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Shoes.

I think new shoes the finest things in
all the whole wide world.
When nurse has changed my frock and
made my hair look nice and curled,
And buttoned up my shoes, I can't do
anything but look
Straight at my feet, and feel just like the
princess in the book.
And even if they pinch my toes, I never
seem to care;
I'd almost rather have them, for it makes
it true they're there.
If you could wave a wand and let me
have the things I'd choose,
I'd take a shiny, squeaky, pinchy pair of
brand-new shoes.
—October Woman's Home Companion.

Appropriate

David R. Forgan, the well-known
banker, has a dry Scotch humor. Speak-
ing of the danger of being puffed up by
sudden honors, Mr. Forgan told this
story of Simpson, the great Scotch
physician.

"Dr. Simpson had been absent from
his class for some time, and on his re-
turn he announced that a great pro-
fessional honor had been conferred up-
on him," said Mr. Forgan.

"I am happy to inform you young
gentlemen that a very great honor has
come to me since last we met here,"
said Professor Simpson, his face beam-
ing with honest pride. "I have just re-
ceived notification that I have been ap-
pointed physician-in-ordinary to Her
Majesty Queen Victoria."

"That great discoverer of chloroform
looked over his glasses as if he expected
his class to be quite taken away by the
great news. Instead, he was shocked
to hear his students burst into the na-
tional anthem, "God Save the Queen!"
'And still they say the Scotch have
no sense of humor, added Mr. Forgan.

Mercurius Politicus was the original
Scottish newspaper, having been
founded at Leith in 1653.

Not Impressed.

Mme. Nordica, at a garden part at
Deal Beach, said, apropos of her recent
European tour:

"Many good people refuse to be im-
pressed by the armless and legless frag-
ments of antique sculpture treasured in
the museums of the world.

"One day in the British Museum a
guide was recounting to a little knot of
tourist the glories of a battered centaur,
when a Chicago meat salesman broke
the reverent hush with the question:
"'Excuse me, sir, but what would
they feed a bloke like that on—ham and
eggs or hay?'"

The Idle Hen.

I have a large Buff Cochon hen. I
keep her in a gaudy pen, and there she
fusses all the day, and never takes the
time to lay. In summer time when eggs
were cheap, that hen would lay eggs in
her sleep; she laid enough to feed a
troop; she piled them up all round the
coop. I used to take those eggs of hers
and throw them at the passing curs; for
all the world was daubed with eggs;
they fetched three cents per dozen kegs.
But now that winter raves and groans,
and eggs are scarce as precious stones,
that silly hen just loaf all day, and
doesn't earn her corn and hay. Some
day, when wearied by the strife that
marks this journey we call life, when
with a deep conviction fraught that
chicken pie would hit the spot, I'll kill
that old hen, I'm afraid, and then she'll
wished that she laid. There's nothing
worse, you'll all agree, than misdirected
energy. The hen that lays when eggs
are cheap, and when they're dear lies
down to sleep; the dog that barks when
nothing's wrong, and sleeps when burg-
lars come along; the man who tills on
Sabbath day, and loafs the whole long
week away—these from one's eyes the
tears would draw; there surely ought to
be a law. —Walt Mason.

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quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals
the throat and lungs . . . 25 cents.

Sermon From Shakespeare

(Copr. 1909 by Bradley-Garretson Co.
Ltd.)

Self-love is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.

Henry V., Act II., Sc. 4.

Self-love is used in this passage
synonymously with pride. The Dauph-
in of France urges the French king to
let the English know of what a mon-
archy he is the head—to boast the
strength of his vast kingdom. This
self-love has made the British people
what they are. It was national self-
love that prompted old Gaunt to speak
of his country as "this other Eden,
demi-Paradise," to boast, with his dy-
ing breath, the renown of his country-
men, "feared by their breed and fam-
ous by their birth," renowned to the
utmost parts of the earth. Self-
love has played an important part in
the development of the United States.
"We are the people" is a favorite ex-
pression, and, having uttered it,
strenuous effort is put forth to prove it
correct.

Jingoism, the excess of loyalty, is a
defect in a nation, but it is not so vile
a defect as sloth, indifference, self-
contempt. The nations that have
achieved most—France, England, Ger-
many and the United States—have
been largely controlled by self-love.
In the days of her pride and self-love
Spain held half the known world in
the hollow of her hand. It was pride,
self-love, that carried little Japan vic-
toriously through her conflict with
Russia, and it was the lack of self-love,
national self-neglecting that made the
Russian giant so weak and ineffective.

But there is another side to self-
love. It may be vain pride mixed with
gross selfishness. In their selfishness
and egotism the so-called Christian
powers of Europe have forgotten all
about the brotherhood of man. They
are squandering their substance on
fleets and armies that flatter their
self-love. Each is striving to out-
class the others, not in the interests
of humanity as they profess, but in
the pride of place and power. They are

"Insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past
all thinking,
Self-loving."

There is a self-love that makes for
national greatness, but there is also
a "pride that pulls the country down."

What is true of the nation is true of
the individual. If it has to be a choice
between self-love and self-neglecting
better far self-love. A conceited man
is often a bore, but an indifferent one
frequently becomes a burden. Con-
ceit in self is an excellent thing, if it
will but awaken the latent energy of
the soul. A man of any force of char-
acter endeavors to live up to his pro-
fessions. If he takes pride in his
physical powers, he strives to train his
body so that others may admire his
prowess; if he poses as an intellectual
force, he studies that he may not be an
object of ridicule. But the world is
full of charlatans, quacks, fops.
However, they do but little harm and
their conduct in time brings its own
punishment. For the most part they
themselves are the only sufferers.

Shakespeare did not consider self-
love a grave sin. It was otherwise
with self-neglecting. On that he is
most emphatic. It is a "vile" sin.
Each nation and each individual has a
duty to perform. To neglect that
duty is to transgress the law of God.
Every man is born with certain poten-
tialities. What he actually becomes
depends largely on himself. Sin may
seem a strong word for self-neglect,
but it is the right one. Man is the
"paragon of animals." That is to say
he is potentially the noblest of created
things. The body has been called a
temple for the Infinite. How needful
it is to cultivate the body, to train it
so that it may be the sound home of a
sound mind. To neglect it is to sin
against the Infinite and against the

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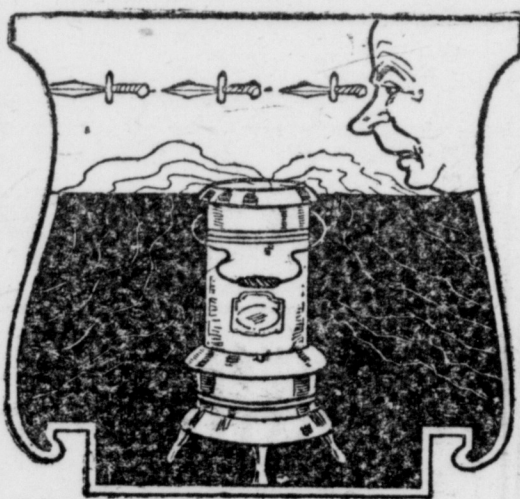
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race. Visit the factory districts of
England or the slums of New York
What is seen? Bent, dwarfed, neglect-
ed bodies. The children are weak-
lings. The sin of the self-neglect of
the parents is stamped upon them.

On his mental side man is equally
vulnerable. He has within him a voice
urging him onward and upward. He
may smother that voice. Through
sloth he may neglect to develop the
faculties that raise him above the
brute. He cannot rest by the wayside.
If he is not in the advancing host he
is in the retreating crowd that fears
life's battle.

The ignorance and superstition which
through the centuries have retarded
the progress of the race have been due
largely to self-neglecting. We speak
of degeneracy. What is degeneracy
but self-neglect? The parent has been
careless, neglectful of body and mind,
and the child is born a tainted thing.
If men could but strike the Aristotelian
golden mean between the excess and
defect of self-love it were well. But,
if they cannot, far better for them to
have a pronounced self-love than sinful
self-neglect. The former may be

salutary in its influence; the latter is
always baneful in its effects. Self-
neglecting destroys character; it pre-
vents the development of character.
It is, in a word, "vile" sin.

On The Wrong Train.

She—"Did you ever get on a train
when it was moving?"
He—"Yes—once."
She—"What was the sensation?"
He—"Ripping—for the woman."
—October Woman's Home Companion.

The Old Lady.

So old is earth, could she
A celebration make,
'Twould take night's candles all
To deck her birthday cake.
—October Woman's Home Companion.

Jones—"Do you think the horse will
survive the automobile?"
Brown—"Not if it gets in its way."
—October Woman's Home Companion.