

Sermons of the Week

Truth and Justice.—Only truth and justice ever paid in the long run.—Habit J. L. Levy, Hebrew, Pittsburgh.

True Religion.—True religion has to do with the actual conduct in daily life.—Rev. Egbert W. Smith, Presbyterian, Louisville.

Optimism.—We shall do well today if we allow ourselves to be grasped by the spirit of healthy optimism.—Rev. W. F. Geisler, Methodist, Providence.

The Plan of Salvation.—God's plan of salvation is wonderful; the failure is on the part of the people alone.—Rev. Bowley Green, Baptist, Olneyville, R. I.

Materialism.—Materialism, with her creed of "get there" measures success in terms of money, chattels and land.—Rev. Leonard A. Barrett, Presbyterian, Cleveland.

Relative Values.—To make the most of life with some is to make a fortune. Money value is placed above soul value.—Rev. S. B. Dexter, Episcopalian, Aurora, Ill.

Infidel Colleges.—Our colleges and universities are a curse if God be not in them. Unsettled educational facilities foster infidelity.—Rev. J. O. Wilson, Methodist, Brooklyn.

Prison.—Better than stone buildings to take care of prisoners are decent abodes for children that they may be kept out of prison.—Rev. L. M. Zimmerman, Lutheran, Baltimore.

Control.—The great American question is the question of control. This is the peril of republican institutions, this is the danger of concentration in the commercial world.—Rev. C. Myers, Baptist, Disciple, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Source of True Charity.—Bring your justice and your mercy and your love so close to sinning, ignorant, suffering humanity that they will come to believe in these first and then in the God whence they come.—Rev. A. G. Singen, Methodist, Providence.

The Real Patriot.—A patriot is too proud to put himself for sale to the highest bidder and too honest to buy votes at the sacrifice of his country's good. A man cannot be politically wrong and religiously right at the same time.—Rev. M. E. Harlan, Disciple, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Omnipotence.—The supreme fact to man is not that there is an existence here and hereafter, but that back of man and his individuality is omnipotence that rules, works and creates for man that he may be like God, omnipotent.—Rev. Charles W. Blodgett, Methodist, Pittsburg.

At Sea.—Man is in the mists. Philosophers have tried to tell him whence he came, and theologians have made an effort to tell him whither he is going; but both have failed. All he knows is "I am," and his most difficult task is to learn "what I am."—Rev. C. J. Harris, Universalist, Atlanta.

The Christian Has the Key.—For the solving of the great riddle of life the Christian has the key of the future. The scriptural has only "the one event, death, which happens to us all." He sees disorder, dislocation, the world's machinery out of gear, the righteous suffering and the wicked flourishing.—Rev. W. P. George, Methodist, Denver.

The Race.—We have only to see the crowds going to or returning from the races to realize the degradation of the practice. At the tracks we can see women more frenzied than the men in their desire for gain. All this lends confirmation to the statement that we are developing a race of fast women and decadent men.—Rev. George R. Van de Water, Episcopalian, New York City.

A Struggle Looming.—The situation in the world of today is one of extreme complexity and danger. The struggle of the people for a form of national government, for a type of industrial society, for a method of church organization, which shall more completely represent their mind and will, and serve with singleness of eye and efficiency their interests, is a most tremendous struggle.—Rev. William H. Babcock, Reformed Church, Bayonne, N. J.

The Christian Religion.—The Christian religion proclaims doctrines which satisfy the highest aspirations of the human intellect, and gratify the legitimate cravings of the human heart. It solves religious problems which have baffled the wisest of the most progressive philosophers of pagan antiquity, and which have made the investigation of the sciences of our day who are not guided by the light of revelation.—Cardinal Gibbons, Roman Catholic, Baltimore, Md.

Indifference.—One reason why people have begun to be so indifferent in regard to churches is they do not feel that they receive any benefit from going to church or take any harm from staying away. If churches go on as in the past, this condition will be all the more emphasized. All modern theory is opposed to the idea that body and soul are two distinct things, to be treated without reference to each other. Churches should no longer attempt to deal with men as if they were disembodied spirits, and physicians should no longer treat patients as if they were mere animal organisms.—Rev. Elwood Brewster, Episcopalian, Boston.

Some men think they are martyrs for love if they scratch their hands on a pin in a girl's dress.

THE PRICE OF LIFE.

Woman Explorer Tells Some of Her Experiences in African Wilds. Of all the countless perils of the African bush none is more dreaded than the "driver" ant, a creature, not more than half an inch in length, but of the most voracious and pestiferous kind, whose pet trick is to invade the bamboo huts of the whites and natives and literally force them to vacate their homes, writes Miss Ida Vera Simonton, a daring Pennsylvania woman, lately returned from a trip in the wilds of western Africa.

One night I was awakened by something crawling over me, and upon bearing the yells and shrieks of the natives, was horrified to see an army of ants swarming into our hut. There is only one thing to do when these insects take possession of your abode, and that is to move out at once. Even as I jumped out of bed they covered the floor and stung my feet. Their stings are something awful. They had been drawn into the hut by the smell of the palm kernels that I used in cooking and by the candles, for they clearly love grease of all kinds. Well, they simply took complete possession, and when we entered our home in the morning it was as clean as a new pin. They had eaten up every bit of dirt and dust and, being satisfied, fled off again, making a road through the jungle. They are the great scavengers of Africa and perform a service of vast value in this respect.

These ants travel in armies, throwing out sentries and scouts, the latter nosing around to discover good feeding grounds and running back to report to the main body. Their speed is little short of electric. They also have a corps of engineers, whose special business is to throw bridges over obstructions and crevasses, hundreds of ants juggling pieces of twigs which they place as girders and filling up the floor of the bridge with grasses and earth. Then the millions of ants move over with incredible swiftness. Often they travel scores of miles on a single jaunt. Their tiny roads may be seen all through the African bush. Often an army of them can be seen, each one carrying a twig or piece of earth on his back. At such times they are embarking on a new home and carrying their building material along. Miss Simonton's first experience with them was when a string of the pests dropped from a tree and literally covered her, inflicting a score of painful stings. Fortunately these stings are not poisonous.

There is no defense against them except fire, said she, and it was one of the grandest, most spectacular sights of the jungle to see the blacks beating back the ants with flambeaux of bamboo. With the forests and picturesque bamboo huts as a background and the forms of the men slouching against the gloom by the flickering flames of their bamboo whisks the scene was one that would have made a wonderful photograph could it have been taken. The blacks looked all the world like so many devils fighting spirits. As they advanced with their flaming sticks they had to keep brushing off the ants from their bodies with their hands and elbows.

Besides these little, red-brown ants, which the natives call Myrma, the bush is full of other pestiferous creatures, some of which are deadly poison and a menace to human life. Among these are scorpions, huge spiders and house lizards. Eternal vigilance is the price of life in these vast, uncultivated wilds.

DISTURBING INNOVATIONS

It is not always wise to force upon a people new customs, even those of advanced civilization, in the face of long-established tradition. Lady Burton discovered this truth when she attempted to introduce European courtesy into the Orient. She tells of her experience in "Inner Life of Syria." The incident occurred at one of her own receptions.

It is de rigueur every time coffee, tea or sherbet comes in for every fresh relay of visitors that I should take it with them, and drink first. When I first arrived I used to get up as a matter of course, make the tea and coffee and carry it round. The dragoon would sit lazily and watch.

One day I asked them to get up and help me. They were pleased to do so, and willingly handed the refreshments to any of the Europeans, man or woman, but not to their own ladies, who blushed, begged their pardon, and were quite confused when I made it known that attention was for them as well as for others. The women looked appealingly at me, and stood up, praying not to be served. One man, who was really in love with his wife, a beautiful creature, gave her tea and coffee as if it were a large matter, and begged his pardon.

I felt quite indignant with the men for so behaving to their wives, mothers and sisters, but one said to me: "Pray, Mrs. Burton, do not teach our women things they do not know about and never saw."

After that I held my tongue, but I let him know that with Europeans it was the height of bad taste not to wait on women.

Animals and Music.

Tarantulas do not dance to the sound of the violin, but let the people who bite do the dancing. Scorpions, however, enjoy fiddling, according to the Westminster Gazette, and lizards go crazy for music of any kind. As for scorpions, the box constrictor and python are senseless to melody, but the cobra is fascinated by the flute and still more by the fiddle. Polar bears enjoy the violin; so do ostriches. Waves will stop in the chase to listen to a cornet. Elephants are fond of the flute, especially the upper notes. Tigers, while appreciating violins and horns, cannot stand the harmonicon, while the animal sea shows no emotion on hearing any instrument, not even the bass drum.

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THE NUTTE FAMILY ALBUM

Notes by Hazel, the Youngest of the Misses Nutte.

This is one of my gentleman friends, Smalley Pecan. He's a regular about-town—goes to all the hops and skating rinks and nickel shows. It's a wonder you never run across him. Don't go to 'em much? Gee, what do you do to kill time?

Don't you think he's handsome? So does he. Smalley's a swell dresser and awful particular about his finger nails, but light work. All the girls are lunny over him. I call Smalley my steady, but I'm afraid he ain't quite so settled as the rock of Gibraltar. He's mighty liberal with the hot air and seldom



SMALLEY PECAN.

leaves the check draft open. They kind's liable to cool off suddenly.

Paw don't like him 'cause he's such a butterfly. Only paw don't call him a butterfly; he calls him a pest.

Smalley uses sachet powder, and he left a handkerchief here one day, but when he asked for it afterward I couldn't find it for him. Paw had buried it in the geranium bed, but whether it was on account of the smell of cigarettes or the sachet powder I don't know. Paw's peculiar, he is.—F. W. Schaffer, in Cincinnati Post.

A CLEVER RUSE.

The Way of an Ingenious Paris Merchant Saved Cable Tails. A wealthy merchant in Paris who does an extensive business with Japan was informed that a prominent firm in Yokohama had failed, but the name of the firm he could not learn. He could have learned the truth by cabling; but to save expense, instead he went to a well known banker who had received the news and requested him to reveal the name of the firm.

"That's a very delicate thing to do," replied the banker, "for the news is not official, and if I give you the name I might incur some responsibility."

The merchant argued, but in vain, and finally he made this proposition: "I will give you," he said, "a list of ten firms in Yokohama, and I will ask you to look through it and then tell me, without mentioning any name, whether or not the name of the firm which has failed appears in it. Surely you will do that for me?"

"Yes," said the banker, "for if I do not mention any name I cannot be held responsible in any way."

The list was made. The banker looked through it and as he handed it back to the merchant said: "The name of the merchant who has failed is there."

"Then I've lost heavily," replied the merchant, "for that is the firm with which I did business," showing him a name on the list.

"But how do you know that it is the firm which has failed?" asked the banker in surprise.

"Very easily," replied the merchant. "Of the ten names on the list only one is genuine—that of the firm with which I did business. All the others are fictitious."

TO ONE BENT UPON FARMING.

What to Do When It is Planned to Go Into Agriculture. Within the last few years the possibilities of making money from the land has begun to impress itself on those who have watched the steady upward trend of prices of foodstuffs, and people are beginning to inquire for books and literature pertaining to farming, trucking and poultry raising, says the New York Post.

Before starting out to look for a home in the country decide what branch of farming is to be followed, whether dairying, poultry raising, fruit growing, market gardening, etc. for the particular branch that is to be followed will, in a large measure, determine the location.

To put all your eggs in one basket is very risky, especially if you don't know anything about the basket. Many men, whose judgment in business matters has always been conservative, have gone to the country and have sunk all their capital at once into a business of which they knew absolutely nothing.

Visit the homes of successful farmers and you will find that 90 per cent of them either began in a small way or were born and raised in the business. In New Jersey there is a man who started a few years ago with a small flock of fowls. In 1904 he had \$14,000 invested in his plant and, after deducting 10 per cent for depreciation and 5 per cent for interest, cleared \$7,000. To start a poultry plant requires less capital than any other line of farming, \$100 being enough to make a good start for a beginner.

The market garden business requires a comparatively small amount of land, but it must be good land. To start with a small forcing house, 20 by 30 feet, will require a capital of \$1,500, exclusive of rent. A 10 per cent return on the investment is considered a good average. The fruit industry has grown tremendously within the last few

years and offers inducements to the investor. To plant and equip a twenty-acre fruit farm will take from \$2,000 to \$3,500, exclusive of rent and labor.

To a man of modest means dairying is out of the question. To establish an up-to-date dairy, carrying 100 cows, will require from \$100,000 to \$200,000 in addition to labor, and in dairying the labor bill is a big item.

Nothing has been said of the charm and pleasures such a life has to offer, as compared to the life in the city, for here again comes in the question of location. In the south the social element is much more in evidence than in the north, due in no small measure to climatic conditions. Not far from Washington, D. C., there is a delightful community of cosmopolitan men and women whose chief source of income is made in raising hay and horses. The rule of eight hours work is rigidly adhered to, and time is found for riding, dancing and all those things that go to make the life there so attractive.

This social side of rural life is important, especially for town dwellers, and should be considered first in choosing a location. Perhaps this may seem like a strong statement, but when one stops to realize what a radical change there is from the hustle and life of the city to the stillness of the country, where sometimes for hours at a stretch not a sound is to be heard or a soul seen, the importance of this point impresses itself very forcibly. "Whither thou goest, I will go" is all very fine in theory, but a man can hardly expect his family to be willing to give up the companionship of people for that of cows, chickens and pigs without some compensations.

SUNDOWN DOCTORS.

Peculiar to Washington and Practiced Only at Night. "Sundown doctors" are an institution peculiar to Washington City. They are an amiable company of medical practitioners who ply their trade only after nightfall.

Not that these gentlemen prefer darkness to light if they had their drubbers, says the Louisville Courier-Journal, nor are their deeds of a questionable complexion that looks best in the shade.

Sundown doctors have no ways that are dark or tricks that are vain. They are as open as the day that they may not utilize. If they practice their profession by candle light rather than by sunlight that's Uncle Sam's fault, not their own.

Sundown doctors begin to get busy only after 4:30 in the afternoon. From 9 to that hour, poor souls, they are holding their noses to the grindstones over the government desks, for one must live, don't you know, however Uncle Sam's wages do come in mighty regular and handy. So that in a pique of the struggling fraternity of sundown physicians at the federal capital.

There are thousands of instances. Young physicians with their careers yet to carve secure clerkships in some of the governmental departments of Washington in order to keep the pot bubbling while they are getting their medical education after office hours. Their diplomas thus laboriously achieved, they hang out their shingles tentatively, holding fast, however, to their government positions until securely established professionally. A job in the hand, you know, is worth a whole city directory full of unaccepted patients. Never let go a sure thing till you are of a suret.

Possum.

Preferably possum should be cooked over a wood fire in a log cabin and seasoned with the odoriferous blue smoke of hickory and ash as the lid of the oven is lifted now and again to give a glimpse of the promised viand to those who wait with whetted appetites for the coming feast. With the possum and taters there should be served either the ordinary Kentucky corn pone—If such an adjective may be not improperly applied to anything so rare—or the Olympian cracklin' bread of the hog killing season. In justice to the possum it must be said that neither corn pone nor crackling bread is necessary, but it serves well only to mop up the gravy, but also to prevent the possum and the yams from melting in the mouth too rapidly for the flavor to be enjoyed in the fullest. The finest possums on earth are found in the woodlands of the Pennsylvanian district of Kentucky, and they reach perfection about the time the perfumed pawpaw becomes so ripe that it falls from its parent stem and reposes in all of its golden beauty in the orange tinted leaves that the earth has first claimed as tribute from the trees for her enrichment.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Explosion by Counter.

One of the most dangerous of all explosives is a black powder called nitro-glycerin. When it is dry the slightest touch will often cause it to explode with great violence. There appears to be a certain rate of vibration which this compound cannot resist. In experiments to determine the cause of its extreme explosiveness some damp lode of nitrogen was rubbed on the strings of a bass violin. It is known that the strings of such an instrument will vibrate when those of a similar instrument having an equal tension are played upon. In this case, after the explosive had become thoroughly dry upon the strings, another bass violin was brought near and the strings sounded. At a certain note the lode of nitrogen on the prepared instrument exploded. It was found that the explosion occurred only when a rate of vibration of sixty a second was communicated to the prepared strings. Vibration of the G string caused an explosion, while that of the string had no effect.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Old Faithful, or Something. Gentleman—Who is that talkative man spotting away over there on the corner?

Newsboy—That's only a plain, ordinary guy, sir.—Harvard Lampoon.

It is usually the girl who never had a proposal who boasts of having jilted a number of men.

THINGS THAT MAKE GREATEST CITY IN THE WORLD.



The founders of Chicago did not have in view the building of a great city. What they accomplished in this direction was only incidental to the ordinary pursuit of the varied activities of life, but their efforts have resulted in the greatest material development the human race ever has witnessed in a similar length of time. The combined populations of Boston and St. Louis, two of the large cities, are not equal to that of Chicago; add Cincinnati and Indianapolis and you haven't got a Chicago; then, after adding Omaha and Denver, you still will have to throw in Des Moines to make a Chicago.

Chicago covers an area of ninety-six square miles, has 4,200 miles of streets, 1,500 miles of sewers, eight large parks, forty-five small ones, and forty-eight miles of boulevards. The 22,000 manufacturing plants, with \$700,000,000 of invested capital, paying \$240,000,000 in wages and turning out products to the value of \$1,100,000,000 annually, show that industry has not been neglected. The stock yards and packing plants occupy 600 acres of land, produce annually 12,000,000 pounds of beef, and other products in proportion. Chicago is the largest grain market in the world, having ninety elevators, with a combined capacity of 75,000,000 bushels. The receipts of grain amount to 450,000,000 bushels annually. Chicago's commerce by water surpasses that of New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore combined. In the iron and steel industry Chicago does more than twice the business of all other cities west of Pennsylvania; she produces more steel rails than any other city in the world.

In the downtown district a spot a mile square can be pointed out in which more business is done than in any similar space in the world. By actual count the average number of drays, delivery wagons and street cars that cross the corner at Fifth avenue and Lake street during business hours is thirty-one per minute. More than forty milk companies distribute milk to the people of Chicago, and one of these companies runs 1,100 wagons in supplying its Chicago customers.

Within an area of half a mile by three-quarters in the loop district there are 116 buildings ten or more stories high, twenty-one of which contain fifteen or more stories, and six in which twenty or more may be counted. The federal building does not come in this list, although it is the most ponderous structure in the city except the courthouse. It cost \$5,000,000, and the courthouse a little more. The largest office building in the world is the Monadnock, seventeen stories, which contains 1,284 offices and twenty-eight stores.

Chicago is able to boast of the largest department stores, as well as the largest mail order houses, in the

world; one of the former employing 8,000 people; the daily postage bill of one of the latter is \$3,000. In one room there are 300 girls who do nothing but open and assort letters. Chicago does more than four times as much business as the great State of Iowa. This requires the handling of vast sums of money, but fifty-seven banks, fifteen of which are national, seem to do it efficiently. One of these banks is the second largest in the United States. Its capital is \$10,000,000 and deposits \$115,000,000.

Chicago trades with every civilized country on the globe, which necessitates extensive transportation facilities. This business is divided between thirty-two railroad and twenty-eight steamboat lines. Every day it requires 1,200 trains of six cars each to carry the people who come to Chicago on the steam roads; 230 of which are through trains and 980 suburban. Twenty-four surface and seven elevated car lines run from the outskirts to the business center. Trains run every three minutes on the elevated and several of the surface lines, four or five cars each to the former and two to the latter. During sixty trips on Madison street no two were made with the same conductor; nor did the investigator remember seeing any particular passenger twice. The total daily arrivals within the downtown square mile by all conveyances amount to a half million.

The total municipal expenditures of Chicago are now \$45,000,000 a year, but the rapid growth of population and the vast improvements increase these figures every year. The 3,500 policemen involve an expenditure of nearly \$4,000,000. Chicago possesses a larger number of the "greatest things on earth" than any other city in the world. She has the largest oil refinery, the largest manufacturer of telephones and other electric supplies; her commerce by water is greater than that of any other city; in every respect she is the greatest railroad center; is the largest agricultural implement market; has the grandest park and boulevard system in the world.

Chicago speaks more languages than any other city, and publishes a larger number and the greatest newspapers in the world. Chicago is great not alone in material things. She is devoted to all the activities that develop the higher ideals of life. There are 308 public school buildings, and in considering the great things of Chicago her big heart must not be overlooked. No other city has shown the humane attributes to such a degree or manifested such a spirit of generosity. She is ever ready to help the needy or aid and encourage whatever is for the public good or the uplift of humanity. She does everything on a grand scale.—Chicago Tribune.

THE CONQUERED.

We who so eager started on life's race,
And breathless ran, nor stinted any
For aching muscles or the parching grit
Of dust upon the lips; who set the face
Only more desperately towards the place
Where the goal's altar smoked, if running
ners knit
With stronger limbs outran us; we
who sit
Beaten at last—for us what gift or
grace?

Though we have been outstripped, yet
known have we
The joy of contest; we have felt hot
life
Throb through our veins, a tingling
ecstasy;
Our prize is not the wreath with envy
rife,
But to have been all that our souls
might be;
Our guerdon is the passion of that
strife.
—Century.

The Photograph

The door of his cabin stood open and a shaft of light stole in over his shoulder as though to examine the fireplace, and the pans and kettles hanging picturesquely about the walls and the two three extra bunkers for possible visitors, and the floor and quaintly carved stools—all as bright and immaculate as though presided over by a woman; and another shaft came down through the foliage and rested upon the bowed, white-haired head, and upon the rough knotted fingers that were unconsciously betraying the longings of a repressed soul to the familiar, responsive strings of his violin.

A boat came noisily up the river and was fastened to the bank below the cabin; then two men hurried up the slope, leaving a third to follow more leisurely. But still Bat Pinaud played on unmindfully, unconscious.

"Oh, I say," called one of the men impatiently, "that's awful fine, but will you please stop just a minute?"

The bow poised in the air and then flashed a final staccato across the strings.

"Are you Bat Pinaud?"
"Oul, and monsier?"
"Oh, I'm Doc Willets, and my friend here is Col. Case. We and Jack Phillips down there have been 'ramping on the big lake' for the last two months. What we want with you is this, lowering his voice and glancing over his shoulder to see that his companion was still beyond hearing: "we're up for a day's fishing in the river, and Case and I have each got \$100 with Phillips that we'll get the biggest creel. Now we understand that you're intimate with every fish in the Penobscot, and what we want is for you to place us on the river tomorrow so our bets will be sure. See?"

Yes, Bat saw—perhaps more than they intended, or would have liked. He heard of Doc Willets and Col. Case, and of reckless, good-natured Jack Phillips, who allowed the snappers to bleed him on every possible pretext, and in a way that was patent to everybody but himself. "Oul, surment," he saw.

"Everything all right?" asked Jack Phillips, as he joined the group, "supper and breakfast accommodations for the night and all that sort of thing?"
"Haven't had time to ask yet, you followed us up so close," rejoined Doc Willets, tipping a wink of secrecy to Bat and at the same time jingling some coins in his pocket, "but I suppose there'll be no trouble, eh, guide?"
Bat rose slowly and carried his fiddle into the cabin. When he came out he

was again the obliging, matter-of-fact trapper and guide.

"No, I haven't collected and was silent," Jack Phillips smiled satirically, but said nothing. Presently he turned to Bat.

"Pretty lonesome life here in the winter, isn't it?" he asked. "When snow shuts us away from everything. Still I suppose you have always been used to it."

"Folks can get used to anything and like it," Bat replied shortly.

But a little later when Phillips moved down the river he followed.

"No, I haven't always been used to it," he said abruptly. "I lived in a city until I was over 20, then I got mad and played the fool and came off here. The girl waited a year, and married another man."

"Why do you call yourself a fool?" asked Phillips, looking at him curiously.

"Because I am one," harshly. "I didn't think so for a year, until I heard she was married, then I knew. And I have been living in the woods for thirty years, and knowing it more positively every day. I have never spoken of it before."

"Why do you tell me?"
Bat looked him square in the face.

"I found a photograph in the bushes today, up above the rapids," he said, his voice softening. "I saw you throw it away. There is nothing but goodness in that face, and the girl's soul is in her eyes. I am an old man, and you are young and hasty. One fool in the world is enough. Here is the picture. The girl's eyes are looking for somebody, and you and I both know who it is. Go back to her."

Jack Phillips hesitated, then held out his hand.

"Give it to me," said he, his voice trembling. "I have been trying to convince myself for a month that I wasn't a fool, but it has been a losing fight. I am sorry—for you."

Bat Pinaud stood on the bank as they plined away, then went back up the slope to his cabin. And so the moon rose up from the far bank of the river, sending its spiritual light into the under space of the forests, the music of his fiddle rose and swelled out through the swaying aisles and across the water of the river, bearing on its plaintive tide the past of the bowed figure whose gray beard was bent close, close to the responsive instrument, as though listening to its own heart throbs.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

American Temperament and Art. The majority of the men and women who gave American life its form and direction were not the children of an artistic race, though they were the heirs of a great literature. They descended from a people who have never pursued art as an end and whose first instinctive expression in meeting great experiences has never been artistic, but who have never divorced action from vision nor failed in the long run to match power in action with some kind of beauty in speech. From its English ancestry the country has inherited an ingrained and ineffable idealism of nature, which enormous tasks and hitherto incredible prosperity have at times smothered and blighted, but never destroyed. From other races have come richer temperament, quicker sensibilities, craving for joy and love of beauty for its own sake, which have already immensely enriched American art and are sublimating American life.—Hamilton Marble in Atlantic.

After the Prom. Ethel—Was he satisfied with one kiss?

Glady's—Humph. I think he was satisfied with all of them.—Yale Record.

What has become of the old-fashioned woman who gave her consent, in the time when they fell in love, and their appetites fell off?