RIDICULE.

The biting, the little ironical things,
With their acrid, airy and pungent stings,
Tho' couched in the form of innocent flings,
Are often the things that carry.
For they pierce beneath the smug veneer,
And alter the lines of the worldling's sneer,
As they brush aside, with a careless jeer,
The world's attempts to parry.

Their shafts sink deep in the leathern hide
Of the hypocrite garbed in blatant pride,
Old folly and sham, they stand aside,
When irony's shafts are speeding.
For, write it down, that knave and fool,
In art o' mart, in church or school,
Fear naught so much as the ridicule
That men pass by unheeding.
—William H. Greenfield.

LOTHIA'S ACCIDENT

By HELEN A. BECKWITH.

Lothia was in an unpleasant mood. It caused her to forget her habit of prim, orderly neatness—a quality so deeply inculcated as to seem a part of her very self.

Left motherless before her recollection, she had grown to womanhood under the watchful care of an indulgent father. He had never given her premptory command, but had led her nevertheless, high-strung and wayward though she was, in his own way, by sterling advice, with love and gentleness, and often a seeming acquiescence to her whims. The plans for her future were made in her early childhood, but Robert Yates had been wise enough to keep this from his headstrong daughter, while he had guarded against complications.

Of late her father had changed, and Lothia was uneasy about it. It was now two weeks since a bulky letter arrived for him, which she delivered gaily remarking on its size, and curious as to its contents. When her father saw the envelope, his face became ashen, and he lost his geniality.

Although Robert Yates had looked forward for many years to what was before him, now he wallowed in the "slough of despair" at the culmination of his hopes. With the thought of separation ever before him, he could not regain his old cheerfulness.

To-day another letter arrived bearing the same postmark. Lothia had sent this one in, fearing a repetition of the former scene. Shortly she was summoned into her father's presence, to be addressed with sternness, and, she thought, with cruelty.

"Lothia, you are grown to womanhood, and it is time that you were settled in life. In your infancy I made an arrangement for your future; now the time has arrived for the fulfillment of that plan. To-morrow a gentleman will visit us whom I desire you to treat with the greatest respect, as I esteem him highly, and—he is to be your husband in the near future."

Lothia's great, blue eyes voiced her astonishment, then slowly filled with tears, but after a moment's pause her father continued: "His name is S. E. Aaron Woolbridge."

"Is he young, papa?" asked the girl with tremulous lips.

"Well, no; not extremely young; forty, or thereabouts."

"O papa, how could you!" she sobbed.

The man moved uneasily about the room. At last he stopped before her.

"There is no use of becoming hysterical," he said. "You must do my bidding."

"But why, papa?"

"Because it is best—because—because I command you."

The fire of indignation flashed from

"Oh, papa, how could you!" she sobbed.

her eyes. "Well, then I won't; that's flat," she cried, rushing from the room to leave her father filled with sad wonderment.

Catching her sailor hat by the brim she jammed it upon her head with vicious earnestness, not stopping, as was her wont, to brush back her rebellious rings of copper colored hair, for the breeze made sad havoc with them if left loose. She would go where no one would find her, and think it out.

The narrow wagon road wound around the foot of the mountain close to its base. Now that Lothia was high above the road the meadows seemed far below her. She glanced down involuntarily, and thought how easily she might end it all. As she leaned forward a trifle, the better to see the bottom, the loose earth slipped beneath her feet; instinctively she grasped a root, but it gave way, and she plunged downward, clutching at vines and briars. She closed her eyes, vindictively saying, "Now, papa, you'll be sorry."

"Are you hurt?" anxiously asked a gentleman, bending over Lothia, as she regained consciousness.

"Why did you stand there?" spitefully cried the girl, struggling to a sitting posture. "I know you stood

"Are you hurt?"

there just so I couldn't fall; you're a mean, hateful thing."

The man stepped respectfully aside, with a look of amused perplexity on his face. "Was this a wilful deed?" he asked.

"No, 'twasn't; I slipped, and you might have stayed away so I could have been hurt; I hate the sight of you," she cried, angrily, while the tears filled her eyes.

"Do you really wish to be injured? I am sure I would be glad to assist you in any way that I can. I might accommodate you by throwing you as high as possible and letting you come down unattended. I could throw you quite high; I am over six feet tall, and am strong, while you are but a feather's weight."

Lothia laughed gaily. "You're not such a bad sort after all," she said, "but I do wish you hadn't been there so they could have found and sent me home; I guess then papa'd be sorry."

"Yonder is a flat rock which will make a comfortable seat; let us be friends, and you tell me all about it Miss—Miss—ah"—offering his hand to assist her.

"Yates, Lothia Yates; now, what is your name."

The man seemed suddenly confused, but finally stammered out, "Silas."

"Now sit here and tell me your trouble, if you will."

"Well," she began, "you see papa is just as good as gold, but something has got hold of him lately, and he wants me to marry an old man with the horridest name. Say, haven't you another name?"

The man reddened as he replied: "Yes; Aaron."

A silvery peal of laughter floated up the mountain side. "Why, isn't that funny; that's the old man's name, too. Aaron Woolbridge ,forty; just think of it. If I had been hurt maybe papa would have felt so sorry that when the old man comes to-morrow he would send him away."

"Does forty seem to you so very old?" queried the gentleman.

"O dear, yes! papa is sixty; I am twenty, and papa has been old ever since I can remember him. I wish I had been hurt just a little so I could make a fuss, but I haven't a scratch."

"Now, Miss Yates—"

"Say, Lothia, it seems as if I had known you always."

"Very well, Lothia. I am a medical man, Dr. Aaron; you are generally bruised. I will bandage your head, your ankle and your arm, and will convey you to a farm house nearby, where I will arrange for you to remain until sufficiently recovered to be removed. Of course, the length of time rests with yourself. In the meantime you can communicate with this old man and tell him your feelings; perhaps, he may release you."

"That's capital," she cried, clapping her hands.

Robert Yates was informed and came to see his daughter daily, but never mentioned her would-be suitor. Her letter, filled with bitter scorn and loathing for an old man of forty, bearing such a horrid name, was duly written and given to one of the farm hands to post.

Time flew on the wings of the wind for Lothia. Bandaged as she was—for she dared not admit the ruse—the time that passed seemed wonderfully short. The doctor's visits were awaited with feverish expectation.

"Lothia, this is my last visit."

"Your—last—visit," she gasped, while the color forsook her cheeks. She felt that the sunshine was going out of her life forever.

"Must this ruse continue, or shall we end it now?" he asked, gravely. "I hardly think Mr. Woolbridge will trouble you."

The doctor's pocket was bulging with the mail he had just received. One envelope caught the girl's eye. "Where did you get this?" she cried, taking up the letter.

"From the post; it belongs to me. Forgive me, Lothia, but I am S. E. Aaron Woolbridge. I stayed on here, hoping to overcome your prejudice, and win your love. I find your real sentiments voiced in this letter, and—" his voice quivered perceptibly—"I can stay no longer."

Lothia crimsoned with shame. "I don't want you to go," she sobbed.

"What does this mean, little one? Is it that you care for me?"

"O yes, I do; don't go, please?"

"What! care for an old man of forty, with such a horrid name?"

"I don't care for anything but you; can you forgive me?"

"On one condition—that you marry me without delay, before I get older." he said, folding her in his arms.

"How could I have been so foolish?" she whispered from her safe shelter.

HAD AN AWFUL DREAM.

Robbed by a Giant Ostrich With Almost Red Legs.

Hunting yarns were in order, and it was up to the African explorer for his contribution.

"I was trekking along the southern coast of Africa a few years ago," said he, "and had spent most of the day shooting pheasants, springboks, vickloks, duykerboks and the other kinds of 'boks' with which the country abounds, when I was suddenly confronted by the biggest ostrich I ever saw.

"As he stood before me, intently regarding me, he looked to be six feet tall, and for the moment I lost my presence of mind. Then I backed away, intending to shoot the big bird, but to my utter dismay found that the magazine of my gun was empty.

"Then I remembered hearing that the legs of an ostrich turn pink when he is angry and I looked at his limbs. They were not only pink but almost red, and, as he started threateningly toward me, I threw myself flat on the ground, this being admittedly the best way to escape death or injury from the blows of one of these birds when infuriated.

"The ostrich came close to my side, and after intently regarding me for a moment, poked out his long neck, inserted his bill into the pocket of my waistcoat, abstracted my watch and calmly swallowed it with a look of intense satisfaction.

"Next he explored the pockets of my trousers, and finding my knife, gulped that down with an expression of gastronomic delight. My bunch of keys followed suit, as did everything in the way of metal or glass I had about me.

"Then, having made a sumptuous meal of my personal belongings, he stalked majestically away, leaving me unharmed. I got up finally and went through my pockets to see if he had left anything, when, to my utter surprise, I found my watch, knife, keys and everything else in their proper receptacles.

"Then it dawned upon me that I had dreamed a bad dream and I resolved never again to take a nap on the veldt."—New York Tribune.

To a Rose in a Book.

Oh, some one hath hidden you, rose,
When once you were blooming and fair,
And who she was nobody knows;
I wonder does nobody care?
Were you token of hope or despair?
Did you mark a love's triumph or close?
Oh, she hath forgotten, I'll swear!
Tho' who she was, nobody knows.

And some one hath fondled you, rose,
And kissed you and pressed you in here;
Is it folly for me to suppose
This tiny brown blot was a tear?
You are faded and yellow and sere,
Yet I shall not disturb your repose,
Since once to her heart you were dear—
Tho' who she was, nobody knows.

I put you back tenderly, rose;
You would crumble to dust in the air;
And who she was, nobody knows;
I wonder does nobody care?
Yet I'll write on the margin, "Oh, where
Is she who once treasured this rose?
Peace be to her soul, is my prayer,
Tho' who she was only God knows!"
—Esther M. Clark, Chanute, Kan.

Made a Bad Bargain.

In the days of "rotten boroughs" in England that of Gatton Park is said to have been the worst. It had only one qualified voter and yet it returned two members of parliament. Of course with this right the property was very valuable and in 1830 it was purchased by Lord Monson for $500,000. Two years later it was disfranchised.

As Bad as That?

Everything goes in Pittsburg, except on Sunday. The injunction there is "Six days shalt thou graft, but the seventh shalt thou rest." It is said of them that "They keep the Sabbath day and everything else they can lay hands on."—Memphis (Tenn.) News

For the Individual

1796 ❧ 1872 ❧ 1952

DAILY SOURCES OF BETTER METHODS
THE ARCADE INDEX

WHERE OTHERS GIVE UP IS JUST WHERE WE GET OUR SECOND BREATH.

THIS ACCURACY REVIEW DEPARTMENT

is for co-operation in information to reduce mutually expensive mistakes. It is for mechanical, commercial and professional people; the employer, employe and customer; and consists of extracts taken by permission from the copyrighted letters, the lectures, note books and libraries of Dr. Earl M. Pratt. When you secure on any subject an idea personally useful to you, and you wish to give it to him, address him in care of The John Crerar Library, Marshall Field Building, Chicago. He is hunting the whole world over for information of every day use to you, and he regrets his inability, personally to reply to contributors. So far as possible he wishes to have in this space the very ideas you would like to find here. You are at liberty to send him any suggestion you may care to. His Arcade Index libraries were started in 1872 and now contain unpublished information dating back to 1796 with systematic plans extending to 1952. Your short story of some example of forethought deposited in the Arcade Index collection may prove to be your best monument.

Acquirement of Better Results

A man inquired, "How can I accomplish most for the energy, time, force and efforts expended? I feel that I must accomplish more, yet my strength will scarcely admit of greater expenditure. How can I do it? is the question."

When a store must have more space for new goods and is unable to borrow, rent or build, and all the space it has is chock full, there is one thing to do, and that is throw out the least important line of goods. But sometimes when it is thought all the space is entirely occupied, careful investigation and some mental calculation will produce more space. There are counters to-day which use room, formerly unoccupied, for holding stock, and they give almost half as much room as the shelves back of them.

Busy doctors have to study promptness, briefness and effectiveness. Some doctors will make twice as many calls during the day as some others do, using the same time, the same energy, and having left fully as much strength at the end of the day. To do an extra amount of work requires an original study of self and environments, coupled with systematic effort to gain at every point.

Our opportunities for doing more work and better work with the same time and strength embrace a study of improved methods, better habits, more nutritious food, economy of time, casting off unnecessaries, less attention to the least important, hunting for waste places, training others to do what they should for us, and trying to find something every day new and useful to us in our work.

Scattered attention is surely a cause of errors. Some think about their rest during work hours, and during rest hours they worry about their work, and as a result they neither rest nor work. It is no business to think of things at the wrong time. Nor is it business to think too far ahead or too far behind. The former is for prophets and the latter for historians. Those who make big money study history and read the future, but the average man must look steadily at today and keep his head and hands busy.

The Criminality of Carelessness

"What is the cause of criminal carelessness?" Two years ago a man asked me the above question. He had been having trouble and I have been thinking about the subject ever since. It may be due to ignorance. Some claim that people are not as good nor as bad as they appear to be—if we knew more we would be better. But we will know more if we are any good and have our goal in the right place. The idea that experience is a dear school, but fools will learn in no other, might be revised to read: "It is a wise man who learns by experience; fools never learn." Though a man is not to be blamed for being born ignorant, he can be blamed for remaining ignorant, and continued or repeated carelessness may be called criminal.

When the weak acquire strength they became leaders of the naturally strong, because they know how, when where, which and why.

Friends have made and unmade men but in trade a good friend is a compound blessing. There are those so rich in this source that nothing but willful ignorance can ruin them. There are places into which one cannot enter without that backing which is better than a brother's. Other sources of success are often credited with returns that belong to this. The professional man looks to his friends for promoting his opportunity. To have real friends one must be friendly without a selfish reason or policy.

The Usefulness of Self-Control

What is dangerous for one person may be perfectly safe for another. Very, very few inherit so much money, muscle or mind that they can squander all their life, never acquire and die rich. As one man's food may be another man's poison, so one man's pleasure may be another man's pain. Self-control is a quality desirable in all phases of life, in social, professional and commercial fields. It means money and victory.

There are some people whose personality seems to throw me off the track, and no matter what they say or do irritates. For some time I have been trying, when I see such a person to study out how I can be useful to that person, and when I meet him I make an extra exertion to be agreeable and sensible. Sometimes unselfish work pays. The other evening on the train the above kind of a person sat a few seats from me. No doubt I scowled, as I felt it, and though we know and saw each other, neither of us spoke. I resisted my temptation to remain where I was and took a seat by his side. I introduced myself as though I had been forgotten, and we had a very pleasant chat after we got started. I so forgot myself that I left the train with him before reaching my station, but subsequent events proved it was to my advantage to get off at that place.

From a number of communications which I have received on the subject of self-control, the following are some extracts:

"Thinking of consequences is one way of gaining or maintaining self-control."

"Thinking of the uselessness of 'flying to pieces'" is another.

"First of all, Christian principle; second, strong will power—the God-given power to hold still, no matter how hot the furnace; third, fear of losing one's hold on one's self."

"The source of self-control lies in an earnest purpose to show strong manhood and womanhood."

"Self-control is the result of experience; mistakes fortify one in the future against the same acts, and help to decide kindred actions. Education tends to give one a command over self, partly by the wider range of view acquired and partly by the knowledge of experience of others. Some persons can not profit by the experience of others, but must pass through the fire themselves. Self-control appears at times to be the gift of nature, as some people even in childhood reveal a self-command which could not have been acquired. I believe self-control to be an acquired accomplishment, resulting from experience and observation rather than from any study of books."

About the severest test of self-control is to say "no" to a friend and run the risk of losing his friendship. Good solicitors tell me that self-control is one of the most valuable forces in their line of work. An attorney who is a collector told me as a rule he thought it was a good thing to leave his club at home, as he might feel it necessary to hit back sometimes, but at all events be sure never to lose your head. I believe that it is very profitable for us to undermine our own errors and explode them ourselves. It does you more good to kick yourself three minutes than to kick the people thirty years. To have self-control is to have almost everything else desirable, but self control is an indirect product of daily good judgment.

In order to have self-control you must have something to control. A thistle-down has no self-control because it has no weight, and it would be the same if it had intellectuality and had no weight. A very smart man with very weak muscles is surely much in need of self-control. Systematic saving fosters self-control and good judgment. Think—think twice—thrice if necessary. Practice in order to be able to perform suddenly and satisfactorily. Be something and prevent your blood getting thin. The world needs more agreeable disagreeing, but before it can have it, it must contain more self-control.

A narrow view of life causes errors that are most troublesome. A wide path gives a narrow view. A narrow path, if high, gives a broad view. A tramp has a wide path and narrow view. The intelligent, hard-working, successful man is the very antithesis of the typical tramp, and he has a broad view, but his daily path is almost a bee line and as narrow as a fence board on edge.

WILES OF A WOMAN

USELESS FOR MAN TO STRUGGLE AGAINST THEM.

Benedict of Years Gives Bachelor Friend Some Pointers on a Subject of World-Wide Interest—Supply of Tricks Inexhaustible.

The bachelor and the married man were talking of all sorts of things and finally the conversation got around to that all-absorbing topic, woman. "I don't see why so many of you men are ruled by your wives," said the bachelor. "You are not firm enough with them. I'd like to see any woman who could make me do any thing I did not want to do."

"That remark could come from a bachelor and no one else," said the married man. "I know better. A long time ago the poet sang, 'He is a fool who thinks by force or skill to turn the current of a woman's will,' and the song rings just as true to-day as it did in the seventeenth century.

"If a woman wants her own way she is bound to get it. She has a thousand tricks she may play, and not all man's acuteness or alertness will find her out. Nearly every woman is more or less of an actress, and in that lies her power to dupe the other sex. If she is flatly refused what she wants, she is not in the least discouraged. She promptly lays her plans to get what she desires by hook or by crook.

"First she tries tears, generally a most effective weapon in clearing a path to her own way. But tears become less effective the more they are used, so she next tries indifference. If that fails she tries the martyrlike pose, which consists in going about with a sweet smile, but with an injured air, and is generally enough to drive a man to buying a house and lot if the woman wants it.

"Then there is the scheme of making the man think that her way is his way. This is rather a delicate task and can only be accomplished by a woman of rare skill, but if she understands her husband thoroughly it can generally be brought about. Sometimes a woman may drop remarks about the beautiful things which her father used to give her, then she sighs and says plaintively that of course she cannot expect to have all those things now she's married, and, after a sad pause, remarks that she has her husband, and that is enough for her. She may also say casually that some one has declared that her husband was stingy, and it is no such a thing, for he always gives her everything she wants. 'Don't you, Pet?' And then Pet does."

"But if you know all these tricks," said the bachelor, "I should think it would be pretty easy for you to get the better of your wife."

"My dear man, my wife has a new trick for every day in the year. Just as soon as I learn a few of them she discards them for fresh ones that I never dreamed of. No, I gave up long ago. I found out that if my wife wants anything she is sure to get it, so now I give in in the first place."—New York Times.

A WIFE WORTH HAVING.

Lady Beaconsfield's Affectionate Devotion to Her Husband.

A story indicating the great affection and intense admiration which Lady Beaconsfield entertained for her husband is told as follows: On a certain day when Lord Beaconsfield, then Mr. Disraeli, had to make an important speech he and his wife drove to the house together. Arrived at their destination, he alighted from the carriage and shut the door with a bang. He stayed some minutes talking to his wife through the carriage window before he bade her farewell and entered the house. It was late at night when he arrived home, but he found his wife waiting for him. He noticed, however, that her left hand was swathed in bandages. On inquiring the cause of this he learned that when he left her he had shut her hand in the carriage door and, though she suffered terrible pain, she allowed no trace of it to appear on her face, knowing that if she did her husband would lose that self-composure which is necessary to the delivery of a good speech.

Sad Outlook for Spindleshanks.

Now that King Edward has set the fashion for knee breeches in full dress affairs and is being followed by many of his subjects, it is likely that they will be received ere long on this side of the water. They must, of course, be made of black silk or satin, and the effects resulting from such a dress will, to say the least, be somewhat curious. Those who favor the innovation will be the well built, athletic class, while those who cry out most loudly against it—that they will not adopt such a ridiculous fashion—will have, no doubt, some personal reasons for not wanting to be seen in knee breeches. It will not be the first fashion adopted that has made men look ridiculous, nor will it probably be the last. King Edward is still the criterion of fashion in London. There is little question as to the style there at least.—American Wool and Cotton Reporter.

Love's Coming.

Love, true Love, did wend his way
Into my heart on a certain day,
And there he made his home.
So sly was he that when he came
I scarce did know him then by name;
He stayed, nor cared to roam.

And of him then I saw no trace,
Until he found his resting place.
True friendship was his first disguise,
Which served to blind my trusting eyes.
And after friendship seeds were sown,
I awoke to find Love all my own.
—Josephine Argell Lee in Brooklyn Eagle.