

# I'VE BEEN THINKING

By Charles Battell Loomis



O you intend to become an essayist, gentle writer? Then learn the art of apt and appropriate quotation. Quotations are not more desirable to a stockbroker than they should be to you. Cultivate Bartlett.

To plant in the bare sands of an arid imagination the borrowed flowers of the successful gardeners of literature is to prepare a parterre that shall please even the critical. For when a man not variously learned comes on a passage that he has himself read in the original setting, his vanity is tickled.

Tickle your reader's vanity often enough, and he is yours and will sound your praises. "A nightingale dies for shame if another bird sings better," but you who are not a nightingale might die for shame if it were not for the singing of that large chorus of English birds that make your songs possible. "Homer himself must beg if he wants means," and if Homer begs, who are you that says, "to beg I am ashamed?" See only that you beg at the right gates, and you shall enjoy a borrowed richness that in the minds of many passes for a homemade garment of great value.

"Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed," and others quoted. "Reading maketh a full man,"

not only that, but "out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh," and he who has read much and remembered much can write well.

"Discretion of speech is more than eloquence," and the most discreet man is the man who knows where to borrow to advantage. There be those who write original essays of which the best that may be said is, "It is his own." Better far the essay that glitters and sparkles with a thousand gems fished from the world's great lapidaries.

"Brevity is the soul of wit," but it does not follow that every postal card contains an epigram. The safest way to insure wit in your essay is to pick it where you find it, and ten chances to one that will not be in your own brain. Better the wit of others than no wit at all—which might be a proverb, but is not.

Shakespeare has well said: "There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so." If this be applied to your essay, O writer! what an excellent thing it would be! But it lies not within your gray matter to compass it. Again, with the bard, you say, "I must become a borrower," and you walk down the pleasant gardens, plucking here and there a flower of fancy until your little, essay stuns the eye with color. "Here's richness!"

Nothing that you can say but has been well said before; therefore quote it, fusing it, if you will, with your poor thought to crystallize it and make it seem a new thing.

A sixteenth-century writer says: "They lard their lean books with the fat of others' works." There you have an old precedent, so fear not. You are in good company. You do but take what others have taken before. Quote you never so well, you

do but requote, and it may be that he from whom you quote lifted his thought from a richer than he. It is well said that "a dwarf, standing on the shoulders of a giant, may see further than the giant himself," and if he can see further it stands to reason that he can be seen further. Your borrowed plumes will make you a marked man; that is, one who is "read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested."

"We can say nothing but what hath been said." Why attempt the impossible, then? "I would help others out of a fellow-feeling." I have been thought-dry myself. I dare say that there were mornings when John Milton said: "I had rather than 40 shillings I had never begun 'Paradise Lost.' I have keyed it so high that it splits my throat to sing it."

"Angling is somewhat like poetry—men are to be born so." So angle that you obtain the prize. Fish in other men's streams and a full basket will surely reward your perseverance. And when you have spread your wares in the market place, not one in ten will care who owned the fish originally. You will receive the credit even if you pepper your work all over with quotation marks.

Emerson says: "The passages of Shakespeare that we most prize were never quoted until this century." Do you not see that it was not what Shakespeare himself said that men valued? It was not until his jewels flashed in other men's bosoms that we perceived their luster. Therefore quote, for in so doing you will be rendering the bard a service.

"It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright," but thanks to your incursions into the fields of literature, your bag is full. Let it stand. (Copyright, by James Pott & Co.)

# Lim Jucklin on Women Reformers

By Opie Read

Old Lim Jucklin put aside his newspaper, arose, stood on the hearth, and remarked to his wife, who sat in a rocking chair, half dreamily knitting: "They must hire folks by the year to do nothin' else but to write about women."

"They want to furnish the men somethin' to read," his wife replied.

"Furnish the men somethin' to skip so to read somethin' else," said the old man. "Once in a while I read 'em though, and I've just read a lot of stuff that I know won't be written by anybody, man or woman, that had anything else to do—a whole column and a half tellin' how to raise children; and I'll bet a steer it was written by an old maid."

"Limuel, what are you talkin' about?"

"An old maid, I said; and one of the sort that snatches up her skirts and runs like a turkey hen whenever she sees a child a comin' toward her. Oh, I know their brand."

"Yes, I suppose so," said his wife. "But a woman that a raisin' children hasn't got time to write, and one that has them already raised is so tired she don't feel like it."

"Oh, I expected to get it, one way or another," replied the old man. "It was due and I deserved it. But it does seem that the writers on the subject of women ought to stumble on somethin' new. But man has been studyin' women—now, let me see. Well, particularly ever since Samson's wife cut his hair off, and he hasn't stumbled on anything new yet. I've given her a good deal of my time and I'm ready to make my acknowledgments. I've summed up my account book. Two and two make four anywhere else. But with woman two and two sometimes make six. You can't tell. Fingers don't lie, but with her they are mighty accommodatin'. And, Lord bless her, she has finally discovered that man is her enemy. The old maids have told her so and she has begun to believe it. Over here across the creek the other day a party of 'em had a meetin' and resolved that man was a tyrant and ought to be ousted. Old Miss Patsy Page, that has chased every chance to get married that she could find through a spyglass a comin' her way, was the president. She called attention to the number of divorcees throughout the country, and she sighed over all this waste of raw material. She read a paper, too, on how to manage a husband. Bet she'd like to read a book on how to catch one."

"Limuel, she's a good woman. She sets up with the stick."

"Yes, and when she does the well folks catch it. She'd sour a mornin's milk by lookin' the cow in the eye."

"Well," replied the old lady, "she says that you used to come to see her,

and she has hinted that she could have had you."

"Ha, if I'd married her she would have had me—you can bet a settin' of eggs on that."

"It was the talk of the neighborhood how you used to go to dances with her."

"Yes, it was the talk of the neighborhood whenever anybody went with her at all. Gad, she had a tongue that would pick out a briar. And now she is a reformer, an uplifter of downtrodden women. Well, she spent about two-thirds of her life tryin' to tread 'em down. I can recollect when every girl in the neighborhood was afraid of her. An old gypsy came along one time and had some love powders for sale, and Miss Patsy she bought some and managed to give 'em to Zeb Collins. She must have given him about half a pound from the way he acted. Went out and hung over the back fence and called hogs for ten minutes, he did. After awhile when he was silent she looked out after him and he was a ketchin' of his horse. We called him Bakin'-Powder Zeb after that. But he didn't rise."

"I don't believe she gave him the powders."

"No, just loaned 'em to him. At any rate, he got 'em. And now you trace back some of the biggest of these women reformers and you'll find love powders in their lives somewhere. There ain't nothin' on the earth brighter than a bright woman—and there's nobody the Lord ought to shower His favors down on more than her. No matter how good a man is he can't begin to ketch up with her. She is tenderness, love, truth, religion—all in one. But when she's pizenous—look out. That is the time for Satan himself to dodge. And I'll bet every time he sees old Miss Patsy comin' he takes to his flinty heels. When a man's disappointed with life he generally tries to keep it to himself. But with a woman—she not only wants it to be known, but wants to make others dissatisfied."

"Yes," said Mrs. Jucklin, "for when a man's a failure it's his own fault. A woman could never have helped herself."

"You've got me again and I'll have to get out the best way I can. Yes, the cause of failure lies with the one that has failed. It was a lack of energy, a lack of judgment—a lack of somethin'. A man must make circumstances, but sometimes circumstances won't be made. Under the law all men may be born free, but they ain't born equal. Neither minds nor constitutions are on a par with one another in different men. Man acknowledges this and quietly knocks under, takin' hold of the next best thing and doin' with it what he can. I'm talkin' about sensible men. But the woman—of the Miss Patsy stripe—she does her best

and then tries to get even by doin' her worst. She looks for happiness in the misery of others. In a sorrowful countenance she finds the reward of her efforts. She holds man accountable for the fact that she was born a female. The dog that barks at the moon sees somethin', but the woman that rails against nature sees nothin' but herself. I know that some of the women folks would like to shoot me for sayin' it, but I do say that the mother of a child is greater than the woman that makes a speech five columns long and has the whole community talkin' about how smart she is."

"How about the father of a child? Isn't he greater than the man that makes a speech?"

"He may be. About as no account a man as I ever came across could make a speech for the clouds, I tell you. But when he got through he was just a seashell that the musical wind had been blowin' into. That was all. He never had the joy of carin' for a little human bein'. He was just a feller that folks could call great because he could talk. We may not have a mission on this earth, but if we have it is to obey the lovin' instincts of nature. The man that hates and the woman that has no love in her heart are both the enemies of nature. You may say that old Miss Patsy would have loved if the opportunity had been given to her. She would have married, that's true enough; but I don't believe she, nor any of her ilk, ever had any real love in her heart. I'm not standin' here talkin' up for man. Bless you, he's hopeless. He's gone all the galts. But the best of us have loved and honored our women. We haven't called them the enemies of man simply because nature set a limit to our minds and—because fate, or whatever you may call it, showed us our weakness. We've played some cards and have drunk a good deal of liquor, but the best of us have reformed and we hope the Lord has forgiven us."

"Oh, of course," said the old lady, "any man is willing enough to ask the Lord to forgive him when he knows that it is nearly time for him to die. During all the time, night after night, while these dear little ones that he thought so much of have been growing up, he has been off at elections and other things; and when he gets old enough to quit then he talks about the mission of nature and all that sort of stuff. If man doesn't want women to go around makin' speeches why doesn't he marry her and take care of her? If he thinks that marriage is so beautiful for a woman why doesn't he prove that it is beautiful for him? Summing up my book, as you summed up yours, why doesn't a man learn earlier how to behave himself?"

"Well, I reckon you've got me again," said the old man. (Copyright, by Opie Read.)

## BED-BOUND FOR MONTHS.

Hope Abandoned After Physicians' Consultation.

Mrs. Enos Shearer, Yew and Washington Sts., Centralia, Wash., says: "For years I was weak and run down, could not sleep, my limbs swelled and the secretions were troublesome; pains were intense. I was fast in bed for four months. Three doctors said there was no cure for me, and I was given up to die. Being urged, I used Doan's Kidney Pills. Soon I was better, and in a few weeks was about the house, well and strong again." Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

## WAS ONLY RED BLOOD.

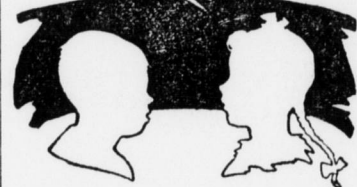
And Three-Year-Old Had Been Told That It Was Blue.

Three-year-old Allan had a very aristocratic grandma, who prided herself on her own and her husband's blue-blooded ancestry. She told him heroic deeds of them and warned him from ever playing with boys of low degree.

One day Allan came screaming upstairs to his mamma and grandma, holding his hand up covered with blood, where he had cut his little finger. They were both greatly alarmed, as he was a child who rarely cried or complained when hurt. Mamma washed the blood off and, examining the cut, said:

"Why, dear, it's not so very bad. Does it hurt you so much?" "I'm not cryin' 'cause it hurts," he said, "but 'cause it's only red blood, and grandma said I had blue."—Philadelphia Ledger.

## CHANCE FOR EMMA.



Tommy (to his sister)—Emma, if you give me a bit of your cake, I'll spoil the piano so that you won't be able to take a lesson for a fortnight!

## Swadeshi.

In the sense in which Sir William Harcourt remarked "We are all socialists now," it may be said that all Anglo-Indians are believers in Swadeshi. While all reasonable Anglo-Indians deplore the senseless agitation and the unsound economics of the extremist advocates of Swadeshi principles, they are all anxious to assist that natural development of indigenous industries and the creation of new ones upon which the future prosperity of the country so largely depends.—Pioneer Mail.

## A Difficult Lesson.

"It is next to impossible for a man to teach a pretty girl how to whistle," said a musician who is a good whistler.

"How is that?" he was asked.

"Well, providing she is not your wife or sister, when a pretty girl gets her lips properly puckered she usually looks so bewitchingly tempting that he kisses her, and the consequence is she doesn't have a chance to blow a note."

## DROPPED COFFEE

Doctor Gains 20 Pounds on Postum.

A physician of Wash., D. C., says of his coffee experience:

"For years I suffered with periodical headaches which grew more frequent until they became almost constant. So severe were they that sometimes I was almost frantic. I was sallow, constipated, irritable, sleepless; my memory was poor, I trembled and my thoughts were often confused. "My wife, in her wisdom, believed coffee was responsible for these ills and urged me to drop it. I tried many times to do so, but was its slave. "Finally Wife bought a package of Postum, and persuaded me to try it, but she made it same as ordinary coffee and I was disgusted with the taste. (I make this emphatic because I fear many others have had the same experience.) She was distressed at her failure and we carefully read the directions, made it right, boiled it full 15 minutes after boiling commenced, and with good cream and sugar, I liked it—it invigorated and seemed to nourish me. "This was about a year ago. Now I have no headaches, am not sallow, sleeplessness and irritability are gone, my brain clear and my head steady. I have gained 20 lbs. and feel I am a new man. "I do not hesitate to give Postum due credit. Of course dropping coffee was the main thing, but I had dropped it before, using chocolate, cocoa and other things to no purpose. "Postum not only seemed to act as an invigorant, but as an article of nourishment, giving me the needed phosphates and albumens. This is no imaginary tale. It can be substantiated by my wife and her sister, who both changed to Postum and are hearty women of about 70. "I write this for the information and encouragement of others, and with a feeling of gratitude to the inventor of Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

## SAVED FROM MATERNAL WRATH.

Boys' Fervent Prayer Was Answered in the Nick of Time.

A suburbanite is fond of telling this story of his five-year-old son Bobby. Being of an inquiring turn of mind the youngster one day managed to turn on both faucets in the bathtub to see what would happen. It chanced that the stopper was in place, and the tub rapidly filled up, to the great delight of Bobby. Finally, however, the tub became so full that it threatened to overflow on to the floor, and Bobby, having a proper respect for the maternal slipper, became frightened and tried vainly to turn off the water. Being unable to, for some reason, he gazed tearfully at the ever-rising flood, and then, mindful both of his religious training and the occasional visits of the plumber, he plunged down on his knees, and his elder sister, who happened to be passing at the moment, heard him exclaim, fervently:

"O, Lord, please stop this water running! And, O, Lord, if you can't do it, please send somebody that can!"

His prayer was answered, for his sister rose to the occasion and turned off the water and temporarily saved Bobby from the much-feared slipper.

## ITCHING HUMOR ON BOY

His Hands Were a Solid Mass, and Disease Spread All Over Body—Cured in 4 Days By Cuticura.

"One day we noticed that our little boy was all broken out with itching sores. We first noticed it on his little hands. His hands were not as bad then, and we didn't think anything serious would result. But the next day we heard of the Cuticura Remedies being so good for itching sores. By this time the disease had spread all over his body, and his hands were nothing but a solid mass of this itching disease. I purchased a box of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment, and that night I took the Cuticura Soap and lukewarm water and washed him well. Then I dried him and took the Cuticura Ointment and anointed him with it. I did this every evening and in four nights he was entirely cured. Mrs. Frank Donahue, 208 Fremont St., Kokomo, Ind., Sept. 16, 1907."

## MORE USED TO SELLING PINS.



Absent-Minded Clerk (who has been transferred from notion department)—So, you'll take this piano. Shall I send it, or will you take it with you?

## The Vital Point.

Judge Gillette was one of the most dignified of old-fashioned jurists. One day he was holding court at a county seat in a rather out-of-the-main-road county, when a violent hubbub in the hallway interrupted proceedings in the court-room. After quieting the disturbance, the sheriff returned to report to the judge. "It was two men fighting," explained the official. "Danny Flannigan and Jake Jenkins, tough characters about town. I have put them under arrest." And he waited, expecting that the magistrate would order both offenders to be brought in to his presence and committed for contempt.

What was the sheriff's astonishment, therefore, when the judge beckoned him to the desk, and bending down, said in a confidential whisper:

"Which kicked?"—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

## Making It Sure.

The lawyer was drawing up Enpeck's will. "I hereby bequeath all my property to my wife," dictated Enpeck. "Got that down?" "Yes," answered the attorney. "On condition," continued Enpeck, "that she marries within a year." "But why that condition?" asked the man of law. "Because," answered the meek and lowly testator, "I want somebody to be sorry that I died. See?"

## Habitual Constipation

May be permanently overcome by proper personal efforts with the assistance of the one truly beneficial laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, which enables one to form regular habits daily so that assistance to nature may be gradually dispensed with when no longer needed as the best of remedies, when required, are to assist nature and not to supplant the natural functions, which must depend ultimately upon proper nourishment, proper efforts, and right living generally. To get its beneficial effects, always buy the genuine Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. ONLY SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS one size only, regular price 50¢ per Bottle

## ONE ON THE DOCTOR.

St. Peter's Query Decided Reflection on Medical Attendant.

Dr. Arthur T. Holbrook told a story on his profession. "A man by the name of Evans died," he said, "and went to heaven, of course. When he arrived at the pearly gates he said to St. Peter:

"Well, I'm here." "St. Peter looked at him and asked his name. 'John Evans,' was the reply. "St. Peter looked through his book, and shook his head.

"You don't belong here," he said, pointing to the exit.

"But I am sure I belong here," said the man.

"Wait a minute," said St. Peter. "He looked again and in the back of the book found his name.

"Sure," said the guardian of the gate, "you belong here. But you wasn't expected for 20 years. Who's your doctor?"—Milwaukee Free Press.

## HAZY.



Publisher—The third chapter in this manuscript is so blurred I can't make it out.

Author—Yes; that is where I used London atmosphere. That is the fog, you know.

We are missing the meaning of life if we slight the little opportunities for great living, waiting for the glamorous, the spectacular.—Grace Willis.

## FOUR GIRLS

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Read What They Say.

Miss Lillian Ross, 530 East 84th Street, New York, writes: "Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound overcame irregularities, periodic suffering, and nervous headaches, after everything else had failed to help me, and I feel it a duty to let others know of it."

Katharine Craig, 2355 Lafayette St., Denver, Col., writes: "Thanks to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I am well, after suffering for months from nervous prostration."

Miss Marie Stoltzman, of Laurel, Ia., writes: "I was in a run-down condition and suffered from suppression, indigestion, and poor circulation. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me well and strong."

Miss Ellen M. Olson, of 417 N. East St., Keewauke, Ill., says: "Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me of backache, and established my periods, after the best local doctors had failed to help me."

## FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

KNOWN SINCE 1836 AS RELIABLE (TRADE MARK) PLANTEN'S C & C OR BLACK CAPSULES SUPERIOR REMEDY FOR URINARY DISCHARGES ETC DRUGGISTS OR BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF 50c H. PLANTEN & SON 95 HENRY ST. BROOKLYN, N. Y.

AGENTS can make \$50 to \$100 in next six weeks canvassing for our great campaign book "Great Issues and National Leaders," 100 pages, 100 engravings. Nearly every voter will subscribe. Lady agents do as well as men. Best terms, credit given. A great chance to make money fast. Grasp it. Complete outfit free if you send 1c to pay postage. Send to-day, get ahead of other agents. This ad. not to appear again. Address, THE E. W. HEAD PUBLISHING CO., Johnson, N. Y.

YOUNG MEN and women are making good incomes by Finlay "Silvasope," a perfect preparation for cleaning silver, gold plated and all fine metal ware, also cut glass, mirrors, etc. No dust, no dirt, no acid. They all say: "The best I've ever used." Large box 50c. Sample free. Finlay Manufacturing Co., 21 Stone St., New York.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Original Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

A GOLD MINE IN YOUR HEAD Why Don't You Work It? If you are ingenious, have \$500 or only \$10. or if not ingenious but have money to invest and want steady income, write to-day for free particulars. American Artistic Co., Terminal Building, 19 Church Street, New York.

ECZEMA, Tetter, Itching Piles, Cuts, Burns, Pimples, Erysipelas, and all Skin Diseases positively cured by the use of Boyd's Ointment. At your druggist. Hair to grow again. Write for full particulars. Kitanning, Pa.

WIDOWS under NEW LAW obtain \$5,000 by the use of PENSIONS Washington, D. C. afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water A. N. K.—C (1908—30) 2240.