

Happy Phrases Coined by Unlettered Persons

The best of all word makers are the unlettered. Professor Gildersleeve said that the masses own the language.

When Roosevelt was a ranch owner and had been felling trees with his men, he happened to overhear one of them say, "Bill cut down fifty-three, I cut forty-nine, and the boss he beavered down seventeen."

Roosevelt, who always enjoyed a good joke on himself went on, "Those who have ever seen the stump of a tree gnawed down by a beaver will understand the exact force of the comparison."

We have always needed a word for mistake as applied to action, and the Maine guide has coined it, Robert Haven Schaufleur writes, in the Century Magazine.

A homespun New England philosopher in southern California coined an excellent verb. He was arguing that sterling qualities of heart are rarer than those of head.

And my hired man, a racy son of Cape Cod, once made a piquant adjective out of a noun by referring to Charles O. Ellms as "the best-booked man in Scituate."

Children, too, have a sure instinct at times for word coining. I know some who christened their playroom "The squealery."

Somber Colors for Chinese

One sign of the leveling influence of commercial atmosphere is noticed in the principal business centers of China, where black and other somber and dignified colors are now the Chinese business man's dress.

Deserved to Lose

The late John S. Sargent, the famous American portrait painter, was once obliged to attend an unsavory murder trial in London for the purpose of making certain sketches.

The trial was also attended by many society folk, and one morning, when Mr. Sargent arrived late, he found his seat occupied by a great lady. He said nothing, but at the luncheon hour he ate a very hurried luncheon, and so it came about that when the great lady came back from her own luncheon she found that her place was gone.

She put up her lorgnette, stared at Mr. Sargent haughtily and said: "Dear me, I've lost my seat."

"Madame," said Mr. Sargent, "when a lady so far forgets herself as to attend a trial of this unsavory kind, she is apt to lose both her seat and her standing."

Vanity

"A little while ago I read a book on psychology," said a Lakeville farmer. "It said that if you lay a hen down on the floor and then draw a line up to its bill, it will be temporarily hypnotized and stay there for several minutes. Well, sir, I thought I'd try it. I had plenty of hens and a pencil to draw the line, so I brought in a good plump chicken and sat her down. That stunt actually worked. She sat dead still for about three minutes, then sort of shook her head and walked away. But you can't fool me on the hypnotism stuff. That hen simply had her eyes crossed, and being vain like all females, wouldn't get up until she got them straightened out."—Detroit News.

New Power Computation

Estimating that the average work capacity of one human being is one-eighth horse-power and that there was 700,000,000 mechanical horse-power developed in this country, engineers claim that every man, woman and child in the United States has at his command the equivalent of 48 slaves.—Science Service.

Step Toward Brotherhood

The Federal Council of Churches has recently issued the statement that Jewish rabbis are lecturing in Protestant theological seminaries on race relations as exchange professors. Christian ministers are speaking at Jewish colleges and institutions on the brotherhood of races.

WORK OF LITERARY PORTRAIT PAINTER

Wholesome Realism Should Be Sole Aim.

The protest of the Tennessee admirers of Andrew Jackson because of the portraits of the master of the Hermitage and his wife painted in an article by Meade Minnegerode again raises the question of the value of the work of the new school of portrait painting. Nothing is so drab and dreary as the unrelieved eulogy in which all the human blemishes of the subject are painted out; and nothing more deceptive and unjust than giving to these blemishes such exaggerated importance as to make them dominate the whole.

There is one danger, however, in the tendency of some of these portrait painters. Because there is something in human nature which craves to know the worst of a fellow-being who has attained distinction, the biographer seeking popularity is tempted to seek the weaknesses and to minimize the elements of strength. It is easy to paint a grotesque Jackson, a supercilious Jefferson and a black Burr. Easy to paint a portrait of Lincoln, uncouth, awkward, socially crude, commonplace, even vulgar.

And what a John Adams could be painted! His childish vanity, his almost puerile love of show, his passion for distinctions and titles, his petty jealousies, his strutting pomp and ridiculous pose, his rages of temper—use these qualities, unquestionably his, to the exclusion of others and what a laughable creature we have! But that would make a caricature and not a portrait. Into honest realistic portraiture must likewise go his real ability, his superb moral courage, his manly independence, his robust patriotism. A portrait of the first sort would make inexplicable his high position in the state; one of the second kind, without his weaknesses painted in, would make incomprehensible his unpopularity and fall; and the only portrait which would explain the man, his greatness and his fall, would be that including all the qualities that made him.

Along with this disposition to over-emphasize the failings of a subject, to which too many modern literary portrait painters are prone, is the less offensive tendency in others to twist traits to the justification of their preconceptions. Here even Gamaliel Bradford is not wholly free—albeit usually so and always conscientious. His conception of Aaron Burr as a man who looked on life as a gay adventure for the extraction of fun may be possible, but it was scarcely just to cite his action in carrying the body of Richard Montgomery, his loved commander, on his shoulders through a rain of bullets to the American line. No such extraordinary explanation is necessary. Burr's natural gallantry, his devotion to his friends, his love of Montgomery, offer explanation enough, and he is surely entitled to the credit. On that occasion Burr was not playing a child's game, he was doing a brave man's work.

Many years ago Cromwell gave the best possible advice to the literary portrait painter—"warts and all." He did not say just "warts," but "warts—and all." Only thus can we have a living likeness painted with fidelity to truth. It is a wholesome tendency to paint in the warts, but it can be easily overdone—when nothing but warts are shown.

Voting for the Right Man

Wherever there is a county court house, a number of loafers are always about and the number varies according to the size of the courthouse.

Several days ago a group of men was lined up on the small curb that fences the Marion county courthouse yard. Several were colored. A colored woman who had just obtained a divorce from her husband in one of the Superior courts passed triumphantly by and stopped before the group long enough to remark: "You didn't vote for the right man last fall. It's all your own fault. You wouldn't be out o' work if you had voted right."—Indianapolis News.

Pensions for Professors

Exemption from duties with a pension "equal to the income they may enjoy" is obligatory for professors of secondary, commercial and special instruction in the public schools of Chile, who have completed 30 years of service and have reached the age of fifty-five. The government may, for very special reasons, authorize these employees to continue performing their duties for five years more. This is provided in degree law No. 387, promulgated March 12, 1925, and officially reported to the State department by William Miller Collier, United States ambassador at Santiago.

MORE ABOUT MARRIAGE.

By Levi A. Miller.

I have often said that marriage seems to me to be the epitome of all other fine relations. There is a certain element of brotherliness in it as between the married pair; there is a certain fatherly attitude; there is a certain motherly brooding on the part of the wife over her husband; there is friendship, and an element of comradeship; and there is always something infinitely more.

What is that something infinitely more? It is something present in no other human relation. It is just the feeling that, as between husband and wife, there shall be a total blending of mind with mind and heart with heart; that they shall touch not merely at one point, as friends and companions do, but that they shall touch at all points; that they cannot endure separation. Emerson said he could well afford to have his friend, Carlyle, live on the other side of the water—he did not need his presence; but true husband and wife cannot live one on this side of the water and the other on the other side. They are moved to have all things in common, to live under the same roof, to break bread together day by day; to pass through the vicissitudes of life together; to con life's lessons together; to wish to confer perpetual benefit on the other. They are not romantic, enthusiastic, neither are they without the poetic rapture of each other's relation. The true love of marriage differs from romantic love in this, that the romantic lover sees perfection contrary to the facts, and attributes a present perfection to the other; the real lover is he who sees a certain excellence, a certain charm. Without the attraction of that there would be no approach—but beyond that, sees the possibility of greater excellence and perfection which shall be developed, through mutual help.

One cannot think of marriage without the children. And it is in relation to the children that the task of realizing the excellence which has not yet appeared, is best achieved. The children, if they are to be well brought up, and well guided, must reverence their parents, and the parents must become worthy of their reverence. Our children come to us for knowledge. If we are to impart that knowledge we must have it; we cannot afford to be idlers and triflers. Of course we cannot give them all the instruction they require. We send them to schools or engage tutors for them; but we must give them at least the affluence of knowledge. They must not look upon us as ignorant persons. They must realize that in some field we too are competent. Furthermore, the children depend upon us for example. How far reaching is our example? What a challenge then to us to become self-controlled and serene for their sake! Let us try to achieve serenity, patience and resignation, so that the light of our countenance may illumine their life. The child needs the right kind of father and mother.

MANY HOURS LOST IN SLEEP.

The man of sixty who awakens suddenly to the fact that he has spent twenty of these precious years in the unconsciousness of sleep is apt to reproach himself for what seems at the moment to have been a prodigal waste of time. Nevertheless, he can comfort himself with the reflection that had he not had, approximately at least, these hours of blissful oblivion he would not be alive to worry about the matter. Sound sleep for a certain number of hours in every twenty-four is as vital to good health as is daily sufficiency of good food, fresh air, sunlight and exercise.

Opponents of daylight-saving time, declare that it "deprives people of their natural sleep." That is, however, simply begging the question,

since nobody has yet defined when we ought to sleep or for how many hours. We know, of course, that people who are both physically and mentally lazy deliberately oversleep, while on the other hand, the mentally alert and bodily active are apt to deprive themselves of the amount of sleep that is essential to health. We are also aware that both that "little more" and "little less" tell in the long run with cumulative effect on the brain and nerves, seriously impairing the structure and functions of both, and injuring health and shortening life.

People seem to think that there should be some ruling on the vexed question of how many hours a healthy human adult should sleep. If all human creatures were in every respect alike this would be easy; but since no two members of the human family are, or ever will be, exactly alike, the adage "One man's meat is another man's poison" may also read, "One man's sleep is another man's insomnia," and vice versa. Some require a little more sleep than others.

A healthy man, sleeping independently of the help of any narcotic, in an adequately ventilated room, knows he has had enough sleep when he awakes automatically feeling refreshed in spirit and body. On the other hand, the sleeper who deliberately sleeps on or "dozes" until he is called by a knock or a clock can scarcely tell whether he has slept too much or too little. If he feels bright at breakfast he has probably hit the happy medium; if he does not, then he doesn't know whether he has had too little or too much oblivion.

A man's daily output of nerve energy is the measure of the period required for its restoration during sleep. Hence the great diversity in the hours required for slumber by different individuals. As illustrations of this diversity it is usual to quote the hours of sleep required by men like Napoleon, John Wesley and others who lived in days when the stress and strain on the nervous system was nothing compared with what it is today.

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MEDICAL.

All Out of Sorts?

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