GETTING A START

By VICTOR RADCLIFFE.

"Horace, I appoint you my confidential secretary, terms to be decided as soon as I realize on my inheritance."

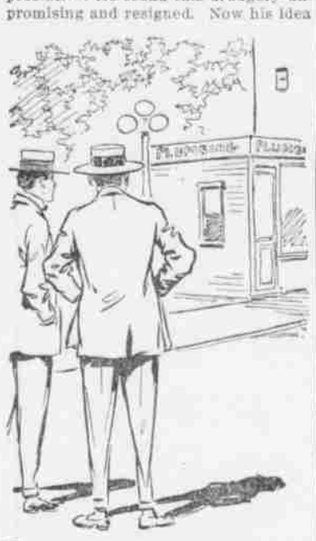
"Very kind, and having no present position I'll be glad to accept your offer," said Horace Lee. "Much of a legacy?"

"I don't know, but my cousin, Noah Cleave, had a good deal of money once. Of course it must be quite an amount. The letter from the lawyer at Booneville says I am sole legatee. I'm going to give up my job here. I'm going to enjoy life and luxuriate, and also you. I've got some literary ideas—you shall jot them down as they come to me."

"See here, Winfield," said blunt, practical Horace, "I'm friend enough of yours to give you some advice. Don't drop your position until you find out what your cousin has left you. Don't begin spending your fortune before you know what it amounts to."

"Oh, I'm quite sure it must be something substantial," insisted the optimistic Winfield Grey. "Anyhow, I want you to run down with me to Booneville till I take possession of the estate. I'll pay your expenses and for your time."

Horace was willing. He was unemployed just now. It was his own fault. He had worked for three years for a local firm—mean, stingy and unappreciative. He found this drudgery unpromising and resigned. Now his idea



They Located the Shop in Question.

was to try to get some capital to make a start for himself in a modest way.

Dora Wayne, to whom he was engaged, had scolded him gently for giving up a small but steady income, but Horace was ambitious and energetic.

So Horace started with Grey for Booneville, a little city about fifty miles distant. Grey had togged himself out in great style in accordance with the grandeur he, favored heir to a fortune, should assume. He invited all his old working chums to "a grand blowout" upon his return. He arranged to buy an expensive trotting team and turnout. He knew the Waynes pretty well and invited Dora to share his first ride in that model of swiftness and elegance. Horace wondered if it could be possible that his friend meditated becoming his rival. He felt pretty safe about Dora, however.

An enormous disappointment greeted Winfield Grey when he reached Booneville. The lawyer who had written him informing him that his cousin had lost all he had in unwise speculations.

"All there is left outside of paying his debts," advised the attorney, "is a little shop on Main street and that is on leased ground. It seems that your cousin took a fancy to a young plumber and tried to reform him. He built the shop, making it look more like a parlor than a place of business. His protege sold the equipment, put the money in his pocket and sloped. The building is yours, though I don't believe you can get much out of it."

Grey was so disgusted and disappointed that Horace could scarcely prevail upon him to visit his meager inheritance.

They located the shop in question. It was queerly incongruous for its rude surroundings, brand new, gaudily painted, a ten by thirty structure more adapted for the office of some plant than for real work. A plate glass window took up nearly the entire front. It was bare of furniture inside, where only a barrel or two showed.

On the square roof on four sides was a sign. It read "Plumbing." The letters were painted in dazzling gilt. The signs stared an onlooker in the face conspicuously from the four cardinal points of the compass.

"I say," observed Horace, "those signs must have cost a fortune."

"Huh!" snorted Gray—"what good are they to me? I don't want to go into the plumbing business!"

Just here a man came up. He looked over the two visitors critically.

"I own the land here," he remarked "Any interest in the property?"

"Yes," answered Grey shortly, "I've inherited this shanty."

"Well, I've given a ten years' lease on the land. Who am I to look to for the ground rent?"

"Not I," retorted Grey sourly; "I can't use the place. See here, Horace," he added, turning to his friend, "I'm sick and tired of this whole business. I'm ashamed to go back home. I have a brother out West pretty well fixed. I think I'll just go out and try my luck with him."

"But you might get something out of the place here," suggested Horace.

"Not much, I fancy," submitted the man who owned the land. "My lease holds, and of course you forfeit the building if you don't pay the ground rent. The only way to get anything out of it is to lease the building to some one, or start in business in it."

"Well, Horace, I've fooled away your time. Come back to the lawyer's and I'll give you a bill of sale of it. I won't bother with the proposition," determined Grey.

"I'll do it, and work something out of it," said Horace. "I'm thinking hard. I believe I see a way to use that building. Name a price, give me time to pay you and I'll try the speculation."

"Nonsense! I'll give it to you."

Finally, however, Grey consented to take a note for $50. Then he left on the next train for the West. Horace went back to the shop. He had a talk with the landowner, got some new ideas and looked over the inside.

He found one of the barrels filled with plumbers supplies, the other with a babbitt metal composition. Then he sought out a local plumbing establishment and sold the stuff for $75.

"Those signs," he reflected. The next day they disappeared.

"What you done with the signs?" asked the curious land owner.

"Sold 'em," replied Horace. "You see, one I got rid of to that plumber at the other end of the town. Then I sawed off the P on the second and a lumber man took it. Taking off the P and L left 'Umber.' Well, that struck a paint shop man. There's a shoemaker named Blum a little ways down the street. I sawed out his name for him. Everybody happy and I'm $42 ahead."

"You'll do!" chuckled the landowner, much amused and interested. "Say, we talked about your starting a little repair shop. I like your ways and I'll finance the proposition on shares."

"Done!" announced Horace promptly and took the train home that afternoon, to report to Dora and start in on his new independent business career.

Now, it strangely happened that on the same train, also homeward bound, was Dora's father. Naturally he was interested in the doing of a young man who had been "shining around" his favorite daughter.

By piecemeal the story of Grey's inheritance came out. The rest of the circumstance was finally related.

"And you're thinking of moving to Booneville and starting in business, eh?" propounded Mr. Wayne.

"That's it," assented Horace. "You see, I'm a pretty fair tinker, and the man who is going to back me says there is plenty of work to pick up."

"What about Dora?" submitted Mr. Wayne archly.

"Why, you know we are of the kind willing to work and wait. I asked you once for your approval to the engagement, but—"

"Oh, you've got some practical prospects now," interrupted the wise-headed Mr. Wayne. "You've proved you know how to grasp an opportunity, young man, and you can have my daughter."

VOICE OF A LITTLE CHILD

How One of the World's Greatest Songbirds Was Discovered by Chance.

Many years ago a maid employed by Miss Lundberg, a famous dancer of the Royal Opera in Stockholm, was given a holiday by her mistress and set out to take a walk. Passing a shabby little house in the poorest section of the city she heard a child's voice, which seemed to her wonderfully fresh and beautiful, and, looking up, she sa a little girl sitting near the window singing to a pet kitten. In great excitement she rushed to her mistress and told her of the exquisite voice she had heard.

Miss Lundberg was somewhat skeptical, but finally went to the house and heard the sweet song. She, too, was convinced of the great natural beauty of the child's voice and reported it to Croelius, the singing master of the opera.

Croelius was also somewhat skeptical at first, but at Miss Lundberg's request he, too, went and, standing on the sidewalk, heard the child sing.

Enraptured in turn, he told Count Buke, manager of the Royal Opera, and arrangements were made by which the little girl sang for the count.

She was at once taken as a free pupil in the Royal Opera school and thereafter received the best instruction Sweden could give. The child was Jenny Lind, the famous "Swedish Nightingale."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Millionaires and Cheap "Smokes."

It is a common delusion that great American millionaires smoke large cigars that cost about a dollar apiece. A man who mixes occasionally in such company says it is not so. He was with one of the great railroad kings of America not long ago—a being who has as many millions as fingers—and the august person asked him for a cigarette. He was offered a brand of cheap Virginia cigarettes, and the donor apologetically remarked that it was the only kind he ever had. "Oh," said the plutocrat, "I always smoke these," and he drew from his pocket a yellow paper package which had once contained ten cigarettes, such as are purchasable at any tobacconist's for a few cents. The millionaire also explained that he had compelled his manservant—much to that person's disgust—to smoke the same brand, so that he himself might be able to borrow one if he ran short in the morning.

Rhetorical Embellishments.

"What did you bring that parrot for?" asked the manager of the militant suffragette meeting.

"To help out," replied the orator. "There are some things a lady can't say, and whenever I give the signal this parrot swears profusely."

And Some One Must Pay.

Officer—"Well, was the lady pleased with the flowers I sent her?"

Private—"Yes, lieutenant, so much so that she forgot to give me a tip."—Journal Amusant.

Qualities That Count.

In war the moral element and public opinion are half the battle.—Napoleon Bonaparte.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Director Sunday School Course, Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.)

LESSON FOR OCTOBER 11

THE LAST SUPPER.

LESSON TEXT—Mark 14:12-25, see also Luke 22:14-25.

GOLDEN TEXT—As often as ye eat this bread, and drink the cup, ye proclaim the Lord's death till He come. I Cor. 11:26 R. V.

I. The Preparation, vv. 12-15. The details of the preparation here remind one of the like detailed preparation at the outset of this week when the two disciples were sent for and procured the colt "whereon no man had sat." The "Teacher" had need of the colt. He also had need of this guest chamber and some unnamed one was ready to answer his call, to supply his need. What a host of such unheralded and unknown, but loving friends he has. Passover has now come, the time appointed and predicted, Matt. 26:2. Jesus directs the disciples to the room of his own choosing; they were to find it following a man bearing a pitcher. This is suggestive of our following the leading of the Holy Spirit. They found this even as he said they would. Jesus never disappoints when he directs. It is wisest for us to do his bidding and these two proved by their obedience that they were truly his disciples, see John 8:31. Whoever these two disciples were they recognized their duty clearly in the words, "The Master saith."

Remarkable Occasion.

II. The Passover, vv. 17-21. Here at eventide Jesus and the twelve sat about the Passover board. As we look back over the pages of history it is truly a remarkable occasion. The Passover was a perpetual memorial of the Exodus. Now, in the dispensations of Divine economy, this is to be its last observance. Jesus had been looking forward to this occasion, John 6:70, 71, yet in the midst of the feast his soul is filled with anguish, John 13:21.

The perfidy of Judas was the bitterness of the cup, but Jesus only let him go when he must and then only with great sorrow. Judas was disappointed in his dream of a material kingdom and his desire for the possession of carnal pleasures. Greed had grown because given food. Hate, stifled conscience, spurned love, a thief, a murderer, Judas was guilty that moment as he was the next night.

III. The Parable, vv. 22-25. From all the records we believe that Judas left the company as soon as he was identified, and before the feast was instituted. Jesus ever taught by symbol. We hear much about objective teaching, Jesus anticipated us all. From the Passover board Jesus took bread, and after offering thanks, he brake it, saying as he did so, "Take ye, this is my body." This does not mean the breaking of his body on the cross, for not a bone was then broken, John 19:36; I Cor. 11:24 R. V. It does signify the distribution of his body among all who shall feed upon him. This does not mean the actual physical transformation of the bread into his body. The bread represents his body, and like as bread becomes a part of the physical body, so to eat thus in symbol, he becomes a part of us. There is no question, however, of the actual spiritual presence of Christ in the elements. "Discerning the Lord's body" there is a real feeding upon Christ, John 6:50, 51, 53, 55. To partake unworthily is to be "guilty of the body and blood of Christ," and we eat and drink "judgment" to ourselves, I Cor. 11:24-26. Jesus commands that the observance of this rite shall be continued. It is a covenant which his disciples are to perpetuate "till he come," I Cor. 11:24. The ground of this covenant between a holy God and sinful men, is the shed blood, v. 24, see Heb. 9:18-23. As the blood is the life poured out, so he poured out his life that where sin is, there may be forgiveness and remission, Lev. 17:11. In this symbolic hour the old passed away, that which came in the covenant of the law by Moses. At the same time this, the new covenant, is initiated, a covenant of grace and truth which is by the Spirit. By the symbolism of this new feast Jesus revealed his relationship to this covenant and that those who sat and partook with him were sealed to him in consecration. His thanksgiving was in the nature of adoration of God and the fact that his profound purposes were about to be realized. This whole episode was a feast of triumph. Like as the old Passover was eaten with its mixture of bitter herbs, so this is tinged with the perfidity of Judas and is encompassed with the sorrows of death. Still, as those who eat the old were girded and ready, so he was ready, did gird himself and serve, and did pass through death, unto a life of triumph.

Only One Recourse.

The first Passover was the prelude of the exodus; this is the prelude of that of which Jesus spoke in conversing with Moses and Elijah on the Mount of Transfiguration. The blood of Christ was shed unto the remission of sin, Matt. 26:28. It is the ground of God's forgiveness, see Matt. 20:28, Rom. 3:25 R. V., I John 2:2, Eph. 7:7, and many other passages. There is none other ground for our forgiveness than the shed blood. It may be old fashioned but it is scriptural and leaves us no other recourse.

The symbolism of this holy ordinance is simple, yet sublime. It is to be a perpetual proclamation of his resurrection. His death is the central fact of redemption, the way of liberty for the captives of sin. The supper is meaningless apart from this element. It is true that in its observance we remember his grace and glory, the beauty of his person and the wonder and wisdom of his teaching, yet the supreme significance of the act is his death.

AFRO-AMERICAN CULLINGS

Hampton Institute is an industrial village with some 1,200 or 1,300 students, 200 teachers and workers, 140 buildings, and an instruction farm of some 600 acres. Whatever work the Hampton school needs to have done, the students are usually prepared to do. Farming, home-making, teaching and the common industries form vital parts in the training of Hampton institute boys and girls. Blacksmithing, bricklaying and plastering, carpentry and cabinetmaking, machine work, painting, printing, shoemaking, steamfitting, plumbing, tailoring, tinsmithing, upholstering and wheelwrighting, are the trades which are offered by the Hampton Institute Trade school.

Products tell a striking story of the aims and methods of the Hampton courses. These products are expressed in negro and Indian mechanics who have gone out among their people and are now serving their communities as Christian and efficient builders for example. They are also expressed in well-built, attractive Hampton buildings and in serviceable accessories of the home and school.

In the busy shops, on the scaffoldings of new structures, in odd nooks and corners of the Hampton grounds, negro and Indian carpenters, for example, have for many years been daily mastering the building art and have been preparing themselves for life's emergencies by learning how to make the best possible use of their resources—time, tools, skill and moral qualities.

Today the construction of the Hampton institute buildings and the necessary repairs are being satisfactorily done by student tradesmen. Naturally a good share of this interesting work falls to the lot of the carpenters. A few years ago, when it became necessary to remodel the principal's home, one of the oldest buildings on the Hampton campus, negro and Indian tradesmen did the necessary tearing down and building up. These operations were no easy task. The bulk of the work had to be done in hot and trying weather. The boys labored with a will. They were happy to have an opportunity of doing well what professional builders considered a difficult piece of work.

Later, when the school authorities decided to add a story to the Armstrong-Slater Memorial Trade school, the student tradesmen again attacked with enthusiasm the laborious task of raising the heavy roof and putting on the second story. Then came the tedious days devoted to finishing the interior work. There was always the joy of doing successfully tasks generally considered beyond the reach of tradesmen in the training.

William Quinney, a colored man who has been living near here, passed through McNeil en route to Shreveport accompanied by a portion of his interesting family of 20 children and his third wife. The children with him numbered seven, and they are all by his present wife.

Quinney had seven children by his first wife, including two sets of twins; six by wife No. 2, and seven by the present one. All the wives are living, and after divorcing his former helpmeets, Quinney on each occasion lived six years in single blessedness.

With his record of three wives and 20 children Quinney is still only forty-eight years old and expects to acquire quite a large family before he dies.—McNeil (Ark.) dispatch to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The total negro population of the United States—latest figures—is 9,828,294, according to a pamphlet issued recently by the Illinois commission appointed by Governor Dunne to arrange a half-century anniversary of negro freedom.

The negroes own $1,000,000,000 worth of property and worship in $65,000,000 worth of churches. Their land covers 31,000 square miles, or 20,000,000 acres. There are 1,119,653 negro female breadwinners, sixteen years of age and over. Of these, the largest number, 634,104, are domestics, 434,041 are engaged in agricultural pursuits, 361,804 are agricultural laborers and 313,091 are servants and waitresses.

The commission is planning an exposition of the progress made by the negroes of Illinois since their emancipation, which will begin August 1, 1915, and continue for 30 days in the Coliseum.

More than 4,000,000 tons of ore a year are expected to be exported from iron mines in Algeria by French capitalists who have obtained concessions after more than ten years of effort.

Figures relating to the output of coal in British India during 1912 have been published by the chief inspector of mines. They show a total output last year of 14,044,368 tons, which is near 2,000,000 tons in excess of the production recorded in the previous output.

Every high school graduate in Nebraska receives a letter from the University of Nebraska congratulating him on his graduation and urging him to consider the advantages offered by the state university.

Commenting on the condition of the colored Baptist churches in Chicago a writer in the Standard says: Their numbers help to suggest the important place which these Baptist churches hold in the life of this community. Let me supplement this by the words of a splendidly educated colored woman, Mrs. F. B. Williams, who says: "Despite the serious handicap of slowly decreasing debts, the colored church is the center of the social life and efforts of the people. What the church sanctions and supports is of the first importance, and what it fails to support and sanction is more than apt to fail. The colored churches historically, as to numbers and reach of influence and dominion, are the strongest factor in the community life of the colored people. Aside from the ordinary functions of preaching, prayer-meetings, and Sunday school, the church is regarded by the masses as a sort of tribune of all their social and civic interests. Thousands of colored people know and care for no other entertainment than that furnished by the church. What they fail to learn of the finer things of life in the church remains unlearned. These people, generally speaking, have few civilizing and elevating influences, except as they are supplied by this single institution." She concludes by saying: "Our churches could do more and be more to the ever-increasing number who need guidance, social ideals and higher moral standards, if they were less burdened with debts and an unyielding orthodoxy. The Chicago churches, however, are becoming more intelligently interested and earnest in their endeavor to meet the peculiar requirements of the city colored people."

The 17 colored churches differ as widely as our own churches. Numerically, they range from a membership of 2,500 to one of 35. Financially, they vary from a debt-free larger church to the bankrupt and defunct mission church. Theologically, intellectually, socially, they differ. They are not made in a mold. They exhibit a bewildering and complex variety. They are really independent. Their churches are named after the great outstanding places of scriptural history—a fact which suggests their independence and variety—and not numerically according to historical precedence, as we have been accustomed to number our churches. And yet, in spite of the great differences between these churches, there are some common possibilities of advancement which occur to the friendly observer.

The main building of the Wilson Tubercular Home and Hospital for Negroes, just completed at Wilson, N. C., is used as a center for training nurses and testing the ailments of patients. In addition to this main building there is a farm of 40 acres, half of it in pine woods, on which it is hoped that buildings may be erected for patients who are able to work while taking the treatment.

Lucifer matches—that is, matches tipped with an explosive substance that bursts into flame on being struck—were first used about 1834. Many improvements have been made in matches since then, the most important of which was the invention of the safety match, striking only on the box.

The annual meeting of the National Nebro Business league was held this year in Muskogee, Okla. These meetings are always largely attended. The delegates include not a few colored men who by their industry, intelligence and thrift have attained a competency if they are not to be reckoned wealthy. They are successful farmers, physicians and lawyers and merchants and mechanics. Very largely they are from the Southern states. This year, as usual, Booker Washington was one of the speakers, and gave his accustomed counsel emphasizing the opportunities which are open for those who devote themselves to useful employments everywhere. There was an industrial parade which gave impressive proof of the progress and attainments of the colored people in agriculture, in stock raising, in artisanship, in schools, in churches and in homes. In spite of narrow prejudice and in many places unworthy hostility, the colored people are making progress that is worth while.

When a man tells a young widow that he is not worthy of her he knows she knows he's lying.

Experiments by the Japanese government of producing camphor by distilling the leaves and branches of camphor trees have reached a stage at which 317 gallons of distillate are produced from each 400 pounds of leaves.

That man has a powerful clutch on his high speed lever who can refrain from starting anything he knows he can't finish.

When a woman marries for spite she usually spites herself more than her husband.

Clearing the Line.

A young lady took down the receiver of the telephone one day, and found that the line was in use.

"I just put on a pan of beans for dinner," she heard one woman complacently inform another.

The young woman hung up the receiver, and waited for the conversation to end. When she went back to the telephone, the women were still talking. That happened three times, says Everybody's Magazine, and then the young woman became exasperated and broke into the conversation.

"Madam, I smell your beans burning," she announced, crisply.

A horrified scream greeted the remark, and the young lady was able to put in her call.

Of All He'd Done.

Skinnem (relating adventure)—Yes, death stared me in the face, and in those few seconds I thought of all I'd ever done.

Smart—Quite a little directory of names, eh?

The Highways of Holland

ALL Dutch towns, of course, have their canals; thoroughfares as busy and frequented as their brick-paved high-roads, but the water villages have virtually nothing else. One of the best-known of these is Aalsmeer. It may be attained by the prosaic means of the railway, though the man of sentiment will prefer to approach its idyllic shores by boat, or, at least, by road, especially as the way to it leads through some of the most interesting and distinctive country in Holland. For Aalsmeer lies on the edge of the district known as the Haarlemer mere, a rich and fertile tract of land, which was covered a hundred years ago by a dangerous and stormy inland sea, formed in the fifteenth century by floods from the River Rhine and the Y. Gradually this great lake spread till it became a menace to Leiden, Haarlem, Amsterdam and even Utrecht, and keeping the necessary dikes and sluices in order became a heavy burden in labor and expense. It was into these waters that 300 of the citizens of Haarlem were thrown, tied back to back, in the butchery by the Spaniards that took place after its siege and capitulation in the winter of 1572-3.

Great Engineering Feat.

Draining this large tract of land was so great a feat of engineering that though it was suggested by a Dutchman called Leeghwater as early as the seventeenth century, it was not undertaken till after 1836, when a more than usually violent storm had caused great destruction of property from floods. Even then the scheme was not actually put into effect till more than ten years later. It took three years continual pumping to drain the Haarlemer Meer, but the reclaimed land was quickly taken up by cultivators. Now it is some of the most fertile country in Holland. It may be easily distinguished on the map by its being marked out in squares with blue lines for the intersecting canals, and even driving through it the visitor cannot help noticing the rectilinear character of its roads. Straight as they are, these roads are very pleasant in spring, especially when they traverse the side of a broad canal fringed with waterplants in flower, yellow iris and pink-flowering rush; sweet-smelling, unfrequented roads, the haunt of rare birds, fit prelude to the enchanted village of Aalsmeer. Aalsmeer itself is now intersected by a road, but at the point where it crosses a bridge a charming vista opens on either side. Right and left, as far as the eye can reach, stretches the narrow towing-path that forms the village high-road of Aalsmeer, with canals on either side of it. The houses, which appear sometimes to be actually encircled by water, are connected with this towing-path by plank swing bridges. These are so constructed that a touch from the punt-pole of an approaching barge sends them back alongside of the bank, leaving a free passage on the waterway. The houses themselves are surrounded by trees and trim gardens. Nothing could be prettier than this village, nothing could have a more unique charm. The people themselves are quite in the picture, for these remote villagers have preserved, in several instances, a dignified, beautiful type and a stately and primitive simplicity.

Famed for Its Roses.

Like Aalsmeer, the more modern water-village of Boskoop has its horticultural industry. Boskoop is everywhere famous for its roses; it is more accessible and far less poetic than Aalsmeer. Besides roses, azaleas and rhododendrons are grown here; but roses are the principal product. Already between three and four million plants are annually produced for sale, and the industry is a growing one.

The remote Friesland village of Giethoorn is of quite a different type. Here there is no industry to bring it into contact with the outside world, no railway, and, except on one side, no road. Tall trees shade its waterways on either side, and throw deep green reflections upon their still surfaces. The houses, prosperous-looking, well-kept, and of a fair size, seclude themselves, each one in its own garden. A narrow path runs beside the water, which is crossed by high rickety-looking wooden bridges, raised above the water, so as to allow of the passage of a punt-pole beneath them. The whole place is like a bower of green. The people themselves are no more apparent than some woodland animal; the only events that ever happen here are a wedding or a funeral procession, which both alike must make their way down the silent green streams. The village has its moment of life when the children come out of school and play on the narrow footpath, or run and crowd with a skill born of long practice over the narrow plank bridges which cross the intersecting canals.

Not the least attractive part of the visit to Giethoorn is the journey there. The point of departure is the charming little town of Meppel, half-way between Zwolle and the more northern towns of Friesland. Without having any historic or antiquarian associations, Meppel has an engaging individuality of its own, and it is surrounded by pleasant country and many hedges. Some distance from Meppel is a village called Wanneperveen, and here a boat must be taken to Giethoorn. The boats are rough punts that will take a mast and sail, and are manned generally by a delightful old fisherman, picturesque and primitive as his tarry little craft. At first the stream winds among meadows, then it slowly widens into a broad expanse of reeds that whisper and bow in the wind, apparently inaccessible and guarding in their depths silent pools, where rare waterfowl nest, their harsh, unfamiliar cry borne on the wind to the passer-by. Finally this reedy waterway gives place to an open mere, and here the boatman deftly raises his sail and skims across to the village silent, shrouded in its trees, and having an inexpressible sense of remoteness. Of all the delightful experiences that a visit to Holland holds in store there is nothing quite like the passage of the gray gleaming waters of this Friesland mere, which divulges, as it were, the village of Giethoorn.

TYPICAL DUTCH CANAL

Got Even With Heckler.

At a recent election the candidate was "heckled" rather badly by the local butcher. At last he grew rather tired of it and hinted that the man was wasting time by asking silly questions. The butcher, enraged, retorted: "If I had you in my sausage machine I'd make mincemeat of you." The candidate turned to him and asked gently: "Is thy servant a dog that thou shouldst do this thing?"—London Tit-Bits.

War Has Hit Colombia.

Europe's war has caused trouble in Colombia. Exchange rose 10,800 per cent ($108 in paper to $1 in gold), and still shows a tendency to go up. All prices for goods are high. There is believed to be opportunity for the United States here.

Autocracy in Russia.

The Russian officials are usually pleasant gentlemen. There is generally an air of indolence and indifference present in the office. There are many people about, smoking cigarettes and sipping at their tea. While this is being done, there may be a crowd awaiting their attention or that of the chief. It takes about three men to do the work of one. Each one waits for the orders from some one else; if orders do not come it is safest to do nothing. Initiative will likely be punished. Each one feels that he is only bound to loyalty to his chief. In the government itself he has no part. If he is ambitious, obsequiousness is an excellent quality. But salaries are small, money is necessary, and opportunities for making money out of his office open up. The official is only human. Were local self-government established, there would undoubtedly be less corruption, for there would be responsible officials near at hand. The bureaus in Petrograd would not have to be consulted. The bureaus and ministries would not only be freed of much detail and annoyance, but blame would not be placed on them for every fault or neglect of a lower official.—North American Review.

Qualities of Precious Stones.

An English lapidary, writing in the middle of the seventeenth century, gives an imposing list of the effects of "gems and precious stones," among which he enumerates "the making of men rich and eloquent, to preserve men from thunder and lightning, from plagues and disease, to move dreams, to procure sleep, to foretell things to come, to make men wise, to strengthen memory, to procure honors, to hinder fascinations and witchcrafts, to hinder slothfulness, to put courage into men, to keep men chaste, to increase friendship, to hinder difference and dissension, and to make men invisible."

Will Have Great Pressure.

The world's greatest hydroelectric project, planned for India, will deliver water to the turbines at a pressure of 680 pounds to the square inch.