

cans help to make it such. "Bah, five and a half days out to sea," you say. Yes, just now, but such a summer sea with steamships growing more palatial every year. Tomorrow we may wake to find the new aerial service fully established, bringing Hawaii within twenty or thirty hours of San Francisco.

In accordance with God's just laws, silently but surely, out in the great ocean a community is growing, virile, kindly, more human than elsewhere on earth, with a finer, more practical conception of inter-aerial brotherhood than any known here on the mainland. That community some day will knock at the door of Congress, and, notwithstanding the Outlook's horror of the outcome, will be admitted among the sovereign states of the Union, because her high character will command it. This ambition characterizes the Hawaii of today, but she has no wish to make undue haste toward her manifest destiny. The character of a community already admitted to the status of a Territory of the American Union should be the supreme consideration in the question of its right to share the privilege and responsibility of statehood. We mean to develop the character that will earn this right and we want a few thousands of the best Christian families of the mainland to come and help us in this high endeavor.

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HOW "LITTLE BROWN
HANDS" CAME TO
BE WRITTEN.

One of the pleasing features of the teachers' institute was the talk given by Miss Mary Hannah Krout, in which she told how she happened to write her famous child's poem, "Little Brown Hands." Miss Krout conducted the opening exercises Friday morning, says the Crawfordsville (Indiana) Review of October 14. She recited her poem for the teachers.

The circumstances under which she wrote the poem, when a schoolgirl in this city, were related most interestingly. Miss Krout said that one morning, when a girl of only fifteen, she was washing dishes in the kitchen at her home, when somehow the

expression "the scarlet-lipped strawberry" came into her mind. There was sickness in her family at the time and she thought of how the little hands helped do the work. Gradually, a theme for a poem came to her.

"After having finished washing dishes," Miss Krout said, "I went into the parlor, sat down on the floor and began writing the poem. It took me two or three hours to write it. When it was finished, I decided I wouldn't show it to my father, who was a severe critic of my feeble efforts at writing at that early age. I knew it wasn't punctuated properly, and that the little poem was imperfect.

SENT IT TO MAGAZINE.

"Instead of allowing my father to see it, I showed it to a neighbor, U. M. Scott, now deceased. Mr. Scott complimented me highly upon the poem and said it was good enough to be published. He asked me to make another copy of it and we would send it away to some magazine. This I did, and the poem was sent to 'Our Young Folks,' a child's magazine edited by the poet John Greenleaf Whittier and Miss Lucy Larcom.

"Some time later, I was very much surprised and made very happy indeed when a letter came from the editor saying they were going to accept the poem. In the letter was enclosed a crisp \$5 bill. I thought then I was rich. It was the first time I ever received money for writing anything. At the time, I had composed some other poems which I thought were better than 'Little Brown Hands.' They are now all forgotten and 'Little Brown Hands' is still remembered and used in many school books. It has been widely read and published."

THE POEM AS IT WAS WRITTEN.

The book from which Miss Krout read the poem was published in 1874 in a collection of poems under the title "Child Life," edited by J. G. Whittier. The poem follows:

LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

They drive home the cows from
the pasture,

Up through the long shady lane
Where the quail whistles loud in
the wheat fields,

That are yellow with ripening
grain.

They find, in the thick waving
grasses,

Where the scarlet-lipped straw-
berry grows,

They gather the earliest snow-
drops

And the first crimson buds of
the rose.

They toss the new hay in the
meadow;

They gather the elder-bloom
white;

They find where the dusky grapes
purple

In the soft-tinted October light.

They know where the apples hang
ripest,

And are sweeter than Italy's
wines;

They know where the fruit hangs
thickest

On the long, thorny blackberry
vines.

They gather the delicate sea
weeds,

And build tiny castles of sand;

They pick up the beautiful sea
shells—

Fairy barks that have drifted
to land.

They wave from the tall rocking
tree tops,

Where the oriole's hammock-
nest swings;

And at night-time are folded in
slumber

By a song that a fond mother
sings.

They who toil bravely are strong-
est;

The humble and poor become
great;

And so from these brown-handed
children

Shall grow mighty rulers of
state.

The pen of the author and states-
man—

The noble and wise of the land—
The sword, and the chisel, and

palette,

Shall be held in the little brown
hand.



Rockefeller's last gift to the University of Chicago is \$10,000,000, the largest amount donated at any one time to an institution of learning. Since he founded the university in 1889 his gifts have aggregated very close to \$35,-