

**SO MUCH—SO LITTLE!**

"So much to do, so little done!"—Cecil Rhodes.

Is there no debt that thou dost owe  
To lighten other's care or woe?  
Is there no comfort thou canst give  
To help another creature live?  
Hast thou no Peace thou canst bestow  
And let a sadder being know?

Oh, Fellow Pilgrim, stop awhile  
To give a helpful, loving smile.  
Thy life is not thine own to live,  
As thou hast gained so much thou give!  
But, give not only of thy wealth,  
Give, too, a little—of thyself.

Oh, do not answer thus to me:  
"I've greater cares that first must be."  
Thou canst not live this way for, Friend,  
What will confront thee at the end  
Where there is little comfort stored  
For those who live to merely—hoard.

Oh, Soul so stultified, and mean,  
What bit of love canst thou then glean?  
With not one voice to intercede  
And help thee, in thy pressing need?  
Look then to it, Aye, count the cost  
Of precious, helpful moments—lost.

So much to do, So little—done!  
It is not strange the World's unwon,  
So little done by you, and me,  
So little love with Charity.

—Lawrence, Frederic Deutzman, in N. Y. Observer.

**THE CLUBBY GIRL**

"I AM afraid I am not a bit clubby," said the girl who thought she was up to date. "I suppose the whole trouble is that I am not in the running. I'm dead and I don't know it. So Oleander says, and what Oleander says goes. Oleander is a new woman.

"It was at the Comb and Brush club that I met her. Ethel was there and she said:

"Wouldn't you like to meet Oleander Vining Hook, dear?"

"Do you mean the Oleander Hook?" I asked.

"Yes, Oleander Hook, who writes things. You see, the Comb and Brush girls are so used to genius they don't mind it a bit."

"I have worshiped her verses for years," I said, "those dear, tender dew-droppy little things that have the very scent of apple blossoms in them. Most decidedly I should like to meet her. I shall consider this somewhat aimless afternoon well spent."

"Well, here she comes," gurgled Ethel.

"I looked up and saw a sporty-looking blonde, with hay-colored hair coming over, taking long strides and with a sort of varsity droop to her shoulders. She leaned forward from the waist up, and a gun-metal cigarette case dangled from her belt.

"She had a tight tailor skirt with a crease down the front and hip pockets. A scarlet waistcoat showed beneath a jaunty little mess jacket, and her watch fob was of leather. Then she had a stock tie with a horseshoe pin and a flaring Panama hat like a man's.

"She came over with a broad grin and gave my hand a grip, then slowly pumped it right and left. It was most disconcerting."

"Well, you old beggar," she said, "you don't mean to say you've forgotten me?"

"I confess I was somewhat stunned by the mode of address, and then it was that I reflected that after all this was probably the proper thing. Staying away from club life makes one a fossil!"

"I was quite sure I had never met her, though, for her dew-droppy poem had made such an impression on me that I'd have recollected."

"I hardly think," I began, smiling weakly, while Ethel looked at us in astonishment, "that is, I am quite sure I've never met you, but I've read you with much pleasure."

"Oh, break it off, break it off, short, you beggar," she said; "you know very well we were on the same committee in the Electric club."

"Now I am sure you are mistaken," I said, pleasantly, trying to ignore her fad for addressing me as a beggar; "I never belonged to the Electric."

"Then it was the Thursday P. M. club. What?"

"Nor to that," I said.

"Oh, come! you're pulling my leg," she said.

"She certainly is a breezy girl, Oleander is. I didn't know what to say, so I just smiled."

"You were chairman of the reception committee of the Thursday P. M. club, or I'll pay for the dinner," she said.

"Never belonged to it," I repeated. I was getting a little tired.

"Then the Do It To-Day club. That is it. I'm twisted. It was the Do It To-day."

"Never heard of the club," I said.

"She stared at me as if she thought that I was lying."

"The fact is, Miss Hook, I've never belonged to any woman's club," I said. "I once belonged to a dinner club, but there were as many men as women in it. Prof. Volt, the electrician, was president. It was quite a prosy, scientific sort of a—"

"Did you belong to that tough club?" she asked.

"Ethel broke in here to avoid trouble.

"Oh, how nice! Tell me about it," she said.

"It was a beastly tough crowd," went on Oleander; "that was where I met you. Beastly tough. A lot of the worst bounders I ever was up against."

"I suppose it must have been if you—I began.

"Were there, I suppose you are going to say," she ejaculated.

"No, I wasn't going to say it," I replied. "I always endeavor to avoid being rude."

"Really she seemed a most unpleasant person. There was nothing dew-droppy about her except her freshness."

"You girls both wrote for the *Triumvirate*," said Ethel, to break the silence. "Didn't you?"

"Yes, that's why they had to lower the price," said Oleander. "Old Spacer told me that, when I asked him why they'd gone and done it. 'We can't get 20 cents for it if we continue to print your stuff,' he said. Queer old bird, Spacer was."

"I don't think we appreciated him," I said, trying to give a gentler turn to the conversation. "When he was gone I realized that I had learned a lot of things from him."

"Did, eh? Well, I taught him a few," said Oleander, glibly.

"He seemed to be quite well informed, as men go," I said.

"Well, you ought to know," said Oleander.

"By this time I had begun to suspect that Oleander's manner was simply an unpleasant pose, so I turned my back to her and picked up a magazine.

"She gave a sort of horse laugh and went off chuckling in a most horrible way.

"Odd sort of person, isn't she?" I said to Ethel.

"Oh, she's always like that," said Ethel. "She's such fun! She's the wittiest girl in the club and as quick as a flash."

"Well, she's too speedy for me," said I, "and if you've any more like her, just keep them off. I can't quite assimilate that buoyant personality of hers."

"About a month after Ethel sent me two tickets for the Comb and Brush club's vaudeville performance."

"I can't be there," she wrote; "I'm going to Florida, but I want you to go and am sending you these tickets with my compliments and much love."

"But I thought of Oleander Hook and weakly capitulated by deciding I wouldn't go. I'd have to cut her, and Oleander seemed so explosive there was no knowing what might happen."

"But that day in came Mrs. Fairfax, a cousin of Ethel's, and I told her I wasn't going and asked her if she didn't want the tickets.

"But you must come," she said. "It's going to be such fun."

"So I went with Mrs. Fairfax. In

the distance as we entered I saw Oleander. She had on another doggy looking gown and a derby hat. Fancy! in the evening! She fastened her gaze on me, but I looked through her.

"She kept coming nearer and nearer, smiling broadly at me, but I just didn't see her. Then she sat down near me and began to talk loud to another girl. I paid no attention whatever to her."

"Finally she leaned over and plucked me by the sleeve. I know it's a Shakespearean sort of expression, but that's just what she did. She caught the sleeve between her finger and thumb and gave it a little tug just as a fox terrier would do with its teeth."

"I looked around and coldly confronted her, grinning broadly."

"Oh, I said, 'Miss Hook, I believe, isn't it?'"

"That's just who it is," began the dreadful girl, "you didn't see me, did you?"

"Yes, I saw you," I said.

"Well, you didn't know me then," she blurted.

"You—er—had a different hat on, I believe, when I met you," I said, eying the derby.

"Do you always know people by their hats?" she said.

"Not always; only sometimes," I replied.

"Mrs. Fairfax came to the rescue here."

"Isn't it a delightful evening!" she said.

"I suppose it is," I said. "But I'm so easily scared."

"Terrible thing to have such a shy disposition," said Oleander.

"You're not troubled that way, Miss Hook," I remarked.

"Oh, I'm all right," she said. "I'm on earth and don't you forget it."

"You'll not let me forget it, I fear," I said.

"I'd hate to be a dead on," said Oleander.

"I wish I could share your views," I remarked.

"Oh, be clubby," she said. "Life is too short to chew the rag. Let us go to the trapeze, Lady Jane."

"I moved out of Miss Hook's aura. Her relentness gaze followed me. I felt and I knew that she was saying things."

"About three weeks after I got a note written on the heavy paper of the Comb and Brush club with the odd emblems of the association engraved on top. The writing looked as though it had been done with a match dipped in stove polish. It said:

Dear Lady Jane: We're £2 to the bad on our vaudeville show and I guess it's about up to you as your name isn't down among the purchasers and you must have crawled in under the tent. But it won't do, old girl! Just drop that high and mighty touch-me-not air of yours long enough to cough up £2! And be quick about it. See? Faithfully yours,  
OLEANDER HOOK,  
Treasurer the Comb and Brush.

—N. Y. Sun.

**DEFOE'S PREVISION.**

**The Martinique Disaster Recalls His Memorable Hoax on Londoners in 1718.**

The terrible news from St. Vincent, following the impression that this island had escaped the volcanic deluge which has cremated half Martinique, at once recalls and reverses the famous hoax by which Daniel Defoe led all London to believe, in 1718, that the whole island of St. Vincent had been blown up and obliterated, says the *London Academy*. On the basis of his own imagination, or on some thin ship story, Defoe wrote in *Mist's Journal* a circumstantial account of the destruction of this island, giving such details as, with all our facilities of news transmissions, we wait for in vain to-day. After leading up very gradually to the catastrophe, he told his readers that "on the night of the said 20th, about midnight, the whole island of St. Vincent rose up in the air, with a most dreadful eruption of fire from underneath the Earth, and an inconceivable Noise in the Air at its rising up, that it was not only blown, but blown out of the very sea, with a dreadful force, as if it were torn up by the Roots, or blown up from the Foundations of the Earth." Finally, to bring the event home to his readers, he recalled an accident in a foundry in Moorfields, where a quantity of liquid gunmetal coming in contact with some water had blown up the works—just as a journalist of to-day might perhaps recall the recent destructive fire in the same district to suggest, however faintly, the storm of fire which swept over these hapless islands recently.

**Passing of Pneumatic Gun.**

The government has sold at Sandy Hook the plant for the manufacture of pneumatic guns, which had cost \$1,000,000, for the sum of \$20,000. The reason for the sale was that this type of gun has been abandoned by the government and, consequently, the plant was useless.

**Digging for It.**

"When a man is working hard, why do they say he is digging away?"

"Because, my boy, he is after the root of all evil, and how else can he reach it?"—Chicago Post.

**PRAYED AND WATCHED.**

**A Successful English Divine Who Made It a Practice to Keep His Eyes Open.**

The name of the Rev. George Mueller, of Bristol, England, represents to many minds a man who achieved great success by simply asking God for it. This is a mistake. Although the mainspring of his work was in his closet, Mr. Mueller was too practical to make a lazy dependence of his faith. He was a man of common sense, and "a man among men." An incident showing how he understood the command to "watch and pray" furnishes one of the best commentaries on the text, says *Youth's Companion*.

When, on one occasion, a party of his fellow workers were going abroad, and conveyance was ready to take them to the shipping pier, he noticed that a cabman, in stowing their small luggage, hastily thrust several carpet bags into the boot of the carriage.

Mr. Mueller had prayed for the safety of his friends and their property, both on water and on land, but he had also made sure that their ship was seaworthy, and he had counted all their baggage. He accompanied them to the wharf, and in the confusion there kept a cool head and a clear eye.

When the driver unloaded the movables from his cab nearly half the number of pieces he had put in were missing. He was mounting his box to drive away, but the watchful minister stopped him, and the luggage hidden in the boot was delivered to its owners.

In the school of prayer one learns many new lessons, and Mr. Mueller lived long enough to learn them all. None knew better than he that a trust in God which ignores ordinary prudence contradicts itself.

**Pride.**

"Her father, you know, started in life as a grave-digger."

"Oh, d'd he? I wonder if that's why her proud mother is so anxious to have the past buried?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

It has been suggested that all English theaters give one matinee a year in aid of theatrical charities.



**A Critic Silenced.**

A bishop who was traveling in a mining country, and encountered an old Irishman turning a windlass which hauled up ore out of a shaft. It was his work to do this all day long. His hat was off, and the sun poured down on his unprotected head.

"Don't you know the sun will injure your brain if you expose it in that manner?" said the good man.

The Irishman wiped the sweat from his forehead and looked at the clergyman.

"Do ye think I'd be doing this all day if I had any brains?" he said, and then gave the handle another turn.—Tit-Bits.

**The Feminine Way.**

"I left the planning of our new house entirely to my wife."

"How did she go about it?"

"She had the architect make provision for the necessary closets first."

"I see. And then merely cut up what was left into rooms."

"That's what she intended to do, but there wasn't anything left. When she had laid out the closets the entire building space was gone."—Chicago Post.

**The Reporter Scores.**

Senator Treacle—Did you tell that reporter I had nothing to say?

Servant—Yes, sir.

Senator Treacle—I suppose he was very much disappointed.

Servant—I hardly know, sir. He said he was aware of the fact that you never said anything, but was under the impression that you never missed an opportunity to talk.—Chicago Daily News.

**Her Deduction.**

Mrs. Bings—Mrs. Nextdoor told me you once wanted to marry that Miss Upton. She wouldn't have you, I presume.

Mr. Bings—Did Mrs. Nextdoor say Miss Upton refused me?

Mrs. Bings—No, she merely remarked that Miss Upton had always been a very sensible girl.—N. Y. Weekly.

**He Pays the Bills.**

I've heard that women purchase naught when they go out to shop—That all they do is price the goods Where'er they chance to stop. The rule may be that women scorn To purchase tucks and frills, But my wife isn't built that way; I know—I pay the bills.—Ohio State Journal.

**WISE ICEMAN.**

Lady of the House—This little bit of ice won't last an hour. Why don't you give me a large piece these hot days?

The Iceman—What for? It would melt.—Chicago Journal.

**She Was His'n.**

He started with: "O Dora, please—" She did not stop to listen. He meant to flop down on his knees, But she hopped up on his'n.—Philadelphia Press.

**Could Use It.**

"Do you see that stylish young man over there? Well, he is going to marry Dora Van Bilt."

"You don't tell me! But does he know that her family has a 'skeleton in the closet?'"

"Yes; and he needs it."

"Needs it?"

"Sure! He's a medical student."—Chicago Daily News.

**Cheering Him Up.**

"I can safely say that no man ever attempted to bribe me, gentlemen." Voice in the Crowd—Don't be downhearted, old chap; your luck may change.—Tit-Bits.

**Meeting Glimce.**

Maud—Did you notice who that lady was who got out of the train and stared so hard at us?

Mabel—Do you mean the one with the open coat with silk facings, red bolero, blue trimmed hat, gray gloves striped flounce with diamond stitchings, with an umbrella and a red-backed book and a mole on her left cheek, and frightfully ugly?

Maud—Yes, that's the one.

Mabel—No; I hardly caught a glimpse of her.—Chicago American.

**The Good Old Kind.**

The wireless mouse-trap fellow's plan We herewith beg to question. But know the mouseless mouse-trap is A practical suggestion.—N. Y. Times.

**QUITE SEVERE.**



She—What are you thinking about?

He—Nothing.

She—Isn't that rather egotistical?

—The King.

**Preference.**

We praise the girl that's tailor-made, For figure most divine. But when it comes to marrying, The ready maid is mine.—Brooklyn Life.

**A Household Hint.**

"I shall never permit myself to become a household drudge," said the young woman. "I shall endeavor to improve my mind."

"That is a good idea," answered Miss Cayenne; "but don't let your literary pursuits monopolize you. Remember there are times when currant jelly appeals to a man a great deal more than current fiction."—Washington Star.

**Following the Usual Course.**

"Did you call on her father?"

"Yes. He treated me well, too. I asked him for Maud, and he said it would be just as Maud wished. I thanked him, and then he said it was always customary for Maud's suitors to take him out to dinner. And he somewhat unpleasantly added that a dinner was about all there was in it for him."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Sure of Him.**

Tess—If you really love him, why did you refuse him?

Jess—Goodness! You don't suppose I'd be so unmaidenly as to accept him the first time?

Tess—But he declares he'll never propose to another girl as long as he lives.

Jess—Of course. I'm not "another girl."—Philadelphia Press.

**Clever Little Boy.**

"Mamma, I know the gentleman's name that called to see Aunt Ellie last night—and nobody told me, either."

"Well, then, what is it, Bobbie?"

"Why, George Dant! I heard her say: 'George Dant' in the parlor four or five times running. That's what his name is!"—Tit-Bits.

**An Arbitrary Rule.**

Mr. Nupop—Why isn't little Robert out with his nurse? Perhaps the nurse I sent you from the employment agency didn't come.

Mrs. Nupop—Oh! yes, she came, but she didn't suit at all. She had nothing but blue dresses to wear, and you know blue is only for girl babies; pink's for boys.—Philadelphia Press.

**He Had Speculated.**

Lucas—Did youse ever speckalate on Wall street?

Timothy—Yes, I uster stand around the stock exchange an' wonder where my next meal wuz comin' from.—Ohio State Journal.