

Happiness Lies Near.

Richard Whiteing, who has made a study of life in the east end of London, was once talking with a grizzled old woman when he chanced to refer to the queen.

"Oh, 'ow I would like to be the queen!" said the ancient beldame.

"Why?" asked Mr. Whiteing.

"It isn't because of her 'orses, because if I were queen I would 'ave a donkey cart with red wheels, and it isn't because of her band of musicians on 'orseback which goes ahead of the 'orse-guards, for I'd much rather have a Hitalian with a 'and-organ, but just think, if she wakes up at 3 o'clock in the morning and wants a bite to eat she can touch a bell and 'ave beef and boiled cabbage right away!"

And there are a lot of us wearing ourselves out trying to become kings and queens, when, as a matter of fact, all we require to make life truly happy is just a little more beef and cabbage. Every one of us knows that our neighbor is foolishly striving for something the attainment of which would add nothing to his real happiness. And our neighbor possesses a similar information regarding us and our affairs. The other fellow's ideal of happiness doesn't seem to be worth while to us. His dream is not worth striving for, we think. Perhaps the only one really to be envied, and yet the only one not envied, is the one whose ideals are humble and fit into the heart.

In glancing through history one gets a sense of cheerful satisfaction from the thought that it is indeed "little more than the register of the crimes, follies and misfortunes of mankind." There is pleasure in the reflection that many millions of the best people who have ever lived have never got their names in history. History is largely criminal and its pages are the rogues' gallery of the past centuries. Some good people have crept into history as a matter of course, but they are usually mentioned as a part of the record of what bad people did to them. Nearly all history is written in red, hence the nations without history are the happiest, and, just so, individuals without any marked or memorable incidents in their lives are often the most truly blest. "There is no joy but calm."

And the man who thinks he must beat the bass drum or toot the big brass horn in order to have a good time will find the whole show of life a delusion and a disappointment. There are large patches of this big wobbly old world that consists of "crowds without company and dissipation without pleasure." The great purpose of life is happiness. See to it that you get the genuine article and not a spurious, gilded imitation. There is this to be remembered: genuine happiness does not cost anywhere near as much as the false variety. There is likely to be more of it in a simple little wayside flower than in a conservatory filled with exotics; more of it in the song of a hermit thrush than in the braying of brass bands; more of it in the cot-tager's bowl of bread and milk than in the sumptuous spread designed for the perverted palate of the rich; more of it in the tremulous "I like you" of a modest youth or maiden than in the dramatic "I adore you" of a dissembling world. Don't waste golden moments trying to think of some way in which you may become like a king or queen. You may get your name in big type in the newspapers, and yet be not half so happy as though you had done the sweet and simple things that would have engraved your fame upon the loving hearts of those about you.—The Guide Post.

Colonel Bryan doubts President Roosevelt's ability to carry out some of his policies. Probably the President has a few doubts himself, but he is not discouraged.—Kansas City Journal.

Rosa Mundi.

The Rose of the World hangs high on a thorny Tree.

Whoso would gather must harrow his hands and feet.

But oh! It is sweet.

The leaves that drop like blood from the thorny Tree

Redden the roads of the earth from East to West.

They lie in my breast.

O Rose, O Rose of the World, bow down to me

Who can cleave no more, so pierced are my hands and feet.

For oh! Thou art sweet.

Discipline of the Wood Pile.

Every human male man who possesses even a lingering taint of temper should keep an ax and a wood pile handy, that he may rush out and work off his wrath when it waxes fierce. There is nothing in this vain old world that will send a man back to his appointed work with a more wilted collar and truer comprehension of himself than thirty minutes' wrestling with a full-flavored ax. He can use it so fiercely on the wood. All the fury of his nature, all the hate he feels for his enemy, he can infuse into the ax handle; and how the chips will fly! And presently it begins to dawn upon the man that he is feeling more calm. Evidently, he is experiencing a change of heart. He does not hate his enemy at all. He changes his stroke, and begins to chop on the Italian system of penmanship—the upstrokes heavy and the down strokes light. He rather loves his enemy now. At last he puts off all his failing strength in one terrible blow. He misses the tip with the ax and smites the chopping block with the handle. A tingle as though he had swallowed an alarm clock goes from elbow to hip and back again, the axe drops from his powerful hands, and a weak, limp, nerveless, perspiring, trembling, gasping thing, he staggers to the house, lies down on the first thing that looks like a lounge, and is ready to die. There isn't a fear or a fault in his heart. Death has no terrors, and life has no temptations for him. He has chopped out all his baser nature, and he is just as good and spiritual as he can be on this side of the Jordan. It is a great medicine.—Bob Burdette.

The horses in Chicago may be having the time of their lives resting, but with the hay and feed drivers out they are in danger of dying of starvation. Pretty how do you do, is this.—Minneapolis Times.

Missouri has a new game law that will prevent the ladies from trimming their hats with the plumage of birds. The legislators who voted for this measure may as well save useless expense and decline re-election.—Pittsburg Gazette.

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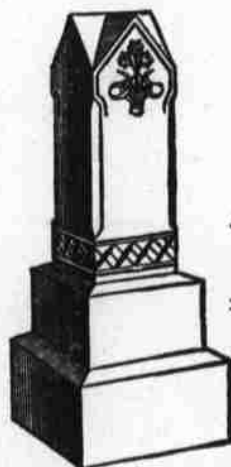
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