



Discontent.

The peacock heard the nightingale singing. "That seems easy to do," said the big bird. "I'll see if I can't sing as well as that."

At the dismal squawk that followed a moment later every living thing within hearing distance fled in terror. "Curses on my fatal gift of beauty!" exclaimed the peacock. "Why wasn't I made plain, like all the great musicians!"

Acting on the Hint.

"Mine is a fashionable congregation," whispered the young minister as they entered the pulpit, "and I hope you will not use any—er—vulgar or plebeian terms to-day."

"I'll try not to," replied the old fashioned preacher humbly.

And, turning to the assemblage, he stated: "My friends we will begin services by singing. 'I love to embezzle awhile away!'"

Took a Rise Out of Himself.

"He was in an angry passion."

"Yes?"

"He tried to poison himself, but mistook a cake of yeast for the poison."

"Yes?"

"And the yeast cake made his angry passions rise."

The Old Problem.

"How do you like housekeeping?" "Well," answered the recently married man, "it's only a partial success. The people who come to visit us are well enough pleased to stay a long time, but we can't get the servant girls to agree with them."—Washington Star.

Not Quite So Bad.

Irate Caller—Say, what do you mean by publishing the statement in yesterday's paper that I had eloped with a Cleveland girl?

Editor—Why, isn't the report true?

Irate Caller—I should say not. The lady in the case is a native of Columbus.

Quickly Concealed.

"My boy," said the benevolent parson, "I hope you do not hide your light under a bushel?"

"Light?" echoed the lad, who was learning to smoke in the barn. "Why, when I hear dad coming I hide the whole cigar under a bushel."

Voice of Experience.



"You have no idea, young man, how injurious tobacco is! Why, the effect of nicotine—"

"But you use snuff, sir, and that is tobacco."

"Well, how do you expect me to find out that it is injurious unless I try it?"—Heitere Welt.

An Impression.

"Do you think that music is of any practical benefit in life?"

"Well," answered Miss Cayenne, "judging from the photographs of eminent violinists, it must keep the hair from falling out."

Note—The following article has been widely published and is one of the most remarkable illustrations of the value of careful marshalling and analysis of facts in presenting a subject to the public.

LEVELERS.

The Mission of Whisky, Tobacco and Coffee.

The Creator made all things, we believe.

If so, He must have made these.

We know what He made food and water for, and air and sunshine, but why Whisky, Tobacco and Coffee?

They are here sure enough and each performing its work.

There must be some great plan behind it all; the thoughtful man seeks to understand something of that plan and thereby to judge these articles for their true worth.

Let us not say "bad" or "good" without taking testimony.

There are times and conditions when it certainly seems to the casual observer that these stimulant narcotics are real blessings.

Right there is the ambush that conceals a "killing" enemy.

One can slip into the habit of either whisky, tobacco or coffee easy enough, but to "untangle" is often a fearful struggle.

It seems plain that there are circumstances when the narcotic effect of these poisons is for the moment beneficial, but the fearful argument against them is that seldom ever does one find a steady user of either whisky, coffee or tobacco free from disease of some kind.

Certainly powerful elements in their effect on the human race.

It is a matter of daily history, testified to by literally millions of people, that Whisky, Tobacco and Coffee are smiling, promising, beguiling friends on the start, but always false as hell itself in the end. Once they get firm hold enough to show their strength, they insist upon governing and drive the victim steadily towards ill health in some form; if permitted to continue to rule, they will not let up until physical and mental ruin sets in.

A man under that spell (and "under the spell" is correct) of any one of these drugs frequently assures himself and his friends, "Why, I can leave off any time I want to. I did quit for a week just to show I could." It is a sure mark of the slave when one gets to that stage. He wiggled through a week, fighting every day to break the spell, was finally whipped, and began his slavery all over again.

The slave (Coffee slave as well as Tobacco and Whisky) daily reviews his condition, sees perfectly plain the steady encroachments of disease, how the nerves get weaker day by day and demand the drug that seems to smile and offer relief for a few minutes and then leave the diseased condition plainer to view than ever and growing worse. Many times the Coffee slave realizes that he is between two fires. He feels bad if he leaves off and a little worse if he drinks and allows the effect to wear off.

So it goes on from day to day. Every night the struggling victim promises himself that he will break the habit and next day when he feels a little bad (as he is quite sure to), breaks, not the habit, but his own resolution. It is nearly always a tough fight, with disaster ahead sure if the habit wins.

There have been hundreds of thousands of people driven to their graves through disease brought on by coffee drinking alone, and it is quite certain that more human misery is caused by coffee and tobacco than by whisky, for the two first are more widely used, and more hidden and insidious in the effect on nerves, heart and other vital organs, and are thus unsuspected until much of the dangerous work is done.

Now, Reader, what is your opinion as to the real use the Creator has for these things? Take a look at the question from this point of view.

There is a law of Nature and of Nature's God that things slowly evolve from lower planes to higher, a sturdy,

steady and dignified advance toward more perfect things in both the Physical and Spiritual world. The ponderous tread of evolutionary development is fixed by the Infinite and will not be quickened out of natural law by any of man's methods.

Therefore we see many illustrations showing how nature checks too rapid advance. Illinois raises phenomenal crops of corn for two or three years. If she continued to do so every year her farmers would advance in wealth far beyond those of other sections or countries. So Nature interposes a bar every three or four years and brings on a "bad year."

Here we see the leveling influence at work.

A man is prosperous in his business for a number of years and grows rich. Then Nature sets the "leveling influence" at work on him. Some of his investments lose, he becomes luxurious and lazy. Perhaps it is whisky, tobacco, coffee, women, gambling or some other form. The intent and purpose is to level him—keep him from evolving too far ahead of the masses.

A nation becomes prosperous and great like ancient Rome. If no leveling influence set in she would dominate the world perhaps for all time. But Dame Nature sets her army of "levelers" at work—luxury, overeating and drinking, licentiousness, waste and extravagance, indulgences of all kinds—then comes the wreck. Sure, Sure, Sure.

The law of the unit is the law of the mass. Man goes through the same process. Weakness (in childhood), gradual growth of strength, energy, thrift, probity, prosperity, wealth, comfort, ease, relaxation, self-indulgence, luxury, idleness, waste, debauchery, disease, and the wreck follows. The "levelers" are in the bushes along the pathway of every successful man and woman, and they bag the majority.

Only now and then can a man stand out against these "levelers" and hold his fortune, fame and health to the end.

So the Creator has use for Whisky, Tobacco and Coffee to level down the successful ones and those who show signs of being successful, and keep them back in the race, so that the great "field" (the masses) may not be left too far behind.

And yet we must admit that same all-wise Creator has placed it in the power of man to stand upright, clothed in the armor of a clean-cut, steady mind, and say unto himself, "I decline to exchange my birthright for a mess of pottage."

"I will not deaden my senses, weaken my grip on affairs and keep myself cheap, common and behind in fortune and fame by drugging with whisky, tobacco or coffee. Life is too short. It is hard enough to win the good things without any sort of handicap, so a man is certainly a 'fool trader' when he trades strength, health, money and the good things that come with power for the half-asleep condition of the 'druggier,' with the certainty of sickness and disease ahead."

It is a matter each individual must decide for himself. He can be a leader and semi-god if he will, or he can go along through life a drugged clown, a cheap "hewer of wood or carrier of water."

Certain it is that while the Great Father of us all does not seem to "mind" if some of his children are foolish and stupid, he seems to select others (perhaps those he intends for some special work) and allows them to be threshed and castigated most fearfully by these "levelers."

If a man tries flirting with these levelers a while, and gets a few slaps as a hint, he had better take the hint, or a good solid blow will follow.

When a man tries to live upright, clean, thrifty, sober and undrugged, manifesting as near as he knows what the Creator intends he should, happiness, health and peace seem to come to him. Does it pay?

This article was written to set people thinking, to rouse the "God within," for every highly-organized man and woman has times when they feel a something calling from within for

them to press to the front and "be about the Father's business." Don't mistake it; the spark of the Infinite is there and it pays in every way—health, happiness, peace and even worldly prosperity—to break out the habits and strip clean for the work cut out for us.

It has been the business of the writer to provide a practical and easy way for people to break away from the coffee habit and be assured of a return to health and all of the good things that brings, provided the abuse has not gone too far, and even then the cases where the body has been rebuilt on a basis of strength and health run into the thousands.

It is an easy and comfortable step to stop coffee instantly by having well-made Postum Food Coffee served rich and hot with good cream, for the color and flavor is there, but none of the caffeine or other nerve-destroying elements of ordinary coffee.

On the contrary, the most powerful rebuilding elements furnished by Nature are in Postum and they quickly set about repairing the damage. Seldom is it more than two days after the change is made before the old stomach or bowel troubles or complaints of kidneys, heart, head or nerves show unmistakable evidence of getting better, and ten days' time changes things wonderfully.

Literally millions of brain-working Americans to-day use Postum, having found the value and common sense in the change.

C. W. POST.

WHAT THE KING CANNOT DO.

Royal Prerogative in England Has Its Limitations.

It is a prevalent and popular notion that the power possessed by the monarch is absolute and almost without limitation, says the Hour Glass. This is a fallacy, as the following facts will attest. The privileges and powers relegated to royalty are manifold and peculiar, but there are certain things that a king may not do.

While it is quite within the province of the royal prerogative to dispose of the entire army or navy and also to declare war without consulting anybody, yet our king could not utilize a penny of the public funds without permission from parliament. However excellent and beneficent his motive may be for so doing, the king is debarred from communicating with any of his loyal subjects and the same limitation prohibits him from accepting gifts from any of his people except in cases where the offerings are presented through the medium of an officer of the state or an intimate friend of his majesty. After an individual has been elected by his constituents to take his seat in the British senate at Westminster it is not in the power of the king himself to prevent the member from occupying his place in that august assembly.

Of his own royal prerogative King Edward possesses full power to pardon a murderer, even after he has been found guilty and sentenced to death by the representatives of the law. Yet, by a curious statute of one of the Georges, the king is prevented from exhibiting mercy or grace to a willful sabbath-breaker. To render every new law absolute and irrevocable the royal autograph must be invariably attached thereto, nor is his majesty ever permitted to perform his duty by proxy. Even the salaries of the king's servants are fixed by state and he cannot raise the salary of his own butler except by permission or out of his own private purse. That the king can do no wrong is obviously the view taken by his counselors, for by the laws that hedge the throne no person can take action against his majesty and he cannot be arrested by the emissaries of the law on any pretext whatever.

This One of the Years.

Johnny—Pa, when was the year of the big wind?

Father—Any year when there was an election.