

Consolation for the Motorless

By the Editor of the New York Sun.



MOST of us have heard from lips convinced of their own truth the tale which the Kennebec Journal tells of a solid but sportive Dirigo settlement:

"One Bangor man of wealth, solid sense and unquestioned veracity declares that twenty-one Bangoreans have this year mortgaged their dwelling houses to buy automobiles. Another man, who also stands high, says twenty-nine Bangor residences have been 'hocked,' so to speak, to raise the price of gas wagons."

For Bangor substitute Brockton, Mass., or Burlington, N. J., or Kingston, N. Y., or Kankakee, Ill. or almost any prosperous place. Usually the authority is a bank president or director, somebody who is in a position to know, somebody who has seen the checks and papers passed. The recorder of deeds is not appealed to. It is his business to shut up, and he can't know for what purpose the mortgagor borrows. The bank officers themselves are reticent in the first person. They are quoted. So long as the interest is paid and the security has not depreciated they may not view the mortgage bought automobile with alarm. To them it is merely a sign of extravagance; and as such divers watchmen on the towers of finance have duly moralized about already.

Not the economic but the sociological "aspects" of the transaction allure us. If we are a little sceptical about the fact it is only because the western business men were off with their mortgages before they were on with their devil wagons, and because in the East, well "bubbled" as it is, the number of these fiery chariots is so small compared with that of mortgages. "What is home without a mortgage?" would be a general question if the hypothecation of the home—we offer the phrase gratis to Mr. Bryan; there is a good Chautauqua lecture in it—for the automobile had become a habit. It is a mistake to suppose that a home is a necessity. Why not board? In this town the home of most men is a piece of a tenement house, called or not called by more luxurious names. You can't mortgage your home. Our brethren the country mice are luckier.

Hitherto a smack of ostentation, of predatory and unpermitted wealth, has clung to the motor car. Those of us who have been choked with the dust of those presumably plutocratic wheels have felt the moral superiority of our position, and yet, perhaps, not without stirrings of the moral bile. The rich, the new rich; confound ostentation; insolence of wealth; flaunting wealth; these fellows that have to advertise themselves by a ten thousand dollar machine; thank goodness, horses—shank's mare, usually—are good enough for us; better be poor than vulgar, and so forth.

Now the automobileless can not only look down upon, but pity the maniac at the wheel. The bigger the automobile the bigger the mortgage. I do pity his poor wife; they say they don't have enough to eat; well, I can pay my debts if I can't keep a chauffeur. Thus the man on foot can regard without animosity the roar of the thundering car.

Greed Causes Wars

By Rabbi Emil G. Hirsch.

I N time of war one would think every nation had a different God, for they all pray to their God that victory may perch upon their banners. If nations would remember there is only one God for all, could they ask Him to bless their arms, thereby implying that the arms of the other nation should not be blessed? If every man is God's child, then we should have no wars on this earth.

Let us be honest and not try to deceive ourselves with the idea we go to war from a humanitarian standpoint. This country went to war with Spain because we said we could not tolerate the abuses the Spaniards were inflicting on Cuba. How is it, then, that when the outrages in Russia had startled the whole world we did not demand that they cease? No, we knew Spain was a little boy, and we could turn him over and give him something on the other side. But Russia is a giant, and we are not humanitarians in that case.

The American nation is not a greater hypocrite than any other nation, perhaps not so great, but let all the nations repent. Greed is behind all these lapses from grace when one nation goes to war with another. Yes, have a "big stick," but speak softly. When you have a "big stick" you are not likely to speak softly. What is the use of a "big stick" if you don't use it?

We want peace, and it will come, for the world's conscience is aroused and the common people know they are fit for something better than to be fed to the cannon's mouth.

Why Breathing

Is Even More Essential Than a Beautiful Voice for Perfect Singing.

By Nellie Melba.

I CANNOT too forcibly insist that the mere possession of a lovely voice is only the basis of vocal art. Nature occasionally startles one by the prodigality of her gifts, but no student has any right to expect to sing by inspiration, any more than an athlete may expect to win a race because he is naturally fleet of foot.

Methods of breathing, "attack" and the use of the registers, must all be perfectly understood by the successful singer, who should likewise be complete master of all details relating to the structure and use of those parts above the voice box, and be convinced of the necessity of a perfectly controlled chest expansion in the production of tone.

For perfect singing, correct breathing, strange as it may sound, is even more essential than a beautiful voice. No matter how exquisite the vocal organ may be, its beauty cannot be adequately demonstrated without proper breath control. Here is one of the old Italian secrets which many singers of today wholly lack, because they are unwilling to give the necessary time for the full development of breathing power and control. Phrasing, tone, resonance, expression, all depend upon respiration; and in my opinion musical students, even when too young to be allowed the free use of the voice, should be thoroughly taught the principles of breathing.—From The Century.

Comforting.

A lady who had recently moved to the suburbs was very fond of her first brood of chickens. Going out one afternoon, she left the household in charge of her 8-year-old boy. Before her return a thunderstorm came up. The youngster forgot the chicks during the storm, and was dismayed, after it passed, to find that half of them had been drowned. Though fearing the wrath to come, he thought best to make a clean breast of the

calamity, rather than leave it to be discovered.

"Mamma," he said contritely, when his mother had returned—"mamma, six of the chickens are dead."

"Dead!" cried his mother. "Six! How did they die?"

The boy saw his chance.

"I think—I think they died happy," he said.—Harper's Weekly.

Fewer than 8000 people own all the land of Great Britain.

THE BOWLEGGED MAN.

"Bantleg, Bantleg, where are you from? You must have been riding astride of a drum! All up with your prowess, all up with your jig. If ever you started to fender a pig! This was the cry that the little town set wherever Bowlegged, Butterball went. The jest of the village, the joke of the place. But, Lord, what a winner he was in the race!

The captain who captured him first on his nine. Was a victor all season. He took the base line in a flight not exactly a leap or a run; He rolled himself up and his little legs spun. And long ere the fielder had captured the ball Bantleg struck the home plate with a sprawl. Whenever his turn came to handle the bat. The nine scored a run, there was no doubt of that!

The fire companies fought for him year after year. To capture the plug with a shout and a cheer. With his uniform on in the village parade He looked like a beetle in splendor arrayed. But he marched to the tune of the old country band. As proud as the proudest in all the broad land— A red shirt of glory, a buff overcoat. And a hat, fore and aft, most as big as a boat!

The regiment forming called him, woo; He carried the water, for something to do. And when the red rattle and thunder of war Came knocking one morning on Bantleg's door He sprang to the rally and followed the ray Of the flag to the heart and the heat of the fray. "One thing," he shouted, "you'll see me again; I'll straddle the balls and the bullets, dipen!"

And he did! Not a scratch had he borne when he came Home again, happy and agile and game! With the badge of a veteran he walked with renown. A relic of laughter long years in the town. Shoemaker, carpenter, sexton as well, Funeral or wedding, he tolled the old bell. And smiled the old smile when they laughed at his legs. And his penchant for checkers and mumbletypegs.

"Bantleg's Butterball, bowlegged man. Catch me and kick me, if catch me you can!" Youngsters who shouted this challenge to him Are shadows as dim as those old days are dim. But still through the valley of memory I see The dear little town that was home town to me. And laugh when I think of that shape on the street With knees that had parted to nevermore meet! —Baltimore Sun.

The Preacher's Grip.

By W. H. WITHROW.

"Say, Phin, let's put up a joke on the preacher," said Jim Larkins, a loutish fellow, to his ne'er-do-well comrade in many a drinking bout at the village tavern.

"I'm in it, whatever it is," replied Phin Crowle, with a vicious grin.

These worthies were notable sports and dog-fanciers, and each had his bulldog "that could whip anything of its size and weight in the country." It was agreed, therefore, to bring their respective dogs to the evening preaching, to keep them asunder all the service was well under way, and then to incite them to a fight. A few well-directed digs with their heels excited the beasts to angry growls and snarls, to the great amusement of the village toughs and to the great alarm of the women and girls.

Lawrence Temple, a student from a neighboring college, had just been appointed a local preacher with a view to the ministry. He was sent to try his "prentice hand on the natives of the Four Corners Schoolhouse, a neglected rural neighborhood near the college town. His first preaching experiences were likely to be, to put it mildly, not uninteresting.

His previous practice of athletics in felling trees in a lumber camp stood him in good stead. He did not easily get rattled nor lose his head. When the disturbance became too obvious, he requested the owners of the dogs to keep them quiet or to take them out. When the annoyance continued, he announced that the disturbing of a religious service was a violation of the law and must cease at once.

"Now's yer time, Phin," said Larkins, in a loud aside, "let her go," and in a minute the exasperated dogs were rushing at each other's throats and causing a panic of terror among the women.

Quickly leaving the teacher's desk which served as a preaching stand, Lawrence walked down the central passage to where the dogs were snapping, snarling and rolling over each other on the floor.

"Take your dogs out," he said with a very decided tone and gesture. Seeing that their owners took no notice, he added sternly: "And do it at once."

"Take 'em out yerself if yer wants to," said Phin Crowle, "but I warn yer it's at yer peril. If my Tige grips yer leg he'll never let go—not if yer cuts his head off."

"Open the door, please," said the young preacher, which was promptly done by a man sitting near it.

Lawrence had not practised football in vain. Before their loutish owners could interfere, he had planted a well directed and tremendous kick on the interlocked and astonished dogs that unlocked their jaws; followed by two others, that swept first one and then the other over the threshold and into the outer darkness before they knew where they were.

"Now follow your dogs!" he said grimly to the cowardly bullies—for your bully is always a coward.

"Supposin' we don't choose to!" growled Larkins.

"I'll simply have to make you!" said Lawrence with blazing eyes, "and tomorrow have you fined for disturbing public worship."

"Let's go, Jim," said Phin; "he's got the drop on us this time."

"We'll be even with yer yet, Mr. Preacher, and be blanked to yer," growled the human brute, Larkins, more degraded than his dog, and went into the blackness of night making the air lurid with oaths and curses.

In a moment Lawrence was calm again, and with earnest pleading tones he read over the words in the Apoca-

lypse concerning the finally impenitent: "Without, in the blackness of darkness forever, are dogs, and sorcerers, and whatsoever leaveth and maketh a lie," and with tears in his voice he exhorted his hearers to heed the solemn warnings of God and to flee from his present and eternal wrath. His words came home with strange power and not a few of the ruffian companions who had "come to scoff remained to pray."

An hour later Lawrence was making his way home from his first service at the Four Corners Schoolhouse. A great gladness filled his soul and he heeded not the wild and wintry winds nor the drifting clouds that were seudding rapidly across the sky. Through their rifts the moon shone brightly. Just as he reached a bridge across a ravine two figures glided out of the shadows of the trees, accompanied by two dogs. Lawrence at once recognized them as Jim Larkins and Phin Crowle and their invariable companions—we might almost say comrades—Bull and Tige.

"Now, Mr. Preacher," growled Larkins, "I said I'd be even with yer yet, and blest if it isn't goin' to be tonight." Only "blest" was not exactly the word he used, but one of opposite meaning.

"I have no cause of quarrel with you," said Lawrence. "I forgive you all about that little incident at the schoolhouse."

"But I ain't forguv yer, nor Bull neither, and we've got yer where we want yer. Sic'm, Bull! Sic'm, Tige!"

Ominous growlings and snarlings followed, but just then a rift in the cloud emitted a bright gleam of moonlight which, reflected by the snow, revealed the group with almost the light of day. Both dogs seemed to recognize the man with the emphatic boots with which they had so recently made unpleasant acquaintance, and slunk behind their respective owners.

"Curse 'em! I never knowed 'em to do like that afore. Ye're not afraid, be yer? 'Ere, Bull, sic'm, Tige, seize hold!"

"We'll have to wade in, Phin."

"I have no quarrel with either of you, and don't want to have," said Lawrence.

"Oh, ye're a coward, be yer? On yer own ground in the schoolhouse yer wuz bold enough, but here yer sings another tune. Ye've got ter fight and one or other of us goes over that bridge," and he pointed to the deep shadows in the ravine.

"Not I, if I can help it, nor you either, so far as I am concerned," replied Lawrence, calmly.

"Take that, will yer?" said Larkins, and he hit him a buffet on the cheek.

"I never struck a man yet," said Lawrence, "and I don't intend to; but I don't object to a passive resistance," and he skillfully warded off blow after blow of Larkins' furious onset.

"Why don't ye piten in, Phin? Give it 'im heavy."

"Not I," said Phin, "it's no fun hittin' a man that won't hit back. I'll stand by and see fair play."

"Curse 'im an' yer too. It's not fair play I want, but his blood, an' I'll have it, fair play or foul," and he made a mad rush at Lawrence which would have swept him over the undefended edge of the bridge, had he not been quick as a wessel.

Larkins, with another rush, got inside Lawrence's guard and flung his long arms around the slim student preacher with a grasp like a boa-constrictor's. The ground was icy. Lawrence was in real peril of being hurled over the bridge side into the ravine whose bottom was studded with

stumps and wood-cutters' debris. Put to his mettle he got a wrestling grip on Larkins, and they swayed and struggled on the narrow bridge, the one trying to get near the edge, the other to keep in the centre.

It was not for nothing that Lawrence had developed his thighs and sinews loading saw-logs in the lumber-camp. With a mighty effort he lifted his antagonist from the ground and could easily have flung him over the bridge into the ravine, but he merely threw him into the snow-drift by the roadside, and was in turn dragged down.

"Here, Bull, here, Tige, sic 'im! Seize 'im! Tear 'im!" roared Larkins with lip-blistering oaths.

"No, yar don't, Tige," said Phin; "two to one is agin' the rules o' the game."

Bull snarled and snapped, but the clouds again drifted across the moon and in the shadow it was impossible to distinguish which was Lawrence.

"Curse him! He's bruk my wrist. The game's up for this time."

"Sorry I hurt you," said Lawrence. "I didn't want to. Let me see if it is badly injured."

"Pains like thunder," said Larkins, holding up a dangling wrist. "Here, Phin, yer take hold."

"Let the preacher try," said Phin, as Larkins howled with pain. "He knows more about these things nor I do."

Lawrence, who had often bound up sprains and bruises in the lumber camp, took hold of the injured wrist, despite Larkins' reluctance, and tenderly examined it, though Larkins winced at the touch.

"No bones broken, my good fellow," said Lawrence, "only a bad sprain. Let me make a splint," and he rapidly shaped two flat pieces of wood, and saying, "See, Phin, how it is done," carefully bound them with his own handkerchief on the sprained wrist. "Isn't that better?" he asked.

"Ain't so all-fired painful as 'twuz," admitted Larkins.

"Now let me make you a sling. Got another handkerchief, boys?" But neither of them possessed such an article; so Phin took off his braces—"galluses," he called them—and "took up the slack of his trousers," as he termed it, with a nail, while Lawrence made a sling to support the injured wrist.

"I am very, very sorry," he said; "I didn't want to hurt you, believe me."

"Oh, hang it all," said Larkins, "served me right, I guess—ye're not such a bad lot arter all. Will yer shake hands and call it quits?" and he held out his uninjured hand. "I meant murder, though, blest if I didn't!"—and this time the word was not a curse. "I couldn't have done like yer did arter the ways I treated yer, not by a jugful. Will yer forgive me?"

"With all my heart," said Lawrence; and as he shook hands with both the cronies, he added, "I bear you no malice at all. God bless you both."

"Here, Bull, here Tige," said the offended comrades as they lurched along to the Four Corners, and Lawrence went light-hearted on his way to town. He had both killed an enemy and made a friend, adopting the Master's own method, the true psychology of overcoming evil with good. Henceforth Larkins and Crowle were the preacher's champions at the Four Corners.

"I ain't no slouch at a wrestle nuther," Larkins admitted to Phin; "that underholt uv his is a corker."—From The Christian Herald.

A Silent Trumpet.

Alexander Graham Bell, whose experiments promise to give him as wonderful a success with the flying machine as he had with the telephone, used to teach the deaf and dumb—it was, in fact, his work among the deaf and dumb that led to the telephone's invention—and at a dinner in Washington he told a deaf and dumb story.

"This story illustrates," he began, "the necessity for carrying on aeroplane experiments secretly. Were they carried on publicly interference would ensue. Ignorance always causes interference. Many years ago an aged friend of mine visited a church in Maine one Sunday morning. As soon as the sermon began my friend, who was very deaf, took from his pocket an ear trumpet in two parts and proceeded to screw the parts together. While he was engaged in this work he noticed that the sexton, from his seat near the pulpit, kept frowning and shaking his head at him. Finally, just as my friend got his trumpet joined and made as if to put it to his ear, the sexton hastened to him and whispered fiercely:

"Ye can't play that here. If ye do I'll put ye out."—San Antonio Express.

The Cat.

The woman crowded into the seat reserved for smokers and sniffed ominously, contemptuously.

"Tobacco," she remarked, "is a vile poison. Nicotine would kill a cat."

"That being the case, madam," replied an unembarrassed smoker, "if I were you I'd make the cat cut it out."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Bakers of Pompeii made their bread circular and flat, as appears from loaves found in the ruins.