

United States. These have been selected from every private and government gallery in America, and the capitals of Europe have been more generous in contributions than at any time previous. In displaying the art collection, it has been divided into two sections or halves; one of these is made up from the work of contemporary artists of America, and the other is selected from domestic and foreign countries.

The collection is especially rich in examples of the modern French school, and of these some two hundred and fifty examples are shown. The first half of the exhibit contains over five hundred pictures, while the second half is considerably more extensive. Old masters are exceptionally well represented, and a considerable number of these canvases are displayed for the first time in the United States.

The art exhibit of the exposition is displayed in one of the permanent buildings, and at the expiration of the fair will revert to the Washington university and be used as the school of chemistry. The collection is exhibited in eight rooms, each of which is 60x30 feet in dimensions. The halls and corridors show a great number of magnificent specimens of bronze and marble sculptured pieces, all of which are of individual worth and beauty. The actual money value of the collection is difficult to estimate correctly, but to secure the foreign collection alone, insurance to the extent of a million and a half dollars was taken out before being permitted to leave Europe.

ANOTHER MEDAL FOR P. J. MORAN.

The tawny front of the coat of P. J. Moran will have another medal attached thereto if the way he and all nations are going after that Main street resurfacing job at the present time keeps up.

It is the private opinion of a large number of calculating citizens that P. J. is about to make a time record that will make his past performances ashamed of themselves.

One thing is certain about anything undertaken by the popular contractor—he always finishes just as strong as he starts. So far did he begin to tear things up the morning after the contract was received that a number of the merchants didn't know exactly what was coming up. From a number of sources there were loud walls over the telephone wire that led to P. J.'s desk, asking what was meant by tearing up their front yards.

Pat didn't know. "I protest," said one indignant mossy, just like that.

"Well, that's too bad," replied Pat, and so it went all day, but the work went on, and so rapidly that today a mountain climber couldn't start across the street and go the distance.

INTERPRETERS.

By Charlotte Becker.

Within the convent garden, pale and tall,
The stately lilies breathe a fragrant prayer,
The poppies dream—but through the broken wall
The wistful roses scent the wider air.

So, in our strongholds, far, from toil and mart,
Sheltered from all the world, pale fancies grow,
And idyls fair, and dreams that bloom apart
In cherished shrines no alien eye may know.

Yet now and then, as through the crumbling stone
The braver blossoms thrust their precious dole,
Some noble deed has barriers o'erthrown
To waft the clustered fragrance of the soul!

—New York Sun.

THE LONELY MEN

By John Galsworthy.

They live amid the pulsating throb and din of countless lives, in the city of the great unrest; but they pass their days in crowded solitude, and in silence, surrounded by the sound of speech.

The reasons of their loneliness are various. From a pride too poor for intimacy with friends and a poverty not poor enough to herd, they spend long days and evenings by themselves. From the bitterness of failure or mistake, or because of endeavor which must work alone, or by reason of isolating thought, they want for the friendly intercourse that cheers.

Thus, gradually they change from need of speech, and come to think about things curiously, and think too much, and lose the way to laugh; and by degrees they shun their friends for want of what to say, so that they miss the chance of knowing other men. For theirs is the loneliness that rusts and dulls and binds—the city solitude among the crowds.

During the day the lucky ones have work; for only while they really work can they forget. Because in the streets they see so many pairs, talking and nodding and laughing as they go, and the calm companionship of conscious sympathy, or the bend and question of a lover's look, and the woman's little happy, hovering smile. Even they who have hours of idleness can gain a consolation from the light of day, and can invent the distraction of imaginary business, and long-distance errands, to fill their time and mind.

But the night and evening hours are the danger time. Because after dark the city seems to change into a mighty camp of cosy firesides, where families and friends and lovers sit in quiet, comfortable peacefulness, behind the tantalizing squares of lighted blind. Or, in the blazing, scintillating glare of lighted places, it becomes a fair, with nothing but happiness beneath, where smiling, whispering couples, and contented pairs, and gay, laughing parties, free from care, amuse themselves in quiet merriment, or in brilliant scenes of revelry and fun. For, with the jaundiced eyes of loneliness, they only see the contrasts to their state—the gay companionships, the friendships, and the love.

But even so they seek the busy streets, and the places where the merry people throng, at night and in the hours of their ease, to watch and feel the jostle of the crowds, for company. For when they shut their room-door on the world, after the work or occupation of the day is done, they hear, though they read or try to sleep, the city's roar. And to the moaning murmur of its hum, their taunted, envious imagination works; they see bright scenes of brilliant merriment, or whispering companionships, or the shaded, lamp-light peacefulness of home. Then the burden of their loneliness settles down, so that the empty heaviness of it hurts.

According to the habits of their state, they act. In the streets, they look up quickly at a laugh, and notice what talking people do not see; they loiter listlessly from shop to shop, gazing indifferently at everything; at times they hug their loneliness, and stoop and brood; and they speak quite loudly to themselves to use their voice. In the restaurants they look and look, with following, interested, regretful eyes; and they talk with strangers, where the custom of the place permits; and they linger with reluctance to depart into the greater isolation of the streets, paying for extra drink to keep their place amid the noise and merriment of those who dine in company. After their solitary, protracted meal, they tramp for miles. With aimless determination to avoid their home, they walk and walk through unfamiliar streets and quiet squares, seeing only al-

about amid the glare of the streets where the place of amusement are, and watch the lighted laughter of the crowds, and the flashing couples which the cab lamps show. Until the crowds begin to thin they walk. For by their nightly meal and wanderings they cheat the evening hours and the night.

And they very often pay to be amused, careless or wilfully forgetful of what they spend; but they sit without a smile through funny plays, or stand and smoke, with an apathetic stare, leaning against the barrier of a lounge while expert entertainers earn applause. It is not that they do not understand the wit or the labor of trained skill, but they come so frequently that they do not care. Then only seek the company of crowds, and something to look at to forget themselves. But, in spite of their conscious plan or subterfuge, the silent loneliness is always there.

The dangers of their state are manifold. For, by their lonely side temptation walks, and whispers, and points an easy way to company or escape.

Many listen eagerly at once in the hope of a permanent release. Driven by the fear of lonely years, they seek their few forgotten friends, and claim their aid, and, after deliberate introductions, they choose a wife as men engage a clerk—the first who seems to suit; or, forgetful of the gulfs of interests and thought, they take a mate, unlearned and lowly bred, because of a sudden, easy opportunity; or, in a panic of faint-heartedness, they pawn their privilege to work and earn, for a sorry dependence that obeys the wishes of an unloved, moneyed wife. These, by their haste or calculation, err; so that they come to look and hear and wonder what, in after years.

And others, in rebellion at their lot, defiantly contrive a temporary companionship. In dreary dissipations of a night, or in fierce allegiances of crowded months, while passion grows and scorches and burns out to the ashes of a mutual disregard, or in quiet companionships that only break one law, they buy or get by favor what they want. Others may try to turn away at first from what to them seems sin, because of fears or training or beliefs; but the want of company is more than these. So, after arguments, they also seek relief where love is passion or a thing for sale. And while they hope to lose their loneliness, they lock lead weights of habit to their feet, that hold them back from knowing better things; or they raise a barrier of offended codes between themselves and the women who make homes. A greater loneliness is theirs, and the bitterness of thinking, at the end.

Others imperceptibly succumb to a little whisper, urging them to be gay; and they make their seldom evening with a friend an occasion for unwonted revelry. But in the many intervals of silent days the little whisper grows and grows and grows with the memories of past light-heartedness. So, when their loneliness envelops them one night, they drink alone; and they chaff themselves for drinking by themselves. But, with the knowledge of a quick content, the need of it seems gradually to grow; so that they think more often of escape. And when they think, they argue with themselves, in the street or in the quiet of their rooms; and they pause and swear and finally succumb. With every argued drink they argue less, over a period of resisting years, until they forget the reason of their need. These, at the last, repay their borrowed hours of escape with days of inaudible, impotent remorse, or lifetime in the awful peopled wastes of drunken fear.

Thus many, in their efforts to escape, burden or waste or throw away their lives. And they