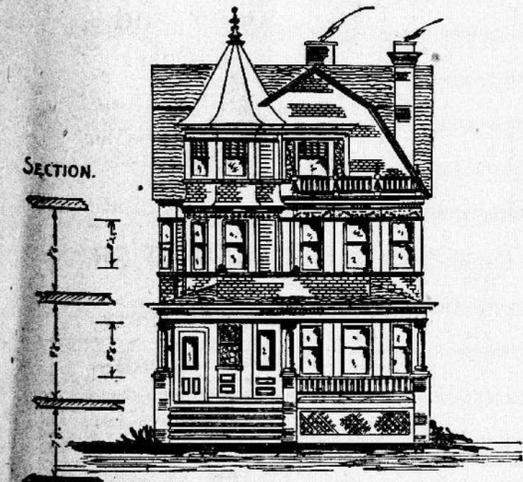


# ART IN ARCHITECTURE

Designed and Written Especially for This Paper.

The elevations and floor plans, as here shown, describe a very neat and attractive up-to-date modern design for a home of moderate cost. The arrangements of the rooms on each floor can easily be seen by glancing at the floor plans. There is a 9-foot piazza all the way across the front, and running down one side to the dining-room. There is a large hall, 7 feet 6 inches

There is a cellar under the entire house, which contains a hot-air furnace, coal bins, etc. All of the interior trim is of cypress on the first floor, and is all finished in the natural wood, with one coat of wood filler, properly rubbed and then covered with two coats of the best interior varnish complete. Main staircase is built of oak complete. The interior walls throughout

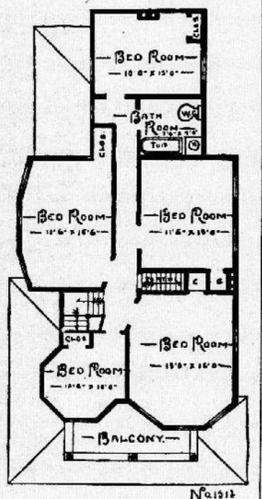
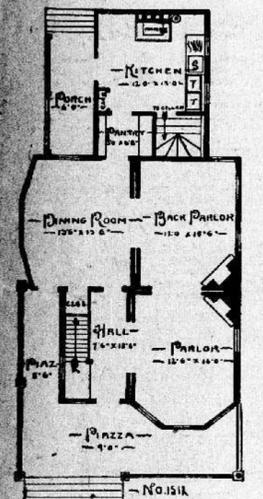


A HOME OF STRICTLY MODERN DESIGN.

by 13 feet; a parlor, 12 feet 6 inches by 11 feet 6 inches; a back parlor, 12 feet by 16 feet 6 inches, and a dining room, 12 feet 6 inches by 15 feet 6 inches, all of which are connected by sliding doors.

There is a cellar under the pantry, 4 feet by 9 feet 8 inches, and kitchen, 12 feet by 13 feet. On the second floor there are five bedrooms and bath, three of which are as follows: 10 feet by 10 feet, 13 feet by 16 feet, 11 feet 6

and all plastered and finished with sand finish. The kitchen, bathroom, etc., contain full and complete modern sanitary plumbing, as shown on the plans. All of the exterior walls are covered with two good coats of white lead and lined all paints complete. The main roof is covered with shingle stains, bronze coated. The hardware throughout is of dark bronze.



PLANS OF FIRST AND SECOND FLOORS.

inches by 15 feet 6 inches, 11 feet 6 inches by 13 feet, 10 feet by 13 feet; bathroom, 7 feet by 7 feet 6 inches. There is also a large back hall, 3 feet 4 inches. Additional rooms can be easily finished off if desired. All of the exterior walls are sheathed and papered, plastered, sided and shingled complete, as shown on the plans. All of the gable and main roofs are covered with heavy dimension cypress shingles.

The front door is beveled plate glass complete. Mantels are of quartered oak, with large beveled plate mirrors, the floors, facings and fireplace fixtures complete. The above design can be erected in most places for about \$3,500. The design and plans of this house are here shown as made by Stanley A. Dennis, of 280 Broadway, New York city.

## SOOT AFFECTS EYES.

Owing to the New General Use of Soft Coal Eye Trouble is Epidemic in New York.

According to the house surgeons of the eye hospitals and infirmaries the prevalence of soft coal soot in the air of this city continues to have an increasing evil effect upon the eyes of its inhabitants. As was pointed out some time ago, the presence of innumerable particles of soft coal floating in the atmosphere increases the number of cases of inflammation. A table has just been prepared at the Manhattan Eye and Ear Infirmary of the number of cases of eye trouble treated there. Last year the total number of such cases for September was 6,767. This year for the same month the number has risen to 9,053. "For the month of October," said a house surgeon to a Tribune reporter, "I present indications give a proper basis for prediction, the number will be above 10,000. When the trouble began we noticed that most cases came from districts in which soft coal was being used particularly. While the elevated railroad, for instance, was burning soft coal, many cases were located along its lines. After this was stopped the majority came from the neighborhood of the piers, where the coal was being handled. But now the burning of bituminous coal has become so general throughout the city, in hotels, apartment houses, stores and so forth, that there is no special territorial distribution observable. "In cities where soft coal is habitually used, especially in the west, eye trouble is much more general than it is normally in New York. It is not only that the introduction of foreign matter upon the eyeball results in inflammation that makes this trouble so important, but such inflammation always renders the eye sensitive to contagious troubles, such as acute conjunctivitis, or pink eye, and trachoma. The latter has shown a considerable increase among school

children, particularly in the poorer classes. It has the most favorable conditions for becoming epidemic when air is close or burdened with foreign matter."—N. Y. Tribune.

**Machine Drills Square Holes.**  
A machine which will drill square holes has at last been made. An Englishman named Edward Segitz is the inventor, and his apparatus is said to have solved a problem heretofore regarded as being about as unaccomplishable as the mathematical possibility of "squaring" the circle. Segitz's machine is a three-winged drill, semi-round, which yet cuts four straight edges in its rotary motion. That is, the motion appears to the eye to be rotary, but there is, of course, a maneuver in the triple flange which produces the square cut, triangular, or other angular holes, with automatic regularity and machine speed.

**Something Needed Pulling.**  
Sufferer—I can't stand it any longer; I'm going to the dentist's this instant to have this tooth out. Scientist—Nonsense! Your tooth doesn't ache; it is only your imagination. Sufferer—Then I'll have him pull out my imagination.—Tit-Bits.

**His Experience.**  
Youngpopp—I tell you, old boy, it takes a baby to brighten up a house. Oldwadd—that's right. When there's a baby in the house the gas meter works overtime.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

**Getting the Drop on Him.**  
Spencer Spacer (presenting a sonnet)—You see, I drop into poetry occasionally. Editor Gradgrind (grimly)—You seem to have dropped clear through.—Judge.

**No Embarrassment.**  
"It is true that Piker is financially embarrassed?" "He is awfully in debt, but it doesn't seem to embarrass him any."—N. Y. Times.

## THE GOOD SHEPHERD

Beautiful Relationship Which Christ Sustains to His Followers.

Sermon by the "Highway and Byway" Preacher on One of the Six Striking Declarations of Christ.

(Copyright, 1902, by A. N. Kellough News-Paper Co., Chicago, Ill., 1902.)

Text:—"I am the Good Shepherd; the Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep."—John 10:11.

Like the mother's lullaby to the ear of the little child as it rests its weary head on her bosom and finds rest, and comfort, and safety; like the soft clear note of the nightingale cleaving the darkness of the midnight air and reassuring the affrighted soul; like the burst of melody floating over the noise of the tumultuous crowd stilling it to enrapt silence; like the glad songs of the birds and rippling laughter of the children abovethe roar of the mighty rushing Niagara; like the quiet lull and the glorious burst of sunshine after the blackness of the swirling cloud and the rush of the wind; so are the words of our text to the weary, sin-sick, troubled soul. "I am the Good Shepherd." The words, like the "Peace, be still," spoken over the troubled dashing waters of Galilee, soothing them to placid quietness, fall on the ears of the wandering sheep on the world and draw many of them from the byways of death to the green pasture land of God's love, and the pathway that leads to Life Eternal. The kiss of the prince of the fairy tale was potent to wake the sleeping princess and deliver her from the spell which bound her. The gentle, sweet words, "I am the Good Shepherd," wafted on the soft breezes of God's love about the globe, are able to kindle new life and hope in the fallen sheep, and as the pleading hope of helplessness is lifted to the face of the Good Shepherd as He passes by His loving arms are outstretched and the sin-sick, dying soul is clasped to His bosom.

David, the simple shepherd lad, whose quick ear had caught the music of the gurgling, splashing mountain streams, and the glad song of the birds, and whose deft fingers had learned to pick out the notes upon his willing, responsive harp, played his foreboding song when the evil spirit of a rebellious heart possessed him, and soothed that turbid soul to quietness, and Jesus, with the music of His love learned in Heaven, comes to the world with His message: "I am the Good Shepherd," and longs to win the wandering world back to God. David, as he tended his sheep, sang: "The Lord is my Shepherd," and the bright star of his hope rose in the fullness of time over Bethlehem, and Jesus came, declaring: "I am the Good Shepherd." As David gently led his flocks into the green pastures and the side the still waters which his quick, watchful eye so faithfully searched out, as he felt every desire of his soul gratified, and he knew that the Lord was leading him beside the still waters and making him to lie down in green pastures. And Jesus, the Good Shepherd, came with the living water, saying: "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." And He led the way into the green pastures of inexhaustible supply as He said: "I am the Living Bread; he that cometh to Me shall never hunger." They say a hungry sheep will never lie down to rest, and David knew his sheep were satisfied as he saw them resting in quiet contentment on the green, sloping hillsides of Judea. Jesus, the Good Shepherd, calls to the wandering sheep of the world: "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." He alone can give rest unto the soul, because He alone can feed it and quench its thirst. David heard the roar of the wild beasts as it echoed among the rocks and in the thick underbrush which skirted the green pasture where his flock was feeding; he saw the lion and the bear, which had crept up unawares, make off with little lambs innocently gamboling on the outer edges of the flock, and had swiftly given pursuit. He delivered the lambs out of their dreadful peril and when the lion and the bear turned upon him to rend him he smote them and slew "both the lion and the bear."

Jesus, the Good Shepherd, hears the roar of the devil as he goes about through the world, "seeking whom he may devour," but "He is able to save unto the uttermost," and when his sheep let him fight for them the devil is driven away every time and the Good Shepherd turns to His Father in Heaven and says: "Those that Thou gavest Me I have kept, and none of them is lost." Oh, what a wonderful declaration it is to hear Jesus say: "I am the Good Shepherd; the Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep!" Wandering Sheep—God gave to Isaiah a true glimpse of the condition of the world and the faithful prophet cries out: "All we like sheep have gone astray, we have turned every one to his own way." Wandering sheep on the mountain side of sin. Wandering sheep in Christian America, in chaotic South America, in darkest Africa, in devil-worshipping Asia, in cultured, intellectual Europe, and in the isles of the sea; wandering sheep everywhere. Wandering sheep caught in the thickets of worldly pleasures, in the thickets of greed for gold, in the thickets of personal desires and ambitions; wandering sheep straying over the desert wastes of sin; wandering sheep falling an easy prey to the wild beasts of human passion and desire; wandering sheep falling over the precipice into the blackness and death of the bottomless pit.

A wandering sheep is a lost sheep. What though the sun does shine, and the way seems easy and fringed with the succulent blades of tender grass? What though the sheep seems for a time to thrive and prosper as well away from the shepherd and flock as with them? It is a lost sheep, just the same, and cannot find its way back alone. This is one of the peculiarities of sheep. A wandering sheep is always a lost sheep. The thicket is

just ahead, the thorny path, the desert waste, the rocky steep and the chill mountain air. The wandering sheep sooner or later falls into these perils, and soon perishes if the faithful shepherd does not go out after the lost and bring it back to the shelter of the fold. The world is like unto a wandering sheep. It is lost. It cannot find its own way back to the fold and safety, but the Good Shepherd has gone out into all the world seeking that which was lost. If the sheep will but hear His voice He will lead back to the green pastures and the still waters of Eternal Life.

The wandering sheep is a helpless sheep. What is more helpless than a sheep at all times? It is absolutely dependent upon the shepherd for leading, for protection, for its food and its drink. But a wandering sheep! It plunges blindly into the briars and thistles, it stumbles and falls over the rocky ground, it heedlessly rushes over the precipice into the chasm below, or out into the barren wastes away from pasture lands and the flowing streams. And the world, like a wandering sheep, is helpless. It rushes blindly hither and thither, knowing not whether it is tending; it seeks the broad way of its own desires and recklessly draws nearer and nearer to the abyss of its own destruction. It is utterly helpless. But Jesus, the Good Shepherd, is always within reach and quickly hears the cry for help. But if no cry of helplessness is raised, the Good Shepherd cannot find and save the wandering sheep. It is related of an oriental shepherd who searched day after day for a lost sheep that was wandering in the cold and still and dead, hidden in the thicket close to the pathway over which he had passed and repassed in his search. One faint beat from the helpless sheep would have brought the sorrow-stricken shepherd to its side, and it would not have perished, but would have been tenderly lifted to the strong, willing shoulders of the shepherd and carried back to the fold and safety. And oh! if the lost sheep of the world would only raise one faint cry for help and salvation as Jesus, the Good Shepherd, passes to and fro seeking for the lost sheep, how quickly it would reach His ear, and His milk-pierced feet would speed to the side of the helpless and dying one, and the milk-pierced hands would reach out and with infinite love and tenderness release the fettered soul from the cruel thorns and the tangled briars. Helpless, dying sheep of the world, send out your cry to the Good Shepherd before it is too late and you are left cold and lifeless on the mountain side of sin!

The wandering sheep is a sure and easy prey of the wild beasts which lurk in the thicket and among the rocks. Utterly powerless to resist attack, its life is speedily crushed out, and its life's blood sucked up by the blood-thirsty beast. The world as a wandering sheep is utterly powerless to resist the attack of its adversary, the devil. Unlike real sheep, it is true that it does resist and fight against the devil, but he is just as certain of his final victory over that soul as is the great lion that is crunching the bones of the helpless, dying lamb. Just as certain!—unless a faint cry for help goes out to the Good Shepherd, when like the contending crowd that he is, the devil slinks off in ignominious defeat. The world thinks it gives the devil some pretty hard raps, sometimes, but the hardest rap the world ever gave him was like the tickling stroke of a feather, and it set him and all his legions of black devils to shouting with glee. The devil plays his victim like a cat plays with the mouse. They are perfectly helpless within his grasp, unless the cry of faith to the Good Shepherd brings Him to their side, for He alone can set them free from the wiles and power of the devil.

The Supreme Victory.—"The Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep." Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. In the Father's House the only begotten Son of God beheld sinful and perishing man as scattered and wandering sheep plunging helplessly to destruction. He laid aside His crown, His scepter and His kingly robe and came all the way from Heaven to earth to become the Good Shepherd which giveth His life for His sheep. The hireling fleeth, leaving the helpless sheep to the merciless attack of the wolf, but the Good Shepherd seeing the danger and knowing that the life of the sheep was at stake, stood in the breach and willingly died that He might give life to the sheep. "All we like sheep have gone astray, we have turned every one to his own way," and because this is true, the penalty of death rests upon us. But blessed be the name of the Lord, Jesus, our substitute for sin, and "the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." He became the Good Shepherd, giving His life for the sheep. Oh, glorious triumph! Oh, supreme victory of the age! The bright star of hope of the world hung in the Garden of Eden when He promised that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head; grew brighter and clearer through the centuries until it burst in its full orb of beauty over the manger at Bethlehem. The patriarchs and the prophets watched for the coming of the Deliverer. We rejoice in the fact that the Deliverer has come. The hope of the world from Adam until now centers around the cross. The efficacy of that cross reaches back to Abel whose faith enabled him to offer a sacrifice which typified the Christ and was acceptable with God, and it streams forward in blessed, life-giving power until now.

David, the shepherd lad, in the simple garb of the field where he tended his sheep, went out and met the mighty Goliath. What a magnificent sight that was! The two armies drawn up in battle array. The army of God's people holding together and yet stricken to the heart with terror at the sight of the innumerable hosts of the Philistines and the great, overtowering giant whose tread shook the earth and who defied the army of the living God. The fair-faced youth, with clear eye and steady hand in which he held the faithful sling, went forth across the valley from the army of Israel to meet the advancing giant. Faith in God moved him to certain victory. What a lush must have fallen upon the army of Israel

as with bated breath and falling heart they saw this striking shepherd lad draw on step by step to what they felt sure would be utter destruction. With what amazement and contemptuous pity must the Philistines have witnessed the scene. No wonder the wrath of the mighty champion was wrought up to the highest pitch. The climax drew on apace. Each stride of the giant and each spring of the lithe youth brought the conflict nearer. The break is placed, the swish of the sling breaks the intense silence which follows the speeches of the two combatants, and then at the feet of David is stretched in helpless, ignominious defeat the great quivering frame of the mighty Goliath. Then the shout of victory from the army of Israel, then the panic-stricken flight of the Philistines, then the deliverance for the nation of Israel. Oh, that was a wonderful battle! Oh, that was an inspiring scene!

But oh, wonderful battle of the ages! Oh, inspiring scene for time and eternity! Jesus, the Good Shepherd, giving His life for the sheep, triumphing over Satan and death and giving life to His sheep! How wonderful! Is it any wonder that the story never grows old in Heaven or in earth? The angels beheld the conflict with bated breath and marveled at God's wonderful way of salvation; the redeemed in Heaven and earth rejoice in the deliverance wrought and never tire of telling the story of the lost sheep and the Good Shepherd who gave His life to save them. Yes, they can tell it over and over again, "But none of the ransomed can ever know the fullness of the joy which the Lord passed through. Out in the desert He heard his cry: Sick and helpless, and ready to die."

"Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way?" "That mark out the mountain's track?" "They were shed for one who had gone astray." "Ere the Shepherd could bring him back." "Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?" "They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

"But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven." "Are up from the rocky steep." "There rose a glad cry to the gate of Heaven." "Rejoice! I have found My sheep!" "And the angels echo around the throne, 'Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!'"

It is related of a settler on the upper Mattawa river in Quebec that last winter he caught a large wolf alive, and having heard that the rat released with a bell about its neck had driven all the other rats away by the tinkling of the bell, he thought he would try the experiment, with the wolf he had captured, and accordingly securely fastened about its neck a bell taken from the leader of his flock of sheep. The wolf was released and the incident well-nigh forgotten. The next summer when the sheep were placed in a pasture land where was a neck of woods they suddenly bolted without any apparent cause towards the woods and disappeared. Presently they came rushing back, scattered and affrighted, but one of the lambs was missing. This singular conduct on the part of the sheep and the mysterious disappearance of sheep after sheep continued day after day until the farmer made a thorough investigation and found that the wolf with the bell was drawing the sheep to his lair by the tinkling of the bell which the sheep recognized as that which had been worn by the former leader of the flock. And Jesus' sheep know His voice and follow Him. The wolf can don sheep's clothing, but it cannot imitate the voice of the Good Shepherd. His sheep hear His voice and follow Him.

And Jesus as the Good Shepherd knows His sheep and His sheep know Him. It is said that Napoleon knew the name of every man in his army, a wonderful achievement and indicating a close association of the general with his army, but Jesus not only knows the names of all His sheep, but He knows them each and all through and through. And on the other hand the sheep know the Shepherd, and as they know Him they grow into His likeness. Such a beautifully intimate relationship that the one understands the every need of the other, and the sheep respond to the gentle leading and loving care of the Shepherd. The oriental shepherd knows his flock by name and they follow as he calls them; he leads them in and out and they find pasture. Jesus says: "My sheep hear My voice, and they follow Me." His sheep have two characteristics which stamp them as His: In their ears, "They hear My voice," and in their feet, "They follow Me." It is said that sheep having once learned the voice of the shepherd never forget it. And in this country where the shepherd is not known as he is in the oriental countries, and where the leader of the flock is marked by the bell which tinkles as he feeds and draws the rest of the flock after him, the sheep learn the sound of the bell and do not forget it.

And Jesus as the Good Shepherd gives His sheep Eternal Life, and no man can pluck them out of His hand. Perpetuity and absolute security are characteristics which mark the flock of the Good Shepherd. The pasture of time adjoins the pasture of eternity and the sheep of His pasture here pass over the line into the green fields of the Celestial Kingdom. And the safety of the flock is absolutely certain. Oh, what comfort there ought to be in this declaration of Christ, that no man is able to pluck them out of His hand! With such assurance as that in the heart one can bid defiance to the devil. The sheep may be buffeted and sorely tried, but it will only cause it to draw more closely to the Good Shepherd's side. The devil may sift as wheat, but he cannot drag one of the true flock to perdition. He may lure into the byways of sinful indulgence, but he cannot prevent the Good Shepherd from going out and bringing back His sheep. The Good Shepherd's patience, His watchfulness, His tender care, His loving shelter are as unfathomable as eternity and inexhaustible as the untold riches of the city not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens. I am glad the Lord is my Shepherd! Will you not accept Him as your Good Shepherd, too?

## THE ROD AND THE BOY

Bill Arp Gets an Interesting Letter on the Subject.

Writer Declares the Bad Boys Turn Out the Best—Tells of the Case of Bob—Why Solomon Was a Poor Authority.

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In a recent letter I took the part of the bad boys and said they must not be given up. That letter has provoked a most intelligent comment from a western school-teacher, who has been teaching boys for 20 years. He says that his so-called bad boys almost invariably turned out to be his best boys, best scholars and best men, and he never punished one with the rod. His illustrations are very apt, entertaining and instructive, for he is no ordinary teacher, but is a highly cultured gentleman, and writes a beautiful letter. His letter contained several pages and was eagerly perused. He says I am a believer in the rod, but it has been my lot to have to use it mostly, but lightly, on mamma's pets—the good boys who never did anything wrong. He does not believe in moral turpitude or total depravity, but that all natural instincts are good, and that evil is only an abuse or misuse of the good, and he has never seen a human being who would not at times perform some kind office for another, never expecting a reward. Once upon a time, the story goes, a little girl was watching a sculptor as he put the finishing touches upon an angel that he had chiseled from a block of marble, and she exclaimed: "Oh, what a beautiful angel you have made!" "No," said the sculptor, "the angel was already in the marble. I have only chipped away the rough stone that hid it."

So it is with every man—there is an angel there, though too often hidden by the stony covering. The skillful sculptor could find it.

This reminds me of an incident that happened many years ago in Rome while I lived there. It was on Sunday a good fresher was inundating a portion of the town. A poor boy, the son of a widow, had rowed his little boat out in an eddy to catch some wood that was floating down. By some mischance his boat was caught by the current and he was carried rapidly down the stream. His mother had seen it all and ran down the bank screaming for help. Many people ran along with her, but could do nothing. It was near a quarter of a mile to the junction where scores of men and boys were watching the surging waters. As the little boat neared the bridge pillar it capsized and the boy disappeared with the boat. In an instant it came to the surface again and the boy was seen clinging to the chain at its end. "Save that boy, somebody," said one: "I'll give \$5 to save that boy," said another: "I'll give \$10," "I'll give \$20," said another, but nobody dared to venture. The mother cried in agony, "Won't somebody save my boy." Just then a young man was seen rushing wildly down, throwing off his coat and shoes as he came, and passing the crowd he ran down into the water and struck out boldly for the boy. He got him, and clasping one arm around his waist swam with the other and laid him at his mother's feet. He was limp and speechless, but alive. Putting on his shoes and coat, the young man walked quickly away. But he was known to most of those present. He was a barkeeper and his moral standing was not good, for he was profane in speech and his associates were the sports and drinking men of the town. He was under the ban, but there was an angel in him somewhere. He knew the poor widow and he knew the boy—and he scorned to accept any reward. I have often ruminated over that heroic deed and wondered.

My school-teacher friend says that the difference between a bad boy and a good one is that the stone is harder to chip from the former, but gives a finer and more durable polish when the rough outside is chiseled away, but the good boy's angel is found in chalk, and soon crumbles or decays. He tells of Bob, the worst boy ever taught. It was far out in western

Texas, and when the school was made up it was predicted that Bob and the teacher would have a fight in less than a week. He was fully apprised that Bob was wicked and cursed like a sailor and would fight at the drop of a hat and drop it himself. Bob's father was dead and his mother an invalid and very poor, but Bob loved her and was kind and good to her and cooked the breakfast before he went to school, which was two miles away. He always hurried home after school to chop the wood and bring water and help her with the supper. The teacher's punishment of his pupils, when it had to be given, was keeping them after school and requiring them to get their lessons. Bob very respectfully asked to be allowed to go home to wait upon his mother. He behaved very well for a week, but his bad day came and he did not study at all. He seemed to be ready for a row. The teacher told him mildly but firmly that he must stay in until he got his lesson. He gave a look of defiance and shut up his book. My friend says: "It was one of the trials of my life. I pretended to be reading a book, but I was only thinking. In half an hour Bob opened his book, but I saw tears in his eyes. After awhile he said: 'I can't study now. Please, sir, let me go home. It's getting dark and mother will be scared. She's all alone and sick. Please, sir, I will get this lesson tomorrow, and I won't be bad any more.' Well, I was just overcome, and I took him in my arms and we wept together. Never did Bob give me any more trouble and all the neighbors wondered. I verily believe that if I had whipped him he would have been ruined by it. After his mother's death he enlisted in the army and won his stripes, and he writes me occasionally, and always thanks me for the kindness I showed him at school."

I believe that the use of the rod in our public schools has been generally abandoned. The punishment of refractory pupils is now just what it is in our colleges. Expulsion, suspension, monthly reports of conduct and progress. Patrons seem satisfied with this and the general verdict is that Solomon was joking. My friend Fort was as hostile to whipping children as is Dr. Hilderly, of Atlanta, and when I quoted Solomon, who said: "He that spareth the rod hateth his son," he said: "Well, Solomon was mad when he wrote that. With all of those wives he must have had three or four hundred children, and the little rascals were always tagging after him and begging for candy, or a knife or a doll, or something, and they climbed up his legs and felt in his pockets and pulled his hair, and it was pappy this and daddy that, until he got desperate and wrote that verse. I don't take anything for granted that Solomon says, anyhow. A man who was as big a fool about women as he was, needn't tell me about whipping children. He didn't know how to raise children, who succeeded him, for he said to the children of Israel: 'My father chastised you with whips, but I will chastise you with scorpions.' That's the kind of a boy he raised with his rod."

But after all and before all it is the home influence that moulds the child, for that is constant and enduring. The angel that was within Bob was uncovered by his mother's love. Some mothers send their little children to school as to a nursery to get them out of the way or because they cannot manage them at home. While others put up for them a nice lunch and kiss them a sweet good-by, and fondly watch for their return. Our children had to go more than a mile to school when we lived on the farm. They had to cross the creek on a foot log and then through a field up a long hill and then down the hill until out of sight. It was my daily pleasure to watch them go and come, and feel that they were safe.

And now our eldest daughter is going to leave us—going to Winooski, Carolina, to live, where her husband has found profitable employment. They have five children, some of whom were our daily visitors and made us happy when they came, and fondly watch for their return. Our children had to go more than a mile to school when we lived on the farm. They had to cross the creek on a foot log and then through a field up a long hill and then down the hill until out of sight. It was my daily pleasure to watch them go and come, and feel that they were safe.

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## WHEN PRETTY FEET SUFFER.

Those Who Have to Stand All Day Fare Worse Than Those Who Can Walk About.

It is a pity that certain employments deprive many women of their inalienable right to pretty feet. New York doctors protest that they do not find the situation among shop girls quite so deplorable here as it is reported by a St. Louis specialist, but they admit that standing for hours at a stretch certainly does have a tendency to produce flatfootedness, states an exchange of that city.

"By this I do not mean that you will not find hundreds of pairs of pretty feet among shop employes," explained one doctor. "Some of the prettiest feet in New York are the moment hiding their charms behind the counters of our big stores, but some of the ugliest ones are concealing their deformities in the same place. "Most people who are on their feet all day are bound to have trouble over the shape and size of their extremities. Those who stand fare worse than those who walk about, for the movement and circulation tend to prevent the flatness which so many clerks complain of. For that reason, the waitress, for example, who and fondly her feet retain more of their natural virtues and acquire fewer vices than the shop girls."

As to the Old Citizens. La Mont—This paper contradicts itself. At one time it remarks that the esteemed citizen lived to a "green old age" and at another "a ripe old age."

Moyné—What's the difference? "Why, if anything is green how can it be ripe?"—Chicago Daily News.

An Aggravation. "Have you ever tried the faith cure for headaches?" "No. Some one explained the faith cure to me and I got a worse headache than ever trying to understand it."—Washington Star.

Two Months—Eight Cents! Augustus had had his Seraphina again for three days. He had greeted her at the station with a warmth that all but suffocated her. On the evening of the third day, when he entered his flat with the cheery cry of "Wife," he was confronted by Seraphina drawn to her full height, eyeing him from his shoes up with a frigid stare.

"Augustus!" (icily.) "Yes, darling," (quaveringly.) "You read so much while I was away that you strained your eyes and had to get glasses to read with?" (more icily.) "Yes," in a hoarse whisper. "Augustus, here is your gas bill for two months—eight cents!"

When His Seraphina Returned Home She Took a Mean Advantage of Him. Augustus Van Twinkle escorted his little family to the Grand Central station. Big lumps rose in his throat as he almost tearfully bade his Seraphina farewell and patted Tommy on the head, relates the New York Times.

To think of two long months without you, Seraphina; I don't see how I can bear it," he said, using his handkerchief violently. She appreciated his emotion, and though pained at the parting, felt an inward sense of joy and pride at his great love. As the months dragged by Seraphina received letter after letter telling in excruciating terms of Augustus' loneliness. How he came home every evening after dining and sat for an hour before her picture, and then whiled away the lonely hours until midnight and often until one or two o'clock in the morning, reading novels. He gave her a long list of novels that he said he had purchased and read, so that Seraphina wrote and scolded him for his extravagance and also warned him that he would ruin his eyes.

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