

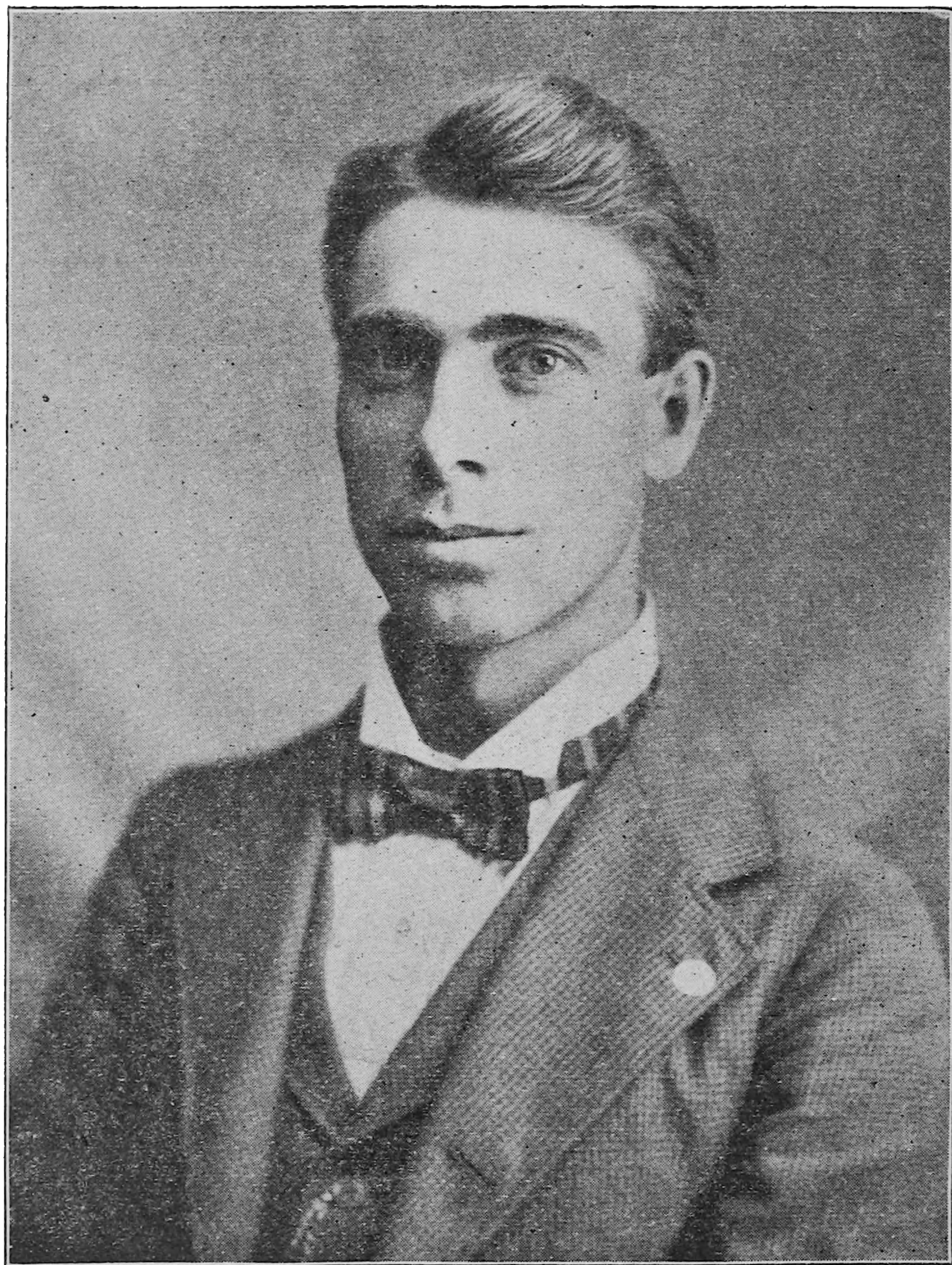
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LOUIS BARNETT FRETZ

1915

Bennie, the Pythian of ..Syracuse..

AND OTHER TITLES

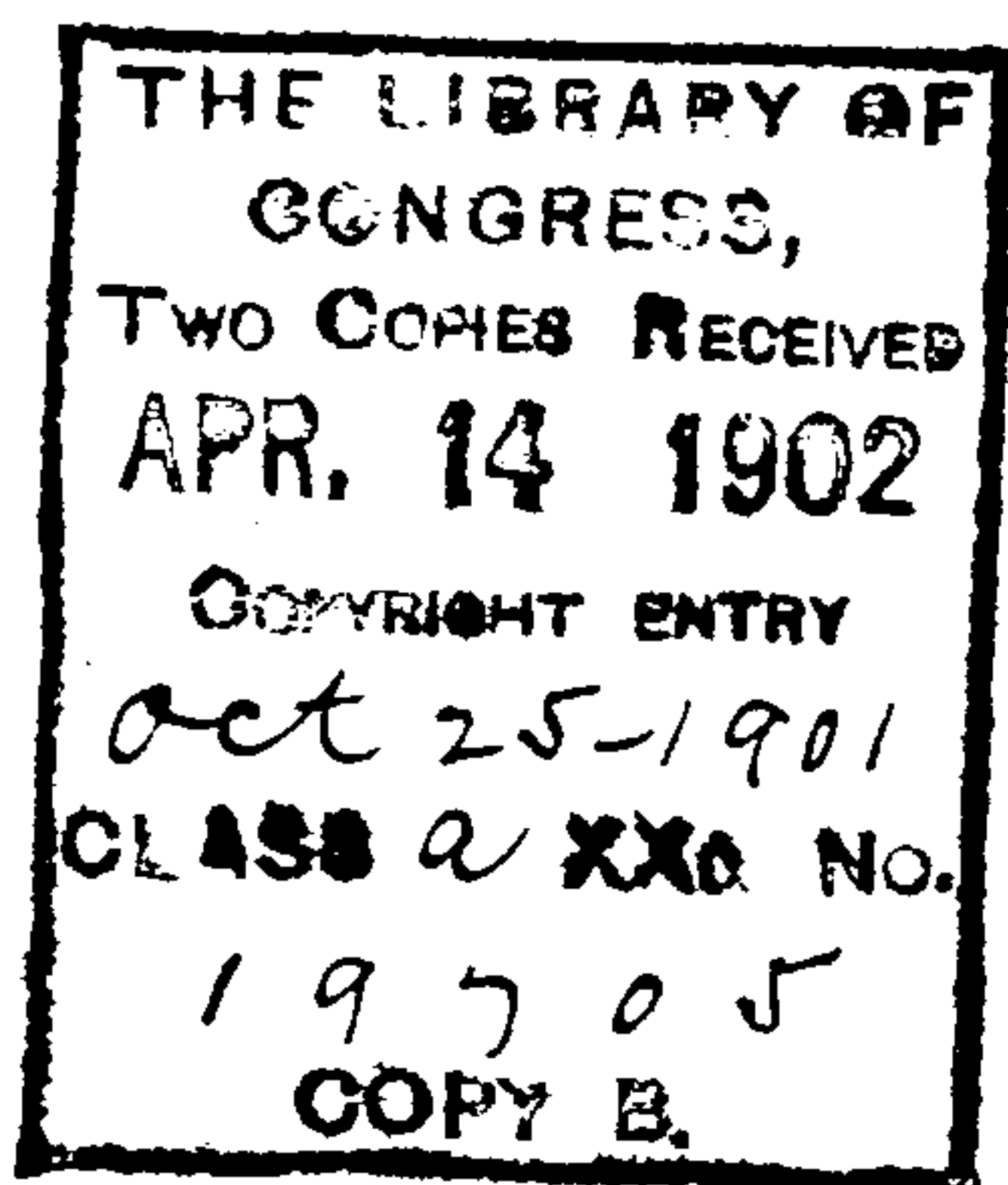
By
LEWIS BARNETT FRETZ

We may write our thoughts in books,
We may trace them in the ground,
We may hang them up on hooks,
We may box them up as sound.
But each book away will fade,
Each trac'd line will show decay
Each hook 'come a pointed blade,
And each box a castaway.

THE
SCROLL PUBLISHING COMPANY

CHICAGO,
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LEWIS BARNETT FRETZ

AUTHOR AND JOURNALIST.

Is a native of Indiana, born near Newberry, March 4, 1868. His early years were spent on the farm after the fashion of the ordinary country boy. Coming from an ancestry whose history was made in the Grand Duchy of Baden, Alsatia and Lower Switzerland, he inherited a strength of constitution able to bear the requirements of great energy. Full of life and activity, not unmixed with ambition, he began early to do things. Possessing good intelligence, intellectual life became most natural, and at the age of twelve he was known as a full-fledged book agent. A close student of human nature, this experience made him keenly observant of men and events.

His school days ended at the age of sixteen, when he began the practical operations of life.

After serving a three years' apprenticeship at the painter's trade, he found the use of pigments and oil detrimental to health, and abandoning that profession took up an apprenticeship in the printing business, beginning November 19, 1888, in the office of the Auburn Courier, which position opened the way to higher intellectual attainment; though not without privation and many a hard struggle.

Possessed of unusual oratorical talents, Mr. Fretz lost no opportunity for their cultivation, and at the age of nineteen stood without a peer in DeKalb county as a debater. Following his conversion, in 1890, this reputation was instrumental in his admission to the Council of Teachers in the Indiana Eldership of the Church of God, from which body he was granted a life certificate at its annual session held at Helmer in September of

1899. Thus as a tradesman, painter, printer, lecturer, poet and journalist, he has had the advantage of no circumstances save those which he ambitiously created for himself.

His first literary success, *The Modern Duality, or a Man of the Period*, was granted an open reception by scholar and student alike in Chicago and other of the larger cities, as well as in town, village and hamlet. His latest, *Bennie, the Pythian of Syracuse and Other Titles*, is ample proof of what an American boy can do if he will.

Mr. Fretz is a member of Mentor Lodge No. 591, I. O. O. F., Auburn; Kosciusko Lodge No. 230, Knights of Pythias, Syracuse; Sobriety Lodge No. 347, Daughters of Rebekah, Edon, Ohio; Edon Y. P. S. C. E.; Church of God, Auburn, and Garrett Congress No. 31, Modern Samaritans of the World.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

It has been said that "in the making of books there is no end." That is probably true, especially with reference to good books. To use a metaphor, the world is burdened with libraries of books; these books may be good, bad, or indifferent, in proportion as the thought contained within them is good, bad, or indifferent. Some books are better than others. The standard of measurement in a book is usually the criterion by which the character of the author writing it is to be measured. Some authors write books for fun, others for gain; still others for the good it may do those who read.

The object of the present work has been in most part to teach. The author, in the preparation of the manuscript, had at least two objects in view: The first, to set down in clear characters the things he felt ought to be known, regarding his fellow men, as their conduct and customs were observed in practical life. The other was to make a plain record of his thought as it appeared in his associations with men and his observations in society. As to the clearness and accuracy with which these incidents and conclusions have been set down by a conscientious writer can only be known and appreciated by a careful perusal of the book.

Bennie, The Pythian of Syracuse, and Other Titles, and especially Bennie, are the practical result of practical experience. Whatever virtue there may be in the thought and philosophy of this work will be clearly shown by a careful perusal. That is all the author asks. Let each person read with an eye to **discovering** virtue, purity, and excellence, rather than

for the disclosure of fault. No guaranty is sent out that the work is faultless. No doubt it is full of fault; at least the author is so.

It is equally true that there may be more of virtue than of fault, and if so, the reader owes it to himself to find it.

All permanent thought is the result of inspiration. Philosophy itself cannot be ground from the cold facts of law. That gentle, inspiring, invisible must temper and tone to the point where freedom abounds. The author does not presume to compete with Demosthenes, Cicero, Aristotle, Epictetus, Antoninis, Carlyle, Keats, Holmes, Emerson, Longfellow, Browning, Tennyson, and others, but he does pretend to set down his own particular thought in his own particular way. No mystery, no dark and hidden syllogism, no attempt at buffoonery. Facts as far as possible; pictures where most convenient.

No claims are made above the ordinary as to poetic diction. A regular meter has been adopted, and the thought, rather than the rhyme, has predominated. To those who have been initiated, this little volume is intended to tell everything; to those who have not been initiated, it tells nothing. There are five hundred thousand Knights of Pythias, nine hundred thousand Odd Fellows, and nearly nine hundred thousand Masons in the United States. Out of this aggregation there should come a per cent. of the appreciative sufficient to justify a work of this kind.

1901.

INTRODUCTION.

It is with no small degree of hesitancy, yet with an indescribable feeling of pleasure and satisfaction that I approach the reading world, and particularly that part of it known as fraternal, with a creation decidedly new on the line of secret society literature.

At the close of a pleasant summer day I sat by my window, looking out from beneath the spreading branches of a friendly maple and viewed the grandeur of the sun as he hastened toward the Occident.

From far in the North to far in the South, sullen sheets of blackened vapor hung like a leaden sea against the horizon, and spread a shadowy pall over the landscape beneath. As the King of Day approached this storm-burdened curtain of Night, its refractory rays seemed to press a challenge for supremacy, which, like a mighty stroke of Thor, burst the bands of mirk and liberated myriads of entities, emblazoned with all the prismatic colors of the rainbow.

Nearer the background of this electrified picture, a waving mass of translucent purple widened gradually like ripples on the bosom of some placid lake until it reached the azure dome above. Here and there delicate tints of pink and amber evolved like polished garnitures, pinning back in graceful folds, as it were, the shifting portierres of Heaven, in such a way that mortality might catch at least a glimpse of the unspeakable glories beyond ere nocturnal shades hid them away in obscurity. From the center and bottom of this thrilling panorama a mirage shaft of molten gold was cast up which, in turn, spread over the firma-

ment, already garbed in transparent prettiness, like a halo of the ethereal.

Magic splendor glowed in spotless sheen on hill and dale, until lost amid the hazy breadths of listless skies, darkening shadows crept like a misty veil abroad. Loiteringly and slow these soothing chariots of the night seemed to rise higher and higher, like fairy spectres in a land of promise and of plenty.

The last gleam of sunlight fell like a heavenly benediction on the heaving bosom of Earth, all beauteous in her wrappings of emerald and blooming flowers. Coy, like some half-grown schoolgirl waiting in arbor for a sweetheart and, with round cheeks flushed by the finer tints of twilight, Dame Nature appeared on the scene, robed in nice fitting sheets of flakey clouds tipped in gold. These seemed fastened at the belt line with a corsage of silver, while the skirt showed evanescing rufflings, variegated and rubescent. Bearing gracefully and proudly a tiara of stars, she smiled demurely and passed to her apartments, curtained just them with majestic effulgence.

Striking a "fetching" attitude, she seemed to expectantly bide the caresses of Aurora's dawn and the kissings, nectar-steeped, of Heaven's beneficent dews. Magnificent in appointment and attired in regal robes of richest texture, she witched the wooings of even-tide as serenely as a happy bride captures her adoring groom at the nuptial altar. From some hidden recess in her matchless costume, fragrance, deep-scented and pleasing, floated in air like some medicinal balm of the Orient, carrying in the depths of its perfume the power to comfort and to heal.

Each tiny flower and blade of grass, each small bush and shrub, and trees, which unto greater proportion and strength had grown—each, all, seemed to join in one mighty chorus of praise and thanksgiving.

It was while resting within and absorbing the benign influence of this peculiarly entrancing atmos-

phere, that I recalled a fitting sentiment of Owen Meredith in *Lucile*: "The thought that thrills our existence most, is one, which, ere we can frame it in language is gone." During a brief season of crystallized ecstasy, the rejoicings of my own wondering soul found expression in something like the following soliloquization:

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world. Matchless art thou, and incomprehensible! Where is thy beginning; where thy ending?

Oh, language of Nature, ever peaceful and instructive, thou dost teach us to know how sweet it is to live, how grand to die, with a full knowledge of our power to enjoy the immutableness about us! The world, God's treasure-house for the sublime and infinite, how incomparable its illimitableness; how bewildering its beauty and loveableness; how spiritualizing and inspiring its harmony! Most truly it is a grand galaxy of imperturbable effusiveness and spontaneous coalescence! The mind of mortal man cannot fathom the mysteries of creation. Should there be any one thing above all the rest which, from the very nature of itself is calculated to inspire composition, eloquent, poetic; painting, rich, exceptional; sculpture, exquisite, rare; song, melodious, heavenly; music, thrilling, divine, that thing is a view of some of the master wonders in *Nature*!

Such were the impressions ~~on my mind~~ during that short hour by the study window, that the incidents of my life came before me like an exciting panorama, and mentally the thought presented itself: Truly I have basked in the sunshine of prosperity at the floodtide of noonday; I have awakened at the darkest hour in adversity's midnight; I have enjoyed for a season the comforts and advantages of worldly honor and a happy home; I have felt the breath of calumny burn my cheeks with withering heat; I have fully known the joys of domestic life; I have seen the shadows of Death as he crossed the threshold of my hearthstone to blight the fairest flower in my heart's

affections with his icy touch; I have reclined on the lap of luxury and felt content; in a moment of dire calamity, I have seen all swept away, as if by a cyclone or an avalanche, and myself left—almost friendless, penniless, and alone.

Pausing in these reflections, I crossed the room and, sitting down to my desk, took up my pen and began to write in verse as by the uncontrollable impulse of inspiration—Bennie, The Pythian of Syracuse, was the surprising and happy result.

In the construction of Bennie, The Pythian of Syracuse, my purpose has not been so much to excel the average in literary style and poetic diction, as to tell a simple story in my own particular way. How well I have succeeded in carrying out that purpose you, kind reader, will doubtless be in position to judge by the time this little volume has been carefully perused. Thus I consign it to your keeping, with the hope that your just criticism, after having carefully read, may be kind, even though of necessity it becomes severe as touching technicalities.

Prior to June 1st, 1899, P. P. XXXVI, Bennie, The Pythian of Syracuse, was not even a thought in the mind of the author, and had the circumstances under which the major portion of these verses was brought out been less propitious, the story of Bennie Hodge's initiation, experiences, teachings, illness and triumphant death as a Knight of Pythias, as told in this volume, would doubtless have remained unwritten until now.

The real opportunity for telling the story came about after something like this fashion: The members of Leonidas Lodge, No. 205, Waterloo, Ind., decided to observe the regular authorized K. of P. Memorial Day, on Sunday afternoon, June 11, 1899. It was their first effort along that line, and they naturally had a desire that the program on that occasion should go to record as a memorable event. And quite accurately did the brotherhood reckon about the matter.

The committee on arrangements tendered your hum-

ble servant the honor of delivering the principal address, which was finally accepted, but with trepidation. The one most important query presenting itself to me was, "what shall be said to the people?" And I must confess that the question was one of considerable gravity. But the gods help those who try to help themselves. I was granted an audience with the Muses!

On the day appointed the people assembled from miles around to witness the exercises. The street parade was magnificent and those taking part enthusiastic—not boisterous, as is sometimes characteristic of public gatherings—but solemnly energetic, with a modesty both graceful and sublime. The Opera House was taxed to its utmost capacity and, if my testimony can be taken here, I never had the pleasure of appearing before a more inspiring and appreciative audience, or one which seemed to enjoy so much of delight in conveying to my ears the highest opinions for an individual effort. Thus under these auspices, smiling faces, bright uniforms, beautiful flowers, thrilling music, and an afternoon filled with sunshine, Bennie, The Pythian of Syracuse, found echo in the hearts of men and women with a tenderness of sentiment and sympathy of eloquence that was strange and new—even to me; and, I was glad for the beauty of poesy to reach the innermost of humanity, where by a single touch of the magic wand of Love, prejudice vanished like the mists before summer sun and Pythianism gained a stronger hold in a community hitherto fruitful of well-meant, but ignorant opposition.

Now, that the Muses and the people have sanctioned the result of earnest endeavor by setting the seal of success upon it, may not the record be set forth, that, of the 500,000 Knights of Pythias in the United States and Canada, not one has failed to read, honestly, Bennie, The Pythian of Syracuse? With the hope that you, respected reader, may have profit in the perusal of this little volume as I have had pleasure in its construction, I will leave the subject to your unction.

BENNIE, THE PYTHIAN OF SYRACUSE.

Long years ago, the Knights of Syracuse,
Initiated Bennie Hodge
In all the ranks—Orient, Mystic, Muse—
Made of him, one in their Lodge.
Oft when we go to the Castle at night,
Our thoughts steal to that fateful time,
When, with helmet and shield and armor bright,
He sought the Knighthood rank to climb.

Friendship's lessons he had been fully taught.
In the capacity of Page—
That Life with great uncertainty is fraught
Alike to Neophyte or Sage.
Charity oped to him a pleasant dream;
Changeful, as on he strove apace,
And found things are not always what they seem,
While running this uneven race.

The Brotherhood admired him as a Knight,
For the rare manhood he displayed
In passing "through," without tremor and fright,
Or becoming anywise dismayed.
Firmly standing by all duty and trust,
He lived the Truth, as truth he saw,
In hope that when he went, as go he must,
His Crown the King would not withdraw.

Alas, for Bennie! In a fitful hour,
He passed on to that mystic bourne—
Illness held him fast within its power,

And from the Castle he was torn.
 Long weeks he laid in pain, the direst kind,
 His frail body with fever burning.
 As tho' there was no ease which he could find,
 In any direction turning.

The physician with scientific mien—
 Dosing out powders and potions—
 Gave all kinds of tonic he'd ever seen,
 Down to—"professional notions."
 But Science or Medicine could not give
 Vitality to fleeting life,
 Nor make our dying brother longer live
 To struggle on in mortal strife.

Faithfully did we watch beside that bed,
 Trying hard to keep him quiet;
 But the wild delirium filled his head,
 In spite of all—care and diet.
 Finally the last came so swift and nigh,
 His going we could not contend;
 And, Bennie, seemed to know he had to die—
 Was gladly awaiting the end.

He prest ~~Charles~~ ^{Charles} week to his chilling brow,
~~And~~ ^{And} gently into his ears:
 "The Master calls me—I go to him now;
 "All's well with Soul, so dry your tears.
 "Weep not for me, Dear Prothers, weep no more,
 "I'm going to the Lodge on High,
 "Where Angels get the Password at the door,
 "And hear our voices when we cry

"Yester eve as I tossed upon this cot,
 "There came to me a vision bright;
 "Of the Eternal—I'll forget it not,
 "Where Seraphs reign in holy light.
 "And I saw her among them, precious wife,
 "Who sleepest in her narrow bed,
 "Down there, so far away from human life,
 "Within God's City of the Dead.

"Her smiling face came unto me last night,
 "In Dreamland's happiest vision,
 "With eyes beaming contentment's clearer sight—
 "Joy of that home Elysian.
 "Then, joy of joys, I heard her gentle voice,
 "Speaking in sweetest accents low;
 "And, it made my own grieving heart rejoice,
 "To hear those tones again, below.

I prest my lips to her soft, velvet cheek,
 As was my wont in times of yore,
 "My love went out to her—angelic, meek—
 "I wanted her forevermore.
 "These feet seemed to be treading upper air,
 "So thrilled was my very Soul;
 "And, I forgot she is a spirit there;
 "In yon realm—the Christian's goal.

"The month of beautiful, fragrant flowers,
 "Brought her to me, a blushing bride,
 "Graceful—a rose from Earth's blooming bowers,
 "Yet a woman—my heart's true pride.
 "Mem'ry went back to that eventful June,
 "During my dream's entrancing flight,
 "And recalled the grand wedding afternoon,
 "Which filled our lives full with delight.

"When she died I didn't know the reason why,
 "She could so calmly go to sleep,
 "And leave me, her husband, alone to sigh,
 "And fret—her endless absence weep—
 "But now it is truly a great relief,
 "To know her Soul's at anchor cast,
 "Within the happy land where Christ is chief—
 "Where we may meet again, at last.

"Sing, Brothers, the Song of Fraternity,
 "Which woos from Sin; 'Though passion's slave,
 "Let me bear that Ode to Eternity,
 "A symbol of the Love you gave.

“Glory to God in the Highest,” he said,
 While “God Save the True Knight,” we sang;
 Each feeling himself in sight of the dead,
 As solemnly the echoes rang.

A quorum of Knights stood around his bed,
 Sorry that one of us should go
 To join that vast majority, the dead,
 And leave a vacant Chair below,
 Alas, for Humanity’s short’n’d sight,
 That sees not o’er the present hour!
 His eyes had closed to Earthly day and night,
 Death had grasped him in its power.

To each Sir Knight he spoke with fitting cheer,
 Telling all ~~how~~ we ought to live:
 “I spent ~~my~~ life,” he said, “in Godly fear,
 And ~~can~~ face all that Death may give
 Be ~~true~~, then, and honest before the World,
 God’s blessings by prayer invoke,
 So that, when Death’s throngs are around you furled,
 You’ll be free from Sin’s galling yoke.

In fancy now, Uniformed Knights I see;
 Marching proudly the Golden streets,
 Displaying the Pythian Angles three,
 Around the Supremest of seats.
 Soon I’ll join that Guard of helmet and plume,
 So brilliant and strong and brave,
 Who passed Imperial Rank through the tomb,
 Beyond the silence of the Grave.

Farewell to all, my Fellow Lodgemen true,
 I take departure from you now,
 To view the scenes of the Supreme Lodge through,
 And carry a Crown on my brow.
 I bid you, my Brethren, a last adieu,
 Before leaving Dear Mother Earth,
 To join that Knightly Host so pure and new,
 In the Land of my Spirit’s birth.”

Sometimes, in this World of Care and Sorrow,
 Mortals intuitively see
 Somewhat into the things of tomorrow—
 Find themselves from burden more free.
 Could we but know the how of all our pain,
 While trying to endure so much,
 Ofttimes happiness would return again,
 In Joy's sweet reign our lives to touch.

Many times we see cheeks swollen and wet,
 With the stream of Grief's moistest rain,
 All because a few small worms will forget,
 From scoffing, mocking, to refrain.
 Oh, how oft do we hear the trembling sighs,
 That come from a breaking heart,
 And see tears drip, scalding, from blood-shot eyes,
 A flood—the Soul's tenderest part.

" At such moments as these in the lives of all,
 True Sympathy has a mission,
 To soothe and comfort Men, both great and small,
 And lead them by mild judition
 Into the knowledge of more joyous things.
 Many a heart is hard and cold,
 That never in Love's own sweet music sings
 Affection's pure language, so old—

Which, if its possessor could only know
 How much of gladness could be brought,
 To those who fret and weep and sorrow so,
 Would be laden with Hope's fine thought.
 But alas! He who grieves, must grieve alone:
 Each bear his load as best he can,
 While no friend is ever near to condone
 The vein of sadness in a man.

Thus Benn's life closed like a glow in the West,
 'Mid the triumphs of Living Faith;
 Thus his Soul's Temple went down to its rest,
 Garlanded with Virtue and strength.

Hope's bright morning in his countenance shown;
 As he turned his face to Heaven,
 Each Sir Knight knew his Earthly work was done—
 His failings were forgiven.

Gently we folded his hands on his breast,
 Tears of sadness our hearts did shed;
 In his own Lodge Robe his body we drest—
 Bore it to God's Plain of the Dead.
 Sadly, indeed, we've missed him since he's gone,
 Whither the Great Chancellor willed,
 But we'll think that only on Earth, alone,
 Is his work of Charity stilled.

All human words may fall like heartless jeers,
 On hearts welling with sighs and sobs,
 Where Sorrow has left its deep trace of tears,
 Made bitter by their aching throbs.
 The Grief-stricken Soul can trust and hope
 In the richness of God's love,
 And, even though it here in pain must grope,
 He'll cheer it in that Land, above.

There are Ties, which spring from the Human heart,
 Spontaneous, swift, and uncalled,
 And by a kind of modest, subtle art,
 Get into Human acts installed.
 By the drafting instincts of their power,
 Are bound in mutual union,
 Men, who in Love live Life's brief, mystic hour,
 Intent on happy communion.

But in the darker Tragedy of Life,
 It is hard to discover how,
 Amid turmoils and never-ending strife,
 Man removes Cain's mark from his brow.
 Ere he's settled in position or tho't,
 There come corrupt things to disturb,
 Where feelings should be calm, not overwrought,
 With gnawings and aches that uncurb.

Oft when in hopeful, expectant mood,
 We forget that we're merely dust,
 And class ourselves as altogether good,
 Neglect our duty to be just
 Sometimes a cold and heartless Cynic's smile,
 Accompanied by skilled retort,
 Will ironate the warmest ardor, while
 Gloom's shadows cross the face athwart.

In Human wickedness, distrust and hate,
 Is born an abundance of Ill,
 Which, like Sin, doth True Character derate,
 And in the heart Murder instill.
 The World's most 'splendorous, glamorous sight,
 Reveals naught to the brain and eye,
 Save sensuality's natural right,
 To meet its own wants, low or high.

Men often meet graciously in the Strand,
 And seem to like each other well,
 While a flame burns beneath their strike of hand,
 Fiercer than any Demon's spell.
 The world looks on and says they're truly friends;
 But behind polished make-believe,
 The Spirit of Mortal helpless descends,
 To where others it may deceive.

Many times we sadly mistake the zeal,
 Of those who must about us flit.
 And thus the basest motives seem such real
 Things of Purity to admit.
 But bye and bye the strongest mask must fall,
 From before what is grossly false,
 And then, Virtue rising above it all,
 Ever True Character exalts.

Honor, her pennant proudly holds in air,
 To guide weak and faltering feet,
 Upon the mountain-top of Faith to share
 Guerdon of safety—strong retreat.

Grandly, indeed, that banner waves on high,
 Its "excelsior" of Hope and Love—
 Brightest Gem, which sparkling studs the sky
 With gleams of gladness from above.

It seems the meanest thing when one must note
 The narrow, shilly-shally grace,
 With which some people, at their best, remote,
 Do wreath in smiles a frowning face.
 The Law of Politeness doth make request,
 That, no matter how much we feel
 Like ignoring Gallantry's Meek Behest,
 Our flagrant thoughts we must conceal.

Sadness sometimes comes to the human heart
 For which account can't be given;
 Like the shades of some melancholy art,
 Away from its channel driven.
 Tragic may be the writing on the scroll
 Which spreads the Tale of common woe,
 But if Mankind will look beyond that roll,
 The sight relieves—we've found it so.

Simple Duty, then, would seem to consist
 In observing the Laws of Right,
 And thus Vicious Temptation resist
 By kind acts, be they great or slight,
 Though Man may often wander from the main
 Path by the most successful trod,
 Charity will take him aboard her train,
 And bring him that much nearer God.

Though the Pythian path's long and dreary,
 With many a heart-rending sight,
 To win the Spur, we must never weary,
 Of the Duty which makes the Knight.
 To be Faithful and always do the Right,
 The Pythian must watch with care,
 That his Works and Prayers are all his might
 Against Sin's imprisoning snare.

'Tis sad when Calumny with seething breath
 Touches the cheeks of a Being,
 And sears its helpless victim down to Death,
 With what it Knows—'though not seeing.
 But sadder still when Men will Honor claim,
 To whitewash hearts as vile as Sin;
 And, by the contrast, righteous wrath inflame
 In the minds of those pure within.

A scoundrel may wear the coat of the sheep,
 To 'deceive his fellow men by,
 But, somehow, his time comes at last to weep,
 Though Fate prolong it till he die.
 Really happy are they who never hear
 Aught said against a living soul,
 Which they cannot repeat, except with fear,
 Of blasting what they might extol.

Study well the meaning of that strange spell,
 Which creeps upon Manhood's estate,
 And brings madness beyond tongue to tell—
 Makes one the acts of Mortals hate!
 Let not your precious Soul be narrowed low
 On the plane of a Pessimist,
 When your heart should throb and your cheeks should
 glow,
 In Joy, like a Philantropist.

Gentlemen of the World may wink and leer,
 At the Pythian's humble trust,
 In the God who speaks through the Soul so clear,
 Of the Laws he may keep, those he must;
 But eventually they too will see
 That Real Manhood has the power
 To keep a Knight from Vice, and make him free,
 From danger, in temptation's hour.

Let not one of our Ideals slip away,
 Through the channels of selfish mood;
 For, we might lose all, in a single day—

God's confidence—by being rude.

Truly blest are the mystic ties which bind
Hearts together in Faith like ours,
And give the World the secret where to find
Friendship's trysting and its powers.

IN MEMORIUM.

Now, we'll strew Flowers of Benevolence,
On each Knight of Pythias' grave;
Not in the bombast of show or eloquence,
But in the spirit Master gave.
And as each Memorial Day comes 'round,
We'll take a firmer, better stand,
On Fraternity's ample, fruitful ground,
And fill the Lodge with Knights more grand.

How solemnly mysterious the things
This day's services do contain!
Each Sprig of Mint a fond memory brings,
And each Ode ends in soft refrain;
But Knighthood seems to see behind them all,
The Beauty of a Purpose true,
Which needs must make great effort lest it fall,
Beneath the force it would subdue.

Place these Carcanets of Myrtle and Rose,
With tender, willing, helpful hands,
To show the deep, Undying Love for those
Who sleep, in this and other lands.
We'll ne'er forget the Gratitude we owe,
To those who moved among us, here,
And in our own quaking hearts tried to sow,
The seeds of Honor and Faith, so dear.

We may ne'er get to hear a battle cry,
Or see the Tyrant in his rage;
It may not be ours on the Block to die—
Because this is a peaceful age—
But to be true to the Truest that is left,
We must be up now, and alive,
To the wants of those alone and bereft—
Widows and Orphans, who survive.

We'll attend the sick and the hungry feed—
There's nothing on Earth to reserve,

From dependent Knighthood's general need,
 Which strove the Order to preserve,
 Let Friendship, Charity, Benevolence,
 Outshine other stations in life,
 As the greatest Science of Reverence,
 And worthy our eagerest strife.

Oh, how solemn, how strange, how new, the things
 The depths of Our Friendship reveal!
 What Happiness each hour its presence brings,
 In attempts our pain to conceal.
 Inner eyes seem to see about the Soul,
 The candor of a spirit true,
 Which flames high in Love—beyond all control,
 To conquer Self—its pangs subdue,

Stony hearts of the World may hoot and sneer,
 At Hope within the Knightly breast,
 And the throbblings which strike so loud and near
 The bottom of what's purest, best—
 But the future may cause them yet to know
 That Virtue hath a charming grace,
 To lift the Soul from pain and make it grow
 In the gladness of Love's sweet place.

Then it may be that their mockings and jeers
 Will return in sorrow and pain,
 And fill their false lives with quakings and fears;
 Deny Friendship's office to gain.
 We'll be true, then, and honest, each to each;
 Faithful through verging transition,
 That our lips no vow of heart impeach:
 As becomes the true Patrician.

We know not what the future has in store:
 Whether Success will be our Fate,
 Or failure mark our steps and shape before
 A Path to lead at rapid rate.
 But we'll believe and trust in earnest mood,
 Rising from the heart's mystic well,
 To help us meet that fate, as meet we should;
 And the Tale, other folks will tell.

THE MODERN DUALITY, OR A MAN OF THE PERIOD.

A LECTURE IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER FIRST.

Man in General.—Apostrophe to the world; Description of a Summer's Sunset; Quotation from Owen Meredith; Conclusion to Apostrophe and Mental Soliloquization; Quotation from Longfellow; Introductory Conclusion to Prologue; A Series of Observations; 'Man a Zoological Biped; Man a Duality; Man a Medley of Contradictions; An Atom in the Great Nebular System from which is Deduced the Human Family; Correct Method of Value Measurement; Character the Most Reliable System; Public Opinion a Coquettish Mistress; Principle Ultimately Triumphs Over Reputation; Sequent Finale

Our own beloved Longfellow's

“Hights by great men reached and kept.
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night,”

has ever been a beacon star in the horizon of my life, the prime incentive to which all my energies bent. Burdened by a cross of ignorance and superstition, and fettered by the galling bands of poverty, I began digging my way down into the great mine of human life with but a single ray of light to guide—hope; but one companion—opportunity; but one criterion—ambition. Unremittingly were the years passed in picking particle by particle from the solid mass of knowl-

edge until finally a huge boulder of the quartz rock of experience was brought to surface, which being cast into the crucible of love came forth through patience as refined gold in a crown of purest wisdom. Thus enthroned with the royal diadem of virtue and sceptered by the authority of truth and justice. With judgment ripened to a degree of accuracy in the sternest school of reality—experience, I come before the public in a series of systematic observations on that zoological biped called Man and his manifold diversity in character and principle.

“A tiny speck upon the scene where lights and shadows meet,

“A merest atom on a field where joys and sorrows fleet;

“A simple nothing in the whirl of struggling, seething life.

“With its greatest, best endeavor, a mere zero in the strife.

“A brief and tired existence, feeble at its greatest hight,

“A flickering star, whose meager beam is quickly lost in night.

“A thing, whose life and being hangs on a hair-like thread,

“Suspended from a vast unknown where sleep unnumbered dead.

“With mystery for beginning and oblivion at the end,

“As myraid worlds of atoms ever on an upward trend.

“Yet this small, presumptuous morsel, with a vision lame and dim,

“Sometimes really thinks the Universe was solely made for him.”

Man, as a creature, is a queer sprig of something known to the polite world as gentility. Comparative to the balance of natural creation, he holds within the glintless shades of his own small sphere, a measureless expanse of obscurity. That is to say, he has

within himself the power to control and explore almost every other mystery coming under his notice. He knows no unconquerable enemy, except Death; he bows subservient to no force less powerful than himself.

Man is a duality, consisting of persons:—two selves; each as distinctly opposite to the other as are the two principal recognized constituents of the Universe, matter and energy, opposite to each other. Yet this duality in nature is so harmoniously blended as to form one complete and unbroken whole.

He is a medley of contradictions, and at the same time an individual consistency. He is not all times consistent; he is not at all times inconsistent; but, all the days of his life, he is practically both. He is as much of the one as of the other. Either characteristic is becoming to him, because he is unquestionably and radically both.

Man is as he is, because of himself, he cannot be otherwise. He does as he does, because of himself, he cannot do otherwise. I do not intend to advance the opinion that he would not be different, or that he would not do different, if he could; but I do mean to imply it as my belief that he could not if he would.

It is said of a plethoric swain, and the thought amply illustrates the idea thus far brought out, that one pleasant evening he hied himself henceward to the domicile of his lady love and gallantly escorted her to the theater. His conduct during the evening was no different than that of others belonging to the genteel and altogether exclusive set, who absented themselves almost simultaneously from box, parquet and dress circle, between acts, on the pretext of needing to see a man on the outside. Finally the curtain for the last rolled down and the particular couple in question started for home. The lady's name was Maude, and for quite a distance these young people walked in silence, Maude, to all appearances, totally absorbed with her own reflections. Presently the monotony began to be oppressive. To liven mat-

ters the young man said: "Maude, what is the matter? You seem to have forgotten my presence, altogether." She replied: "I am trying to solve a problem." "May I ask what it is?" responded he, suavely. "I was wondering," she continued, "whether when you went out between acts, you took whiskey to drown the scent of the cloves, or took cloves to kill the fumes of the whiskey. In either case ——." "Well, in either case, then, what?" questioned he, interestedly. "In either case—— it was a signal failure, for I could smell the whiskey through the cloves just as easy as I could smell the cloves through the whiskey."

There is that innate desire rising instinctively and unbidden from the human heart to be and to do the best, but because of an inborn duality, the animal of which submits most readily to an unnatural transformation, and gains predominancy over the psychical, he can only act in antagonism to that which sober judgment decides is best. Either consciously, or unconsciously, all things patent to the predominant force yield abject obeisance to it. This is a fixed principle.

Sometime, somewhere, somehow, the impression has come to each and every individual that he or she might rise higher than the common level of sensual satisfaction, and physical contentment. The mind, ever active, is ceaseless and untiring in its endeavors to bring the individual morally to its own elevation, which is ever and always above and beyond the present. This is hope.

Men are neither all good, nor all bad. To possess either character in the absolute to the exclusion of the other, would of itself, disfranchise the individual of all things Earthly; give him a doubtful heritage in Eternity. Saints are the one, Demons are the other. But all men are both good and bad. Either principle is becoming to them, because each is absolutely and unalterably both. The "eternal fitness of things" demands that he, man, "the capstone of the climax of paradoxes," should be just as he is, that the qualifications for Eternal Citizenship may be more clearly apparent to the careful and observant.

Directly in line with the teachings of the Bard of Avon, the good men do in this life dies not with them, but lives on, through succeeding generations to comfort and to bless, until, like some benedictional tradition, it is remembered in a sort of worshipful reverence. Likewise the evil survives the mortal activity of its progenitors to pursue posterity as a curse-freighted menace to the growth and advancement of their morals. Everlasting may be the good and indestructible the evil—aye blessed becomes the virtue and damning the vice, which emanate from the conduct of men after they, themselves, have ceased to exist.

Each individual is an atom in the great, the mysterious system, from which is deduced the human family. As the loss of a single atom in the construction of a complete material whole is unestimable, even so is the value of a man, incalculable. A man's worth is not to be expressed in the terms employed to indicate the commercial value of so much aqua, salt, calcine, carbon and glue; neither by prettily worded epitaphs deeply graven in polished marble—for markets fluctuate and monuments of stone crumble into dust, leaving no rule by which to calculate and no solid surface upon to chisel. How, then, will you accurately estimate the worth of a man? Ah, there's the stickler—the dead rocks and shoals upon which many a gallant bark has been shattered! In view of all this, how will you accurately estimate the worth of a man?

The most reliable system of measurement seems to be character, the bulletin-board of what a man is, what he is doing, what influence he exerts in the world. As a fundamental doctrine, it should never be overlooked or forgotten that character is what we really are. Reputation is merely what others, perforce of occasion and circumstances chance to think we are.

Public opinion, or reputation, is perhaps one of the most uncertain and irresponsible things with which mankind associates. To-day, mayhap, she sounds the

tocsin of glorious achievement in behalf of a fellow-creature, and in laudatory phrase sings his preference to the skies, thus causing even the minutest communities to do him homage. To-morrow, with a bewitching twirl of her treacherous wand, he is buried beyond all hope of resurrection beneath a mountain of calumny. Indeed, is public opinion the coquettish mistress of the reputational destiny of men, whose every caprice has in it some whimsical proportion of success or failure for every man, woman and child.

A patronizing tone of her enchanting voice, or a single glance from her sparkling eyes, brings the world prostrate at her feet. On one she smiles gracefully, approvingly; on another, she frowns contemptuously. Thus reputations are created and destroyed by whatever mood this sportive goddess may be in at the time of speaking her mind.

With character it is different. A man wins only what he merits. All of the superficial blandishments he may flourish will not gain for him one single per cent more of credit than justly belongs to him.

Many times men, whose hearts are as black with corruption as the smutted walls of the infernal regions, wash the outward filth and grime from their hands in Pluto's popular stream and float complacently with the tide as fondled favorites. On the other hand, men whose every motive and impulse were as true as steel have been ruthlessly thrust into the pit of ignominy simply because, and for no other reason than that this flirting queen of public estimation frowned on them with disfavor.

Ordinarily the contrast between these two conditions would seem to be in advantage of public opinion, or reputation, but when the great searchlight of Truth is turned on, and mortality can see to the bottom of every impulse and understand the motive: when by Faith a glimpse can be had beyond time and the present, then it is that character and not reputation, appears most triumphant.

You can determine the innermost of a man by look-

ing at him, no more than you can classify the analytical components of water by tasting it. Each mortal of earth is a creature of times and circumstances. The grimy garb of rags serving to in a way protect his body from piercing winds and biting frosts, may be but so much evidence of the many drops of blood sweat in the agonies of the world's Gethsemena, in an honest effort against fate to sustain himself and his. In short, not every man is a vagrant who happens to wear soiled clothes and does menial service for a morsel of food and a place to lodge at night; because it often happens that the elegant and costly suit of broadcloth fails of getting paid for, and that labor with most people is a matter of necessity, rather than a thing of choice.

The great want of this age, says one writer, is men. Men who are not for sale. Men who are honest, sound from center to circumference, true to the heart's core. Men who will condemn wrong in friend or foe, in themselves as well as others. Men whose consciences are steady as the needle to the pole. Men who will stand for the right if the heavens totter and the earth reels. Men who can tell the truth and look the truth; and look the world and the devil right in the eye. Men that neither brag nor run. Men that neither flag nor flinch.

Men who can have courage without whistling for it, and joy without shouting to bring it. Men in whom the current of everlasting life runs still and deep and strong. Men too large for sectarian limits, and too strong for sectarian bonds. Men who do not strive, nor cry, nor cause their voices to be heard in the streets, but who will not fail nor be discouraged till judgment be set on earth. Men who know their duty and do it. Men who know their place and fill it. Men who mind their own business. Men who will not lie. Men who are not too lazy to work, nor too proud to be poor. Men who are willing to eat what they have earned, and earn what they have paid for.

CHAPTER SECOND.

HOME.—Motive for Sentiment and Feeling; Thoughtless Days; Pleasant and Unpleasant Experiences; Dearest Spot on Earth; Counsel Room and Hearthstone; Common Court Where All Matters in the Household Are Brought for Adjudication; Father's Justice and Judgment; Mother's Kindness and Sympathy Toward Offenses and The Offenders; The Mecca to Which the Thoughts of the Homeless Ever Turn; Haven of Every Child's Refuge, the Birthplace of Earthly Institutions; Woman's Exclusive World, etc..

Home! What currents of sentiment and feeling the mere utterance of that one word sets in motion! What a vast multitude of memories crowd to the fore at the simple thought of that most significant of words, home! Recollections outline in all the vividness of an ever-present reality, the experiences, both pleasant and unpleasant, properly belonging to the embryonic days of childhood. The pleasant experiences are reviewed with gladness and satisfaction; the unpleasant experiences are just as closely attended by regrets and inward pain. Oh, that the innocence of childhood might not be polluted by the blighting taint of error! Sweeter, indeed, would be the memories "as fond recollections present them to view;" grander would be the manhood, nobler the womanhood, and more sublime the endeavor, as onward we march to old age and the end. But why foster the thought of realizing such sanguine hopes for the mortals of earth, since century after century has witnessed simply a repetition of the natural round in domestic affairs from one generation to another? The proposition that a blushing, modest maiden shall forsake father, mother, sister and brother, and cut off all her associates, to join her prospects with those of a man presupposes the establishment of a home, and subsequently the maintenance and rearing of children.

That home may be good or bad, happy or unhappy, pleasant or unpleasant, christian or unchristian, just in whatever degree the makers thereof incline to good or evil. The prime incentive rising to the dignity of legitimate home construction is a condition apparent only after men and women pass beyond the bounds of mere friendship through the portals of that sphere where nectared exaggeration is the bodiless substance upon which passion-stricken mortals thrive, and have said all to each other that any two usually say who meet as strangers and finally through the process of continued intimacy decide to face the joys and vicissitudes of life as one. Love, that indefinable, that all-enrapturing something—that mysterious, pleasure-fraught under-current sweeping like gentle zephyrs through the webless fabric of human being is the only basis upon which substantial and lasting happiness can be successfully reared. It is a passion, which when fanned into life by sentimental associations knows no law, obeys no mandate, yields to no government, except itself, and ultimately becomes so tremendous in its force as to baffle the powers of humanity in controlling it. The power to love comes from heaven, and when not uncurbed by evil is as the after-melody of an enchanting strain of music, or the rythm of a bright, new song and sparkles in its freshness like dewdrops new-kissed by the golden messengers of morning. What love-lorn maiden does not in her hopeful, expectant moments allow imagination to cast her delicate pinions across the vale of anticipation and weave a network of dreams about orange blossoms, wedding chimes, a bridal veil and a happy home? What woman is there who has not confessed to herself, if not to others, the wish that her ideal knightly hero, her affection-crowned king, might become the embodiment of real flesh and blood, seeking the richest gem in the casket of values—her hand—with her heart, the quintessence of her whole soul within it? This is the first, the last, the highest, the greatest ambition of a true woman's life, to "love and be loved in return." With that fortification she can live down hatred, bid

defiance to enmity, destroy jealousy and create emoluments for the human race. Give her a loom of felicity with a shuttle of confidence, and she will, from the warp and woof of maternity weave a purple robe of chastity for her household and clothe herself in honor with the sweetest word in any language spoken by the tongues of men—mother—the captive chain of earth, the touchstone to heaven, the synonym of God.

Home—the place, dearest spot on earth—where childhood's comforts and culture are planned and pursued; the place, most sacred to heart, where father and mother, and sisters and brother, were wont to meet around the family hearthstone to chat and counsel, or to engage in many a merry romp and game; the common court, where all matters of domestic jurisprudence were brought in appeal for adjudication. Who does not recall in after years how just and impartial father tried to be in all his judgments; or, how kind and sympathetic mother was toward offences and the offenders? Who does not feel some pangs of regret because of his meanness and ingratitude for benefits received at a time when he or she was no less than a nuisance and at best but little better than a subject of toleration? Home is the Mecca to which the thoughts of the homeless are ever turning; the Utopia, which fills the sleepless nights of indigent wanderers with visions of ample store as comforts unto the commonweal. How gladly would many who possess so few of the comforts of this life and control so little of this world's goods that the azure dome of heaven is their only shelter, sunlight their only means of warmth and a tuft of greensward their only pillow, accept the genial hospitality of that home which once was theirs for the choosing? But alas! the changes of time have swept all possibility of recovery beyond human skill. The mistakes of the past cannot be so amended as to bring back the advantages then lost. Home is that haven of rest to which heart-sick, sin-bedraggled mariners course their frail barks, tossed hither and yon by the surging billows on life's tumbling sea of sorrow and adversity. It is "the holiest

of holies," the city of every child's refuge; it is the eternal fixture in the birth and maintenance of earthly institutions; it is the Eden of lasting friendship and tender affiliations; it is woman's exclusive realm, the small domain over which she reigns imperial queen; it is the schoolroom of infancy and its influences are manifold, far-reaching and sublime. As a complement to home-life it can be truly said that woman is a graceful creature to whose whims man caters as he would obey statute law. She moves the world with a smile or a tear; her opinions voiced, shape the purposes of nations to noble ends; she can have, at will, the grade of humanity best suited to her tastes. If she wants noble manhood, she has only to require it; if she is satisfied with degraded manhood, that is all she can expect; and, unfortunately, she has not been strict, as a rule, in her requirements and the race has suffered accordingly.

Home is the place where a man's true measurement is taken. 'Tis here that he lays aside his mask and bares his breast for penetration. He may masquerade at the market-place, as a popular barterer; in the forum, as a careful magistrate; on the street corner, a good-natured fellow; by the field, an industrious husbandman; but in his own home is to be learned whether he be an imp or angel, king or cur, hero or humbug. It matters not what the world says of him, whether he be coronated with kingly jewels or bathed in ancient eggs; it matters nothing as to his reputation: if his babies dread his coming and his wife swallows her heart every time she speaks to him, he is a clear-water fraud; he may pray till exhausted; keep the neighbors awake with songs of Zion, and shout hallelujah in tones of thunder from the eternal hills—he's a fraud. A pertinent question arises here: Why is it that men—some men—husbands and fathers, can be and are all sauvity and affableness on the street, in society and at their places of business, to those with whom they come in contact—even going so far in their overtures of politeness toward others as to win the encomium "generous and jovial," yet just so soon as they leave the bustling mart and dizzy whirl of society

to enter the privacy of home they and good manners part at the gateway? Instead of greeting the innocent prattlers that rush joyfully to meet him with a merry, hearty romp, and his wife with a tender smile and kiss of affection, why is it that this counterfeit make-shift of a husband and father pushes the little ones roughly aside with a harsh, "stay there, now, and don't you move," and frowns on her of tender heart with a withering sneer, which carries in it all the ignoble traits of paternal bossism and domestic autocracy? If he can be pleasant to others, he can be pleasant to his family; if he don't do it, he's a hypocrite. A man has no right to apportion his graces to his friends and dish up his tyranny to his family. His wife and children have claims he cannot ignore; if he has not learned that he's unfit to assume the obligations of a parent. But are men the ones always most at fault as touching household disharmonies? Verily we shall see. Reason does not admit an effect without a cause, and a single glance behind the scene may reveal startling things. The bane of most human lives is due to a lack of prudence, and perhaps in no sense is the cause for woe more apparent than in matters of modern love-making. Were young folks, and old ones, too, for that matter, more judicious in the selection of life-companions, there would be less sorrow and disappointment, fewer life-long regrets, less reason for divorce-court intervention. Young men discuss fashion, talk nonsense, and whisper love, because it is comparatively easy to make indiscriminate remarks, especially when the dear girl seems pleased with such foolishness and no opposition arises, no estimate of opinion is at stake. To discuss intelligently, science, art, literature, music, economics, government, antiquities, mythology, history, and the like, requires unflagging energy of body, unwavering fidelity to study, adroit accumulation and a carefully stored resource of memory. The average young man and young woman can dissertate on senseless frivolities and enjoy sentimental slush to far better advantage than they can contemplate differentiation. The majority of young

ladies are not seeking intellectual and moral capabilities near so much as they are looking for a "dear fellow" of "swell" appearance and pleasing adeptness in the wiles of fascination. No very great inducements are held out for merit and active manhood, hence young men study only to attract the carnal eye and thus become merely succedaneums in the rank and file of the world's celebrities; indigents of earth's husbandmen. In this matter both men and women are at fault. Women, as a rule, do not demand a high standard of moral worth, and men are not apt to stock the market with an unsalable article. Yet withal, this same faithless offspring of Adam assumes the sacred responsibilities of parentage with no brighter prospects than inconstancy and divorce. If the women of this age would require that each man aspiring for favor should be all that constitutes true manhood—would set a plausible example, infidelity would drop out of the world as effectually as witchcraft became a lost art. When husbands and wives disagree, it is usually the fault of both of them; when they agree, it is due to the effort of both of them. This is an incontrovertible rule, an immutable law. If the husband makes as much effort to hide all his shortcomings from his wife as he did to hide them from his sweetheart; if the wife tries as hard to keep her imperfections in the background—strives with the same earnestness to keep herself wreathed in smiles in the presence of her husband as she did in the presence of her lover; if both of them keep themselves as anxious to settle an argument without debate, after marriage, as before, there can be no domestic rebellions, no household insurrections, no need for judicial treaties of peace. The little government known as the home, would, under such administration, move under the pleasant restraint of civil service without appeal to jurist arbitration. The whole system of matrimonial suzerainty, reduced to diplomacy, is this: Persons marrying should be mentally and physically equal; they should be in touch with all that constitutes moral congeniality; they should be naturally adapted to each

other, with positive and negative refraction of disposition—that is to say, each must be a certain mental and moral magnet to the other; they should be equal in rank and station; the leader of fashion would hardly be compatible to her father's coachman; they should understand domestic economy and household government; they should treaty with peace as touching all things having to deal with their happiness and the comfort of those about them; they should not go at matrimony as they would if purchasing a piano, sewing machine or carriage; they should know that to them and to the sacred state of matrimonial existence belongs the responsibility of furnishing the world with healthful and honorable posterity; that as they, husbands and wives live, just so will their children be apt to live after them; that when love and common sense reign supreme it is as impossible to have a domestic quarrel or a family jar, as it would be to get rain from a cloudless sky at noonday; that a pair of bewitching eyes in her and a fascinating smile from him, should not become the basis upon which the marriage ceremony is set; that marital relations should be considered while the individual is in full possession of all his or her faculties—fewer mistakes were recorded did people do this.

Home is the source of felicity where friend and foe, master and servant, lover and sweetheart, brother and sister, father and mother, run counter-current to each other in the delusive eddyings of love and hatred, truth and error, fact and falsehood, fidelity and infidelity, hope and despair, and whatsoever else there be in the conditions of unchanging variety in the movement of passions. Of all the rest, somehow I like friendship, because it at once and always implies an affection purged of all the impurities of self-devotion. Love, as applied to connubial relationship is one of the most selfish passions that assume proportion in the general make-up of human nature—unreasonable and exacting in all of its requirements no opportunity is given for that liberality of kind intercourse so essential to the full.

measure of mortal welfare and happiness. An exordial exegesis of the elements from which the terms love and friendship are taken would involve at least the first principles of secular intercourse, as touching individuals, families, communities, states and nations, in their primitive, as well as in their cardinal relations to success or failure, joy or misery, as bound by the limits of home and society. The stability of home influence is not dependent so much upon that intangible energy which instinctively separates kindred spirits from the common throng and binds them in felicitous fealty, as it is upon that indefinable rationality rising unbidden from the human heart to pity and to sympathize, and which, in its matchless movement through man's nature builds character that desires to correct error without offending it, to strengthen principle by encouraging it. The first is love sentimentally endowed; the latter friendship fundamentally enthroned. That hearthstone is not substantial, nor do I count its influence edifying or enduring, which has no firmer foundation than momentary blindness to fault—sentiment. Sentimentality seldom, if ever, gets deeper in feeling and value than the surface, wherever and whatever that may be, while that broader sympathy which unites hearts and society in the most comprehensive conception of their virtue and usefulness strikes at the center and bottom of social possibility like unto a spiritual laxative, moving gracefully away all impurity just so far and just so fast as its presence becomes the leading force and most active principle. Were I writing marriage ethics one of the first, if not the first requirements would prescribe that no home be permitted by law or otherwise where the aspirants for such station are not the best of friends. Friendship seeks, protects, defends; sentiment indulges ignores, forgets—wraps itself and its, in a cloak of exculsiveness unstable, undefensive, selfish. Sentimentality is the handmaid of lust, and her chief office seems to be the gratification of sensual desire; friendship is the companion of faith, and stands as the central support to the tabernacle of hope and

charity, and furnishes joy for time and eternity. Personally, I could not violate the dignity of moral manhood to the degree that marriage with a woman in whom I did not confide absolutely, would imply. I could not marry the woman I did not love, respect and honor. These three principles belong to friendship and not to sentiment. In short, true love is nothing less than friendship purified, and never can lose its identity in sentiment. As a case in point, I now recall an incident in real life which was brought to my notice during a sojourn in Chicago, recently. The youngest daughter of respectable parents became infatuated with a like-diseased young man a few years ago. Perhaps no sadder fate could have befallen her of tender susceptibilities, in this world of uncertainty and circumstances, than to learn to love that man deeply, truly, passionately, and at last through his perfidy and fickleness be driven to despair. A lass of sixteen summers unfitted from a lack of education and experience to combat the seductive influences environing her she ruthlessly admitted to the sacred domain of her budding womanhood, associations coming in the guise of friendship but rotten at heart with sentimental treachery. Uninitiated in the iniquitous ways of vice and uninstructed in the safest principles of moral rectitude her confidence was easily won by the sly artifices of the man she afterwards married. To her, simple trust and implicit confidence were synonymous to virtue and a major chord in the anthem of life. The world opened out to her, as it has to myriads of others, a great, grand, pleasure-bringing fact, and mankind was accepted as it seemed. No thought entered the young innocent's mind that things are not always what they appear to be, nor that existence through the coming years might after all be to her an empty dream—an endless night of suffering as a penalty for her disobedience to the counselings of father and mother. Her confidence once won she looked upon the world and her admirer in a new aspect. Inspiringly the great searchlight of her con-

finding nature penetrated the filial atmosphere about her, and cast a brilliant shaft far out over the sea of anticipation and from its chaotic blackness reflected back bright visions of her noblest self in the personage of him she had learned to trust. The open frankness of his soul, apparently revealed in every act performed, in every word spoken, and in every glance from his eyes proved to be a winning appeal for all she held dear. By one sweep of his masterful presence she bowed, his subservient slave. Her heart, her soul, her divinest hopes, her loftiest ambition, each, all, at once became his to lift up and cherish, or to degrade and ruin at will. The marriage was opposed by the parents of the girl, and upon substantial grounds, too, but the selfishness of sentimental exclusiveness prompted an elopement and a clandestine ceremony. The young husband wearied of the novelty in a comparatively few months and as a natural consequence began to neglect his wife, by seeking pleasure among questionable associates around other firesides than his own. This condition of affairs was kept up until separation became imperative as a relief to a deluded and heart-broken woman, who now must endure the anguish of blighted hopes renewed by every kiss she imprints upon the brow of the son left in her care, who bears in his rosy countenance something of the image of both herself and her betrayer. Had this man been truly a friend to the woman he called wife, that friendship of itself would have shut out every other association not brought within the sacred precinct of her society, and the son coming to them would have been the third golden link in the chain of enduring affiliation, which has in it peace, hope and happiness. To suffer through his recklessness and treachery did not seem to lessen her devotion for him, but to the contrary, rather increased it until a certain limit was reached when patience and forbearance ceased to be a virtue, then she in all the desperation of pent-up fury felt the love-passion within

her changing to hatred—miserable, terrifying, deadly hatred—as blasting in its raging nature as the warmth preceding it was blessed. This case is but one more testimony to the theory that when a woman learns to love a man truly, honestly, devotedly, whether she be his mother, sister or his sweetheart, she has no interests not identified with his own. She as intuitively clings to him as the clambering ivy clings to the monarchical oak, until every root and branch has decayed—the trunk rotted to its very heart—every vestige of manhood forsaken him, and he, like some noxious thing of the forest dense and deep, or like a specter cloud in a winter's sky, drops out of existence, silently, unmourned, and unredeemed, into the mysterious and unalterable vale of nonentity. Thus we are left with the final conclusion, that, for the man who deliberately and purposely wins a young woman's warmest regards only to cast her and them off as a child lays aside some tired-of plaything, there should be no sympathy; no penalty too severe for the reprehension of his crime. He is a moral leper, a social vampire feeding on hideous principles, a menace to integrity and honor; a monster to be shunned as the poisonous fumes of some vile decoction; he should be excluded from the society of honorable men and women, and avoided as a spirit of the unrespectable. The highwayman, the pilferer, or the midnight assassin, are each and all better than he; for, they at their worst can but relieve one of property and deprive of life, while he robs her of tender heart of life, honor, integrity, hope, friends and happiness; and, above all, betrays the most sacred trust of a human being! It is human to imagine that when the Great King comes in power and glory to make up His jewels, no soul will be more welcome or more precious, no hands will gather sweeter flowers or strew richer garlands in the land of Paradise, than she who is unjustly persecuted, betrayed and cast out here.

CHAPTER THIRD.

EDUCATION. — Meaning and Scope; the Two Conditions Distinguishing Individuals; Knowledge a Systematic Accumulation of Facts; Joy of Culture and Refinement; Difference Between Education and Book-Learning; Schools Not Exclusive Educators; The First Institution of Learning; Adam and Eve's First Lesson From Text Book of Experience; An Important Factor in Educational Development; Intellectual Gold; Moral Ornament and Mental Exchange; Parents the First and Chief Instructors; Metaphorical Gem.

Education! What immensity of meaning is wrapped up in that simple collection of letters; over what a vast and fertile area of tillable surface it spans! Gibbon wisely said: "Every person has two educations; one which he receives from others, and one more important, which he gives to himself," and to the trained eye and brain of the scholar it seems clear that there are virtually but two conditions distinguishing individuals: one is knowledge; the other, a lack of it—ignorance. Either condition is a matter of choice or necessity and assigns to the solemn pages of history the fateful record of cause and effect as tempered by the competency or incompetency of its possessor.

Knowledge is the direct result of study, instruction, observation and experience—a systematic accumulation of facts upon which the mind may render just and impartial judgment and by which memory is stored with information concerning persons, places and things. The action of the mind upon facts thus obtained produces what is commonly recognized as culture and accomplishment: polish to nature, as it were. Ignorance is evidence of the lack of all this and the strongest symbol of barbarism. Locke in the beauty of philosophy gives utterance to the belief that "The last resort a man has recourse to in the conduct of

himself is his understanding," and human intercourse seems to justify the conviction that there is no joy so complete to refined nature as refinement. There is nothing to be more thoroughly enjoyed, aside from contemplating the best thought of cultured people as it appears in their books, than simply reclining in the balmy atmosphere of genius and absorbing the benign influence of the genteel. No person can pursue this course for any length of time and fail to reflect some proportion of that influence in his or her customs and manners. It is a doctrine worthy of belief that a life directed by association with the truly cultured cannot in that be shaped amiss, because the preliminary steps to such exaltation signify the unconditional surrender of all false assumption and superstitious coarseness, and the unequivocal adoption of studious habits, together with a gradually growing preference for intellectual superiors. Open frankness when regulated by prudence is a characteristic most admirable in anyone. Perhaps one of the most detestable and withal misleading practices of some grades of modern society are found in the operation of that sort of superficial modesty assumed by many "chalk and water" people, which compels one to guess at everything about them—their ages and complexions not excepted. It is not what a man or woman appears to be, but that which he or she really is; constitutes the measure of merit which establishes his or her claim to the distinction of lady or gentleman, scholar or ignoramus. It is not the creed adopted, nor the articles of faith subscribed to, but rather the knowledge which is put into practice that counts as vice or virtue. Whatever a man is he is, in spite of all the pedantic displays he may exhibit to the contrary. Wealth is a very poor substitute, even in the commercial sense, for gentility and intelligence, though perhaps the latter can best be "shown off in company" by the habiliments afforded of a large possession of the former. But when reality is gone after and considered from the standpoint of what it must be, then to the genuine student is re-

vealed the value of a beautiful self in a coarser tenement of clay. In the clearer presence of individual excellence all reckless foibles, chimerical fancies and sham reserve appear at a painful disadvantage. Refinement is wealth to a degree, but it is not so certain a thing that wealth is refinement. In truth one is the measure and the other the means by which the intrinsic worth of men and women is estimated; that is to say, refinement is the result of long and tedious discipline, while wealth is the means by which opportunity for carefully and accurately burnishing nature to an animated and graceful interest in mental power and capability is attracted. The repulsiveness of disculture is most keenly felt by those of delicate accomplishments. Just as some ethereal fabric yields soiled surface in the presence of baser elements, even so and likewise contrasts the sheen of intelligence with the grimy hues of ignorance. There is a joy in the society of the cultured, even though no speech find the pleasing shape of utterance. The æsthetic atmosphere touching the erudite sweeps across the path of ignorance and tutors it in the finer sensibilities of finished character.

Education, then, is simply a broadening and deepening of the powers of mind, evolving as it were, thought minutia into the largest and best of which they are capable, and sharpening the perceptions to the keenest realization of their existence and surroundings. There is a marked difference between education and learning. A person may be familiar with the technicality of books; he or she may be able to repeat by rote the gist of their contents, and still lack many of the qualifying principles in the ultimate of his or her education. On the other hand, an individual may lack somewhat of the technics and yet be furnished with a competency to meet the practical requirements of everyday life far superior in degree to that possessed by him who confined himself wholly to the college or university curriculum. What truth in the teaching of Pythagoras, the Greek philosopher, who said: "The

desire to know contains not always the faculty to acquire." The real and the unreal, the ficial and the superficial, the practical and the impractical are forever battling against each other. The real, or educated man or woman is the complement in some part of all that signifies proper development. The superficial, or book-learned only, is simply an indecipherable output of mechanical institutions, and may be in a sense popular, but ultimates eventually in unseemly traits. Mental and moral development is a matter far-reaching in its import. It has to deal with the world's virtue and usefulness as imbedded in the hearts of its people. It touches every home and redounds to the value of every institution. Development of the mental and moral faculties implies education and education always implies in some degree teaching. Every human being is a creature of education, and as such remains from the ingress to exodus. All that is seen, heard and associated with during the natural course of life, has some humble part to perform in the drama of mortal career—makes some contribution to the store of human knowledge. Schools are not the exclusive educators; pedagogues, not the only instructors—in fact they can be but the promoters of the beginning. Book-learning is a knowledge of the contents of books, while the education which follows that and other processes is the development of nature commensurate to the limits of itself. Whatever, then, develops the man from neophyte to sage in his fullest capacity, that is his educator. Therefore, a period of study confined wholly to the narrow latitude of books, results simply in a good, bad or indifferent erudition of men, while to unshackle the mind and ascribe to it the freedom of the infinite wins to the action and the individual a deeper, clearer and more practical familiarity with what is to be acquired.

The first institution of learning was established soon after the creation and at the beginning of the first century of the world's existence when Adam and Eve took their first lesson from the text-book of experi-

ence in the Garden of Eden; and through all of the ages since then men and women have received their first instructions in the first schoolroom—The Home. This fact, then, furnishes us with the theory that the home of a child is the first and most important factor in the primary development of its natural propensities. The word child implies the man or woman of a few years hence, and therefore places us in the presence of innumerable possibilities.

The founding of the first university occurred at Oxford by King Alfred in 872, King Philip II. following with the University of Paris in 1200. The first college of the University of Cambridge is said to have been founded by Hugo, Bishop of Ely, in the year 1257. These were followed by the German Empire at Prague, 1348; University of Edinburg, 1582; Trinity College, Dublin, 1591; Harvard, 1636; Yale, Saybrook, Conn., 1700, afterward, New Haven, 1716. These latter were antedated somewhat by William and Mary College, established 1617, building erected at Williamsburg, Virginia, 1693.

For two hundred and fifty-nine years the United States has given the children an opportunity to acquire an education by means of town schools which were established by legislation about the year 1642. Dear old Connecticut was the first of the states to take active steps in that direction, a school having been opened at Hartford. Massachusetts was a close second and opened the first common school in 1645, but three years later. These schools of two hundred fifty odd years ago, presented the primitive opportunities in America for people in the ordinary walks of life. They formed the nucleus about which has clustered the influences leading up to the grander educational institutions of to-day.

Statistics show that in 1899, there were 16,738,363 pupils receiving education in the United States. Indiana had 556,651 pupils enrolled, or 24.61 per cent of its population, with an average daily attendance of 424,725. This work gave employment to 15,488 teachers.

Child-study became the earnest life-work of such men as John Knox, Robert Raikes, Pestalozzi and others, who gave to humanity the system of child-culture most worthy of place among all the accepted educational systems extant. To them, and especially to Pestalozzi, is due an uncancellable debt of gratitude for the kindergarten method now so popular in this country and in Europe. The extreme limits of psychology, pedagogy and anthropology have been traversed for the benefit of rising generations, and as teachers advance in their search for knowledge along this particular line their concern increases because of the responsibility accompanying individual influence and instruction; and, it is with a keen sense of what each will be held accountable for in at least two worlds that shapes out and deepens their interest as to what and when and how they shall teach. The early years of child-life are filled with serious fact—no doubts, nor fears, nor reasonings—but solemn, serious fact. With intellectual faculties as susceptible to impressions as a lump of plastic molder's wax, and fully as unrelaxing in the tenacity with which they retain those impressions, the little "bunch of possibilities" starts on its first voyage of exploration from the cradle. Unable to avoid that which is detrimental, and likewise incompetent to select only that which would be beneficial, the impressions of vice are just as deep as are the impressions of virtue; hence, it matters not whether a child learns evil or good, or both, it is all the same so far as the acquiring phase of the proposition is concerned. Whether a child learns more of good than of evil depends largely upon the degree of care exercised by those having in charge the development of infant possibilities in furnishing such environments as have a tendency to correct fault by judiciously overlooking it to the point where true character stands out in its strength of nobility and grandeur. Culture of faculties and refinement of manners are the means by which it is to be determined whether an individual has been properly taught, these accomplishments

containing and being the value limit of intellectual gold, whether it be cast into moral ornament or coined into the denominated specie of mental exchange. Under the kindergarten plan of instruction it is intended that the young mind shall broaden and deepen to a possession of fact by coming in contact with the things of nature in such ways as evolve mental power and physical growth through association with material objects, rather than to involve cultivation from speculative theories. Thus the child gradually comes into harmony with its surroundings in degree commensurate to its natural growth. In other words, the child learns to know things by their right names and acquires something of a knowledge of their nature by being made familiar with them at a time in life when impressions need to be simple, though none the less accurate and trustworthy. I believe the most difficult task of the average teacher does not arise so much from the introduction of new rules and new methods, as from the necessity of continually abrogating false impressions and casting out error, which in most cases are not due to ignorance of right, but rather to misapplication of the law by which truth is made apparent. The simplest law of mathematics says, "Know the truth and it shall make you free." Simple statement, isn't it? "Yes," you say, "but——." But what? Ah, the mastery of that difficult science is the only legitimate means by which the student can really know that the law is simple. While wandering through the wilderness of error the very simplicity of that law becomes almost an unsurmountable complication. Only after the light has been reached can the aimlessness of previous endeavors be seen. Whatever is true regarding the law of mathematics is true of almost anything else which qualifies the mind. The old idea of chocking an infant's mind full of rules and precepts has very properly given way to the more rational method of storing child mind with a knowledge and fullness of itself, so to speak—that is, asso-

ciating it with those things most natural and attractive to it—until such time as truth shall require fixed and specified limits. The intellect thus systematically expanding to a possession of the truth, the child must as a natural consequence adopt, without aversion, the common systems of mental evolution as the only right thing to do. Under this proposition it is obvious that so soon as a pupil is fitted to move under the discipline of rigid rule, the rule ceases to be a rule, and all seeming inflexibility of the discipline vanishes into the purer atmosphere of simple pleasure in a perfect knowledge of the truth.

To my mind the quickest and most certain method of confounding a child's integrity and honor, and confronting it with a menace to the foundation of its true character, is for parents to destroy its confidence in their truth and veracity. To every child father's opinion should be supreme; mother's opinion should be supreme;—both a royal tribunal from whose decision no appeal could be taken; and there should never arise in that child's presence a discussion of, nor even a comment upon the judgment of either, except in so far, at such times and on such occasions as complimentary notice of the same will tend to furnish the child with a higher appreciation and a purer conception of the imperial virtue of that supremacy. It not infrequently occurs that the measure of an individual's moral experience is fixed in the adverse by the authority and good judgment of one parent being questioned by the other. The young mind and heart may not be able to reason from cause to effect at the time, but its little intellect will garner the impressions of this stultifying influence of fidelity precipitated until such time as it can collect the facts and upon them render judgment for itself; and then, perhaps, the seed you have thoughtlessly sown, parents, will burst forth in the vigor of bud and blossom only to yield to you, eventually, a bountiful harvest of shame and remorse. Too much stress cannot be laid upon the responsibility

of those intrusted with the rearing of children. How well husband and wife ought to be prepared by adaptation to each other and to the great work of culturing the tender flowers of humanity consigned to their care! How carefully ought the plans to be laid for that child's future just so soon as it becomes an apparent incumbency. I believe did candidates for the exalted position of fatherhood and motherhood give more attention to the framing and maintenance of a proper constitutional government for the people of their household, the population of that little republic would in most cases be free from the slavish bondage of mistrust. To be instrumental in the existence of a human being, and then abandon that being to the polluting suspicions of a sin-burdened world, is a crime against heaven—an insult to God, that the atoning blood of Christ and the agonies of the Cross may not blot out. Time, that silent, though unerring developer of hidden forces, shall furnish the revelation. The occasion when that indifferent mother called father's justice and judgment into question, she set in her offspring's little heart a cancerous root of unbelief that must forever be a thorn of doubt pricking through its side of honor and integrity as a man or woman—a jagging briar goading it on to desperation. Perhaps no sadder fate, no greater calamity can come into a young child's life than to blast its confidence in the things which and those whom it loves. It is just as natural for a child to love one parent as the other, and for either to attack any principle of virtue in the other is to scatter combustible fragments by which that same child will, by the light of common sense and reason, kindle a fire of indignation so hot as to burn out root and branch, the faith it has in both. Never tamper with childhood attachments, if you would endow your children with the rich garniture of truth and clothe them in the purest garment of real manhood and true womanhood. The days of youth are critical. They make up the sum total of life's spring-

time, in which every bud and leaf and stem begins to exercise forces perceptible, in the way of thoughts, words and acts which have very much to do with the fashioning of each individual plant as touching its moral strength, spiritual prolixity and physical beauty during the summertime of manhood and womanhood. It is at this season of change from childhood's budding and leafing to maturity's full-blown blossom that I would have only refreshing dews of toleration and sympathy, and gentle showers of encouragement and proper instruction fall from the heavens of mortal love to nourish these human possibilities to hardiness and vigor, the fruits of whose hands must be gathered in Time's Autumn for the Winter of Eternity. No biting frosts of neglect should blight, no chilling winds of indifference should wither, no cutting blizzards of contempt should freeze out the vitality of these tender plants—young men and young women—in their efforts to be and to do the best, but rather, let them be potted, so to speak, in the greenhouse of infinite wisdom where the tropical sunlight of right thinking can develop and bring out every shade of right speaking and right doing possible. Thus only can they become full-grown, deep-colored and fruitful in the highest sense of natural perfection. I have long been favorable to the opinion that each child's early associations should be closely with those who enjoy the hope of saving faith. Children are not apt to practice in after life things strangely different from what are learned in childhood. It therefore ought not to be expected that they will accomplish or seek after that which the parents and the church people fail to set a value upon. The adverse influence of parents does more sometimes to unravel and annul the instructions of true teachers, than any other system of forces brought to bear upon the future manhood and womanhood of our race. This, of course, is not true in all cases, but the rule is far from being the exception. When Napoleon

sought to climb the Alps with his army, a courier was asked if an army could ascend those rugged and dangerous heights. The courier replied: "It might be done." "Then," said the monarch of battles, "It shall be." The history of that famous march shows that it was done. If the parents of our country would say, "It shall be," and support the declaration by that indomitable courage and unswerving tenacity to a purpose, which won victory after victory for Napoleon, the glorious age to which hope looks, when all kindreds, tongues and tribes of the earth shall be bound by one law—that law the law of universal brotherhood—would not be long in dawning as an actual reality. Give the children proper mental development, and their morals will take care of themselves.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

SOCIETY.—The Three Grades of Elite; Giddy Whirlpool of Polished Sin; Man Born With Social Nature; But Two Kinds of Social Relationship; Sorrow in the Wake of Fashionable Revelry; Reality of Things; The Banquet and Ball; Picture from Life; Customs of Society an Exacting Law; Newspaper Men a Necessary Adjunct; Radical Reform Unpardonable; Average Society Lady's Vanity; Butterflies of Fashion.

The world has at least three distinct grades of what is nicely called Elite Society. These distinctive grades are classified in adverse ratio as best, better, good. Wealth, influence and position are the all-important and controlling factors in determining the particular class to which an individual belongs. To belong to either grade and to be thoroughly in the swim and float with the current of social popularity, it some-

times becomes necessary to sacrifice whatever convictions the individual may have as to real virtue. To be in the giddy whirlpool of elite society, is to revel heedlessly in a sort of polished sin. It is true man is born with a social nature of some sort, and to take that nature away from him would be to rob him of all that is dear and all that is worth living for. There is but one grade of society, in reality, that is worthy of honorable men and women; there is but one grade of society worthy of effort in becoming members of; that is that which makes men and women better, and that lifts the standard of morality and virtue to higher perfection and utility. There are, in the ultimate, but two kinds of social relationship, namely, good and bad. Each of us is attached to one or the other. We cannot belong to both. Elite society's realm is but the picture gallery of false modesty, artificial beauty and baseless ethics. Give me intellectual and social intercourse with men who can think—men who have found the force of peaceful enjoyment in the reality of things; let me bow before women whose footprints are deep in the sands of virtue, and the world can have its vaudeville and its sham. It occurs that misery and sorrow follow society's revelry. I have set at the banquet table; I have mixed with those around the festal board; I have seen simple beauty and rustic health intermixing with such symmetry and grace as to be charming; I have listened to enrapturing music as it rose with voluptuous swell and floated away in inspiring reverberations; I have seen the fairest of accomplished musicians sweep the polished keys of the piano, with impassioned, almost inspired fingers, in response to which silvery tones pealed forth in melody and stole away in rippling murmurings of broken loveliness. But alas, their sonorous sweetness echoed back only sadness and loneliness to the heart of she who so admirably performed. By her taste and skill she delighted those about her, but the pain pictured in her countenance

told only too plainly that her soul was not in the work and that she was not at home. To be a butterfly of fashion and a belle of that glittering assumption called Elite Society was, to her, imprisonment of the most miserable sort, while to have roamed in the fields and among the flowers, and to have mingled her voice with the voices of nature's songsters would have been a paradise of supremest happiness. Though enabled to enthrall others, her heart was silently but surely breaking because of the emptiness about her.

The customs of society at times are troublesome. They become so partly because their requirements are in a sense one-sided, and partly because they are misunderstood. This condition of affairs owes its existence to a fashionable extreme, which having run the gauntlet of its usefulness, long since sought the protection of enemies rather than the support of friends.

Among other things men are stoutly protesting the right of newspapers to comment in detail on costumes and jewelry worn by ladies on social events. It is argued that a man would be filled with horror if on scanning the pages of the morning paper, he were to find his attire tout ensemble described in detail. This of course would depend somewhat on the man, although it must be admitted that the custom in question, even though it be established, is in many instances decidedly unpleasant. Especially is it so when some peevish and petted belle of society reeks vengeance on the head of a poor guileless editor, for having committed the extraordinary crime of denying valuable space in a complimentary write-up of her achievements in the fashionable world. Through habit, the practice of making the fads and fancies of a few members of the human race conspicuous property, gratuitous, has become law—a law as fixed in its immutableness as the existing spirit of resentment in the disposition of daneuses who fail to excite favorable and coveted comments from the press. The

newspaper man who gets a delicate perfumed "preference" invitation, and does his part indifferently will soon find himself occupying the unenviable position of a forgotten hero and reputed only as a sort of block-head or nondescript.

The ordinary reporter is seldom, if ever, invited to a party, soiree or ball, because of his unmatched popularity, but rather that he may have opportunity in writing spicy compliments; in many cases about people, who being puffed by the gas of their own egotism, disdain even a nod of recognition. He is supposed to oscillate his feelings out of mind and courteously accede to the wishes of the world social, and blandly close his eyes and ears to all about him, save that which is presumably most charming and beautiful—captivating manhood and her environments. As exacting as it may seem to need to obey the mandates of such a law, a radical reform on that line would not be unlike trying to banish the traditions of mythology or straining an unpardonable point on the original Four Hundred, so firmly is it fixed as an active principle in the minds of society people everywhere.

The average society lady's modesty is not at all dashed by seeing her name attached to a complete description of her attire, jewelry and general appearance at the last grand ball or reception; but it rather adds satisfaction to vanity. The thorough butterfly of fashion does not permit her cheeks to crimson with sensations of false modesty, when her eyes behold the flattering mention she sought so hard to gain. •

Men seek the praise of women; women strive to please men; neither try to merit the good opinion of members of their own sex, and, if woman deems it essential for struggling ink-slingers to write up her wearing apparel, art de la mode, why—why they must; and that settles it.

Life as mankind observes it seems to be an inexplicable admixture of the unknown quantity. Human

short-sightedness is apt to overlook the truest and most essential elements of social success and moral happiness. Mortals soon forget that earthly things are transitory, and at best but symbols of that higher and better experience called perfection.

The people of the world, tout ensemble, are suffering the pangs of bitterness and remorse. Most of them at one time or another have tasted the cup of heart-refining and soul-trying experience even to the depth of its gallish dregs. Regrets come to many in rapid succession, as though the cloud of adversity hung thick and heavy above and around, ready to drench them in an avalanche of casualties at any moment. The sky of existence, which, to human perception, might be blue and tranquil in the joys and hopes of earth, is overhung with the draperies of quick-coming obscurity curtailed by the gloomy shroudings of mourning. This condition is but the effect of a certain cause, a full understanding of which would render its apparent results less stultifying and objectionable, in that the birth of it is directly traceable to ignorance and superstition on one side and lecherous contention for political power and personal aggrandizement on the other. These two forces so formidable to each other can never exist in harmony together. One or the other, or all of them, must be abrogated from the credenda of mortal acquirements before the sunshine of peace and love and happiness can penetrate the thickening veil with dispensations of comfort and prosperity.

Amid the turmoil and unsuitableness of our environments forgetfulness becomes such a weakness as to render it a habitual ailment. Infinite wisdom has decreed that when a certain period of years has been reached time can be no more. Often people are sordid and unhappy because of that selfishness within them, which denies the pleasure of thankful appreciation for the beautiful in nature. It is strong evidence of contentment when an individual rejoices on account of

the many blessings coming to him in the way of health, position and influence. It is a healthful sign of progress when those blessings are made the means by which wholesome comfort is brought to others. In short, thrice blessed is the man who realizes that he is blessed. One of the first laws of human existence is that finite immutableness by which we may recognize beauty in nature when we see it. It would seem to be an impossibility that men could live in this land of sunshine and flowers, where the cheering song of birds is twittered from every tree and fragrance, deep-scented, ladens every breeze with its balmy sweetness, and be totally oblivious of all these natural conditions of happiness. Yet many there are who become insensible to the very things which mean most in the aggregate of contentment and well-being. Men represent in a greater or less degree the force of cause and effect. The numerous habits which one is apt to acquire have very much to do with making natural surroundings unpleasant. Many men and women whose prospects in childhood were as brilliant as the changing colors at sunset, now exhibit the gloomy consciousness of blighted hope and the sorrowful result of not improving the golden opportunities of life as they come. The depraving influence of vice has never been able to lift a fallen victim from the gutter, or endow him or her with the emoluments of virtue. Under its effects the sensibilities become deadened and the intellect weakens before the wholesome impressions of refinement. Upon the carefulness with which the faculties within us are cultivated to an appreciation of the things without us, and their proper relation to us, will depend the degree of happiness which we enjoy. To violate the laws of nature in this respect is criminal and only invites a positive stunt to manly development, and is in every sense abortive to the highest ideas of human happiness. Men and women do not become mean, low and degraded in a day or a year,

but as a rule, go step by step down the broad pathway that descends to ruin. Perhaps the helpless inebriate before us with his periodical blasphemy and drunken stupor is but the hopeless wreck of him who was once a happy, careless boy, whose plump, rosy cheeks were tinged with the crimson flush of life's brightest morning, while with eyes sparkling in the ruddy glow of health he chased the gaudy butterfly the livelong day. Content with bare feet, scant attire and unkempt hair, he joyously explored the realms of nature in field and bower, and gloried in the majestic splendor of the universe. How little was he disturbed by thoughts of danger lurking in the latitude where the pleasures of youth abode. But the soothing influence of a mother's nurturing love, the fostering care of a proud father, the adorations of an affectionate sister, and the counsel of admiring friends, thrown aside and disregarded, opened up to him an avenue of temptation larger than the strength of his moral nature could combat. Thus in the pursuit of imaginary freedom he brought on his own ruin, until with friends, hope and manhood all gone he was seen heedlessly plunging into the relentless stream of dissipation and more swiftly each time the current of depravity carried him on toward the rocks of destruction. At first, perhaps, indulgences are in a sense moderate and seemingly harmless, but as time rolls on and slavish habits become fixed, men and women gather about the altars of vice in a manner not unlike honey-making bees around the Judas-tree. Lured by the beauty and fragrance of blooming richness, they sip of the nectared sweetness until inoculated with its poison they drop helpless at its trunk.

Among the fashionable means for going to extremes is that pandemonium of popular vice, the ballroom. Here is usually to be found a brilliant display of art and genius. Fair women and gallant men assemble at theaters of uncertain action. Splendorous in appointment and illumined by the golden light of a

thousand tapering jets, rich garnitures of luxuriant drapery and blooming flowers lend beauty to the lovely and the brave, who join hands to chase the passing hours with flying feet. Merry music rises in harmony with the gems sparkling and gleaming from throats of alabaster and floats away in volumes of entrancing melody; separating, as it were, all semblances of care from the atmosphere of gaiety, mutual bliss reigns supreme as swiftly the hours roll on. A ruddy glow radiates each cheek while pretty maids with dainty feet trip the fantastic toe and terpsichorean joys spring from fascinations of the time. Infinitely alluring seems the mazy waltz, as infatuated couples glide like fairies over the polished floor, until lost amid the mysterious contrivances of a fond embrace. This picture is all very nice till one begins to inquire what is going on behind the scenes, then it has a different appearance altogether.

On a recent visit to the metropolis of the great west, where opportunity for observing the customs and habits of society folk could be obtained, I noted that a very great amount of suffering and disease is due to "Drug Drunkenness of Females." The female drug drunkard is directly the output of so-called civilization, prolific, flourishing and evidently come to stay. The best position for gathering information resulted from taking a seat in one of the popular theater buildings. Here congregated the beautiful, the proud, the wealthy from all over the city, attired in costumes befitting the occasion—and many of them slaves—Morphine, did you ask? Yes, but this is but one of a dozen drugs that has in it intoxication, disease and death. It doesn't require a physician to detect the unfailing symptoms of a drug drunkard. There are hundreds of women who go about the city half "jagged" on Dovers powders. They will have their powders and in a few years they are dead. Ether is a late fad with the fashionable drunkard. It is taken in very small quantities, two thimblefuls being an

average drink, but a swell toper can take ten or twelve drinks and attend a reception in the evening. It is said of a wealthy society lady that she consumes a half-pint of ether a day. By nightfall she has reached the glorious stage of smiling, floating, dreamy sensuousness. Men call her languor Oriental, and wonder that she can never be induced to empty her wine-glass or move away from her silken cushions, where she remains to all blandishments a lovely sphinx. Then comes the antipyrene fiend, chloral and cocaine victims, paregoric "guzzlers," tea dissipators and perfume drinkers. Perfume drunkards, it is said, are quite as numerous as devotees of the poppy seed. Of this last polite habit Kate Carter, of New York, says: "If you are observant, you will see any lady take her little 'nip' any afternoon at a matinee, or concert, or lecture. She opens her reticule, or, if too up-to-date for a bag, you will notice her frequent recurrence to the great pocket of her sealskin. From this she takes what you suppose to be a sugar plum or a cough lozenge. If you look closely you will find that it is a square of white sugar. Don't turn your head away, for you will find something to interest you. My lady is about to take a perfume 'ball' right here in the presence of the audience and amid the glare of the incandescent lights. Another dive into the pocket and she brings forth a handsome, finely-cut crystal smelling bottle. You are interested now; she does not raise this to her nostrils, but drops some of its contents on that square of sugar, and before you can say 'Jack Robinson' has popped it into her mouth, downed it like a Kentucky thoroughbred. It's an agreeable dose, sugar and violet water:—five or six lumps will distort the vision and cause the female feet to wander. This perfume drunkard always carries her bar about with her, and usually goes home in a carriage." And still the list increases to bromide of potassium, bromide of ammonia, bromide of lithium, with a companion-mate to ether, phenacetine. In the

face of all this is it any wonder that the race is groaning under its burden of intemperance and wickedness in high places? Society, especially that glittering assumption called elite society, finds a few mortals of earth upon which to bestow distinction of some sort. In New York City there are six married ladies to whom fashion has bowed in the superlative degree. It is a matter of pride to be distinguished for something. Cholly Knickerbocker in the New York Journal writes: "Mrs. S. Van Rensselaer Cruger is the most décollete woman at the opera. I can't say that Mrs. Cruger is the least dressed woman at the opera, for Mrs. Cruger is most dressed when she is most décollete, and she is always most décollete at the opera. A beautiful neck is one of the rarest gifts of nature, and the woman who does not admire Mrs. Cruger's style of dress or who would cavil at the height of her bodice is simply purblind with envy. Mrs. Cruger is not only the most décollete woman at the opera, but the most attractive as well.

"Mrs. C. Albert Stevens is the most beautiful woman at the opera. She is a fair type of American beauty. Her even-featured face, her expressive eyes, her tall and slender figure, her graceful bearing, and that lasting quality of good looks that has withstood the wear and tear of a dozen years in the social whirl, maid and matron, combine to win universal admiration, no matter how much we may dispute about the use of the superlative in her case.

"Mrs. Ogden Mills is the most exclusive woman at the opera. In her own estimation, at least, Mrs. Mills is the Macgregor of society—where she sits is the head of the table. If society were a four-in-hand coach Mrs. Mills would insist on tooling the vehicle with nobody in the box seat.

"Mrs. James Lorillard Kernochan is the finest all-around sportswoman at the opera. When Mrs. Kernochan rides to hounds, the very birds in the air hover on poised wing in envy of her grace, while the

boldest horseman of all the hunt finds it to the limit of his skill to keep the pace she sets.

"Mrs. Henry Sloane is the best-gowned woman at the opera. I tremble as I make the assertion, for I know at least fifty women who will dispute the truth of the statement at once, with the firm conviction that each of them is better gowned than Mrs. Sloane.

"Mrs. John Jacob Astor is the most aristocratic woman at the opera. Judgment here is based more upon genealogy than the assumption of any Vere de Vere airs by Mrs. Astor, although her good looks and her wealth would have turned many a less sensible head than hers."

Yet, not one of them is worthy the honor of being the mother of a Washington or a Lincoln. No, there is nothing desirable in that glittering assumption called Elite society.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

Every man has religion and every man puts into practice throughout his daily life his religion. Not every man, however, has in his possession; christianity. Religion is the effort of man to restore himself from moral destruction; christianity is the effort of God to restore him from sin and degradation. Religion is a code of discipline; christianity is a system of regeneration. Carlyle fittingly remarks, "It is well said, in every sense, that a man's religion is the chief fact with regard to him." The highest purposes of religion is the revelation of truth—the fundamental doctrine of christianity. In a way I regard truth as the correct history of fact. The knowledge of a fact about which truth has given an accurate account brings freedom from mental bondage. Truth is not fact, fact is not truth; fidelity is neither; but,

each is radically and unalterably a part of the other. The existence of fact does not always imply truth; the existence of truth and fact does not necessarily imply fidelity, but the existence of truth must of necessity imply fact. Fact is the action; truth is the accurate record of that action; and, fidelity, the conforming result of fact and the accurate record of it. Logical and moral truth are inseparable. To have one you must have the other. Each is component of the other; neither can stand alone. To illustrate:—I pass along a certain street and see a man painting the palings of a fence in three colors. I say to the first person met that Mr. So and So is painting his fence red, white and blue. The person spoken to passes that way and finds, as I had said, the man painting the fence—that is the fact, the action; each alternate paling respectively, red, white and blue—that is the truth, the correct account; when dry the paint shows the same colors—that is fidelity, conformity of subsequent conditions to the fact of which truth made a correct statement. Reverse the conditions at any point and the result is apparent. I don't care to talk about the fault in anyone. By constantly recalling the faults of others we become faulty ourselves. The most pleasure comes from ignoring the fault and admiring the virtue, except, of course, where the growth of fault intercepts the growth of virtue. Then charity has the right to act; not that charity which consists in almsgiving, but that charity which covers the faults of another, yet tends to their correction. It seems to be humanity's inherent weakness to be forever flaunting the shortcomings of people, but the Humble Man of Gallilee would teach us to reason of the good and forget the bad within us. If we expect to find a person who is faultless, on earth, our expectation is in vain; hence, from that standpoint alone, one person has no moral right to find fault in another. Scripture advises that we "confess our faults to one another," but nowhere is authority

given for finding fault of another; for, how can I pick the "mote" from my neighbor's eye when I have a "beam" in my own? No man was ever redeemed from the error of his ways by pointing out the error only, but rather by glorifying the beauties of right. He who sees the right must admire the right, and by thinking of good rather than of evil, unconsciously does the right because he knows nothing else to do.

The two principal recognized constituents of the universe are matter and energy. Matter is anything that occupies space; energy is that hidden, intangible force, which when united with matter brings about whatever form it may have. The correctness of this pertinent theory in physics is truthfully shown by a block of coal being brought in contact with two other forces equally powerful as to space and action. There it is, an unshapely mass of seemingly lifeless substance; tersely termed the imprisoned sunlight of a thousand summer mornings. Cast it into the furnace, and what happens? Ah, just so soon as the energy in the coal rises to the zenith of that in the fire it bursts forth in the glory of a golden morning, and the silent captives thus set at liberty, uniting with other forces return to the power of light and heat and the material returns to the earth from which it came. Man is as distinct from the universe as God is distinct from the universe, and His crowning creation, man. Matter and energy constitute them both. Both universe and man are dependent upon processes peculiar to themselves for development. Observation teaches that all things material are constantly undergoing changes; that is, are following the mutations of a fixed order of things called nature. While the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms are governed by similar laws of assimilation and transformation, yet man, as an animal, must be treated as a distinctive organization. He differs from the lower animals in that whatever knowledge the

lower animals seem to possess is instinctive, while that of the human is intuitive and constructive. This fact is amply shown in the truth that a horse, for instance, may work in harness for a period of ten or fifteen years, and at the end of that time, will not know any more about plowing or performing the various kinds of service for which the horse is useful than at the beginning, except insofar as familiarity with certain surrounding and regular routine may bring it into action. The animal has but one known faculty—instinct—while man is a creature of many faculties. However, according to the philosophy of Epictetus, of all the given faculties, hidden powers, with which the human being is invested, but one of them is capable of contemplating itself and knowing all the rest—that is the rational faculty—the will power, the mind. Upon this ONE faculty rests, then, the theorem from which is deduced the divinity of man. Simply speaking, the soul, the spirituality in man is practically all there is about him that enables him to reason, to think, to will—that makes him intelligent. Is there a human being so devoid of understanding as not to be amazed at the unexampled magnitude of nature's treasure-house of values? Does that man or woman exist, who is satisfied to think all the mighty demonstrations of power and mystery in creation so lavishly thrown in our way are but things of chance? Unfathomable, profound mystery surrounds us on all sides; evidences of divinity in magic glow shape the course of our faltering footsteps, but the greatest and most impenetrable mystery of all is man himself. Changeable as the moon, and uncertain as the winds that blow from the four corners of the earth, he hardly gets fixed in a position or an opinion, till he becomes unfixed and susceptible to change. Yet some there be who seem ready to presume that man is soulless, Godless, salvationless, and without destiny; except in next to the latter case, as his good acts may redeem him through the

sanction of his own conscience and the approval of his fellowmen. If man has no soul; if there is no God; if no Savior ever paid the ransom for his transgression; if when he dies, he is no different than a dog, cat, horse or an ox, without destination or a future, what virtue can there be in the argument that he ought to live strictly in accordance with a fixed code of moral laws and do homage to a rigid discipline just for the mere satisfaction of having conscience and his fellows approve of it? If man has no soul he can have no conscience; if he have no conscience, he cannot discriminate between right and wrong, and stands before the world a mental pauper shorn of all the sublime elements that go to qualify his competency to determine truth and error; if he does not know right from wrong and is morally incapable of distinguishing truth from error, then he is in no-wise better than the beasts of the field and there is naught to elevate him above the level of an animal. Without soul and conscience it is impossible to be intelligent; therefore, from the standpoint of reason itself, the whole theory of infidelity and atheism is proven to be a fallacy—an absurd aggregation of nonsensical sophistry.

“What matters it what faith or creed my brother
holds
If it to him through thought and deed the truth unfolds?
What matters it what name he bears if on life’s way
of pain and cares
He bears “the sign?” For his own soul must learn
the right
And his own eyes must see the, not mine or thine.
The same sun shines on all men’s ways and chooses
none,
How should I think he sheds his rays on mine alone?
The life eternal dwells in all the germ of power how
shall I, then,

Pronounce his doom when in my brother's may bloom
the 'holy flower?' "

The thrill of happiness, the buoyancy of hope, and the spirit of contentment, pass into dissimulative dissidence when splendid day lowers in royal robes dimissory till curtained behind the sable garments of night naught but gathering gloom appears. Hushed to silence, nature breathes the quiet of a sabian god. With no star to guide, no glowing moon to cast its mellow light across the pathless space of heaven's ebon vault, insidious inspissation blights the sheen of inspiration's golden morn. So it ever is in human life. The fruitful thoughts and the pleasant memories of a half-forgotten past mingle in painful recollection when the sunlight of earthly experience vanishes into the shadowless gloom of that black night called "death." The diluent forces of nature yield to the salient cunning of that noiseless reaper, who with sickle keen is stalking boldly abroad. The brightest anticipations of the soul, the deepest thoughts of mind, and the warmest impulses of the heart glide into saturnine evanescence, when the grim monster thrusts aside friend and foe and like a chilling wave from mountains capped with snow pushes his way into the home, and removes, un-
warned, the very member we seem least prepared to spare. Thus against human wishes is the carcanet of affiliation broken; thus the current of militant activity is suddenly stopped in the uncertain course of its progress and enjoyments. Bitter, indeed, is the flood that flows from the fountain of tears, when the last fleeting breath liberates a human soul from its prison-house of clay. Oft is heard a heart-piercing cry at the flickering of a life-light into eternity. How sadly we note the demise of a loved one, and realize with a full consciousness of grievful solemnity that the rippling, mirth-provoking laugh will sound on our ears no more and that voice of merriment

is hushed forever. Is it possible that the power of those eyes wont to sparkle in the sunlight of pleasure is eternally shut in by the narrow limits of the tomb? Is it fate that decrees that the winning smile, the crimson flush of joy rising unbidden from a tender and affectionate heart shall be locked in the icy embrace of death through all eternity? But such is life. We know not the hour when we shall be called to the exequies of a fellow creature. It may startle to awake at the dawn and meet the shadows as they steal across the threshold and reveal the consciousness of mourning and desolation. Yet withal, this condition of things should not seem so strange. Earth is but the place in which humanity must be fitted for something higher and better—a life more lasting and sublime. A country in which mortality is qualified for citizenship in the Golden City, peopled with the ransomed hosts of God. Who has not felt impressions of the sublimity of things, when standing above the open grave into whose silent depths has been lowered the body of one cherished with the fondest hopes of mortal love? Who has not, when bitter tears gushed from depths illy fitted to sustain their torrent flow, looked up to heaven for comfort in the hour of direst bereavement? Who has ever been able to stand with the grief stricken and not feel emotions of inner self rising to the surface moistened with the mists of common sympathy; or, if from bursting eyes no tear could be wrung, has not felt a gentle wave of understanding sweeping through the deeper current of human affection? Who in the innermost recesses of his heart has not desired that every victim of disease and death might go to a world of better things? What death-bed scene has not inspired the thought that another soul has but homeward winged its flight? Through all the mutations of life we face the truth, that to live is to die. Unkind seems the fiat of fate, which relentlessly tears asunder the tender cords that bind in common fealty the brotherhood

of man. But relentless and unyielding as the tendons of the law may appear, we fain would cast the effervescent shadows of brotherly love over the life-history of the dead, and in their mantled keeping affect a remembrance of only the good deeds of men after they are not.

We go to the theater and studying the dramatis personæ note the different impersonations to be made by the actors; then, as the interest grows apace, cognizance is taken of the real character apparent of the men acting the various parts in the drama. Some are tragic, others are comic, still others are emotionally sentimental; these are heightened in their vividness by the cunning, conscienceless plotter and his emissary, the unscrupulous villain. The whole cast must be intensified by the victorious conquests of a noble hero and beautified by the presence of the plucky heroine. What we are; what we expect to be, are indications on the dialplate of futurity of what we must become if we would keep pace with the progress of an aggressive age and touch the greatest accomplishments required by present demands. The mind is forever active, and that it may lose no opportunity for usefulness the individual ought to be active also. Seldom, if ever, an actor brings out the most that his part of the drama will admit of, except the character in its fullness be a counterpart of some identical principle within himself. That which is often considered the climax of high art in the dramatic world is simply the acting of the impersonator true to his nature. The real actor is never so true an artist as when he unconsciously impersonates in its completeness the innermost of himself. All imitation, then, that is not true to the nature of the man falls short of its highest degree of perfection, even though it gleam and sparkle in the sheen of the artificial; being artificial, every defect is clearly apparent to the true scholar in natural affairs. Men may be so closely imitated as to deceive, but nature supplanted, never!

People stop on the street to gaze at a bulletin board; of course it is the bulletin they are gazing at. What else could it be? Yet that simple catch-attention affair means and signifies vastly more than seems apparent in the simple action of stopping and gazing. There must have been some reason for stopping, otherwise the people would not have stopped. This, then, is the philosophical theorem from which is deduced the proposition that it is only the unusual things that attract men's minds and attention. This fact is proven by the fact that beside this same bulletin board was a fancy sign in variegated coloring, rich in fruitful words and appealing sentences; yet, withal, the simple, unassuming, cold-facted bulletin possessed a clearer faculty for "fetching" the crowd than gaudy colors or sublime sayings. An informal retrospect of the past, even though incomplete, would assure any ordinary person of the necessity for wisdom in the future. The mistakes others have made and the shortcomings of ourselves are connecting links in the great chain of human progress which binds all people to a common responsibility—the caring for and protection of the weak and helpless in whatever struggles may come to them. Men often commit crimes because of the uncontrollable desire within them to do something sensational, and after getting into the clutches of the law, spring the "insanity dodge" on a heretofore over-credulous public as a challenge for its leniency. No man ever committed murder with his hands, who did not first perpetrate the crime in his heart. Therefore it follows without needless tedium in matters of argument that if a man is capable of goading himself on to the committal of crime, he should be considered responsible for it, and susceptible to the penalties of a broken law. A judgment granted is not always a judgment estimated; in many cases it is but the beginning of a system of evolution that eventually unfolds the true characters of the judged, and judge, which to say the least are in nowise indicated by the initial adventure.

I now recall an incident of my own life and experience:

'Twas in the month of beauteous flowers, when roses
and lilies were in bloom;

Anna became my radiant blushing bride.—I be-
came her happy, loving groom.

Often now in the dark, still hours of night, memory
steals to that fateful June

And recalls its many prospects bright, as they were
our wedding afternoon.

Love was sov'reign o'er all we thought and did, and
joy, a shadowless, pleasant dream—

Floated into four months and a year apace; nor did
it stop, in life's fitful stream—

Till one night, when death with wicked glares wrapt
us in terror and sore affright;

She called for earnest and ardent prayers, and I saw
her die, my heart's delight.

She prest my cheeks to her hot fevered brow and
breathed tenderly into my ears:

"The Master calls me; I go to him now; I knew
of this; so dry your tears.

Weep not for me, I pray you, now no more; I'm go-
ing where papa and sisters are—

Where bright angels sing on that golden shore,
and beckon me through the gates ajar.

"Sing again a glad song of Jesus' love, that redeems
from death, sin and the grave;

Let our voices now sound a Savior's praise, for the
plan of salvation He gave—

"Glory to God in the highest," she shouted, while "I
love Thee my Jesus," we sang—

Her eyes grew brighter and her heart seemed light-
er as through the night's stillness the echoes
rang.

Excited friends gathered 'round her bed, shocked to
think it at last must be true

That she'd soon be numbered with the dead who was
now so young and strangely fair,
Alas, for poor humanity's shortened sight, that sees
not beyond the present tide!

Her eyes had already closed to earthly light, and
death had robbed me of my bride.

To young and old alike she spoke with cheer, tell-
ing us all how we ought to live:—

“I spent my life,” she said, “In Godly fear, and can
'front all eternity may give.

Be true then, and honest before the world, God's
blessing daily by prayer invoke—

So that when death's chains shall bind you fast, you'll
be free from sin's ignoble yoke.”

Thus her life closed like a glow in the west, 'mid
the triumphs of a living faith;

Thus her soul's temple went down to its rest, wreathed
in garlands of virtue and strength

Hope's bright morning in her countenance shone as
I gazed on her face cold and wan;

Her calm features more angelic had grown, as I saw
them at coming of dawn.

Heartbrok'n we fold'd her hands on her breast while
tears of grief from our soul we shed.

In her wedding robe, her body we dressed and bore
it to God's City of the Dead.

Sad and lonely to me have been the hours since
they buried her my pride and my love;

Yet “when night's curtain is pinn'd back by the stars”
her spirit rests 'round me and above.

CHAPTER SIXTH.

Politics is one thing, political economy quite an-
other. A man may be expert as a politician and at
the same time be plebeian in the science of economics.

Politics is a system of gaining position through power; economics, the science of obtaining power through position. The one is a matter of means, the other a matter of men; each is diametrically opposed. To say that a leader is a politician is not to say that he is also an economist; to class a man as an economist does not distinguish him a politician—one is the science of comfort, the other the art of scheming. Julius Caesar was successful as a shrewd politician, but a flat failure as a political economist. He knew the value of votes, but was devoid the secret of peace and happiness. His dethronement resulted.

It is not a little surprising in this age of progress and universal intelligence to note how some men with insatiable cravings for political preferment insist on being fondled in the lap of public sentiment and caressed by the Goddess of Liberty. The pedantry of these would-be monarchs in some communities is little less than intolerable. If tolerated at all, it is but a forced obeisance which renders homage and not the free will of a grateful liberty-loving people. This class of individuals is born as other men are born, but lacking the qualities of the true citizen they seek to climb the heights for which no natural endowment exists, and after attaining some degree of eminence as com-morants persistently imagine that all other men, no matter of what caste, character, or profession, are under obligations to submit meekly and unquestioningly to the encroachments of such arrogant auto-crats. The true political aristocrat is he who can and does appreciate the value and dignity of every other real man or woman. He has the key for solving the aesthetic problem of having all things in common. The true ruler of a people will as naturally drop into line and find his place among them as water finds its level. Where the place seeks the man position and leadership bestow themselves properly upon the right. Men defend a thing as true only when they themselves doubt. The truth needs no defense. It is

able to sustain itself at all times and under all circumstances. Strike it down and it will rise again; bury it beneath a mountain of opposition and it will escape as certainly as sunlight scatters darkness; confine it in the darkest caverns of the Deep and it will ride the rolling billows as grandly as the proudest ship; burn its face with calumny and it will triumph as majestically as the spirit of Him who gave it; pollute its robes with falsehood, it will free itself as serenely as the dove of peace carries a message of good will to men; try as you will, resort to whatever measures you will, truth will outlive every foe and overcome every obstacle. Therefore, it in nowise matters whether men become leaders or followers, in the true sense, they must approach such position through qualifications naturally belonging to them. The right to reject any and all aspirations of men for political control fittingly obtains as a sovereign heritage and is the imperial means through which the principles of justice and equity are enforced. When the people take up and use such properly vested right as the natural weapon of defense against despotic infringement, it would be as easy to stop the tides of ocean as it would be to block the current of popular sentiment. Though free to act as citizens of the grandest republic on earth, yet many are the pierced American hearts that bleed in agony because some human vampire plumed and gloating has fixed them as a mark for his spumous invectives and unrighteous schemes—a vampire hideous, whose gluttonous greed craves for him the spoils of every conquest, whether noble or ignoble. With no consciousness of justice he sets the heel of tyranny upon the liberties of his fellows and tears piecemeal the franchise of the commonweal, and calls it putrid; he burns deep in the flank of nationalism the insidious brand of oppression and fetters America in bondage. Anarchy is his name.

ILLUSTRATION: LOWELL'S "BEHIND THE CURTAIN."

Recent investigations by chemists concerning the

modest and withal unobtrusive appearing cigarette show that under cover of apparent legitimacy, there lingers a deadly asp, as did in the basket of flowers presented to Cleopatra, destined to sting the brightest and best of our race with a withering blight. Like unto Bonous Upas of the moistless desert, its poisonous fumes inoculate every breeze. Faced with the proposition of honest business, unscrupulous manufacturers and dealers thrust upon the market a method of drugging that eventually must unfit a large percentage of the human race for meeting its obligations, moral and physical, to the world and posterity. Of all the habits which are apt to be acquired in this life the consumption of opium is among the most deplorable. There are other habits more offensive, perhaps, at the time being, but there are none which so thoroughly and stealthily rob a man of all that is manly as the habit of indulging in this stultifying, deadly drug. Verily the end of the cigarette fiend is horrible and the business of the vender is damnable; yet, withal as abominable as the whole matter seems, it is no less honorable, morally, than the business of unprincipled politicians who set in motion a system of politics which degrades a man and challenges his integrity. Such is the policy of every citizen who wishes to reduce his country to the extreme limit of national disintegration, and the effects of the fatal cigarette are no more disastrous to the race than is the corrupting influence of mere partyism destructive to the empyreal power of American franchise. Among the great questions haunting the courts of political jurisprudence beneath the waving folds of the Stars and Stripes, today, is the admittance of woman to equal suffrage, and as a matter of course has influenced champions and incensed opposers. Whatever conclusion may be correct in the premises it may be said in defense that the society is not stable, nor can it hope to be enduring; which fails to admit as a chain thread in the web of its vital fabric the redeeming vir-

tue of woman's influence. She wields the strongest forces for good, and since no organization, whether secular or religious, is or ever has been independent of woman's effort to be right no good reason exists why the world would not be materially benefited by extending her field of usefulness. History shows that the world has never had a crisis when woman did not contribute largely to whatever success came in passing it. If her counsel, wisdom and sympathies are trustworthy and a desideratum in times of peril, it seems as though there could be no valid objection to according each daughter of Eve the coveted privilege of registering her likes and dislikes in times of peace. If any doubt exists as to her competency to act judiciously and patriotically, it is at least in a measure abrogated by the belief that the ballot would certainly be as safe in the average woman's keeping as it now is in the hands of millions of so-called citizens who can claim the right of franchise on no better qualifications than that they are male inhabitants of legal age. Morally, woman has a right to vote, being as she is a citizen, paying taxes to maintain governmental institutions and answering to the requirements of civil law. The theory seems pertinent that American politics, at least, will not be pure until the American women realize an opportunity to make them pure. The island of Java is one of the Dutch colonial dependencies called the kingdom of Bantam, an independent little kingdom governed and defended by women. The nominal sovereign is a man, whose council of state consists of three women. All the authorities and officials of court and state and the soldiers are women. The men are agriculturists and merchants only, and the king—as in the case of the ruler of Dahomey—has a cavalry body-guard of amazons, beautifully drilled, and armed with spears and carbines. So much for at least one Holland tributary and so much in support of the twentieth century woman in politics. But turn the canvas and scan the picture on the opposite side for

a little while. "The woman was made for the man, but not the man for the woman." The all-wise Creator knew what was best when He planned the work of men and women, and accordingly furnished each with organism suited to the duties of their respective offices with regard to each other and the race. Had God intended woman to be a creature of conquest, He would have organized her with faculties and facilities in keeping with that purpose. She was second in creation and it seems right that she should be guiltless in the matter of trying to reverse distinctions in procreation. To oppose the natural order of things is sure to bring trouble, and because of her properly inferior organism, woman has advanced but little beyond the line of failure any where except in the Home, in society, and in the church. These are her fort and she should be satisfied with them. Nations reflect their womanhood in the men they have. Woman has the first chance at man and if she does not make out of him what she wants him to be she has nobody to blame but herself. Men, as a rule, are very much what their mothers taught them to be. If the mothers of our country seek to rear honorable men, it is honorable men they will see. This nation is not nearly so much in need of women legislators as it is in need of WOMEN mothers. Cervantes' Don Quixote was no more of a ridiculous commentary upon the Knight Errantry of Spain, than is this much agitated question of woman's suffrage a burlesque on the manhood of America. What is wanted and most needed is lingered homemakers, not bifurcated lawmakers. If woman will take care of the home, it is consistent to think that the nation will take care of itself and her too. What more can she ask? If she will attend strictly to her known part of the work she will be contented and happy, and no cause will exist for criticising or reversing the plans of her Creator. Turn, if you please, to the history of the Holy Women of Israel; and, again, to the

Heroic Women of France—there learn that their having won a place in the history of the world's achievements is due to their tenderness, sympathy and love, rather than to prowess as politicians, diplomats or warriors. And again, turn to the touching story of Disraeli in announcing the death of Princess Alice in Parliament. She had been cautioned by the physician not to inhale the breath of her little boy, who was ill of diphtheria. The little fellow was tossing in his bed in the delirium of fever. The princess stood by the side of her child and laid her hand upon his forehead and caressed him. The touch cooled the fevered brain and brought the wandering soul back from its wild delirium to nestle for a moment in the lap of a mother's love. Then throwing his arms around her neck he whispered: "Mamma, kiss me." The instinct of a mother's love is stronger than science or statesmanship or royalty, and she pressed her lips to those of her child. And yet there is not a true woman in all the wide world but would say she had not a real mother's heart had she refused to kiss her bairn. So it will be to the end. The true mother will kiss her child, the wife her husband, and the maiden her lover, though death in a thousand shapes is ambushed 'neath the ruby tint of pouting lips. The world had its Alexander, Rome its Caesar, France its Napoleon, Germany its Bismarck, England its Gladstone, Ireland its Parnell, America its Washington, its Lincoln and its Blaine, and withal, the brilliancy of each of these shining stars in the horoscope of nations is but the glorified scintillations of a mother's undying love and watchful care. What thoughtful person does not glean the essence of purity and power from that beautiful poem by Joaquin Miller:

"The bravest battle that ever was fought, shall I tell
you where and when?"

On the maps of the world you will find it not; 'twas
 fought by the mothers of men.
 Nay, not with cannon, or battle shot, with sword or
 nobler pen;
 Nay, not with eloquent words or thought, from mouths
 of wonderful men.
 But deep in a walled-up woman's heart—of woman
 that would not yield,
 But bravely, silently bore her part—lo! there is that
 battlefield.
 No marshaling troop, no bivouac song; no banner to
 gleam and wave;
 But oh! these battles they last so long—from baby-
 hood to the grave.
 Yet, faithfully still as a bridge of stars, she fights in
 her walled up town—
 Fights on and on in the endless wars, then silent, un-
 seen—goes down.
 O, ye with banners and battle shot, and soldiers to
 shout and praise,
 I tell you the kingliest victories fought, were fought
 in these silent ways.
 O, spotless woman in a world of shame! with splendid
 and silent scorn,
 Go back to God as white as you came, the kingliest
 warrior born!"

CHAPTER SEVENTH.

The relations which every person sustains in life, with regard to home, education, society, religion and politics, each and all have within them some characteristic evidencing the fact that behind all legitimate purpose there rests an active principle, which gives to all successful enterprise its primary motive and latent energy.

Carrying this proposition to its final conclusion, we

find that the young man's brightest prospects for success, as the world measures success, lies in the fact of his having a business; a calling or profession; some regular and approved method for bringing to his aid and use, a profit above the amount of his investment in capital and the employment of native talent and mechanical skill.

Among the various spheres through which the young man or woman may move are the domestic, educational, social, religious, political, commercial and fraternal.

Of these multiplied sources of contact and enterprise, the commercial world is not the least important. In fact business operations become the principal engagement in the minds of both parents and children. The promise held out by commercial life, often becomes so intense as to swallow up all other considerations.

How to accumulate money or its equivalent, and a lot of it, is the all-absorbing question which confronts each individual from the time he or she is competent to recognize the size, shape, color and use of a penny, until the hoary frosts of age paint the landscape of white on brows that have stood till the evening of life.

As a rule parents puzzle themselves with the question of "how shall we advantage our sons and daughters, so that they shall be able to gain vast amounts of wealth, and do it easier than we have been able to do?" This object becomes in time the fondest ideal of their doting hearts. But is the fondest ideal the highest ideal? Without a doubt. But then, is it the noblest, most righteous ideal? Possibly not, in many instances.

Ruskin fitly criticises this practice where he calls attention to the fact that most parents in seeking out a suitable instructor for their children, do not require the larger nature of the children to be developed, so much as they require that the young minds and hands be taught the art and cunning of money-getting. As a result, the world today is groaning beneath its burden of money-makers, and it cannot be safely said that morality and merit have grown commensurate to the status of wealth and its systems of manipulation.

When a boy or girl learns to measure merit by the standard of dollars and cents, he or she invariably, knows the secrets of commercial hypocrisy, and try as we will, the delusive subordination of shifting profits and losses can never be made to balance or replace the absence of intellectual growth.

It is a part of the work of fraternity to cause a man to forsake his avariciousness, by touching and tendering his heart with the sweeter influence of love, hope and charity, without which life itself could be nothing more than a delightful dream.

Next to and above all the rest in a young man's early life is his anticipation for future success. So important does the fact of facility become in the existence of every person that it can well be said a man's profession or business is the thing of vital consideration to him. His ability to move independently through the world is measured very largely by his skill in acquiring by some method that which will pass as an equivalent in value to his needs. Clothes, food and a competency above actual expenses are the natural incentives to industry. Whether a man be cultured or uncultured, it is the labor of his hands which contains his permanent capital. To some their trade or profession becomes their hobby. This should not be. A man's trade or profession should at best be no more than a secondary matter—the means by which temporal wants are in a popular sense supplied. Never make your business the principal theme of conversation. There is, perhaps, nothing more despicable to the average mind than to hear people always talking about their trade or profession. If a man is a good workman, his work and his employers are the proper sources from which a reputation should come, if, as with some, reputation is the thing desired. If a man is a bad workman his loss of situation and his work are sure to advertise him.

To acquire a fortune seems to be the highest am-

bition of most men. A fortune on paper is easy enough to contemplate, but when it comes to a realization of the same it requires hard labor, patience and economy. On the line of economy, I am convinced that it is not what a man earns, but what he saves that makes for him a fortune. The average young man spends enough money each week, for which he receives no substantial good in return, to make him independently rich, if kept for a period of years. We lose too much time, and time is money. Just calculate for a moment on the amount of time that people lose: "Five minutes per day wasted for ten years makes 18,250 minutes or one month; ten minutes per day wasted for ten years makes more than 600 hours or two months; thirty minutes per day wasted for ten years makes 1,825 hours or a half year; sixty minutes or one hour per day wasted for ten years makes 3,620 hours or 1 year out of every ten. How few waste so little as one hour per day. Progress may be slow, but how much could be accomplished, how much learned in the moments that are wasted; how much self-improvement could every man and woman obtain, and how much better and abler could he or she become by employing the time that is wasted doing nothing or something that is no better than nothing. In the course of an ordinary man's life, he absolutely wastes more time than would take him through college and make him one of the educated men of his day and locality."

Every man should have a vocation, and he should choose that vocation for himself. No person should attempt to learn a trade or profession without first weighing himself in the balance and then for good and sufficient reasons select that profession or trade in which he finds himself least wanting in natural adaptability. I observe my own experience, which is but the story of thousands for whom so-called friends have tried to select a calling. I appreciate in a feeling sense, the hight of seeming accomplishment. Peo-

ple tell me I am endowed with a genius, brilliant and enviable. Some go so far as to advise me as to a future course. Several say I am best suited for the profession of law; others say the medical profession; still others the stage; while a larger number select for me the ministry. However, I have endeavored to use my own counsel, in the premises, and have made Journalism my choice, believing as I do, that no broader field is open in this day and age of the world for an ambitious man. No class of men, in my judgment, have a wider range for the accumulation of general information than the Journalists of our time. No ladder of fame has so few shining stars on the top round as Journalism; no mountain of educational facility has so broad a plateau of uncultivated, tillable lands, rich and fertile in the mental products of the 19th century as this mountain of Journalism. It isn't every "quill pusher" who wears out pencils at an editor's desk that is a Journalist. In fact, almost any "country parson" or "skule master" can assume the role of an editor with "proper dignity"; but it takes BRAINS, and lots of them to make a Journalist. I would not imply by the foregoing that I consider myself a Journalist, or that I ever expect to reach the highest rounds of distinction on that ladder of fame, but it is my intention to infer that I believe myself better adapted to newspaper work than to any other line of professional life. Although my experience in the world has been considerable and varied; though my spare time has been largely given to experiment and study; and, by these some degree of efficiency has been attained in my chosen profession, yet after all, I feel more and more each day like saying as did the silver-haired sage: "Alas, how little do I know! What more have I gained than a term?" As I ponder over the words of such thinkers as Epicurus, Antoninus, Cicero, Plutarch, Bacon, Carlyle, Emerson, and others, and contemplate the depth of their power and learning the thought comes to me

that I can never be more than a mere atom—a mediocre in pursuit of a “will-’o-the-wisp. However, Joel Chandler Harris offers some consolation where he says: “Genius! Bosh! It’s hard work, I tell you. While some of you fellows are building castles that crumble I’m at a desk—at work. I haven’t time to stare the fire out of countenance. I’d rather build log cabins on earth than loaf around among the stars. And that’s what I do. I nail myself to a chair and bend to the work, and when you see it flowing pretty fast you say, ‘That’s genius!’ Go to work, my brother, go to work.”

A review of Chapter Six reveals a conservative argument on woman’s right to a place in politics. Her defense there is so strong in her favor that it seems inconsistent to ignore her presence and influence in business. That she has a right and influence is not a matter of conjecture and surely her opportunity for competition and the advantage she takes of it proves her competency. We love her most, though, in another sphere than the bustling mart or the dizzy whirl of business enterprise; she does not appear at her best in commercial operations. Her principal fort is in the home and at housekeeping. In this avocation she can and does excel, if she studies her business. Observation has shown me that there are a great many housekeepers who know comparatively nothing about the finer art of homekeeping. Housekeeping is not homekeeping, homekeeping is not housekeeping. To say that a woman is a good housekeeper is not to exactly attest her a good homekeeper—to state that a woman is a good homekeeper is to intimate also that she is more or less familiar with the details of housekeeping. What difference do I make between housekeeping and homekeeping? Simply this: Homekeeping bears about the same relation to housekeeping that a fleece of wool bears to the sheep—the sheep is covered by the fleece, but cannot cover the fleece. In other words, the fleece is not the sheep, the sheep

is not the fleece; yet, the two from their very nature are inseparable. Housekeeping consists chiefly in the preparation of a proportionate amount of food each day, looking after the laundry, placing bric-a-brac, hanging pictures and arranging curtains, dusting, sweeping, making beds, dressing the children, receiving callers and entertaining friends. **THIS IS THE SHEEP.** Homekeeping signifies the ability to perform all the duties of keeping house, and in addition incorporates the delicate art of making home the dearest spot on earth by shedding abroad in it an influence that brings husband, son and daughter together by the simple bonds of affection. There are a great many so-called homes which are merely lodging places, where the members appear at regular intervals for their meals and to sleep. Cheerless and dreary, nothing of that comfort which keeps a man interested in himself and his is found; hence, he seeks pleasure elsewhere, and his wife wonders, and mayhap his neighbors wonder why he does not pass more time in the society of his family. Housekeeping imposes no task greater than catering to the physical wants of the household, while homekeeping has to deal with the happiness or unhappiness of each member of that household. **THIS IS THE FLEECE.** There is no nobler work for woman than the duty of caring for the homes of our land. She should study it, live it, be it, and her crown of reward must of necessity be studded with brighter stars than she could possibly win in competition to her brothers in any of the other worlds of common enterprise. God knew what was wisest and best when he planned the work of men and women, and try as we will, the race cannot succeed without homes and mothers; and, no improvement has yet been invented over first principles.

In the wild, mad rush for fame and wealth, while throngs are pressing with relentless tread toward the goal of glittering assumption called worldly honor,

it may be profitable to the young man to stop and reflect a moment on the fact that comparatively few really great men are much spoken of in history. Reputations are won by individuals at some particular thing or on some particular line. Some have gained distinction as generals, others have merited homage as statesmen, while still others have grown large in the public eye as civic reformers. Who has not admired Napoleon, Washington, Grant, as generals? Bismarck and Blaine, as statesmen? Gladstone and Lincoln, as civilians and reformers? Yet withal the man who would achieve true greatness is he who conquers himself. The most difficult conquest ever carried by any man, is the conquest over self. He who gains the victory over self has outrode Washington, Grant or Napoleon; outshone Blaine or Bismarck; accomplished more than Lincoln or the "Grand Old Man." There is a vast difference between reputation and true greatness. Reputation is usually what it seems to be—a meteoric flash. Character is what it is—the sum total of whatever degree of greatness to which the individual possessing it aspires. Learn your business, young man, then work at it, for as Ruskin says: "The law of nature is that a certain amount of work is necessary to produce a certain quantity of good of any kind whatever. If you want knowledge, you must toil for it; food, you must toil for it; and if pleasure, you must toil for it."

FRIENDSHIP.

Some things there are in this life which of themselves are occult; others there be, which become so through manipulation. Of the naturally unfathomable, the mysterious movements of those tender chords that bind in common fealty the Brotherhood of Man, perhaps are as little understood as many of the other laws active in the Universe and among the families of Earth. The Law of Friendship is not unlike the law of gravitation—invisible, intangible—yet so forceful that all material matter is subject to its involutions. True Friendship springs spontaneous and unbidden from the human heart, and in the ultimate of its excellence, recognizes no weight, comprehends no height, measures no limits, shapes no bounds, but exists as an infinite power of containableness. Though spontaneous, its coming in life may not be instantaneous. For, as Joanna Bailie has pertinently said in those beautiful lines in DeMontfort:

“Friendship is no plant of hasty growth.
“Though rooted in esteem’s deep soil, the slow
“And gradual culture of kind intercourse
“Must bring it to perfection.”

It is certainly a most appreciable thing for one person to receive from another the candid assurance that he or she is regarded as a friend. As a rule we never know to a certainty just who our real friends are until some turn in our affairs causes us to need the assistance of those outside our own family circle. Every individual who pats you on the shoulder and in moments of enthusiasm shouts “good fellow,” cannot be-

cause of such things necessarily be termed your friend. In fact, it often so turns out that he who ecstatically swears eternal allegiance and good fellowship to you, is only biding his opportunity to plunge the dagger of rivalric hatred and infidelity into your back—that too in an hour when you are disarmed, helpless or not expecting treachery from any source. Many trusting hearts have been drained of their confidence through wounds inflicted by conscienceless dagger-thrusts of supposed friends. Bacon knew what he was saying when he wrote his inimitable essay on “Friendship.” Bailie, Fuller, Young, Addison, Catherine Phillips, and all the rest for that matter, were not ignorant of the qualities necessary to constitute a true friend. So long as one is in position to carry the sweep of fortune and float with the tide of popular favor, seeming friends flock on all sides like moths fluttering about a brightly burning lamp. But let misfortune come; let the dark clouds of adversity gather and the multitude of apparent friends, like a flock of sheep at sight of a hungry wolf, scatter in all directions—at best but a very limited number remaining behind to know what becomes of you. When the shimmering chimera which attracts the worldly, selfish, mercenary friends is gone, the incentive and make-believe friends are gone also. Therefore, pursuant to a sensible sort of philosophy, if you find a true friend in adversity, it will be eminently safe to retain him in prosperity, even though he be, as is sometimes the case, but a plain, matter-of-fact, unassuming ignoramus, so to speak. A true friend is he, and he only, who administers to our wants when we are in need and cannot help ourselves, and when all others have forsaken. The value of a friend is not to be measured by the estimate society and the world has placed upon him. Did we go to the forum of public opinion for eligibles to our innermost faith as we go to Dun and Bradstreet to learn the responsibility of a merchant, it is likely that a long list of

desirable names could be selected, but since we can only appeal to one source for the selection of those in whom to confide—instinct—it is the common lot of all to find the number of eligibles painfully limited. It is hardly to be expected that those who cluster about you at party or ball with smirk and smile and ethereal levity, would make any attempt whatever to protect your property against depreciation, throw safeguards around your body at the approach of danger, or defend your character against the searing breath of calumny. Rather those, who, know the inurements of pain and sorrow on the practical side of life, are the ones usually first to intuitively read a nature in need and respond promptly to its instinctive call for help.

There is a wide difference between Acquaintance-ship and Friendship. Our acquaintances are simply those with whom society brings us in contact, while our friends are those to whom we consign the keeping of our moral interests and in whom we confide our inmost secrets. The former may exist and associate on approval, but the latter have vitality and worth only through the mysterious contrivances of implicit confidence. We choose our friends from among our acquaintances, and touching such choice Young says, in "Night Thoughts:"—

"First on thy friend deliberate with thyself:
 "Pause, ponder, sift; not eager in the choice,
 "Now jealous of the chosen—fixing, fix;
 "Judge before friendship, then confide till death."

Where two persons are in reality true friends, neither of them experiences any difficulty in believing absolutely and faithfully in the other, because as Catherine Phillips asserts:—

"Friendship's an abstract of this noble flame,
 "'Tis love refined and purged from all its dross,

“ 'Tis next to Angel's love, if not the same,
“ As strong as passion is, though not so gross.”

Where such conditions of heart obtain doubt is among the impossibilities, and fidelity comes as naturally as the spirit of contentment or the impulse of ambition, leading onward and upward to that higher and purer atmosphere where the eye of the Soul can see and feel as did the mind and heart of Bacon, when he said:—“It had been hard for him that spake it to have put more truth and untruth together in few words than in that speech, ‘Whosoever is delighted in solitude is either a wild beast or a god; for it is most true that a natural and secret hatred and aversion towards society in any man hath somewhat of the savage beast; but it is most untrue that it should have any character at all of the Divine nature, except it proceed, not out of a pleasure in solitude, but out of a love and desire to sequester a man's self for a higher conversation: for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love. * * * It is a mere and miserable solitude to want true friends, without which the world is but a wilderness. Whosoever in the frame of his nature and affections is unfit for friendship, he taketh it of the beast and not from humanity.

A principal fruit of friendship is the ease and discharge of the fullness of the heart, which passions of all kinds do cause and induce. We know diseases of stoppings and suffocations are the most dangerous in the body; and, it is not much otherwise in the mind; you may take sarza to open the liver, steel to open the spleen, flower of sulphur for the lungs, castoreum for the brain, but no recipe openeth the heart but a true friend, to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift or confession.” When persons have seen, instinctively, each through the very nature of the other, and can

fully feel the uniting strength predominant, no safer plan presents itself for the perpetuation of that frame of mind than to adopt Shakespeare's advice:

“The friends thou hast and their adoption tried.
 “Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
 “Nor, dull thy palm of entertainment,
 “With each new-found, untried fledgling.”

Emerson says, “Friendship, like the immortality of the soul, is too good to be believed.” In support of this theory I bring the experience of life in evidence, fully confident that the reader will recognize much in it that is common to the lives of all true hearts who have seen and believed beyond the coarser atmosphere of egotism and individuality alone:

I reign down deep in a real woman's heart,
 In the fond heart of my friend kind and true;
 Pauline—who with affection's nicer art,
 Hath certain gone her way my own heart through.
 I mean not that coarse, sentimental flush,
 So eagerly sought by the indiscreet;
 But finer thought—to speak, we need not blush—
 Strongest bondage of the Soul, pure and sweet.

Oft have her soulful orbs beamed with surprise,
 When I, somehow by the suddenness of chance,
 Would above petty things of Earth arise,
 And point out acts our morals to enhance.
 She came to me like a star in the sky,
 Gleaming beacon to my faltering feet;
 And, her kindness won me, I know not why,
 The very first time we'd a chance to meet.

'Twas on a beautiful winter's evening,
 On the thirty-first day of December,
 Kosciuskoans were then receiving
 Enmask, if correctly I remember.

'Twas a select party of girls and boys;
Of young men and women in Syracuse
Who came full of vim and all sorts of toys,
To please the others and themselves amuse,

I attended at the hostess' request,
To write of the things I could hear and see,
Thereby answering a social behest—
To watch with them—egress of ninety-three.
My suit was common, like that of the host—
An ordinary business attire—
While she, now my friend, was dressed as a ghost;
Which costume, I did not then much admire.

But when the supper hour came with a bound,
Just before the old year went swiftly out,
And the guests filled almost three tables 'round
Indulging all, in jest and smile and pout.
The hostess introduced my lady friend,
Who, with lowly bow and a tender smile—
Gave to me her attention there and then,
And 'gan at once my spirits to beguile.

Later on at a social reception,
She sat to my left 'mid the guests so grand;—
I think her now, as then, with exception;
I know her better—do you understand?
She has gone with me to party and ball,
And given me many a pleasing chance.
To study her qualities, each and all—
To learn that she may own 'worth could enhance.

All these years she's been my Councillor wise,
As touching things of interest to both;
Plans to make me glad she seems to devise,
And to break our friendship she's ever loath.
She confides me all of her secrets too—
Those knowing troubles refined women know—

And often wonders what she'd better do,
The absence of such ill-feeling to show.

Many times have I heard her trembling sighs,
And saw her bosom heave with sobs,
While tears flowed freely from her flaming eyes,
And her heart beat wildly, its aching throbs.
At such times the most I could do or say,
Was just to look her calmly in the face—
Brush the scalding drops from her cheeks away.
And coax happy smiles to brighten their place.

Oft have the little windows of her soul,
Been thrown full open to my gaze, so wide,
That I saw no duty, save to condole,
The tender heart that me she did confide,
Trustingly she'd permit me—only guest—
To remove the treacherous holocaust,—
While I'd try to woo troubled thought to rest;
Would offer sympathy—whate'er she'd lost.

Some people may think our attachment queer,
Considering I'm a man—she's a maid;
But no manner of senseless talk or jeer,
Can change what I believe, or what I've said.
To me, she is the plainest, frankest friend.
Who speaks deploringly of all her fault,
And seemeth ever ready to descend,
To where my own base moods she can exalt.

To the individual seeing through the light of a clarified vision there come singular, yet competent conceptions of the beauty, strength and utility of that inner unity of forces titled, "Friendship." In the history of all ages the incidents where true souls were "knit together," as the sacred writer puts it, in the purest bonds of faith are rare, and have called out more or less memorialization. Damon and Pythias, two Pythagoreans, who lived in the fourth century

proceeding the Christian. Era, and David, the son of Jesse, and Jonathan, the son of Saul, furnish in their lives particular examples of fidelity in the face of danger and difficulty.

To the man or woman of the World, the conditions of mind and heart which lead to patience and suffering by one person for another where there is no visible sign of compensation or reward, have about them the air of mystery.

The bassie principles in which the ideas of Friendship center, shape themselves into forms harmonious to that frame of mind and condition of heart which clothe in rythm such thoughts as are controlled by that fine art in diction, plainly termed, poetry.

As a professional art, it often happens that mutual friends are unlearned in the science of meter, yet in their associations the language of each touches a sympathetic chord of euphony in the breast of the other.

The poetry of the Soul, and every soul has a kind of poetry, is ever collating pleasing sounds; and, for most part, in unexpected places—sometimes from surprising sources. In other words, the heart hears articulate vibrations as lips give them motion, and thus the mind is inspired by thoughts of healthy appreciation. It was Addison who wrote:

“Great Souls by instinct to each other turn,
“Demand alliance, and in Friendship burn;”

which calls to mind the testimony of Mrs. Browning, who in writing to a “friend,” following the day of their marriage made the memorable remark, that, no person in all the wide world could understand her husband as she understood him.

Both were earnest, both were poets, which proves there is no higher assurance of Virtue than that one is earnest, except it be the eloquent story written in the language of the heart, and which makes known to one other as much of its inner self as the possessor

knows to exist, and fitly constitutes the foundation for trustworthy belief by both—belief so strong that no power on earth can break it.

That sense of Soul within one person which speaks its complement in another seems sufficient to prove, at least to the philosophic mind, that, as water seeks its level and finds it, even so and likewise do souls of equal intensity seek and find each other; and, as one has said, "However much you see that is not there, you perfectly understand what is there." I am faithful to the belief that the wants of men and women are not dissimilar, with regard to sympathy, and love, and understanding. The things which every man's nature craves, is, to be loved, sympathized with and understood; the things which every woman's heart desires, is to be understood, sympathized with and loved. To the full accomplishment of this end, both confider and confidante must be serious, each with the other—because it is only "the slow and gradual growth of kind intercourse" that reaches the depth and power of an untangled relationship of Virtue with its own—poetic rythm.

Thus we can in a measure comprehend how it was possible for Jonathan to defy the anger of irate Saul in defense of the interests and life of one he loved, or Pythias, who could bless the gods for preventing the return of Damon, for whom he was held in ban as hostage.

The story of Damon and Pythias is a rich narrative of that Pythagorean religion, which founds its final resolution in the brightest diadem of an inner philosophy that taught its students to see no terror in death compared to the prostitution of their morals and faithfulness to their word and honor. For, as the immortal bard would teach:

"From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,

"The place is dignified by the doer's deed:

"Where great additions swell, and virtue none,

“It is a dropsied honor; good alone
“Is good, without a name; vileness is so:
“The property by what it is should go,
“Not by the title. * * * Honors best thrive,
“When rather from our acts we them derive
“Than our foregoer.”

DIONYSIUS, THE TYRANT OF SYRACUSE:

Most sad is the record made by Circa, that having defeated the Carthaginians, Dionysius took possession of the chief city, Syracuse, as King, and proceeded to make everybody afraid of him.

This he succeeded in accomplishing but the sense that he was occupying a position that did not belong to him, and was exercising power which should properly have been vested in a council of magistrates, caused him to be exceedingly hated and filled his life with harshness and suspicion.

It is said he had a chamber hollowed in a rock near the state prison in such a way as to conduct sounds to his ears as he sat on the throne. Thus he was enabled to hear what his captives said of him. Dionysius was in constant dread. He slept in a bedroom with a wide trench around it, to protect him from assassins.

At one time he put a barber to death for saying he held a razor to the tyrant's throat each morning. After that he had his young daughters to shave—or until he distrusted them—when he had them singe his beard with hot nut-shells.

Thus we see a man of power, who under ordinary circumstances should have loved and honored, by his own choice of conduct, groveling in the very ruin of dishonor and suspicion.

One author has it that at the time the incidents began to occur about which the story of Damon and Pythias is told, there was a great public gathering in Syracuse, and Damon and Pythias being men of some

prominence were among the throng, having in their company Damon's little son. At a point where one of the driveways from the royal palace connected with a principal street of the city, quite a crowd had gathered.

Dionysius' son, a boisterous, cruel fellow, came dashing down the drive in a chariot, drawn by a span of mettlesome greys, at a break-neck gait. He seemingly paid no attention to the people, but would have driven over them, but for the fact that Damon grabbed the bits and brought the horses to a sudden standstill.

This so enraged the King's son that he struck Damon several times across the face with a heavy whip, and immediately laid complaint before Dionysius, who sentenced Damon to death at sundown. But a few hours intervened, so he was placed in the dungeon.

Pythias, who was the bosom friend of Damon, came forth and pleaded with the King for a six-hours' respite in behalf of his friend, that he might be permitted to see his wife before he died, offering himself as hostage for Damon's return.

Here was something decidedly new to the usurper who sat on the dishonorable throne at Syracuse. He could not understand it, but resolved to test the fidelity of these two men. Accordingly, he ordered Pythias in chains and gave Damon liberty for six hours. Imagine, if you can, dear reader, what would be the expectations and anxiety for the final outcome of such an event to one of Dionysius' turn of mind.

He recalls the moment when, before remanding Damon to the dungeon he had said, "We reserve this proud, assassinating demagogue, who whets his dagger on philosophy, for—an example to his cut-throat school!—the axe, and not the sword. Out of his blood we'll mix a cement to our monarchy; here do we doom him to a public death."

He also remembers how proudly Damon answered

his unjust edict by saying: "Death's the best gift to one that never yet wished to survive his country. Here are men fit for the life a tyrant can bestow, let such as these live on."

He also feels something of a cringe of conscience when his taunting, cruel words, "Hold you there, lest, having stirred our vengeance into wrath, it reach unto those dearer than thyself—thy wife and child. Ha! have I touched thee, Damon? Is there a way to level thee unto the feebleness of universal nature? What, no word? Come, use thy time my brave philosopher. Thou hast a few moments left," bring vividly Damon's ringing declaration, "I know thee well—thou art wont to use thy tortures on the heart, watching its agonizing throbs, and make a science of that fell anatomy! These are thy bloody metaphysics—this thy barbarous philosophy! I own thou hast struck thy venomed sting into my soul, but while I am wounded, I despise thee still! My wife! My child! Oh, Dionysius, thou shouldst have spared me that."

Indeed, who can note, without a feeling of sympathy, the tenderness of Damon's speech to his nearest friend, Pythias, after the tyrant had denied a hearing to Damon's pleas that his wife might visit him in the prison.

"Ere you came up, my friend, I was about to leave a greeting for you. I bade the officer say, too—despite of rules well conned and understood, in such a time as this—so sudden, hopeless and unlooked for,—the eyes will water and the heart grow cowardly, at thoughts of home, and things we love at home; and something like a sorrow, or a fear, for what may happen them, will stick in the throat to choke our words, and make them weak and womanish."

Then again, the mystery of mysteries, when Pythias throws his whole soul into that personal appeal to the King:

"Behold me, Dionysius, at thy feet! As thou dost love thy wife, and thy sweet children; as thou art a

husband and a father, hear me! Let Damon go and see his wife and child before he dies—for six hours respite him—put me in chains: plunge me into his dungeon, as a pledge for his return; do this—but this—and may the gods themselves build up thy greatness as high as their own heavens.”

Can we marvel at the King's saying in response to that appeal, “What wonder is this? Is he thy brother?” Nor is less reason for wonderment in Pythias' reply, “No, not quite my brother. Not—yes, he is—not in the fashion that that the world puts on, but my brother in heart!”

Still wrapped in his own selfishness and blinded by suspicions Dionysius could not yet see into that science of human living which could and did lead to the sacrifice of life for another—one who was a brother only by instinctive adoption. However, to his credit let it be said, he began an investigation, which not only convinced him of his utter insignificance, but gave to the World a basic principle upon which to build one of the greatest and grandest fraternities known to mankind.

Whatever may have been Dionysius' character and reputation, none can doubt the sincerity of his purpose in trying to test the fidelity of Pythias, by stealing, disguised, to his dungeon and urging him earnestly to flee from the certain death awaiting him, claiming to be a friend who had heard the King's plan to intercept Damon's return.

The manliness of Pythias stands out in still bolder contrast to the human and sentimental side of the question when we note the peremptory manner in which he sets aside the suggestions of Dionysius and the pleadings of Calanthe, his betrothed, by saying:

“If mothers love the babe upon the breast, when it looks up with laughter in its eyes, making them weep for joy—if they can love, I loved, and do love thee, my Calanthe. But wert thou magnified above thyself, as much in fascination as thou art above all creatures

else—by all the gods, in awful reverence sworn, I would not cheat my honor!”

None will question the beauty of that philosophy, which prompted him to say in the face of Calanthe and the disguised, and pretended rescuer on hearing that the King had broken faith, that, “I should not have heard it; or having heard it I still hold it false. This busy world is but made up of slight contingencies—there are a thousand that may alter this, or leave it where it was; there is not one, should push us a mere point from any pledge of manliness and honor. Yet would I live—live to possess my own Calanthe here, who recommends existence with a smile so sad and beautiful!—Yet would I live—but not dishonored!—Still, Calanthe, he may return—May! May! That word ends all! Death looks grimly, and the grave is cheerless—yet I do, I do prefer the certainty of death to the possibility of dishonor.”

Returning to Damon, we find that after arriving home and conveying the information of his sentence, Hermion, his wife, urged him to flee to Greece or Italy that his life might be preserved to her and their child. She argued as most men and women would and do argue, that,

“Life, to save that, the wrong becomes the right. The gods that made us so quickened us, nature so prompts us, and all men forgive it, because all men do it. By the love (if thou hast any) of thy wife and child—aye frown Damon, frown and kill me, too, or live for us! Husband look on us, we are at thy feet.”

To those readers, who are husbands and fathers there will come something of a conception of the feelings of Damon, when he said in defense of his purpose:

“Yes, you are, I see it, and my heart bleeds for you. Nay, I must turn my eyes from you, while you are urging me to my dishonor, and bid me murder Pythias that I may live. Farewell, my Hermion; farewell, forever!”

Our hearts go out for the slave, who in his devotion for his master, sought to save his life by slaying the horse upon which he rode. Aye isn't there the sign of love in that speech:

"It is accomplished. I have 'slain his horse. Never shall he return! This hand has cast an intercept between him and the block. Perchance he'll kill me—but I heeded not that; the time shall be, when, at Lucullus' name, he will lift up his hands and weep for me."

Indeed, the heart bleeds when the fate of that slave is recalled, because his blind devotion is a pleasing contrast to the estimate set upon human character by practical men of a practical world, who measure men's inclinations by the common standard of self.

Dionysius, held, that, "Over all, that science, which doth mold touching the soul and its affection, its high discoursing, had attracted him. It was his creed that in this flesh of ours, self ever entertains predominance. And to all friendship he was a persevering infidel. For this reason he tried the strange experiment, never for a moment believing that Damon would return—to death.

In this condition it is plain he was not fit to comprehend the character of two such men as Damon and Pythias. Nor was it until the very last moments of respite that he could fully understand the sacredness of honor.

Oh, how the heart of every Knight has thrilled at the recital of the incidents of those last moments!

All Syracuse is thronged with people who have come from far and near to witness the execution of one who dared the authority of a wretched ruler.

As the sun sank lower and lower, the expectation grew more intense—almost breathless at times.

The population had no faith in the possibility of Damon's return, but at the last moment, when Pythias was on the block, he came in sight, upon which mighty shouts arose.

Breathless and exhausted he fell senseless at the place of execution. Regaining consciousness after a little, he sees the scaffold, the block, the axe and the executioner and—Pythias alive. Then mounting the scaffold, he shouted:

“I am here upon the scaffold, look at me. I am standing on my throne; as proud as yon illumined mountain, where the sun makes his last stand; let him look on me too; he never did behold a spectacle more full of natural glory. Death is—ha! all Syracuse starts up upon her hills, and lifts her hundred thousand hands and shouts. Hark, how she shouts. Oh, Dionysius, when wert thou in thy life hailed with a peal of hearts and hands like that one? Shout again and again, until the mountains echo you, and the great sea joins in that mighty voice, and old Euceladus, the Son of Earth, stirs in his mighty caverns. Tell me, slaves, where is your tyrant? Let me see him now; why stands he hence aloof? Where is your master? What has become of Dionysius?

Knights of Pythias of the World, how grand a foundation for the Fraternal Order that came into existence nearly two score years ago, for the practice of the three golden principles—Friendship, Charity and Benevolence—and which now numbers more than half a million!

RATHBONE TEMPLE.

Step lightly, my Brother between these walls.
Where alone friendship's altar rests enshrined,
To hold the ballot box and ballot balls,
Which, to the grandest Order yet designed,
Elect Pythian candidates as they come,
To find out how Rathbones pass the time,
Away from husband, and children, and home,
Every Tuesday night at Vesper's chime.

As you pass the guard at the inner door,
Be sure that the signs you correctly give,
Else the Sisters may march you 'round the floor
And perforate your vision with a seive.
For when the Rathbones meet on business bent,
'Tis well each Knight remembers where he's at;
Strong in their defense and quick to resent;
They might soon show him the door and his hat.

Forget not, Brother, that these Sisters all,
Have taken a vow before that altar,
Which silent rests in every Castle Hall,
Firm as the wave-washed rocks of Gibraltar.
Therefore, unto us they stand in the light
Of a great Sisterhood in Pythianland,
Where each, who's taken this vow, has the right
To fill with something, each small, empty hand.

THE BACHELOR GIRL'S RESOLVE.

Just thirty-one years old I am, they say, thirty-one summers I have passed!
Oh, dear! It seems to me but yesterday, that I a little girl was classed.
Ah, yes, a child, with toys an' hurts an' tears; rosy-checkt romp of tender age,
Stranger to trials and sorrows and fears—to problems on Life's faulty page.
I joy today in Earthly pleasures free, my heart and mind serenely calm;
For, at this hour, my watching eyes can see, delightful ease in Nature's balm.
At school I was taught of Science and Art—also something in Classic lore;
Yet, out of it all, there's a tender heart, my innermost self to adore.
My mind goes back in memory once' more, to occasions of childish glee,
When my old board playhouse, so rich in store, stood by the back-yard apple tree.
These thoughts remind me of those blissful days, when innocence and girlhood care,
Shaped a principle of feminine ways, which, often in pain, I must bear.
Oh, gladsome! must have been those youthful days, with life made bright by newest joys,
Coming from merry songs and mirthful plays, among the neighbor girls and boys.
Then, too, there's Papa and Mamma so dear, who guided my infantile feet;
They have kept me at their hearthstone, so near; given me their love, pure and sweet.

But passing years wonderful changes have brought, in
teachings liberal and grand,
Knowledge, its generous power hath wrought, the fol-
lies of youth to disband.
True, not all joy, nor all pain have I seen—somehow
mixtures of all, forsooth,
Have sheened Life's troublesome pathway, I ween,
with thoughts of purity and truth.
Yet, o'er me steals a feeling of sadness, as I think of
times that are gone,
With their wealth of love and hope and gladness—
their work and play and joy and song.
But why worry about things of the past? Whatever is,
must so remain.
Why gaze upon circumstance, then, aghast, and from
duty-doing refrain?
They tell me a Spinster's fate is my doom; no doubt
that is true, gentle folk,
But I'd rather live alone, I presume, than marry a
shiftless Old Bloke.
Better without a husband, I believe; even though I
die an Old Maid,
Than to let some man my spirit aggrieve, and shrink
from his presence--afraid.
In abundance the World has its pleasures; and, hard-
ships, too, 'tis my belief;
We choose playthings and call them our treasures,
though through them comes much of our grief.
But ere very long phantoms they glide—into gloomier
shadows they go—
And hard by them our frailties and pride, which we,
in our ignorance show.
Now, as for me and my own choice of plans—why,
they must be just to my taste:—
My neighbors shall know the work of my hands, not
one jot of time will I waste.
Those little Tots coming under my care, shall be
things of love true and kind;
Tabby Cat, too, will come in for a share of my heart's
affections to find.

In the World's mad rush for fame and all that, I'll
 stay by my own little place;
 I'll contend not for fine gown, nor high hat; nor rib-
 bons, nor flimflams nor lace.
 I intend being as nice as I can, with a countenance
 most comely,
 And should I ne'er have the care of a man, I'm glad,
 though humble and homely.
 The sky is cloudless and cheerful tonight, with spread-
 ing dome of azure hue,
 While yon silver moon with its mellow light, gives
 lustre to the falling dew.
 Each zephyr breeze a new happiness brings, where the
 old swing rocks to and fro;
 The voice of the night-bird with music rings, as it
 comes in tones soft and low.
 Beautiful stars—diamonds in the sky; so bright they
 stud that open space—
 Firmament, and heavens so great on high, I scarce
 can look them in the face.
 Twilight has already come and gone—gloom of night
 is around me here:
 A breath of fragrance comes to me so lone, laden
 with melody and cheer.
 Let me sing again the songs of childhood, which
 made my heart so light and gay.
 As I traversed meadow-lot and wild-wood, for flowers
 and pleasures and play.
 Right here, in these very shadows, and swing, I'll
 gaze on in hopeful content,
 At the sparkling gleams those tiny stars fling—smiles
 of the Saviour, which are sent.
 Then farewell, to girlhood's happy young years, which
 have passed too quickly away:—
 I'll live the future in hopes and in fears, content with
 my duties and day.
 Thirty-one! I may not reach them again! But
 whether I do so or not,
 I'll be the truest, best woman I can, and never find
 fault with my lot.

MA'S DIRTY, LAZY BOY, JIM.

Ma, she says, "Jimmie, wash yer han's an' face;
"Comb yer hair, an' go right to Skool!
"You're the laziest young un' on the place—
"A playin' an' actin' the fool—
"Hurry up! Git on them stockin's an' shoes,
"An' take 'long yer books an' dinner!
"Oh, dear, you're so slow! It gives me the blues—
"Scamper off, you little sinner!"

I don't see w'at they've got Skool fur ennyway;
Jus' to shut Boys up in a cage,
An' keep 'em shut up there, day after day,
Readin' dry ole books, page by page.
W'y can't we have a rest once in a while?
I'm quite sure it's more fun to play
Football, Shinney, Black Man, an' run a mile,
Than 'em 'ere hard lessons to say.

I don't think the feller w'at wrote our books,
An' made out all 'em rules so thick,
Ever spent many hours with line an' hooks
Or broke winders out with a brick.
I know he didn't swipe nest eggs from the hen,
W'ere she laid 'em in Spring to set;
Nor chase his Daddy's hogs out o' the pen;
Nor the sheep, till pantin' an' wet.

I guess he never tried to ketch a duck,
As it went floatin' down the Crick;
Don't think he ever hoed the garden truck,
Or on his Mother played a trick.
He never had the fun o' runnin' out,

An' shoo'in' chickens off the lot;
 Or his back warm'd up with a hick'ry sprout,
 Fur skarin' cows to make 'em trot.

He never plugged Dad's melons in the patch,
 An' found 'em as green as grass—
 Never hung on the barn-door by the latch,
 Or thow'd stones't all who tried to pass.
 He didn't gether sheaves in harvest fer fun,
 Nor fetch the water in a jug;
 He didn't try to go thru' swamps on the run,
 An' fall into the mire kerchug;

He never hunted fur squirrels an' nuts,
 An' carried the gun in his hand;
 He never came home, all bruises an' cuts,
 With eyes full 'o leaf-dust an' sand;
 He never practiced with arrow an' bow,
 Aimin' at the dog an' the cat;
 Never across wet hayfields had to go,
 To find his lost stockin's an' hat.

He must 'ave been a pious little lad,
 To grow up without doin' wrong;
 Jus' stayed real close by the side o' his Dad;
 Didn't w'istle, or sing a loud song.
 I'd shout to see my Pa raise me like that!
 There'd be sorrow among the folks:
 'Cause I wus born the very hardest bat—
 Chock full 'o boyish tricks an' jokes.

Pa, he says, boys ain't no bizness to Skool:
 'Cause they're more useful on the farm;
 There they don't have to learn lessons by rule,
 An' if they're mean, it doesn't do harm.
 W'en he was a lad, livin' near the Sea,
 His Pa let 'im stay right to home:
 His Ma did 'is work fur 'im, te he, he—
 Not even 'is hair did he comb!

I'm jus' real glad that Skool will soon be out!
Then Ma won't call us so early
To get up; an' we'll hop an' skip about,
With Rover, Tommy an' Curly—
Down through the orchard an' field o' clover,
Across the fence, near to the Crick,
W'ere they washed the lambs an' sheared 'em over,
An' made 'em look so thin an' sick.

Won't we have fun, tho', at the swimmin' hole,
W'en we git from this dingey Skool?
We'll swim, an' dive, an' fish, with line an' pole,
At the dam, an' in Thompson's pool.
What'll we care fur 'rithmetic, an' grammar,
Readin', writin', singin', spellin',
W'en we can jus' crack the whip an' clamor
The joy in our bosoms wellin'?

Pa says he thinks I would make a preacher;
But lan' sakes! You jus' ought to see
The fellers make trouble fur the teacher,
W'en she mentions such stuff to me!
I'm goin' to be a Hobo, an' roam
O'er all this wide an' fertile Lan',
From the hall up town to the State-house dome:—
Jus' you watch me, w'en I'm a man!

Jokes aside, we've got a dandy teacher;
Fine eyes, small han's, soft an' white;
Smilin', warm-hearted, delicate feature—
But she makes the Kids do what's right!
She paints a pictur', or spins a story,
An' tells us all 'bout the lesson;
Sometimes, she sings a song 'bout Ole Glory;
Then ag'in she puts us guessin'.

But the Kids don't like "Prof," 'cause he's the coon,
That slaps yer ears an' pounds yer hand;
An' we're all glad that Skool kill let out soon:

Then we'll show 'im who's got the sand!
 Pay 'im back fur grabbin' our collars,
 An' jerkin' like a Hottentot;
 An' we don't care how he kicks an' hollers
 There's no one like our own Miss Scott.

She loves a lad, an' tells 'im he's okay—
 Made o' jus' the right kind o' stuff
 To do great things, whether at work or play;
 'A real diamond in the rough.'
 But somehow I ain't built like other boys,
 That come here so strong and ruddy;
 I can't perform tasks an' call 'em my joys:
 Guess I'm too lazy to study.

But I hope when Life's lessons I master—
 All is plain which puzzles me now—
 I'll reach that haven without disaster,
 'Though I didn't know the why an' how.
 I mean to spend the Summer vacation—
 Not at hard work! But to be prim:
 In keeping clean my own reputation,
 As Ma's dirty, lazy boy, Jim.

WATERLOO'S SMILING TWENTY.

'Waterloo's Smiling Twenty' lasses prim, decided a
day at the Lake,
Where they all could swing and ramble and swim, was
the kind of outing they'd take.
So with energy and effort supreme, they settled the
thing in a trice.
And secured hayladders, wagon and team, and a driver,
by name Robert Price.
At an early hour on Tuesday morning, the twenty-sev-
enth day of June,
Old Sol in gold the landscape adorning, shone on garbs
—from pink to maroon.
Bright, happy faces, too, there were in plenty, assem-
bled at Darby's abode,
Where these pretty girls, The Smiling Twenty, climbed
the wagon and Northward rode.

Ah, what a lovely sight they did present! as swiftly
they were borne away,
To the green spot of languorous content—Cold Springs
—on that fine, sunny day!
Their lunch-baskets, full to the very brim, with all
kinds of goods things to eat,
And strong hammocks, which they tied to a limb—
made up this great holiday treat.
Gaily they talked and sang along the trip—hearts light
—high spirits' goodly slice—
They, womanlike, allowed no chance to slip, for crack-
ing jokes on Mr. Price.
At last, through Hamilton they had to pass, before to
Cold Springs they could get—
Where rude Romeos gazed on each blessed less—made
eyes blink, which are blinking yet.

Not a single man 'was seen in that crowd—Waterloo's
 maidenly sweetness—
 Our own Smiling Twenty, who seem so proud, to
 "go't" alone with completeness.
 And all went well till they wanted to swing—pick-
 nicking's not without alloy—
 One girl got "mixt" with hammock rope and ring,
 and shouted for her own Dear Boy.
 Finally to them the dinner hour came, when baskets
 oped and gave to sight—
 Mass of pie, cake, chicken and other game, as would
 make Kings smile with delight.
 Guests of honor, Misses Powell and Shull, got many a
 toast and favor,
 While the girls ate down their chicken and crull, and
 sipt their drink of water flavor.

It was truly a pleasant place to be, 'neath the dense,
 of that grand old shade,
 Where Dame Nature, her treasures so free, had lav-
 ished on lake, hill and glade.
 "Alas!" sighed the maids, "how short is the time, when
 home, we'll have to be going,
 "And in that bumpy old wagon to climb—we're sure
 we'd rather go rowing!"
 So with fingers deft and a style so nice, they packed
 basket, hammock, trinket;
 Then sought their handsome driver, Mr. Price, and
 said, "Stay? Now don't you think it!
 "We are going home, and that pretty quick! Hurry
 us off, Sir! to the South!
 "If ever again, we do such a trick, we want to be slapt
 in the mouth."

'Twas quite dark when the load came into town, look-
 in all tired out and weary;
 Faces bright in the morn, now sunburnt and brown,
 presented a scene most dreary.
 Thus "Smiling Twenty" had a day's pleasure, and hard-
 ships, too, 'tis our belief;

They took playthings and called 'em their treasures,
and thru' 'em came much of the grief.
We know not what thoughts the girls have in mind,
whether they'll still procrastinate,
Or each begin to hustle 'round to find, a doting
"hubby" for her mate.
Perhaps they'll get up a society, these Twenty nice,
innocent joys—
Who'll "go" when they like— in propriety, without
the company of Boys.

WHAT THE HUMAN HEART MAY ENDURE.

How ~~much~~ our hearts may bear without breaking!
Great flesh suffering, yet it does not die!
I wonder if keenest pain and aching
Of souls and bodies, brings their end more nigh?
Death bides His own time; till that hour is worn,
All suffering may be borne.

We shrink at sight of the physician's knife,
Our faces blanch at the touch of cruel steel,
That seems to be searching for human life!
Yet to our feeble sense these pangs reveal
This truth: the heart's tender cords may be torn,
But that, too, can be borne.

Sorrow comes towering high in our way,
We flee at once from the approach of heartless ill,
And try to find escape—shed tears and pray:
The blow falls; then our quivering hearts are still—
Pain goring at us with its sharpest horn;
But such things must be borne.

One life is twined about another life;
That soul is sweeter, dearer, than our own;
Sometimes it faints and falls in mortal strife;
Then we feel stunned, heartbroken and alone,
And wish we were pulseless, like those we mourn,
But this too, must be borne.

We may endure all things—yes, famine, thirst,
Misery, pain, bereavement, deadly grief;
Of woeful sorrow, Life's afflictions, worst

Through obedience, patience and full belief
In Him, who, for us, was tired, faint and worn,
Can earthly ills be borne.

THE BOILERMAKERS' DANCE.

It's eleven years ago, I believe,
That the Boilermakers in town,
Decided fully on Thanksgiving Eve,
To do things up, and do 'em brown.
So they got together the girls and boys,
Who were known to be pleasure bent,
And gave them the right to an evening's joys—
The right to dance their hearts' content.

'Tis true, throughout these years, some have blundered
In making the Dance a success,
But in this happy year, Nineteen Hundred,
All have cause to rejoice, I guess.
The garbs of green and blue and black and pink,
Worn by ladies of smiling face,
Made each young man gallant when he'd think
Of Garrett's youth, beauty and grace.

FIXING THE FAULT.

Strange, indeed, is the turn affairs sometimes take in our lives. It happens on occasion that some mortals are given a foretaste of heaven, only to suddenly relapse into the throes of despair, enshrouded with a cloud of casualty so thick and so dense that the feeble sunlight of hope proves powerless to penetrate. Thus many lives are often filled with gloom and sadness. In our human sightedness we often fix the responsibility for certain desperate conditions on the shoulders of some one individual and thereby try to satisfy the requirements of our own minds with regard to those supposedly guilty of disturbing the tranquility of our existence and circumscribing the limits of our peaceful enjoyment of material things.

Could we know all the circumstances leading up to the actions we question in others; could we feel, as they, the harassing grip of misfortune, and know the uncertainty of all earthly things, as experience teaches, then perhaps our estimate of the conduct of some would be commendatory, when under meager knowledge of detail it of necessity becomes condemnatory.

There's divinity shapes our ends,
Though we see it but in part;
When God, love to his children sends,
And fills with faith each human heart.
Could we always know what was best,
We'd bless the day that we were born—
Give men some love, to God the rest,
Never forsaken nor forlorn.
But we do not know. And because
We do not know what we ought, find

All the faults and pick out the flaws
Belonging to all human kind;
And think, that, of all, we the worst
Of treatment ever have received!
Sometimes our fellow men we've cursed—
For by them, have we been deceived.

What I am I know not; what I expect to be I can think not; what I will be I can say not, but out of all—a sort of jumbled up mass in chaos of circumstances—I hope eventually to emerge pure and spotless, made holy and sinless through the blood of Him who hath said: “I am the way, the truth, the life and the light.” Of myself I can do nothing meritorious, save to look, listen and believe in that almighty power which can reach down into the lowest depths of degradation and by a single movement cleanse from all unrighteousness and lift the human soul to the highest planes of dignity and integrity. Through the precious love of Jesus we are made perfectly whole.

BREAK THE ALABASTER NOW.

Faithful, is there one sweet-smelling flower,
Which you've grown in the garden of your heart,
For the friend, who in a sympathetic hour,
Declared that from your side he would not part?
Withhold not thy florals; the narrow Bier,
Sees no other than its burden of Death!
Hears no sound, gives no smile and sheds no tear,
Though Nature embalm it in fragrant breath.

If you've a wreath for an aching brow,
Won't it be best to bestow it now?

Would you break the box of precious ointment—
Anoint the head, to you, dearer than gold,
With love, in proportion, God's appointment—
Keep the heart young, though the body grow old?
Delay not. Tomorrow may be the day
When funeral cortege moves slowly by
With him, to whom you now could tribute pay;
Before the spirit takes its flight on high.

Lest o'er his grave in the morn you bow,
Break the box of alabaster now.

Have you not seen in a sad upturned face,
The sharp footprints of grief's merciless tread?
In that countenance have you not found trace
Of unspoke sorrow, in a heart deep bled?
From those faded cheeks you've read the story,
Of departed hopes, when life still was young.
And the World seemed filled with nameless glory—
The heart in triple happiness was hung.

Can you not—for just one fault allow—
Break the box of alabaster now?

Have you seen those sadly passionless eyes,
From whose inactive depths no flashing light
Gleamed in gladness or sparkled with surprise,
At hope's victory—beacon star of night?
Have you seen colorless lips try to speak,
The soul's immeasurable weight of grief,
And be quiveringly speechless and weak,
In bringing the heart its needed relief?

Would you not help such soul keep its vow,
By breaking the alabaster now?

Have you heard that voice once tuned like a lute,
In painfully discordant notes try to sing,
The melody of a soul that was mute,
Inharmonious, without music's ring?
Did not your own heart become more tender
At the hopelessness of that piteous wail,
Did you not wish to be that soul's strong defender—
Begin the "fiat of fate" to assail?

If we'd escape despondercy's slough,
'Tis meet; break the alabaster now.

In keeping with that great Gospel of Love
Preached to this hapless World so long ago,
The grief-stricken may look in faith above,
And find sweet comfort in the Heaven glow.
But before grasping hold that mighty arm,
It's a part of the greatest human creed,
That in spreading sympathy's mild alarm,
We help our brother satisfy his need.

To do so and not ask the why, how,
We should break the alabaster now.

Better that naught be said o'er the casket,
That contains the lifeless body of one
Who received not of Love's floral basket,
To cheer his pathway so narrow and lone.
The dead read no obituary lines,
And hear not the dirge or requiem song,
Which help, faithfully, mortal designs

At covering all fault before a throng.
If we would joy with our friends, I trow,
We must break the alabaster now.

Better that coffin be plain, flowerless,
Which holds a form whose life was filled,
With that fragrance which makes Death powerless,
And from which, Life's own essence is distilled.
When the heart's throbless, cold and breath abated,
Then garlands throw us backward no perfume!
Our gifts may be by the World related,
But will they smooth one furrow? Why presume?
If we're earnest for the why and how,
We will break the alabaster now.

AGED NOW.

This day I feel to look back at the morn,
Through the vistas of changing years,
Intervening the hour when I was born,
And this hour, with its hopes and fears.
As I gaze in retrospective vision,
The rough coast of Life's surging sea
Seems set by the will of Divine precision
Against the bygone years and me.
And the silver threads on my brow
Remind me that I am aged now.

Indeed, I see me now in my childhood,
And the balmy days, when a girl,
I leapt and ran in meadow and wildwood;
Or led in playground's dizzy whirl.
Nor have I forgotten the days at school,
In the old log cabin by the lane,
Where the children were taught the Golden Rule,
Amid green fields and waving grain.
But the sharp lines here on my brow
Say I was younger then than now.

Age, Old March, with its cold, blustering ides,
And piercing storms so bleak and wild,
Swings like a reefer through Life's ocean-tides,
Full of vim, as I, when a child.
Sixty-seven times has this month rolled 'round,
With its burden of birthday chimes,
Since I first in this sinful world was found
And began to learn baby rhymes.
But the deep furrows on this brow
Show that the end is nearing now.

One by one I note the changes in life,
 Since I as a maiden shy, fair,
 Met Henry, dear soul, and became his wife—
 Entered the joys of household care.
 Happy indeed have been the many years
 I've reigned—housekeeper and mother—
 Sometimes in gladness and sometimes in tears—
 Living always for another.

But wrinkled lines are on his brow,
 Which show we both are aged now.

Oh, we cannot know what there is in store
 For my husband, my children, me—
 But we hope for this, if for nothing more—
 That in Death we'll together be.
 I have tried the Faith that the Savior taught,
 And wish that all my children would;
 I have seen the power of righteous thought
 And know what it means to be good.

When I see Jesus' thorn-crowned brow,
 I feel I'm getting younger now.

Dear Henry, we'll be happy while we may,
 And wish many a glad return,
 To our home of the rich, ripe years, and day,
 Before they strew our graves with fern,
 Or mourn our departure from the earth,
 Which gives to us our health and life;
 And, may each returning day of my birth
 Thrill our hearts as husband and wife.

For I see in that future, now
 When o'er our coffins they will bow.

HOUSE DECORATION A FINE ART.

March has come. There is no question about it. Just what the experience of most people will be during the next thirty days is more or less uncertain. But whether the climatic changes of the month bode us good or ill most certain it is that at the close of these days of boisterous winds and unsteady barometer spring house-cleaning will alight flush upon us with all its confusing accessories and artificial blandishment.

Parlor and sitting room, drawing room and conservatory, library and private apartments—in fact every interenclosure from cellar to garret, including kitchen and scuttle closet—will be thrown wide open for an airing. So thoroughly has this system of semi-annual housecleaning obtained as an absolute essential in the fundamentals of domestic life in American homes that the average housekeeper would feel as though she had been unpardonably absent from an important session of existence did she neglect any of these warlike attacks on the in many instances unaccountable accumulations of grime and dust.

Incidentally, these stirring occasions strike terror to timorous husbands, and in justice to the faltering courage of an average man in the presence of a fastidious enemy of dirt wielding a dust broom vigorously against inoffensive cobwebs, is it any wonder that he trembles, loses his temper and lets escape a volume of lurid adjectives that would in nowise sound euphonious in print when wrestling with stubborn, though seemingly insignificant stovepipes that insist on staying unjointed? From a domestic standpoint it is thought not, though morally such deportment might be considered a breach of the commandment, "Thou shalt not swear."

Already many housewives are revolving in their

minds the form, shape and extent of the coming onslaught. It is a pretty sure thing that whatever plan of cleansing and decorating is adopted, good taste, artistic effect and stability are the qualities most desired in the home as an equivalent for time, money and energy required in the removal of dust accumulations of several months. In these respects no persons have so prolific faculties for producing artistic effects, so keen sensibilities in perceiving the delicate touches of high art in decoration, as women, but after all when professional skill, practical economy and health are weighed in the balance their judgment in the selection of artist and materials is not infallible.

Some housekeepers insist on papering and want nothing else in the way of wall and ceiling garniture, others prefer to use whitewash, calsomine and calcine, still others have faith in alabastine fresco or plastic coating; and, of a truth in these latter days even, a few instruct the decorator to paint their walls. In any and all of these methods for beautifying there are objectionable features, and dangers too, of which the knowing painter, paperhanger and decorator stands in mortal fear. Papering possibly exhibits the fewest reasons for objection, and is, all else being equal, the least dangerous, especially if the mild tints and transparencies are used. To paint the walls of a room in the common colors is to inculcate it more or less with disease germs. This condition of things with reference to painting is accounted for in the fact that the oxides and leads forming the base of most pigments take on the form of arsenic poison as soon as exposed to air, hence it is the most dangerous method of purifying made use of in the art.

A decorative artist in his repairing and beautification of cheerless homes is to be regarded with reference to these things very much in the same light that decides the choice of a physician to subvert the ravages of disease—the one who understands his business best is to be preferred above all others. A very common but nevertheless erroneous idea exists in the minds

of many that anybody who can cut paper and paste paper, can hang paper. A sad mistake, indeed, as many have found out by bitter and costly experience. It is true there does not seem to be much skill required in "slapping" paper on a wall. For a fact there is not, but "slapping" paper on the wall is the smallest part of the job—just as much so as administering an anaesthetic is not the principal function in the reduction of a fracture or the performance of a surgical operation. Preparation of walls and materials is the thing requiring knowledge and skill. As an instance in point, what does the novice know about coloring in distemper and varnishing paper? What practice can he be expected to have had in the management of hanging crimson-stained ground papers, forty inch, plain tints, stamped gold, wood hangings, flocks, etc.? What can the mere initiate be expected to know about making the different kinds of paste necessary, or preparing walls and grounds, and keeping clear of wall-damp, the greatest menace to the decorator's art? How can an inexperienced cub be expected to know just what remedies to adopt for the eradication of impediment, such as for instance, the use of wall metal, battening, canvassing, sheet lead, etc.? And yet any or all of these very things may be needful in the decoration of any single house, even in so small a place as Edon. Experience teaches the wisdom and economy of employing a practical and finished workman, no matter what the cost.

Since among the popular methods for effective house-cleaning none has as yet been developed that surpasses paper hanging, it having the double advantage of economy and healthfulness, and in view of the supposition that most of the homes in Edon will be decked in bright, cheerful spring colors, a few suggestions may not come amiss. First, secure a first-class workman—a professional—who by experience and preparation is competent to judge the value of a hygienic job. Have him to examine your walls and submit the selection of suitable paper as much as possible to him. If he is master of his trade the contrasts and harmonies will be correct and the result satisfactory.

REAL BEAUTY VS. PRETTY.

Beauty is not eternal, neither is it a matter of inheritance. At best and in the ultimate it becomes a thing of acquisition, and because of that fact is transitory. The qualifying word "real" simply suggests the permanency of its contrast with baser elements, and of course, does not signify its endless existence. Beauty, whether real or unreal, is not confined to humanity alone but is also found as a condition in both animate and inanimate entities. This fact is unquestioned.

Beauty is not eternal because it is but a symbol by which we convey the knowledge of our appreciation of symmetry in form, regularity in shape and harmony of color, which by reason of necessity must absolve, decay and fade with the objects it describes. It is not a matter of inheritance because symmetry of form, regularity in shape and harmony of color are not common to infancy, therefore are not dependent upon the ability of the object possessing those enhancements to gather such qualities from its surroundings as when assimilated with like qualities within itself, will, through the natural law of cohesion shape out a pleasing appearance. The fact that an object is dependent upon something else for its full and final development makes the result of that development a decided acquisition.

Character is merely a matter of strength or weakness, and may be found in a tree, rock or hill, as well as in a man or woman. With reference to a rock or hill, the word character is used as a symbol indicating power of resistance to contending external forces; in a man or woman it implies a virtue in good or evil, health or disease. This, too, without regard to the appearance of either object or individual.

Real beauty is antonymous to either organic or superficial ugliness and does not necessarily imply anything of the condition of mind and heart which, at its greatest height of influence in the right, makes a pious man or woman; or which, in its simple depth and proportion of wrong, creates the vascillating weakness of a beast—the first God-like, the latter demoniacal. The difference between mind power and brute force preponderates in favor of the mind, in that brute force is but a visible means to an abstract end, while mind is the evidence of internal progression. Whether this psychological movement be in the right or in the wrong direction depends upon the individual conception of the moral or immoral influence of his or her action. Beauty describes a flower, a dress or a production; noble thought, true heart, strong character, pure life, real principle, are definitive qualities in admirable men and women.

Attention might be called to a large number of women who have been particularly admired for their charming “prettiness”—incorrectly by some called “beautiful”—beautiful as applied to the human face and form being confounded by the more rational word “pretty.” A thing may be beautiful because it is perfect, and still not be pretty. A woman may be pretty with all her faults, and of course, not beautiful. Pretty is the symbol by which our tongues express the pleasure of our eyes; beauty, the instrument by which we exhibit the strength of our inward selves. The one is a sentimental suffusion; the other, an immaculate power of sense. Thus we have the first prime proposition, “beauty is not eternal, neither is it a matter of inheritance.”

IS KISSING WRONG?

Now, kissing is a delicate morsel of something most difficult to define. It constitutes the sum total, the final outcome of a subject bruited in all conditions of life from the highest to the lowest, and mooted alike in hamlet and city. Kissing is a common theme, a thing with which all and yet none are familiar and, withal, there remains a mist of mystery pervading as unknowable as the impulse of human nature.

Some people insist on the impropriety of that peculiar method of intimating sentiment, arguing from the proposition that such practice is scientifically, medically, morally and etiquettically incorrect. Some high authorities have taken the time and trouble to finely expostulate with their fellows in learned diction, but the fact still stands that kissing may be appoved from the standpoint of all these as well as from the right of adopting a long established Biblical code.

Science has failed to establish the truth that "edulcorated labial osculation" is detrimental to the mental, moral and physical development of any person. Physicians have not learned that any except infectious diseases have ever been transmitted from one person to another through the soul-searching welding of lips. Etiquette has no law against one affectionate person expressing that condition of heart to another by the visible sign, a kiss. Ethics are obscure in their proof of damage to individual character through the uncertain changes of facial contact. Religion, as lived by the ancient fathers, fully endorsed the office of a holy kiss as the symbol of purity and christian love.

Whatever motive may prompt the bestowal of a kiss, whether true or false, the power of that instrument of conveyance for feeling is in nowise diminished.

A kiss may be a token of fidelity or betrayal; none can tell, save those benefited or injured by the bestowal of it. As the same sunlight which causes vegetation to develop and mature, and gives color to leaf and flower, will cause that same vegetation to wither and decay, and that same leaf and flower to wilt and fade—out of season—even so and likewise does a kiss either edify or villify the intents of the heart in just so much as it be pure or impure, true or false. The fact that the sun's heat destroys vegetation is no argument against the office of the sun. The fact that some people perjure their souls with a kiss—falsely given—does not obtain against the virtue of a kiss. Where one individual prostitutes the uses of affection's seal, a thousand are submerged in the ocean of its virtue.

I must concur in the belief that too much carelessness and laxity are extant as touching the sacred office of a kiss. A real kiss is the fountain flow of blissful love; the more passionate, pure and blissful the love, the richer and more abundant the flow of kisses. However, as the strongest current in the tides of ocean loses itself in the fashioning of other currents, even so the incessant flow of kisses must weaken the force producing them, unless, as is sometimes true of ocean currents, a reinforcement lends aid to the fountain-head. In view of the fact that but few ocean currents find return channels, it does not seem safe to expect human forces to be more highly favored by accidental circumstances. As true love is the sweeter and the more enjoyable because of its rarity, it may not be amiss to identify wholesome kissing with it, since both signify purity of mind and joy of heart.

I am not a convert to the opinion that a husband, for instance, should regard his wife as more kissable the first year of married life than the tenth; likewise intervening years; neither would I advocate an over-indulgence or an undue repression of the desire to kiss—but let it be at any time or any place under proper conditions. I think a kiss at the right time and place and every day in the year to be essential to the wel-

fare and happiness of those kissed and kissing. I now recall that very touching story of Princess Alice, whose little boy was seriously ill of diphtheria. She had been cautioned not to go near the bedside of her suffering child lest her own life be jeopardized. Bidding defiance to all counsel she approached the bed upon which the little fellow tossed in fever and pain. She laid her hand upon his forehead and caressed him. The touch cooled his fevered brain and brought the wandering soul back from its wild delirium to nestle for a moment in the lap of a mother's love. Then throwing his arms around her neck he whispered: "Mamma, kiss me." The instinct of a mother's love is stronger than science or statesmanship or royalty, and she pressed her lips to those of her child. So it will be to the end. The true mother will kiss her child, the wife her husband, the sister her brother and the maiden her sweetheart, though death in a thousand shapes lies ambushed 'neath the ruby tint of pouting lips.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

Endeavorers, is there one sweet flower,
Which you've grown in the garden of your heart
For Jesus, who said, in His last sad hour:
"My spirit from the world shall not depart?"
Withhold not thy florals; the narrow bier
Sees no other than its burden of Death;
Hears no sound, gives no smile, sheds no tear,
'Though Nature embalm it in fragrant breath.
So DeKalb Endeavorers, I trow,
You'll want to bestow your wreaths just now.

Would you break the box of precious ointment—
Anoint the head, to you, dearer than gold,
With love, in proportion, God's appointment—
Keep the heart young, though the body grow old?
Delay not; tomorrow may be the day
When funeral cortege moves slowly by,
With those to whom you now could tribute pay,
Before the spirit takes its flight on high.
Lest o'er your grave in the morn they bow,
You'd best begin your endeavors now.

Have you not seen in a sad, downcast face,
The sharp lines of grief's merciless tread?
In that countenance have you not found trace
Of unspoke sorrow, in a heart deep bled?
From those faded cheeks you've read the story
Of departed hopes, when life still was young,
And the world seemed filled with nameless glory—
The heart in triple happiness was hung.
Can you not renew your sacred vow,
And begin Christian Endeavor now?

Have you seen those tearless, passionless eyes,
 From whose inactive depths no flashing light
 Gleamed in gladness, or sparkled with surprise.

At hope's victory,—twinkling star of night?

Have you seen colorless lips try to speak,
 The soul's immeasurable weight of grief,
 And be quiveringly speechless and weak
 In bringing the heart its needed relief?

Would you not help such soul keep its vow,
 By just trying to Endeavor now?

Have you heard that voice once turned like a lute,
 In painfully discordant notes try to sing

The melody of a soul that was mute,
 Inharmonious—without music's ring?

Did not your own heart become more tender,
 At the hopelessness of that piteous wail;

Did you not wish to be that soul's strong defender—
 Begin the "fiat of fate" to assail?

If we'd escape despondency's slough,
 'Tis meet; begin Endeavoring now.

In keeping with that great gospel of Love,
 Preached to this hapless world, so long ago,

The grief-stricken may look in Faith, above,
 And find sweet comfort in the heaven-glow.

But before grasping hold that mighty arm,
 'Tis a part of the greatest human creed,

That in spreading sympathy's mild alarm,
 We help each brother satisfy his need.

To do so, and not ask the why—how,
 We should begin Endeavoring now.

Better that naught be said o'er the casket,

That contains the lifeless body of one

Who received not of love's floral basket,

To cheer his pathway so narrow and lone.

The dead read no obituary lines;

Hear not the Dirge, or the Requiem song,

Which help, faithfully, mortal designs,

At covering all fault before a throng.
If we would enjoy Jesus, I 'low,
We must begin Endeavoring now.

Better that coffin be plain, flowerless,
Which holds a form whose life was filled
With that fragrance, which makes Death powerless,
And from which Life's own essence is distilled.
When the heart's throbbless,—cold—and breath abated,
Then garlands throw us backward no perfume!
Our gifts may be by the world related;
But will they smooth one furrow? Don't presume:
If we're earnest for the why and how,
We will make Christian Endeavors now.

AMERICA'S SILENT ARMY.

Just thirty-eight years ago, I believe, war clouds hung
dark this country o'er.
And its loyal sons sprang prompt to relieve, in num-
bers a million or more.
Fiercely they strode past the enemy's lines, bent on
a vile curse to destroy;
With that courage which history defines, belongs to the
real Yankee boy.
It's a sad thought, yet one most dear to all—too griev-
ous to express in words—
Of how they arose at the country's call, an' fought
like tigers with the hordes.
Boldly they marched on to the battlefield, joined to-
gether, a living wall—
Each fully determined never to yield, even though in
death he must fall.
Proudly they bore to that hot Southern clime—story of
peace in tones so clear—
And taught the Negro the terror of crime, and honest
manhood to revere.
Thousands of comrades so noble and true, are lying
silent in the grave,
Who gave their lives and all in honor's cause, and pur-
chased freedom for the slave.
These motionless sleepers so deep in ground, under
their laurels dearly bought—
Truly have a name, the wide world' around—Liberty,
the prize which they sought.
But no more for their joy the campfire gleams, or to
them gives its cheering light,
Where happy freedom's mellow moonlight streams its
flood of peace, so pure and bright.

Give them, oh people, your heartfelt praise, for golden
deeds of valor done;
Let us here, our banner, Old Glory, raise, to show the
world what they have won.
About this emblem moving in the sky, kissed by Na-
ture's every breeze,
We'll proudly rear our bulwarks strong and high, of
homes and men—the nation's trees.
May the grand old Stars and Stripes ever wave, with
their colors—Red, Blue and White—
In gentle folds o'er each veteran's grave, a true token
of faith and might.
'Tis meet that we strew garlands of flowers, upon each
soldier's somber tomb,
Our humble gifts from earth's sweetest bowers, now
rich in leaf and bud and bloom.
Worshiping lips may here speak words of grace, and
honest hearts send forth their love,
To coax brighter smiles in each widow's face, whose
husband rests with Him above.
Ye sons and daughters, your glad tributes give—a
tithe to those who wore the Blue—
For redeeming the land in which we live, and the flag
to me and to you.
We'll not forget that conflict of the past, nor the bat-
tlefields red with gore.
Whereon our father's lot to chance was cast, and the
bullet-rent cloth they bore.
We'll ne'er forget the loyalty maintained, while striving
for victory's crown;
Nor, the principle of manhood sustained, in striking
vile slavery down.
Brothers, should we not then more thankful be, in our
noble work just begun;
That we live in this land, happy and free, and are each
a veteran's son.
S. O. V. camps their attention should turn, to bring-
ing Sons into the fold—
Helping them the law of friendship to learn, as did
our Sires, in times of old.

We may ne'er get to hear a battle cry, nor see the
 tyrant in his rage;
 It may not be ours on the field to die—because this
 is a peaceful age—
 But to be true to the trust that is left, we must be up
 now, and alive,
 To the wants of those alone and bereft—widows and
 orphans, who survive.
 Keep green in our thoughts, those living and dead, who
 strove the nation to preserve—
 The sick attended, and the hungry fed—nothing there
 is, we can reserve.
 Let friendship, charity and loyalty, outshine all our sta-
 tions in life,
 As greater than science or royalty, and worthy our
 eagerest strife.

* * * * * * * * *

All honor, then, to whom honor is due, there are those
 of whom we'd relate—
 Our own brave lads who went from Waterloo, for the
 conflict of ninety eight.
 To defend the Pearl of Antilles, from Spanish treachery
 and wrong,
 They fought Bushwhackers an' Guerillas, with cannon
 an' musket so strong.
 Our Company I did its humble part, preparing for the
 awful fray—
 And fear, 'twas not known to a single heart, leaving
 the station on that day.
 Though they saw not the harbor, Havana, nor carried
 wreckage from "The Maine,"
 They joined the Stripes to the Red Bandanna, and
 bleached our country of its stain.
 Hail! Dewey, Sampson, Hobson, Schley, Shafter—
 America's heroes so true!
 For giving the Dons their sad hereafter, in love for the
 Red, White an' Blue.
 For these gallant men there's name and renown—
 but neighbors what will we do
 To honor those marching to Tampa town—brave Com-
 pany I, of Waterloo?

BUGS.

Bugs seem to have the floor just at this peculiar period in American history. The clan bearing this euphonious title has been receiving living reinforcements from all directions and in the personage of everything that has any right whatever to the title and distinction of "bug." It has been astutely put that the 16 to 1 people are silverbugs; prohibitionists, waterbugs; woman suffragists, ladybugs; soundmoney men, goldbugs; mugwumps, humbugs; popocrats, straddlebugs; members of the Four Hundred, bigbugs; with the bedbug, chintzbug and the potatobug doing business at the old stand, and in the regular way, as complacently and vigorously in all departments as though nothing had occurred to mar the pleasure of their vocation. Being a distinct cast of "bug" they disdain to mingle with any other set or cast of bugs, having gold and silver as an incentive, but with becoming dignity adopt a law unto themselves that it is meet that the farmer should share with them his Paris green, his crops and his blood. They enter no controversy, make no noise, publish no newspapers; but "neglect not the assembling of themselves together as the way of some men is, but exhort one another all the more as they see the day approaching" when the farmer must arise and with sickle and hoe gather in what is left of the fruits of his toil. The moral to this is obvious and simple.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

The day was dark and gloomy. A cold drizzling rain had been falling during almost the whole of two days, thus rendering every aspect outdoors most dreary. The air was heavy, with a penetrating chill not unlike the nocturnal permeation of late autumn or early winter. At times the wind swept in sharp gusts from the north and northwest, with its burden of freshness sent by the ice gorge in lake and river. The streets were slushy and many of the foot-crossings almost impassable. In short, it was a typical April day in Indiana.

It was Saturday before Easter. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, people from the rural districts thronged the business thoroughfares of one of those quaint, besmoked, though enterprising railroad towns of which the Hoosier state is prolific. The spirit of the place was hustle, and ere they were aware the lusty farmer, the tradesman and the mechanic, caught the influence of a stirring atmosphere in a stirring town and began, as a matter of course, to stir themselves. Of those congregating outside the stores, men and women, boys and girls, each, all, seemed to be in a great hurry to get somewhere or to do something. Surging to and fro like waves on an angry sea, each pushed and jostled the other as though the last opportunity in life, the last moment of existence had been or was about being reached. It was salesday with the big stores, and people from far and near had come to do their marketing for the following week. All were familiar with these occasions, hence none appeared to be surprised at the great activity.

At a point where two of the principal streets intersected, a large crowd of men and boys had gathered.

No one could tell just why a denser mass of humanity found concourse at that particular corner, than at a half-dozen other corners in sight. But the largest crowd was assembled at this corner and that fact alone is quite sufficient to the purpose of this tale.

Nobody seemed to be expecting her; none could tell from whence or how she came, or whither she was going. In fact her coming was more or less of a surprise to at least one person, when of a sudden an aged lady—sad-eyed, wistful, emaciated, cheeks pale, wan and hollow, as from the effects of disease or intense suffering and shoulders rounded almost to deformity—edged her way, step by step, with slow and measured tread through the boisterous and not over polite aggregation of human beings. Her shoes were old and her dress, of an ancient pattern, was badly worn and faded; here and there a patch was to be seen, but the whole scrupulously clean. A thin shawl, which had long since done ample service, answered the purpose of headgear and cape. Looking neither to the right nor to the left, and with lips firmly set, she seemed intent upon one purpose only—reaching a destination somewhere in advance of her. To all else she was totally oblivious. So absorbed was she in this one purpose that she heard not the scoffs of the overdressed, hair-brained fop, nor the billingsgate of the street gamin; nay, she was insensible alike to the levity of garrulous youth, and the bellicose of belligerent superannuation. She was going somewhere. She felt it, believed it, and being extremely anxious to finish the journey, brooked no delay. Wind, rain, a motley crowd, none of these things could deter her. She must arrive there.

But where? Who could tell? No matter. The lady had no disposition to disclose her purposes; none dared to question her; in fact none was specially interested in anything just then, save perhaps mere amusement. Though rudely jostled about, the woman maintained a stolid indifference, except now and then a frown of displeasure would appear on her otherwise placid face.

At last, after many feeble efforts, she reached the

middle of the street crossing and tremblingly awaited the opportunity to pass on. Just at that instant a fractious team of dapple greys which were hitched to a heavy vehicle, having become frightened at some object farther up the street, and getting beyond the driver's control, dashed wildly around the corner. The woman heeded not their noise, saw not her peril. She had but one thought, but one purpose, that was of ———. But before she could have framed the word, had she so desired, all power of thought within her was stilled. Eyes, ears and brain had ceased for the time to act. A fatality had overtaken, a serious accident had happened to her. The horse nearest her, a mettlesome beast, plunged madly forward and sideways, and struck the woman on her head with its hoof, from the effects of which she fell in a senseless heap on the pavement. She made no sound, uttered no word, save a deep, guttural groan, as the wheels of the vehicle passed dangerously near; that was but once, and only for an instant. Then all was still and she laid as one dead.

Of the motley crowd which blockaded the corner, but one, a young man, who had treated with silent contempt, the small, chaffy talk of his fellows saw the accident.

He took in the situation at a glance, and without a word sprang to the old lady's side. Bending tenderly over her prostrate form, he raised her gently by his strong right arm, to almost a sitting posture and spoke low, but earnestly into her ears. But she breathed not, heard not, spoke not;—was to all appearances dead.

By this time a crowd had gathered and after a motion from the young man, the unfortunate woman was borne tenderly to a place of safety, where a physician was summoned, who promptly applied restoratives. Ere long she opened her eyes and gasped: "Where am I? What am I doing here? Oh, yes, I remember, now—I was going home."

At this, the young man, stepped near and said, "What can we do for you madam—m-o-t-h-e-r?"

At the sound of that word, "Mother," her wrinkled face lighted up with a smile—a smile that was too sanguine of hope, too real for earth, and she said, looking the young hero for the first time in the eyes, "There is nothing to be done, my boy, just let me go to sleep; I am so t-i-r-e-d, and she fell back on the improvised pillow—a corpse. She had at last gone home!

The young man bowed his head and wept; nor did it seem as though his tears would cease their flowing. An awful silence reigned for a space; none dared to break the majestic solemnity, until finally someone in the crowd touched the young man on the shoulder and inquired, "Who is she; where does she belong; what is she doing here; how did it happen?"

The young man's grief having somewhat spent itself the sudden sound of words seemed to awaken him, and he replied, "She is my——his frame shook and sobs choked him—she is my—, she lived in a little thatched cottage along the river side, and was trying to reach home, when a runaway team struck her down at yonder crossing."

Having uttered these words the young man dropped his face in his hands and wept as if his heart were broken.

An elderly man approaching at this juncture, on seeing the woman in a heap and the young man prostrated, exclaimed, "What is this?" Loosening the shawl from about the woman's throat, he peered hastily into her face. Withdrawing suddenly he approached a bystander and in choking tones remarked: "Somebody's mother. Yes she was somebody's mother. She was his mother. Her life was not an easy one, nor her experiences a flowery bed of ease. She suffered many heartaches and partook of keenest privation. Her son was not always a good son. He was wayward, and not infrequently unkind. But she endured it all heroically. She bore him and all his faults into the world at the same time, she was willing to think, and was therefore obligated to look after him. She did her duty bravely. If he got angry she was there to soothe

his spirits back to humor; if he became vindictive, she was all forgiving; if he became intoxicated she saw he was sober; if he got into prison, she followed him to his cell; if he was ill, she nursed him back to health. Thus under all conditions she remained faithful to his interest. No sorrow was too deep for her to comfort, no dungeon too dark and silent for the light of her undying love. Oh, yes, she was somebody's mother. She was his mother, but he realized it not.

What is purer than honesty? Nothing. What is sweeter than charity? Nothing. What is richer than wisdom? Nothing. What is brighter than virtue? Nothing. What is more steadfast than faith? Nothing. These qualities living in the mind and heart create the firmest foundation for happiness.

WHEN THE PRETTY LILACS BLOOM.

When pretty lilacs in the garden bloom,
 And lift their heads in fragrant sheaves;
 When sunlight frightens away clouds and gloom,
 And the wind plays tricks with the leaves;
 When sparrow, robin and wren take their room
 Very near to the cottage eaves—

'Tis then, though human strength be failing fast,
 Eyesight dim and still growing dim,
 That my heart thrills with gladness to the last;
 My Soul joys in an unsung hymn—
 And in the beauty of a matchless world,
 My gaze to yon star-realm is cast.

Many years have passed since dear Anna went
 To her Angelic home on high;
 The last radiant glance to me she sent—

I see it yet; will, till I die!
Just now, when fragrant lilacs upward shoot,
I see her face toward me bent.

She truly worshiped these homely flowers,
And gave them with hands ungloved;
'They've cheered me in my lonely hours—
Brought me near to the one I loved;
Their perfuming sweetness and color rare
Fall on my life like April showers.

I too, freely love these old-fashioned things,
Tree-like, blooming fragrant and grand;
Which, many a happy memory brings
Of an Angel, in the glory land,
Whose voice in Heaven's music rings;
And who beckons me with her hand.

There be some newspaper editors who pride themselves on their ability to tell what they assume to be "the truth." This is egotism, pure and simple. It is not necessarily good journalism for a man to tell "all he knows." Such things sometimes show the limit of a man's intelligence. Then too, there is a difference between the plain statement of a fact and obscene vulgarity; a shade of difference also exists between "simple truth" and invulnerable insinuation.

THINGS HEARD ABOUT TOWN.

Pungent Points Picked From What People Say on
Street and Out-of-Way Places.

John Schnitzer tells a good story on "Pinkerton" Burritt, who it is alleged, was made the brunt of a harmless joke on Friday night of last week, while keeping vigilance against invaders to the smallpox district on the North Side. It seems that a certain person of the feminine gender concluded to test the extent of "Pinkerton's" ability to deport himself a guardian of the peace, pure and simple. So an "effigy" man was "fixed" as though attempting to climb into the loft of a barn on the premises, and then "Pinkerton's" attention was called to the matter. In the darkness it was impossible to tell just what kind of a "hobo" it was, but "Pink," accompanied by a fellow policeman, Logan, by name, who was "on," sought the presence of his "hoboship." After cutting his neck a "few," he approached the silent climber and demanded some explanation as to why he was there. But "effigy" was silent as the shades of Hamlet's ghost. Finally "Pink" took hold of his arm, when lo, by all the beauties of the craft, the gesticular appendage was not of flesh. Then "Pink" enunciated a mild ameliorant to his wounded feelings.

As the writer was walking along Quincy street, the other day, he observed a coterie of men seated on the stonepile anent the billboards west of Ike Whirledge's place. Among the men who were discussing commonplaces was an old boyhood friend, Willis Mochamer, by name, who had brought a load of hay to the Garrett market. After friendly greetings, the talk turned

to street paving, railroading, farming, hiring hands, social gossip and finally to the subject best understood by the coterie, namely, horses. This subject was precipitously introduced by the appearance of an old jockey from Avilla or Albion, who, it seems was well, though not favorably known to the crowd. As he came up, a lean, lank, bilious temperament chimed out a "hello there Bill! Where can I buy a good team?" The horse jockey replied, "Of me. I've got a fine team." "What does it weigh," asked the man of bilious temperament. "Thirty-four hundred," ventured the jockey. A dead silence fell. One of the number remarked that even yet a liar was once in a while to be found among some horsemen, although most of them were truthful.

One of the primary necessities of these days is the shining parlor. That is to say, a room suitably situated for one of those high chairs to stand in upon which gentlemen sit while receiving a polish to their footgear. The position of the man or boy who shines shoes is humble, but by no means a mean profession. In fact it were a hard problem to solve did men attempt to get along without the perennial shine or polish of their footgear. On Saturday evening the writer mounted the high for a shine in one of the numerous parlors about town, presided over by an elderly man, who in his younger years was a cooper by trade. "Can you fix these up for Sunday?" was asked, referring to our "tans." "Oh, I guess so," said the man of dope and cloth, who began the mysterious operation with a vigor befitting more youthful years. He was talkative too, not extremely so, but sufficiently so to make the time pass quickly. Among other things he said, "My trade's gone. I never was so swift as some, but I lay some claim to quality." By this time the shoes were finished and shone like new silver dollars. "Are they as good as the boys could do?" he asked. "Yes."

It does not happen very often that the boys about town have the privilege of getting their hair cut gratis,

but just now there is opportunity for grooming the hirsute appendage. We did not know of it, or a quarter would have been saved to our own exchequer recently. But then, we didn't and it cost us that much for our ignorancē. We'll speak to the barbers next time, though, about the matter before spending the precious quarter. We would not have "been onto the racket" but two boys happened to be talking about the matter in our hearing, and one of them said, "Say, why don't you have your mane trimmed? It won't cost you nuthin' down to Zeis's." "Why," spoke out the other, "is he cutting hair free?" "Yep. Doin' it for practice, see?"

An aged tailor in town, one evening when in a reminiscent mood, made the remark that he did the tailoring years ago for people who have since acquired something of this world's goods—enough to make them egotistical and pedantic. "They were talkative, then," said he, "and I trusted them for my pay, but now they find disposition only to grunt out a bare recognition. I contend that human flesh is human flesh and one man is just as good as another. We owe it to everybody to extend the common civilities."

"Reddy" Ward went into Pete Stoner's barber shop the other day, and after discussing—Reddy is quite a discussionist—the wind and the news of the day, the subject of "weather" was taken up. After dropping snugly into a chair, napkin spread, and lathered to ears and eyes, how "Red" did dissect the bureau of predictions. Temperatures and barometers were not in it when he announced himself tired of changing clothes. Some one asked: "How would you like to live where they don't need any clothes?" "Reddy" blinked his eyes just as he always does when thought is heavy upon him, and replied: "I worked with a gang once that didn't wear much of anything, but the climate was far from agreeable." A knight of the razor and strop

asked: "Where was that, Red?" "Among the puddlers, of course."

The old gentleman was quitely perusing his daily paper when the stranger approached his "shining parlor." He immediately arose—that is, the aged gentleman—and tendered the stranger his chair and the newspaper. The chair happened to be one of those high ones and an easy recliner withal. Ere long the stranger was buried in Ella Wheeler Wilcox's department of the Chicago American—that is to say his mind was absorbed by her dissertation on "A Good Husband." Meanwhile the elder man was applying brush and dope on a pair of tans which were about as muddy as Randolph street clay could make them. At last the story was finished, but not so with the shoes. His lordship of the shining parlor had the larger job. As a sort of easement to the situation, the stranger started a conversation by saying: "It beats all what weather we've had, doesn't it?" "Yes," replied the burnishing artist, "but things seem to grow. Don't hear much about the smallpox any more. Folks must talk about something. You see, they have lots more time to talk now than was afforded twenty years ago. Then a family of eight or ten kept the women folks busy cooking and sewing and the men busy earning a living. But it's different now. All that has been changed. People have plenty of time to talk. If there's no smallpox or scandals, then they talk about their neighbors. These are great times, I tell you." With that he applied the finishing touches, which pleased his customer, whom he sent away joyful, not to say reflective.

A young hopeful was jumping up and down on one of the boards used to cross Randolph street at Stoner's corner Tuesday evening. There was water under the board and it was muddy. The "kid" evidently enjoyed seeing it splash and went at the work with a vigor which would have been entirely absent in any useful occupation. A bystander approached "Louie" and

asked: "Why is that boy like a hog?" "I don't know, unless it's because he's near to nature's heart—mud." And they all laughed but the "kid."

Some people do a great deal of bragging about what they can do and seem to take an intense interest in trying to gull people into believing they are "it," so to speak in all directions, when in reality they are not "it" nor anywhere near to becoming so. It must be an excellent reputation for truth and veracity which requires fifty dollars every time a statement is made to make it seem plausible.

Dear old Kansas has been the experiment ground for everything experimentable. The latest to encourage the pencil pushers is to the effect that an "editor of that state declares that it is a man's duty to be as good to his wife as circumstances will permit, and he has purchased for her a hoe and garden rake, and promises if his delinquent subscribers will pay up to buy her a wheelbarrow and shovel."

There are in the world an excess of 15,300,000 men, which admits of the conclusion that there are an army of "old bachelors" also. Strange, isn't it? Of course, but then there is a reason for it. According to an exchange but one country has an excess of women. In no other nation is this true, except in Europe. It is said that "In the frigid and torrid zones men predominate, while in the temperate regions where industrial development is highest, women outnumber the men."

Pennsylvania does not appear to like tramps. The people of that state are a unit on that question and evince a determination to give his trampship the very thing he most despises—work. The country is infested with a class of men who have none of the finer senses of the average citizen and care nothing for patriotism; they have no pride, no ambition, save to

itinerate from place to place. Purely nomadic in their habits, they can have no interest in the welfare of any particular community, nor feel the responsibility of the true American citizen. Indiana can well afford to join her sister state in making trumphood a crime punishable by hard labor. Place upon them the restrictions and obligations of lawabiding citizens and it must certainly follow that tramp life takes an upward trend.

Have you heard of "skoliosis," the new disease from which children are said to be suffering just now? You haven't? Well, now, that is too bad. Henry Suder, of Chicago, can tell you all about it. Does it not seem strange that with from eighteen to twenty-three hours for recreation our children are unable to undergo the strain of learning to read, write, cipher and spell? If such be the case, then God pity the next generation. The News is not ready to think that present-day progeny are such weaklings, but rather that some gymnastic enthusiast is attempting to find some new excuse for his particular brand of physical exercise. If in reality, however, the children are contracting "skoliosis," then we have no duty for the present time more urgent than to take drastic measures for stamping it forever from the face of the earth.

Edward H. Harriman has gained for himself the distinction of being "Wall Street's Napoleon." That statement reads like war news, does it not? Well, it means war, and war to the knife, too, especially in the direction of the poorhouse. We read in history of men who went to battle in ancient times that they might take people captive and in so doing acquire the right of confiscation. Great wars were waged on the hypothesis that "to the victors belong the spoils." In most cases "spoils" were the principal reasons for the embroglions of those days, and if the truth were known, for many of the embroilments and insurgencies of the present day, the purposes involved are no more praiseworthy. Take the case of the recent panic in

Wall street. The Pompey of the industrial world and the Caesar of the banking interests both backed by the gigantic monied commercial corporations of two continents arrayed themselves for a conflict which should decide who was greatest in the stratagetic manipulation of finances. J. Pierpont Morgan was nominally King of financiers, such proclamation having been provoked by his recent monopolization of manufacturing institutions. Kuhn, Loeb & Co., the Deutscher Bank of Berlin, and James Stillman, president of the National City Bank of New York, were not ready to bestow the palm upon this self-crowned monarch, and forthwith planned to become rulers themselves. They at once selected Harriman as henchman and called the engagement over the Northern Pacific. Unlike Mr. Leiter, of wheat fame, General Harriman was not alone; neither was General Morgan. The Atlantic Ocean was between them, however, and when the final charge was made a lull came in operations and in the interim, thousands of little speculators, all true soldiers and brave, fell by the wayside—ruined! The two great leaders, Pompey Morgan and Caesar Harriman, only were left, not as equals, but one was the greater. Which one? American financiers said, "Harriman." Now it is thought the second Jay Gould has appeared on the stage of action. However, the future battles must be likened to the combat of Soraub and Roosthrum, of the Persians and Tartars, respectively, as chronicled by the Iliad. They will be stubborn and to the finish, hand to hand.

We have labor unions, manufacturers' unions, steel trusts, oil trusts and every other kind of a trust, union or combination for the protection of somebody, but the latest thing in the trust line is the "Evangelical Trust." It is an organization proposed by Rev. G. W. Lasher, D. D., pastor of the Ninth Street Baptist church, Cincinnati, whereby it is proposed to control the services of evangelists. The Doctor seems to think the big preachers are entitled to protection in the

matter of competition with the smaller ones, and in lieu of that belief suggests the trust. This reminds us of an occasion of a few years ago, when one of the churches in Indianapolis sent to Chicago for a big gun, who came and talked theological abstracts at the rate of \$50 per night, and went away at the end of three weeks without a convert. Again, we remember a so-called Doctor of Divinity from Washington, D. C., who a few years since filled the Fort Street pulpit at Detroit, in the absence of the regular pastor. He took a text such as is usually chosen by evangelists to stir up enthusiasm. The gentleman in question, however, discoursed so abstractedly in the abstract, that his congregation fell asleep. It seems to be this class of ecclesiastical highlights who want to be bolstered up by a monopoly to control the output of the evangelistic product. This, of course, is a poor commentary on the apostolic instructions of the Humble Man of Galilee, when he said, "go into the byways and hedges and bring them in," and "think not on what ye shall say, for I will put such words into your mouths as the world shall not be able to withstand," and also, "the laborer is worthy of his hire." "It is likely that a universal prayer meeting would be a more potent factor in the evangelization of the world, than all the gigantic 'evangelical trusts' ever conceived of. If preachers will preach the gospel, they will need no 'trust' to bolster them up."

A great deal is being published about Dr. Herron. Before unequal relations obtained in his household Prof. Herron's opinions were par-excellent, but since everything is not as it should be in a preacher's home, Dr. Hillis of New York, assumes that Herron's opinions on that account are no longer worthy of consideration. We have no acquaintance either with Dr. Herron or Dr. Hillis, but it occurs to the writer just now that if a single wrong act in a man's life is the criterion by which is to be judged his ability to think, then Bacon, Shakespeare, Rousseau, Ruskin,

Robert Burns, David, Solomon, Chopin, Liszt and many others, are not entitled to a place in the thought of the scholarly. Dr. Hillis repudiates the teachings of his own school, and lays his judgment open to criticism by the position he has taken against a fellow-scholar. It is a very serious business to undertake the measurement of a man's intellect by the standard of his morals.

The trial of Prof. Herron by the Grinnell Congregational church for immoral conduct brought to public notice a wholesale allotment of fallacies, if one may judge by the common standards of character measurement. The testimony adduced tended to show that George D. Herron, like thousands of others, had tired of the common requirements of domestic life, and in order to carry out a diabolical plan for the separation of himself and wife, turned his back on established customs, repudiated the marriage vows and galavanted across America and over Europe in company with and at the expense of a woman who ought to have had respect enough for Mrs. Herron, if not for herself, to regard the rights of a wife as greater than the claims of a paramour. Under pretense of scaling intellectual heights to which his wife could not attain, the professor opened his bosom to an "affinity," and thus freed himself from the trouble of looking after his wife and babies. The evidence shows that Mrs. Herron was untiring in her endeavors at intellectual attainment, and that of the two she is the better scholar. But the professor preferred an "affinity" to her companionship, and through his egotism and inhumanity destroyed the purest influence of a home and destroyed the happiness of a pure woman who suffered untold agony and faced death for his sake. The proper medicine for him is not excommunication or ostracism, but a genuine, old-fashioned raw-hiding. Having laid claim to the superior intellectuality, he should be made to feel a physical pain for every heart-ache he purposely caused his wife to suffer. Still, he

may not have brains enough to appreciate the philosophy of such chastisement, though righteously administered.

Poor old Prof. Crook of the Northwestern University is the subject of considerable comment among learned men in London since laying his love for edulcorated osculation on the altar of science. Even the Britishers who worship at the shrine of science are slow to grasp the situation and proclaim Prof. Crook a worthy martyr. In all probability this position of the British is a more certain sign of true culture than the mere fact of a single professor of science in a popular institution turning sour in the name of his profession on a heaven-ordained and a God-given privilege of mankind. Promiscuous kissing is neither polite nor permissible, but he who would reap the richest fruition of his existence is not competent to ignore the fundamental principle of domestic tranquillity. The man who goes through life without the pales of conjugal relations, simply attempts to compel the world and his Creator to accept a half man for a whole one. Ampere, Faraday, Sir David Brewster, Galileo, and thousands of others, who could be mentioned, found their loftiest impulses to scientific research in the wise counsels of a wife. Again, the man who allows his profession or ambition to rob his wife of a kiss now and then is hardly worthy the name of scientist.

Dear old China is looking into the face of a dark future as an empire. No encouraging promises are held out for the future. The picture is all the more formidable because a woman is at the bottom of all the trouble. The dowager empress seems to exert a peculiar influence over the emperor, and unless this bewitchment can be broken and a better cabinet selected, there is no guarantee for the future peace and safety of that country or its foreign dependencies. It was a woman who gave Adam an interesting

experience in the garden of Eden; it was a woman who induced Haman to desire the destruction of a nation of people; it was a woman that caused Sampson to lose his hair and eyes, and now it is a woman who destroys the glory of the Celestial Empire. It is to be hoped she may see her folly early enough to redeem some of her atrocities before the dismemberment of that vast domain takes place.

The world is made up largely of fads and fancies. Particularly is this so among Americans, who hanker after titled idiosyncrasies. The latest thing among the girls in the fad line is the Janice Meredith curl. The "Smart Set" of New York, Boston and Philadelphia think it quite the proper thing to wear one of those large, lingering rolls of hair so popular in revolutionary days. Mary Mannering is responsible in a measure for the picturesque and novel ornamentation, she having adopted that style of coiffure as belonging to the role she carried in the play, "Janice Meredith."

The lawver who induced some fellow to file a suit for damages for injury in the explosion of the "Maine" in all probability was not aware that he was setting in motion a chain of events to come before the commission, of greater significance than at first could possibly have been surmised. The United States assumed all obligations in lieu of Spain's guilt in the matter, but if the claims for damages are allowed it must be shown that Spain was guiltless. None will deny that the proposition is one of great complication, and in case damages are established the oft-cried "Remember the Maine" becomes a fake or farce.

As an evidence of good faith Aguinaldo has proclaimed peace in the Philippines. Under ordinary circumstances an announcement of this sort would be received in America with gratitude and possibly loud acclaim. But coming from the source it does and at

a time when people generally are on the anxious seat anyhow, the declaration of peace among the inhabitants of those far-off islands is received with a shade of suspicion that only those things in war are well which end well in overtures of peace. It may be that Aggie is in earnest. Such things have been before and may be again, that a few men suddenly change opinion and become faithful to the interests and purposes of the opposite side, but the exception is against the rule, except in cases of rare material gain. Just what this new citizen of the United States expects to gain is yet the query. The most he has now is newspaper notoriety.

The Hoosier has a place in the world, whether the person be a man or woman. Great minds there are in Indiana, and they not infrequently think along the same lines. A fair example of this is shown in a work written by Caroline Krout, which deals with the principal characters in "Alice of Old Vincennes." This work was in process of construction at the time Thompson's work appeared. Both stories were written in the same town, but neither author knew of the other's story. This is a remarkable coincident and reminds the writer of a short story he wrote once, in which the principal character involved the personage of a bachelor friend who had lived wifeless for twenty years beyond the natural period of expectancy. No one thought of his taking unto himself the responsibilities of domestic life. He was a confirmed old bachelor, and said so. However, before the second chapter of that story was finished the papers announced his marriage to a charming widow. Strange things happen sometimes, even among authors.

In the opinion of a great many able writers on civic problems it is held that the American prosperity now observable gives promise of a permanency unparalleled in the history of the nation. Money, the fundamental element of success in any enterprise, is circulating in

a larger volume than ever was known of before. A syllabus of the comptroller's report on December 31st, 1900, would show: One-dollar bills, \$102,000,000; fives, \$300,000,000; tens and twenties, \$700,000,000; silver, \$160,000,000. The success attending this distribution of over a billion of dollars through the regular channels of trade, is evidence conclusive that the best lubricant for the wheels of industry is plenty of money in the hands of the people. Money is the electric current that shocks the business world into life and activity.

Aginaldo has been captured and the United States is one citizen ahead. That is, if swearing allegiance is the making of a citizen. Better to be careful, though. There have been times in the history of the past, when enemies were temporarily reconciled through the oath of allegiance. We say temporarily, because it sometimes happens that enemies, by choice or otherwise, fail to realize the full meaning of Americanism. The good old Methodist plan would be to take Aggie on probation.

Hon. Robert W. Taylor has a big job on his hands. He no doubt is acting from the influence of a certain conviction that marriage laws in general ought to be less lax in their application to the morals of the marriage state, but his proposition for a uniformity of statutes regulating divorce carries with it the necessity of fortification in arms and plenty of good ammunition. Perhaps none are more particular in maintaining the purity of the home than Americans. In fact the first principles of Americanism were puritan and orthodox. One man for one woman and one woman for one man was so positively the rule in those days, that even a second marriage was a rarity, and a marriage succeeding divorce was looked upon with abhorrence. Most people were taught to look upon divorcement as a crime. Our forefathers believed it to be so.

“THE MAN WITH THE HOE.

Much has been written about that class of men who till the soil. Some writers are eulogistic; others divide their compliments between approval and condemnation; still others find nothing prim or correct in the avocation of the ruralist.

The fact still remains that however humble and unassuming the profession of a farmer may be, as a whole, he is thoroughly endowed with the aristocracy of hospitality. Go to his home when you will, whether at daybreak, noontide, or the midnight hour, and a greeting unmixed with affectation tempers his welcome. He takes his visitor by the hand and says “I am glad to see you” with that earnestness of speech which dispels all doubt of sincerity. His ways may not be up to the standard of the elite, but that fact is in his favor, because it is the virgin evidence that he has not given his time to the mastery of senseless etheréalities—those popular nothings society has invented to fill in time and round out form.

When meal time comes, he has a way of asking you to partake of his provender that puts to shame the tactfulness of the shrewdest fashionable in the land. You don’t say no; you couldn’t if you wanted to. Yet, withal, you feel fully welcome. No stiffness, no formalities; he knows and cares nothing about them; but just a plain sort of neighborliness that makes you feel you are not imposing on anybody by accepting an invitation to eat or sleep in his house.

Freely blest is the man who realizes the calm dignity of “The Man With The Hoe,” in all his relations to life.

CIVILIZED BARBARISM.

The spring of 1901 will certainly be a season of aggressiveness among the belles of fashionable society. Feminine frippery and effeminate flimflams are ideas which know no extreme too great for them to surmount, no novelty too ridiculous for them to adopt. The rattlesnake is the reptile of guilelessness which the daughters of Eve will appropriate as an article of apparel this season, or rather his skin. Just think a moment on what a menagerie a man accompanies every time he goes out with his wife or his sweetheart for a drive or stroll. As a usual thing she will have a silk worm dress, a sealskin sacque, ostrich feather hat, goatskin shoes, whalebone stays, kidskin gloves, horsehide belt, tortoise shell comb, fish scale trimming, stuffed canary bird, clam shell buttons, spitz dog muff, minktail collarette, alligator hide purse and a rattlesnake tie! Oh, ye gods! The barbarians of the Fiji Islands, bad in their way, yet none of them exhibit a barbarism like unto this.

NEWSPAPER REPORTING.

Journalism is a remarkable profession, which requires a fitness and aptitude peculiar in itself. The following is a fair sample of ordinary reporting, minus theoretic detail and refers to a High School commencement:

PROGRAM AT CHURCH.

On Sunday evening Rev. W. A. Pavy delivered the baccalaureate sermon to a large and appreciative audi-

ence, including the graduates. Mr. Pavy is a man of fine accomplishment and his discourse was embellished by many of the brighter gems from classic lore. He also pointed out to the class of 1901, many of the conditions surrounding them and called attention to the higher as well as the common responsibilities of each. The sermon, as a whole, reflected strong credit to the gentleman delivering it and won many golden opinions as to its intrinsic worth as a theological and educational dissertation.

Thursday afternoon was a typical exemplification of the lives of at least thirteen young people, who, with their friends, neighbors and teachers, assembled at the First Methodist Church to witness the execution of a program of great significance. The day being the date of National Memorial lent a charm to the occasion not old, yet not new, but altogether pleasing.

The first number on the programme was a violin solo, "Berceuse" (B. Godard), by Geraldine Sembower, who, in her own particular way, interpreted that title in a style of musical discourse which clearly showed an aptitude for the profound in art. Miss Sembower has a brilliant future before her, which requires only the fullness of time and experience to develop a mastery.

"The Value of an Education," by Edith Schunk, was an excellent oration and showed the young lady to be a careful student. If she strives to practice the thought expressed, her everyday life must reflect grand achievement on practical and trustworthy lines.

"Progress of the Ages," by Claudia Trainer, was a happy conceit in essaying, and disclosed a familiarity with the record of men and events and won for Miss Trainer a sincere regard for her accomplishment.

Minnie Childs talked of "Little Things," and sought to discover to her hearers the fact that great things can come only through the skillful and careful aggregation of the "little things." This is true philosophy and worthy of emulation, in fact, a necessity in the event of any successful career, that the "little things" be well looked after. Miss Childs won high opinions.

“Home” was the subject handled by Carlie Gard. We say handled, because the treatment was germane to the whole purpose of the theme. Terse, pungent and forceful, and with a sharply defined individuality she carried her auditors successfully from introductory to climax. Her style reminds one of Lillian Bell, whose crisp, catchy and convincing phraseology has won for her so many warm admirers. Miss Gard gave voice to the sentiment that the sweetest word in any language spoken by the tongues of men is—home. The subject was well assigned.

Mrs. Rilla Merica fully sustained her excellent reputation as a vocalist in “Bird of the Mountain.” by J. Maurice Hubbard. It had been hard for Mr. Hubbard to have written melody better suited to the capabilities of the singer; it had been still more difficult for Mrs. Merica to have made a selection in which the true value of her voice could be better shown.

“The Tree of Liberty is Nourished by the Blood of Tyrants” was ably, though all too briefly, deliberated upon by Otto Swantusch. Tall, manly and thoughtful, Mr. Swantusch presents a striking appearance on the platform, and not the least of his natural endowments is a strong, mellow voice.

“Examples and Models” was a peculiar thing out of which Maude Childs brought nuggets of pure gold. The stress of her argument seemed to lie in the matter of always copying from perfect patterns. A theory of eternal worth, which gives evidence of careful thought and preparation.

Grace Feagler took up the idea of “The Necessity of Practical Training” and carried her audience to a rational conclusion, that practical life requires practical men and that practical men are the reasonable result of practical training.

Geraldine Sembower discussed the question “Where Shall We Work” in a plain, instructive fashion, adducing the final conclusion that the place to work is wherever the work is to be found that we can do. Success is the sensible reward for hard labor.

The program at this point was interspersed with a pleasing solo in two parts, "Tell Him I Love Him Yet," and "The Message" (Caverly), by Mrs. Tella Moore, who has a voice of culture and who sang with her usual power. The capabilities of her voice were well measured.

"Might Wins a Way," the subject interestingly delineated by Della Parker, in which was shown the fact that brain and brawn required an equilibrium, if man presumes to accomplish the highest aims. Miss Parker is endowed with an abundance of native talent.

Gwennie Richards delivered a carefully prepared oration on "The Influence of Home and Its Literature," in which was exhibited a familiarity with domestic affairs and a knowledge of the classics. Particular reference was made to Charles Dickens.

"Words" was the title assigned Beatrice Harkness, and it is no breach of etiquette to say that her namesake of Latin grammar fame was but little more careful in the selection of his derivatives than was Miss Beatrice in the treatment of her subject. Words are the pictures of thought, the forerunners of action, and he who is carefulest of his words is carefulest of his acts. Words are the pigments of purpose, which when mixed with the oil of conscience can be spread on the canvas of enterprise and create the Rembrandt of victorious achievement.

"Over the Alps Lies Italy" was Grace Palmer's subject, which she handled gracefully and instructively. The gist of her argument would be that all worthy efforts require a struggle—sometimes a hard struggle—before the attainment of one's selected goal is reached. As the soldiers, hungry, footsore and disheartened, were cheered to bravery by the announcement of their general "that beyond these mountains lies Rome," even so the explorers for knowledge and place should remember that the richest reward lies beyond the highest and most rugged mountain of difficulty and opposition.

Porter Andrews elicited the opinion that he was

familiar with Grecian history, and gave all who had read Ruskin's "Morrings in Florence," "Queen of the Air," "Sesame and Lillies," "Lays of the Spanish Chevalier," etc., a new impetus for the furbishing up on literature. He innocently recalled one of the greatest events in Florentine history by referring to Savonarola, who died a martyr for liberty at the hands of the Medicii, and spake into the ears of Lorenzo the words no other man would have dared to utter. But he was talking more particularly about art and took "Michael Angelo" as his subject.

This was fittingly followed by a piano duet, "Zamba" (Herold), by Della Parker and Grace Reyher, both of whom exhibited skill and careful training in the making of vibrant sounds. This also closed the program for the afternoon.

The floral decorations were tasteful and in keeping with the spirit of refinement. The class colors, black and red, formed the bas-relief at the rostrum. This combination, taken together with the eleven prettily gowned young ladies seated in a semi-circle on the platform, the circle faced on the front by the two young gentlemen in conventional black, created a picture worthy the brush of a Raphael or Angelo.

— EVENING PROGRAM AT OPERA HOUSE.

In the evening a full house greeted the graduates at Wagner's Opera House. Across the foyer a suspended drapery in the class colors furnished a background for the class motto, "Might Wins a Way," in large letters. Potted flowers furnished the contour of the stage, and the same pleasing array of youth at the afternoon exercises put a finishing touch to the scene.

The first number was a selected quartet by Mesdames Merica and Moore and Messrs. Brinkerhoff and Lollar. These singers have a reputation beyond the necessity of comment, and they fully sustained it on this occasion.

Rev. J. M. Haines, in a few well-chosen words, invoked divine unction upon the event, and asked es-

pecially that God's blessing might rest with the class of 'or.

"Rhapsodie, hongroise No. 6" (F. Liszt), by Miss Maude Sembower, followed directly the invocation. In the performance of this difficult discourse in harmony the player exhibited a proficiency of technique very gratifying to most of her audience, which, to say the least, was in most part critical. The News does not know how many musicians there are in Garrett, nor of any number specially gifted in the heaven-born art, but of a truth this is certain, that Miss Sembower has the accomplishment and touch of a real artist in interpretation of the conceptions of the great thinkers in harmony. Garrett people have reason for pride in the fact that society has the benefit and influence of one whose skill recommends higher recognition.

Prof. E. E. Lollar next introduced Henry R. Pattengill, who had been spoken of and advertised to lecture on the subject "Made in America." He was the same Henry of old, humorous, pathetic and vigorous in enunciation and deliberative in argument. He had lost nothing of the power identified with him in the delivery of "Gumption with a Big G," a few years ago, yet very plain and practical, withal. It was not possible to conceive of what material had been gathered by this master mind, out of which could be adduced the subject matter for the title announced, but no sooner had Mr. Pattengill taken his position on the platform than all were made aware of the drift of his thought. He spoke of a visit to the Metropolis of the West, and while en route down town on a street car a sudden halt was called, which required some time and considerable energy to remove the cause for.

The obstruction consisted of only a dray—a common transfer van—loaded with a gigantic piece of machinery constructed from pure steel. On the face of this was printed in large yellow letters, "Made in America; consigned to Liverpool."

The wheels on one side of this vehicle had become fastened somehow between the track and roadbed. After

considerable pushing and pulling—pulling by the horses and pushing by the car—the track was cleared and the journey pursued. This incident and the consignment label furnished the lecturer with some new reasons for thought, from which was finally evolved the lecture, “Made in America.”

In following out the ideas suggested by the Chicago incident, Mr. Pattengill saw in a paper from that city a half column or more devoted to inventions and machinery made in America and shipped to foreign countries. There must be a reason for this, he concluded, and tracing the matter found that these things were the natural and plausible results of education among the children in American homes.

“Why is this?” said he. “Because the hands of the teachers have been on the heads of our children; lo these many years.”

Why is the American inventor better than the foreign inventor? Because his education has made him keen, quick, calculating and versatile, and reminds one of the argument set forth by Dr. Nourse in his “John and Jonathan,” wherein that famous preacher compared English conservatism with Yankee ingenuity. Or again, memories of Col. E. P. Holp were recalled, when in his “Almighty Dollar” he says in substance, “A dollar by chance falls into hell. The Englishman would charge it to his profit and loss account; the Jew would jump across the chasm expecting to grab it as he went; the Yankee would jump in after it and run the risk of being able to invent a way to get out.

Thus the whole matter is summed up in the statement that education is the bulwark of our people.

Mr. Pattengill paid a glowing tribute to Indiana and her industries and closed his remarkable address by reciting James Whitcomb Riley’s “Old Glory.”

Mesdames Merica and Moore and Messrs. Brinkerhoff and Lollar sang an interesting quartet, after which Prof. Ezra E. Lollar presented the graduates with their diplomas.

Rev. W. A. Pavy pronounced the benediction.

Again in history has the school year opened and

closed; again has commencement day with nervous strain and uncertainty come and gone; again both teacher and pupil are left to a season of recreative contemplation of what is and what might have been; again doth the wisdom of Pythagorous resound through the sacred domes of the centuries, "The desire to know does not always contain the ability to acquire. The true seeker after knowledge should be unknown to fear."

. Once more a class has gone forth with confidence and deportment to mingle with the outer world, each taking his or her way to carve out fortune and happiness from the chaos of circumstances and adventure. Mayhap some may seek citizenship in foreign lands; others, perchance, will find their life work at home; but under all conditions and in whatever clime, may they each and all remember the kindly care of teacher and the humble sacrifices of parents, and the hearty good wishes of friends in all their laudable undertakings.

The community is better, the influence of its society is enlarged and the scope of its morals broadened by the fact of these thirteen young people having attained a royal degree at a royal time in the events of national life. Let us cherish their memory and encourage future generations to the achievement of the noblest enterprise among the institutions of earth, so that when the final commencement day is held in eternity the lamp of knowledge shall shine out the glorified beacon of perfect liberty as wrought out through the mightiest engine of right over wrong—brain and brawn cultivated to the highest possible degree of perfection. Thus shall our own escutcheon free itself from the stain of ignoble distinction. Let us keep the fires of Americanism burning high on the altars of home so that when the emblem of American liberty unfurls on land and sea it shall be kissed by the breezes of independence.

The class roster in a paragraph is: Geraldine Sem-bower, Edith Schunk, Claudia Trainer, Minnie Childs, Carlie Gard, Grace Palmer, Otto Swantusch, Maude Childs, Grace Feagler, Della Parker, Gwennie Richards, Beatrice Harkness, Porter Andrews.

REFLECTIONS.

This being true, it is of paramount importance that the novitiate be not too hasty in his search after wisdom and knowledge. In the study of any branch of learning he should take the time to carefully analyze every word in every sentence. Time is a wonderfully artful arbitrator of mental difficulties, and under ordinary circumstances is the least faultful condoner of truth. Emerson was always wanting to get at the bottom of things, which ever takes time, and because of that fact, he made fewer mistakes than many others who were less active and less patient in the pursuit of that principle in the solution of mental problems. It is very easy to make mistakes. In fact, no one is free from error, but thanks to certain systems in operation among investigators, some are less chargeable with that fault than others. Experience is a great teacher, and withal an expensive one.

We often hear persons spoken of as seeming to have more perfect control over their passions than others, and sometimes imagine that we would be like them if possible. Now let us think for a moment on that one particular passion, anger. To have complete and absolute control over one's temper signifies that natural tendencies have merely succumbed to the mellowing influence of higher culture. In short, if one person conducts himself more admirably than all the others about him, it strongly suggests the truth that his ability to appear mild under all circumstances is due more or less to the fact that he has had the benefit of a more rigid discipline than the rest.

As touching offense, no person can be really offended, unless he or she thinks so. If we never think we are

offended we can never be offended. Therefore, the burden of self-effort lies in the strength of our power to gain mastery over the thought created within by outward conditions and circumstances. This is Stoic philosophy, to be sure, but it is nevertheless truth on that account.

When you imagine it is natural for anyone to be good, faultless, you err just that much in judgment. All must watch, just as surely as all are tempted. All men are tempted, but it is quite possible that not all men need to yield to temptation. The sin of temptation arises from yielding, not from the temptation itself.

To wish that we might be like another, is also to wish that we may undergo the test known as the fire furnace of refining and regeneration. If another has virtues above our own, it may be that each of them represents a drop of blood sweat in the agony of the world's Gethsemena on the cross of mental and moral crucifixion. That is what it costs to be what one seems.

The more carefully a man pursues the study of himself, as compared to the universe, the less confidence he has in the false dignity of most men. The more thoroughly he learns the lessons of life, the more keen become the impressions of his own littleness in such things as pertain to his ability to cope with the audacious and aggressive elements of nature.

The world appreciates the value of self-disciplined men. That same world also places a premium upon honest, persevering effort. Great mental labor is always rewarded with knowledge. History will bear out the statement that the majority of the world's illustrious men came from the humbler walks of life.

The fact that an individual has a diploma from some popular college or university, is by no means positive evidence that he has acquired an education.

In human society there are things happening the while which never meet the public eye or reach the common ear. They are offensive beyond the limits of ethical

law, therefore fail of getting to be a morsel for general gossip. To know about them is burden enough, without any attempt at scandalizing. As for instance, there be those whose tastes are groomed to a nicety, whose instincts become wholly animal when the restraints of social intercourse are removed. Many young ladies who would abhor the idea of going on the street unchaperoned, have no compunction in the matter of admitting unknown young men to their homes and to their confidences on no better recommendation than that they are of "swell" appearance and are lavish in their expenditure of money.

Whether we believe so or not, it is certain that experience does teach us, mayhap unconsciously, but none the less truly. As a result we often intuitively escape many cramping predicaments, that had we not been the timely recipients of the experience we could not have avoided.