

Something About You.

You are a complex and ingenious machine, "fearfully yet wonderfully" made. If your age is fifteen years or more, you can be figured up to a dot.

You have 160 bones, and 500 muscles; your blood weighs 25 pounds; your heart is nearly five inches in length, and three inches in diameter; it beats 70 times a minute, 4,200 times an hour, 100,800 times a day, and 30,722,200 times a year. At each beat a little over two ounces of blood is thrown out of it; each day it receives and discharges about seven tons of that wonderful fluid. It is the most remarkable pump in the world.

Your lungs will contain a gallon of air and you inhale 24,000 gallons a day. The aggregate surface of the air-cells of your lungs, supposing them to be spread out, is 20,000 square inches.

The weight of your brain is three pounds or more. Your nerves exceed 10,000,000. Your skin is composed of three layers, and varies from one-eighth to one-fourth of an inch in thickness. The area of your skin is about 1,700 square inches, and you are subjected to an atmosphere pressure of 15 pounds to the square inch, a total of 127 tons.

Each square inch of your skin contains 3,500 sweating tubes, or perspiratory pores, each of which may be likened to a little drain tile one-fourth of an inch long making an aggregate length in the entire surface of your body of 201,166 feet, or a tile ditch for draining the body almost 40 miles long.

Dr. Parkhurst's Advice to the Country Boy.

The subject is a very broad and serious one. In a general way I am inclined to discourage any boy from coming to the city, and especially the average youth, against whom the odds of getting on are very great, and becoming greater. We need the extraordinary man, but the country town and districts need him just as much, and the average man has two chances in the country to one here. There are, of course, many more opportunities here, but for each one of them there are ten applicants. The difference in the cost of living over-balances the difference in wages, and so it is harder to save a dollar here than in the country. No, the average person should stay out of this great vortex of mediocrity, misery, temptation and crime. The great corporations and trusts are now absorbing every business. There is no room for the small man with the small business. On the other hand, the corporations have no soul, and no brotherly love can be expected from them. Competition grows fiercer and fiercer, and this competition, instead of developing initiative, is destroying it in the minds of thousands of men, and making nothing better than human machines of them. As the bank or the shop grows larger, the men with only one idea, with the ability to do only one thing, increase. We are increasing the cogs, and not the wheels.

The Pleasure of Life.

"Take your fun while you may. You'll never be young but once." There never was a more egregious lie told to young and trusting ears than is urged by this

well-known saying. Some never grow old and some are never young, and the whole secret of youth and age lies in the individual and not at all in any question of dates. As to the enjoyments of childhood, the wild delirious glee of life, the laugh that spills at the lips, these may leave us, but who would barter them for the delicate, delectable sense of humor that takes their place—that elder sister of mirth. Fun is a priceless gift of the gods to all mankind. It should never leave us while breath is in our bodies, if it does desert us it is generally because of our own inhospitality. We can cultivate a sense of humor, and it is our duty to cultivate goodness. Indeed, the two have much in common. There is a certain inhumanity that goes with a lack of humor. No one on earth need fear to see the years of their youth slipping by if their fear has root in the notion that with the passing of youth, joy and mirth must

go also. A green and jolly old age is a jolly as a gay youth—far more so if the mind has been kept active and the nature open, for them every year that passes only brings its gift of added power to enjoy.—Harper's Bazar.

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