

LET US BE CONTENT WITH NATURE'S GIFT.

By The Rev. Wm. Rader.

Everything that is good for us is possible to achieve, to possess and to enjoy. It is the impracticable that is beyond our reach by the arrangements of nature. If we do not succeed in reaching the useful and the necessary, the fault is ours. In the feverish and overwrought ambitions of life will be found foolish and impracticable ideals. The child cries for the moon, and the man in the moon looks down and laughs at the child. Sensible men do not cry for the moon. The fool does, and he curses the order of things since it is withheld from his hands. He fails to grasp the practical logic of the natural and wise plan of the universe. He strives for the impossible. After all, hitching wagons to stars may be more of an inspirational and impossible ideal than hitching them to a reliable horse. At any rate, what Edmund Burke once said is true: "There is nothing in the world really beneficial that does not lie within the reach of an informed understanding and a well-directed pursuit. There is nothing that God has judged good for us that has not given us the means to accomplish, both in the natural and the moral world."

It follows, then, that an imperative requisite for rational living is an "informed understanding and a well-directed pursuit." Herein is involved the philosophy of intelligent living. Unintelligent ambition, misdirected effort, irrational and foolish labor cause the chief disappointments of life. To know how to live requires first of all to know how to think. Thought precedes action, and action is the basis of happiness. Pursuit that is not well directed is like a ship sailing over a wrong course; like a bullet that does not speed directly to the mark.

Nothing is desirable that is not practicable. Everything is desirable that is practicable, and should be earnestly sought after. The poor, foolish hound bays at the moon as he would whimper for a bone. The one is practicable, the other is not. A bone is any dog's possible possession, but he will grow tired barking for the treasures of the sky. Men are not unlike the baying dogs in their impracticable and foolish ambitions. Trace the unhappiness of the average man or woman and you will find its source very often in an impossible ambition, in some desire for a wholly impossible attainment. One of the most difficult conclusions to reach in the ups and downs of life is that of recognizing the practicable in life and being content therewith. The man who has not rid his mind of false estimates will be as surely directed out of his course as the ship whose compass was deflected by the influence of a nail. Impracticable wealth, pleasures, friends, associations, power—these are falsely estimated and followed in passionate and disastrous pursuit. The Spanish Cervantes has given us the representation of the silly Knight, Sancho Panza who involves himself continually in situations at once ludicrous and tragical by the pursuit of unwise and impossible ideals. His judgment of values was not equal to his ambition to do things. Not otherwise is it with many of my readers who find life a very stubborn proposition because they are in pursuit of things they will never overtake, because it has been ordained from the foundation of the world that they cannot reach them. Turtles will never fly like robins, and why should the turtle have the blues about it?

Let us cultivate contentment which comes from knowledge and the discontent which comes from an ambition founded in that knowledge. There is a contentment that is surrender and death. There is a discontent that is the very breath of life. There is, too, a contentment that is a sensible acknowledgment of our place in the order of things. It is such contentment we should enjoy, and the more we have of it the greater will be our happiness.

A BACHELOR'S VIEWS.

There will always remain something new to learn of women so long as there is one on earth. Woman's chief happiness is in obeying. She objects to a man who abdicates too much. It has been erroneously stated that women are devoid of character—they have a new one every day. There are 36,400 seconds in a day, and not one in which a woman cannot change her mind. A woman's power is over the affections; but she loses her dominion when she seeks to extend it. The man who lays his hand upon a woman, save in the way of kindness is a wretch whom it were gross flattery to call a coward. The woman who throws herself at a man's head will soon find her rightful place at his feet.



Mr. Average Citizen—Sure we are having legislation regulating everything. Please pass some laws regulating the awful "Comic Valentine output."

The Wonders of New York by Night

By whatever route you reach or leave Manhattan Island in the evening, the river lights are beautiful. On the North River the spectacle varies according to the hour and the season, for the down-town lights in Manhattan are more numerous when the days are short and the tenants of the great office buildings have to light up to finish their day's work. Across from the lower Jersey ferries late in the afternoon of a winter day glow and sparkle the great company of tall shafts grouped against the sky, each one pierced to the top with regular rows of shining windows. A memorable sight they make, those shafts and huge blocks of gleaming holes, reaching far above their neighbors that come between them and the river. There is much in that spectacle to recompense a tired man for being a commuter, and nowhere else on earth is there the like of it.

And besides the tall shafts and the intervening lower lights, and the glow of the streets that run to the river and border it, there are all the river lights—the ferry-boats, with their long rows of bright windows, hurrying on their various courses; the Sound steamers going out; other steamers coming in; all manner of lights more sober on all manner of shipping; the street glare and the ferry-house and wharf lights ashore; and higher up, here and there, the obtrusive and commercial, but none the less radiant, advertising sign.

The down-town office lights go out early—most of them—but up the river some of the tall up-town hotels continue, all the evening and in spite of curtained windows, to be lighthouses.

On the East River, besides the city lights and the river lights, are the high, curving bridges, very striking and beautiful, with their unobstructed outlines marked by the glow of the electric bulbs.

There is poetry in these river lights, bordered and framed by the dark shining water and reflected in it.—E. S. Martin in Harper's Monthly.

That Stupid Old Postmaster.

A young woman named Hughes was stopping at a country resort in this state last summer, where, when the mail comes, the grizzled old postmaster reads off the addresses on the letters, and the waiting vacationists hold up their hands, when their names are called, step up and receive their letters. For ten days the old postmaster had read off the name "Hughes" and called it "Hugees."

For ten days Miss Hughes sat near the postoffice when the mail came in, very disconsolate.

Finally, when the P. M. had called off "Hugees" for the eleventh time, a woman who was looking over his shoulder said:

"Why, that isn't 'Hu-gees.' That's Hughes, and that girl over there has been here crying her eyes out for ten days for that very letter."

And Miss "Hu-gees" finally got her letter.—Manchester (N. H.) Union.

What an Opportunity.

"There are thousands of deaf and dumb people in this country," said the boarder who wants to be an end man, "and it looks to me as if there was big money for the man who will invent a voiceless telephone."—Browning's Magazine.

Good Manners are Business Capital.

We are apt to think that if there is any place where good manners are of little consequence, it is in every day business, where cold calculation so largely takes the place of feelings.

But the truth is that nowhere else are manners of such importance as in every day dealings.

There is no capital and equipment any young man can have in business that will pay him better dividends than good manners. There is no possible calling for which this does not better fit him.

If he has brains the world owes him something, but unless he has good manners he will have a hard time collecting it.

Don't make the error of supposing that brains are everything. You may have the best set of brains in the town, but if you haven't also the manners of a gentleman nobody is going to appreciate you.

Did you ever notice that the men who employ large forces of intelligent people look at an applicant closely, and ask a few seemingly unimportant questions, and promptly employ or dismiss him?

They don't sound his brain depth; they don't obtain his biography; they don't inquire into his social standing; they size him up for his manners—and if he is cheap gilt on the surface they don't look for gold beneath.

The employer knows that if an applicant's manner strikes him favorably it will also favorably strike people with whom he comes into contact in his work. And nobody knows better than a big business man that a favorable first impression means half the sale.

Your manners are the outward indication of what you are within, in the estimation of people, and if your manners are disagreeable few will take the trouble to examine into you any further.

The consensus on general opinion is that the man who goes about with porcine quills in his manners hasn't any brains worth bothering about.—Des Moines News.

Names of Roosevelt's Children.

Several months ago Congressman Smith of Maryland was standing in front of the White House talking to secret service men when a boy came dashing out of the executive mansion.

"Who's that?" queried the congressman.

"That's Archibald Roosevelt," he was informed.

A moment later another youngster appeared through the same door, and Mr. Smith repeated his question.

"That's Kermit," said one of the guards.

Just then a third boy came swirling along on roller skates.

"I guess that's another one of the Roosevelt boys," suggested the Maryland statesman.

"Yes," was the answer, "that's Quentin."

"By Gum," ruminated Mr. Smith, "they've all got names like sleeping cars. I feel just as if I were standing on the platform at home watching the limited express shoot by."

The average divorced woman takes a good deal of pride in making a second marriage.

The Companionable Mother.

A mother should endeavor to remain as young in disposition as her children, says the St. Louis Republic. When they are infants, she usually does make herself childlike in her ways in order to amuse them, but as soon as they are able to play their own games she is apt to let them go by themselves and drift away from her.

Many persons can look back on their youth and see that their mothers took very little part in their lives, contenting themselves with insisting on the performance of certain duties and then leaving them to go their own way within ill-defined limits.

It is a mistake to take refuge in the statement: "Oh, I am getting too old to play such games!" or in some similar observation. Try to be one with them, one of them, at any age; the daughters will love you all the more, and for you old age will be pushed farther back.

Nothing is prettier than the spectacle of a laughing trio or quartet of a mother and her daughters! The children are grateful for what she has done and is doing, and they reward her by their solicitude and their intense desire to make her happy.

The mother who has always been the companion of her daughters finds that at all the important moments of their lives she is their best friend.

It is noticeable that fathers and sons are forming closer ties with one another. The mothers must not lag behind.

ATCHISON GLOBE SIGHTS.

In every railroad station the stove is either too hot or too cold.

A great many people may sigh for the simple life, but none of them are young people.

You don't know all of grief and loneliness unless you have been a boy and lost a pet dog.

When some people express an opinion, it has no more value than though it had never been expressed.

The average war cloud is like the cloud a farmer watches during a dry spell: All cloud and no rain.

The colored man who is an expert on the banjo is apt to have an expert and busy laundress in the family.

About the most disagreeable thing in this world is a woman who prides herself upon being "independent."

The amusement of boys loses a great deal of its fascination if they have someone's permission to indulge in it.

Some good men do not make a favorable impression when they meet strangers, and are very much disliked.

When a woman says she has made up her mind never to marry, people begin to wonder what they quarreled about.

Perhaps they call them "cross examinations" because the witness feels that way when he is undergoing the ordeal.

Many a man who isn't very liberal in handing out his wedding fee, is forced later to admit that he paid too much.

There is too much attention paid to the "influence" of women over men, and too little said about the fear men have of women.

When a grandmother cannot think of any other excuse for a child's fussing she immediately recommends worm medicine.

Ever notice that a good many men are "prominent" at the time of their death whom you never heard of until their demise?

Ashes sprinkled on the sidewalk at this season of the year look better to the average man than a marble fountain in the front yard.

The young man who looks longingly at a military career should remember that a captain of industry draws more pay than a soldier of fortune.

What has become of the old-fashioned woman whose idea of the superlative in pastry was a cake decorated with white frosting and red candies?

An English Queen.

Katherine of Valois, youngest child of Charles VI. of France, was born October 27, 1407, at Paris, France. She seems to have been born under an unlucky star, for at the time of her birth her father's health was in a precarious condition, due to excesses and an extravagant manner of living, and her mother's reputation was the common subject for shameless gossip throughout the kingdom.



Katherine's early years were passed at the King's residence of retirement, the Hotel St. Paul, where her royal sire was confined during his continued and terrible spells of madness. Here the little princess, in the company of her brothers and sister, spent many years of sad neglect, suffering at times the most cruel hardships of hunger and filthy surroundings, for Queen Isabeau, her mother, had deserted her husband in his extremity and abandoned her little children, who must have died of hunger but for the generosity and kindness of the servants who remained with the insane King, and the royal children even after their pay and provisions were stopped by the heartless and unnatural Isabeau.

And during this time Queen Isabeau was busy pilfering the royal treasury, assisted by her husband's brothers, and squandering the money in a reckless manner, while her children suffered the most abject poverty in a palace which had not the comforts of the meanest abode of a peasant.

But suddenly Charles recovered his reason and became once more the master of his own realm. Hearing of his changed condition, and fearing his punishment of her, the wicked Isabeau fled from Paris with her brother-in-law, Prince Louis of Orleans, her partner in shame, and went to Milan. She also sent her brother, Duke Louis of Bavaria, to fetch her children from the Hotel St. Paul. But the abductor had scarcely reached Juvisy with the royal children when he was overtaken by a troop of men-at-arms by order of the Duke of Burgundy. The dauphin and his royal sisters were at once escorted back to the King, their father, who kept them in his own charge.

But a few years later Charles was again seized with aberration of mind and Isabeau took advantage of his condition to escape from the imprisonment he had imposed upon her and proclaimed herself the mad king's regent. Then she assumed the control of her children, showing a sudden fondness for the pretty Katherine, who was just in her teens. For this beautiful daughter Isabeau became very ambitious, negotiating with King Henry V. of England regarding his taking Katherine as his consort.

But the royal husband was not easily won. Henry demanded a dowry of such proportion and significance with his bride that Isabeau was obliged to reject his offer, which she had courted with so much fervor. But this rejection of Henry touched his pride, and he swore to have Katherine or drive her father and mother from the throne of France. Besides satisfying his ambition the young king was really deep in love with the Princess Katherine, whom he had seen twice and found to be most charming. For two years he waged war against France, and the family of Katherine was forced to agree to his terms of marriage with his adored princess. The marriage treaty called for certain provinces and "the reversion of the whole sovereignty of France, with immediate possession under the name of regent."

In six years, with an increase in the population of about 2,400,000, or something more than 10 per cent., the South has increased the value of its farm products by \$728,000,000, or 57 per cent. and the value of its manufactures \$761,000,000, or 52 per cent. It has added 3,493,000 spindles to its cotton mill outfit, an increase of 55 per cent. Its mills used in 1906 about 2,375,000 bales of American cotton, or 48 per cent. more than in 1900.