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Speaker Champ Clark has put an end to the mention of his name for a place in the Wilson cabinet. He says: "Even were such a position offered me I would prefer to remain where I am."

A. Mitchell, a general merchant near Bagdad, Ky., writes us: "I think Foley Kidney Pills one of the greatest kidney medicines there is. My daughter was in terrible shape with kidney trouble and I got her to take it. She is completely cured now. I think it one of the greatest medicines made." For sale by all Druggists.

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Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE

A FALSE JUDGMENT.

"He is an old tightwad." I overheard that much and afterward this further arrangement:

"I tell you he is the stingiest man in town. He insists on the last red cent that is coming to him. He is as close as the bark on a tree, and it is well known he gives away nothing in a worthy cause."

Severe? But only half true. I know the man referred to. He is close in his dealings and insists upon payment of what is due him, but he is prompt in the payment of what he owes, meeting his bills when due. He is honest, and his credit is good, which cannot always be said of some who have the reputation for generosity.

And there is another phase of the matter.

This man who is held to be close-fisted has a large family. Though fairly prosperous, he needs all his money. He slaves and saves, not for himself, but for his family. He would prefer a reputation for generosity giving, but because of those dependent upon him he must drive hard bargains and insist upon prompt payment.

More than that—

One of his children is a life cripple. Another is incapable of making his way in the world. And also he is educating an orphan child.

Those who called this man a "tightwad" did not know the facts. Stupid!

On the contrary, my friend lavishes all his strength and tenderness and money on those who need his aid and greatest care. Without regret he gives himself to severe labors and close calculation for their sakes. He is not a demonstrative man, but his intimate friends know his big heart always yearns over his helpless ones. Stern and cold?

Possibly. He is not of the sort to wear his heart on his sleeve. For years he has buffeted the waves of crushing trouble and many sorrows. Maybe his view of things is wrong, but he feels no doubt, that he must fight a world that little knows or cares for him or his. While they say of him that he is hard and unfeeling, in reality he is as tender as a child.

You see—

Exteriors are deceptive. You cannot tell by looking at a man what may be his thorn in the flesh.

Therefore—

"Judge not that ye be not judged."

THE WALK TO THE WINDOW.

If your world needs you it will find you.

It will hunt you up and come to your door and knock.

Or you go to business at a window, as does A. B. Clark of Mount Sterling, Ill., it will find its way to your window.

It is a much frequented walk, that walk to Mr. Clark's window. He has a front door to his house with a cement walk leading there. And he has another walk, but narrower, that runs diagonally to the corner of his house and thence to a window.

Right under this window the narrow walk gets larger. It affords standing room for two or three men.

And Mr. Clark's world comes to his window. Almost there is a procession, and when you stand near the window you can see that Mr. Clark is reclining on his bed.

This is why:

Twenty-five years ago the lower half of his body was paralyzed. To all appearance that was the knockout blow for Mr. Clark, for he was a farmer and stockman.

Nevertheless—

Instead of this affliction ending his career it was rather the beginning of greater activity and prosperity and usefulness.

He used the window and the walk to the window.

Usually Mr. Clark feeds about 500 cattle every winter. He never sees one of them, but he sees and knows the men who do. Lying on his bed and using his brains—and other men—he has been unusually successful.

Moreover—

He is acutely interested in the world's affairs and in the affairs of his neighborhood. He is a devoted member and supporter of his church. On Sunday a telephone catches for his eager ear every word of sermon and of song that enters into the worship of the day.

But, best of all—

He is content and confident of the men and women and children who at all hours of the day come over the walk to his window for counsel and encouragement. Seldom do they go away unhelped.

There is the picture: With hearty, smiling face inside his window, where the walk enlarges and ends, lies the patient man who gives hope and cheer. His world needs and finds him.

THE OLD HORSE.

Old Bill is no beauty.

He is knocked as you can see where he stands there, obedient to your will. Fifteen years ago his legs were as trim as a young thoroughbred. They have sagged in your service. With gride in his going quality, you drove him half over hard roads. You let him stand at a hitching post while you daffled. Stamping in summer at the flies and in winter to keep his blood in circulation, pounded over pavements—what wonder he is knocked?

His old head droops.

Once he had a lordly neck, "clothed with thunder." You used the over-check, causing a painful tension of the flexor muscles of the neck, hindering free respiration and circulation and causing quick fatigue. He can't hold up his head very long.

Bunches of gray hair on his neck. Saddle galls made by your hard riding in his willingness to go your gait. When you hurried for the doctor or rode to catch up with the other fel-

lows, you forgot about the blanket under the saddle.

Sweated also.

You did that. The collar of a set of harness did not fit Bill's shoulders, and the harness of the plowing set were not properly adjusted. Sometimes when the season was dry and dusty Bill's shoulders were galled and sore. But he never complained.

His eyes are bad.

You see, his normal vision, as of all horses, is more toward the rearward, but you reined his head up, causing eye strain. And then sometimes the harness had blinders and sometimes it had none. Dust and lack of sunshade helped. And when Bill got a cinder or dirt in his eye he never spoke about it, and you failed to notice the fact. You see the animal simply couldn't wipe his eyes.

Blindness?

Plenty. Note the bumps and scars on old Bill's legs. There was a time when he interfered and you did not have him properly shod. In winter he would be shod with a small shoe, and with barbed wire. On account of his high ribs he sometimes stumbled on the hard road and bruised his legs.

Some good in him yet?

Sure. You haven't quite killed him. Sometimes when his digestion is good and there is a level stretch of road he can go some. It is pathetic to note, though, how quickly he is played out.

As he stands there, so you have made him. And in spite of your abuse he loves you and whinnies on your approach.

Take good care of old Bill!

Else, sometime or somewhere, it may go hard with you.

WHERE DO YOU LIVE?

Asked that question, you would give the name of the town in which or near which you reside.

But that is not where you live. That is merely the place where you are staying. You live in a world apart from your daily abode. For instance:

Some live in a world of leisure.

They live a lounging sort of existence, loitering through the hours, taking the line of least resistance, choosing the things that make for luxury and ease. Caring only for themselves, dodging all hardships, they seek the pampered way.

Others live in a world of action.

They are restless, unquiet, agitated. Roving in spirit, ambitious of doing. They are incessant, brisk, lively. They go the pace.

Some live in a world of dissipation.

These walk daily the primrose path of dalliance. They cry: "Let us chase the winged butterfly of pleasure! Watch the dryads dance! Listen to the patter of the fountain! Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die!"

Some live in a world of thought.

The mind to them a kingdom is. Pitying like those who daily and those who riot, theirs is the world of intellect. In that world they live, move and have their being. They are the rare people who are good company for themselves.

Others live in a world of feeling.

Though easily moved, they are slow of action, enjoying the mere exercise of their emotions. They are quite ready to laugh with those who laugh and mourn with those who mourn, but slow to dry the mourner's tear. Having keen sensibilities, each new sensation gives them delight.

Some live in a world of service.

They ask nothing better than the chance to aid their fellows, and they give to that service the best-themselves. Kindness and good will, charity and helpfulness distinguish their lives.

Others live in a world of sacrifice.

These are they who find their high joy, their deepest sense of living, in the elimination of self. Rare spirits are they who have learned that "the way of the cross leads home."

And there are few other worlds than these.

In which of them do you live? How does it suit you?

Have you ever discussed with your self the possibility of moving out of the world in which you live into one that will suit you better?

THE BLIND WHO SEE.

General William Booth, head of the Salvation Army, is declared by his physicians to be "hopelessly blind."

General Booth has merely lost his eyesight. He is not hopelessly blind. What do I mean? This:

Few of us are able with our natural eyes to see things in their full proportion. Occultists tell us we can see not more than 50 per cent of the objects which we look.

But—

We can see farther and more with our minds than with our eyes! With our eyes we may see one side of a thing while with our "mind's eye" we may see many sides.

With our mental vision or spiritual sight when we are at our best we see things as they are, because the spiritual vision is strong. And it is never hopeless.

Think, then, of what this old man can see in his so-called blindness.

During his almost ninety years he has looked upon the spectacle of a world in need. He has not cared to see material things such as houses and works of art. He has gone to the tents of the wretched to see suffering.

Where others' eyes have looked upon the homes of vice and woe and want and were turned away, shocked and appalled by that which they have seen, the eyes of William Booth have been turned in keener sympathy.

And thus seeing, he has not turned away, save it may be to find some way by which the suffering might be relieved, the wayward saved and the hopeless redeemed.

And this vision of a world of sin and suffering he still can help.

And seeing, he can help.

Hopelessly blind?

Why, this good old seer is one of the few living men who can see things as they are and as they ought to be.

What a vision must come to the grand old man—a vision of men and women fallen low, a vision of ministering spirits whom he has sent to help these fallen ones to arise, a vision from the spiritual hills whence all his marvelous strength has come!

Blind? He can see both earth and paradise.

Why, he can see both earth and paradise.

DIXIE.

Once more an act is being made to change the words of the song "Dixie."

It is said the words are awkward. Possibly. And yet—

The words, such as they are, are married to the tune—inextricably wedded. What tradition and a reverent spirit each John together no man should part asunder.

It is proposed, for instance, to change the old words about "cinnamon seed and sandy bottom" to the following:

Oh, Dixie land is the land of glory. The land of cherished song and story.

"Which words may be good enough in their place, but they never will be permanently fitted to Dixie. The native flavor of the southland is in the homey 'cinnamon seed and sandy bottom.'"

What a lot of "go" there is in the tune!

It is almost as popular in the north as in the south. You cannot wait for a lifeless American audience quicker than to start the band on those staccato notes. There is none other that will so bring men and women to their feet with beating pulses and flushed faces.

Let Dixie grow.

Let those who are just one-breathed these "backyard" tunes. Enshrouded in sacred recollection, to change them almost would amount to an insult to the dead.

This is to change or substitute new words for our national songs breaks our periodical. Not long ago it was "The Star Spangled Banner" that was to be reformed in this particular.

That failed because it deserved to fail. The words of that verse are fighting words, and they flamed up hot and patriotic from the soul of Francis Scott Key.

Let the old songs be.

Who would ask to change the choppy phrase of the "Marseillaise" dashed off in the fever of revolution? The words forever belong to the wild music. And the slow cadences of "The Watch on the Rhine" are no dearer to every lover of the fatherland than are the stanzas that fit it.

Let Dixie alone.

Because you cannot change the body of it without changing its immortal soul.

A Weaver's Apprentice.

A certain Dean Tucker was one day strolling through a village either in Gloucestershire or Somersetshire when he was presently entering the shop of a poor weaver. Lying there he saw an old Greek Testament, dirty and well thumbed.

"How comes this here? Who reads this book?" asked the dealer.

"Sir," said the weaver, "my son is always poring over books of that kind."

"What a waste of time!" said the dealer. "He had better be at school."

"No, sir," said the weaver, "my son is a good scholar, but he is a good Christian too. He has read the Bible through twice, and he is a good Christian."

"That is well," said the dealer, "but what is the use of that?"

"The use of it, sir, is to make a man a good Christian."

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