

TRY TO BE HAPPY

AT LEAST ONE MAY ATTEMPT TO CULTIVATE CHEERFULNESS.

According to Philosophers, the Possession of a Joyous Disposition is Worth More Than an Annuity of Generous Proportion.

Pleasantly entertaining the auditors in Judge Cabanier's court the other day, the attorney for Mrs. Charles Wesley Reed spoke some eloquent words on the philosophy of cheerfulness. "A cheerful nature," he said, "like a Claude Lorraine glass, brings all objects with sunlight." And he quoted with approval Hume's remark that it is better to be born with a cheerful disposition than with an income of ten thousand pounds.

Lifting the attorney's relations from their environment of personal application to Mr. Reed, there is much to be commended in what the lawyer said, declares the San Francisco Chronicle. Cheerfulness is, indeed, greatly to be desired in the world, though whether a cheerful nature is necessarily a more valuable possession than ten thousand pounds a year may be open to some argument. It is possible, for instance, that ten thousand pounds a year might of itself procure at least a type of cheerfulness.

But of the general usefulness of being happy there can be no two opinions. The man who sings at his work, whatever his occupation, can do more in the same time and do it better than the one who follows his pursuit in silent sullenness. Efforts to be permanently useful must be uniformly joyous, for what the sunshine is to the flowers smiles are to humanity.

It is possible, of course, to be too enthusiastic over the importance of cheerfulness. To confront every situation with a cheerful grin is neither humanly possible nor would it tend to effectiveness of action. Always to look at the silver lining which is supposed to border every cloud, and not observe the cloud itself, is also likely at times to be a mistaken policy. But the habit of seeing the best side of every event, while giving a certain necessary attention to the other side, is one which is very well worth the while of every person to cultivate.

There is a difference between being cheerful and being truthful. The latter condition should be accidental, arising naturally out of the occasion, and the occasion seldom be laid for it. Cheerfulness, on the other hand, is something which, being a habit of mind, can be made continuous. It is as natural to the heart of a man in strong health as color to his cheek, and where it is lacking, unless temperamental infirmities be the cause, there must be ill-health, excessively severe labor, or erring habits of life.

Carlisle, although he did not succeed in making Mrs. Carlisle very cheerful, recognized to the full the value of cheerfulness, and at least in his writings did much to impress its importance upon people. "There is no greater everyday virtue than cheerfulness," he wrote in one of his works. "This quality in man among men is like sunshine to the day, or gentle warming moisture in parched herbs. The light of a cheerful face diffuses itself and communicates the happy spirit that inspires it. The sweetest temper must sweeten in the atmosphere of continuous good humor."

The person who has a cheerful nature is in possession of a very valuable asset in life, and, fortunately, it is a disposition which can be cultivated and does not depend, except in a minor way, upon inherited traits. It is a positive duty to be cheerful where possible, and the occasions when it is not possible are only those exceptional ones when all rules seem to fail. To brood over hopes unrealized or to fear calamities to come is only to fasten a chain on our thoughts which makes for inefficiency and renders success improbable.

The cheerful live longest in years and accomplish more for every year than they live. Simply as a selfish propensity it is abundantly worth cultivating, for it is a form of riches, and riches are what most of us want.

German Antennae. The egg cups imported into India, at one time all came from Great Britain. The India eggs are, however, very small, and the egg cups did not fit. A German traveler noticed this smallness and got his firm to make smaller egg cups and export them there. All the trade is now in German hands.

In Africa the scissors imported from Sheffield were found to be rather dangerous weapons to place in the hands of the natives, owing to their sharp points. The Solingen Steel works sent a lot of round-pointed scissors out, which found favor, and now Germany has captured the whole market.—From "Germany of the Germans."

College Student to Wed. Miss Bertha Robinson, of Cambridge, Mass., is to be the first married undergraduate at Wellesley college. Miss Robinson, who is in her junior year, has just announced her engagement to Arthur W. McLean, a Boston lawyer. President Hazard and Dean Pendleton, of Wellesley, have granted her a leave of absence to prepare for her coming marriage, with the understanding that she shall be allowed to return next September as a member of the senior class and obtain her degree the following June.

MAKE HOMES IN TREE STUMPS

Firs of the Pacific Northwest Are Put to Many Uses After They Are Cut Down.

The fine firs of the Pacific northwest are so colossal that after the trees are bowed down the stumps are used for children's playgrounds, houses for families to live in or for dancing platforms. To make a stump house the material from the stump is removed, leaving only enough to form walls of suitable thickness. A roof of boards or shingles is put over the top of the stump, holes are cut for windows and doors and a family of five can and often does make it their dwelling. The stump houses are sometimes used by settlers until they can build larger and more convenient homes.

After the stump home has been vacated it is turned into a stable for the horses or sometimes in an enclosure for chickens or hogs. Next to the big trees of California, the fir or sequoia of Washington and Oregon has the largest diameter. As they decay rapidly the hollowing out is easy. Sometimes they are used for dance platforms, some of them accommodating as many as four couples.

Another custom is to turn the big stumps into playgrounds for the children. The children reach the top by pieces of wood nailed against the sides or by ladders. A beautiful use of the large stumps is making them into flower beds covered over with trailing vines.

STORY PURPOSELY MADE LONG

Teller Wore Out Patience of Listeners, but He Accomplished His Object.

On one of the rivers in China a passenger boat had just started when a man came running up and called out, "Stop, stop! and take me on board." "You are too late," replied the boatman. "If you will let me come I will tell you a tale," the man called out.

Now everybody likes to hear a story, and so the passengers persuaded the captain to take the man on board, and he began: "Once upon a time a famous general led an army to the south to fight an enemy. On their way they came to a river which they had to cross. They were only able to build a very narrow bridge, so that they had to cross over one by one. Tramp, tramp, tramp; one after the other—tramp, tramp."

The man kept on saying, "Tramp, tramp, tramp" for some time until the people grew tired of it. At last one said: "Yes, but go on with the story." "You must let them cross the river," the man replied. "One after the other—tramp, tramp, tramp." Presently the people stopped him again and asked him to miss all that part of the story, but the man replied, "They cannot cross the bridge in a short time; they must go slowly and carefully; one after the other, tramp, tramp, tramp," and so the man kept on and would say nothing else.

At last the boat reached the end of its journey and the story was never finished. Use for Electric Road. The young son of a New York doctor has the entire second floor of the house fitted up as a playground. In the middle of the room he has a large pool in which half a dozen frogs swim all day, and in another corner of the room he has a small tree planted in earth brought in for that purpose.

Runsing between the pool and the tree the boy has a miniature electric railroad, much larger than the average toy railroad. Friends of the boy's father who view the room are surprised to see such a funny combination of playthings. The other day one of the father's friends asked the boy what the electric railroad was used for.

"That railroad," replied the boy, "is used to ride the frogs from the pool to the tree every day so they can get the air."

Why He Wanted a Dog License. A young man, flushed of face, carrying a Chihuahua dog, rushed hurriedly into the state courts building the other day and asked excitedly for the dog license bureau. "You're in the wrong house," a policeman advised him; "you'll have to go up town to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for that." "Wow," exclaimed the young man, as if in pain. Then he confided his story to the "cop."

"You see," he said, "I just bought this 'mutt' for the girl I'm going to marry. Then we went over to the city hall to get our marriage license. When we got there she chased me out to get a license for this hairless brute. She's waiting for me now," he added, "but I guess it's no dog license, no marriage license, and the troubled youth bolted for the subway and the animal headquarters at Twenty-sixth street."—New York Tribune.

Worrying Worker. O, those worrying workers, how they take all the zest out of what should prove their greatest blessing by their forebodings. They will get more out of life if they take to heart these words of Beecher: "It is not work that kills men; it is worry. Work is healthy; you can hardly put more upon a man than he can bear. Worry is rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery but the friction." Blesson this to hang framed above your desks, you dependant ones.

SURPRISE FOR THE BARBER

Wielder of Razor Had No Idea How Many Strokes of Implement Were Necessary.

The barber was just about to lean over and ask the customer in a low whisper if he didn't want a facial "massage." But the customer forestalled him by looking up suddenly and asking a question himself. "How many strokes of the razor are required in shaving the average man—or, rather, how many strokes do you make in shaving me, for instance?" "O, I dunno," replied the barber. "Never thought of it."

"But you must have some rough idea. You've been in the business a good many years, I take it." "Yes, about nine years." "Well, how many strokes do you think it takes?" "O, mebbe 150—or 175; not more'n that." "You're wrong," laughed the customer. "Some time ago I fell into the habit of counting the razor strokes when I'm being shaved, just as a means of resting my mind; you can't think about your business when you're counting the short, quick strokes of a razor. So I've got to be something of an authority on the subject. Counting it as a stroke every time the razor is moved forward and drawn back again, it takes between 600 and 700 strokes as a rule—that is on my face it does—my beard's pretty tough. Of course, when I shave myself with a safety razor it doesn't take anything like as many because you can cover more facial territory at a single stroke. I have been shaved in a barber chair with as few as 500 strokes, but as a rule it is nearer 700. Kind of surprises you, doesn't it?" "It sure does," says the barber.

REMOVED STAIN FROM NAMES

Titles Bestowed in Derision Made Honorable Through Deeds of Distinction.

When in 1586 the count of Barlastmont characterized the league of Flemish nobles arrayed against his Spanish sovereign as "a band of beggars" the league, until then without a name, enthusiastically adopted the one the haughty servant of Spain had given them and called themselves the "League des Gueux." They made the name a badge of honor for all time. In a similar spirit the French and American soldiers in Rhode Island during the war of the Revolution christened themselves the "sans-culottes" at a feast they gave where potatoes and similar viands constituted the menu, with the distilled juice of the corn, and any man considered himself disgraced if he appeared with a whole pair of breeches. This name, originating in this country, was transferred to France, where it was applied as a term of reproach by the aristocrats to the revolutionists of 1789. That the revolutionists did not so regard it is indicated by the fact that in the new calendar they adopted, beginning with September 22, 1792, they applied the term "sans-culottes" to the five (or six) supplementary days placed at the end of the last month to complete the year, each of the 13 months having 30 days. These examples from history show how names given in dishonor can be redeemed in honor, a reflection in which those who think they are misnamed may find consolation.—Army and Navy Journal.

Helping Out the Gun. Godebuch, in the Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, in celebration of the birth of the grand ducal heir decided to fire the regulation salute of 101 guns. An ancient cannon was hauled out for the purpose, and the firing began. Unfortunately the powder ran short after the ninety-third shot and there was no means of obtaining any more in the town. The burgomaster was in despair, especially as 93 shots indicated that the grand ducal baby was a girl. At this moment the municipal bandmaster came forward with a luminous proposal, which was eagerly accepted. He dispatched his big drum major to the market place, where he struck eight powerful strokes on his instruments to make up the 101 shots, and thus the situation was saved.

Winter Home of Deer. The winter home of the American red deer is very interesting. When the snow begins to fly the leader of the herd guides them to some sheltered spot where provender is plentiful. Here as the snow falls they seek it down, tramping out a considerable space, while about them the snow mounts higher and higher until they cannot get out if they would. From the main opening, or "yard," as it is called, tramped out paths lead to the nearby trees and shrubbery which supply them with food. In this way they manage to pass the winter in comparative peace and safety.—St. Nicholas.

An Experienced Water. At the first meal on board the ocean liner Smythe was beginning to feel like casting his bread upon the waters. His friends had told him that when he began to feel that way he should stuff himself. He tackled a cutter first, but it didn't taste right. He observed to the waiter, "Waiter, this cutter isn't very good." The waiter looked at Smythe's whitening face, then replied: "Yes, sir; but for the length of time you'll 'ave h't, sir, h't won't matter h't."—Lippincott's.

TO LIVE A LITTLE LONGER

Ever the Elusive Hope of Humanity, From Which It Seems It Can Not Be Separated.

The fountain of youth is the dream of the young. At thirty the springtime of life is all but gone. Lines come upon the face, scored by cares man has not yet the wisdom to throw off; the girl becomes matter of consideration, the feet begin to lag, the stairs grow long. Then comes the regret for the quick years. It cannot have been a mere dream which came to Ponce de Leon in Porto Rico and lured him to Florida in search of the magical island of Bimini and the fabled whose waters gave youth forever to the hardy voyager.

No longer do we seek immortality in remote geography. No longer do we look to the philosopher to give us length of years. We have had revealed to us the uselessness and the iniquity of the colon, all too late to risk its excision. We have been informed that we do not really grow old; we yield to arterio-sclerosis. Still we have the hope that aging humanity has always had. The years of a man are the years of his colon and his aorta.

Now comes from Paris our latest hope for the years declining. Modestly, Dr. Doyen, the discoverer, announces no absolute elixir vitae. He thinks only that he is nearer finding it than any one before him. The tale comes to us in the newer jargon, unknown and magnificent. It is mycolaine which is to prolong our years to a considerable extent. It is to dissolve germs which in their activity might wreck us; it is to give new strength to the phagocytes which are the devourers of our inner life. In a barbarous phrase it is to decapitate, to multiply by ten, the power of our resisting agents.

INSTINCT OF THE REALIST

Writer Wanted Game Played to the Limit, Without Departure From Priorities.

A story about Robert Louis Stevenson not generally known is told by Mrs. Stevenson's grandson, Austin Strong. When Mr. Strong was a little chap Mr. Stevenson liked to sit propped up in bed to watch him at play in the next room. And often it happened that the bigger boy of the two would make suggestions for the make-believe games and insist that they be carried on, too. One day Austin has arranged some chairs in a row, playing that they were ships, and he standing on the front was the captain. For a long time he proudly walked the deck of his vessel, encountered pirates and weathered all kinds of storms until he felt the floor positively heave under his feet. Mr. Stevenson looked on in perfect silence, but complete absorption, no doubt playing the whole thing much the harder of the two. Finally Austin got tired of his vessel, climbed off his chair and began walking across the room to some object which had attracted his interest. This was too much for his uncle. Still deep in the game, Mr. Stevenson rose in his sick bed and shouted excitedly at the recalcitrant sea captain: "Swim, d— you; swim!"

Giant Among Bibles. There is in the Royal Library at Stockholm, among other curiosities, a manuscript work known as the Giant Bible, on account of its extraordinary dimensions. It measures 90 centimeters in length and is 50 centimeters in breadth—that is, about 25 inches by 19 inches. It requires three men to lift it. There are 200 pages, but seven have been lost. The parchment of which the book is composed required the skins of 180 asses. There are two columns on each page, and the book contains the Old and New Testaments, with extracts from "Josephus." The initial letters are illuminated. The binding is of oak, four and one-half centimeters in thickness. The book narrowly escaped destruction in 1694 fire in the Royal palace of Stockholm in 1697. It was saved, but somewhat damaged, by being thrown out of a window.

Green Snow. The familiar red snow of Alpine and Arctic regions is well known to be due to the growth in it of a minute one-celled species of alga. In the Bulletin of the Botanical Society of Geneva, R. Chodat describes a new species of alga which grows in snow and colors it green. The specimen was collected by Viret in a depression between the Agulilles du Chardonnet and the Grand Mulets, at the edge of the Argentine Glacier. The patch of green snow was some 27 yards long by 1 broad, the color being a dirty green. The new species has been named raphidium viret, after its discoverer.

Big Job. Citizen—Yes, the city is going to spend \$3,000,000 in improving our parks. Stranger—Indeed! What is the scheme? Citizen—We are going to remodel them to look like the souvenir postals of them.—Puck.

SHOWS BENEFITS OF YAWNING

Has Great Value in Diseases of the Throat—Strengthens Respiratory Muscles.

Dr. Emil Bunzl of Vienna, in speaking of diseases of the throat and remedies, said that yawning had its great value. Yawning has recently been recommended independently as a valuable exercise for the respiratory organs.

"According to Dr. Naegli, of the University of Luetlich," said Dr. Bunzl, "yawning brings all the respiratory muscles of the chest and throat into action and is, therefore, the best and most natural means of strengthening them. He advises everybody to yawn as deeply as possible, with arms outstretched, in order to change completely the air in the lungs and stimulate respiration. In many cases he has found the practise to relieve the difficulty in swallowing and disturbance of the sense of hearing that accompany catarrh of the throat. The patient is induced to yawn through suggestion, imitation of a preliminary exercise in deep breathing.

"Each treatment consists of from six to eight yawns, each followed by the operation of swallowing. It should be added, however, that it is quite possible for deep breathing to be overdone, particularly by persons with weak hearts and it is at least open to question whether the obstacles to free respiration, which the yawning cure is alleged to remove, are not useful in preventing the entrance of germs and other foreign bodies."

REAL NECESSITY OF THE AGE

Misguided People Who Would Abolish Poverty Herein Shown the Error of Their Ways.

Forgive those who would abolish poverty, for they know not what they do. To abolish poverty would hurt business immeasurably. There are a great many people who get their livelihood by dispensing charity. If poverty were abolished, they would have to join the army of the unemployed. Furthermore, all the technical knowledge of how to assist a pauper without pauperizing him would be wasted.

Then there is another end to it. When a man gets rich he invariably has two tasks before him. First, to build and try to inhabit a larger house than any other man ever built and tried to inhabit, and, second, to engage in some unique and picturesque charitable enterprise. A reporter, serving up a modern quick lunch biography of rich magnates, would be entirely at sea if he could not catalogue the beneficent activities of the said magnates.

What would a poor rich man's life be worth if he could not give a little of his too much in order that he might pass down into the files of history as one who loved the poor, one who loved the poor so much that he got immensely rich and thus set them a shining example, besides offering them generous hand-outs?

Without poverty, no charity, and the three graces would become a dust. Hinc illae lachrymae.—New York Times.

The Language of Paradise. Every language has its admirer; in "Leslie" the author, Owen Meredith, maintained that when he heard French spoken as he approved he "found himself entirely falling in love." Edward Hutton is another instance of this linguistic fascination. In stating his preference in his enchanting "Cities of Spain," he recalls an interesting medieval legend. He says: "And as I listened to the splendid syllables of the Castilian tongue that rang eloquently through the twilight I remembered the saying of that old Spanish doctor of whom James Howell tells us in his 'Instructions for Foraine Travell' in 1622, that Spanish, Italian and French, these three daughters of the Latin language, were spoken in Paradise; that God Almighty created the world in Spanish, the tempter persuaded Eve in Italian and Adam begged pardon in French."—Youth's Companion.

Worth Remembering. Many a man, like the ancient Persian, Ali Hafid, who wishing to be rich and place his children on thrones through the influence of wealth, has searched in vain north, south, east and west, when there were acres of diamonds on the old farm, found there by the observant man, who dug in his own garden. Your fortune is in the shop where you work, in the store where you wait, in the house where you sit, or on the farm where you cultivate the soil. Your riches are within your present reach. There are riches in every rubbish heap. Only the unmodified, conservative, visionless traditionalist no more progress is possible. You cannot do better anywhere than just where you are. What you need, others need.

Artist and His Work. The great artists, like the great heroes, have always done whatever came to hand. Michelangelo grumbled and said he was a sculptor when Julius II. set him to paint, but he painted the roof of the Sistine chapel. Shakespeare shined at the popularity of the fool in the drama of his time, and then produced the fool in "Lear." If either of them had waited for perfect conditions and an inspiration untrammelled by circumstance he would have done nothing. They produced masterpieces because they made the best of things as they were. And this is the business of the artist in life.

WERE ONCE ASIATICS

California Professor Thinks Come from Across Pacific.

Claims Dialects and Records Throw New Light on Ethnological Problem—One Tribe Related to Famous Aztecs.

Berkeley, Cal.—Confronted with the problem of aboriginal languages of the California Indians so highly developed that it must have taken thousands of years to work out their evolution, Prof. A. L. Kroeber of the anthropological department of the University of California has suggested the theory that the tribes must be related in some way to the Asiatic peoples across the Pacific. This theory, he believes, is borne out by certain peculiar resemblances, and is associated with the discovery that at least one tribe in the neighborhood of Los Angeles, is intimately related to the famous Aztecs of old Mexico. The theory is of the greatest importance in the study of ethnology, new facts and theories in this branch of science being eagerly awaited by savants in this country and in Europe.

The question of migration and distribution of the great races is intimately bound up with the problem. As yet there is not sufficient data to advance it in anything more than a tentative form, but the members of the department of anthropology in the university are working hard to bring out all the facts.

Written records of 92 different Indian languages and dialects have been secured by members of the department, many of them being supplemented by phonographic records. The total number of distinct aboriginal idioms in California is now estimated to have been 125. Few Indians are still found who speak a language that has not been previously noted. Such a new dialect was only this month reported by Prof. A. L. Kroeber from the Sacramento valley.

The numerous languages fall in about twenty groups, known as families or stocks. All the dialects within one group show a certain similarity, but there is no resemblance whatever between one group and another. Owing to the absence of historical records for more than a very short period, the similarities and differences between the various languages furnish the best means of classifying their relationships and origins. In this way it has been ascertained that certain tribes of Humboldt and Mendocino counties have sprung from the same source as the Indians of Alaska and the Apache. The Indians that formerly inhabited Los Angeles county are relatives of the famous Aztecs of Mexico. The majority of the California Indians have no relatives outside of the state, so that they are thought to have either originated in the state or to have sprung from ancestors that lived there many thousands of years ago.

MAN WAS POOR BUT HONEST

Stranger in Kansas City, Out of Work, Returns \$78 He Stole Out of Mattress.

Kansas City, Mo.—Mrs. G. M. Myers, 633 Armour boulevard, always has a dread of sneak thieves. For this reason she rarely hired strange men to work about the house. When Mrs. Myers planned her fall house cleaning she was compelled to go to one of the local charitable institutions to get help. The next morning a laborer, giving the name of Harry Clark, was sent to do the work. Before the man arrived Mrs. Myers locked up her silverware and other valuables. She had \$78 in bills. These were hidden in a mattress in her bedroom. Clark took apart the beds and dragged out the mattress in her bedroom. Clark took was surprised to see a roll of greenbacks fall to the ground. "Excuse me, madam, but I found this money in one of the mattresses," the man said, extending the roll of bills in one hand. Mrs. Myers counted the bills and found there was not a dollar missing. "This experience," she said afterward, "convinced me that poor men out of work are as honest as any others."

RAILROAD IS GOOD FARMER

Converts Its Waste Land into Scientific Agricultural Stations and Wine Presses.

New York.—Officials of western railroads are interested in the success of the Long Island railroad as a farmer. That corporation's experiment may be repeated extensively on waste lands along great systems throughout the country.

After five years of work on 87 acres of waste land purchased by the Long Island road the two experimental farms have received 24 first, 23 second and six third prizes at the New York fair.

By placing graduates of western agricultural colleges in charge of the work the railroad demonstrated that scientific methods can convert waste lands into profitable farms.

Army Pageant in 1910. London.—Scores of celebrated British battles and episodes in the history of British regiments will be shown at an army pageant to be organized by F. R. Benson about the end of June, 1910.