

Women know as much about politics as men know about war maps.

Some men are eagerly sought after because they don't pay their debts.

A man's idea of hard work is any job at which he can't sit down and smoke.

"He was a follower of the golden rule," should be a soul-satisfying epithet for any man.

Never smoke a gift cigar in the presence of the donor unless you have wonderful self-control.

Civil service is said to work well in the Philippines. Wait till the Filipinos get on to the ways of civilization.

For a steady, consistent casualty report, however, the gasoline can has the Russo-Japanese war beaten a mile.

Pauline Astor is not the only American heiress who has become allied with the Spender family of England.

Men should be elected to office because of their qualifications for the job and not for the purpose of keeping them out of jail.

We've seen so many sales of "mill ends" advertised lately, that only the central portions of all the factories must be left by now.

After walking home from the race track a man is in the humor to sneer at his wife for taking chances on the prize cake at a church fair.

A Kansas woman is said to have left her husband because he persisted in refusing to argue with her. Could anything be more aggravating?

Professor Mason of the Smithsonian Institute declares that "the blondes are a disappearing human type." Not while the peroxide supply holds out, professor.

A California surgeon operated on a patient while the house in which they were burning. It's simply impossible to stop some surgeons when they get their patients down.

Newspaper wits do not always treat antiquities with proper respect. One of them remarked, upon reading about the discovery of a capstan two thousand years old in the Forum of Rome, that it must have been the one used in winding up the affairs of the Roman Empire.

Russell Sage is not the only man who does not take a vacation. The editor of the prison paper at Sing Sing admits that he has not taken a vacation for five years, and says that his engagements are such that he does not see how he can take one for at least seven more years.

A Southern clergyman is trying to convince a convention of his church that Santa Claus is a myth and an abomination and that to allow little children to believe in him was to train them to be deceitful. Let us hope that the good, foolish man has no children of his own who are never allowed to play that a doll is alive or a chair is a horse or that there are Indians and grizzly bears lurking behind the rose bushes in the garden.

One thing must be said for John Alexander Dowle—he never steals upon his victim from behind. For instance, he has made public announcement of his intention to dethrone Edward VII, with an added warning that the Kaiser is to be the next victim; the czar and Emperor Francis Joseph to be spared until further notice. "I may be assassinated for saying these words," exclaimed the interdicted Elijah III, "but I fear nothing." With such a dare-devil adversary his majesty would better look out.

When should a girl marry? Governor Warfield, of Maryland, thinks not before she is twenty-six, and he bases this age on the fact that his wife was twenty-six when she blessed him with her presence. A certain Dr. Smith regards eighteen as a good age, and Dorothy Dix sends a long screed to the Sabbath press giving various suggestions. Meanwhile the person most vitally interested makes her arrangements to accord with her opportunities, and we incline to the opinion that from now on to the end of the chapter the girl will marry just when she is satisfied that he cannot afford to throw away the golden chance. Girls are very much alike in this respect; so are parents.

One of the distinct features of the age is the tendency to return to agriculture. Where a few years ago the farmer boys were rushing to the cities to crowd the professions, there is now a decided move in the other direction. The natural reaction that must always follow a movement so radical in some measure, accounts for the disposition to return to the soil for a livelihood. There is more to be made there than in the city. The agriculturist is a professional man. The farmer and the university have added to the list of professions. He is a botanist, a chemist, and a geologist. He has taught himself to be a farmer and a worker in the soil with intelligence and

it to blossom like the rose. The dispiriting labor which bent the forms of the elders and sent the lads scurrying cityward has been lightened by devices that better accomplish the end sought. The long hours are short ended, and the farmer finds time to indulge in the enjoyments of life. This new condition, added to the fascination of Independence, has turned many men from other professions toward the country, carrying with them the mannerism of their class until the extermination of the chin whisker is threatened by the Prince Albert coat.

Recommendations for a change from the vertical system of penmanship have been made before the Chicago Board of Education. One of the trustees, Mr. Cameron, is quoted as saying of vertical writing: "It may be good to write love letters, but it is not good for keeping books. I do not know of a set of books in Chicago where the up and down writing is allowed. If a boy can write only in the vertical style business houses have little use for him." If that is the case it is a sufficient reason why pupils should not be required to learn vertical writing. If business houses have no use for boys who write only the vertical style surely no boy ought to be required to learn that style against his natural inclination. It does not follow, however, that those to whom it is natural to write the vertical should be forced to learn the inclined style. The obviously common sense rule is not to attempt to force the pupil out of his natural bent. That involves something worse than a waste of time. It results either in total failure or the acquirement by the pupil of an irregular, nondescript style not suited to book-keeping or anything else in which uniformity and neatness are desirable. Very few pupils left to themselves would write the vertical style. Perhaps as many would write with a backward inclination. There is no danger that there will be any lack of penmen writing with the forward inclination if pupils are taught to make the best of the style which comes natural to them. There is no obvious reason why books should not be written in the vertical style, other things being equal. Indeed, that style has the advantage in point of legibility. When Thomas A. Edison was a telegraph operator he had few equals in speed and anybody who could read "coarse print" could read what he wrote at top speed and his page was as almost as even and handsome as print. There is no valid objection to a set of books kept by such a writer so far as the penmanship is concerned. But if business houses will not have that style very well. Those who can write like Edison can find enough writing to do if they wish. They should not force themselves to write another style which they can never master merely to please the business houses.

It is not a bit too young to marry. You know perfectly well that you married mamma when she was 18, and I am a whole year older than that."

"I know, but I never thought much of your mother's judgment in that respect."

"Now, just look at these miniature biscuits I baked," said the egotistical wife. "They are dainty little tablets."

"Yes," spoke the brute husband, "dyspepsia tablets."

Ermie—Gladys tells every man she flirts with is the apple of her eye.

Eva—Gracious! She must be cultivating an orchard.

He—You are just as sweet as you can be.

She—I don't think that much of a compliment. You see, it all depends upon how sweet you suppose I am capable of being.—Town Topics.

Tired Tatters—His paper tells er-bouts feller wot died from ennui.

Wearly Walker—Wot's dat?

Tired Tatters—It's de feelin' wot comes to a man when he gits so lazy dat loafin' hard work.—Chicago News.

Miss Dimples—But you had no real cause for alarm. Joy never kills, you know.

"Does your club pay any attention to parliamentary rules?" asked Wigwags.

"Of course we don't," replied Mrs. Wigwags. "We didn't make them."

"Matches," remarked the sentimental female, "are made in heaven."

"Perhaps they were in former years," rejoined the practical young man, "but that must have been before the match trust was organized."

Patent to Prevent Baldness.

His Private Opinion. Mrs. Enpeck—Here's a story about a man who actually sold his wife. Now what do you think of that?

Enpeck—Oh, there are some fools in the world who will buy any old thing.

Poor Consolation. He—I don't like your friend, Miss Knox. She told an acquaintance of mine that I was a perfect idiot.

She—Oh, I'm sure she didn't mean it. She knows as well as anyone else that no human is absolutely perfect.

What Did He Mean? WIFE—But doesn't it cost an awful lot of money to send me to the seashore for three months every summer?

Husband—Oh, yes, of course. Money is certainly a great blessing.

Couldn't He Worse. Ethel—Charlie Rapieligh isn't quite him of late.

Frances—Indeed! I hadn't noticed any improvement.

SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.

"I always enjoy reading the papers," said Senator Depew.

"You do?" asked the friend.

"Yes; it gives me the opportunity of hearing for the first time the jokes I told the night before."

Modern Style. "But, my dear," protested the young student, "you promised after our marriage you would seldom visit the dressmaker."

"And I have kept my word," replied the young wife. "Only old-fashioned people go to dressmakers. I visit ladies' tailors."

Expert Opinion. "Oh, how could you?" exclaimed the fair maid, who had been kissed unexpectantly.

"It will afford me pleasure to show you," calmly replied the audacious young man.

Whereupon he proceeded more slowly.

Usual Verdict. Little Willie—Say, pa, what race do we belong to—civilized or half-civilized?

Pa—Civilized, my son; but our next door neighbors are only half-civilized.

Slight Interruption. He kissed her once, he kissed her twice. He was the happiest of all men; No doubt he would have kissed her thrice.

But her papa came in just then.

Shutting Him Off. Newspaper—I have an unusually smart little boy.

Nagsby—Yes, so I've been told.

Newspaper (dattered)—Ah, who told you?

Nagsby—You did a moment ago.

His Choice. Plodding Pete—Law, of yonse wuz machine, wot kind would yonse ruthe be?

Lazy Law—One uv dem perpetua motion machines.

Plodding Pete—Cox why?

Lazy Law—Cox dey never work.

Didn't Mind It. Satan—Those men over there don seem to mind the heat at all. Who are they?

The Janitor—They used to be Turkish bath attendants.

Proper Definition. Little Willie—Say, pa, what is th meaning of premonition?

Pa—It's something that tells people who say "I told you so," my son.

Two of a Kind. "Yes," said the young drug clerk who had been trotting in double harness for nearly two weeks; "I've got a boss wife."

"Well, you have my sympathy," rejoined the man who had come in to buy a bottle of hair restorer; "I've got that kind of a wife, too."

Old, Old Stories. "Is your husband fond of fiction?" asked the literary woman.

"Yes, indeed," replied Mrs. Gayboy. "His favorite is the 'detailed-at-the-office' narrative, with the 'sick-friend' story a close second."

Important Settlement. The Friend—So your engagement with Count DeBroque is a settled fact is it?

The Heiress—Not quite. He is not preparing a schedule of his debts to papa to settle.

His Lonely Flight. "Oh, fly with me," the young man cried. "Where fond hearts oft have flown." But her papa chanced to hear him, and—Well, the young man flew alone.

Just for a Bluff. Him—Would you scream if I attempted to kiss you?

Her—Indeed I would—if anyone happened to be looking at the time.

Wise Young Man. Elvira—And did he kiss you before your chaperon?

Marcia—Oh, no. He was wise enough to kiss her first.

Getting at the Facts. "Doctor," queried the inquisitive person, "do you believe that the cigarette habit causes weak minds?"

"Not necessarily," replied the M. D. "As a rule it merely indicates them."

As Others See Us. "Do you think this photograph does me justice?" asked Miss Elderleigh.

"I should say not," replied Miss Youngblood. "Why, it makes you appear ten years younger than you really are."

Necessary Evil. Miss Verjuice—What a shame it is how the men deceive us poor women!

Miss Bluechew—They would never get a woman to marry them unless they did, my dear.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Hated to Be Disturbed. "That is the laziest boy I ever met." "Why so?" "Well, I told him he might wake up some day and find himself famous."

"Was he pleased?" "No, he said he hoped he wouldn't wake up before the alarm clock went off."

More Than Lifelike. DeAuber (showing portrait)—Who do you think of it, old man?

Criticus—It's remarkably lifelike. Is it a portrait of some friend of yours?

DeAuber—Yes, it Muggsby, thought you knew him.

Criticus—Know Muggsby? Why, of course I know him. I've known him intimately for more than twenty years.

Reason Why. "But you Americans," protested the Englishman, "have no ancestors to whom you can point with pride."

"Well, that is our misfortune rather than our fault," replied the American girl. "Most of our ancestors came from England, you know."

Practical Demonstration. "Oh, how could you?" exclaimed the fair maid, who had been kissed unexpectantly.

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THE POPULAR PULPIT



LIFE IS BUT A DREAM.

Behold, fear of the Lord is wisdom.—Job, xxviii, 28.

The world must be more to use than a place of temporary amusement or suffering. The spenders with which it is decked and which we have the ability to admire, the wisdom with which it is animated, and the eloquence with which it sparkles which we have a desire to understand, recommend it as a sphere of infinite human possibilities. What a message is born by the glittering star that draws our attention to the upper regions where the miracle of day is wrought and the mystery of night is wove!

What a lesson is taught by the scan, the vest and the roar, yet yielding to the law of obedience as well as by the raindrop that comes down like a tear of sympathy and the assurance of a blessing! How much thought may be gathered from the blooming field, the smiling of successful toil, as well as from the dreary desert, sad emblematic of a life without a virtue! How instructive and inspiring are all these phenomena in the factory and creation of God!

Yet it is not seldom that we lose sight of the world around us, and question the reality of all existence. Skepticism is epidemic. It seems shallow and ludicrous that we should ever come under its influence. What nonsense, we say, to doubt facts and to dispute our own existence. Yet that is the philosophy we are likely to espouse when things go against us. This never a feeling come over you of your utter inability to understand yourself, a feeling of dimmed consciousness, a feeling that made the universe appear like a mass of delusions? How singularly things shape themselves when we think of how much of our aspirations, endeavors, and expectations remain an unrealizable fact, and how much of what we cherish and fondle leaves nothing more behind than a sad recollection! Is it not in the shadow of such reflections that we are wont to say, "Life is but a dream?"

What do we mean when we say "Life is a dream?" We mean by it that there is nothing reliable in this world. "Life is a dream" implies all that skepticism designates. It is the theory of double in a nutshell, the nullification of the skeptic philosophy. With most of us skepticism is a passing malady. It comes and goes. But when it becomes chronic we are poor indeed. The Bible recognizes the power and acuteness of skepticism and made provision against it. The Book of Job and that of Ecclesiastes are calculated to counteract evil, to which there is a proneness in human nature. The leading thought is in both the same—namely: "Fear of the Lord, that is wisdom"—that is, fear of, what is the same, faith in God, must be the supreme fact of our existence.

Skepticism, as a rule, finds an open door where worship of God is made subservient to our worldly purposes. People who uphold religion for the sake of obtaining valuable returns in this world will lose faith in God when their expectations do not blossom into actual gratification.

Quite different it is when we place religion and spirituality above our temporal interests. What if worldly treasures are at our command, and will cheerfully invite our fellow men to share with us more or less those benefits and advantages. And what if misfortunes and disappointments overshadow our path, we will soon rise above them and find comfort in the belief that in the management and economy of kind Providence all work for the accomplishment of a good end. Yes, indeed, let us appreciate fear of, what is the same, faith in God, as the supremacy of wisdom, and we are masters of conditions, and we remain firm and unembarrassed amidst all the varied scenes and experiences of our limited pilgrimage.

LIGHT BY EXPERIENCE ONLY.

A simple definition of light is, light is that agent by which objects are seen." Two things are necessary or sight—first, a reflector properly placed to receive the light that comes from the object. Light falls upon the userless eye of the blind man with no response. Second, light to come from the object to fall upon the eye. Without either of these there can be no sight. We see things in the light which falls upon them. The Norwegian painter sees his landscape in a greenish-blue atmosphere, the color-blind engineer dashes past the red light of danger because he sees but the white light. We see the truth through the glasses of our own experience. The dishonest man can believe none honest; the impure recognize no purity in carnage; the hypocrite hopes to divert attention from himself by called, "Stop thief!"

These men see not light, but darkness. "In thy light shall we see light." The member of the mob who thinks he sees light in the ephemeral public sentiment and rushes on to burn the negro and torture him with such pains

as would make the black's savage ancestors in darkest Africa turn pale to contemplate the man who under "union" fever thinks to break heads and destroy the life of his fellow man who wants to take the position which he has voluntarily surrendered—these men see light not in his light but in that abnormal public sentiment. Order is heaven's first law; violence is antagonistic to it. No two wrongs can ever make a right. Add as many as you may, they still produce a negative quantity.

Jesus Christ is the true light of the world. Buddha was the "light of Asia," but the same author called Jesus the "light of the world."

URGERS MEN TO BE LOYAL.

Inconsistency is one of the saddest things in life. We meet it on every hand. Broken pledges, ruptured friendships, unfulfilled obligations strewn the pathway of the ages. Lodges have been organized largely for the purpose of overcoming this weakness, and in so far as they have succeeded in doing so they are to be commended. The church that fails to emphasize the danger of inconsistency fails to do its full duty.

Steadfastness is the opposite quality, and it is one of the noblest characteristics of true manhood. When one can honestly say of another, "He is a true friend—he always stands by a fellow in adversity or prosperity," no higher compliment can be paid. God pity the man who is one thing to your face and another at your back! Heaven have mercy on the man who will smile upon you and vote you all right when everything is going well with you, and then turn to you the cold shoulder and give you an icy stare when things go wrong. No man should stand by another who is breaking a righteous law or living a life of sin. But every man should stand by his fellow man when he is trying to do right. If in the wrong, he should patiently point out to him the better way, and as tactfully as possible lead him into it. This is true service. This is Christianity.

Employers need more of the spirit which will move them to stand by their employes, and those who work for wages need more of the spirit which will move them to stand by the fellow who has given them their jobs and made it possible for them to keep the wolf from the door. There is no other right way to adjust the differences between capital and labor.

Every man should pray for deliverance from the inconstant, the vacillating, the double-minded, the two-faced; every man should be steadfast, not stubborn; immovable in whatever he knows to be right, not easily led astray from honor and integrity. Stand by the good, the beautiful, the true always, everywhere, and both God and man will stand by you.

RUSSIAN BABE AN CONQUEROR.

Who has wrought the greatest deeds of late in Russia or Japan? No Japanese admiral, though he sink the Russian fleet twice over; no Russian general, though he drive back the Japs from Port Arthur and hold Manchuria for the czar.

The greatest conqueror lies in the cradle. The birth of an infant son to the long-expected and oft-disappointed household of the Russian monarch has given to that nation a new birth. It has nerved the arm of every Russian soldier and put heart into the councilors of state. But this is a small thing. It has given to the exiles of Siberia rights long withheld; it has brought new hope to Finland; it has enlarged the liberties of the common people; it has opened the doors for reforms such as a revolution with bloodshed and conflagration could not have accomplished.

The power for the conquest of the world is not in its armament and its navies. These are the clumsy and ineffectual exponents of inferior force. The greatest forces and most potent are those that rule the human will and make it operative for righteousness.

Short Meter Sermons.

Paint does not make purity. Words are the windows of the soul. He cannot help who does not hope. Seek happiness, you find heartache. A little charity makes a lot of cheer. Cherishing malice is nurturing misery.

Every biography embraces all history.

The world needs righteousness more than riches.

Rhetoric is a fine embalming fluid for religion.

Failure may make a good foundation for success.

There is no work in anything that leads to waste.

The pictures we admire make our own portraits.

You cannot save wandering eyes with a field glass.

Religion is sure to have a queer taste to the man who only takes it once a week.