. "And once a cat was a tiger, and we went tiger hunting, too."

"How about the Indians?" asked the big sword; "were they real or play Indians?"

"Real, of course," answered the little sword; "everything was real that we did. The Indians wore long trousers with feathers in the side of the legs and a band of long feathers sticking up around their heads. You should have heard them shout and give the war cry."

"Was there any blood shed?" asked the big sword, beginning to understand what the little sword was talking about better than it did itself.

"What is that?" asked the little sword. "If you had ever been in real battles you would not ask?" replied the big sword.

"But you have never killed anyone and I have," said the little sword; "I do not see why you should say I have never been in a real battle when you have never done anything worth telling of yourself."

"There is a great deal to be done in a battle besides killing," replied the big sword. "I led the men who did the fighting and directed them. The general held me high above his head, so that all the soldiers who were following would know where to go and what to do, and I saw the enemy fall."

"I have been in battles, too," said the little sword, "and I am glad there is no red mark upon my shining blade."

"I guess if you had done such deeds as I have," said the little tin sword, "still sure that he was the hero, 'you would want to tell all about them.'"

"My dear little tin sword," said the big sword, "you do not seem to understand that you are not a real sword at all, but just a toy sword. The Indians you killed were little boys dressed in Indian costumes and played at being killed."

"Your battles were all make-believe, and the little boy who carried you has grown up and is a real soldier now. But don't you mind," said the big sword, as the tin sword began to rattle uneasily on the wall, "you were the first sword he carried and you were the one that taught him to honor his country, so you have a great deal for which to be thankful."

"We will divide honors. You were the first and I hope I am the last sword he will ever be called upon to carry for his country."

The little tin sword grew quiet and the last ember on the hearth grew black. The room was dark, all was still, and the little tin sword was asleep.

Aims of Boy Scouts. The Boy Scouts are not military. That has been clearly stated many times. Consideration for others, one of the chief lessons taught, would keep them from having any part in fomenting selfish wars; but the discipline and training in all useful work and in concerted action would be of incalculable value in case the nation needed to call on its men for defense.

Light and Strong. The bones of all flying birds are hollow, thus combining the greatest strength with the least weight.

A SPELLING MATCH.

Ten little children standing in a line, "F-u-l-l-y, fully," then there were nine.

Nine puzzled faces, fearful of their fate, "C-i-l-l-y, silly," then there were eight.

Eight pairs of blue eyes, bright as stars of heaven, "B-u-s-y, busy," then there were seven.

Seven grave heads nodding, in an awful fix, "L-a-d-y, lady," then there were six.

Six eager darlings, determined each to strive, "D-u-t-y, duty," then there were five.

Five hearts so anxious, beating more and more, "S-c-h-o-l-a-r, scholar," then there were four.

Four mouths like rosebuds on a rose tree, "M-e-r-r-y, merry," then there were three.

Three pairs of pink ears, listening keen and true, "O-n-l-y, only," then there were two.

One head of yellow hair, bright in the sun, "H-e-r-e, here," and the spelling match was won!

—New Orleans Playmate.

ENCOURAGE BOYS AND GIRLS

Progress of Club Work in Pennsylvania is of Special Interest—Many Clubs Formed.

In view of the support which has been given the movement in recent years information lately secured by



Corn Raised by Pennsylvania Club Boy.

the agricultural extension department of the Pennsylvania State college on the progress of club work among the boys and girls of Pennsylvania is of special interest. The statistics are as follows:

Twenty-eight counties have reported a total of \$41 corn clubs, 39 potato clubs, 44 garden clubs, 187 live stock clubs and 664 miscellaneous clubs. Definite figures on the number of domestic science clubs are lacking, but it is known that such clubs are well represented. The total number of members in agricultural and domestic science clubs reported in the state is 5,290. Ages of club members range from eight to twenty-one years.

It is with a view to lending aid in the advancement of this movement that the Pennsylvania School of Agriculture has designated an individual to direct this phase of extension work

MYSTIFYING CHEMICAL TRICK

Plain Blue Handkerchief Turns White When Warmed—Few Drops of Iodine is Sufficient.

A plain blue handkerchief is shown to the audience. When the handkerchief is warmed it turns white and when heated resumes its former color.

Make a starch paste and add enough water to the paste to thin it. Then add sufficient tincture of iodine to color the liquid blue; a few drops will be enough. Dye a white handkerchief with this blue liquid and when the handkerchief is dry it is ready for the trick.

RAISE A MOTORCYCLE STAND

Time and Trouble Saved by Use of Door Spring—Does Its Little Trick Automatically.

A motorcyclist may save the time and trouble of raising the stand when the machine is pushed off, by fastening one end of a door spring to the stand near the bottom, and the other end to a convenient place on the luggage carrier. While the machine is on the stand, the spring is stretched, but the removal of the weight releases it, and the stand is pushed back into place.

—Popular Science Monthly.

Aunt's Joy.

"I told you last Sabbath, children," said the Sunday-school teacher, "that you should all try to make someone happy during the week. How many of you have?"

"I did," answered a boy promptly. "That's nice, Johnny. What did you do?"

"I went to see my aunt, and she's always happy when I go home again."

A Literary Journey.

Tommy's mother wanted to go to town, so she said to his father: "Will you keep Tommy, or shall I take him to town?"

"I want to go with you," shouted Tommy.

"Go where?" his mother asked. "To a-b-e," Tommy replied.

Something to Satisfy. What is it we all like to have but never like to keep?—A good appetite.

Goes Against the Grain. Why is good advice like a sickle?—Because it goes against the grain.

RUNNING HIM OUT OF TOWN



LET'S BE NEIGHBORLY TIME TO CLEAN UP HERE

Spotless Town Means Happier and Healthier People.

We Should "Clean Up and Paint Up" This Community at Once to Protect Our Families.

Officials, Business Men, Women and Others Will Work to Make Place Inviting and Healthful.

Our town ought to have a cleaning such as has never been known here before. The alleys, the lots, the buildings, the homes, in fact, all parts of the place should undergo general renovation. When it is all over we should be able to give it the title of "Spotless Town." Let us get together and start something.

The housewife should get to her spring housecleaning. Mr. Hubby should be beating the carpets. It's the time to Clean Up and Paint Up.

In other communities North, South, East and West, the Clean Up and Paint Up period has always been a big success. For that reason under the present activity and growth, our town should be able to show results that will compare favorably with other communities. The business men will show an interest in the movement and will lend support in any way possible to aid in the cleaning up. They think the Clean Up and Paint Up movement is a mighty good one, not only to advertise, but to make the town attractive for the visitor.

A woman in Bay City, Mich., where the Clean Up and Paint Up campaign was a big event last year, became disgruntled because she had worked diligently all week cleaning her own premises while her next-door neighbor refused to touch even a weed. Toward the end of the campaign this woman saw her next-door neighbor go downtown, leaving the cluttered-up premises behind.

Taking three other neighbors with her, the woman went next door and "cleaned up." Even the weeds were dug out of the grass before the resident returned from downtown. And when she did, there was a neighborhood row. Mrs. Next-door declared the others had no right to clean up her premises. But in the end, the street and the neighborhood was better for it. This year Mrs. N. voluntarily will Clean Up and Paint Up ungrudgingly and gladly.

Only one example, yet this little example was heralded in many weekly magazines and some of the big newspapers, giving Bay City more publicity in one day than might have been earned otherwise in twenty years.

The civic league, the Federation of Women's Clubs, the Boy Scouts, the board of health, the city council and many other civic and official organizations stand behind the movement in practically every city and town in the United States.

Get Rid of Weeds.

In connection with the Clean Up and Paint Up campaign in this community it has been wisely suggested that we take steps to remedy the unsightliness of weed-grown vacant lots all over town. There is no reason why it cannot be done.

CLEAN UP AND PAINT UP!

How to Start a Campaign That Will Produce Results in Our Town.

FIRST: Take your telephone in hand—get a half-dozen boosters together—"the fewer the quicker" you'll get started. Talk it over and before you part, agree upon a meeting to be held a day or two later—each of you agreeing to have present at that meeting other certain ones whose interest will be valuable, especially some public official and some physicians who can tell about the need of public and private cleanliness.

Second: When the meeting is called, organize at once. Select a chairman and other officers (we suggest enough vice chairmen to include every co-operating organization and interest), and instruct the new chairman to appoint all the chairmen of the various subcommittees within a day or two—these and the officers to constitute the general committee. There should be committees on co-operation, finance and publicity, one to provide wagons for rubbish collection, one to obtain the co-operation of the school children, and one to interest all merchants.

Adopt a resolution requesting the board of health to proclaim the opening of the Campaign for the Cleaning, Sanitation and Beautification of the town.

Adjourn, after fixing date for a Get-to-Work meeting a few days later, which all these chairmen and members of their committees will attend to plan their work.

Third: Write to Chairman Allen W. Clark of the National "Clean Up and Paint Up" campaign bureau, Kinloch building, St. Louis, Mo., and get free literature telling how to clean up and paint up the town, together with reports of results in cities, towns and villages throughout the country.

Fourth: Get as many men and women as possible to WORK, each at some specific thing. Don't make the mistake of heaping upon one willing and patient enthusiast all the detail and responsibility of this work. Committees to do specific work, and chairmen who will think and work and inspire suggestions and zeal among the members of their committees, are essential.

You'll want enough committees to put everybody to work; but not too many committees to complicate and confuse. Select a half dozen or more for specific work, and do well that specific work.

WHY WE ARE BASHFUL FOOLISHLY.

The most thorough investigations into the general falling of the human race—shyness—has produced one explanation after another. Some students contend that bashfulness is an inherited characteristic, being a survival of the subjection of man before his despotic ruler.

William James, the renowned psychologist, says: "Considering the despotic powers of rulers in savage tribes respect and awe must from time immemorial have been emotions excited by certain individuals, and stage fright, servile terror and shyness must have had as copious opportunities for exercise as at the present time."

All the parks, gardens and available open spaces of Vienna are laid out as vegetable gardens.

BE BELIEVED IN RECIPROcity

Typical Street Gamin Makes Novel Proposition to Optician—Would Dazzle Their Eyes.

He was a typical street gamin with a blacking kit slung over his shoulder, and as he walked boldly into the store of a Pennsylvania street optician his curly head scarcely reached the top of the counter.

"Say," he queried of the elderly gentleman who came forward, "are youse de guy wot runs dis joint?"

"I am the proprietor," was the reply. "What can I do for you, my boy?"

"I've got one uv dem reserprosity propositions 't' shy at youse," said the urchin. "Gimme one uv yore chairs, an' I'll open up a shoe-shinery in front uv your winder. See?"

"Not exactly," replied the optician. "I fall to see what benefit I would derive from such an arrangement."

"Well, it's like dis, mister," answered the youthful financier, "yer see, I puts such a dazillin' shine on me customers' kicks dat it hurts dere eyes an' dey'll hatter come in an' buy specks uv youse. Savey?"—Indianapolis Star.

THESE CAMPAIGN FUNDS.



The preacher—It's better to be right than president.

The Gambler—Yes; and it's a whole heap sight cheaper, too.

A Near-Hero.

"You say you saved a young woman from being drowned last year?"

"Yes, several people lost their lives on that day."

"Did you have a hard battle with the waves?"

"Oh, no. She intended going for a sail in the boat that was capsized, but I persuaded her to spend the afternoon tangoing with me."

Not So Easy.

"I understand Dubson is at last trying to make a man of himself."

"He has my sympathy."

"Why, you ought to congratulate him."

"Perhaps so. I was just thinking how hard it is to create anything worthwhile when there is a shortage of material."

Certainly Not.

"These gilded youths don't seem to have much on their minds."

"I guess that's lucky for them."

"Why so?"

"If our streets were paved with pie crust they wouldn't stand much traffic would they?"

But They Don't Pay a Rentette.

"So you were up to see the Newly-weds. What do you think of their flat?"

"Flat? It's merely a flatette, consisting of kitchenette, parlorette, chamberette and bathlette."

The Sort.

"You looked very sympathetic when Mrs. Jaggars was talking to you. Was she telling you a moving story?"

"I should say so. She's been in six houses in as many months."

Obliged to Leave Early.

"Daughter, your new beau doesn't remain very late. The last one used to hang around until the milkman called."

"Well, you see, dad, this one is a milkman."

A Little More German.

Professor—You're not enough of a militarist, Mr. Smythe.

Student Smythe—Why so, sir?

Professor—Every time I call on you you're not prepared.—Michigan Gargoyle.

A Drawback.

"There is one class of votes the politicians will not be able to control when women get the ballot."

"What is that?"

"The vest pocket vote."

As She Expressed It.

Aunt—You'll be late for the party, won't you, dear?

Niece—Oh, no, auntie. In our set nobody goes to a party until everybody else gets there.

A Blizzardy Disposition.

"We have developed a remarkably reliable system of weather prophecy."

"Yes," answered the man who refuses to be happy; "most of the bad news comes true nowadays."

Appropriate Advice.

"My friend, the architect, went to consult a doctor."

"What did the doctor tell him?"

"That his system needed building up."

A Puzzler.

"Must one always make restitution for a theft?"

"Certainly."

"Hoary! I stole a kiss from Miss Prettyface, and now I'll give it back."

The American Christian and the Times in Which We Live

By REV. JAMES M. GRAY, D. D. Dean of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.

TEXT—And ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars; see that ye be not troubled; for these things must come to pass; but the end is not yet. For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom.—Matthew 24: 6, 7.

Never within the memory of living man did these words of our Savior find such fulfillment as today. Where there is not actual war there is rumor of it. Already more than a dozen nations, and among them the greatest in the eastern hemisphere, are in conflict, while two or three more are on the verge of it.

But it is the conditions in our land that most deeply occupy our thoughts. No matter what our politics, we will not affirm that our chief magistrate is a mere alarmist; and therefore when he makes such speeches and utters such warnings as occupied him for a time last winter, it is difficult to believe that our peace is not seriously imperiled.

What is our Christian Duty? What is the duty of the American Christian in such times? Of course, we have in mind the Christian citizen who has a duty and responsibility to the state and to God not shared by others, however sympathetic they may be.

1. His first duty is to become intelligent as to what the situation is. How vast is the scope of his investigation? Should we interfere in Mexico? Do our relations with any of the other foreign countries demand that we should prepare for war? And are we prepared for war, as some say? And is it true that to be any more prepared is to provoke war? These are not speculative questions, but stern realities. They are not worldly, there is a sense in which they come very close to the center of our religious life. Good men are considering them, there is earnest difference of opinion about them, and sooner or later we must cast our influence one side or the other. This must be done in the light of God's Word as we understand it; and it must be done, not merely with the thought of results in the present time, but in that day when we must give account to God for the deeds done in the body.

2. His next duty is to exercise the rights and privileges, nay, the sacred obligations, of a citizen. Humanly speaking, ours is a "government of the people, by the people and for the people," and we cannot waive the responsibilities it entails without inviting disaster. We have a responsibility to express our opinions if we possess any. The press is open to many, the use of the pen in private correspondence, and, thank God, speech is still free. Not in anger should we discuss these questions, not in the spirit of partisanship, not to foment strife or to make a breach between men, but as Christians who wish their country to be right and to please God, we should bear our testimony when occasion serves.

And then there is the sacred right of franchise at the primary as well as the general election.

The Lack of Prayer.

3. This brings us to his chief duty, that of prayer. Real, intelligent, spirit-energized prayer for our land and its rules is not common even in our pulpits, outside of the liturgical churches, at least, and is still less common at the weekly prayer meeting. And inasmuch as the family altar has so fallen into neglect one wonders how much prayer is offered anywhere, and by anyone? And yet are the home, the church and the school of all places in the world, those where the highest and best of our nation are to be kept in view?

One could not but be struck by a remark of Admiral Beatty of the British navy, who, in addressing a communication to a London society some months ago, said, that in his opinion, the present war would not be brought to an end, and his country come off victorious, until the latter was stirred by a general revival. He is not the only leader in that nation who believes her present afflictions are in some sense a judgment upon her for sin. And how truly may the same be said for any or all of the other nations now engaged in war?

General Grant in his "Memoirs" declares that our Civil war was a judgment upon us for our previous conduct toward Mexico. God punishes nations as he does individuals, only they must get all that is coming to them now, while individuals may have the worst of theirs in the time to come.

And yet the punishment of nations is that of the individuals who compose them, hence it is the most practical and moving reason why Christians of the United States should beseech the Lord not only to keep us out of war, but out of that sin which must bring war.

The Comfort in the Text.

"See that ye be not troubled." This belongs to the sincere disciple of Jesus Christ. There is such a thing for him as being in the trouble and yet not of it. He cannot buy experience sorrow, and loss and pain, but there are compensations for him that the world knows nothing of.

And then that "end" of which the Savior speaks! Before it comes, he himself will come for his redeemed people, who will be caught up to meet him in the air. Oh, it is a blessed thing to be a Christian, and never in the comfort greater than in such times as these.