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CENTRAL AMERICAN PROBLEMS.

The conference of the presidents of Nicaragua, Honduras and Salvador, now going on, is plainly for self-defence. The base of the revolutionary belt is that each Central American republic has its liberal and conservative factions, which work together across national boundaries. One having a liberal administration is accused of harboring liberal plotters from conservative neighboring states and vice versa, and usually with truth. This serves to keep Central America in turmoil and explains the collapse of the Central American Federation, that was set up with such a flourish a year ago.

The conservatives want such a federation of the five republics. The liberals do not, probably because they are not in control of the governments. Several abortive revolts have recently been suppressed in Nicaragua and Honduras. The three presidents now in conference are threshing out their differences and no doubt arranging for common measures to protect themselves against trans-border insurgency.

THE "BEST SELLER."
The old world is not a bad place in which to live, after all, and the people are not forgetting their God and the Giver of all good things. Book publishers confirm the statement that there is an increasing sale of the Bible to-day, the greatest piece of the world's literature. For a time, and more especially during the period of the war, it was asserted that people were forgetting their religion. They are not forgetting it—they have only been indifferent. When times change from abnormal prosperity to dullness, it is then thoughts turn to things really beautiful, in this life, rather than to things material.

But while more Bibles are being sold to-day, according to the publishers, they do not sell best when times are hard. The distinctive panic years show no larger sale of Bibles than the prosperous years, according to the records. There has been a decided increase in the foreign distribution of the Scriptures, the American Bible Society having alone sent out 3,825,401 Bibles in 1920.

Generally speaking, the public prefers to buy its Bibles rather than to get them for nothing. Men who were given pocket Testaments during the war have become desirous of possessing the complete work. The seed which was sown then has taken root.

A TEST OF WORTHINESS.
When a Minneapolis millionaire provided in his will that his sons should have \$500,000 each if within ten years after his death they had earned \$25,000, he fixed a standard which may cost one of the most worthy of his sons his inheritance. This son left his job during the war and enlisted in the British army, and although he arose from the ranks to a captaincy in the artillery, will not be able to meet the conditions of the bequest. He is on his way west in an effort to overcome his disqualification by legal procedure and few will not wish him success.

The father, no doubt, intended only to compel his sons to prepare themselves for the responsibility of wealth by demonstrating their ability to earn a comfortable living. An excuse of lesser merit than the World war and the desire to serve humanity probably would not be acceptable for the test seems fair and worthy of commendation.

All fathers are not wise enough to place restrictions on their children. The son of the American woolen king was killed the other day when his \$15,000 automobile going 60 miles an hour was wrecked. In Philadelphia the sons of a rich contractor were arrested on a charge of drunkenness after an all night orgy in the palatial home left in their care.

The father's wealth might be the son's reward, but too often it is his means of disgrace.

WHY WORRY?
What worries you most in life? Generally we buck up and face our big problems squarely. Our attitude is, "I'll do the best I can. It won't do any good to worry about it." Then we turn around and worry about a trifling incident or situation.

Worry is a psychopathic condition, an emotional disease. Sometimes it is caused by unconscious vanity—an exaggerated conception of the importance of ourselves and our surroundings.

Now that the medical profession is beginning to understand the endocrine glands of the body, a peculiar cause to worry is discovered. This type of worry sometimes takes the form of a constant apprehension of impending disaster, a fear of nothing in particular, caused by over-secretion of certain chemicals by the thyroid and adrenal glands.

Usually, though, worry is a mental disorder, a sort of escape of steam or leak from the disordered nervous system. The best medicine is work and a hobby interesting enough to take the patient's mind off his worry and make him forget it. The worry may come back as soon as the work and play are halted. But generally the brain can be trained to forget, just the same as it can be trained to remember.

The moment you find yourself worrying, strive to dismiss the sub-

ject from your mind. Wipe it away, like chalk writing from a blackboard, and concentrate the mind on something else.

Above all, remember that worry is nine-tenths in the imagination.

THE VANDAL SPIRIT.

Saturday Evening Post.
Sunday in the country, if one lives within walking or easy motoring distance of the city, is not a day of peace and rest. On the contrary, it is a day of brawl and battle.

On Sunday one dare not leave one's farm or country place unwatched and unprotected for a moment. The whole countryside is aswarm with Nature lovers from the near-by city. First come the makers of forbidden beverages, trooping across fields and lawns, picking the once despised dandelion and anything else that happens to be loose; then the happy motorists in long procession, embowering their cars in the spall of orchards, woodlands and wayside shrubberies. If there are no flowers near the road these free and easy visitors will penetrate one's garden and break off the blooming branches of the rhododendron or lilacs or whatever other bush happens to engage their fancy. With trove and spade the woods are looted and sometimes, if it looks safe, an unwatched garden. Following come shy maidens, in twos and threes, daintily pulling up the woodland flowers by the roots—arbutus, azalea and a hundred little blossoms that wilt in the hand that picks them; and everywhere are bands of half-grown hoodlums helping in the spoiling of the countryside.

The bolder spirits are usually those who come in motors. They can destroy more, steal more and get away faster than the man on foot. They meet remonstrance with effrontery and resent the notion that a sick has any rights of property and privacy that they are bound to respect. The flowers, the shrubs, the orchards, and occasionally the unguarded gardens are their prey. They camp beside the woodland brook or the shaded spring, hack the trees, trample the flowers, and turn the spot into a garbage hole with their greasy papers, tin cans, bottles and refuse food. Then up and away to the snug flat in the big town, throwing out the wilted flowers as they go.

It takes a brave man to live in a countryside that is accessible to the city, and a hopeful one to beautify the roadside with shrubs and flowers. For these city vandals see beauty only to destroy it. Sometimes this is due to ignorance, sometimes to thoughtlessness, sometimes to wantonness. But none are so quick to resent an intrusion on their own rights of privacy and property as these same petty highwaymen and women.

Sunday night in the country—that is the time of rest; for the Goths, the Visigoths, the Vandals and the Huns have gone back to town and a few days of comparative immunity from their raids are ahead. The highwaymen will be tied to the office until Saturday noon and the women will be busy making hooch from their dandelions. The countryman may plow and reap, trim up the broken shrubs, prune back the torn branches in the orchard and clear up the mess and litter in the woodland against the return of the Nature lovers at the next week-end.

The country would gladly share with the city, welcome the flat dweller to its woodlands, if so many of those who seek its roadsides did not defile and destroy their beauty. Until the manners and morals of this element improve, the countryman will view all trespassers, the just and the unjust alike, with suspicion, and delegate the pleasure of welcoming them to his bulldog.

ALONG LIFE'S DETOUR

BY SAM HILL

Ever Notice This?
A fellow's pockets may be filled With dollars and with cents, And still his head be only filled With a lot of nonsense.

Observations of Oldest Inhabitant.
They seem to be raising too much Cain and too few children in the modern homes.

Listens Like a Nature Fake.
They were telling some stories over at the hotel the other evening and a quiet little man in the corner had listened patiently do weird yarns the members of the local Ananias Club had been spinning. Finally he asked: "Any of you fellows ever see a hoop snake?"

They all admitted having heard of such a reptile, but didn't take any stock in it. "Well, said the quiet little man, 'I do. And I have good reason for being mighty partial to that particular type of snake. I was motoring back from Palm Beach last winter when, while crossing the mountains, I had four blowouts, leaving my car on four rims. I was feeling mighty blue, because I was steen miles from nowhere and had only one spare tire. While I was wondering what to do long came three of those hoop snakes rolling down the mountain side and stopped beside my car. Do you know what those fat little rascals did? They each took a place along side a wheel and I tumbled to their idea in a second. I got out the jack, raised the hind of the car, put on my one spare and a snake wrapped himself around the other back wheel. Then I raised the front end of the car and the other two wrapped themselves around the two front wheels and I came into the next town on high. When I stopped at the garage I raised the car to let them off and they just naturally rolled their tails in their mouths and rolled away without waiting to be thanked."

The members of the Ananias Club rose as one man and started for their

BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY

—The steps of a good man
THE OMNISCIENT GUIDE:
are ordered by the Lord.—Psalm 37: 23.

Various rooms, but one of them was heard to murmur, "This Adams County Moonshine is sure deadly stuff."

It's Some Job, Too.
"Pa, what does keeping up with the times mean?" asked Clarence. "Knowing when to set your clocks back when the daylight saving period is over, I guess," wearily replied his dad.

Page Volstead.
Thought drinking now is called a sin?
The cotton still
May have its gin.

Pool Questions.
E. Z. M. asks: "Do the dry laws prohibit the soap bars, too?" Well, if you rode on the street cars you sometimes would think so.

English As She Is Wrote.
Just to show how fearfully and wonderfully the English language can be made by bad punctuation we submit these examples collected from various newspapers by a monthly publication:
The owners of apple trees, some of which have not been looked after for years, are undergoing pruning all through this section.

"Special dining room for ladies. Steaks and chops."
For Sale—Five-room house all modern. Good chicken house.
A physician advises parents never to spank a child on an empty stomach.
The jury is composed of nine men and three women, all mothers. Opening arguments will be made and the first testimony offered this afternoon.

Swear Him.
Oh, keep this bird
Out of my reach!
He uses learn
When he means teach!

—Cincinnati Enquirer.
Come swat this bird,
This high-toned gent,
Who always says:
"I would have went."

—Adam Breede.

Victims of It.
"Do you believe there is any such thing as temporary insanity, such as doing as temporary insanity, such as these criminal lawyers talk about in these murder trials?" asked Mrs. Grouch.
"Sure I do. How else can you explain my ever having proposed to you?" snapped her brutal husband.

Good Health Meditation.
With the change from the old-fashioned crank to the self-starter, fewer motorists suffer with broken arms. Now if they could dispense with the cranks who sit at the wheel fewer pedestrians would go to the hospitals and cemeteries.

Daily Sentence Sermon.
You'll find the people who look down on you usually are beneath your notice.

Our Canadian Question And Answer Corner

A.—A railway journey from Sydney to Vancouver covers 3,883 miles. The distance from Sydney to Dawson City by rail and sea would cover 5,383 miles.

Q.—What is the extent of Canada's whaling industry?

A.—Canada's whaling industry in 1920, in all Canada, represented nearly 500 whales caught, worth half a million; mostly on the Pacific Coast.

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