Swift to its close

Ebbs the long summer day,
Spirits of gold

Each passing ray.

Elowly the sun sinks Weary to rest. Tired, the nightbird Flees to its nest.

Down thro' the gray mists

Mocking, the shadows Guide my canon

"Wait till you hear all," said our

For one second we were silent.

"A sewing maid?" echoed my sister,

"Live with the servants, for one

know that-we all have meals to-

gether in the servants' hall-only the

ted. "She cannot live long new;

ctor says that at any moment

prove fatal

neart attacks may

me?" she insisted, entreatingly.

and happy, and she has no anxiety

about money matters, she will go on

appily and well. Nothing would induce

her to let me go if she knew the real

truth-she must never know-promise

What could we do? We could only

promise, and walk sadly indoors. Our

mother tried to do something about

it; but when she was driven, as a last

esort, to give a sort of half hint to

Miss Lavender, we could see, by the

way she took it, that she had not a

shadow of an idea as to the real truth.

Well, she went, and what that girl

gone through makes me shudder to

Her letters to the old lady were per-

fect marvels of ingenuity. Always

rigorous as to truth, she managed in

the cleverest possible manner to evade

all unpleasant items, and yet appear

to be having a perfectly delightful time.

by her accounts. It was only to us

who, knowing the truth, could read

between the lines, that these letter,

appeared one of the saddest and most

ouching tributes to the love she bore

her aunt, and we learned to dread our

weekly visit to the little, red brick

house when Lilian's last letter was

The girl always wrote describing

the events which took place in Mra

tion was made of a certain smart

dance which had been given, she de-

scribed the decorations and the young

Lavender remarked, complacently:

"It is easy to see that they treat

dear child seems to know all about

handle, as if the feeling of the paper

is now partaking of some of the ad-

vantages which she ought to have had

with a slight sigh; "but now she is

seeing something of life, and enjoy

does my heart good to think how truly

"What could we say? I know Molly

and I left the dear, old lady that day

with a terribly guilty feeling in our

It was always most plainful to us

see those bravely written letters, con-voying so much of the weariness and

heartache beneath the carefully word-ed lines to those who knew the real

facts, and could realize how sordid

and bitter her life must be, in reality

yould all end, and if ever in this life

Lilian would win her reward for the

happy my little girl is."

invariably brought out for our delec-

and, in honor bound to Lilian, we could

do no more.

contemplate.

sewing maid."

quickly.

have to do?"

## Little, Old Miss Lavender

By ETHEL M. BRITIBLE.

Our verdict at first was that she | She broke off, and looked, with unwas one of the most uninteresting, seeing eyes, out over the little hedge colorless sort of nonentities we had and on to the road beyond. ever had the misfortune to come across. She was very quiet—almost I opened my lips to speak. "Auntie subdued in her manner-with a slight- has her little annuity-enough for her ly perceptible touch of shyness, and to live upon-not in luxury, certainly slow way of speaking, which an- -but she has simple tastes, and can noved us both exceedingly.

We agreed, however, that the aunt to two-however, there is nothing was a sweet old lady, exactly like more to be said, and so I-Ian Old World picture or a bygone ro- she faltered a little for an instant, mance-just the type one instinctively "have decided to leave her and to associates with an atmosphere of la- carn my own living." vender and faded rose petals.

Her one idea in life-indeed, nearly you," said Molly, warmly. "I am all her interest-seemed centered on dreadfully sorry for you, of course the only human being she had left to dear," she added, giving Lilian's hand

love-her grandniece, Lilian. a little squeeze, "and you know-It was really too pathetic to hear her talk; I mean when one saw the companion, reddening painfully. girl, for she spoke as if she possessed don't mind for myself, of course; it all the graces and charms of a beauty won't matter to me a bit," she went and the attributes of a genius in emon, bravely; "but I think if auntie bryo; whereas, in reality, she was, as knew, it would break her heart. She thinks I have secured a post as commentioned before, a most ordinary looking, commonplace little person, panion to one of the leaders of the with nothing to redeem her rather plain features but a pleasant, though at the idea of my being in society; rare, smile, which lit up her face for but, in reality"-and here, for a moa moment, and quite changed its exment, she hesitated; then, as if mak-

The pathos, however, lay in the fact that "little, old Miss Lavender," as we had, with common consent, christened the old lady, could never see the smile, or, indeed, anything in the world around her, for she was totally

Not for her did the sun turn the glistening dewdrops on their tiny lawn thing," answered Lilian. "Yes, I into diamonds or the sweet-scented, old-fashioned flowers in the little border spring forth into glowing colors as uppers have their dinner in the houseshe passed, a sad-looking, old figure, keeper's room, and I shad not even be though with a certain dignity of her an 'upper,'" she added, sadly. "Oh, I own, down the tiny, gravel path be- know well enough what you would say, tween the lilles and roses, which but when all is said and done, what stretched in a row to the little, green, else can I do? Mrs. De Voore treats

her gervants well; I shall be earning Yet one wonders if, after all, there my own living, and earning it in the were not compensations. Ioving her only way I am competent to do. I niece as she did, it would have been have no talent, nothing to recommend to her sensitive heart to see me above the thousands of other far the girl was sometimes passed cleverer girls, all anxious to make a mong her more favored com- lighter nowadays; and, after all or, when other

each highday and hollday. How little we knew! It was only the other day I found my sister Molly kneeling before a funny little box sofa in Miss Lavender's best bedroom, shedding a quiet tear over something inside, and when I stole over to see what the contents were which caused my usually light-hearted sister to weep, I found her holding a fold of the historic cash-

It made a lump rise in my throat too, and I turned quickly away, and crept softly downstairs, to where the pathetic, old figure, in its dainty, lace cap and fichu, sat in the sunshine

on the little lawn. he looked up as I approached, with mile of welcome, and made room me to sit on the seat beside her. heard your footsteps, my dear, knew you would spare the old an a little time for a chat. You ow, I have had another letter from -the dear child is so happy, d I want to have a little talk abou with some one who knew her.

The sightless eyes were turned erly toward me, while the fragile fumbled for the letter in the tle, satin work-bag she always car

dve her-to dash the hope from he brave, old face and the brightness from her life? It would need a braver e than I, and we had long ago de cided to help Lilian in her deception, and never to betray her secret to the loyal, trustful heart which beat for alone. As she said, it could not be for long now, and, after the end, De Voore's household, and when men what would it all matter to anyone

It was curious how we all, ever down to Molly, who was always so ladies' ball gowns so vividly that Miss down on anything not quite above board combined to aid Lilian in he deception toward Miss Lavender; but her as one of the family! Why the

yet, what else could we do? their pretty frocks, and the little ins while we were all three sitting out on and outs of their lives! You see, the lawn, and Miss Lavender and my she went on tapping the letter, which ther were indoors, having a quiet we noticed she seemed to love to

To this day I don't know what led conveyed some impression of her dear-up to it; I rather think it was after ly loved niece, "I feel that dear Lillan had been holding forth on her pet subject of the general uselessness of most girls' lives nowadays, and how all along. I did my best for her,"

so few realized the obligation of work "I consider any sort of work is noble," she wound up, in her impetuous way; "and, provided it is honesh

ing herself in a natural way, and i there is nothing derogatory in a girl earning her living by doing some so-

Lilian, quietly; "and it leads me to tell you something which I have decided upon doing. You know-or, at least, no doubt you have guessed, continued, flushing painfully "that we are very poor. You girls, have almost all that you can wish for, can hardly realize how poor, or-or-how difficult it is sometimes to less attempt to meet. Well,

ly visit at the little house just off the highroad; but, to our surprise, there was no lace-capped, black-clad figure

general rule. "She may have forgotten, and he upstairs," I said, quickly, though a sudden feeling of foreboding seized me; and, fearing I know not what, we silently entered the tiny hall. was slient, and we stood, hesitating, not knowing exactly what to do.

At that moment, Miss Lavender little maid-of-all-work appeared at the

top of the narrow stairs and one look at her frightened face was enough to tell us something gravely wrong had

"What is it? What has happened?" Molly asked, anxiously, and it was only after many inherent speeches and much lamentations we learned Miss Lavender had been seized with one of those attacks which Lilian had so dreaded for her, and it was with difficulty the little maid had managed to help her mistress to a couch and revive her from a death-"No, don't say anything, please," as like swoon.

fore another hour had passed we had got "little, old Miss Lavender" commanage well enough. When it comes fortably into bed, and the dector had come and gone again. His verdict was a grave one, and re-

Our appearance on the scene could

not have been more opportune, and be

sulted, though much against Miss Lavender's wishes in a wire being sent "Well, I call that very sensible of immediately to her niece.

"It is such a pity," the quavering, old voice whispered, as I bent down to catch her words: 'there was to have been a dinner party tonight, and Lilian will miss it all now. I really think we might have waited till the morning," she added, so faintly that I could barely catch the words.

It was only two hours later that Lilian arrived, and, though she had traveled as fast as possible, and succeeded in catching an earlier train 'four hundred,' and is quite delighted than we had hoped, she was just in time to be recognized by her aunt; and it was in the girl's arms the loving heart, which had always cared ing a final effort, went on, hurriedlyand thought for her, ceased to beat, Poor Lilian was, indeed, alone in the "it is not as companion that this society woman has engaged me, but as a

Our mother was as sweet as possible and, of course, we all insisted on the girl coming to us on an indefinite "Oh, Lilian, what will you visit; I think each one of us tried to share some of our pleasures and joys with the forlorn little guest; and, though she proposed, after weeks, returning to Mrs. De Voore, it was only a half-hearted sort of an idea, and none of us allowed it to be entertained for a moment.

She has been with us a year now, and is almost like a sister-at least, Molly and I feel so, though-let it be whispered-Jack apparently does not. "One never knows what may happen," my fair sister remarked only last night, in her oracular manner.

"Stranger things have sometimes occurred, and, it she were to become our sister in reality, I, for one, would ave her a warm welcome."

orang nastily into bed.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS,

In 1834 one of the leading railroads of the United States printed on its time table: "The locomotive will leave the depot every day at 10 o'clock, if the weather is fair.'

There are several species of fish. rentiles and insects which never sleep in the whole of their existence. Among fish it is positively known that pike, salmon and goldfish never sleep at all, also that there are several others in the fish family that never sleep more than a few minutes a month.

The best language for making love is said to be the Manx, because it gently nurtured, and always accushas 27 ways in which to say "my sweetheart." The Irish language is tomed to a certain atmosphere of a close second in the number of endelicacy and refinement—must have dearing terms, however, and has the added advantage that most of these words are extremely soft and euphon-

The total coal production of the United States is now at the rate of 1,000,000 tons per day, and the consumption of coal by railroads is equal to 40 percent of this, or 400,000 tons per day. The fuel bill of a railroad contributes about 10 percent of the total expense of operation and 30 to 40 percent of the total cost of running

A wandering tortoise has been recovered through the ingenuity of the sister of its owner, a boy living at Princes Risborough, Buckinghamshire, England, who painted the lad's name and address on the animal's back, After an absence of several weeks the tortoise, which was much prized, has just been sent home. It had traveled

When the first two tons of anthre cite coal were brought into Philadel phia, in 1803, the good people of that city, so the records state, "tried to burn the stuff; but, at length, disgust ed they broke it up and made a walk of it." Fourteen years later, Col. Geo. Shoemaker sold eight or ten wagon loads of it in the same city, but warrants were soon issued for his arrest for taking money under false pre

The visitor to the Falkland Isles see scatered here and there singularhaped blocks of what appear to be venther-besten and moss-covered bowlders in various sizes. Attempt to turn one of these bowlders over and cause the stone is actually anchore by roots of great strength; in fact you will find that you are trifling with one of the native trees. No other country in the world has such a pe

that he recently asked an old fisher-man in a snow-bound hamlet what he did with himself evenings. "Oh," said the old man, easily,

BOA STOPPED RAILROAD provisions, as on the following day SEIZED TWO LABORERS AND THE OTHERS WENT ON STRIKE.

Funny Experience of a Civil Engineer in Brazil-Anaconda So Frightened Fifteen Hundred Men That the Building of a Road Ceased Forever.

"Railroad building in Brazil some years ago was primarily a fight against rank vegetation and labor troubles," said Thomas E. Cassidy, who was formerly an engineer there, and he told a strenuous story of how an anaconda killed two men and frightened fifteer hundred others to such an extent that the building of the road ceased forever. "I was born in England, and was

there educated as an enginer," he said. "'Way back in '87, nearly 20 years ago, I went to Argentina, and, after remaining there a short time went on to Brazil, where the incident of which I have been reminiscing occurred. My memory is fading now, for none of us can remember very distinctly the happening of a time so long ago, but as I look back across the years I can still see the horrible sight of those two men being ground to jelly by the great anaconda of the forest. I can still see the rioting of fifteen hundred hungry men and the burning of the Brazilian undergrowth as it made impossible the extension of the railroad.

"I remember a funny experience when I landed at Buenos Avres, From the steamboat we were transferred, with our baggage, to a tugboat in the middle of the river, because of its shallowness; from there to small rowboats; from there to carts pulled by horses in the water, and, for the rest of the way, were compelled to get wet feet by walking ashore. But one gets used to that sort of thing down there-or used to anyway.

"I went to work at my profession as a civil engineer, not finding it very difficult, for at that time men of spe cial training were in great demand in that country, and I was not long waiting. I dickered around for higher wages for a while, and then went at it for the railroad contractors then constructing the Bahia and Minas railroad. The name was as far as it ever got, as far as the completion of it was concerned, for its untimely end was not long in coming.

"The road was being built directly through a dense forest, such as is common in the land of the equator. Those who have seen the everglades or the delta of the Mississippi, or the great woods in parts of Canada, can to pierce the sky, so high do they go, and spread over all branches and leaves which make all dark and mysterious beneath. These rank, luxuriant, grasses, bushes, offwers, water growth and vegetation of every kind make a mass almost impenetrable. When the great rains of the tropics swept over it one could almost see

the gr wth going on.
"Well, it was through this, mass road, and it was through this mass that we made slow work. We moved the camp, the rude camp of the road builder, from place to place, as we moved along. Birds and animals of almost every description were in abundance, and wild fruits of every kind were in plenty, yet most difficult to conquer for the uses of man. But we had provisions supplied from the rear at headquarters, and with am-

"But guddenly, like one of the great storms, there came a time of trouble and despair, from which I narrowly escaped with my life. I think we had been leading the kind of life have described for some two weeks when we reached a place called Itapulco. We had started to work in the morning as usual, and all of the 1500 men were engaged in the battle against the wilderness. It had rained during the night, and the sun had not been up long enough to dry up the moisture, which made the humidity almost unbearable. The place where we were working was swamp land, the black, rotting swamp vegetation over a black alluvial soil. It was here that we met the anaconda, which was the primary cause of the

breaking up of the camp. "Probably most of the laborers had een anacondas before. Certainly I had. They could be seen coiling around the trees at a distance. On most occasions we dir not come within speaking distance of them, but at this time the great serpent was asleep, apparently, despite the noise Coiled around a great black tree with its spots visible and its appearance making one shudder, it awaited its victims in the small animals of e forest. Some men surrounde the tree, jabbering among themselves, and intensely interested. Two of them went very near to the tree, ictuated by some mistaken idea of bravery, and evidently scheming to entrap the monster, which was coiled several times around the tree. Per aps the bon awoke just at that time Perhaps he had been only waiting, but in an instant he partly uncoiled from the trees and caught the two nen together in its power. It must have been thirty feet long, and, with its monster strength, it crushed them s that those some distance heard their bones crackle like kindling. Then it buried its great fangs deep in the body of one of them, quickly sinking into the pool of water at one side of the tree, for we had been working along the side of a stream were frightened, some of them sur stitiously, as never before.

"They made it known that they wished to go no further, and mur mured among themselves like mutin of the same day that we heard that the material had been stopped at headquarters, and so there we were without means to go ance.
was no food and no money to pay the
men. Against them there were but
four engineers, including a Capitals
Tattory and a man named Avordice

hey grew hungry. We had but little and could give them none, and then came the deluge. The grumbling to threats and the threats to a wild riot, the men burning the entire camp. Perceiving our danger, for they had threatened our lives, those I have mentioned, including myself, took the three mules in the camp and made off back the way we had come in building the road as fast as we could. The fourth engineer, a Swiss, we left there, as he could find no mule. Of his fate we never learned, and even of the fate of the road we were ignorant, for we soon took ship for England, and I never saw the tropics again.—New Orleans Picayune.

AIDS TO LITERARY WORK.

Shorthand, Typewriting and Phone

graph Cylinders. Literary men and newspaper reporters are coming to discard the pen, as business men do, in the interest of speed. The Medical Times remarked the other day that the pen belonged to the era "of the stagecoach and weekly mail." Perhaps that statement exaggerates the truth, but not excessively. It is not every writer, of course, who can avail himself of the most modern facilities for rapid work, Whether he operates a typewriting machine himself or employs some one else to do so for him, the adoption of the practice involves some expenditure of money. The acquisition of the art of stenography is useful. especially to court reporters. A writer may find it helpful in making his own notes, or in recording a communication that is received over a telephone, where accuracy is of great importance.

Generally, though, the literary man. like the business man, makes use of the services of an assistant who can take memoranda in shorthand, and subsequently produce the matter in full with a typewriter. Some persons operate the machine so skilfully that they can take a letter or story directly from dictation, and the author is thus enabled to get his copy sooner than otherwise.

Another resource, the phonograph, nce promised to be a great convenience to writers. That instrument seemed to be admirably adapted to record speech with accuracy and speed. It has been something of a disappointment, though, because it is arder work to learn just how to use than is commonly supposed. The dedical Times recently pointed out

ome of the embarrassments encoun-

tered by the man or woman who uses never imagine the growth one witon its revolutions, ready for dictation, there appears at once in the operator a sense of hurry, similar to that experfenced in dictating to a stenograph-but much more intense. Until he can teach his brain cells that no space is being wasted when he is not dictating, for the muchine can be easily controlled in its revolutions, the operator loses the thread of his discourse in his desire to keep up, apparently, with the rapid cylinder. It takes time and training to learn to keep one's wits from being distracted by gazing at the revolving wheels. Then it is humiliating to discover how indistinctly one seems to talk; the knack of speaking into the

tube must be learned Again, only about twelve hundred words can be dictated to a cylinder before it must be cleaned off for further use; this cleaning of cylinders is an accurate, time consuming work which is no child's play. Moreover, instrument, which must be kept in perfect order; it is not especially complicated, but it demands careful overhauling from time to time. The expense of the phonograph was, five years ago, in itself prohibitory: it is now within reach commercially.

But the most serious objection to the phonograph, as to the stenographer, is that it requires some one to take off the dictation on paper; it is left in an unusable form by the did tator. If the writer does this himself. he, of course, saves no time beyond arranging to do it times when it would be impossible to compose. If he has it done he quickly learns that the labor of "reading off the cylinder" is very brain fatiguing, and many typewriters seem unable to stand the work. There is also some likelihood of mistakes in copying from the cylinder although the percentage is less than in shorthand work, but the notes can be gone over any number

The great trust magnate who owned he United States was on bed, dictating his will. "I leave five millions to-Miss Serch

ligh," he directed. "What magnanimity, ness!" murmured the lawyers, "Five millions to the woman, who about him as an fron-hearts

and a religious hypocrite!"

But the magnate had heard.

"Magnanimity nothing!" he enclaimed.

"If she takes the money, she will be cast out a sa traitor and a sham; if she refuses it she will regret the lost fortun With a light of satisfaction the nate communed parceling out the North American continent.—Clement Scott.

ogether, but it was not so in a ca

Sam, a colored win, was an hour late, and his employer a ked him to explain "Yes, sah, I'll expicin, sah," Sam

"I was kicked by a mule on my way

"That ought not to have deti you an hour, Sam, if you were ab "Well, it wouldn't have if he'd only kicked me in dis direction. You see, to ss, he kicked me de other way."

THE PULPIT.

SCHOLARLY SUNDAY SERMON BY DR. M. E. HARLAN.

Subject: Moral Amusement.

Brooklyn, N. Y .- The Rev. Dr. M. E. Harlan, pastor of the First Church of Christ, Sunday morning gave another of his series of sermons on "Problems of Power For Plain People," the spe-cial subject being "The Problem of Morally Healthful Amusements." In February he offered prizes for best replies to questions covering the several problems to be discussed. He sent a printed list of these questions to several hundred people over the country.
The sermon was based largely on the replies he received. The text was from Ecclesiastes ili:4: "There is a time to have and a time to wear." Areas augh and a time to weep." Among other things he said:

A few years ago, when a certain sup-posed ornament (?) to French society was asked what he did, he repiled:
"My business is to amuse myself."
The history of the church is but a history of the struggle between men and women like this Frenchman, on the one hand, and, on the other hand those who have had no place for a smile in their religion. The world has never lacked the stole and the sensualist. be stole the church has seemed very lax. To the sensualist she has seeme too strict. The church always has stood and always will stand against the purposeless lives of both of these extremes. If to the mere pleasure seeker the church has seemed dogmath and damnatory, we must remember that pleasure has been tyrannical and brazen and absurd. To him who wor-ships the god of pleasure, even otherwise harmless pleasures become dissi-pation till the world is full of the insipid in heart and the vile in character and the purposcless in life. God did not make the world for mere amusement, neither did He design that it should be run by the mere rollickers. Yet desire for food and clothes is no more an indication of the physically robust and normal man than are the demands for laughter and amusement udices of the normal, mental and spiritual man. The question is not, there fore, one of nunsements, but what kind and how much.

No doubt that the church has often been too closely allied with the stoic in exercising damnatory power respecting all forms of amusements. But be-fore we censure too severely let us take into account the conditions of her early bistory. The church began her might march of conquest in cities where all sorts of lewd and obscene amusements were the rule-Rome, Corinth, Ephesus, etc. In these cities the god of pleasure held such high carnival that industry was throttled and domestic life was weakened. Rome's great amphitheatre, seating 385,000 people, could easily be filled with the morbid crowd that measured the worth of the amuse ments by the fury of the entertainment and by the number of men and horses slain merely for their amusement. The Emperor Trajan gave a three months' show in which 10,000 men and 11,000 beasts were slain to amuse the very best people of Rome. Men would appear on the stage dressed gorgeously, when suddenly flames would burst forth all over their bodies and they would die writhing in agony of flames to the delight of the god of pleasure. Often Christians were forced spectators and often a fun" was

ness and aon. "food and fur ness to these debut of amusement, can we coming from such a hirti Gibbon tells ws that in the day Rome's worst famines she dismissed her senators and patrons of art, but to satisfy her god of pleasure she kept her vile vestal virgins and her 6006 dancers and singers of the lewd sort death or lay in the last convulsions of her dying hour. He will not criticise too barshly the church who has come with her down her Listoric way and has witnessed her death struggle with the professional dispensers of amusement, who, as vile in purpose as the vestal virgins and who for financial gain will pander to the selfish and sensual moods of men till they leave those who otherwise would be noble

life's sea to the menace of the innocent Even to-day under the spell of this pleasure good men will pay an uncom plaining tribute to her and do no hesitate to keep an open account with the dispensers of hilarious and sensu ous amusements about dance halls and theatres, while at the same time they will become exceedingly poor and sav ing if approached for charity or philar thropy or justice. The mere vagabone on the streets with his hand organ and monkey, or the grewsome and discordant "curb stone band" take in the revenue that belongs to laundryman o grocer, as though these mountebank dispensers of amusement were more

deserving than they. Seeing how Rome amused herself to death and how Spain amused herself first rank powers into the imbecile of this pleasure god. He is blind who sees no inconsistence in the Puritanical bans on all forms of amusemen ical bans on all forms of amusement till a man must be or at least appear miserable before he can be happy. But he to-day is worse than blind who does not see, and especially in city life, that the god of pleasure has become daringly despotic and that she tyran-nically invades every shrine of her devotees, and that no day is too sacred for her ribaldry and coarse jest. By pandering to the ruinous passion that would rather laugh than to think she would leave our fair land tenantiess of the serious and the wise and fill it with a race of grinning pignies. Any amusement that hinders me from doing my duty in my business during the week or makes me careless of my du-ties in the house of God or that would make serious thoughts a bore is to be avoided. Foster nor harbor no amuse-ment that cannot grow consistently on the same stem with the Christian re-figion. The godless Coney Island craze

the same stem with the Christian religion. The godless Coney Island craze
creates a morbid desire for Sunday
amusement that as a vampire feeds fat
on the vitals of our holy religion.

I know there is danger of being mismuderstood when I speak in detail. The
man with a crabbed religion will think
have too lax, while the man without
conviction will think me too strict.
With a zeal worthy of a better cause
have church in the past has picked out

more widely practiced game of miser liness or covetousness or "fibbing." It is a hopeful sign that the present tendency of the church seems to be to give more attention to the affirmative

side of life rather than to act as Pharlsaical judges on the negative. "Thou shalt not," is like a prop to keep a dying tree from failing, but it takes more than a prop to make a live tree grow. While the prop may have a some think.

I am not a theatregoer nor ballroom frequenter, neither do I know even the names of the different "playing cards." I feel that I have much better use for my time and money. From my observation I have no hesitancy, however, in agreeing with those who replied to my question that the theatre and dance menaces to the development of the Christian life. While of themselves they may not be more harmful than the other forms of amusement named, their influence seems to be against them. To the question: "Do you personally know people who frequent the theatres and baliroom and euchre parties who at the same time are also leaders in prayer meeting and the Sunday-scho as soul winners, with a good, healthful influence?" only two answered in the affirmative. Why? Does it not indicate that there is something out of harmony with these particular amuse ments and the healthful influence of the Christian life? Is it right to go counter to the testimony of people scattered over such a wide territory and from so many different denomina tions so long as we prize ou religious

influence? If we say the theatre as a whole is of good influence and a necessity for the nen who are carrying the great bur dens in the commercial and industrial world, then it falls short of its purpos for the theatre is supported not by the Cargenies and Rockefellers, but mostly by those who cannot afford it and the same time do what they ought to in philanthropy. Most of the support comes from the younger class, who as yet have no great burdens to bear. As those who frequent them are not real forces in Christian work, read the following: President Ellot, of Har-vard, says: "The influence of amusements may be drawn from the quality of the popular theatre. The taste is for the trivial spectacles, burlesques, vulgar vaudeville, extravaganzas, and the stage often presents to unmoved audiences scenes and situations of an un-

One of the leading dramatic critics of the English press, Mr. Clement Scott, says it is "nearly impossible for a woman to remain pure who adopts the stage as a profession and that the stage has a tendency to disorder the finer sensibilities and to substitute hollowness for sincerity," and adds: "I speak from my intimate experier with the stage running over a period of over thirty years." Is it right to deprice suggested by these men in the ruin of the virtue of womanhood whose profession is to amuse us and thus like Rome's vestals let their virtue pay the awful price for our mere entertainment? If it is "nearly impossible" to it is not Christian to demand that form of amusement on whose sitars woman-hood is sacrificed. If that of our own

A CRITICAL TIME.

When maw is cleanin' house, you bet
We sin't got much to say;
The baby that would whine an' fret
Throughout the livelong day
Now does jest what maw wants kim doHe's silent as a mouse,
An' all us other youngsters, too,
When maw is cleanin' house.

When maw is cleanin' house, then pop
He wears a sciemn frown;
Without his breaknast out he'll hop
An' git his meals down town.
An' late at night we'll hear him swear
Because he's caught a douse
From some old pall left standin' there
While maw wus cleanic' house.

When maw is cleanin' house, by gosh,
There's soapsuds high an' low;
An' water 'round you comes, ker-slosb
Most anywhere von go.
The rooms is cold, the meals is bad,
It's one continual souse
An' we will all be more than giad
When maw's done cleanin' house.
—Louisville Courier Journal.



ried off the honors." "I was wondering what had become of them."-Cleveland

He-But what does your father see in me to object to? She-He doesn't see anything in you. That's why he objects.-Chicago News.

Pell-Did Hardup ever hear from that uncle of his who made a fortune out west? Mell-No his uncle heard of him first .- Detroit Free Press.

"De bird dat can sing an' won't sing," said Uncle Eben, "ain' as bad as de bird dat can't sing and insists on buttin' in."-Washington Star.

Ethel-I know he's rich, but isn't he too old to be considered eligible? Edith-On the other hand, he is too eligible to be conside d old.-Puck.

It often happens man will put himself to no end of troub and the key to a woman's heart, when all the time the door is wide open.-Life. "Yes, Miss Pert, I am the sole re-

maining member of my family." "I

read just yesterday that the lobster becoming extinct."-Houston Post. your health?" "Yes." "How did it work?" "I got seasick and never felt

"Is that John givin' the college yell inside?" "That ain't the college yell; the old man's flailin' him out with a hickory, an' he's givin' the home vell."

so miserable in my life."-Washing-

-Atlanta Constitution. Edyth-Are you going to Niagara Falls on your wedding trip? Babette -No; I went there on my two pretrips and I believe it's

smbition to make the most of life by shunning that form of amusement of any kind which runs such tremendous

Are you asking me if a man is to be deprived of his rights just because he is a Christian? This is a good question over which to pause and ask for the sake of others not what are my rights," but what are my duties and obligations?

Why Conductors Hate Friday. It was Conductor 4987 on the Amsterdam avenue line to whom a wom an tendered a dollar bill in payment of her fare last Friday morning. The conductor looked at it in a discour aged sort of way and hauled a roll

of bills from his pocket. "It beats anything," said he, "how everybody pays bills on Friday. Friday is bill day on the street cars. Yesterday noon I turned in \$14 in small change. Now look at that!" "But why should people pay bills on Friday on his line?" asked the

affability of the conductor. "It's not on this line alone," said he, "it's all over the city, any car you've a mind to go on on Friday

Friday's bill day. All the conductors will tell you the same. "And there's another thing," ontinued, evidently determined make a clean breast of it, "anybody I guess not." "I guess yes, 'cause he that runs for a car is bound to give swallered 'em."-Philadelphia Press. you five one-cent pleces. Never falls All the conductors will tell you that." "Why, conductors must get as sup-

eratitious as gamblers," said

woman. "No superstition about it, it's abso lutely so," said the conductor, as he rang up the fare.-New York Press.

In the World's Work there is an

rticle on "The Modern Profession of Inventing." In the course of it there is told the following incident: practice of his profession Mr. Edison has to save time. There is a pretty well developed suspicion among his assistants that his deafness is a ruse to avoid hearing things that he doe not care to pay attention to. When Mr. Edison sat for the photograph at the front of this magazine, in one of the poses his eyes were dropped looking at his hands. It was a tim exposure, and the instant the shutter of the camera closed with a click he looked up and exclaimed, "Over ex-posed. His attorney shouted to him "Did you hear that click?"

should do."-Houston Post.

"No," said Mrs. Housekeep, "my husband is not at home. He's out hunting, as usual." "Hunting? Why, this is the close season—" "He's hunting a cook. That season is always open."-Philadelphia Ledger.

"To be successful in politics," said the young man, "I suppose you've got to keep your wits together at times." Well," replied the politician, "that's not so important as to keep your lips together at the right time."-Philadelphia Press. Husband-Do you know that every

time a woman gets angry she adds a

new wrinkle to her face? Wife-No, I

did not; but if it is so I presume it is a wise provision of nature to let the world know what sort of a husband she has .- New Yorker. If you peep under your pie at the bottom crust your hastess will be offended. If you do not take the precauroman, encouraged at the unwonted tion your stomach may be insulted,

The only safe rule in this dilemma is to insult the one you can afford to in sult.-Boston Transcript. "Come, Willie," said his mothe "don't be so selfish. Let your little brother play with your marbles a li tle while." "But," protect Willie, "he means to keep them always." "Oh!

"What were the last figures on the sulletin for Brown?" demanded Mr.

Harris, when he and his son had been at home half an hour, and his vexation going had cooled a trifle, "I don't remember,"

whose interest in the election was but lukewarm, and who was then with Nansen in the "Farthest North." "Don't remember!" thundered his father. "Don't remember, sir! If you are so stupid you can't rememb few important figures for ten mir

A Rush for Prur

at a time, why don't you write

down, as I do?"-Youth's Cor