ONE LESSON WHOLLY WASTED.

Little Surprise Planned by Billiger McSwat Not a Success.

"Lobelia," asked Mr. McSwat, who was rummaging in one of the closets, "have you done anything with that old coat of mine that used to hang on the last hook in here?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. McSwat. "I gave it to the Volunteers."

"You did, did you?" Well, you'll be sorry to learn, perhaps, that there was a five-dollar bill in it which I was going to give you if I found that coat undisturbed at the beginning of March."

"O, I think not, Billiger. I searched it thoroughly before I gave it away."

"You're a pretty smart woman, Lobelia, but it didn't occur to you to look inside the lining."

"O, yes, it did, and I found the five-dollar bill. I spent it for the rubber plant in the front parlor that you have admired so much and wondered how I managed to buy out of my allowance. You're a pretty smart man, Billiger, but there are times when you don't look the part."

There being no further business before the house, Mr. McSwat adjourned without form.

THAT OFFICE YARN.

Mrs. A.—I think offices are horrid. My husband is out all day and says he is looking for an office.

Mrs. Z.—How funny! Mine is out late nights and says he is detained at the office.

A human act once set in motion flows on for ever to the great account. Our deathlessness is in what we do, not in what we are.—George Meredith.

LOST $300.

Buying Medicine When Right Food Was Needed.

Money spent for "tonics" and "bracers" to relieve indigestion, while the poor old stomach is loaded with pastry and pork, is worse than losing a pocketbook containing the money.

If the money only is lost it's bad enough, but with lost health from wrong eating, it is hard to make the money back.

A Mich. young lady lost money on drugs but is thankful she found a way to get back her health by proper food. She writes:

"I had been a victim of nervous dyspepsia for six years and spent three hundred dollars for treatment in the attempt to get well. None of it did me any good.

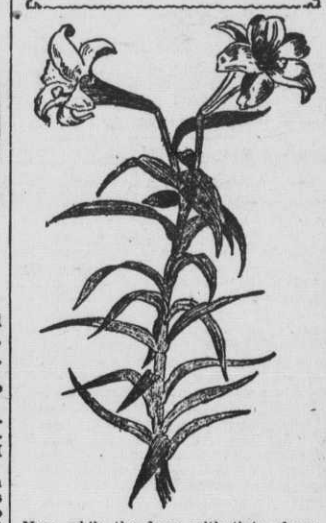
"Finally I tried Grape-Nuts food, and the results were such that, if it cost a dollar a package, I would not be without it. My trouble had been caused by eating rich food such as pastry and pork.

"The most wonderful thing that ever happened to me, I am sure, was the change in my condition, after I began to eat Grape-Nuts. I began to improve at once and the first week gained four pounds.

"I feel that I cannot express myself in terms that are worthy of the benefit Grape-Nuts has brought to me, and you are perfectly free to publish this letter if it will send some poor sufferer relief, such as has come to me."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Easter.



Now, while the dawn with tints of rose
Smiles through the gray skies, everywhere,
Softly about her morning care
The Easter mother goes.

The little rooms we call the hours
She gladdeneth for all our sakes;
And in their cradles gently wakes
The earliest Spring flowers.

The dark hath somehow fallen away,
For where she deftly hath uprolled
The snow-white curtains, we behold
The dawn of Easter Day.

And with a cheerful song she gives
The first birds welcome to her door,
While all the Easter world once more
Rejoices that it lives.

—Frank Walcott Hutt.

Legends of the Beautiful Forget-Me-Not

"The sweet forget-me-not that blooms for happy lovers," has more beautiful legends clinging to its name than any other flower. They begin "In the beginning," with the creation. According to one beautiful tale, the Lord called the plants in the Garden of Eden before him to give them their names and color. As he spoke to one after another, a tiny flower thought itself unnoticed and, fearful of being quite overlooked, it timidly pleaded: "Dear Lord, forget me not." The Creator turned sternly toward the little plant that dared to interrupt him, then, seeing how sorely afraid it was he gently smiled upon it, gave it for its color the heavens' own blue, and called it Forget-me-not as a reminder that it had once been so foolish as to doubt him.

It is the Persians who have fashioned a beautiful legend to tell how it is that those flowers are scattered over the earth as the stars are spread over the sky. According to them, one morning of glory when the world was new an angel stood weeping outside the closed gate of Paradise. He had fallen, in that he had loved a fair

"He had fallen, in that he loved a fair daughter of earth. Together they entered in, for the angel's great love had lifted the woman to Paradise."

daughter of earth. When his eyes had rested on her as she sat on a river's bank weaving forget-me-nots in her hair, heaven and his mission to earth were alike forgotten. Now he might no more enter in until his beloved had sown all over the earth the forget-me-nots. He returned to her and, hand in hand, they wandered, planting everywhere the sweet azure flowers. When, at last, there remained on earth no spot barren of these blossoms, they turned again to the gate and found it open. Together they entered in, for the angel's great love had lifted the woman to Paradise.

Names for Good Friday.

Good Friday is called by some nations Black Friday, by others Still Friday. Denmark calls it Long Friday, in recognition of the long fast. This fast was undoubtedly the origin of eating "cross buns." In the thirty-sixth year of Henry VIII., an enactment was passed prohibiting any baker printing the sign of the cross, the Agnus Dei, or the name of God, upon any bun or loaf of bread.

Marvelous Easter Egg.

A very precious Easter egg was once presented to the late pope by an English lady of high rank. The shell was made of finest ivory, and the white matter of the ordinary egg was represented by beautiful white satin. The yolk was a golden case wherein was a ruby set in diamonds.

WHERE AUBURN LOCKS ABOUND.

Found in Great Numbers in Northeastern Part of Scotland.

Red hair is found in distinct excess north of the Grampians, and especially in the northeast of Scotland. A scientist who has made the question of pigmentation a special study, and has just been helped to conclude a color survey of the school children—over 50,000—of Scotland, announced this as one of his results.

In most European countries, he said, there is a distinct predominance of one type over the others. In north Germany and Sweden it is the blonde type; in Italy the brunette. No such predominance is found in Scotland. Dark hair and fair are present in equal proportions. The dominant color among Scottish children is brown, and it has to be shown how far brown is really a blend of fair and dark.

The proportion of red hair throughout the country is a little over 5 per cent.—high compared with the continent. One cannot overlook the reference of Tacitus to the red haired Caledonians. Some curious facts brought to light suggest that red hair is not entirely or strictly a racial trait. It may have some peculiar physiological if not pathological connection.

Funny Stories Cured Him.

"Having vainly tried many and various remedies to restore to health a business man whom I know and who had fallen into a morbid condition owing to years of overwork, a famous Baltimore physician at last persuaded his patient to take a course of funny stories, one at each meal, with an extra two at dinner," says a correspondent. "The patient, a solemn and gloomy fellow, at first rebelled, but finally falling in with the idea adopted the course recommended and was in the end restored to health, the effect of laughter being entirely to change his mental and bodily condition. Laughter, in fact, is one of the cheapest and most effective of medicines, breaking up stagnation of mind and body and sending a healthy vibration through one's system. There is very little the matter with the man who can enjoy a hearty laugh."

Cider Drinking in England.

In the English cider countries all the inns still display the old legend: "Drunk for a penny; dead drunk for twopence." Cider plays a notable part in the Christmas festivities.

When Like Cures Like.

"If you want to be forever cured of smoking cigarettes," said the woman who is, "have a cigarette fiend visit you for a couple of weeks. I inherited one recently. Now she is gone. I breathe again. She was like a little chimney, smoking, smoking, day and night. I would wake at the sound of the scratching of a match, then smell the smoke. I shudder at the smell of the smoke. I used to come in out of the fresh air and find the flat filled with smoke and the smell of it. I would throw up every window. I felt like throwing her out of one of them, sitting there with the fiendish cigarette between her teeth, smoking, smoking, smoking. Not any more cigarettes for me, I can tell you. I am cured."—New York Press.

Inheritance and Environment.

Inheritance and environment are not only realities, but are the most important elements of the everyday life. The thought of yesterday fixes the tendency of to-day. The conditions of to-day are the background against which every life is projected.—Albion W. Tourgee.

The Evils of Divorce.

Not a few of the matrimonial failures are due to the fact that a good many women get married merely to keep the public from supposing they have never been proposed to.—Chicago Record-Herald.

High Price for Rare Stamp.

One of the rarest stamps in existence, the 20 centimes or 15 centimes of Italy, issued in April, 1865, has just been sold for £36 at a London auction. The specimen is known as the variety with dots and surcharge inverted.

An Easter Revelation.

WHAT a wonderful, beautiful story
Is mutely proclaimed to-day;
How the loves of the world and its glory
End not 'neath a mound of clay!

THE palms and the Easter lilies,
Grouped 'round the chancel rail,
The roll of the organ, all breathing
Of the love that cannot fail.

THE peeping pink of the orchards,
The whirr of the waking bees,
The promise of bloom in the lilacs,
The glimpse of green 'mong the trees.

TO the something, within us,—teaching
For a promise clear and plain—
Prove stronger than Scriptural teaching
That we sleep to arise again.

—Adelle E. Shaw.

A LESSON

How, by God's Way, Which Is Not Our Way, Easter Spoke Its Old Message of New Life

IT was a sad Easter for Mrs. Farnham. Three times since the lilies last blossomed had death come to her house. Her mother, her husband and her boy had filled her heart. Lacking them, it was empty, and it ached with a strange perplexed grief, a confused question as to the purpose of her life, which now seemed to her a shrunk and withered thing.

She went to church on Easter morning because her beautiful house was intolerable to her, rather than because she expected to find comfort. The masses of white flowers, with the suggestiveness of their heavy fragrance, carried her back to the funerals of the last year. The familiar words of the service sounded like mockery to her.

"Let us keep the feast;" "Even so in Christ shall all be made alive;" "Set your affection on things above, not on things on earth." One by one she caught at the phrases, only to find each was powerless to help her.

The hymn was no better:

The strife is o'er, the battle done;
The victory of life is won!

For her strife was just beginning, and defeat instead of victory seemed her fate. She could not lift herself out of her personal woe far enough to apply the words to anything but herself.

She left the church, avoiding speech with any one, and, with her heart like ice in her bosom, she took an electric car toward her desolate home.

A half block before her house was reached the car stopped with a suddenness which startled the passengers. Mrs. Farnham got off, thinking that she would walk the few remaining steps; but she saw the motorman with a white face raising a small boy in his arms from under the fender of the car. The little fellow was unconscious, and there was an ugly bruise on his temple and a deep cut on his neck. Before Mrs. Farnham realized what she was doing the child was carried into her house, and she was enlisted with the doctors in a fight for his life.

For a week the issue was doubtful. Consciousness flickered and wavered, but would not come back. Meantime Mrs. Farnham had learned that the boy was nobody's child. He had sold papers since he was hardly more than a baby. He had lived wherever he could find a shelter, and had eaten whatever he could get. The fact of home was something he had never experienced. The grieving woman forgot her grief in her devotion to the waif who had been cast at her door by the strange decree of what we call accident.

The day came when the boy's heavy eyelids lifted and his childish curiosity at his surroundings unloosed his tongue. To open to him the doors of new life was the most wonderful of joys for his foster-mother. After his long silence it was as if he had come back from the dead. That he could talk and laugh and eat and love seemed like a proof of the power of life over death. Somehow Mrs. Farnham came to believe that it was such a proof, and that it was sent to her in her desolation.

Out of the boy's almost fatal accident there was wrought for him the miracle of home and love, and the opportunity for an educated and useful manhood, and for the grieving woman the springtime brought new hope as the lonely winter passed. By God's way, which is not our way, Easter spoke its old message of new life.—Youth's Companion.

The Eastertide's Leson.

Since our existence is divided into two sections, the one under the temptations and sufferings of this present life, and the other that which is attained in the security and joy of eternity through Christ, so the circle of the Easter festival is divided into two sections, the time before and after Easter. The time before Easter points us to the conflict of this present life, the time after Easter to the blessedness which we can obtain through Christ. The Lord's passion shows us the present life of suffering. The resurrection and glorification of the Lord shows the life which we shall receive.

Custom Not Christian Alone.

The giving of eggs at Easter is derived from the old nature worship, and is not confined to the Christian nations. The Parsees of Persia and India distribute eggs at the opening of spring, and in many other nations the giving of eggs at the commencement of spring is as common as New Year's gifts with us. In Hungary the boys sprinkle the girls with rose water and receive eggs in return.

STUDY NOT A NECESSITY.

End and Aim of Woman's Life, as Understood by Rosie's Mother.

In one of the Philadelphia public schools is a little girl pupil whose ancestors and coreligionists have ever held that the principal end and aim of the life of a woman is marriage. This little girl is well up in most of her studies, but she has an inveterate dislike of geography and it seems impossible to teach the study to her. The other day her teacher, made impatient by her seeming unwillingness to learn her geography lesson, sent to Rosie's mother a note requesting her to see that the girl studied her lesson. The next day showed no improvement, however, and the teacher asked Rosie whether she had delivered the note.

"Yes, ma'am," was the reply.

"And did your mother read the note, Rosie," said the teacher.

"Yes, ma'm."

"What did she say?"

"My mother said that she didn't know geography, an' she got married, an' my aunt didn't know geography, an' she got married, an' you know geography, an' you didn't get married."

THE QUARREL.

He—Farewell! Farewell, I said, thou jade!!!

Too Free Speech.

The allegations made during a trial for "blasphemy" raises the whole question of courtesy and kindliness in public discussion. Ridicule and sarcasm are permissible, and effective weapons in debate, but mere vulgarity and abuse or irreverence in dealing with subjects that are sacred to others, are not to be confounded with free speech and cannot be tolerated.—Lloyd's (Eng.) News.

Genuine greatness is marked by simplicity, unostentatiousness, self-forgetfulness, a hearty interest in others, a feeling of brotherhood with the human family.

W. N. U., Salt Lake City, No. 16, 1908.