

LIVING RIGHT.

If you're living right you can be a better sort of man, Be a kinder and a sweeter friend and a neighbor—oh, you can; If you're living right it's easy To be happy and be free, With a heart that beats with music And the Spirit full of glee.

SHIN YANG AND THE COPPER MULE.

In all the great, dirty city of Ya-fu, there was no more squalid dwelling than that where the lad Shin Yang lay moaning with pain. Like thousands of other houses, it was built around a tiny open court, which the Chinese called the "Heavenly Well."

Shin Yang had been suffering for weeks with an abscess on his arm, and it was growing worse instead of better. His parents were the poorest of the poor, but they had tried to do what they could for the boy according to their knowledge—which was worse than darkest ignorance.

First, they had sent for a Chinese doctor. He came, looked the boy over, and declared that the abscess was caused by an evil spirit which had taken up its abode in Shin Yang's arm. He said that the only way to drive him out was to scorch him.

Then the parents discharged the first doctor and sent for another. This man came, and with a great display of knowledge examined Shin Yang from head to foot. Then he declared that the lad's whole body was inhabited by a demon and that the only way to get him out was to deceive him.

But still the boy grew no better. Each day he moaned and tossed upon the earthen floor of the hovel, and each day he grew thinner and weaker.

Then the neighbors came in and told Shin Yang's father and mother that there was only one thing left for them to do. They must take Shin Yang to the Temple of the Most Glorious Pearl, and let him rub the Copper Mule.

So the next day a little procession was formed. Four men bore Shin Yang upon a rude litter, made of a few sticks bound together, and followed by the father and mother, they took their way to the great temple. It was a high and beautiful building, filled with many idols and priests. Hundreds of people were worshipping there, or praying to the idols for relief from sickness or troubles, and the priests were singing their incantations and swinging their censers of perfume before the idols.

Shin Yang's bearers slowly made their way among the worshippers to a corner of the temple where the image of the sacred mule was placed. It was life size, made of copper and thoroughly fitted out with bridle and saddle. The reputation of the Copper Mule was great throughout all that region. Whoever wished to be healed by the mystic power of the Copper Mule must rub the portion of the mule which corresponded to the location of his own sickness or pain.

The men let down the litter in front of the image. "It is your left arm that has the sickness," said Shin Yang's father, "and now you must arise from the litter and rub the left foreleg of the image."

Slowly the suffering lad raised himself and tried to stand upon his feet. But he was too weak. His father put his arms around him and assisted him to stand while with a feeble hand he rubbed the leg of the mule, and then sank back fainting in his father's arms.

man, and his tearless, kindly face was to them the face of a hated foreigner. As he drew near the litter on which Shin Yang was borne, he walked more slowly and looked down with a glance of inquiry at the boy who was lying there. At once a new expression came upon his face. The instincts of the physician were aroused.

"Will you please let me look at the boy?" he asked in imperfect Chinese. "Don't let him touch the lad!" cried one of the bystanders, "he has an evil spirit, and he will draw the eyes out of the boy's head."

"Yes, yes," called another, "he is the Jesus doctor, and he will bewitch the heart out of anyone that he touches. He has a place beyond in the city where he cuts up little children, and cooks and eats them."

But Doctor Worbank continued to examine Shin Yang carefully and to soothe his parents in healing Chinese. He had succeeded in uncovering Shin Yang's swollen arm, when suddenly a great cry arose from all the people: "The Dragon, the Great Dragon!"

Down through the many windings of the narrow street came a hundred men bearing above them the long, writhing body of an enormous green dragon. From its mouth at intervals sprouted flaming fire, and as it approached its contortions seemed startlingly lifelike.

As the crowd that accompanied the dragon caught sight of Dr. Worbank bending over Shin Yang they began to shout and yell with anger. "The foreign devil, foreign devil! Away with him! Kill the foreign devil!"

Nor were cries and shouts the only evidence of their hatred. They gathered stones from the street and began to cast them at the doctor as he stood before them with smiling face and calmly folded arms. One of their missiles struck him in the forehead, and the blood began to trickle down his cheek, and still he stood calmly facing the furious mob.

Suddenly a Chinese man sprang out from the crowd and took his place by the side of Doctor Worbank. "Stand back, Min Fat, stand back, or you yourself will suffer!"

But Min Fat lifted his hand for silence. "Dare not," he began, "to injure this man, the Jesus Doctor from America. You all know that I have been in America for years, and you know the story of that great fleet of fighting ships that lately touched at Amoy. I tell you that every one of those ships will be sent to avenge any injury that you may do to this man."

Somewhat awed by the words of Min Fat, the crowd subsided, and the great dragon went writhing by. When it was a little more quiet Doctor Worbank continued his examination of Shin Yang, and with the added persuasions of Min Fat his parents at last consented that he should be taken to the mission hospital.

The poor lad himself was so delirious with fever that he hardly realized anything when he was taken into the hospital. It came into his mind that he was being carried into another temple, but he knew that he could never rise to touch another image.

Into the operating room they carried him, and when he next came to himself it was in a place of which he had never had the slightest conception before. He was in a clean bed. Around him were other clean beds, and in them were sufferers like himself. He tried to move his arm, but found it tightly bound to his side, but the pain was almost gone.

Day after day Shin Yang lay in his little cot, wondering at everything he saw, but slowly feeling strength and health coming back to him. Every day the kindly face of Doctor Worbank bent above him. Every day his arm was carefully examined and everything done to make him comfortable. It came into the boy's mind that Dr. Worbank must be some good spirit from a land that he had never heard of before, because all the spirits in China seek to injure men instead of to help them.

As he grew a little stronger each day a young Chinese man came and sat in the room near his bedside and read a wonderful book. It told of God who was a God of love. It told of One who came from high heaven to help and comfort men. It told how he had compassion upon those who were sick and suffering, and healed them.

As Shin Yang listened to these beautiful stories day after day, a wonderful thought came into his heart. One day, after the reading, Dr. Worbank came into the room, and Shin Yang beckoned him to come to his bedside.

"I want to ask you something," doctor," he said. "What is it my boy?"

"Is it because of what is written in this book that you came from the land far away to set up this hospital in Ya-fu?"

A smile irradiated the kindly face of Dr. Worbank. "It is for just that reason, and for no other my boy," he said.

Then as he grew strong enough to sit up and to take a few steps about the hospital, the doctor led him to a window where he could look out upon the yard of the mission compound and see the boys of the mission school at their play. He thought he had never seen Chinese boys so happy as these, as they ran about the yard, and played some games with the ball and bat, games that he had never seen Chinese boys play before, and there was room in the yard for them to fly all their curious forms of kites too.

At last the day came when Shin Yang was sufficiently recovered so that he was able to be sent home. His arm was healed, but the joint was stiff and always would be so. He said good-bye to the doctor with many expressions of gratitude, and then set out for home with a glad and thankful heart.

It was in the morning when he left the hospital, and as the evening shades began to gather, Dr. Worbank discovered him hovering around the gates of the hospital, his head hanging down, and a look of despair upon his face.

"What's the trouble, my boy?" asked the doctor; "why have you come back?" "I—don't know where to go," stammered Shin Yang. "But why?" persisted the doctor. "I went home to my father and

mother," the boy continued, "and they told me that they were so poor that they could not take care of me any longer. I cannot work at many things, because my arm is stiff, and my father told me that the only thing for me to do was to go upon the street and try to get my living as a beggar. And oh, doctor Worbank," he continued, piteously, "I wish that you had let me die!"

The doctor thought in silence for a moment and then he said, "Shin Yang, would you be willing to come and stay here with me at the hospital?"

"Oh, doctor!" cried the boy, a light shining in his face once more, "will you let me come? I will do anything for you. He held up his right hand, the well one, and said earnestly:

"Doctor Worbank, this hand is strong, and with it I can scrub the floors and carry the water, and—and?" The tears were now in his voice as well as in his eyes.

"My boy," said Doctor Worbank, laying his hand upon Shin Yang's head, "I fear something better for you than that. Would you like to go to our boys' school and by and by learn to be my helper in the hospital?"

"Oh, Doctor Worbank!" gasped Shin Yang, ready to fall on his knees with gratitude. "Then hasten home and bring your father and mother to the hospital at once," said Doctor Worbank.

It was not long before the parents stood before him, and he asked them: "What are you going to do with this boy?"

The couple hung their heads. "We are so poor," said the father, "that we cannot take care of him."

"Are you willing to give him to me to let me train him, to have him go to the mission school, and by and by become a Christian teacher?"

"Yes, yes!" eagerly answered the parents; and in China it was a miracle that they should be willing to hand over their son into the care of one of the foreign devils.

And so the next morning Shin Yang's black pigtail was flying in the air as he ran and played with the other boys in the mission school yard, and soon he took his first steps in learning to be a teacher. But, indeed he was already a teacher, for through what had been done for Shin Yang, his fear and hatred of the doctor and his work had left the hearts of his father and mother, and the hearts of the neighbors, who knew Shin Yang's story; and that is the way that fear and hatred are leaving the hearts of hundreds all over China.—Boys' World.

In Kangaroo Land.

Outside of Australia people are astounded at the very idea of a kangaroo which lives in trees. How can the great, jumping creature, with its heavy powerful hind legs and tail, get up into a tree? The Australians, however, are not surprised when they know it well, and consider it one of the most beautiful animals of the island continent.

There are five different sorts of the tree kangaroos. Three live in New Guinea, and the other two in North Queensland, and all are very beautiful and graceful animals. They have fore legs and hind legs of almost the same length; their tails are very long and thick and are said to help their owners in climbing. They move like chain lightning, and are difficult to catch.

The natives of Queensland call the kangaroo the "boongary." A Swedish naturalist, having obtained one from cannibal hunters, who were very proud of their catch, brought it home. The boongary feeds only at night, and lives in lofty trees in the most inaccessible places. It feeds on leaves and fruit. The natives say that it does not drink water, and certainly it can live in rocky, desert districts where there seems to be no water.

One tree kangaroo, carried home on an English ship, escaped from its cage and made for the rigging, where it perched itself at the masthead, and gave the crew a pretty chase before it could be captured. It is now in the London zoo, with over a dozen others, and has learned to be much less shy than in its native land.

Everywhere in Australia, the baby kangaroo is called a "joey." No young animal is more charming than a joey, with its soft fur and its pretty eyes, as it nestles in its mother's pouch, and looks curiously out at the world. In the Australian homesteads in the bush, pet joeys are numerous, though some of them are owned by city folks. They become very tame and affectionate in captivity, and are said to be quite intelligent. It is not difficult to feed them for they are usually vegetarians.

So far, a kangaroo with aquatic habits has not been found. Some species live in caves, some in trees, some in the scrub and the rocks. Some eat flesh, some are herbivorous. All are vanishing fast before man.—Ex.

A Valuable Nest.

An enterprising mouse in Dornbirn took a number of twenty-kroner notes to the value of forty dollars, of a delicate reddish-brown shade, from the cash drawer of a butcher, tearing them to pieces adapted them to the purpose of making a nest.

The butcher in his search for the notes suspected and traced the mouse, and carefully picked up the remains of the notes and returned them to the bank, where they were pieced together. The butcher recovered about thirty-seven dollars, the bank claiming two dollars, and fifty cents for "material loss" caused by the mouse's teeth.—The Boston Transcript.

Leather Famine Is On.

CHICAGO.—"Unless the world develops a substitute for leather within two years, America will be the next wooden shoe nation," it was stated at the convention of the Illinois Shoe Retailers' Association. Speakers declared that the country is in the throes of a leather famine.

R. W. Ranney, president of the association, warned the delegates that governmental action is necessary if leather boots and shoes are to remain within the reach of working men.

FLOWERS TELL OWN STORY

Japanese Art Enables One Readily to Understand the Significance of Their Arrangement.

In the Flowery Kingdom they work wonders with their flowers. They make calendars of them. They tell stories with them. They symbolize aeroplanes, dainty women, and everything else by means of floral units, which we in America would use merely for a bouquet. The folklore and mythology of Japan are often vividly expressed in flower arrangement.

In arranging flowers the Japanese try to place them in the same position that they would naturally take. An American would put a bunch of cherry blossoms into a vase, upright; a Japanese would place the branch in a horizontal position, such as they occupy in growing.

The Japanese idea of flower arrangement is that one perfect individual flower, together with leaves and stem, is more beautiful than masses of them bunched together.

By using special containers and supports, the Japanese make flowers last twice as long as we do. In arranging flowers in a receptacle they trim the leaves from the stalks below the water, and for a short distance above. This gives the flower the appearance of growing. By taking a piece of bamboo, the Japanese will conventionally place flowers in it in such a way as to reproduce a ship in a calm or in a storm.

The Japanese do not like the rose and the lily. Flowers that have thorns are cruel and those whose petals drop off symbolize inconstancy. The cherry, wistaria, magnolia, azalea, peony, camellia, peach, plum, maple, pine, chrysanthemum, iris, lotus and morning glory find more popular favor.

LITTLE THINGS THAT COUNT

Comparatively Trivial Trouble in Philadelphia Building Made Structure Temporarily Worthless.

Any high-school girl graduate can write a pretty essay on "The Little Things That Count."

For example, a cinder in the eye is more formidable than Mount Shasta, 3600 miles away. One fly spoils a barrel of ointment, and so on indefinitely.

Had the president of the United States resigned at 11:45 o'clock on a recent day scores of persons would have been less affected than they were when the elevator men in a skyscraper at Broad and Chestnut quit work.

We do have a vice president, but we have no wings to carry us to our eighteenth floor offices. Consternation is a feeble word and far too anemic to describe the feelings of that throng of men and women who swiftly clogged the corridors of that huge building.

Can you imagine a more futile thing than 20 floors of masonry and steel without an elevator? You never can imagine how many people shoot up and down in these iron-grilled cages in ten minutes, until the cages cease to fly like shuttles on a weaver's loom.

Just a few cents' worth of human energy in the arm of a man, or rather the lack of it, puts \$3,000,000 worth of building on the scrap heap!—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"Ye" Is Pronounced "Thuh."

The "y" in "ye" is simply a substitute for the Anglo-Saxon "thorn letter," so called, which we have no way of getting into this column. That Anglo-Saxon letter, like the corresponding Icelandic character, stood for "th." The Encyclopedia Britannica says:

"The English letter 'thorn' survived and continued in use down to the fifteenth century, when it was transformed to 'y'."

As for the pronunciation of "ye," meaning "the," it is, of course (as near as we can put it into printer's ink) "thuh" today, as was in Chaucer's time and long before. Nobody who speaks English ever pronounces "the" as if it spelled "thee," but gives it the same sound as the "e" has in the corresponding French word. Just as the French pronounce "le jour" "luh zhour," so is "the day" pronounced "thuh day." . . . The class is now dismissed.—Manitoba Free Press.

Saliva and the Emotions.

The influence of fear upon the flow of saliva has long been known. The dry mouth of the nervous person called upon to speak in public is an example. In India the effect of fear in stopping the flow of saliva was at one time used in finding the guilty person when several were suspected of committing a crime. All who were suspected had to chew the consecrated rice and after a given time spit it out upon a leaf of the sacred fig tree. If anyone put forth the rice in a dry state, that was taken as proof that fear of being discovered had stopped his saliva from flowing. He was regarded as guilty of the crime.—Walter B. Cannon, M. D., in the Youth's Companion.

An Effective Mask.

"Such a lot of things happened this afternoon, dear," said Mrs. Youngbride to her husband. "I complained to Norah about the stove not being blackened and she put on her things and left. Then I decided to black the stove myself, and right in the midst of it who should call but Mrs. De-Style."

"What in the world did you do?" "I just put some more blackening on my face, went to the door and told her I wasn't in. And off she went, saying she would call again."—Boston Transcript.

FRIENDSHIP THAT IS REAL

Distance Has but Small Part in Severing Ties Bound Together by True Affection.

We often hear of cases—more often between men, but sometimes between women—where school friends separate and marry, living their lives apart for ten or fifteen years, only to find the old relation just as firm as ever on meeting again. Or in certain instances friends separate, never to meet again, but keep up their correspondence for years, and the one in a far city would do just as much for the distant comrade were the occasion to arise, as if their friendship had recently been close and intimate.

Friendship knows no space and no bounds. It is an indissoluble link between two human beings. And if you expect to enjoy the affection of a real pal you must be prepared to do your share. Do not be forever demanding and expecting from your friends. You can only keep alive the pure flame of friendship by giving unselfish love and disinterested affection. Do not look for them, but give from your heart, and you will receive. That is one of the beauties of friendship. The more love you give, the more you receive. But the more you demand and expect, the less you get.

Good pals are more precious than diamonds or gold, for they are the rarest of all valuables. Friendship is the salt of the earth and those who know the joy of real friendship should do all in their power to guard and keep it, not to destroy it.

How often we risk losing the affection of real friends for some worthless acquaintance! So often we offer insults and snubs (sometimes unconsciously) to those who weigh more in friendship's scales than a thousand of the aimless flatterers who would try to make us believe they are friends. Let us learn to know our real friends and to give a heartfelt appreciation for the value of such friendship.

SHALL IT BE SIMPLIFIED?

Possibilities of Revision of Our Language Made Apparent by Writer "Out of the West."

The English language as spoken by Yankees is difficult enuf as it is without makin enny attempt to simplifi it. We have had a lot of isms in later yeers, but nun more uceless than that by which it is hoped to make our vokal and ritten kommunikashin ezry. Bizibodis will always be found redly to take up enny nu theory. And that purhaps explains the sumwhat groing interest in simplified spelling. The quicker this unkwaled-for and superfiuous aktiviti in mattsurs deeling with arthograff haz a dampur put on it the bettur will it be for English, gramur, retorik and literachur in genral.

Simplified spelling gese hand in hand with the muve to eliminate gramur from the skules and the plan to bar readers in which Moother Guse rimes are kontained. Those who keep up the muvement are simply massin up the wurks. We no need to kum from it. As a substitute we wud suggest that the enthusiasts take up the kwestchun as tu whu rote Shake-speer's plase. There's an argument in that; there's nun in wurk that results in ennything like this. Say!—St. Louis Times.

How to Make Spirit Photographs.

Print from ordinary negatives in the usual manner on printing-out paper, then fix the prints in a solution of one ounce hyposulphite of soda and eight ounces of water, and wash them thoroughly. While still wet, immerse them in a saturated solution of bichloride of mercury until the image disappears; then wash thoroughly. Be very careful, as bichloride is very poisonous. Soak some clean blotting paper in the hyposulphite of soda solution and allow it to dry.

To cause the spirit photograph to appear, cut a piece of blotting paper the same size as the prepared print, and moisten it; then hold the apparently blank piece of paper in contact with it. The photograph will come out gradually, clear and plain, and if washed thoroughly will be permanent.—Popular Science Monthly.

Orange Peel Oil Explosive.

Everybody knows the flavor of orange peel, but not everybody knows what causes that flavor. It is due to the oil contained in little cells in the rind. If the peel is bent so as to strain these oil-laden cells, the oil bursts out, often as a visible spray and usually perceptible to our sense of smell, and often as a greasy film on the fingers. The peel may be so bent as to rupture a large number of these cells at one time, and to fill the air with an oily mist. If, at the moment of bending, a lighted match be applied by an assistant a decided explosion will follow. This experiment is most successfully performed in a darkened room or in a room wholly dark except for the light from the match.—Popular Science Monthly.

Most Lasting Wood.

Practically all of the lock gates of the Bridgewater canal are made of greenheart. For the last 50 years all the dock gates in the Mersey harbor at Liverpool have been made of this wood, and when it has been found necessary to remove any of these gates to widen or deepen the channel the wood has been found to be as good as when it was first used. In the Canada dock wood put down in 1856 was again used in the construction of new gates after 88 years' use.

Valuable Wood.

The tree most valuable in the Guiana forests is that known as greenheart, or siperia. Greenheart is among Lloyds' list of eight first-class woods and is one of the strongest woods in use. It is employed largely in engineering and construction work, harbor works, railway trestles and bridges. The 50 large pairs of lock gates in the Manchester ship canal are all built of greenheart from Demerara. Engineers have said it is impossible to estimate the durability of greenheart, particularly in the construction of docks, their lasting quality being limited only by the iron bolts and other fastenings used.

LOOK MORE TO THE FUTURE

Mother's Vision Sometimes Too Limited, Is the Opinion of Writer in Leading Magazine.

Why do so many mothers fail? Is it not because they lack imagination? Because they cannot see the effect of their training on their children's later life? They have fixed rules to fit present circumstances. Their discipline is for today; none of it has reference to the future. If mothers had a little more vision, they would not try to govern their children to suit parental convenience, but they would let the youngsters be themselves. A mother should be able to see the man in the child, as the gardener sees the bush with its blossoms in the tiny sprout; and she should care for her children as he cares for his plants—not trying to twist them into unnatural shapes but providing the proper conditions for them to develop according to their nature.

Help your child to develop judgment rather than compel him to obey arbitrary rules. The arbitrary formulas of conduct you manufacture for him today may not help him in the least in his later relationships. When your son grows to maturity he will not be surrounded with the same conditions that made up the environment of his childhood. He will perhaps go to new places and come in contact with new people. Even if he does not leave his native town, he will have to face new conditions; for his town will change with the times. His city will not harbor the same ideas that prevailed in his youth. Men will think differently, and he will have to keep up with the procession. Are you preparing him to meet the tests of life that will come to him when he is a man? Are you preparing your daughter to be a better mother than you are?—Mother's Magazine.

ORIGIN OF CURFEW BELI

Merely Served as Warning to Cover Fire in the Time of William the Conqueror.

So many towns ring the curfew bell to warn the children that 9 o'clock p. m. must find them safe in the home nest, it is interesting to know that the curfew bell originated in the time of William the Conqueror, says a writer in the People's Home Journal. A "curfew" was a fire cover of metal, shaped like a hood, with a handle by which it was lifted. It had an opening on one side, and was about ten inches in height. Because fires in early days were made on large, open hearths, the smoke escaping through a hole in the roof, fire risk was great. It was ordered that every householder before retiring must cover his fire with a "couvre-feu," meaning "cover the fire." He scraped the embers together at the back of the hearth, putting the cover over them, the open part close against the chimney.

Far Better.

In a neat English village lived a tobacconist named Farr. Now, this tobacconist had a rival. Both wanted the trade of the town. Farr, being a wit, devised a sign and hung it outside his shop:

"Best tobacco by Farr." The townsfolk, relishing a pun, flocked to his shop and his trade increased at the expense of his rival's business.

Now, his rival brooded and meditated, consulted many books of ancient lore, a Roger's Thesaurus, and a rhyming dictionary. One day his face was seen to wreath itself in smiles. Gossip hovered expectant about his shop. The anticipations of the townsfolk were not disappointed. For that very day he hung out a sign which read:

"Far better tobacco than the best by Farr."

Immersed in Self.

We are all too immersed in self—that is where the trouble lies. If we could only get out of ourselves enough to forget personal feelings in our relations with outsiders they would not have to suffer for no fault of their own. The stenographer and bookkeeper would not have to put up with their employer's irascibility, the maid would not have to endure her mistress' harsh faultfinding, the poor dramatist's play would not have to fail because of the critic's indigestion, and the singer would not be hopelessly set back because of the reviewer's gripe. All this, of course, will only come when we have learned a little about self-control and self-forgetfulness.

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