

Woman's Usefulness.

By Eben E. Rexford.

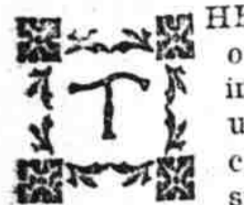


If you organize a village improvement society be sure to include the women in it, and give them an opportunity to carry out some of their ideas. A woman has a keen eye for the beautiful, and her knowledge of color-combinations will be of great benefit in the arrangement of flowering plants. But her usefulness will not be confined to the aesthetic features of the undertaking. Women can be as practical as men are. In Green Bay, Wisconsin, certain lines of street work have been put into the hands of a committee of prominent women with most satisfactory results. They not only plan, and plan wisely, but they execute, and execute thoroughly.

It is a most excellent plan to interest the children in this work also. They will bring a great deal of enthusiasm to the performance of their share of it, and take pride in living up to the responsibility placed upon them. It will be good training for them. Bear in mind this fact—that the greatest measure of success is almost always the result of the widest, heartiest co-operation. Get everybody interested, if possible, and keep them interested by giving them something to do. Make active members of everyone in the organization.—Lippincott's Magazine.

The Penalties of Prominence

By Sara Yorke Stevenson.



HERE is a growing, if unexpressed, belief pervading every sphere of our social structure that as the State is entitled to levy a tax in exchange for the comforts secured by them while living under its protection, so is the community entitled to tax every citizen who has achieved intellectual distinction, in exchange for such benefits as he may derive therefrom. This view is no doubt correct, but taxation is recognized as legitimate only in so far as it is kept within just limits, and to-day an individual's talents are as grudgingly admitted to be his own as is his wealth. No sooner does a man display a capacity above that of the average than he becomes a target for the steady and diversified demands of his fellow-citizens. Here a dignified and deeply learned Shakespearean scholar is dragged out of his retreat to read for the benefit of a school of art needle-work—and he may deem himself fortunate if a preface extolling the school's achievement is not also exacted of his good nature—there a former ambassador is torn from his distant Western haunts and gently but firmly brought to an Eastern church hall to talk about the Spanish War to an audience of messenger boys. Nor does it make much difference if he knows but little of Spain and if his career has led him exclusively through paths of peace. He is a personage. The Spanish War is the topic of the day. The people wish to see and hear him; it becomes a public duty. It must pay the tax levied upon his prominence. Indeed, little discrimination is made by the new tyrant as to his victim's qualification for the task imposed upon him. Whether he is a savant, a litterateur, a statesman, an actor, a journalist, or a diplomat, every man of note, unless he consistently surrounds himself with a frigid atmosphere of chilling selfishness, will sooner or later find himself a slave.—Lippincott's.

Modern Science Proves the Bible True



PERHAPS the most remarkable event in the history of modern Christianity is the unexpected confirmation of Bible truths from the hands of what seemed to be its arch-enemy, Modern Science.

The pick and spade of modern scientific investigations have come to the rescue. Parts of the old Biblical world have been opened up, and we now find ourselves face to face with the veritable contemporaries of Daniel, Moses, Joseph, Abraham.

Within the last two decades the excavator has been actively engaged uncovering a few cities in the land of Eden, the home of Abraham. The University of Pennsylvania is excavating Nippur, the Biblical name of which is Calneh (Genesis x., 10); the French are excavating Tello, a city which flourished before Abraham was born, and the Germans are at work upon the temple and the "Tower of Babel" in the city of Babylon.

The origin of those remarkable Babylonian legends which so closely resemble the Biblical accounts of the Creation, Eden, and the Deluge belongs to this country. The Deluge story, for instance, as recorded by the Babylonians is strikingly similar to the Old Testament, even in minor details. Atrachasis, the Babylonian Noah, is commanded by the gods, after they had decreed a flood, to build a ship or ark; to pour pitch over the outside and the inside, and to take the seed of life of every kind into the ship. When it was ready, Atrachasis embarked with his family, servants, possessions, cattle and beasts of the field, and closed the door. The heavens rained destruction for six days and nights. The winds raged, the floods and storm devastated, until the whole of mankind was turned into clay. The ship grounded on a mountain of Nizir. After seven days a dove is sent forth; but it returned, as a resting place it did not find. He then sent forth a swallow; but it also returned. Lastly a raven is let go, which did not turn back. Everything is then sent forth to the four points of the compass. An altar is erected and sacrifices offered. The gods smelt the sweet savor, and gathered like flies about the sacrificer, after which it is decided that, instead of a deluge, wild beasts and famines shall diminish mankind because of its sins.

A number of the tablets containing these legends were written about the time of Abraham.—Woman's Home Companion.

Conventionality Limits the Individual

By Margaret Stowe.



IT is noticeably evident that common sense and broader thought are gradually going away with the social conventionalities of life.

We have come to realize that to conform to rules and regulations that have no sensible reason for existing means limiting ourselves to a very small circle of thought and action which in so doing make us lose our individuality—we become colorless.

We will not mention the conventionalities of dress so much as the absurdness of some of the conventionalities of action, such as the newest fashion in walking, handshaking, bowing and other nonsensical rules to be conformed to at home and at social functions.

Let us all try to be original and not monotonous. Is there anything more monotonous and absurd than the actions of a roomful of men and women standing in a fashion-prescribed posture shaking hands either high in the air or low down, according to the latest whim of this erratic rule of Dame Fashion?

The minds of these same people are so taken up with the fear of forgetting themselves or these little rules that their conversation, for lack of real exercise, deteriorates into foolish, senseless chatter.

Is it the lack of courage that stands in the way of individuality—courage to break away from such ignominious existence and act one's true self? Then mothers should cultivate courage and strength of conviction in their children. Bring Mary Smith up to be Mary Smith and not to resemble, so closely that you cannot tell one from the other, a following of marionettes worshipping at the feet of Fashion.

The question is asked, "Why don't girls marry?" The distinguishable ones do marry—those who are beautiful or magnetic in some way, whose characters have some definite coloring and who can make themselves in any way conspicuous, not in any undesirable sense, but prominent in character or individuality.

Men are going to choose the girls they can see; those who are completely negative, unnoticeable, colorless, formless, invisible are left behind.

Make the youth of to-day realize that a disposition to imitate a fashion or conform to senseless rules set by others is always a sign of inferior intellect and rudimentary taste.

The time is coming when you will not consider it anything of a compliment to have it said that you follow a flock of fashionable imitators.

Your life, your actions, your manners, should be unique. What you do and the way you do it should concern you, and not what others think.

Get rid of artificiality and allow people to detect the precise man you are. Don't be afraid of being criticised because you dare to stand forth an individual. Be one, and be natural in your actions. Emerson says, in speaking of conformity and the criticism that usually follows the lack of it: "Act singly, and what you have already done singly will justify you now. Ordinarily, everybody in society reminds us of something else, or of some other person. Character, reality, reminds you of nothing else; it takes place of the whole creation."

THE BURDEN OF YOUTH.

You call him a giddy youngster
With never a hint of care;
You see but the buoyant courage
Aye ready to do and dare.
You think that the smile triumphant
He jauntily bears to-day,
Wreathes ever his youthful features—
That life is for him but play.

You speak of his glad assurance
That all will be his at length;
You speak of the dauntless courage
That springs from his youthtime's
strength;
You bitterly call "presumptuous"
His earnest and zealous mien,
And say that a day is coming
When life will have lost its sheen.

Ah, call him a "giddy youngster"—
You who have forgot your youth;
We men who are leaving youthland
More clearly recall the truth.
We know that the compensation
That helped us to bear the loss
Of vigor and hope is only
"We're free from our youthtime cross."

The face of the youth is ruddy
And bears not the trace of fears;
The face of the youth is haughty
And hides from the world its tears.
But, oh, in the heart of youthtime
Is many a battle fought—
With travail and awful carnage
The strength of a man is bought.

The future's a thing appalling
To him who would rise and win;
Each power is all untested;
While folly and gilded sin
Entice to a way that's easy,
And ever too few he sees
Who've chosen the rock-strewn pathway
Forsaking the way of ease.

There's hope in the soul that's youthful,
A smile on the young man's face;
Ambition and strength and courage
He bears with a kingly grace.
Then lend him your life's example
Ere all his youth be gone—
And give to the heart of youthtime
Incentive to struggle on.
—E. W. Gillilan, in Baltimore American.

JIM HARDY'S COUP D'ETAT: A WALL STREET EPISODE.

The Story of Bucknall's Revenge, Hardy's Co-operation, and a Sensational Move in Stocks.

WALL Street was in feverish motion. A ceaselessly rushing crowd filled the sidewalks. The middle of the road was reserved by common consent for those who had to run. The faces of the passers-by were firmly set. They had the air of men whose destiny it is ever to tramp up an untiring treadmill. They seemed to feel that they must keep their footing on the dizzy wheel or be thrown violently down among the wreckage below. At times they appeared to be debating whether it would not be the lesser evil to be thrown.

Important bank clerks scurried along with large bill books chained to their waists. Office boys dashed about as though millions depended upon their breathless haste. Exchange brokers rushed from their offices to their temporary quarters in the Produce Exchange. Even the policemen seemed to have caught the infection of restless activity. They pounced around with implacable speed and prodded all the pushcart peddlers into a very frenzy of motion.

Above, the sky was blue and the sun shone brightly. Below, Bucknall, the great market manipulator, stood on the steps of the Mills building and impassionately cursed the directors of the L. and M. R. Co. in general and Samuel Ripley in particular. At times Bucknall talked out loud to himself, but no one had time to notice it. Every one on Wall Street worth mentioning talked out loud to himself, and it was therefore nobody's business.

The directors of the L. and M. R. were large holders of its stock. They generously desired to have the stock more widely held. At the same time they naturally wanted to make a profit. Unfortunately for them the quotations of the stock had been very erratic. For this reason the banks shunned it as collateral. As showing the lack of independent thought in the human race it is a sad fact that when a bank turns up its nose at a stock the public at large turns up all its features in sympathetic unison.

Taking these things into consideration, the directors of the L. and M. had engaged Bucknall's services to see that the price of the stock never fell below seventy-five. Bucknall had discovered that the Chairman of the Board of Directors was privately unloading his holdings. Bucknall made a few burning remarks, shook his fist a number of times with a certain graceful motion, and retired with dignity. The directors then called in the services of Samuel Ripley, another manipulator, to continue Bucknall's work. Ripley was Bucknall's pet aversion. Therefore Bucknall stood on the steps of the Mills building and relieved his mind of a few passing thoughts.

"Ripley keep L. and M. above seventy-five?" he concluded. "He? Ripley? Why, I'll knock that stock down to ten in less than a week, and they'll never know who did it. Ripley? Rats!"

Bucknall smiled at the beauty of his extemporized alliteration. He felt that in this subtle manner fate was already playing into his manipulative hands.

Jim Hardy was a young chap who pined for things to do. His glance was keen. His chin was pointed. His nose was set slightly askew. This gave him an inquiring cast of countenance and encouraged strangers to open their minds to him. He delighted in wearing his hat a little bit on one side. He regarded hesitation as a vice. He took things for granted. He was always on the spot, and from his indomitable faculty of rapid action he was generally coincident with the spot. Incidentally he was a carstone broker.

Hardy snapped open the door of Bucknall's office. He nodded perky to a clerk who came for his card and smilingly pushed past him into Bucknall's private office.

"Oh, yes," said Bucknall, looking up. "I asked you to call." He picked up a letter opener and twiddled it thoughtfully as he sat back in his chair. "Oh, yes," he repeated. He gazed at Hardy inquiringly. "How'd you like a seat on the Stock Exchange?" he asked.

"Going to get one as soon as my uncle's will becomes operative," replied Hardy. Bucknall raised his eyebrows. "My uncle is Jacob Hardy," responded Hardy. "He's in Europe now, you know, for his health. We aren't very

friendly, but he's told me that I'll come in for everything."

"Well, now, Hardy," said Bucknall after another thoughtful pause, "look here. I'm getting old and I want some one to break into my business. I make a pretty good thing out of it, you know that. Suppose I bought you a seat and started you along. Don't you think the experience would be a mighty big help to you?"

"There's a seat to be sold to-morrow," said Hardy promptly. "You can buy that. Then I can start in Monday morning. What's the first thing on the program?"

Bucknall smiled approvingly. "You get along pretty fast," he remarked. He picked up his letter opener again. "We'll start in with a big raid on L. and M. stock," he said gently. "I want that stock hammered down below ten. And I don't want any one to know that I'm interested in it. You'll do the work. I'll give the advice and pull the wires. When the stock touches ten the seat is yours. But mind, you're not to speculate a cent, or everything's off. Agree? Good. Then that's settled," said Bucknall comfortably.

It might be remarked that Hardy dreamed that night that his Stock Exchange venture turned out disastrously. When he awoke he murmured to himself that dreams went by contraries, and he contentedly turned over on the other side and tried to dream it again. How perille and ineffectual is the scope of the mind of man!

The campaign against L. and M. R. preferred and common was a short and merry one. Bucknall, from his former experience of the stock, knew all its strong points. He avoided them. He also knew all its weak points and smote them viciously as with a sand-bag.

At first the downward movement was a mere prophetic trembling. A few faint hearts sold out. But old Sam Ripley was there. He bought up their holdings, rallied his forces and prodded deserters with the sharp point of his sword. Then the trembling became an ague, and Ripley tried the regular homeopathic remedies. The ague continued, however, and all the small holders were shaken out. Ripley didn't like the looks of things. He looked at his patient's tongue and felt its pulse. He became seriously alarmed and tried allopathy. In vain.

The ague became a palsy. A storm cloud appeared on the financial horizon. The Wall Street news agencies forecasted cyclones and heavy winds, accompanied by sleet and rain. Substantial holders of L. and M. decided to get out of the wet. They fell over each other in their desperate endeavor to find a dry place, and stood there panting. But it cost them very dear.

Down, down came the stock. First a gentle descent. Then a landslide. And finally a reverberating avalanche, carrying before it everything that stood in its path. The Exchange was panic-stricken. It was a battlefield, with all the signs of carnage and the shouts and groans of the wounded. Hardy, leading the victorious forces, stood on the floor, cool and alert, his inquiring nose intelligently following every move of the fight. He was cooler than a fero dealer. He was quicker than a wink.

The directors of the road began to crumble up. They privately attempted to unload their holdings, and publicly accused each other of not standing firm. When the stock reached fifteen a thunderbolt fell upon the floor of the Exchange in the shape of a block of 20,000 shares, crying piteously for some one to buy them for any old price at all. That was the delicate little bit of sleight of hand that did the trick. Hardy cheered ironically as the lot averaged about \$10 a share. The directors resigned. A receivership of the road was arranged, and the stock sullenly stayed down at about ten, awaiting the receivership report.

Then the Board of Governors of the Exchange took action. They looked into Hardy's Napoleonic methods. They whistled in amazement at what they found and emphatically expelled him from the Exchange.

Then old Jacob Hardy took action. He died in a little Swiss village, and the news of his death was cabled to New York.

It might be stated that Hardy dreamed that night that he was rich and famous. Did he construe this by

contraries? Not a bit of it. On the contrary he swore lustily at the bell boy who knocked at his door and awoke him out of this beautiful vision.

Whenever a client entered the law offices of Willis & Bristol he invariably did two things. First he stopped taking full breaths and next he wondered how many family skeletons were roosting in cramped positions in the little pigeonholes.

The office boy had the important face of one who could tell many an interesting tale if he felt so inclined. The stenographers often seemed to be wagging their heads at their machines in painful sorrow at the things they were transcribing. The managing clerk, prematurely old, was apparently bowed down by the matters that had been confided to him in the course of his professional duties.

In the private office, Mr. Willis, the senior member of the firm, was closeted with Hardy. Outside the clerks were discussing with admiration Hardy's great raid on L. and M.

"Yes," remarked Willis to Hardy, "I am one of the executors of your uncle's will. He leaves everything to you."

Hardy neatly expressed sorrow at his uncle's death and satisfaction at the happy disposition of his property.

"Quite so," said Willis slowly, "quite so." He paused unasily. "Now, I've been making an inventory of your uncle's estate. He had a few hundred dollars in bank here and the rest of his property was in the form of his securities."

"And these securities?" asked Hardy. "I find he had a block of 20,000 shares of stock. When he left for Europe last month his stock was worth something over a million and a half. He left it with his bank as collateral for a loan of \$200,000 which borrowed to enable him to buy a round 20,000 shares."

"I hope the stock has gone up since he left," said Hardy, with the smile of a man who sees a million or so coming his way with open arms.

"Well, no," said Willis. "The fact is it has gone down." He surveyed Hardy's waistcoat buttons with prolonged interest. "The fact is," he continued, "it has gone down a good deal." He looked into Hardy's face again and gently played with his watch chain.

Hardy's smile ceased. He rapidly assumed the air of a man who sees a million or so running away from him and making derisive noises in his flight.

"It wasn't L. and M. stock, was it?" he inquired faintly after he had managed to clear his throat.

"I'm sorry to say that it was," said the lawyer, "and to speak plainly, the bank sold out the stock when it had reached fifteen in order to protect themselves. I understand they just realized enough to liquidate their loan."

Hardy's face aged perceptibly as he remembered how he cheered when that block of 20,000 shares struck the market. It seldom falls to the lot of man to applaud so vociferously at his own unconscious undoing.—New York Sun.

Would Let Go His Anchors.

The inevitable Irishman was looking for work. Noticing a gang of men loading a large steamer alongside, he walked up to the foreman and asked: "D'yez want any more hands, cap'n?" There were a few men carrying anvils singly from the quay above along a plank onto the ship.

"Can you carry those anvils?" inquired the foreman.

"Shure!" replied Pat, with a smile of a man who had an easy job on.

"Very well, you can start now."

"What's the pay, mister, beggin' your pardon?"

"Piecwork—a penny for each one you carry onto the ship."

Pat instantly stripped, seized an anvil and carried it with ease across the plank and onto the ship. With the view of doubling his pay, he picked up a couple the next journey and was walking along the plank when it broke, and down went Pat into the water with both anvils—one in each hand.

Nothing was seen but a bubble for awhile. Presently Pat appeared on the surface of the water for the first time, and yelled out: "Hallo, there! Chuck me down a rope, or, begorra, O'll drop thaise things!"—Answers.

Wasn't Acquainted.

"Waiting in the bank directly in front of me was a charming woman of twenty or so who was having her first experience in banking," said the merchant after luncheon. "She was asked the questions usual for one who is opening an account; her name, address, whether married or single, and her father's and mother's name. She got along all right until the clerk asked:

"Mother's maiden name, please."

"I don't quite understand, I'm afraid," she said hesitatingly.

"I mean your mother's name when she was a girl," explained the clerk.

"How should I know. I don't like impertinence, sir! How should I know? The idea! Are you trying to make fun of me, sir?"—New York Times.

What Causes Infant Mortality.

The Superintendent of the Babies' Hospital in New York City, Miss Marianna Wheeler, says that in her eleven years' experience in the charge of this beneficent institution she has found that the sick babies brought for treatment have almost invariably been born sound and well, and that their subsequent weakness has been the result of ignorance, or of neglect caused by dire poverty on the part of the mother. Ignorance is the chief cause of trouble. Young babies are foolishly fed, even given tea or beer, by mothers of a certain class; are improperly dressed; are endangered by exposure—and in the case of well-to-do people, are overfed and indulged, a course quite as fatal to the baby's health as any other.

The Funny Side of Life.

ON THE LONG ROUGH ROAD
Some men are born to follow
And some are born to lead;
A few are born to order,
And many are born to lead.

Fate puts us in the harness
To worry and to strive,
And each of us is longing
To crack the whip and drive.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

WHILE WAITING FOR PATIENCE

Old Doctor—"Are you pursuing special line of study aside from practice?"
Young Doctor—"Oh, yes! I am experimenting to find out how little is necessary to support human life."
Puck.

NO SUBSTITUTE.

Little Elizabeth was impatiently manding a piece of bread and butter. Her mother was busy and said: "Have patience, Elizabeth!" which Elizabeth replied: "I don't want patience. I want bread and butter."—Little Chronicle.

COMPULSORY.



"Are you doing anything for your cold?"

"I sneeze whenever it wants me."—New York Journal.

DO YOU BLAME HIM?

Towne—"There seems to be nothing he enjoys so much as the sound of his own voice."

Browne—"That's so, and that's nothing annoys him so much as to think that he can't hear himself when he talks in his sleep."—Philadelphia Press.

EASILY EXPLAINED.

"Jennie," said the fond mother, "do you throw your clothes out of the window that way?"

"Do you really want to know?" asked the precocious youngster.

"Of course."

"Well, it's because it's easier than hanging them up."—Chicago Post.

THE JUDGE WAS LITERAL.

"This young man," said the lawyer as he pleaded for mercy for his client, "comes from a good family."

"Yes," said the police judge, "it appears to be the chief trouble."

Should not have come from a good family. He should have stayed with it. Just \$11.40, with costs, please."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A MODERN ANANIAS.

Mrs. Mateland—"Henry, I wonder you love me as much as you used to love me before we were married. I never say the pretty things to me that you did in those days."

Mr. Mateland—"That's because I love you more than I did then, dear. I love you too much now to lie to you, you know."—Boston Transcript.

HIGH PROTECTION.

"Say! Ain't it lucky that wireless telegraphy hasn't reached these parts yet!"—New York Journal.

A UNIVERSAL TRAIT.

"Ain't it terrible de way dese rich people put on airs?" said Plooding Pete.

"It's only human nature," answered Meandering Mike. "I knowed a bank burglar who was humiliated almost to death because his picture was put alongside de photograph of a children thief in de rogues' gallery. You can't get away from caste."—Washington Star.

