## CHARLOTTE DAILY OBSERVER, SEPTEMBER 13, 1908.



was a little table spread for Zack, and Miss Beta; was always thinking of something that ought to be carried to it. She was a little fluttery and unquiet when Zack was her guest. She used to test the softness of the "lodg-ing" ugain and again, the last time. spreading it with fresh white sheets and slipping the little pillow into a white case. This was Zack's "head-ing". "The Holy Supper is kept indeed By what we share with another's need; Not what we give, but what we share-For the gift without the giver is bare."

It seems to me that hospitality has lost something of its old fime grace. In its place we have "Vapid pleasures, the weariness of gayety, the miseries of style, the cobweb lines of stiquette, the hollowness of courtesies and the substance of deceits." It is all the foolish floatiness of vanity, the sol-emn trumperies of prids. The old heartiness and simplicity are rare. We have it now in more pretentious guise. Social intercourse means more and it means less. It doesn't ring

"Zack, have you got enough head-ing?" It was always the same way. and it means less. It doesn't ring true any more. There used to be The uneasy little woman who was not sure of the quality of her hos-pitality and the mindless man who often slept in the forest leaves. welcome that waited, like the hinges of the door, for whoever might come. This welcome belonged not alone to the homes of the rich. It was unl-Zack was plous, and a certain mumbling that came from the hall versal like the fire on the hearth-

was his prayers. Once when the wind blew and the cold came into Travel was slower and more difficult and there was more excuse for ask-ing a corner under the shelter that belonged to another. Fashion had not laid hold upon hospitality. was not cut up into social functions. Visiting was frank and simple.

away. It was one of the boys who ventured to laugh at Miss Betsy's so-If evening brought a friend or licitude. It was then that the little lady picked up a warm rug and open-ed the hall door. The little girl was tranger to the door he might not be turned away. His entertainment not far away, and the light of the was a division of what the family enfire sfreamen out. There on the edge of his "lodging" knelt Zack. His loved This was the rule at the autiful. Miss Betsy always beautiful. childish face up and we heard. pering softly. And we heard. was praying for Miss Betsy! You don't always have to positively see the wings. One would feel so sure the wings. One would feel so sure the wings. childish face upraised, his lips whis-pering softly. And we heard. He suspected her visitors of wearing hidden wings. The more perfectly the angels were disguised and the more unawares she felt, the happier the little old lady always was.

Memory is a wonderful moving pic-tre show. Watching the procesture show. sion of visitors passing through the house beautiful is fascinating. One hardly feels so sure of the hidden wings, perhaps, now that the world grown wiser, but after all, the small hostess is always the central figure. This woman knew nothing of receptions, clubs, or any of the "aware."

newer ways of calling people together. but she was possessed of a certain tact and grace that our modern fash-ionable entertainer might envy. It was as simple and natural and unconscious as the color of her eyes.

Down at the end of the lane was It looked plain and a big gate. common enough. Just a gate that was good to swing on if some one happened to forget about latching It. But it was really an enchanted portal, You wouldn't have observed its magic from the outside, but if you had passed through you would have known. On the inside was home. I had I had another quite different home, and you would have had another, of course But no matter where yours might be, how far away, if one counted by miles, you were perfectly sure to find it inside that big gate. You might be a stranger, or a friend, or only one of Miss Betsy's boys. Inside was, home to whoever entered.

Home is a word that I like to think of in the singular as we think of love and hope and light. It is a quality rather than a place. It is always the very same thing, like gold. So I am entirely correct when I say that you would have found home on the inside of the enchanted portal. it at once. know it

Now you would know for certain that you are not an angel either "aware or unaware." but Miss Betsy

divide the crust and offer the cup of cold water. Who, gives himself with his alma feeds three-self, his hungering neighbor and Me." Hin

At the house beautiful there was no nice line of distinction drawn be-tween haspitality and charity. There were no "bitter loaves" baked in the old oven. The only rule was the simple law of kindness, direct and face to face. We are doing more for the world now. We are making more roles and snonding more money.

more noise and spending more money, and giving more time to good works. But there was something about the old single-handed way that was old single-handed way We have a sort of machine te now. We are always gosubstitute now. ing to have the indigent, the vagaond, the unfortunate with us. There Zack retired early, even before the little girl was in bed. From her place beside the work table Miss Betsy used to call. "Zack, is your lodging soft?" and after awhile: They may classify and sort them, we may shut them in Homes and prisons and make laws to govern them. We may set them to work and teach to say their prayers. But as long as sons of men are born upon the

earth we shall have the privilege of feeding the hungry and clothing the naked. Always we shall be able to find "The badge of the suffering and the poor." Is it with the beg-gar's worthiness or unworthiness that we are to be most concerned?

the very presence of the hickory fire the little lady was more uneasy than AIRSHIP WILL GO EXPLORING. Dutch Officer Hopes to Get Past Obstacles in New Guinea in a Balloon.

New York Sun.

An attempt will be made next year to explore a part of New Guinea by balloon. This great island, the largest in the officiated in white robes. Well, said a big dose ob whiskey.' 'Ah me!' set tion, dis time present. Ef you young world excepting Greenland, is very diffi- Adam, if Primus Cotton don't marry us Dock, 'whiskey dese days is nuffin'. What sult to explore. It abounds in swamps, bext Saturday night we will call it off. she needs now mos' is a big dose ob ap- you trapsin' arter dem young sports. dense tropical forests and hostile tribes. In repay Viney said it would be very ple-jack.' De fuss busted up de dance, Keep on, fus' thing you know yer heads Dr. Poch two years ago found tribes only agreeable to have the Rev. Mr. Cotton Gill he puts his fiddle in a bag. throws it will be in a halter an' I tells you rite fifteen miles inland from the coast of perform the ceremony. This settled the on his shoulder an' starts for home. ter yer face, ef you don't pent an' alter German New Guines that had never been question and the marriage occurred on When he comes ter whar Dilsey lay, Gill yer cose you'll nebber git ter heaben. the right eppointed. seen by white men.

The chief of the mining department of On the succeeding Sunday morning, close an' hits de mark, pine blank,' an' The chief of the mining department of the mean-British New Guinea in his last annual report said that though gold had been found in many parts of the mean-the following colloquy between two the cost of prospecting further afield was young negro bucks, who were not awaro mity hard, an' said. 'Dock, gwine ter almost prohibitive because parties have of his presence.

"Say. Gum, did you go ter de weddin'

"You bet, an' I lafe and lafe till my sides busted."

"How did Miss Viney look? "Nigger, she looks outer sight. Her my brandy; you die doad wid ang you, dress was white and kivered wid all sorts of frills and fulbelows, and she gib me my tickler, 'wid dis Gill grabs much debil). Brudder Jim Dugger, lock much debil). Brudder Jim Dugger, lock "Nigger, she looks outer sight. make an experimental balloon trip next had six waiters ter hole de candles fer his tickler an' lef. Uncle Primus ter read de Bible."

"Den, what Uncle Primus say?" His plans are all made and his social. The says, 'Well, I s'pose you wants ter ment is backing the enterprise. He will travel in a free air balloon, and git married. Ef so, I stan's here ter Barkis?' Uncle Primus leans ober her do bes' ef yer debility, fer we needs all He will travel in a free air balloon, and git married. Et so, I stan's here ter barkis?' Uncle Primus leans ober her do bes' ef yer debility, fer we needs all de cash we kin git dese Christmas times, is the de knot. Marige am a mighty tick-cending from Cape Steenboom on the lish thing, an' dey dat enters de spider's south coast, he will land at the foot of web had better be jnbus. Ef you does de oie 'oman fightin' mad; grace an' strength ter go forth an' she doubles up her fists and makes a moralization, an' upliftin' our failen an 'hab many spats. Now, Viney, I axes

be carried almost due northwest and will was a mighty purty 'ooman and he lub me outen de Church. It is some hard nuts, an' degree to the sort of the so

Now you would know for certain mistortine is brought on by wrong pattorn by wrong that you are not an angel either "aware or unaware," but Miss Bets in the sole may are," but Miss Bets of the are rot going to risk it. But would have made her delicious little would have made her delicious little thanger man and watch him eat it, thanger man and watch him eat it. The plane forests rivers, the count all the snow packs in thanger man and watch him eat it, thanger man and watch him eat it. The plane forests rivers, the count all the snow packs in thanger man and watch him eat it. The plane forests rivers is the count all the snow packs in thanger man and watch him eat it. The plane forests rivers is the count all the snow packs in that he missing the snow packs in that he missing the snow packs in the snow pac mighty range. The plains, forests, rivers, dis time, somebody hollers out, 'Here' prayer to address his people, he spoke as mighty range. The plains, forests, rivers, lakes and bills will all be caught on his photographic plates and Rambaldo be-lieves that this material will suffice for New Statissics and statissics of the statistics of the statisti lieves that this material will suffice for the production of an excellent map of the region above which he will float. As he looks at 'em dancin' I see him tie fireside talk. Now I'se growin' ole, take his hankchif out his pocket and an' can't be will you long, an' when I the production of an excellent map of the region above which he will float. If the journey succeeds it will afford a good idea of the topography of an almost unknown region. Like his hankchif out his pocket and an' can't be wid you long, an when a succeed at the his hankchif out his pocket and an' can't be wid you long, an when a lieabes you, whose gwine ter take keer ob you? Ef you chuses ter go in fer-biden paves while I'se wi yer, what Dilsey, ebber sence I bin grow'd I'se bin you gwine ter do when I is gone? I'se called de king ob dancers, but sense de knowed you, an' lead you an' fed you MR. CLEVELAND IN HISTORY. rumatix has tuck me I can't take step.' scnse you was little chillens, an' I is 'Cousin Sam.' says Dilsey, 'you bar de now trubbled in sperrit when I consid-His Lofty Conception of the Character cross, I has bin a member ob de ers de futur' years, when ole Primus church more'n forty-odd years an' bleeves won't be here to advise an' zort an' of Public Duty. Adlal E. Stevenson, in The Circle. in wisions, resolutions an' dreams. I was late las' nite in a wision ter cum ober here an' bress my son Adam an' his night am Adam an' Ebe. In dar in-I saw Mr. Cieveland last upon the casion of his visit to Arbor Lodge, Nebr., to deliver an address at the unbride. I weighs ober two hundred an' nocence an' happess, de persented a butiveiling of the statue of the late Sterforty pounds, an' walks fru de mud an' ful pictur'; in dat happy home, all wus ling Morton, former Secretary of Agriculture. The address was worthy water to do my duty an' I has done it; joy an' peace. When Ebe eat dat apas worthy while it do do in a trian doile K. joy an' peace. When Ebe eat dat ap-joy of an now so cole I'se almos' frez.' 'Cousin of efficient bilsey, you says you'se cole?' 'Yes, I st conver-upon the gin me some draps for my rumatix, what feels ilk an ice-burg.' 'Well, the doctors is me some draps for my rumatix, what feels ilk way ou says you'se cole?' 'Yes, I st conver-upon the gin me some draps for my rumatix, what feels ilk way ou says you'se dev is, ef you the occasion, and indeed, a just and touching tribute to the memory of an excellent man and able and efficient Cabinet member. In my last conver-sation with Mr. Cleveland upon the will warm you up; here dey is, ef you why de white man am among us dis wery 'cept 'em.' 'Dat I will, Cousin Sam, an' day. Now, bredren, wan't it mean in occasion mentioned, he spoke feelingly of our old associates, many of whom of our old associates, many of whom had passed away. I remember that the tears came to his eyes when the name of Colonel Lamont happened to ha mentioned. be mentioned. 'Cept 'em.' 'Dat I will, Cousin Sam, an' fank you too.' De ole fokes gits up in de corner an' keeps knockin' de tickler tell it's empty. Presently Sam say, 'Cousin Dilsey, I feels like I used ter, be mentioned. 'Dillow a chicken, watermillion or a horse be mentioned. During our stay at Arbor Ledge, when I was de king ob dancers.' Dill the beautiful Morton home, by in-vitation of the superintendent Mr. fo' I jined de church.' By dis time Gill Cleveland visited the State Asylum for hollers out, 'Git yer partners.' 'De music ar a mity cole day. Adam an' Ebe had ter Cleveland visited the State Asyum tor induces out, on yer particles. De hunde ain a mity cole day, Adam an' Ebe had ter put on close, an' eber sense den you nig-his brief address to the unfortunate fairly shakes. Ole man Sam can't stand in a mity cole day, Adam an' Ebe had ter put on close, an' eber sense den you nig-ger has bin puttin' on close. You 'omans dreases like peacocks ebery Sunday, gad-land mentioned the fact that in his lim's 'gin ter trimble and feet 'gins ter shake: fuss thing I knows, dem ole miggers lines han's an' riz in de flo' an' des home by darset, ter grow up like teacher in an asylum for the blind, niggers jines han's an' riz in de flo' an' weeds, an' des like de worl blongs ter teacher in an asynth interest in ingers junes hans an rig in de no an as and spoke of his profound interest in few down de room like shot in a shovel. Whatever concerned their welfare. I be dancing niggers giv way fer 'em, an' have heard him many times, but never dar eyes farly pops. De ole fokes, yer, an' didn't hab ter go ter de cotton patch ter pick cotton Monday mornin' have heard him many thirds, advantage dances up an' down, round an' round, when he appeared to better advantage dances up an' down, round an' round, or evinced such depth of feeling as cuttin' de pigin wing and double shuffle. Frum las' nite's dessepation I wishes ter or evinced such depth of feeling as deliber a discose on de ebil ob drinkin' whiskey. Now I'se ole an' feeble an' takes my dram when natur' calls fer upon this occasion. Eberyting wus lubly tell dey tries ter The passing of the last ex-President marks an epoch. He was indeed a striking figure in American history. Take him all in all, we may not see his tighter dev numerous to dev dance, an' it, but I keeps it es my sarvant an' not ness de white fokes calls 'German.' De es my marster, an' I says ter you now, taster de music, faster dey dance, an' my bredren, wid tears in my eyes, yea like again. The "good citizenship" -an expression frequently heard wid a heart full ob sorrow, an eben toxicated wid de squeezin' bisness she weepin' dat yeu is lef' de paves ob rightupon his lips-to which he would have his countrymen aspire, was of the noblest, and no man had a clearer or lifs ole man Sam squar off de flo' an' iousness. Christmas am nigh an' should whitris him 'roun' so fas' his feet flies in de air. She squez Sam so hard he say. lens ob de worl uses dese sacred times 'Dilsey, lemme go.' 'No, Cousin Sam, loftier conception of the responsible can't let you go; you ticed me ter and sacred character of public station. dance, an' while I is at, I wants de With him the oft-quoted words, "A public office is a public trust." was no mere lip service. His will be a bes' in de shop.' 'But Dilsey, I tells you, lemme go, you huts my rumatix.' 'Couslarge place in history. His admin-istration of the government will safely in Sam, dars no rose widout a thorn, an' no pleasure widout some pain; 'sides l'ac teachin' you de dance de white folks lubs endure the sure test of time. so well; de faster it's danced de tighter der squeezes; it puts Christmas in de bones, an' joy in de hearts.' 'Cousin Whatever record leaps to light, He never can be ashamed. , In victory or defeat, in office or out, Sam. I is a widder, an' is ready. De he was true to his own self and to his ideals. His early struggles, his firmwhite fokes say, is Barkes willin'?' 'Dod drot Barkis, I dunno nuffin 'bout de nigness of purpose, his determination that knew no shadow of wavering, his determination ger: who is he, an' whar he cum frum?" But, Dilacy, dad drap it. I tells you agin evalted aims and the success that ulti-mately crowned his efforts have given ter lemme go, I'se gittin' weak, my breaf him a high place among statesmen, is gittin' short. I'se almos' gone-gwine and will be a continuing inspiration to ter kill me?" 'No. dear, dear, sweet cousin, nebber will I kill you; I'se only generation of his tryin' tar perserve yer press.' 'Dang yer kin west in my lubbin' arms.' 'Dang yer

## THE WEDDING NIGHT

Among the colored people of the Hall mus wus passin' her wid a plate piled when she acces up to the second de the prominent families in the vicin-prominent families in the vicin-ty. In ante-bellum days it was 'oman off'n me; she's mashin' me ter deal the custom of master and mistress an' I feels like a bale off cotton under gregation, but dey sin't hot enuff ter

"Ole man Sam all dis time lays under nansion itself, and marriages of servants de table an' say nuffin'. He slips up being also at times solemnized in the dwellings of their owners. In this in-stance, great' preparations were made to dweilings of their owners. In that is pleces oper her head an say, is church, kase we has sized you up an whitten size you, fill sho dance you outer de church.' kase we has sized you up an whitten you, fill sho dance you outer de church.' you down ter a pint. You tries ter him-send-off. The marriage occurred on a Sat-cafusim I nebber see. Some runs dis ters; wid a bottle ob whiskey in yer urday night a few weeks before Christ- way, some runs dat way, some rubs her mas in the forties. A few days prior to its han's, some rubs her head, some pours pocket, one cent segar in yer mouf, hat accomplishment, there arose a difference water in her face an' whiskey down her one side ob ver head, 'an' red crebat between the couple as to what minister froat. Slick, lemme tell you de Lawd's 'round yer necks. You den thinks de should be selected to perform the cere-mony and which threatened a crisis. Ad-am. the groom-elect, said he was a Hard-shell Baptist and wanted Uncie Primus for the primus his is to be the set of don't you nebber cross your foots; ef you worl' am yourn. I wishes ter my heart de ole marsters would keep dar boys at Shell Baptist and wanted Unley, his lady-Cotton to marry them. Viney, his lady-love, bolonged to the "Silk-Stocking blongs ter Doctor Bell, (de niggers calls de 'great house' an' not let dem sociate you all will sho' go to h .-. Dar now. love, bolonged to the Sik-Stocking b'longs for Doctor Bell, (de nigger temes Church" and moved only in first-class so-him Dock) is mighty biggaty; he comes him Dock) is mighty biggaty; he comes runnin' up an' takes hold ob Dilsey's drat ef I didn't cum mity nigh lettin de cat outer de bag, but you niggers mout git back inter de church rite easy. change of heart by grace, and when the heart was once touched by God's grace nothing could separate the child from the Father. Viney averred that the Church would work that change. Be-sides she was High-Church, and it was but now she'll hab a hard road ter trabel her foots; of she hadn't done dis she fo' she gits back inter de fold. Now jes lemme tell you young niggers one fing. wexes me so, I gits dignant when I sees

ef you ebber falls inter sin by dancin'. An attempt will be made next year to always customary for members of her "'What you gin her?' De 'omens say, wid you fer bad company crupts good manners an' 'moralizes de nigger generaniggers keeps walkin' in dar footsteps say, 'Dock, here's de stuff what shoots "Now in de clusin ob my sermon I will

say (about this time one of the memsnort, which created such a sensation in drink all my licker? I pays fer it but the congregation and so ruffled the you does like it b'longs ter you.' 'Mr. speaker, he exclaimed with great indig-Griggs,' sez Dock, 'does you gruge a lit-

nation, "Brudder Dick Gaskill, do, fer tle sperrits when dis poor lady's life de Lawd's sake wake up dem perlite hangs on a fread? She needs two, sted ob one glass.' 'Well,' sez Gill, 'she niggers on de moners' bench what has been noddin' ter me fru de whole ob my could hab had two ef you hadn't drank Her my brandy; you ole dead beat, blaster defects ob ole Ball Face dey tuck at de

"Bout dis time ole Dilsey comes 'roun'

take up de collectin', while de quire sings an' makes a mity grunt, den sets up an' dat butiful refrain 'I'se er Cumin' Bredan 'hab many spats. Now, Viney. I axes dodged an' saves hissef. De niggers gits race'

would have found home on the de of the enchanted portal. It there. Everybody recognized once. It is a thing one can feel. know it by an instinct that has been cultivated out of us yet.

fer dessapation an' drunkness. Ole Ball fesh, an' I hopes yet dey will m Face am a mity man an' a power in de Kingdom; but take yer all in The Sweet Old Days In Dixle." black rascal, fer dancin' me outen de Chuch' Den steps back, jes' as ole Pri-Among the colored people of the Hall mus wis passin' her wid a plate piled when and kicks up so much debil, an' LITTLE OLD NEW YORK.

Larger in Population Than Size Different States and Territories, National Magazine.

Some one who is apt at fign to give the servants fitting entertain-ments on such occasions. In some in-stances the repast was spread in the some and the solution of the ing over 10.000.000 people. The improved methods of transportation. keep de church warm. You young nig-

which are fast widening the New York's business energy, will soon embrace a radius of fitly miles, within which are located 2.364 different fowns and cities whose total population, with that of Greater New York, is equal fully one-fifth of the population of the United States.

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home papers as "spending a few days in

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to hew their way through the tropical vegetation and are likely at any time to las' night?" be attacked by the natives. The worst savages are in Dutch New Guinea, twothirds of which is still unexplored. These are the reasons why Lieutenant Rambaldo of the Dutch navy, an experienced aeronaut, has been authorized to dress was white and kivered wid all blower, whiskey sucker, now dang you, make an experimental balloon trip next bad als make in the ballows, and she gib me my tickler,' 'wid dis Gill grabs

New Guinea for purposes of exploration. His plans are all made and his government is backing the enterprise.

fy his faith. From April till October the southeast trade wind can be counted upon as reg-ularly as the daily reappearance of the sun. From October till April the north-sun. From October till April the north-sun the same and the many smiles vas plenty ter eat an' make him happy. The dat of long 'sperice I goes fru fy his faith. west monsoon takes its turn, hunenext for was plenty ter eat an' make him happy, fru dat ole long 'sperience I goes fru der Dugger to unlock de 'do', then prowill choose some fine day in June that he will but he wants mo', an' he lose all. Eve forty year ago, kase you tuck an' dances ceeded to say:

vink bay. Upon the success of this short air voy-upon the success of this short air voy-this art this art the gits him inter trouble. Now upon the success of this short air voyaway and we have Homes for the unfortunate. Perhaps it is better for the tramps and for the unfortunate, but I wonder if we miss any of the straight line is only about 200 miles and in sickness an in helf, treat her well, an' but I wonder if we miss any of the straight line is only about 200 miles and in sickness an in helf, treat her well, an' but I wonder if we miss any of the straight line is only about 200 miles and in sickness an in helf, treat her well, an' but I wonder if we miss any of the straight line is only about 200 miles and in sickness an in helf, treat her well, an' but I wonder if we miss any of the straight line is only about 200 miles and in sickness an in helf, treat her well, an'

sure, now that we are wiser, but used in balloons and he expects to secure ob all de good eatin' it am de bes'. misfortune is brought on by wrong panoramic views of the earth below and doing. We don't think we are at all on both sides of him throughout the throughout the ter tune dar fiddles. Gill any fill use the basis of other churches the ter tune dar fiddles.

come to the house beautiful that he might be warmed and fed. He seemed a long, long way from the an-gels "In the lonely horror of his disease." The unbeautiful body and the prisoned soul! But perhaps Miss Betsy was right. Any way she look-ed that night as if she was quite There was something beautifully unsefish about the old time openhanded hospitality. Now we enter-

tain the people we like to have or cy. In the old days the those good policy. In the old days the guest was welcome because he had come. He was entertained because he was there. It was, perhaps, a matter of convenience to the guest, but it was a matter of principle with the hostess.

There were formal dinners and dainty teas in the house beautiful and to these were bidden the real friends the family. Stately men and pretty women form this picture of the ing procession, and Miss Betsy in a black sik that was fine enough and old enough to "stand alohe." What a perfect hostess she made among her own people! But somehow one finds her at her best ministering to the comfort of the foot-sore traveler

and listening to Zack's simple prayer for herself. We never do that sort for herself. of thing now-a-days. We send tramps away and we have Homes for the

not been cultivated out of us yet.

would have been an all sufficient rea-

The magic gate shut out all suspicion, all prejudice, all respect of per-Inside there was a true desons. mocracy. Once you were through the gate your rights and privileges moeracy. were equal with the best. Just as the old roof sheltered you, Miss Bet-sy's hospitality nourished and protected you. The first thing that you forgot on the inside of the big gate was that you had not been invited. To the woman who lived there the important thing was that you had come.

There was no man of the house. When Miss Betsy's boys were babies the Only Man had died. It was a household of women. Beyond the Beyond the end of the lane Miss Betsy's boys were men. Busy, earnest men. One of them took care of the people who belonged in my own home. But in the house beautiful they were boys. They were petted and loved and humored and fed on the things they liked best. Miss Betsy never believed in their growing up. The home missed nothing by having a woman for its head as well as its heart. I am afraid that the magic of the big gate had no power of enchantment oper the evil that we call ingratitude. Watching the picture show as it passes, it seems to me that this moves long in queer procession. But there is no change in the serene face inide the fluted cap border. To many things the wise old lady knew how to Visitors were not objects r study. The home was be blind. for character study. I not a hall of justice.

Nothing that passes before me now is like this queer procession of guests. One after another the pictures flash out and the figures hurry through the silent pantomime. The pines bending under a storm cloud, a carriage at the gate, a stream of people hurrying the gate, a stream of people hurrying toward the wide open door, light of fires and candles. smoking dishes, snowy, fragrant beds. A lonely trav-eler, poor and weary, dusty clothes and blistered feet. And Miss Betay with tub and towel and beautiful helping hands kneeling before the stranger like a ministering angel. Ah, that is hospitality. that is hospitality.

In every countryside there used to be some unfortunate wanderer. Some man or woman who had not been able. to take hold of the world and grow up These were simple harmless in it. creatures who were permitted to go about as they pleased. "The vacant mind" had no evil in it. To the house beautiful such a person used to come almost at stated intervals. Miss Betsy called him "Zack." Watching him in the moving picture show that belongs alone to me, I think, as an angel, he was assuredly well dis-guised. It seems to me that Miss Betsy must have been altogether, "unawares." But there was the magic of that big cate. On the right of that hig gate. On the right side of it Zack found himself at home. He was a large name with a baby brain. He was unwashed, uncombed and diseased. An object of pity and disgust. If it was summer, Zack came along the lane slowly and sat under, the trees till he was called to his meals. If the weather happened to be cold he sat in a corner of the be cold he sat in a corner of the old kitchen. As evening deepen-Miss Betay went the rounds of her was hidden in their snowy whiteas was hidden in their snowy white-ness! Such dreams as hovered be-hind their sweeping curtains! From one to another the little lady went, her fair old face very grave. It al-ways ended in the attic, where a roll of bedding was stored under the eaves. This was brought down and spread on the hall floor. Miss Betsy called it "Zack's lodging." In the corner of the kitchen there

seeking happiness and have exhausted your sources, try it. Never mind if he forgets to thank you. It is not wise nor practical nor praiseworthy, but it is wonderfully comfort-We are cautious now, and dis-. We are sure that misforable. trustful. tune can never come near our own careful selves. We are never to be tune can never come near our own careful selves. We are never to be friendless. No one who is ours can come to any degree of need. Our charity is of the cut and dried soft. The poor wretch who is so inconsid-eral as to bring himself to want must let us measure his need and cover it neatly with our benevolence. The stranger at the gate must go

away to the hotel where he belongs. It seems to me that there are no more gates like the one at the end of the lane. Can you imagine any one passing out of it hungry or un-comforted or friendless? But the wanderers are all wicked now. We can't afford to bother with them. The pity of it! And, after all, we don't know how this other life came to be thrown off the track. It is not quite true that sin and want are twins. Not quite. And it happens on occa-sions that our parlors are open to a viler man than the tramp upon whom we hastily close the kitchen door. The impostors do not all approach our homes by the alley way. Why is the repulsive beggar different from his respectable fellow creatures? God knows. He is different. If the life is a matter of choice, yet is he an object of pity. What was left out? What has hurt and ruined him? Who There he is, bereft even tell?

of self-respect, asking alms. "Yet, or even thou hast harshly judged, And linked their presence to disgust, Consider well the thousand things That made them all they are, Thou hast not thought dipon the causes, Ranged in consecutive necessity, Which tended long to these effects, With sure constraining power For each of these unlovely ones If thou couldst hear his story, ones, Hath much to urge as just excuse, In nature's court of justice."

can

It seems to me that giving is complex blessing. If the object of our pity be unworthy, we have, still, our own share of the blessedness. But who is able to sit in judgment? We tell long stories of base ingratitude

and ingenious deceptions, and we re-fuse to "open wide the hand" in an-swer to the supplication of the unfor-tunate. We don't want to encourage vagrancy. We believe in investigat-ing. And once in awhile a beggar ing. And once in a while a beggar dies in a fence corner, and we find him huddled there with perhaps his dog for watcher. It is then that some one writes a poem or a para-graph for the morning paper and we all shed tears over its beautiful sentiall shed tears over its beautiful senti-ment. Or a woman who begged for work or bread yesterday is dragged this morning from the river, and we all think of what a terribly hard world this is! If any dawning of the one single reason for its hardness reaches as far as our understanding we send a contribution to the Home of the Homeless, and turn the next poor wretch sway. And then we go "slumming." and do home mission work and say beautiful prayers and the common countrymen. Proof of Japanese Enthusiasm.

work and say beautiful prayers and sing glorious hymns and wonder how long it's going to be before the world gets saved.

lubbin' arms. I stan's no more sho' a fly in a spider's web, an' I pitles de nigner dat ebber falls in yer grip, fer he'll Baltimore Sun. The spectators at wrestling matches in Japan pelt the winner with their hats. This is a custom with the Japbe sques ter desf. I tells you once me ter lemme go."

hats. This is a custom with the sap-aneses for showing their appreciation "De ole man wiggles an' twists ter git of the skill of the winner. The hats are gathered up by the aftend-ants and handed to the champlon. makes a stagger an' falls agin de table. sets saved. Buppose in our "church work" among the poor we are constrained to tell of the Master's love for sin-ners, and in the midst of our tender-est passage our eyes are caught by a glance from other eyes that fell or hardened before the pitliess re-buke of our own closed door? We had the sinner on our own door step, and we turned him away. The cold prudence that freezes the im-pulaces of the heart is not for the world's bettering. It is simpler to of our employes understands that the public must be treated with courtesy and respectful consideration, no matter how trivial the subject. We ask that you extend the same consideration to our young lady operators.

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