

Sermons of the Week

Heaven.—What is the true meaning of heaven? No place can be heaven to any soul until heaven is in the soul as a condition.—Rev. Q. H. Shinn, Universalist, Atlanta, Ga.

Keeping His Promises.—God is the guide of His people. His promises are exceedingly great and good. Like God himself, His promises are unchangeable.—Rev. Peter Mills, Philadelphia, Pa.

Labor Unions.—I believe any number of persons engaged in the same work have as much right to form a union as we ministers have to meet each Monday in our ministerial meetings.—Rev. S. E. Young, Presbyterian, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Reckless Youth.—Some young men and boys often exaggerate their own wickedness in order to be called daring and reckless. There is such hero worship among some criminals and prodigals.—Rev. W. G. Partridge, Baptist, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Peace.—If for a moment we obtain what we have sought and are elated with the thought that we possess peace, it needs only a reverse to show us how false and sour and evanescent such peace is.—Rev. Charles Wood, Presbyterian, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Pearl of Price.—Man's greatest battle should not be for bread that perishes or for wealth that must be left behind, but the most strenuous efforts should be put forth to secure the pearl of great price.—Rev. J. B. McClay, Methodist, Cleveland, Ohio.

Power.—Power has been purchased at the point of the sword and sustained often through tyranny and cruelty. The strength of the powers of nations has been gained by the roster of their armies and navies.—Rev. John Lane, Baptist, Astbury Park, N. J.

Wealth.—The love of money is the root of evil, but a man, by caring strictly for his business and doing it all with integrity, can succeed and may become rich. All a man needs is to hustle. He does not need to be born rich.—Rev. S. M. Dick, Methodist, Worcester, Mass.

Moral Conditions.—Nothing can be further from the truth than that men are satisfied with low moral conditions. There is an element that will not be improved no matter what influences are brought to bear, but the average man and woman finds only the society of the righteous congenial.—Rev. C. L. Palmer, Episcopalian, Kingston, N. Y.

In High Places.—Wickedness in high places is usually unnoticed by the church. The small gambler will be hauled up and excommunicated, while the church member who engages in a large gambling scheme and swindles his fellow men out of his thousands, is unchallenged and remains in the church.—Rev. A. R. Hoiderly, Baptist, Atlanta, Ga.

A New Church.—Each age has furnished a new church, but this century has not. It has not solved the question which confounds it. We must reach the people. A church is not a church if its congregation only goes to hear a few prayers and listen to a sermon which they have heard time and time again.—Rev. G. W. Anderson, Methodist, Troy, N. Y.

The Book of Books.—Let men prate about the books of human genius, but let them remember also that there is one book in the world that is indebted not so much to genius as to God. All other books are of earth, earthly; this is the book from heaven, and over its luminous pages waltz the supernatural power of its author.—Rev. F. T. Shannon, Methodist, Harrisburg, Pa.

Food and Frolic.—The attempt in so many churches to trick the people by promising food and frolic for what they ought to give to the Lord, we believe robs the soul of one of God's highest appointments for its growth and development. Christian people as a rule love to give where they are satisfied it is God's call, and the money is for his glory.—Rev. O. E. Mallory, Baptist, Worcester, Mass.

Education.—We have made only a beginning in the matter of education in this country. Our schools are wholly inadequate for the training of our crude, increasing population, and we are spending but a fraction of what we must spend in order to give all the people equality and fullness of opportunity to fit themselves for the exacting demands of our civilization.—Rev. D. Dorchester, Methodist, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Influence.—No one can really possess a spiritual gift without making someone else the better for that possession. The human soul is positive; it must give something out of itself. From the laugh and prattle of the cradle on to the fullness of old age, man is ever giving good or evil, joy or sorrow, discouragement or inspiration, to those with whom he comes in contact.—Rev. H. M. Sloan, Episcopalian, Colorado Springs, Colo.

The Glutton Goes Further.—"I can't really see any difference between a 'bon vivant' and a glutton."

Brownie.—But, my dear boy, a bon vivant is a man who enjoys a good dinner.

Towne.—So is a glutton.

Brownie.—Yes; but a glutton immediately after enjoying a good dinner will ask what's for supper.—Philadelphia Press.

Calhoun Leaves.—"Do you think Calhoun is unwholesome?" asked a dyspeptic.

"It depends somewhat," answered the food expert, "on whether you eat it or try to smoke it."—Washington Star.

There would be fewer undesirable mothers-in-law if there were more good sons-in-law.

When milliners put out a particularly young hat, all the old girls want it.

MY COMRADE.

I have a comrade; he and I are like
As a pair of pens in any pod.
A wilful creature he, as you would strike,
And eye impatient 'neath affliction's rod.
When his own way he finds he cannot get,
He raises Nod and other things to boot;
With awful voice he roars his dreadful fret,
Regardless that the world won't care a hoot.

My comrade likes to play the newest game—
He quickly tires of all that's old and trite.
Scarce plays he two succeeding days the same,
Amusements seem to age so ever night.
He will not work unless he is compelled,
He smiles on those with whom he thinks a smile
The best investment, and his head gets swelled
By people's praise, regardless of his guile.

My comrade likes the food that least agrees
With his digestion—hates the wholesome things;
Hates other people's warblings, but deceives
We all stand breathless, harking while he sings.
In all these ways, and eke in many more,
My comrade's instincts tally well with mine.
He is my child, I should have said before;
He's two years old, and I am thirty-nine.

—Chicago News.

THEIR FIRST LOVES



When Richard Harlow informed his wife through the 'phone one morning that Miss Carew was in town and had accepted his invitation to take dinner with them that evening, Louise, his wife, could scarcely keep back the rejoicing exclamation "Oh, Dick!" but she restrained the impulse, and after a scarcely perceptible hesitation, answered, "Well, I'll try to have a good dinner."

"Nice girl, Louise," came back in a satisfied voice. "I knew you wouldn't object. You never do. Is there anything you want me to get?" he asked.

"No," Louise returned. "I will order what I need from the grocery."

"All right," said Dick. "Is 6 or 7 o'clock the hour?"

"I think we'll say 7," Louise answered.

"All right," Dick repeated. "I'd like you two girls to meet. You know you're sort of connected."

There was a touch of laughter in his voice which Louise understood and returned.

"Goodbye," said Dick.

"Goodbye," said Louise, and the conversation ended.

Mrs. Harlow was in the midst of her spring housecleaning and was neither prepared nor in the humor of guests, especially when the guest was Richard's first love, a woman she never had seen, but had heard of frequently. While there was only one room in the chaotic condition pertaining to housecleaning, still the curtains were removed from several of the windows, and the house appeared in rather of a dismantled condition, according to Louise's critical eyes. She took pride in her housekeeping always, but she was especially desirous there should be no flaws when, for the first time, it came under Miss Carew's observation.

She should make the best of it and utter no apologies, she decided. Miss Carew should know without explanation what was going on, though it was doubtful if she would, Louise remembered, as she had never kept house herself and had no practical knowledge of what it involved.

Miss Carew was a successful lecturer. Speaking before the women's clubs was her specialty, and an engagement of this sort had brought her to the city. She and Dick were engaged, and their engagement broken, some time before he met Louise. It was scarcely more than a boy and girl affair, and Dick had never spent a moment in repining, but he was inclined to tease, and the prominence which Miss Carew's name was given in the papers kept her in his memory, so that he often spoke of her to his wife in mock sentimentality, as his first love.

Louise had an early romance, too. She told the story to Dick when they found they loved each other enough to marry, and then she promptly forgot the hero of her girlish dreams, though he occasionally wrote her a letter, to remind her that he still existed, and had not forgotten.

For the first time in a long while Louise thought of him when she was making preparations to entertain Miss Carew, after having put a stop to the housecleaning operations. She smiled to herself when she remembered that always, in his letters, there were veiled allusions to the romance they had lived together, and that they had parted. Now that the pain he had caused her was past, the veiled allusions and regrets filled her with amusement. He was the one who had ended the romance by marrying while she was away at school. He had written her loving letters each week, without conveying a hint of what he was intending. The news of it shocked and hurt her sorely when it came from another source. After a while she did not care, and no thought of him had ever narrowed the happy, congenial life she and Dick lived together.

In the midst of her reflections the telephone bell rang again, and she went to answer its summons. She heard a soft, drawing voice ask for Mrs. Harlow.

"I am Mrs. Harlow," she returned.

"Is that you, Louise?" came through the 'phone. "I didn't dare to be sure, I happened to be passing through the city and thought I would call you up. Do you know who I am? Don't tell me you have forgotten?" The inflection of the tones were pleading.

Louise knew the voice, though she had not heard it for years. Its sound was once like a hand laid upon her heart, but that effect was numbered with the things that have been and are no longer.

"Why, it's Charlie!" she exclaimed, with well-simulated surprise. "How do you do? What a surprise you are! When did you come to the city, and where are you?"

Her questions, save one, were ignored.

"I am very well and I want so much to see you. Can't I see you, Louise? Can't I see you alone?"

Mrs. Harlow was doing some rapid thinking. She had no great desire to see her girlhood's love, but the idea of having him come to dinner with Dick's first love appealed to her sense of humor. Now that company had been forced upon her, one more would make little difference.

"Come out and have dinner with us this evening," she invited cordially. "I should love to have you come," she assured him.

"And may I see you alone, just for a few moments so we may talk of old times, Louise," the soft, languid voice pleaded.

"Oh, I don't know about that. Come out and see," she answered, briskly.

"Thank you, ever so much, Louise. I shall be glad to come," she heard through the 'phone.

Louise did not inform Dick of the addition to their party until he reached home a short time before the hour for dinner. He was standing in the middle of their room, vigorously brushing his hair. The brushes were suspended in midair, while he gave a long whistle of surprise when his wife told him who was coming. He looked a little grave and thoughtful, and glanced at Louise anxiously. She was standing before her mirror, apparently busily engaged with the finishing touches of her toilet. In reality, she was watching the reflection of her husband's face in the glass, and what she saw filled her eyes with the twinkle of mischief.

"Yes," she said, demurely. "I haven't seen Charlie for years. I should like you two to meet each other. You know you're sort of connected."

"Oh, you go on," he exclaimed, throwing his arms around her, to the peril of her delicate gown.

"Go on yourself, you're another," Louise returned saucily. "I guess you're not the only one in the family who had a first love."

They indulged in a hilarious mood while they awaited their guests, but they received them with proper decorum, and talked polite nothings until dinner was served. Louise, conscious of looking pale and jaded after her day's exertion, felt disturbed by the freshness and finish of the handsome Miss Carew. She was so correct in her appointments, and so sure of herself and of her attractions. The slender, unformed girl Dick remembered had developed into a Junoesque woman. Everything about her was in good practice, and she spoke as one who was accustomed to receiving attention.

Dick was fascinated by the change, and paid her the homage of open admiration. Miss Carew was gracious to the others, but it was Dick in whom she was most interested, and upon whom she was exerting her charms. The two seemed so absorbed in each other that Louise and Charlie—whose formal name was Mr. Leland—were practically alone. While she talked with him, she studied him curiously, and marvelled why he had once seemed a godlike creature to her. Meeting him now was as commonplace as getting up in the morning. To all outward appearances time had not changed him; it had simply passed him by. She noticed his hair had grown dark on the top of his head, but it was carefully arranged so as to conceal his approaching baldness. His eyes were as bright and expressive as ever, and his same girlish cheeks, tinted the smooth skin of his cheeks. She listened to his talk, and discovered his mentality was as little changed as his physical appearance.

Finding himself unnoticed by Dick and Miss Carew, he lowered his voice and threw the overhike quality into his manner. Louise was not happy. The magnificence of Miss Carew overwhelmed her, making her feel insignificant and inferior. Miss Carew gave out the impression of one who had no weaknesses. People who have no weaknesses are so terrible, Louise thought, there is no way of taking advantage of them or of hiding fault.

She was not in the least influenced by Charlie. She glanced across the

table at Dick and rejoiced that, while he was not so polished or elegant as her first love, he was every inch a man, and genuine. She heard his hearty laugh in response to something Miss Carew was saying, and she became so lost to her surroundings in her pride of him that she forgot to listen to the tender reminiscences Charlie was murmuring.

The same situation continued throughout the evening, with Dick and Miss Carew entertaining each other, while Leland and Louise kept near together. At length Charlie, awakening to the fact that the spell he had cast over Louise years before no longer held sway, assumed a hurt expression and was the first to go.

"You're not the same Louise to me any more," he said, reproachfully, when she went with him to the door.

"Why should I be when you have a wife and I have Dick?" she answered.

"Ah, yes," he sighed in departing.

Louise returned to the room where Miss Carew and Dick were sitting. She took a chair near them, somewhat uncertainly, not feeling sure she would be included in their conversation.

Dick, without pausing in what he was saying, extended his hand toward Louise in absented welcome. Miss Carew gave a condescending recognition of her presence. Louise's cheeks burned with a sense of injury, but she held her ground. Dick was here, and Miss Carew should know it. Finding that Louise intended to stay, Miss Carew included her in the conversation, making an evident effort to talk down to her level. Miss Harlow, she thought, was not worthy of her attention, but as her guest she must be courteous.

She did not wait long after Charlie had slipped himself away, before she asked Dick to telephone for a carriage. Louise was astonished at the alacrity with which her request was obeyed. She was relieved when her regal guest was borne away in the carriage, and the diminishing sound of the wheels assured her of Miss Carew's certain departure. She thought, half resentfully, that Dick need not have lingered quite so long at the door of the carriage, but Dick was home and Miss Carew had gone, and this was a great consolation. She could hear Dick in the hall closing the house for the night. It had a homely sound that gave her a sense of security and comfort.

When Dick came into the room he breathed a long "phew" as one who had passed through a trying exertion.

"She's a wonder," he said. "She's a good-looking and a good dresser, but I'd rather come down from the heights and play tag with everyday mortals."

"Why, Dick," cried Louise. "I thought you were completely under the spell."

"I thought you were, too," Dick returned, quickly.

They laughed at each other in understanding. Then Dick went to his wife, and lounging on the broad arm of her chair, held her to his shoulder.

"Little mortal," he whispered, "I'm glad my first love and I didn't get married." His eyes rested fondly on Louise's happy face.

She nestled cozily against him, and was silent for a moment.

When she was ready to speak, "Dick, dear," she said, "I'm wondering how in the world I ever imagined myself in love with Charlie."—Toledo Blade.

LAKE SUPERIOR WATER PUREST.

Result of a Series of Tests Made by the Government.

The water in Lake Superior is the purest in the great lakes, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. Lake Erie contains the largest per centage of incrustants. Lake Superior was sampled at Sault Ste. Marie, Lake Huron at Port Huron and Lake Michigan from the Strait of Mackinac near St. Ignace, Lake Erie at Buffalo. The series was completed by the collection of samples from St. Lawrence River below Lake Ontario, near Odontsburg, N. Y. The stations were located at or very near the outlets of the lakes, so that the samples taken would be influenced as little as possible by local surface drainage. The ideal position for the stations would have been, of course, in the middle of the lake, but for obvious reasons samples could not be taken at such places.

The analyses show that the waters hold in solution varying quantities of calcium and magnesium compounds, which, from their tendency to form scale or incrustations on boilers, are called incrustants. Named in the order of the total content of incrustants beginning with the lowest, the lakes rank as follows: Superior, Huron, Michigan, Ontario, Erie. The waters of Lake Michigan and Lake Huron are nearly identical in quality, and the same may be said of the waters of Lakes Ontario and Erie. Lake Superior, however, carried just about half the amount of incrustants borne by the other lakes.

The reason for this variation is found in the geological formation that surround the lakes. The streams flowing into Lake Superior drain areas composed chiefly of crystalline rocks which yield scant quantities of mineral matter to waters flowing through them; the streams entering Lakes Michigan and Huron, on the other hand, traverse regions made up largely of soluble sedimentary rocks, limestone, sandstones and clays, which yield to the waters comparatively large amounts of the calcium and magnesium compounds. The difference in mineral content between Lake Huron and Lake Michigan results from the dilution of water of Lake Superior. Lake Erie is highest in incrustants because it receives not only the waters of Lakes Michigan and Huron, but the drainage from immense areas of sedimentary rocks in Indiana and Ohio and the province of Ontario.

See Cleverness.

She—Mary Graham is certainly a very clever woman, yet she has little to say. He—That's where her cleverness comes in. She leads a man to believe that she thinks he is worth listening to.—Pick-Me-Up.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

THE PROBLEM OF THE RAILROADS.

IN the present high state of prosperity throughout the country, and indeed primarily because of it, the railroads find themselves facing the most serious problem which has ever confronted them.

Certain sections of the country are markedly agricultural; certain others produce the raw materials of manufacture; and still others turn out the finished product of mills and foundries. All these regions have shared alike in the era of good times, and all depend upon an exchange of their products for a continuation of the good times.

To make that exchange is the business of the railroads. Traffic has grown so much faster than railway equipment that the roads now find themselves inadequate to the handling of it, and a congestion has appeared which affects not only interstate but international traffic. The situation is further complicated by the fact that the enterprises which furnish business to the railroads are themselves so prosperous, and require so much money, that there is a great scarcity of loanable funds, and the railroad companies cannot borrow the money necessary for new equipment without paying excessive rates of interest.

In the very nature of the case no remedy can be immediately efficacious, and even the railway experts differ as to what the remedy shall be. One president has suggested the changing of the standard gage from four feet eight and one-half inches to six feet. Another says that the necessary increase in trackage, terminals, locomotives and cars would cost a billion dollars a year for five years, and would then be adequate to the handling only of the business which will be ready for it.

Electrification, as providing both increased speed and cheaper motive power, has been advocated, as has also the double-tracking of present single-track roads. This last suggestion would undoubtedly increase enormously the capacity of the roads, since only about fifteen thousand miles of the quarter of a million miles of railroad in the United States is now double-tracked.

Whatever course is adopted, patience on the part of the public will be necessary, and in the majority of cases just.—Youth's Companion.

THE "DEFENSELESS WOMAN."

IT is a sensible woman's first duty not to be defenseless. The day has long gone by when it was considered the trademark of a lady to scream and faint or go into hysterics at the very first mention of danger. Nowadays we designate such actions by the very plain old-fashioned word cowardice.

At Coney Island the other day a man was discovered creeping around under the women's bathroom. Did the fair ladies, with loud shouts, rush forth, leaving him victor of the field? Not they. They quietly secured a large kettle of scalding water and neatly poured the same upon him. He ran for the surf, screaming with pain.

CONSOLATION FOR THE FATIGUED, SACRIFICING MOTHER.

In whatever house you find a woman who cheerfully gives up her own special desires and vanities for the good of others, there you are sure to find happiness. For it seems that in this strangely ordered world happiness comes only through sacrifice.

In the home life somebody has got to do the giving up, and it seems that the chosen one for self-denial is always mother. Her giving up is written in little lines all over her face, where, too, are inscriptions commemorating valiant struggles with everyday monsters whom others do not see.

How happy a girl should be in youth, and how bright a spot should be reserved for her in the great hereafter to atone for the trials of that period in life during which she learns to be woman, wife, mother. Many a time she asks herself, does it pay? Is it worth while? Of what use is it all? Why am I putting my heart and life into this dull drudgery?

For a quarter of a century past a continuous flood of nonsense regarding woman's work has been poured into the ears of American women. They have been urged to break away from the kitchen and go forth into the big world and be somebody. This has its influence upon the dependent mother, she hears the echo of the feet of those who have "gone out into the world," she feels that her life is narrow and staid.

She sees the faded face in the looking glass, feels the slower pulsations of the blood, knows herself of a woman who has grown old doing just the ordinary drudgery of life. And she asks herself bitterly, has it paid? In the end the answer is sure to be, "yes," for she will live to see how vastly preferable her quiet home life has been to that of the woman who went out into the world.

The truth is, women do not step out of quiet homes into positions of affluence and honor. They go from shady, country-like homes to crowded streets, gloomy offices, stifling storerooms, and where one goes up from the ranks of those who are not even remotely known to the world, thousands go down or remain stationary in a hand-to-hand struggle for existence.

One thing is certain, youth cannot stay; something must take its place, and might it not as well be that devotion and self-sacrifice that makes a beautiful memory to leave behind us?

Yes, mother, it does pay. It pays to be held a divinity in the eyes of happy children. It pays to hold the dearest, tenderest memory in the hearts of men and women. For no matter how long mother has been gone to the "echoless shore," her name holds its holy place in her children's hearts, and this is fame enough for all the sacrifices she has made.—Chicago Journal.

DROP IN CUSTOMS ON GEMS.

An official formerly connected with the special agents department of the custom house, while not impeaching the accuracy of the above belief, gave a Washington official an entirely different reason for the marked falling off. The former agent called the official's attention to the fact that some time since the government decided to abolish the payment to employees of the government of money as a reward for seizing dutiable goods which had not been declared formally.

Moley is a technical word meaning that the officer seizing the property in question received as a reward part of the money which the government derived from the seizure. The abolition of the money rule does not affect anybody outside the service who may give what is technically called "information" resulting in the recovery of customs dues. Only employees are barred under the new rule.

When the department official heard that perhaps the absence of a reward to certain officers for unearthing attempts at fraud was responsible for the decrease in the receipts of appraised diamonds, he said:

"Why, that is a criminal charge. These men are sworn to do their duty irrespective of any reward other than their regular pay. It cannot be possible that they would connive at any attempt to defraud the government."

The former special agent said:

"I do not make the charge that they

knowingly permit any returning traveler to bring in jewels which they fail to declare, but I do say and insist on it too that this government cannot expect men to work fifteen hours a day for an ordinary day's pay and go through all the tactical work of discovering smugglers without some extra compensation. I would be willing to wager my last penny that if the money rule were resumed there would be a bigger importation of diamonds because more gems would be declared."

The treasury officials heard many other reasons for the decrease in the importations of jewels, but none capable of clearing up the mystery.

CANADA'S BUFFALO HERD.

Taken from Flathead Reservation in Montana, Where They Ranged.

In correspondence from Helena, Mont., the Spokane Spokesman-Review tells of the shipment of a herd of buffalo from Flathead reservation to a Canadian government reservation near Edmonton. It is not known exactly how many there are in the herd, but it is estimated that there are about 400. It is thought that there may possibly be 500, with the calves.

The Canadian government paid \$150,000 for the herd and will place them in the government park near Lamont, which is about forty miles east of Edmonton. This park contains 10,000 acres and the buffalo will be allowed to run free in it. The government has eighty buffalo in the park already.

The purpose of the Canadian government in buying the animals was to put them in this park and protect them, so as to keep them from extermination. The animals are all thoroughbreds.

The animals have been ranging in the Mission valley, and the Canadian officials have been busy for months collecting them.

The history of the herd is interesting. To Charles Allard belonged the credit of starting it. He began with a small number during the '80s and kept breeding and purchasing until he had 100 head in 1893. Then he bought the Buffalo Jones herd in Kansas and added them to his.

Soon after Mr. Allard died and his partner, Michel Pablo, began to sell the herd. When Mr. Pablo heard of the proposed opening of the Flathead reservation and the consequent loss of the range, he asked Howard Eaton to sell them for him. Mr. Eaton tried to dispose of them to both the United States government and the American Bison Association, but he was unsuccessful.

Then an offer was made by the Canadian government, which was accepted. Besides the contract price of \$150,000, Mr. Pablo gets paid for loading the animals.

The Canadian government is represented at the loading by Superintendent Douglas of the Canadian national park at Banff; M. Ayotte, who negotiated the purchase for the Canadian government; Dr. David Warnock, douglas veterinarian, and General Freight Agent McMullen of the Canadian Pacific Railroad. Mr. Pablo is keeping a few animals, two bulls and twelve cows, but the rest of the big herd is going from the United States to become the possession of the Canadian government. Regret is universal throughout Montana that the efforts of President Roosevelt to secure the herd for this government proved unavailing.

Nothing warms some men up like an application of cold cash.