

right too, to despise them, when they commit base actions for money or advancement, when they are harsh, unyielding, discourteous and obstinate to the degree of even declining to aid a good cause or assist in some benefit to the nation at large, merely because they have not been consulted as to ways and methods, they do not deserve to be called "Christians" at all. They are of that class, unhappily increasing in number, who cry out: "Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy name?" and to whom will be given the answer: "I never knew you; depart from Me, ye that work iniquity!" Great and noble beyond all praise are true "Christian" ministers—and thousands of them are to be found in all parts of the world, working silently and bravely for the rescue of bodies as well as souls, giving practical as well as spiritual help and sympathy to their fellow-men in trouble. But just because their labors are so valuable, one resents all the more deeply the conduct of certain members

of the clergy who cast dishonor upon their whole calling, and just because the vocation of "priest" is so high, we intensely deplore every action that tends to debase it. The un-Christian cleric belongs to no spiritual form of faith whatsoever, and should not be permitted to pretend that he does. He has only one religion—Self. And from the professor of Self, no man need ask either help or instruction.

*Marie Corelle*

(Copyright, 1904, by Central News & Press Exchange.)

## The Power of Diagrams

YOU poor thing! You look fagged to death." By Grace MacGowan Cooke

"I am, dear. I'm dead already. This is my ghost that wants a cup of tea."

The little dark woman in the kimono pushed the large fair one into an easy-chair, slipped out hat pins and disposed of the gorgeous picture hat that crowned a blond pompadour.

"I'm sure you're an angel, Laura. Perhaps this poor ghost has got to Heaven."

"Tell me about it," said the other, sympathetically. "You haven't lost flesh over it, Anne."

The visitor laughed ruefully. "Do I lose flesh over anything?" she inquired. "But I have taken what Jack calls my annual vow and swear-off from clubs. The Federation may federate in any town it sees fit; I'll not go near them. No, I'll not!" as her hostess laughed and refilled her tea-cup. "This vow is not to be annually broken—only annually renewed."

"You see, it was like this: It was worse than an ordinary Federation meeting, for I had Myra Reed Morton and her daughter Lily's love affairs on my mind. You know, Professor Henry of the university has been desperately in love with Lily for a year, only he doesn't know it, poor soul! He's so wound up in his 'ologies and knowledges that he doesn't understand what he wants."

"And you were trying to help him, you match-making creature!" suggested Laura.

"Of course I was! Isn't Myra Reed a widow, and one of my dearest friends, and isn't Lily the sweetest and best girl of her age I know? I've invited the professor to my house, and listened to his theories till—"

"Till you're very, very tired of it," agreed the other, sympathetically.

The sufferer nodded. "I've given him every chance in the world to be alone with Lily, and I've tried—well, it sounds brutal to put it just that way—but I've tried to shield Myra's little idiosyncrasies from the son-in-law I hoped she would have."

\*

"Then along came this miserable Federation meeting, and the evil one counseled me to put Myra on the program. Some madness led me to think that she would actually follow instructions and give me a paper on Colonial families of Virginia—that for the Daughters, you know. In my besotted state of mind, I ran and invited the professor to be present at that particular meeting. To invite him, it was necessary to invite the entire faculty, unless I wanted to seem desperately special. Oh, Laura, I don't know whether I have fortitude sufficient to go on!"

"Yes, you have," her friend insisted. "Take a wafer and several long breaths. Did Susie Allingham faint? I heard the most garbled account of the thing."

"Faint? No more than you or I. She had promised me to have a paper on traveling libraries, and a full report. Five minutes before the reading I asked her how long her paper was, and would she please let me glance over it. The shameless creature hadn't the scratch of a pen. She said she was going to give us a little talk—and she was shaking like a leaf with stage-fright right then. Oh, yes, she pretended to faint!"

"You can't quite say that, can you? You didn't have a physician present, or test her with a red-hot iron?"

The president of the Spare Moments Club giggled comfortably. "I rather think the latter. Jane Courtney—you know what a soldier Jane is—oh, a grenadier? Well, perhaps—Jane had been on foot all day looking after the refreshments and various things that nobody else wants to do; and when she saw Susie keel over, she turned around and remarked: 'That Allingham girl looks a sight with her bonnet knocked over one ear: and her switch is coming loose—good gracious,

it'll fall off in another minute!'"

There was a soft murmur of appreciation from the other side of the table. "And Susie?"

"Susie opened one eye to see who it was talking, and then she changed her mind about fainting. My, but she was mad! She wept. I had to fill her number on the program with some music. I didn't care. By that time it was all a mad, seething, boiling whirlpool of managing to make something do for something else, anyhow."

"But about Myra?"

"Oh, yes! Well, Myra came, and so did all the

## OPTIMISM



By Cora Lapham Hazard

When the slim young moon doth over my left  
Fling its pale light weirdly dim,  
Not a fig care I for omens of ill;  
'Tis a "superstitious whim."

But when over my right there brightly shines  
Witching moon all silvery new,  
'Tis then I wish my most cherished wish  
With fond faith that 'twill come true.

professors. I had no idea those men were so interested in women's clubs. What do you suppose that woman had done, in place of anything on earth about Colonial Virginia?"

"Something wild, of course?"

"Something wild? I like your phrase. It was blood-curdling! She had diagrams! I thought I should sink when she drew those diagrams out. You know, she's a fanatic on some new 'ism about reforming the world by sitting down and holding your breath and thinking about something else."

"Not a bad idea," with carefully preserved gravity. "And you put it so lucidly, Anne. I think I could do that myself."

"Oh, well, you know! The kind of thing that used to be in the front of the first readers when you and I were babies at school. You sit down and shut your teeth and say: 'I—am—in—it—He—is—in—it—,' or something like that."

"No, dear; it's 'assertions' that you mean. You build them into your character by saying them over that way."

"Laura," in a tragic tone, "you're almost as bad as she is! I don't want to build things into my character. You talk as if it was a summer cottage. Oh, dear me, I haven't a shred of character left since Myra disgraced me as she did! She got to talking about things that weren't quite nice, it seemed to me, for a mixed audience; and I was in agony because I had Lily portioned off with the professor there in the back room."

\*

"I could see the other men trying not to laugh, and I felt so apologetic—so abject! If I could have crawled out under the seats, dusting those men's boots as I went, I should have been glad. Then came the diagrams! A large pink thing meant your natural affections. Laura, do you love people in that shade of pink? Because, if you do, pray never love me any."

"A blue wedge was for your—for your—intellectual capacity, I think. I hadn't any by the time that came. Some green streaks, she told us, stood for patience; but mine was at an end. I pulled the back of her frock and whispered to her: 'Where is your paper on Colonial Virginia families?' Laura, that aggravating creature looked across her shoulder at me as serenely as she will look at her son-in-law when she runs right over him, and she said, loud enough for everybody to hear: 'Oh, this is a much more important matter, my dear. This concerns the source and origin of man and his cosmic destiny.' Laura, what is a cosmic destiny? Do you suppose you and I each have one?"

Her hostess got breath finally from the smothered laughter that had greeted the diagrams. "Never mind your cosmic destiny, honey," she counseled. "Tell me what the professor and Lily did."

"I was in agony for them. Some of Myra's remarks were very plain, and hardly the thing for young girls to hear, let alone girls accompanied by gentlemen. But there! I might have spared myself worry. It seems I am only a plain fool."

"Oh, no," remonstrated her friend slyly. "Nobody would ever say that of you."

"I'd rather be a plain fool than a pretty one," retorted the other, "and that's what Myra Morton and her like call me, I know! It seems that Myra is a brilliant woman, and that I had only made trouble and retarded things, instead of helping."

"How was that?"

\*

"Oh, the professor is deeply interested in the particular 'ism that Myra is exploiting just now. I suppose he loves Lily in that shade of pink, and does his thinking in blue wedges, and has streaks of green patience. Anyhow, he said that Myra's diagrams were very illuminating. He was up in the crowd congratulating her on that disgraceful performance. I saw that both he and Lily looked mightily pleased about something, and after the thing was over he told me confidentially (I have been encouraging his confidential talks, you know, during the past year) that the hearing of that paper had removed the last shadow of a barrier between himself and Myra's daughter."

"Barrier?"

"Oh, yes; I have been trying to tell him about Myra and prepare him for what he might expect, and I suppose my opinion of her crankism and Professor Henry's don't precisely agree."

"They wouldn't, naturally," slipped from Laura's lips, and then was regretted.

"Don't you tell me that I mean well!" turning sharply. "I'll bear anything but that. No doubt it's what the professor and Lily and Myra Reed Morton are saying of me this minute. They are sitting and holding their breaths and thinking about something else, and saying that I am a well-meaning creature who lacks sense."

"Well," commented her friend, crisply, "if they can do all that at one time, I believe I'll investigate the system myself."