

# FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

## To a Boy

Dear boy, I quite admit your attitude is warranted by every fact and figure I know. You are a member of the "Boys' Club" and you are a "big fellow." The school team, you quite so badly studied. That you are up to date and I admitted. You are the coming man and I the going. You are a "big fellow" and you are a "big fellow." Mine is the sliding side and yours the showing. With all that difference means. I must defer and listen to you humbly. While you explain what I have pondered dimly.

To me the ways of life are mysterious. But they present no relative to you. I know you, until I come from you. But your unfinching view. Expansive without the slightest hesitation. And points the finger at me. You set me right in details when I stray. Correcting me with kindly consideration. And if I thank you in a sarcastic way. You deprecate the mention. My subject is not your and I do not. In all your youth to meet a point.

Some men, it seems, are born to trouble. Some have it thrust upon them while they live. Your several tales remind me to guess. How many you think me silly. Yet your endeavor to direct my steps. I must confess, is always done politely. So I must learn to take my proper part. Knowing that all my life is a preparation. Efforts and obstacles I long to see. For guidance that is needed. It must not be that gradually or slowly. I find the fact that I was born too early. —Half Mail Gazette.

## Foolish Words

"Now remember, children," said a teacher of a primary school, "that a compound word is composed of two simple words joined by a hyphen." Shortly after she asked the class what a compound word was. Little Jim, with an eager look on his bright little face, leaped out. "I know, teacher. It is two foolish words joined by a hyphen." —Christian Register.

## A Wreck

Last summer we spent our vacation on Long Island at a place not very far from Long Beach. I suppose you read in the papers about the schooner Arlington which was wrecked off the coast of Long Island opposite this beach. One day a party of us decided to make an excursion to visit this wreck. We reached there about noon and after having lunch took a walk to see this large schooner. It looked very cold and desolate standing out in the water with the huge waves washing over it. The entire middle was covered with water, and only the front and back were visible. In a small store on the beach several things which had been on board the Arlington were displayed in the windows. There were books, chains, shoes and other things, also the hymnbook opened to a page on which was written the hymn "Rescue the Perishing." The sailors had sung this song in the last stages of despair. Helen M. Henderson, in the New York Tribune.

## An Odd Visitor

A friend of mine who lives in an apartment house half a block from Mount Morris Park found when she returned from her summer in the country that she had a new visitor in the neighborhood. The first day after she came back she left a few chestnuts on the kitchen windowsill. Going into the kitchen a little later, she saw a squirrel comfortably eating his breakfast of chestnuts. The little animal didn't seem to be the least bit disturbed at her appearance and continued as usual. She watched him until he scampered away down the fire escape, into the yard, up the fence and along its top until he disappeared in the direction of the park. The next day the squirrel appeared again, and was disappointed when he found no nuts waiting for him. He entered the kitchen, sniffed around a little, and then scampered out again. Since that my friend has placed nuts on the windowsill, and the squirrel has visited the apartment every morning. —Alma M. Lane in the New York Tribune.

## In India

There is a distant jangling sound, accompanied by a patter of bare feet, and the door of the school is pushed open. A line of little Indian girls file in and last of all appears an old woman, her earl (sari) pulled well over her head, says the Round World. What would those of you who go to school think, if, some morning, as you were sitting at breakfast, an old woman appeared at the door and told you to go with her to school? Such is the custom with little Indian girls. A woman sets out some time before school begins, and calls at the houses of the pupils. Some may go off to school in twos and threes, but still they will expect the jhi to call at their house, for it is her duty. Others will come out and go along with the jhi, so that by the time she arrives at school she may have quite a long line of little girls trending daintily along in front of her.

Most of them will be wearing anklets, which are filled with little pieces of metal so that they make quite a pleasant sound as they move along. The bigger girls among them will not wear anklets, as it is considered bad

form for them to dress much when they go out of doors.

Let us follow them along the veranda to the central classroom. Opening prayers are over, but still the children come straggling in. The girls can not go to school as early as their brothers, for they can not have their rice until the boys have finished. Then they bathe every day, either in a large pond or in the river; they sometimes play about in the water until they are late.

Little Indian girls are very fond of crochet and needlework. They learn to mark on the corners of the finely-woven sari they wear.

It would hardly be possible for girls to meet together but for school life, and it is wonderful how friendly they become. —The Round World.

## A Happy Rescue

Norman, Billy, and Lloyd were playing "express." Norman sat on the high seat of his big cart, and Lloyd and Billy were his horses.

"Get up! get up!" he cried, flourishing his whip.

Only one of the horses obeyed. Lloyd was watching something across the street.

Prince, Norman's new puppy, had run out of the yard, and was jumping upon two little girls who were greatly frightened. The older girl started to run, but the little one fell and began to cry.

"Princess! Princess!" called Lloyd, "come here!"

"Oh, let Prince alone!" cried Norman. "He won't hurt them. They're silly to be afraid."

But Lloyd was already trying to slip the harness over his head, that he might go to the rescue of the children.

Norman held the reins tight, however, and played his whip about Lloyd's shoulders.

"Oh, goodness!" pleaded Lloyd. "They're scared almost to death!" He called to the girls: "Don't be afraid! He won't hurt you!" Then he freed himself, and ran across.

The younger child was screaming, while the other was trying to put herself between the dog and her little sister.

Lloyd soon seized Prince away, meantime striving to quiet the children's fears.

"He is only a puppy, and he wants to play, that's all. He won't bite anybody. He just loves little bits of girls—like your sister. He is only two months old."

"Is he your dog?" asked the older girl.

"Oh, no! But we are friends, aren't we, Prince? He belongs to Norman Stockler. I live across the street—in that house," pointing to a red cottage.

"Thank you ever so much," smiled the girl. "He ran after us yesterday, and we were so scared; but I shan't be afraid again."

Lloyd returned to play, with Prince capering around him, and the girls walked off down the street, stopping occasionally to look back.

"If you run away again, I won't let you be my horse," said Norman, crossly.

"All right," laughed Lloyd, slipping into the harness. He knew that his friend's anger wouldn't last long, and Norman was never quite so cross as he seemed.

A few days afterward the boys were going home from school together when a big automobile whizzed past them.

"Wouldn't you like to ride that way?" cried Norman.

"Guess I would," answered Billy. Lloyd said nothing. He was watching the car. It was turning around on the brow of the hill just beyond—now it was coming slowly back. As it drew near, he recognized two of its occupants—the two little girls that had been so frightened by Prince. The car stopped by the sidewalk.

"Will you come for a ride?" asked the older girl, nodding shyly to Lloyd.

Would he! It didn't take him long to run home and ask mamma, and then hop in. The car started. He seemed to be flying through the air! How delightful it was!

"Papa's going to take us up to Hartford, to bring mamma home—she's up there visiting," explained the girl, "and we thought maybe you'd like to go, too."

To Hartford! As far as that? "Why, can we get home to-night?" gasped Lloyd.

"Oh, yes!" laughed the girl. "It won't take more than an hour or two."

Then Lloyd settled down to solid enjoyment; and what a two hours the next were! Up in Hartford he was treated to sandwiches and ice-cream besides nuts and bananas; and Papa and Mamma Starr thanked him very pleasantly for having been so kind to their little girls.

"I'd have called Prince off if I'd known they were Major Starr's children," said Norman, when Lloyd told him about the ride.

"I didn't know," answered Lloyd, innocently.—Emma C. Dowd, in the Sunday School Times.

## A Great Library and Its Modest Giver

Milan has just been celebrating the three-hundredth anniversary of the opening of her library, the famous Biblioteca Ambrosiana, which was founded by Cardinal Federico Borromeo, nephew of St. Charles of that name. There are many bigger libraries than this, though its 250,000 volumes make it of at least respectable size, but there is none in the world that possesses more precious books and manuscripts. There, for instance, is the Codex Atlanticus of Leonardo da Vinci; there is Galileo's book on the "Wise Man," with the letter he wrote to the cardinal in presenting it, and there is a letter in the dainty hand of Lucretia Borgia, written to the historian Bembo and inclosing a lock of her golden hair tied with a black ribbon.

Cardinal Borromeo scoured the whole world for books. His agents were Venetian sea captains, Genoese merchants, the diplomats of all nations in all lands. In the eight years from 1603 to 1609 he collected from Europe, Asia and Africa more than thirty thousand books, manuscripts, papers and parchments, and presented them to the city of which he was archbishop. Not only this, but he built the library and hired Raphael, Titian, Leonardo da Vinci, Luti and other great artists to decorate it. And when he opened the library he wrote a guide to it and to its treasure, in which he showed himself a discerning art critic and an intelligent lover of books.

But so unlike the modern giver of libraries was Cardinal Borromeo that he did not place his own name above the door, but that of St. Ambrose, who had preceded him by many centuries in the diocese of Milan.—New York World.

## PAINT LICK

### LADY WRITES THANKS

### For the Great Benefit that Cardui, the Woman's Tonic, Was to Her When Sick.

Paint Lick, Ky.—"I suffered so much from womanly trouble," writes Mrs. Mary Freeman, of Paint Lick, Ky., before I commenced to take Cardui.

"I was so weak from it that I was down on my back nearly all the time."

"I have taken three bottles of Cardui and it has done me more good than any medicine I ever took in my life."

"I can't possibly praise it too highly, it has done so much for me and I will do all I can to help you, for I think it is the only medicine on earth that will cure female troubles."

"You need not be afraid to try Cardui, for in so doing you are making no new experiment in drug dosing or in tablets of concentrated mineral ingredients."

Cardui as a medicine, as a tonic for weak, tired, worn-out women, is time-tested, safe, reliable. It has helped others and should certainly help you.

Composed of gentle-acting, herb ingredients, its action is mild and natural and it has no bad after-effects, as have many of the powerful drugs, sometimes recommended.

Try it.

N. B.—Write to: Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions, and Sample Book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper, on request.

## Insomnia

"I have been using Cascarets for insomnia, with which I have been afflicted for twenty years, and I can say that Cascarets have given me more relief than any other remedy I have ever tried. I shall certainly recommend them to my friends as being all that they are represented."

Thos. Gillard, Elgin, Ill.

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sickens, Weakens or Grips. 36c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C. C. C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. 524

## Buy "BATTLE AXE" SHOES

It afflicted with weak eyes, use

Even real estate men occasionally build castles in the air.

Attention, Confederate Veterans! Atlanta, Birmingham and Atlantic Railroad will sell round trip tickets at low rates to Mobile, Ala., and return, for the Annual Reunion, United Confederate Veterans April 26th-28th, 1910. Ticket agents will cheerfully furnish all information. W. H. LEAST, General Passenger Agent, Atlanta, Ga.

We should ask no man what is the highest good we can do; it should spring to our own vision.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 20c a bottle

Whatever is founded on truth lasts. Most men who paint the town red make the air blue.

## ITO AND THE MARINES.

### Thirst for Information of Japan's Assassinated Statesman

The Marquis Ito, who was recently assassinated by a Korean, was always eager to acquire information about Western civilization. During his four terms as Prime Minister of Japan his country residence at Oiso, near Tokio, was at all times open to the foreigner, and his ready command of six languages gave him many opportunities of pumping his "barbarian" visitors.

Two American marines on shore leave several years ago were doing Tokio, and the course of a walking trip took them into the suburbs. Stopping to rest under a tree, they lighted their pipes and were surveying the passing coolies and rickshaws with lazy interest, when an open carriage, with outriders and other evidences of Japanese opulence, came along the road.

Seeing a jolly looking, bewhiskered Japanese sitting alone in the vehicle, they saluted in military fashion and smiled back at him. Suddenly the carriage stopped and the occupant beckoned the marines to approach.

"If you're traveling my way, there is room in my carriage for three," said the bewhiskered Japanese in English.

The Americans shook the ashes from their pipes, stiffened into dignity, and marched into the seat offered them with all the aplomb of experienced globe trotters. Then followed a catechising such as they never underwent before. In the language of one of them:

"The old guy asked us all we knew about civilization down to who killed Billy Patterson, and he pumped us as dry as a battleship three months in dry dock. He was a wise nut all right, and a good judge of a cigar."

"He was especially interested in the service and his questions upon the treatment of men and chances for promotion in the United States Marine Corps showed knowledge of foreign military and naval affairs."

"Now," he remarked as the carriage turned into a private driveway, "this is where I live, and as I have an engagement on hand I will have to part company. You can have my carriage for the ride to Tokio. I've had an instructive half hour with you and I appreciate your forbearance in submitting to so long a cross-examination. Good-by and good luck to you both."

With these words the Japanese handed two cards to the marines, shook hands, got out of the vehicle and disappeared behind a party of bowing servitors while the carriage started for Tokio.

"But he was a big gun, all right, all right," observed one of the marines reflectively, leaning back among the cushions and taking the card out.

And he was. In English script upon the card were two lines of print which read: "Marquis Hirobumi Ito; G. C. B. Prime Minister of Japan."—New York Sun.

### Shelling Nuts for Candy.

Nuts for several years have kept going higher and higher. An old nut sheller tells Tip thousands of pounds of nuts are sold now in New York where hundreds were sold twenty years ago. Nuts that five or six years ago were a drug on the market at 10 and 12 cents a pound are now considered a bargain to be snatched at for 18 or 20 cents a pound. Nut cracking and shelling have grown to be a big business. Much of the meat is used for the astonishing increase in the candy, cake and confectionery business. Now are many immense candy stores where a few years ago were only stick candy and taffy trade shops.

Nut shelling is largely done by patented machinery that works in secret. Some say they boil or steam to soften the nut before cracking; some say they crack them from this end and some from the other. Anyhow, the kernels come out much more perfect whole meats than the hand cracked, and the high priced kernels bring from 40 to 80 cents a pound. Another thing that adds to the price of nuts is that they have to be kept in severe cold storage, else they quickly taste rancid. Cocoanuts and Brazil nuts are hardest to keep without cold. Many of the nuts eaten today, like meat, were in cold storage yesterday. —New York Press.

### Kissing His Chains.

Upton Sinclair in a recent address said pointedly: "Poor people sometimes remind me of a dog I once saw."

"The dog's muzzle, as the animal passed me, dropped off. I am against muzzling, and so I kicked the wire contrivance into the gutter."

"But the dog resented my action by showing his teeth and growling angrily. He picked up the muzzle and trotted home with it in his mouth."—Minneapolis Journal.

"Have you heard about Reggie?" "No; what's the matter with Reggie?" "He has brain fever." "I don't believe it." "Why?" For the same reason that a rag doll can't have appendicitis.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

## TRIALS of the NEEDLEMS

WANT TO GIVE THEM TO A BEGGAR? DO YOU WANT TO MAKE A BEGGAR OF YOU BY GIVING EVERYTHING AWAY?



RESOLVED—THAT CHARITY GENERALLY BE NOT WHEN THE LIVER AND BOWELS ARE RIGHT. MURPHY'S PAW PAW PILLS KEEP THEM IN GOOD CONDITION. 10 PILLS IN A BOX.

Murphy's Paw Paw Pills cook the liver into activity by gentle methods. They do not scour, gripe or weaken. They are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves; invigorate instead of weaken. They enrich the blood and enable the stomach to get all the nourishment from food that is put into it. These pills contain no opium; they are soothing, healing and stimulating. For sale by all druggists in 10c and 25c sizes. If you need medical advice, write Murphy's Doctors. They will advise to the best of their ability absolutely free of charge. MURPHY'S, 224 and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

## Buy "BATTLE AXE" SHOES

Sleep is the image of death.

### IMPORTANT HOTEL CHANGE.

Peachtree Inn Now Open to Tourists, Commercial Men and Transients.

Atlanta, Ga.—An important change in one of Atlanta's hotels was made recently when beautiful Peachtree Inn passed into the control of Mr. Robert D. Edwards as lessee and manager. This is a modern family and tourist hotel, situated on beautiful Peachtree, the most fashionable thoroughfare in the city, where the guests can enjoy all the comforts of home life, away from the smoke and noise of the business center where the other large hotels are located. Mr. Edwards has thrown open his hotel to tourists and transients, and many commercial men and visitors who expect to remain several days in the city are availing themselves of the privilege of stopping at this popular hostelry, where they are thrown with a select home-like circle of the best class of people.

The Inn has 140 guest rooms, equipped with steam heat and electric light, with 40 private bath rooms, and is furnished throughout with all the modern hotel conveniences. It is conducted on the American plan with rates of \$2.00 per day and up. A special rate is given by the week.

Mr. Edwards is thoroughly overhauling the hotel throughout, installing new art squares, new furniture, recalcimining and painting throughout. The Inn contains a large, handsome ball room and fine orchestra, which is open to the guests and their friends.

When you visit Atlanta alone, or with your wife or other members of your family, you will find it a pleasure to stop at the Peachtree Inn, where Mr. Edwards will be glad to entertain you, with the very best of everything. Electric cars pass directly in front of the hotel, affording easy access to all the theaters, churches and the shopping districts at all hours. Any further information desired will be furnished by addressing Robert D. Edwards, 291 Peachtree street, Atlanta, Ga.

Beauty is whatever pleases us.

Buy "BATTLE AXE" SHOES.

Wisdom exceeds strength.

### WELL KIDNEYS KEEP THE BODY WELL.

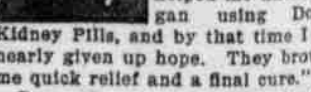
When the kidneys do their duty the blood is filtered clear of uric acid and other waste.

Weak kidneys do not filter off all the bad matter. This is the cause of rheumatic pains, backache and urinary disorders. Doan's Kidney Pills cure weak kidneys.

Henry J. Brown, 53 Columbus St., Charleston, S. C., says: "For two years I suffered with my kidneys. Rheumatic pains drove me nearly frantic. My limbs swelled. Nothing helped me until I began using Doan's Kidney Pills, and by that time I had nearly given up hope. They brought me quick relief and a final cure."

Remember the name—Doan's. Sold by all dealers. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. 50 cents a box.

The fool and his money sometimes stick until he is called hence.



Doan's Kidney Pills