EASY

Mrs. Henpeck—Did you ever hear of anything worse than a man who who smokes in the house?

Mr. Henpeck—Yes. A smoking lamp. Ask me another!

TAKE CARE OF GOOD HEALTH

Mistake Most People Make Is in Waiting for Bad to Come and Then Coddling It.

If we would take as good care of our good health as we do of our bad health we would have more of the former and less of the latter. We set our good health down in a draft and let it get its feet wet; we infringe on its sleep time and gorge it with unsuitable food at irregular hours. We load it with nerve-racking cares and duties, and reply to its frantic appeals for rest with, "You haven't time." We squeeze it with clothing; we distract its ears with noise and its lungs with bad air. But we put our bad health in a quiet room, on a soft couch. We robe it in a comfortable gown; we give it pure air at stated intervals; we put ice on its head and hot water at its feet; we feed it with food convenient for it. We take away all care and responsibility; we give it a soothing draught to rest it; and we pay a doctor two dollars to come and leave it a scrap of paper and say that it will better to-morrow. One might think we preferred bad health to good health. —From an article in Good Health.

When to Send Children to Europe.

Some people wait so long before sending their children to Europe that the little ones are humiliated by others who have already been there. Every self-respecting parent will be careful not to subject his children to this evident injustice; at the same time all unseemly hurry is to be avoided.

Some people argue that as soon as a child can walk well and speak a few necessary French words, he should be placed in a stateroom, next to a private bath, and sent to Paris. Others feel that he must naturally lose much at this age, and that the proper time is between five and six, when—as an American—he has reached his maturity.

Probably the ideal age is about four. At four a child can easily do England, France and Italy, and get home in time for the first night at the opera.—Judge's Library.

Will Seek the South Pole.

A. Henry Savage Landor, the English explorer, who will soon make an attempt to reach the south pole, is of the opinion that Lieut. Shackleton failed through having a cumbersome and unnecessarily large expedition. Mr. Landor's theory is that a small caravan of trusted and hardy men, lightly equipped as in his expeditions through Asia and Africa, is best. Mr. Landor's activity in aeronautic investigations gives color to the rumor that an airship will be used by him in his expedition.

Demoralization.

"What makes the parrot so profane?"

"Well, mum," answered the sailor man, "I s-pose it's part my fault. Every time I hear him speak a bad word it makes me so mad that he gets a chance to learn a lot of new ones."

After breaking a $5 bill the pieces are soon lost.

HOME, SWEET HOME!

PROPERLY THE CENTER OF ALL THE HEART HOLDS DEAR.

Little World in Itself, from Which Care and Trouble Should Be Banished—Its Depth of Meaning Unfathomable.

How many cherished and sacred associations cluster around the little word—home.

Its depth of meaning is unfathomable, for all that the heart holds dear upon earth is centered in it, and it breathes of rest, of comfort and of loved ones, as it whispers to the weary toiler of a retreat from the busy, bustling world, where the heart can unburden its trials and perplexities, and receive sympathy and encouragement, and where the overwrought brain can relax and acquire fresh strength for life's conflict.

Home! The word rings like music in the ears of the traveler in a foreign land, and his eye grows brighter and his heart beats faster as visions of his own loved home beyond the seas arise before him, and his homesick spirit is cheered in the joyful anticipation of again clasping his wife and little ones to his breast, and of resting from the toil and tumult of business within the sacred precincts of home.

As daylight is fading and the shadows of night are creeping on, as the street lamps are being lit and tired feet are wending their way homeward little children climb to the windows and press their eager faces against the window panes to watch for papa coming home; and when the well-known form turns the corner and appears in sight happy voices cry, "Here's papa! here's papa!"

Then follows a scrambling down from the chairs and windowsills, and a scampering to the hall door, each one clamorous for the first kiss; and as the tired man, whose spirit has been harassed all day at the manifestation of his debtors to defraud him, and the desire of those with whom he has had dealings to overreach him, enters his home, he realizes that there is after all such a thing as disinterested love and friendship in this world of ours.

After the evening meal has been partaken of, and the family gather in the cozy sitting room, where the father, seated in his armchair, with a little one on his knee, relates the story of "Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp," which is listened to with deep interest and admiration, and the happy wife and mother rocks baby and hums a soft lullaby, while a bright smile rests upon her features; and as the man of business gazes upon his household treasures, he realizes that the family constitutes a little world of itself, entirely separate and distinct from the great, bustling, outside world. And if from sunrise until sunset his hours are full of toil—

The night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold up their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

—New York Weekly.

How a Missionary Got Wealth.

The recent death, in his eighty-fifth year, of Rev. Dr. William Ashmore, a distinguished foreign missionary of the Baptist church of America, recalls to the Missionary Review the interesting fact that when in 1863 he was appointed to Swatow, China, he bargained for the purchase of a lot for mission buildings, agreeing to pay $800. The board of Boston refusing to sanction the purchase, Dr. Ashmore paid for the lot himself, and the purchase made him a rich man. The shoreward frontage of the lot was afterward filled in for a considerable distance out into the harbor, and this "made land" was so valuable for warehouse sites that the sale of it brought the missionary a fortune. Out of these profits he gave $10,000 to found a theological seminary at Swatow. In 1886 Dr. Ashmore was elected a missionary secretary in Baptist headquarters at Boston. He returned home and tried the office for a year, but official responsibilities did not suit him, and he resigned and went back to China for 15 years more of active service.

The Proverbial Shilling.

The wealthy auctioneer who reduced the inheritance of a daughter to a small annuity because she had become a Socialist reminds one of the old-fashioned "cutting-off with a shilling." Why a shilling rather than nothing? Blackstone explains. The Romans used to set aside wills as deficient in natural duty if they disinherited or totally passed by any child of the testator. But the smallest legacy was accepted as evidence that the testator had not lost his reason or his memory, as the law otherwise assumed he had. Hence the groundless belief in England that a father could disinherit his child without a shilling, although the English law knows no presumption of insanity or forgetfulness in such a case. Of Sheridan and his son Tom (and of other fathers and sons) the story is told:

Father—I'll cut you off with a shilling.

Son—I'd rather have it now, dad.

The Pursuit of Independence.

"Do you think that railway king ought to keep on increasing his fortune?"

"Well," answered Mr. Sirius Barker, "I don't know that I blame him for trying to get so far ahead financially that he can always travel by motor and avoid riding in any of his own trains and eating in any of his own railway restaurants."

A Steady Thing.

Something had gone amiss with Bobbie and he had sought the comfort of tears. Noticing his wet cheeks, his mother said in a consolatory tone:

"Come here, dear, and let me wipe your eyes."

"'Tain't no use, muvver," returned Bobbie with a little choke; "I's doin' to cry again in a minute!"—Woman's Home Companion.

The American Cat-Tail.

The cat-tail of the American swamps is almost exactly the same plant as the Egyptian bulrush. It is no longer used for making paper, as it once was, but from its root is prepared an astringent medicine, while its stems, when prepared dry, are excellent for the manufacture of mats, chair-bottoms and the like.

Against Pretenses.

Away with all those vain pretenses of making ourselves happy within our selves, of feasting on our own thoughts, of being satisfied with the consciousness of well-doing, and of despising all assistance and all supplies from external objects. This is the voice of pride, not of nature.—Hume.

Death from Sting of Poisonous Flies.

Three persons died recently at Marseilles after having been stung by poisonous flies. Several streets are infested by the insects, which are said to have been brought to Marseilles in a cargo of South American wool.—Echo de Paris.

Appropriate.

First Milliner—You have designed the north pole hat?

Second Milliner—Yes, it will be a matter of dispute between the purchaser and her husband.

He Bit.

Ex-Police Commissioner Bingham of New York said of graft at a recent dinner:

"The grafter isn't so easily caught; he isn't quite so naive as an old fellow they used to tell about in Andover.

"This old fellow was suspected of tampering with the church collections. A couple of clumsy traps that were set for him failed to work. Then one day a young deacon walked past his house leading a new horse.

"'That's a fine horse, deacon,' the old fellow shouted. 'Did you buy him at the fair?'

"'Yes,' said the deacon. Then, as the other came nearer, he added:

"'I bought him with my pickings out of the collection plate.'

"The old man looked horrified.

"'Good gracious!' he said. 'I've often taken enough myself to buy a hat or a pair of trousers; but, deacon, in takin' enough to buy a horse ain't ye committin' a positive sin!'"

And There Are Others.

The cook had been called away to a sick sister, and so the newly wed mistress of the house undertook, with the aid of the maid, to get the Sunday luncheon. The little maid, who had been struggling in the kitchen with a coffee mill that would not work, confessed that she had forgotten to wash the lettuce.

"Well, never mind, Pearl. Go on with the coffee and I'll do it," said the considerate mistress. "Where do they keep the soap?"

Poverty and Consumption.

That poverty is a friend to consumption is demonstrated by some recent German statistics, which show that of 10,000 well-to-do persons 40 annually die of consumption; of the same number only moderately well-to-do, 66; of the same number of really poor, 77; and of paupers, 97. According to John Burns, the famous English labor leader, 90 per cent. of the consumptives in London receive charitable relief in their homes.

Secret of Happiness.

I have lived to know that the great secret of human happiness is this: Never suffer your energies to stagnate. The old adage of "too many irons in the fire" conveys an untruth—you cannot have too many—poker, tongs and all—keep them going.—Adam Clark.

Wholesale and Retail.

"What business did you say Miss Gaddie was in?"

"Oh, she's in everybody's business."

"Wholesale, eh?"

"Yes, except when it comes to a bit of scandal. She retails that."

Dieting.

Stella—Did the doctor say you shouldn't eat between meals?

Bella—Yes; so I just have more meals.

Never take a mean advantage of anyone in any transaction, and never be hard upon people who are in your power.—Dickens.

The average man thinks his bump of generosity is at least three times as large as it actually is.

The silent man is more to be feared than the garrulous chap.

Some people assume that hearing is just as good as seeing.

The door of success is marked: "Push."

W. N. U., WICHITA, NO. 42-1909.

If a man's wife cuts his hair he is entitled to a lot more sympathy than he gets.

The only way to get something for nothing is to start a fight about it.