

DO NOT UNDERVALUE YOURSELF

The world takes us at our own valuation, as a rule, and unless we are deluded by an exaggerated self-esteem it will accept us on our own estimate. Do not be afraid to voice your own value, providing you can "make good" on any promises or statements you make.

The biggest, the most irremediable mistake made by women, or men, for the matter of fact, is the one of assuming a false modesty regarding their work. Underestimation of the work of others is the natural tendency of mankind.

If you can bake a delicious cake, say so, and back up the declaration with the cake. If you are an expert typewriter, tell your prospective employer about it. Do not hide behind a non-committal, "I think I can please you."

Send two women out to sell copies of the same book. The one with the faculty for holding up the good points of the volume, telling the interest of the story, the excellence of the binding, the profit to be derived from reading it, will return with empty hands and a full pocketbook, while the "I think" woman will come dragging in herself and the books; yet the intrinsic value of the books were identical.

THE FEVERISH HAND.

It was a Monday morning, and a rainy one at that. "Mother" was busy from the moment she sprang out of bed at the first sound of the rising-bell. Others besides children get out of bed "on the wrong side," as this mother can testify.

"My dear, you're feverish," said her husband, as he held her busy hands a moment. "Let your work go, and rest yourself—you'll find it pays."

"Just like a man!" thought the mother. "Why, I haven't time even for my prayers!" But the little woman had resolved that she would read a few verses in her Bible before 10 o'clock each day; so, standing by the bureau, she opened to the 8th chapter of Matthew, and read these words: "And he touched her hands, and the fever left her; and she arose, and ministered unto them."

It seemed to that busy wife as if Jesus Himself stood ready to heal her—to take the fever out of her hands, that she might minister wisely to her dear ones. The beds could wait till later in the day—the parlor might be a little disordered—she must feel his touch! She knelt, and he whispered: "My strength, not yours, child, is sufficient." "As thy

day, so shall thy strength be." "My yoke is easy. This yoke you have been galled by is the world's yoke, the yoke of public opinion or housewifely ambition; 'take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, . . . ye shall find rest.'"

The day was no brighter, the work had still to be done, but the fever had left her, and all day she sang: "This God is our God, my Lord and my God."

It is true that, when the friends came to lunch, no fancy dishes had been prepared for the table, but the hostess' heart was filled with love for them, as members, with her, of Christ and they went away hungering for such a realization of Him as they saw she had.

"Ah," said her husband, when he held her hands once more, "I see you took my advice; dear; the fever is quite gone."

The wife hesitated—could she tell her secret? Was it not almost too sacred? Yet, it was "the secret of the Lord," not hers, and would glorify Him. Later on, when the two sat together, she told him who had cured her fever, and said quietly: "I see that there is a more important ministry than the housekeeping, though I don't mean to neglect that."

"Let us ask the Lord to keep hold of our hands," said her husband. "Mine grow feverish in eager moneymaking, as yours in too eager housekeeping."

This is no fancy sketch. Dear mothers, busy, anxious housekeepers, let us go again and again to Him, that He may touch our hands, lest they be feverish, and so we cannot minister, in the highest sense, to those about us.—J. E. Jewett.

ONE BOY'S CHANCE.

A gentleman stopped suddenly before a sign which told him that messenger boys were to be had inside. He hesitated, and then went in.

"How many boys have you in now?" he asked.

"Six," was the reply; "it's dull today."

"Boys," said the gentleman, eying them scrutinizingly, "I suppose you know there is to be an exhibition of trained dogs to-night?"

The faces of the boys showed that they were perfectly aware of that fact, and that they might even give him some points in regard to it.

"Well, I'm looking for a boy to take a blind man to see it."

A titter was the first response; then followed a variety of expressions, as: "What could a blind man see?" and, "You can't guy us that way."

"I'm not jesting; I'm in earnest," said Mr. Davis; and then, looking at one of the boys who had said nothing, he asked: "Well, what do you think of it?"

"I think I could do it," was the reply.

"How do you think you could do it?"

"Through my eyes, sir. That's the only way he could see it."

"You're the boy I'm after," said Mr. Davis, and he arranged for him to meet the blind man.

The exhibition was in a large hall, and the blind man and his guide had a box to themselves, where they would disturb no one; but Mr. Davis from his seat in the audience knew that the boy was telling what went on so that the blind man could understand. Indeed, no one applauded more heartily than the blind man himself.

The following day Mr. Davis again appeared among the messenger boys, and, after a few words with the manager, said: "Boys, there was offered every one of you yesterday a chance for lifting yourself up in the

world, but only one of you grasped it. My friend, the blind man, has felt for some time that he might get much pleasure out of life if he could find some young eyes to do his seeing for him, with an owner who could report intelligently. My friend is delighted with the experiment. He says that he is sure I hit upon the boy in town who will suit him, and has offered him a good position with a fine salary. Messenger boys are easy to get, but a boy who can make a blind man see is at a premium."—Selected.

The Parcels Post.

Shelby Highlander.]

The parcels post can not too often be urged upon our law-makers in Congress. It will prove the greatest boon for the rural communities of the South that could be enacted.

It is the greatest reform now engaging the public mind.

The rate for rural routes will be much less than for distant places. It has been fixed in the present bill at five cents per pound for the first pound and two cents for each additional pound up to eleven pounds. The countryman can then have his small packages delivered to him from his local groceryman or dry goods house just as the city man now. It will be a blessing to every live merchant to every county in the South.

The opposition of the retail merchants' conventions is like the opposition of the cobblers of England to improved boot and shoe factory.

The parcels post will prove a great blessing in the United States, as it has in every European country, and its enactment into law here can be hastened by writing to your Congressman and Senators, urging its speedy consummation.

RECIPE FOR MAKING PRIZE BREAD.

After a great deal of coaxing, little Lois Edmonds, the twelve-year-old girl who won the prize for the best-baked loaf of bread in Iowa, has given out the recipe in order that her sisters all over the United States may learn how to follow in her footsteps. Here are the ingredients: One cup of liquid, either milk or water; one-half cake yeast; one teaspoon salt; one tablespoon sugar; one tablespoon shortening, either butter or lard, and two cups of flour. This will make two small loaves of bread. Miss Edmonds declares, however, that there is not so much in mixing these ingredients as in knowing when the dough is stiff enough, in raising the bread carefully, and in baking it.

The loaf that won the prize was prepared and baked by her in the Ames College of Agriculture. After her bread was in the oven she watched it very carefully, turning it every few minutes. Her care in baking turned the contest in her favor, as her sister, who was also a contestant, had the misfortune to have the oven unevenly heated and one of the loaves was more brown and a little higher on one side than on the other.

Since Miss Edmonds won the prize her recipe has been used by many other bread makers in the domestic science division of the Ames school, but not all of the pupils have won a prize. Probably some of the loaves were not fit to eat and more suitable for use as hitching weight for horses.—Selected.

Two little girls walking in a field feared that a cow would attack them.

"Let's go right on and act as if we weren't afraid of her at all," said one.

"But," remonstrated the other, "wouldn't that be deceiving the cow?"

Farmer Eats Ten Pounds of Food and Wins Wager and Offers More Bets.

A Sanford, Delaware, dispatch of April 4th says:

"After eating to win a wager of \$5, Charles Bowdle, a young farmer living in this section, sang a song and wanted to wager \$5 more that he could eat a gallon of apples for dessert.

"The exceptional feast was an eating contest which was held at a local variety store last night. Howard Morgan, Charles Sauerhoff and several other young men displayed their eating capacity by getting away with two pounds of candy and a pound of cakes each. It was then that Bowdle wagered that he could eat as much as they had all consumed.

"Funds were soon collected to cover his bet and he started his feast by eating a pound of crackers and two boxes of sardines. This was followed by one-half dozen oranges, two dozen bananas, a pound of cakes and a pound of candy. Bowdle finished the meal, as he said, 'with a good appetite,' and after singing a song, wanted to bet he could eat a gallon of apples to top it off."

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