

# Worry, the Great Plague.

**By Graham Hood.**

PROMINENT western physician who, apparently, has no troubles of his own to bother about, has been busily engaged in subjecting the woes of others to the test of scientific analysis. With infinite care he has arranged a mass of statistics to prove, to his own satisfaction at least, that worry is a vice which is directly responsible for more ill health and death than either whiskey or tobacco.

The conclusion which this investigator has reached suggests a question that is well worth thinking about: Is worry a vice or mental poison and is it steadily undermining the health of those who are subject to its influence? The idea of classifying worry as a poisonous factor fatal to the nervous system of the body is not a new theory. Years ago the first note of warning was sounded, and, since that time, scores of physicians have announced that there could be no question that the chance for long life in persons afflicted with true mental worry was very much diminished.

But what are we to do about it?

We may agree with the old philosophers that it is useless to bother about anything as long as we remain in ignorance regarding the nature of the cause which produces the changes in our condition, while we cannot hope to remedy them by altering the course of events, and yet that does not make us stop worrying.

It is one thing for the physicians to preach and for philosophers to theorize. It is quite another thing to act in accordance with their teachings. We are interested in knowing that a single hour of worry does more harm to the nervous system than an entire day devoted to fatiguing labor, and their doctrine of contentment is a pleasing philosophy to dream over, but the man or woman who in these days is able to carry such theories into practice is an exceptionally fortunate individual. There are moments in every life when it is impossible not to give way to some expressions of anxiety, there are other moments when such doubts and fears are sacred thoughts, and to say that they are unnecessary is utterly ridiculous.

At the same time there is a solution to this problem of worry—a solution so simple that anybody can resort to it if he will but exercise an ordinary degree of self-control.

Don't borrow trouble!

That is the secret of the whole philosophy. Don't worry about trifles! Don't anticipate evils which, in all probability, will never be realized! We spend countless hours in anticipating the future. We make mountains out of molehills and impassable rivers out of shallow brooks, whereas we would but make up our minds that we will never worry about any ill until that misfortune has actually come upon us, we would all be so healthy and happy that we would have no occasion to bother our heads with these intricate scientific analysis of the probable death rate from worry.—New York Globe.

# Our Public Schools and the Revival of Conscience

**By Rabbi Hirsch, of Chicago.**

YOU ought to take a deep interest in the public schools, even if your own schools are of the best. Till recently, the public schools have been trade schools for clerks. We have only addressed the heads thus far; we need to train the hand and heart as well. In the big cities, most of the boys leave school before completing the course. This is because the boys are not interested in mere book-learning. The boy feels that his success in life does not depend on it. Destructiveness in the nursery is only the desire to be active, and shows that the child needs an opening for constructive activity. This should be recognized in the public schools, and where it is so recognized the boys keep up their interest and stay in school till they graduate.

I plead for the same education for boys and girls. I ought to have been taught to handle a needle as well as my sister, and she ought to have learned to use the saw and plane. People say "Is not the factory better than the street for children between fourteen and sixteen?" Perhaps, but the alternative is between the school and the factory. They learn in the factory what they ought to learn in the school, and could learn in the school much better. We should all be richer if we were taught to use our hands.

Sectarianism should be kept out of the schools. America has become a home for the descendants of all races and creeds, and out of all these apparently discordant elements we must make a new type of manhood and womanhood, containing the best qualities of all, and eliminating the worst. It is only in the public schools that this can be done, where German and Italian and Jew come together. We need appeals to the heart and conscience in our schools, and a revival of conscience. We have now a stealable standard. We need something that cannot be stolen, a standard of character and conscience. The women can bring it into the schools much better than the men can. I appeal for women in the schools.

# Lawyers and Ministers Compared as to Intellectual Caliber

**By Raymond M. Terhune.**

I have had some experience with men of both professions I believe the remark of a lawyer quoted by one correspondent, that a clergyman's duties require less intellectual calibre than of a lawyer, to be entirely erroneous.

On several occasions it has been my pleasure to listen to lawyers of the first rank engaged in discussions of a controversial nature with clergymen, and the latter have invariably conducted the former and frequently displayed a much higher order of erudition.

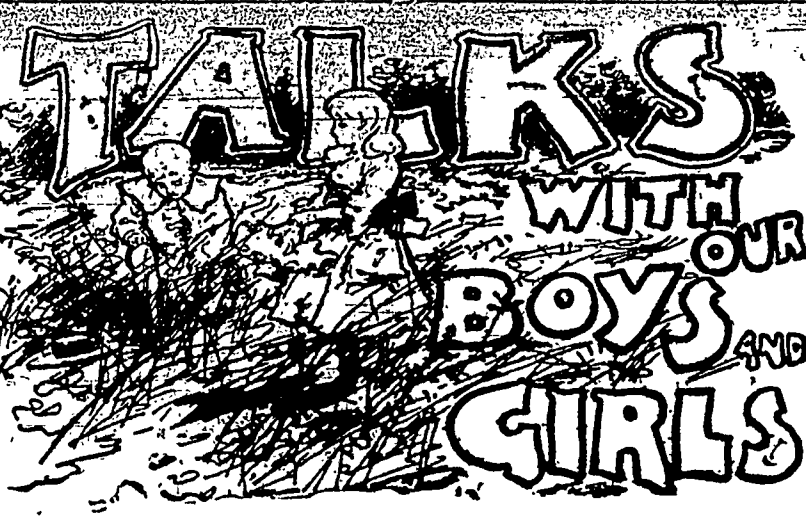
To offer one of the many little incidents as an illustration: Two young men of my acquaintance, both about the same age, one just admitted to the bar and the other studying for the ministry, were invited one evening to attend a debate, in which, though unprepared, they were asked to participate. The lawyer readily acquiesced, but the humble theological student said he preferred to listen. The lawyer spread himself in fine style and made what seemed an excellent showing. It was then that our theological student slowly arose, and with considerable meekness said that he would like to make a remark or two, and then "went" for the lawyer. He took up his points each in turn, analyzed it carefully, proved it fallacious and showed it to be incompatible with a true understanding of the matter. In fine, he annihilated the argument in its entirety, presented his own views of the matter with a clearness and succinctness that convinced all of his logical reasoning, and virtually made the lawyer look like 30 cents. That is one of the reasons why I would walk into the gutter if the street were crowded to allow one of these men of "inferior intellect caliber" to pass.

# How to Make Happy Marriages

**By Mrs. T. P. O'Connor.**

MARRIAGE is an institution of the State; therefore she should put it out of the bonds of possibility that people can marry each other in two days or a week. How many marriages would be broken off if the State required a three years' engagement before people are married? After all, if a woman wants to become a nun in two months, no convent in the world will accept her. She must be a novice for two or three years; during that time she undergoes an examination of her conscience every day and to find out if she has a vocation for a nun. But women and men marry without the slightest preparation, without the slightest thought of the future, while Dame Nature has, at her most odd pairings, she wants her world peopled, that is her business, and men and women who are ill-suited to each other, are not her affairs. Girls and boys at school should be taught to look upon marriage as the beautiful, the happiest, the most desirable and the most possible thing in the world. Boys should be taught to keep their minds and bodies pure for the girl which they will probably enter, and to have a sense of protection and loyalty to girls; and girls should be taught industry, self sacrifice, and responsibility for the married state.

**King of the Penguins.** The emperor penguin, one of the varieties of Capt. Scott's recent Antarctic expedition, was the subject of an interesting illustrated lecture by Dr. Wilson, before the recent biological congress in London. The penguins stand about four feet high and weigh about eighty pounds or more. They have black coats and erect their heads when seen at a distance, giving a startling resemblance to a dwarf man. These emperors of the penguin world live upon the great circle of pack ice which surrounds the antarctic continent, and seem to depend fully for their food on crustaceans caught in the crevices of the ice. The female lays a solitary egg, which is caught in the great web feet, so that it never touches the ice, and is held there covered with the mother's body until hatching occurs.



"ADD A STEP."

"O father! my sword is too short, I know!  
And how can I win the day,  
When, hand to hand, I must meet the foe  
And keep him,—with this—at bay?"

"Say not, weak boy, that your sword is too short,  
But add a step to its length!"  
Was the Spartan father's stern retort  
As he tested the young lad's strength.

Ah! many a time in the battle of life  
When we murmur, disheartened and sad,  
O'er our poor short swords, we might win in the strife,  
Had we courage the "step to add!"  
—E. E. Brown in St. Nicholas.

## THE TALL, TALL LOAF

Everybody was dodging first to the right, then to the left—and finally a man's hat was knocked off. The crowds streaming out of old Notre Dame rendered it difficult to approach nearer the excitable hands and heads, although it was plainly to be seen that a tall loaf of bread alternately disappearing and bobbing into view was the cause of the merriment. Hats were tilted sidewise, chins were tipped upward, people backed upon one another's heels, laughed, gesticulated, became angry, and laughed again. In the midst of this whirlpool of jostling humanity was a cleared space of goodly circumference, in the center of which I beheld a little American miss, carrying the tallest loaf of bread I ever saw. Had she been a little Parisian and used to such burdens, she would have known that to turn about in so great a throng means that the top end of that loaf would surely bump into somebody, that is, if she had carried it across her shoulder, as did Gladys. But she was plainly quite unconscious that she was causing a commotion; and thus it came to pass that this particular loaf of bread swung around like an over-sensitive wind-vane and distributed bumps north, east, south and west, in reckless profusion. Of course everybody laughed, for all the victims were polite and good-natured, and besides, the "petite" excused herself so prettily in French that some of the most amused onlookers feigned to be hit when they actually were not. But when Gladys turned to ask pardon of a woman who clapped her hands to her hat, and cried "Oh!" the far end of the loaf would whirl in front of a Frenchman's eyes, and he would cry "Ah!" And when she wheeled about to ask pardon of this Frenchman who cried "Ah!" that same crusty end would swing perilously near as many hats and chins as it could possibly encounter in half a circle. Indeed, there is no telling how the "petite" ever would have caught up with her list of excuses had I not recognized my little countrywoman and rescued her and the bread from further difficulties.

"Oh, is it you? I am so glad!" was her hearty greeting. "And, oh, how I needn't go back home for Marie, for you will take her place, and go with me—won't you, please?" It is only a little way from here?"

I cheerfully consented to serve as nurse and guardian for the "little way," and as we both hurried from the cathedral swarms toward the narrow streets on the other side of the river—and we hurried to keep warm, for it was an extremely cold morning—Gladys confided to me her secret, which up to that time she had not mentioned to any one.

It seems that, on the day before, a tiny French girl had posed in her father's studio and that after the child had left for her home Gladys inquired why it was that all little girls do not have round, plump, rosy cheeks like her own. For the first time Gladys learned that all little girls do not have the nourishing food which helps to make round, plump, rosy cheeks. This explanation set her little brain to thinking, and reminded her of a "tall, tall loaf" of bread which she had seen freshly displayed that very afternoon. It was in the window of a bakery just across the square from the great cathedral, and only three blocks distant from her father's studio. So the next morning she had started out and bought the "tall, tall loaf." It was really burdensome with this great length of bread that she discovered her in front of Notre Dame, and then I carried the loaf for her to the dairy quarters where were soon entering. After a breathless climb up two dark flights of stairs, the little model who had posed on the previous day, responded to our knocking, and Gladys handed her the bread and said something in French to her mother, which I fancy must have referred to round, plump

rosy cheeks, for the woman lifted the corner of a shawl to her eyes as though wiping away tears.

It is a common sight in Paris to see working people carrying long loaves of bread, but this one that Gladys purchased was the longest I ever saw, and must certainly have measured six feet in length.

I thought of Gladys and her generous errand, that night as I looked from my own studio window across to the great snow-covered roof of Notre Dame gleaming cold under the wintry stars.—Meredith Nugent, in St. Nicholas.

## LEGEND OF THE BLUEBIRD

Long ago, when Jupiter, Apollo, Venus and all the mighty folk lived amid the clouds on mountain top, Jupiter got into the habit of coming down to the earth on visits to mankind. He always came when Juno, his wife, was busy or asleep, for she was not so fond of the society of the earth as he.

On one occasion Jupiter had an unusually pleasant time, but having stayed longer than he expected, and fearing the wrath of Juno, his wife, he was loath to return. So he lingered on, while the days and the weeks slipped by.

Finally it occurred to Jupiter that a happy way to make peace and help himself out of the difficulty would be to send word to Juno, asking her to join him in the delightful grove where he tarried.

Mercury was the winged messenger of the gods, but as Jupiter had forgotten to bring him along he was now nowhere to be found. So Jupiter solicited the help of the birds. He ordered the first feathered creature he met to fly up to his home amid the clouds and bear his message to the Queen of Heaven and Earth.

The little bird was afraid of openly refusing to do the bidding of the mighty Jupiter, yet he had a wee wife off in an olive tree, who sat patiently on three wee eggs. How could his tiny lady get food if he should go on such a long journey?

So the bird only flew a little way and then came back and told Jupiter that Juno was asleep. Jupiter tried again and again with no better results. Each bird returned with no great signs of fatigue and with no satisfactory answer for the mighty god.

At last Jupiter called a plain little bird and sent him with the message to the Queen of Heaven and Earth. The bird flew straight up to the blue arch above him. Back and forth, back and forth, beat his tiny wings, and the bird grew very tired indeed. But it kept on until it was so fatigued that it was forced to poise and rest awhile. Then it pressed on again, until at last it passed through the blue sky and stood before Heaven's gate.

Instead of being fast asleep, as the other birds had said, there stood Juno, with a heart full of anxiety about the missing Jupiter. The little bird delivered its message, and Juno, glad that no harm had come to the long absent god, went to prepare for his visit.

The bird started back on its far journey with the news. When it came to Jupiter, it gasped the answer, then sank before him, exhausted, upon the earth.

"Most faithful of messengers!" cried Jupiter, "I know that you have really seen the queen, for you have taken on the color of the sky as you passed through!"

Sure enough, except on his breast, which was brown where the bird had sunk upon the earth, its feathers had changed to a beautiful crimson blue.

"I decree," said Jupiter, "that all your children and your children's children, shall inherit the color you now wear, so that they shall not only be a delight to the eye of mankind, but forever prove the faithfulness of their forefather, the messenger of love."  
—B. K. Tourison, in the Philadelphia Record.

THE ROOSTER'S FAMILY.

The number of females that can be mated with one male bird depends a great deal upon the male bird himself. If he is vigorous and strong and healthy he can safely be entrusted with a harem of a dozen females, or even 15, but if he is lacking in vigor the number of females should be cut down proportionally. Better get one setting of strongly fertilized eggs than two settings of doubtful fertility.

## A WHISTLE ON THE FARM

Around a farm or large place the use of a whistle is quite necessary to call the children home. The young folks will soon understand that three short whistles, repeated twice, means to come home quickly—they are wanted immediately. The sound is very penetrating and saves voice and good strength.

## DON'T PLANT TOO MUCH

At this season of the year if one will take the trouble to travel among farms and look into the details of them, it will readily be seen that many farmers "bite off more than they can chew" in the planting line. It is poor policy to plant more than can be properly cultivated or utilized no matter what the crop may be.

## LIGHT AND SHADE EFFECTS

The power of leaves to evaporate water is regulated by their exposure to the sun. Some leaves on the sunny side of a tree transpire three times as much water as those on the shady side of the tree, while in some varieties of trees, the leaves on the sunny side transpire ten times as much as do the leaves on the shady side. It is easy, therefore, to understand how greatly the trees need the sun. The passage of the water through the leaves, is nature's way of conveying plant food to the leaves, where it is elaborated and prepared by being combined with the carbon of the air for the work of cell building. Other things being equal, we find the tree growing more on the sunny side than on the shady side, as the work of cell building is facilitated by the action of heat and light. If a man desires a well formed shade tree, he must see that that tree stands alone, and that as much as possible it gets sunshine from all sides. He need not suppose that he will get a symmetrical tree if he plants it so near to another tree that part of it is always in the shade. A tree will develop its branches on the side where it gets the light, and will develop but little on the side where it is shady. On the shady side the branches will be thin, and the general outline unsightly. In the north temperate zone, says the Farmers' Review, a tree in the summer time if comparatively isolated, will receive the sun on all sides. In the early morning it receives the sun on the north and east sides, in the middle of the day, on the east, south and west sides and late in the day on the west and north sides. This is an admirable arrangement for the symmetrical development of the tree. Man interferes with it when he tries to put too many trees in a certain place.

## HOW I VENTILATED MY DAIRY.

Some years ago when I got possession of the farm I found a dairy house built four feet deep and eight feet square with brick floor, which I thought would be a good place for milk.

It was cleaned out nicely and the milk was placed in it, but with all my care the milk would soon be clabber, and was often sour by dinner time, while my farmer's share of the milk would be sweet all day in a safe which was kept under a shady tree, although the thermometer showed the dairy was several degrees cooler.

I concluded the trouble was owing to want of ventilation in the pit to rid it of any acid vapor which must be the cause of the change mentioned, the acid neutralizing the soda or alkali that holds the casein in solution. To get rid of the acid vapor was the question to solve, as there was no ventilation around the milk. Because of the mobile nature of air I knew the slightest variation of temperature would create a circulation. To get this I built alongside of the old dairy a new one with two four-inch walls about six inches apart, giving a space around the building, leaving an open outlet into the brick trough connecting the two built on the floor, the

## HOW CROCODILES ARE CAUGHT.

In some parts of India the natives dig a crocodile pit which they cover with sticks and leaves. The pit surrounds a little island or a mound of earth and is close to a stream where crocodiles abound. On this mound they fasten a young goat and its bleedings through the night attract the crocodiles who break the trail floor of sticks with their heavy bodies and fall into the pit prepared for them.

## Long Service With Railroad Company.

H. M. Bronson, who has just been made general passenger agent of the Big Four system has been with that company for the past fifty-two years.

# FARM AND GARDEN



## WELL-SHAPED TREES.

The tree that is properly shaped will have an artistic appearance in winter as well as in summer. It is not only desirable to have a mass of foliage in the summer, but its branches should be so arranged that it will give a pleasing effect in winter.

## PAYS TO RAISE COLTS.

It will pay any farmer to raise one or two colts of the draft type each season, declares the Farmers' Voice. Breed the mares to heavy sires, and those of the colts that mature above 1,300 pounds should be disposed of and the lighter ones retained for farm use. Horses of the heavy type are and will be in good demand at remunerative prices for years to come.

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outlet being half a brick space every few inches along the bottom of the trough. A thermometer indicated that the air was two degrees cooler than the air in the trough, which difference kept up the circulation night and day, displacing the air in the trough during my residence on the farm till about the first of October, we had no trouble with milk turning to clabber, and often missed the cottage cheese for supper, as there was no clabber to make it, even for breakfast, but plenty of sweet milk.

At the present time we have no trouble winter or summer, as the water from an artesian well, temperature fifty-eight degrees, flows through the dairy and in the drain pipe to the bay. My tenant informs me it keeps his milk, melons, cold meat, and I am sorry to say, his boarders' beer, in good order without ice. The well flows thousands of gallons in the twenty-four hours, discharging the water two feet above the surface. The layer of sand from which the water comes is 350 feet from the surface.—A. P. Sharp, Baltimore, Md.

## FARM NOTES.

A symmetrically developed hog is the profitable porker. The bacon hog doesn't stay a bacon hog very long on a corn diet. Seven or eight pigs to the litter is the proper caper if you will just save and raise them.

Pigs in clover is a pretty good proposition to tie to, but alfalfa will discount it right along—try it.

A runt pig may be properly defined as one that eats its head off about three or four times in one year.

The hog pen is the logical banking institution on the farm, and the farmer can draw on his account any day in the year.

Everlastingly it is the successful hogman's motto. You can't make the most of the pigs and slight them nor one single day.

In handling poultry system counts for much. Never trust to luck plan your work and then live up to the plans 365 days in the year.

For variety in feeding fowls give a little fresh meat. Onions are good for fowls of any kind. During the winter when green food is scarce, feed potatoes' cabbage or beets.

Convenience should be one of the first thoughts when constructing a poultry house. Everything should be arranged so as to allow its work to be done in the shortest space of time.

As a rule reasonably early shearing is best for the sheep, but if sheared early they must be protected should a sudden change to cold weather come, as is sometimes the case.

When horses are not thrifty it may be due to sameness of diet.

If an animal gets out of condition, appears run down and does not relish its food a little flaxseed boiled in oats and fed two quarts at a time for a few days, will soon give him a good appetite.

Look out for vertigo, a disease of the brain. The fowls act as though intoxicated, sometimes turning in a circle. The best treatment is an application of ice to the head, afterward, says a poultry authority, the bowels should be opened with either of the following purgatives: Calomel, one and one-half grains, or epsom salts, thirty grains. Keep the bird in a cool, quiet place.

## The Simple Life.

To be kind  
To be able to bear our trials bravely  
To decide without prejudice  
To rise above suspicion  
To look for the beautiful and the good in precious common things about us.  
To let the sense of inward trust and peace rise to our lips and permeate our lives.  
This is the simple life.—Ruth Sterry, in New York Observer.

## Peacock Feathers.

Peacock's feathers are said to bring ill luck. The origin of this tradition is interesting. It is found in Pailgrave's work on central and east Arabia, where the traveler says that, according to Mohammed tradition, the peacock opened the wicket of paradise to admit the devil, and received a very ample share of the devil's own punishment.

## Eugenie is Quite Active.

Ex-Empress Eugenie visited the Kiel harbor a few weeks ago in her steam yacht Thisbe. She is 79 years old and still quite active. She wanted to see the town which had so rapidly become world-famous, and was shown the principal streets and sights. She speaks German fluently. From Kiel she proceeded to Stockholm.

## For Eternal Youth.

To remain ever young, banish from your mind all thoughts of trouble and sorrow, all ugly habits. Do not harbor envy, jealousy, revenge or malice. In fact, try to love your neighbor as yourself. You will find it hard to do, but it will pay in the long run. The lines and wrinkles will disappear and beauty will reign instead.