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"WAIT TILL YOU'RE DEAD."

You grieve because men do not seem
To understand your worth?
Because the good you try to do
Remains unknown on earth?
Because no laurel fits your brow,
Or bay entwines your head?
Well, it happens one of these days—
Wait till you're dead.

It saddens you because your faults
Are blazoned to the skies,
While all your virtues seem to be
Gazed on by sightless eyes?
Why worry over such a thing?
Why not rejoice, instead,
Because of all the coming fame?
Wait till you're dead.

Folks do not understand your plans,
Appreciate your deeds?
They do not land you when you meet
Some weaker brother's needs?
They do not say kind things of you?
No rose leaves for your bed?
They'll praise you, all in goodly time—
Wait till you're dead.

Wait till you're dead. They'll tell it then;
They'll chisel it in stone,
And put it in a chosen place,
Secluded and alone.
Perhaps your splendid traits may all
In epitaphs be read—
At any rate they'll stretch the truth.
Wait till you're dead.

—W. D. Nesbit, in Chicago Tribune.

THE GIRL WHO DID NOT LOOK.

THE STORY OF A YOUNG PHYSICIAN.

Ever since Archie Dean had been old enough to take any interest in the moral and intellectual development of his fellowmen, he had been thoroughly disgusted with the huge amount of curiosity which he found everywhere.

The older he grew the more disgusted he became, until, at the age of 24, it was almost a mania with him, cutting him off from friends and sweethearts of his own and his mother's choosing until that worthy lady was reduced to utter despair and his father declared their boy mildly insane.

Unfortunately, Archie had chosen a profession calculated to bring him in contact with all the morbid curiosity there was going, from the curiosity of his fellow students as to the effect of drugs on themselves, and—what was worse—on other people, to that intensely irritating curiosity of the patients as to how much medicine these young doctors knew, anyhow.

But the culmination of his woes came when, college and medical school over, he joined the staff of a large hospital and in due time became ambulance surgeon.

He hated the straining necks and eager faces which greeted him from street and window [illegible] the ambulance clashed [illegible] the noisy, pushing, [illegible] which invariably surrounded [illegible] to whom he came, the [illegible] which watched his slightest move, and then the ride back, when, as the word "There's some one in!" flew on ahead, men, women and little children rushed and struggled to catch one glimpse of the prostrate form beside him.

It was all so dreadful to him that one morning when he tumbled sleepily out of bed—he had been called up twice during the night—he gave a whoop of joy as he realized that it was his last day at the work—that tomorrow little Greyson would take his place, and he would once more be at liberty to attend all the operations and autopsies there were going.

He felt so gay about it that he never even complained when the gong rang imperiously before he was half through breakfast, but stuck his official cap jauntily on the back of his head, ran down stairs to the tune of "Bonnie Dundee," and jumped gayly on behind the ambulance as it rattled past the door.

"Jove!" exclaimed Baker, Archie's dignified senior, as he brought his two feet down from the window sill with a resounding whack, "did you hear that? What the dickens has got into him? He's been as glum as an owl lately."

"Going off ambulance duty," murmured little Greyson disconsolately, as he remembered who would be at the beck and call of that hated gong tomorrow.

"Got hold of a prime operation," suggested Hess, who was a surgical fiend, while Jarvis chanted, amid a howl of derision, "He's found a girl who isn't cu-ri-ous!" and then dodging a well aimed egg shell, stole Baker's pet stethoscope from that gentleman's own pocket and started off to make his morning rounds.

But Dr. Archibald S. Dean's gladness was short lived.

The case to which he had been called was a very bad one—a carpenter who had missed his footing on a high scaffold and gone crashing down to the pavement scores of feet below—and then there was such a crowd.

Of course there always was a crowd, but this one seemed, if possible, more irritating and distracting than ever, and things grew still worse when he realized that the man, almost dying as he was, felt and resented every peering glance, every long drawn, maddening groan of ill timed pity, as much as Archie himself.

And so, with his personal sympathy and his professional anxiety stirred to their depths, it was particularly unfortunate that on their way back they should be stopped, though only for a moment, right beside a cable car.

It was an open car, and as soon as the ambulance gong had been heard up the street everybody had turned to look; but as soon as they realized from the tangle of trucks ahead that car and ambulance would be held side by side for a moment, an expression of absolute joy swept from face to face and, as if moved by one set of springs, every soul rose to his or her feet to get one good look inside.

But Archie had forestalled them, swinging his broad shoulders round to shut off as much of the view as possible, while he faced those people with a face full of scorn and disgust.

But suddenly, as he looked, he saw something which made him turn actually pale and forget about everything else, for, on the end of a neighboring seat, in an excellent seeing position, sat a pretty, well dressed girl, who had never even stirred!

Only a moment, and then, with a clanging of gongs and a whir of wheels the car and the ambulance swept apart, but Archie still seemed to see a round, bright face, a lot of puffy hair under a jaunty sailor hat, and last, but by no means least, a pair of big brown eyes which had never once looked at him!

All the way back to the hospital Archie's mind was in a state of chaos. Had he found at last the girl he had despaired of finding—the girl he could love—the girl who was not curious?

He could hardly believe it, and yet he had just seen her subjected to the most thorough test he knew—a test before which everybody he had ever seen had fallen, and had she not come out grandly, gloriously triumphant?

He was so quiet and absent-minded all the rest of the day that at last the other boys were forced to dump him, clothes and all, into a tub of cold water in order to rouse him.

"He's all right now," said Jarvis, as he calmly locked the door on their spluttering victim. "He's beginning to swear, and that'll bring him round, sure."

"We're all kind of wet," said Greyson, with a little giggle, as some unkind remarks referring especially to him were heard behind the door.

"Yes," said Jarvis, sweetly, "but he's got on white ducks! Golly, won't they shrink!" and then, with a few farewell remarks of advice and consolation, which were evidently not received in the same kindly spirit in which they were uttered, the crowd tramped away to room No. 5, where they considerately prepared the beds for two men who were to move in that night.

But, nevertheless during the [illegible] few months Archie Dean was pronounced "absolutely insane" by the rest of the staff, and in consequence was put through a course of treatment quite calculated to make the diagnosis a correct one sooner or later.

To everybody's astonishment, he suddenly became sociable. He no longer ran from the numerous visitors who invaded the hospital; he went to theatres and lectures; he courted invitations to the homes of fellows lucky enough to live in the city, and at last quite corroborated the rumors that were rife about him by actually going to church!

Now little Greyson was one of the lucky men whose paternal roof tree was near at hand, and it possessed the advantage of being a fine old mansion, presided over by a fine old gentleman who never delivered lectures on the evils of cigarette smoking; but it also possessed the disadvantages of containing three as homely and gushingly offensive young women as were ever inflicted on one very decent brother.

It is to be hoped that little Greyson loved his sisters. At least, he was faithful to them, for though he fully realized and appreciated the feelings of the other fellows in regard to them, he dutifully lured as many men as possible to sundry stupid "evenings," which, though they bore many different labels, were really all alike.

Every man in the college or hospital who was at all presentable had been to Greyson's once, some had gone twice, and a few three times. These last were apt to explain that it was on account of Greyson's feelings, but it was really the supper.

Dean had so long been a member of the one night fraternity that Greyson had given up asking him months ago. Consequently he nearly tumbled over the operating table one day when, as he was repeating his little formula to two of the new men between "cases," Dean said suddenly, "Why don't you ask me any more, Greyson?"

Greyson was too loyal to his sisters to be truthful, so he lied, and said, "Because I hoped you knew us well enough to come uninvited—whenever you liked."

"Thanks," said Dean, as he slipped into his coat and sauntered off. "I will;" and it took the new men nearly half an hour to restore little Greyson to his normal state of mind.

But the worst of it was that Dean went—not only once, but three and even four times, and when he started out on his fifth venture, the entire medical staff of the hospital, in solemn conclave assembled, decided that his disease had reached the stage when solitary confinement was necessary.

The three Miss Greysons were wondering among themselves who was the favored one—though each in the depths of her heart was sure she knew—and Archie himself began to think that he was getting to be a good deal of an ass—striving so vainly to reach, through his very small circle of friends, one especial girl out of the millions who existed.

This feeling swept over him in its fullest strength one evening as he sat on the parlor sofa, while the youngest Miss Greyson gushed gently on beside him, and her eldest sister sent him meaning glances over the head of a miserable little man she was supposed to be entertaining; and he rose up in desperation prepared for instant flight when he heard the middle Miss Greyson bearing down upon him from the rear.

"My dearest Betty," Miss Greyson was saying in her sweetest tones, "I'm just dying to have you meet Dr. Dean, George's most intimate friend, you know, and so lovely. Dr. Dean, this is Miss Davis—isn't she the sweetest girl you ever saw? I know you'll love each other," with which embarrassing remark Miss Greyson fluttered entirely away, leaving him standing erect and confused, before—the girl who did not look!

Now Miss Betty Davis was a moderately attractive young woman, and pretty, but she had never before inspired such sudden—such evident and intense admiration as they did now, and she could not help feeling flattered by it—so much so that when, at the end of only half an hour, the young man asked if he might call, she rashly answered "Yes," reflecting that though she knew nothing of him, the Greysons did, and he must be "all right" if she met him at their house.

She did not know to what straits the Greyson girls' brother was sometimes reduced in the matter of men.

But during the next few weeks she did many more curious things than that, for Archie's wooing was of a swift, passionate, determined nature, which burst down all barriers and carried away the girl herself, though dazed and wondering, by the very resistlessness of its force.

He did not care that there was already an accepted suitor in the field—he did not seem even to realize the fact until one evening when that young man most righteously attempted to knock him down.

Then Archie simply demonstrated that physically, at least, he was the better man of the two, after which he gently picked his rival up, escorted him home, and apologized most humbly for the broken head—but went right on with his destruction of the poor man's heart.

He cared not a whit what Betty's other charms or faults might be, she fulfilled the ideal which his fad had set up for him, she was the only girl in the world whom he could love, and win her he must and would—a purpose in which he succeeded so well that in a few weeks Betty had discarded a love which had been part of her life ever since she had worn short frocks and a pigtail, and four months later was not only engaged but married to her new and ardent suitor.

In fact, everything was done [illegible] a whirl that it was not [illegible] stepped into the carriage [illegible] ceremony that [illegible] realized what had [illegible] lived in such a [illegible] excitement, of [illegible] opposition, [illegible] each other, [illegible] to think, [illegible] remembered that [illegible] never even [illegible] their story.

[illegible] tly, as he drew [illegible] on his shoulder, [illegible] know when I fell in [illegible]

"[illegible] with a little stammer of su[illegible] n't it—"

"At th[illegible] sons'? No, ma'am; I'd been m[illegible] in love with you for months before that;" and then, with her big eyes looking wonderingly into his, he went on: "It all happened one day just about a year ago, when I was taking some poor chap home in the ambulance and we got caught right by a cable car. You were sitting very near me, and you were the only one of all those people——" but he got no further, for she had jumped up, her face flushed with excitement.

"Oh, Archie," she cried, "was it really you on that ambulance? It seems too good to be true—I've been just dying to know all about it ever since. It was before I had my glasses, you know, and it wouldn't have done me a bit of good if I had looked; but it nearly broke my heart, and I got some glasses the very next day—I wasn't going to be caught that way again.

"Why, what makes you look so glum, dear! Do tell me all about it, Archie—won't you please—quick? Because you know," as she nestled closer to him, with a joyful little laugh, "I'm just the most curious person in all the world!"—New York News.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Chinese girls are being employed in San Francisco as telephone operators for the accomodation of Chinese merchants.

The famine bread upon which 70,000 persons in northern Sweden are now subsisting is made from ground pine bark and Iceland moss.

The widespread impression that most of the "roast beef of old England" is supplied from the shambles of Chicago may find a rude shock in fresh English statistics, which show that 7-10s of the beef consumed in England is produced on its farms.

The remains of no fewer than 59 species of flowering plants from mummy wrappings in Egypt have been identified. The flowers have been wonderfully preserved, even the delicate violet color of the larkspur, the scarlet of the poppy, and the chlorophyll in the leaves remaining.

The date of the Deluge is given variously by various chronologers. According to Usher it occured in B. C. 2348. But 14 other authorities place the cataclysm as follows: One in the thirty-second century, five in the thirty-first century, one in the twenty-ninth century, one in the twenty-sixth century, four in the twenty-third century and two in the twenty-second century B. C.

The Chinese are fond of eggs about 100 years old, and old eggs are worth about as much in China as old wine is in other countries. They have a way of burying the eggs, and it takes about 30 days to render a pickled egg fit to eat. Some of the old eggs have become black as ink and one of the favorite Chinese dishes for invalids is made up of eggs which are preserved in jars of red clay and salt water.

The halls of houses were stone cold, even in Boston and New York City, in the forties, and, of course, in the country towns. Families in winter for economy's sake lived chiefly in one room or had a fire in the living-room in the morning, and in the afternoon lighted one in the parlor, alone also. Here and there some rich man had a wood-burning furnace, and occasionally some one had a hall stove; but little heat from these was felt over the whole house.

A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

A STRONG AND UPLIFTING DISCOURSE BY THE REV. DONALD S. MACKAY.

Subject: "A Plea For the Simple Life"—Duty of the Pulpit to Sound a Warning Note in Regard to Modern Extravagance in Living.

NEW YORK CITY.—At the Collegiate Church, Fifth avenue and Forty-eighth street, Sunday morning, the minister, the Rev. Dr. Donald Sage Mackay, presented a strong sermon on "A Plea for the Simple Life." The text was from Matthew vi: 31-32: "Take no thought saying, 'What shall we eat? or What shall we drink? or Wherewithal shall we be clothed? For your heavenly Father knoweth.'" Dr. Mackay said:

Just 100 years ago, in 1803, William Wordsworth, the great English poet, then a young man and comparatively unknown, wrote a sonnet entitled "Plain Living and High Thinking." It is so significant that I quote it in full:

"O friend, I know not which way I must look
For comfort, being as I am oppress
To think that now our life is only drest
For show; mean handiwork of craftsman, cook,
Or groom! We must run glittering like a brook
In the open sunshine, or we are unblest!
The wealthiest man among us is the best!
No grandeur now in nature or in book
Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense—
This is idolatry, and these we adore.
Plain living and high thinking are no more—
The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone—our peace, our simple innocence,
And pure religion, breathing household laws."

The remarkable thing about these lines is that although describing the follies of 100 years ago, they are exactly applicable to the conditions of life to-day. What Wordsworth criticised so forcefully in 1803 is still prevalent in 1903. In spite of the vaunted progress of the nineteenth century, notwithstanding the enormous advance in every sphere of human activity, it is a sad commentary on our civilization that to-day we are just as much the slaves of vulgar ostentation as our fathers were when the last century still was young.

I need scarcely remind you how powerfully the same criticism of our over-elaborated life has been set forth in that remarkable little book by Charles Wagner, "The Simple Life." Everybody is reading it and admiring it, but not every one, I fear, is ready to accept its teaching. Wagner is a Protestant pastor in Paris, a man of keen sensibility, a prose poet, a shrewd philosopher and trenchant critic. In this latest book of his, "The Simple Life," he has put forward a plea to his fellow Parisians precisely as Wordsworth did to his contemporaries a century ago. Like Wordsworth, Wagner sees in the elaboration and complexity of modern life not merely a menace to the stability of the state, but to the intellectual and spiritual life of the individuals who compose the state. Nowhere, surely, is this complex life of luxurious pleasure seeking extravagance so visible as in this metropolis of the New World. Everywhere the drags are off, and the wheels of commerce and society are running wild. When the stoppage will come, as come it must, or how it will come, no one can tell, but that this career of extravagance in living, which New York has been following, especially for the past five years, is bound to end in catastrophe, moral and social, unless sanctified common sense interposes, it needs no prophet to predict. Already the shrewd, hard-headed men in Wall Street are scenting the approaching danger from the commercial standpoint. They tell us that the limit of over-capitalization and headstrong speculation is reached, and the reaction, unless it comes gradually and under proper [illegible] spell panic from the Ath[illegible] How true that may [illegible] diction I do n[illegible] point of [illegible] ity, th[illegible] mode of living, common even among the poor as well as the rich, are already with us. One does not require the vision of a seer to recognize them.

It is in the face of such conditions that the pulpit of to-day, if it be brave and true to its duty, is called upon to sound forth a warning note. It is indeed a thankless task for the preacher. He must say things, especially in a pulpit such as this, that will cut sharply the feelings, if not the consciences, of those whom he addresses. Nevertheless, because there is still a residuum of good sense even in the most extravagant of us, I venture this Lenten Sunday morning, in the name of Jesus Christ, to bring before you this plea for "plain living and high thinking."

My first remark is an obvious inference. Plain living is an absolute condition of high thinking. Strenuous thinking cannot come from pampered living. There can be no life of worthy thought where existence is loaded down with the vulgarities of luxury. Thought, which is the life of the soul, not only deteriorates, it dies when we make the cares of the body the be-all and the end-all of our days. The two most illiterate classes in society to-day are the abject poor, who by necessity must think of the needs of the body, and, therefore, can think of nothing else, and the idle rich, who by choice devote every hour of the day to the trivial problem of what they shall eat and what they shall drink and wherewithal they shall be clothed. "The body is is," says Bossuet, the great French preacher, in one of his sermons, "which drags us down from the loftier levels of thought, which chains us to the earth when we ought to be breathing the pure air of heaven." So it is that to-day we are putting an undue emphasis upon the merely outward life. We are elaborating the mere framework of the picture, ornamenting the gilded trappings, indifferent to the essentials which alone give lasting beauty to life and character.

What are some of the causes of this over-elaboration in the material comforts of life?

Primarily, there is the passion for luxury itself. We are to-day essentially a luxurious race. The painful thing is that we are proud of it. We boast about our luxury as something that lifts us above other nations. You meet people, for example, who go abroad, and when they return what is the burden of their conversation? Not to tell you of beautiful scenes of nature which they have visited, but to complain that, having gone abroad confessedly for change, they did not find anything exactly the same and just as comfortable as in their own fireside. They criticise the temperature of the houses and vividly describe to you the horrors of shivering in a temperature a little below the fever heat in which they live at home. They denounce the cooking and complain because at an altitude of 5000 feet in the Alps they did not find the delicacies which they were able to enjoy six months before the season in their own New York homes. We may smile at such things, and yet it is this craving for luxury that is destructive of high thinking. It produces a mental inability which is unable to appreciate those truths which give dignity to life and add strength to character.

What is luxury? It may be defined as whatever is costly and superfluous. And it is just this craving for what is costly and superfluous that is making this city a hotbed of extravagance.

Of course, not everything is superfluous which is costly. Luxury is to be distinguished from good taste, and it is certainly not to be confounded with high art. There is a sense in which things once regarded as luxuries are to-day rightly looked upon as necessities. This is so because life has advanced rationally and its outward wants have so far become more varied. An English writer, for example, in 1577, denounced the extravagancy of his age because people were introducing chimneys instead of allowing the smoke to escape by the door, and were beginning to use vessels of earthenware in place of the old fashioned wooden platters. "Formerly," he says, "houses were of willow and men were of oak; now, since houses are of oak and men are of willow."

But nevertheless the fact remains that in this foolish craving for things which are both costly and superfluous lies one fertile cause of the fashioned intellectual life of our time. One reason for luxury is [illegible] a barrier in the way of "plain living and high thinking."

A second cause of this elaboration of life in our time is the rapid accumulation of wealth. Close upon this, close indeed in point of proximity, there is a sister and a twin brother and [illegible] Thus, for instance, the rise of a young merchant couple in good society, who have a certain limited income. One or two courses is open to them, either to give up all needless extravagance and devote themselves to building up a quiet home, or to give up the blessings of home life and hang on to the luxuries and pleasures of their set. Too often, under the spur of social competition, it is the latter course that is followed. Home life is deliberately, yes and criminally, sacrificed for social life, and social life, so chosen, becomes the vestibule through which many a young husband passes into the prison house of debt. Unconsciously often, such a man enters a race with his fashionable associates, and they, not his own personal comforts, create his standard of living. He must dress as well as they; he must entertain as lavishly as they; he must keep up the same pace as they. And meanwhile these associates of his are competing with another set just a little higher in the social scale, until society becomes a vulgar, feverish competition, in which every bid for notoriety is pampered, and every fine feeling is sacrificed. One has but to read the so-called society columns of any daily newspaper to witness the disgusting spectacle of this competitive spirit in the struggle for social supremacy. What place, under such conditions, is there for "plain living and high thinking."

A third cause for the elaboration of the material side of life in our time is the undue craving for pleasure. The emphatic words are undue craving. I am not advocating a sour puritanism or crabbed asceticism. Pleasure has, of course, its essential place in the scheme of right living, and to deny that place creates a reaction which, however ruinous, is inevitable. But in our time pleasure has become a tyranny. Its despotism has invaded every day of the week. It has no respect for time or seasons. It appeals to every passion of the soul, and by veiled suggestions it desecrates the holiest emotions of life. [illegible] York becomes every [illegible] Fair, where irrat[illegible] [illegible] chafes beneath the re[illegible] hatred of his pampered betters bin[illegible] ropes of separation. In Europe, wh[illegible] certain hereditary distinction between the rich and the poor is recognized, this class bitterness is not so keen, but in a republic like ours, where every man feels himself as good as another, these ostentatious displays of luxurious extravagance become a hotbed of discontent in which anarchy and communish ferment. Some years ago a friend of mine was driving past one of the beautiful old homes in rural England, standing in its stately park. He asked the driver who lived there. "Oh," said the man, "we used to have lots of aristocratic company there. They had plenty of money and they spent it freely. We poor folks were well off then. But now the place belongs to a woman, and she is a Methodist, and everything is going to the bad." So spoke the countryman, and from his little view this loss of luxury and extravagance was all wrong, even for the poor man. But meanwhile there was another side to the picture. That estate also included a large tenement district in one of the worst portions of London. In wretched hovels surrounded by saloons and low resorts the miserable people paid their rents, exorbitant for such quarters, and these rents supplied the funds for the luxury and extravagance of the former owner. But now what has happened? The lady who owns the estate to-day is using her revenues, not for her own luxury, but in bettering these homes, in driving out these saloons, and in creating a new spirit of respect and love between her [illegible] tenants. A few country yok[illegible] [illegible] of the ultimate appetite is that it demands a constant stimulus. It needs to be pampered by new sensations, and in the effort to satisfy this false and unnatural appetite, we are inventing forms of amusement so foolish that even pagan Rome might exclaim with wonder, "Behold how these Christians amuse themselves!" Under such conditions, who cares for the simple manna of the wilderness, even though it come down from God, if he can fill himself with the flesh-pots of Egypt, even though he make himself a slave to do so?

Once more, one other penalty must be paid, and that is the heaviest of all. This mode of life is absolutely at variance with the spirit of the teaching of Jesus Christ. It is pagan, not Christian; it is barbaric, not civilized. No man who is honest in his effort to follow in the footsteps of Jesus Christ can live a life whose only thought is to satisfy the merely sensuous desires. What is the one dominant note in the example of Him who when He walked this earth had not where to lay His head, but this: that we should live simply, that we should deny ourselves daily, taking no thought of what we shall eat or what we shall drink or wherewithal we shall be clothed, for our heavenly Father knoweth. The way of the cross is the way of simple life; not the way of self-indulgence and vulgar extravagance, but the way which He walked with bleeding feet is the path along which we alone can find the joy of plain living and high thinking.

For some of us this secret of the simple life cannot be learned. We have dwelt too long in the cellar of our appetites, and the reek of the kitchen is in our brains. We must die as we have lived, in the tyranny of those tastes which our surroundings have stimulated. For such of us, plain living and high thinking are both alike impossible. But there are our children. Please God we need not, unless our imbecility has become epidemic, condemn our offspring to this nightmare of extravagance which has so shriveled our own intelligence. We can at least ask God's grace to help us to train the new generations in

"That homely beauty of the good old cause,
* * * * in simple innocence
And pure religion, breathing household laws."

For them at least we can make the beauty of the simple life no poet's dream, but a divine evangel for the generations yet to come.

[illegible] to study and take to heart [illegible] of forgiveness. Those who foster jealousy and envy are their own bitterest enemies, and the heart that is free from [illegible] experiences a feeling of freedom, for it belongs to God. With our hearts free from envy and anger we know what peace and contentment are and become more Christlike. Revenge is a sin that makes him who entertains it unhappy and [illegible]

On the railroads in Canada it is necessary to run over snow plows in operation every winter.

Certain [illegible] have lately been devoting much space in the effort to prove that Gibraltar is no longer the key to the Mediterranean and that modern steam-driven ships have destroyed its usefulness to England as a fortress. On this account they are warning Europe to watch closely the designs of perfide Albion on the opposite Moroccan coast. In reply to this English papers are pointing out that Gibraltar has never been the key to the Mediterranean save in the sense of a point of appui for the British navy, and particularly the Mediterranean fleet. While it is true that modern guns might carry across the strait the chance of hitting a warship in motion are all but nothing. It is no longer regarded as anything more than a shippy station for the navy, but as much it is as important as ever. [illegible] land could not hope to conquer the strait, even if she had [illegible] on the other side, without the help of her navy. They are [illegible]

BILL ARP'S LETTER

Criticism of His Book Brings Forth Interesting Reply.

JEWISH RACE IS LAUDED

With Great Reverence Bartow Man Recalls Heroic Deeds of Valor in Defense of Home and Country and Wonderful Stability of Hebrews.

A good lady, a neighbor and friend, bought one of my books and expressed her pleasure at its perusal, but found one fault that did not harmonize with her Hebrew feelings, for she is a Jewess. In two places she found a sportive anecdote that reflected upon some of her people, but they were too good to be suppressed, and would have been told on Gentiles as well. My respect for the Jews has been too often expressed in my letters to be questioned. It is not mere respect, but it is wonder and admiration. I rejoice with them that the ages of persecution have passed, and that they can now worship God according to their conscience and the faith of their fathers. Their ancestors [illegible] at the very dawn of creation [illegible] up and [illegible] have preserved their [illegible] and customs [illegible] outlived [illegible] and have [illegible] them. [illegible] king nor ruler nor [illegible] d, and have been scattered [illegible] times and peoples, but have never lost their nationality nor mixed their blood with any other people. They have for centuries stood against the Egyptians, Syrians and Romans and survived them all. They were in later centuries proscribed by the Catholics of Spain, the Protestants of Norway, while their persecutors sang the songs of the Psalmists and taught the wisdom of their prophets. We rejoice that their deliverance from persecution came along with that of our own when we proclaimed religious liberty and civil equality to all who made America their home. I have long admired that people, who have excelled in domestic virtue, in obedience to law, whose children honor and obey their parents. Rarely among them are found convicts or criminals or drunkards or suicides, or divorced men or women. Their names seldom appear on the dockets of the courts. And yet they are patriots when patriots are wanted. Kosciusko had no braver troops than the Polish Jews who followed his banner, and if I had to name the most faithful soldier I ever saw in the civil war, I would name Jonas of [illegible] Rome, a Jew who never [illegible] a duty or a [illegible] battle or loitered on a march. [illegible] forgotten how he came, [illegible] time after a long day's march from the Chickahominey to Rapidan, and when the colonel said, "Mr. Jonas, where is your company," the tired soldier came to a salute and said, "I ish der komp'ny." That Jonas was an uncle to Israel Jonas, who all Atlanta knows, and who is now prominent in New York commercial circles.

With great reverence do I recall our own Judah P. Benjamin, our secretary of war, and on whom Mr. Davis leaned for counsel more than upon any member of his cabinet. He was a very great man, or he could not have gone to England and worked his way, unaided, to the very top of the English bar, and within eight years be appointed queen's counsel over the most learned members of the profession. I have not forgotten the perfect loveliness of the Jewess Rebecca in Scott's history of Ivanhoe. You may find broken vows and separations and elopements in fact and in fiction, but not among the Jews. They are in every town and city and are more of an example than a menace to our people and our institutions. Their names are found responding to every charity, and I noticed that the university fund was materially aided by their liberality, and I could not help wondering how much our Christian people would have given to aid some great Jewish school or charity.

I would like to write more about these Hebrews, for, as St. Paul said to the Romans, "with them was committed the oracles of God." But I am not well today, and must defer to a more propitious season.

In my last letter I made a mistake that must be corrected. I said that there were but ten months until Julius Caesar and Augustus Caesar put in two more and named them July and August. Somehow I have had that impression all my mature life, and, strange to say, I was corrected a few days ago by my good friend Gassett, a mulatto merchant of our town, who is well educated and a student of ancient history. He wrote me a respectful letter and said that Numa, a Roman emperor before the Caesars, put in January and February for the two months, and the Caesars only changed the names of Quintiles and Sextiles (the fifth and sixth) to July and August. So I make the correction with pleasure and give the credit to friend Gassett.—BILL ARP, in Atlanta Constitution.

REMEDY FOR RED ANTS.

A sure antidote to that familiar domestic pest of hot weather, the red ant, is said to reside in the kerosene oilcan. A careful housewife, whose kitchen and pantry were overrun with the little snakes, says that after experimenting long and often on them, it occurred to her to wipe with a cloth saturated in kerosene around the table, closet and gas stove, where they were most numerous, although never been troubled with them since. As a precaution, however, she still rubs the floor once or twice a day with an oil rag. The odor is not offensive. This is a remedy easily worth trying whenever a bare floor, suitable for such treatment, is practicable.

If you [illegible] something to pull, let the people [illegible] it. An advertisement in this [illegible] is the best.

A LAND OF LITTLE RAIN.

DEATH VALLEY THE LONELIEST REGION IN THE WORLD.

The Palpable Sense of Mystery in the Desert Air Breeds Fables Chiefly of Lost Treasure—Hills That Have the Lotus Charm.

Properly equipped, it is possible to go safely across that ghastly sink (Death valley—the Armagosa desert in eastern California), yet every year it takes its toll of death, and yet men find there sun-dried mummies, of whom no trace or recollection is preserved. To underestimate one's thirst to pass a given landmark to the right or left, to find a dry string where one looked for running water—there is no help for any of these things.

Along springs and sunken watercourses one is surprised to find such water-loving plants as grow widely in moist ground, but the true desert breeds its own kind, each in its particular habitat. The angle of the slope, the frontage of a hill, the structure of the soil determines the plant. Southlooking hills are nearly bare, and the trees line higher here by a thousand feet. Canyons running east and west will have one wall naked and one clothed. Around dry lakes ad marshes the herbage preserves a set and orderly arrangement. Most species have well defined areas of growth, the best index the voiceless land can give the traveler of his whereabouts.

Nothing the desert produces expresses it better than the unhappy growth of the tree yuccas. Tormented, thin forests of it stalk drearily in the high mesas, particularly in that triangular slit that fans out eastward from the meeting of the Sierras and coastwise hills where the first swings across the southern end of the San Joaquin valley. The yucca bustles with bayonet-pointed leaves, dull green, growing shaggy with age, tipped with panicles of fetid greenish bloom. After death, which is slow, the ghostly, hollow network of its woody skeleton, with hardly power to rot, makes the moonlight fearful. Before the yucca has come to full flower the Indians roast its buds for their own delectation. Other yuccas, cacti, low herbs, a thousand sorts, one finds journeying east from the coastwise hills. There is neither poverty of soil nor species to account for the sparseness of desert growth, but simply that each plant requires more room. So much earth must must be pre-empted to extract so much moisture. The real struggle for existence, the real brain of the plant, is underground; above there is room for a rounded, perfect growth. In Death valley, reputed the very core of desolation, are nearly two hundred identified species. Above the tree-line, which is also the snow line, mapped out abruptly by the sun, one finds spreading growth of pinon, juniper branched nearly to the ground, iliac, sage, and white pine.

There is no special preponderance of self-fertilized or wind fertilized plants, [illegible] evidence [illegible] there are [illegible] be birds and small ma[illegible] where these are, will come the slinking sharp-toothed kind that prey on them. Go as far as you dare in the heart of a lonely land, you can not go so far that life and death are not before you. Painted lizards slip in and out of rock crevices, and pant on the white, hot sands. Birds, humming-birds even, nest in the cactus scrub; woodpeckers befriend the demoniac yuccas; out of the stark, treeless waste rings the music of the night-singing mocking-bird. If it be summer and the sun well down, there will be a burrowing owl to call. Strange, furry, tricksy things dart across the open places, or sit motionless in the conning towers of the creosote.

The poet may have "named all the birds without a gun," but not the fairy footed, ground-inhabiting, furtive, small folk of the rainless regions. They are too many and too swift; how many you would not believe without seeing the footprint tracings in the sand. They are nearly all night workers, finding the days too hot and white in mid-desert, where there are no cattle, there are no birds of carrion, but if you [illegible] far in that direction the chances are that you will find yourself shadowed by their tilted wings. Nothing so large as a man can move unspied upon that country, and they know well how the land deals with strangers. There are hints to be had here of the way in which a land forces new habits on its dwellers.

If one is inclined to wonder at first how so many dwellers came to be in the loneliest land that ever came out of God's hands, what they do there, and why stay, one does not wonder so much after having lived there. None other than this lone brown land lays such a hold on the affections. The rainbow hills, the tender, bluish mists, the luminous radiance of the spring, have the lotus charm. They trick the sense of time, so that once inhabiting there you always mean to go away without quite realizing that you have not done it. Men who have lived there, miners and cattlemen, will tell you this, not so loudly, but emphatically, cursing the land and going back to it. For one thing there is the divinest, cleanest air to be breathed anywhere in God's world. Some day the world will understand that, and the little cases on the windy tops of hills will harbor for healing its ailing, house-weary broods. There is promise there of great wealth in area and earths, which is no wealth by reason of being so far removed from water and workable conditions, but men are bewitched by it and tempted to try the impossible.

The palpable sense of mystery in the desert air breeds fables, chiefly of lost treasure. Somewhere within its stark borders, if one believes report, is a hill strewn with nuggets; one seamed with virgin silver; an old clayey water-bed where Indians scooped up earth to make cooking pots and shaped them reeking with grains of pure gold. Old miners drifting about the desert edges, weathered into the semblance of the weary hills, will tell you tales like these unshakingly. After a little years in that land you will believe them on their own account. It is a question whether it is not easier to be taken by the lion heared ranks of the desert that goes siddering and strikes without coiling, than by the tradition of a lost mine.

For all the toll the desert takes of a man it gives compensation, deep breaths, deep sleep, and the communion of the stars. It comes upon one with new force in the pauses of the night that the Chaldeans were a desert-bred people. It is hard to escape the sense of mastery as the stars move in the wide, clear heavens to rising and settings unobscured. They [illegible] and near and palpitant [illegible] if they moved on some stately service not needful to declare. Wheeling to their stations in the sky they make the poor world-fret of no account. Of no account you who lie out there watching nor the lean coyote that stands off in the scrub from you and howls and howls.—Mary Austin, in the Atlantic Monthly.

HORSEBACK RIDING.

How It Should Be Done in the Interests of Health.

"I understand that by reason of President Roosevelt's devotion to horseback riding this healthful exercise has taken on new life in the capital," said Albert Townsend, [illegible] of a well-known attorney of New York, "and if my experience will be of benefit to those in Washington who are seeking health—and I believe it will—I gladly give it.

"I am on my way from the metropolis to Atlanta on horseback. These trips are often recommended by physicians to delicate young men, but I think I can tell you why they do not in most cases prove a success. They have with me, and season and weather do not count under proper conditions. I am journeying south, and each day I have improved and expect to continue to do so; in summer you can go in any direction, but in the fall and winter it must be toward the south.

"I have changed myself from a pale, underweight man to one of sound physique with increased weight, but it has taken time and considerable money. I travel alone on my trips, that is, without human companions, and with only my bulldog Boxer, and, by the way, Boxer is a casehardened traveller and fighter. I found that when I travelled with a companion when I wanted to tie up at a place for better weather or any other reason, or when I wished to push ahead or turn this way or that, my riding companion, be it that he was otherwise agreeable, usually had a positive or silent objection. This kills sport of this kind. I found it to have a bad effect upon the nerves, temper and appetite. Absolute freedom of individual action must prevail. Again, my companions have always been in a hurry to get on to the next town; if one must hurry on a horseback trip for health, then stay at home.

"Doing as you please relieves these trips of monotony which otherwise is detrimental. With a good fighting dog to whom you are attached, you are entertained on the road. Boxer has fought and whipped [illegible] memorabl[illegible] [illegible] Great D[illegible] and weight, but [illegible] lost that half of h[illegible] served Mr. Townsend, admi[illegible] dicating a handsome big bull [illegible] his feet who was minus a good piece out of one erect ear, "in that unequal fight, but I got him away with the leaden butt of my riding whip. I expect him to maintain the record with the dogs south of the Mason and Dixon line until we get to Atlanta.

"Another point on horseback riding trips for your health is that you must have a good, sound horse, and you must not allow yourself to feel lonely or discouraged. Blend with the exercise a roving spirit, even if that be unnatural; it can soon be cultivated. Have a small trunkful of serviceable clothes sent ahead from point to point, as a stout woollen suit, a short, warm jacket and rubber slicker, the latter two be carried back of the saddle, are all you need. Stay as short or as long a time in a place as you feel inclined; this is one of the beauties of the trip. [illegible] there is something to [illegible] or attract your attention and to take your mind off yourself—the great desideratum to all those seeking health.

"Practise up on riding for a little while before you begin to toughen the muscles. Once you are under way the first thing you will notice about yourself is that you are hungry; many men would give a large yearly sum to feel genuinely hungry twice a day. You are astonished at your capacity for food so soon, and you sleep through the night. Your nerves are strengthened wonderfully and you begin to wonder why you ever thought you had troubles. You can [illegible] by never [illegible] of a stove."—Washington [illegible]

Precedence in Australia.

The recent distinction [illegible] by the king on the [illegible] Melbourne and Sydney in giving their chief magistrates the enhanced dignity of lord mayor and the title of right honorable has raised some questions of [illegible] and precedence. It is contended in some quarters that the title of right honorable gives the lord mayor of Melbourne, the temporary superior in commonwealth, rank and [illegible] over the president of the senate, and the speaker of the house of representatives, who are only honorables. If at the next great national function the lord mayor of Melbourne attempts to go in advance of the commonwealth, complications [illegible] arise. But perhaps in this [illegible] the Herald's college of [illegible] will be consulted on this and [illegible] and an amicable solution [illegible] By the way, Melbourne [illegible] the leading cities of Australia, quib