THE SOLID MAN OF BUSINESS.

The solid old man of business sits in his chair in his downtown office:

And he's prone to inquire,
is this good old equire,
How his boy is doing at college,
As he sees in the lines of his "Post" and
his "Times"

The growth of a new,
And he doubts not true,
Queer-fangled athletic knowledge,

This trate old man of business growls in his chair in his downtown office; And his temper grows sore. As he ponders the more Upon what he has read in the papers of the football match and the baseball The solid old man of business gives start as of recognition And th' unusual stew Kleked up by the crew, And tennis and other capers.

And he chuckles a bit
When he finds he has hit
Just the time for acquiring knowledge.

This elever old man to the ball ground drives. In the grand stand soon he's sitting.

And glancing down.

With a sinister frown.

Toward the uniformed boys on the bases.
He knows not the game, but his neighbor does not the game.

and little number four became No-

venda, which, being interpreted,

By the time Novenda, who heartily

adjective most frequently applied to

No one meant that the girl was stu-

pid, for her brain was active enough,

but in every movement of her body

she was so deliberate, so exasperating-

ly leisurely that her own particular

becoming overworked. Whatever she

did with her patient, painstaking fing-

ers was beautifully done, when it was

body agreed that Novenda was as slow

ne, but in all her movements every-

All attempts to hurry her were fu-

tile. When she was sent up-staira

adjective stood greatly in danger of

her was the word "slow."

as the coming of spring.

November.

start as of recognition

At his neighbors cry,

"Now, hit it. Si."

And the barsman swings ati his muscle—
What a cheer goes up as the ball shoots
out,

And far over the head
Of the fielder in red.

It sails, while above all the moise and
bustle. Then the sage o'd man takes a notion to leave his chair in his downtown office.

With a curt "Short trip!"
He packs up his grip.
And a train he takes for the college.
Then he scans his "Times" for a baseball date, leans on his bench in the grand stand "Hoorsy! hi! yi! A home run, Si! I, tell you that that youngster's mine,

The Day of the Tortoise.

Fraser had named her first three ba- open. There was an enchantment

bles May, Augusta and Julia, for the about the berry plains to be found no-

months in which they were born; but where else. The sandy soil was car-

she had found herself to take some lit- peted with a thick, cushiony, crisp

tle thought before the fourth child white moss, or lichen, that crunched

whose birthday happened to be No- pleasantly under one's feet in dry

vember 30th, could be christened. She weather. The wind, sweeping west-

had risen to the occasion, however, ward from the lake or eastward from

means in Fraser language the end of the only trees were scattered ever-

disliked her name, was seventeen, the everywhere. The rainy spring had

lady, in fact. But her sister heats her all hollow for speed-there's And insisting to tell,
The youth posts him well,
Naming over the brown young faces. the sister's day's work in that crate. "They're a messy lot," said the passenger, eyeing Julia's untidy bushel But the dark old man only frowns the more as the game goes through more as the game goes the
eight innings,
And only one more
Remains, while the score
Brings ten innings close into vision.
For the visiting nine goes out "one, unfavorably and expressing his opin ion with undisguised candor. "it's berries I want, not botanical and zoological specimens. The sister may And also "one, two,"
Of the side in blue,
And the third takes up his position. about everything that comes her way No. I'd like to meet the girl who goes with this small basketful-I have

Walter Camp, In St. Nicholas.

the balsam-covered hills, was fragant,

invigorating and uplifting. Almost

greens, vividly green at the tips with

new growth, and there were berries

worked wonders for the berry-fields

and the crop was an unprecedented

The prices, too, were good-from a

dollar and seventy-five cents to two

to quality. A rapid picker could eas-

day. The champion picker, a strong,

fine-looking girl of perhaps nineteen,

dollars-she might have had more if

her berries had been cleaner. Noven

da's proudest achievement had been

abundant, easily gathered fruit, to her

Still, to the undisguised amusement

of the successful pickers, the leisurely

Novenda continued to go berrying.

She was too painstaking to be rapid

There were no cleaner, evenly big.

evenly blue berries than hers, but it

was clear that unless berries suddenly

soared to unheard-or prices, Novema

would never capture a very large

share of the big bag of coi ndisbursed

There were women who could not

read or write, chattering, gum-chew-

ing girls, apparently without an idea

in their unkept heads, and ragged

little boys who spent half of each day

in the lake; but the poorest, least in-

dustrious least careful nicker among

There was Julia, for instance, pick

ing with apparent nonchalance, both

slim young hands going at once, and

her tongue going at the same time.

getting four times as many berries as

her sister, who went home nightly tired.

soiled, sunburned, weighted down by

perhaps eighty cents-minus a quarter

To be sure, Julia's berries were not

paid for at the highest rate be

cause they so often lacked uniformity

in size, color and ripeness. More-

over, they were always plentifully in

terspersed with such extraneous mat-

ter as happened to meet Julia's rapid.

undiscriminating fingers. If thistle

down grew in her patch, Julia was

certain to gather thistle down. If

there were green, unripened berries,

the swift-handed girl inadvertently

gathered these. If there were fallen

needles from the scrub-pines, these,

good night's rest, had been picking for

perhaps half an hour, "Goodness, No-

venda, I do believe you're falling be

hind your usual disgraceful record!

All this time, and you haven't picked

"Well," Novenda would retort, "who

ever makes ple out of my berries

enough to make a respectable pie!"

"What! Only a quart!" Julia would

too, were industriously culled.

each day in the "office car,"

them all gathered nearly

many berries as Novenda.

defeat.

a, while

tired, eighty-seven cents.

at Novenda's nig

gin read-

the rest of the

nat about and groaned be-

volume was likely to become

der reached the final chap-

no way of accelerating No-

To be sure, the delayed handker-

chief, when it finally arrived, would

be free from the holes that the laun-

dress always so artfully concealed by

careful folding; the ice, when finish-

ad would be the best possible; and

six months later, when the others had

forgotten that such a book had ever

gave her time-could recall all the in-

tricacles of the plot, describe even the

least significant of the minor charac-

ters, and reproduce the setting, down

compensate the long-suffering family

for the inconvenience of waiting for

ticularly to Julia, whose fingers flew

with most lightning-like celerity, was

Novenda a sore trial; and all partner-

ahing between the two were pretty sure

ital so sorely needed in the business

went to pay margins and finally van-

ished completely, and when Mr. Fra-

ser went home one noon. leaving

about everything he owned in the

hands of a receiver, the hitherto idle

family, instead of repining, turned

with unexpected cheerfulness to the

For many years it had been the

custom of the family to go for a day's

outing to the vast berry fields lying

a dozen miles south of their little city

The Fraser children had often said.

laughingly, that if they ever need-

berry-picking as a profession, because

the work was so pleasant and the

stood two fateful items. One an-

nounced Mr. Fraser's failure, the other

stated that the berry-train would make

its first trip for the season the follow-

To the enthusiastic young Frasers

Armed with baskets and their

mother's permission, and clad in their

simplest gowns, the four Fraser girls

promptly purchased round-trip tickets

for the berry-fields and courageously

boarded the anything but palatial

One day of the berry business prov-

ed more than sufficient for May,

who was overfastidious and not over

strong. Before the end of the week

however, she had obtained a good po-

sition in an office and was fring to

But quick-fingered, impetuous Julia

and slow-going, overcareful Novenda remained faithful to the berry fields;

and Mrs. Fraser encouraged them be

ders for their hitherto insufficient ap

The pickers were all women, girl

travelling companions; and all, seem-ingly, were moved by the one mer-

petites and pailld cheeks.

satisfactorily, Augusta, too,

found employment.

the coincidence seemed absolutely pro-

ed money they would take

prospect of bettering the situation.

culated in copper, when all the cap-

enda to get things finished. Par-

to small details.

to lack harmony.

profit so large.

ing day.

vidential.

n written, Novenda-provided one

ida was ever discovered.

not customary-indeed,

"Well," returned the dealer, "there she is, on the platform of the next car -the slim one in the sailor hat." The purchaser of Novenda's berries stepped up and asked the surprised girl if she thought she could learn to do typewriting and other office work, and offered her immediate employ-

her own town. "Why," gasped Novenda, coloring Brown—I'm S. Withington
I'll give him a dinner.
That fine, young sinner—
and all of his nine, sir!" furiously, "I can do typewriting already,-I took a business course in school,-and I think I can do whatever else I'm told, but-but I'm awfully slow about everything! Really, Mr. Page,"-Novenda has recognized a prominent real estate man in the purchaser of her basket,-"I'm probably a great deal slower than the slowest person you have ever known. I-Carroll Watson Rankin. can't begin to pick berries.

ment with excellent remuneration in

"Ob, yes you can," said Mr. Page with a pleasant smile that inspired instant confidence. "A workman is Wir'out much mental effort Mrs. | Both girls enjoyed their days in the known by his chips, and it was your berries that made me think you'd do for the place. I could see that you were careful and painstaking. Those are the qualities I'm looking for." "But I am so slow!" reiterated hon-

> est Novenda. "I'm glad of it," returned Mr. Page "There isn't a great deal of work, but what there is has to be done exactly so. Live in town, do you? That's good. The young lady I have has just asked for a permanent vacation-she's going to be married-and it occurred to me that I might find her successor right here on the train among all this flock of girls; and, bless me, so I have! Now I call that luck."

So did Novenda call it, and so i proved. The position was a good one dollars and a half a bushel, according Novenda happened to fit her some what eccentric employer's need, her ily make three dollars and a half a fingers were more at home in the wellordered office than they were in the berry fields, and the Frasers, in their made considerably more. Julia went reduced circumstances, found Noven home every night with a berry-pickda's comfortable salary a welcome ad er's appetite and two or three silver dition to the slender family purse.

"But think," exclaimed amazed Julia from time to time, "of any man's being foolish enough to take a snail-or regular tortoise—like Novenda,

aps," twinkled enda, with-ne came to , "he caught the hare nap -Youth's Companion.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

sidered almost a disgrace—for any Paris market this year on March 11; as Novenda was doing, day after day. literature before the slow- with less than half a bushel of the there were thirty-eight of them, and they were sold for \$15.00.

> watched nearly 150 rats cross high above the ground on an electric wire, from the town hall to a flour mil

The body of a Tyrolese gulde, who fell into a crevasse on the glacier of Grossvenediger in the Austrian Alps thirty years ago, has been found in a remarkable state of preservation at the foot of the glacier.

Postal conditions in the interior of Turkey are still in a patriarchal stage of evolution. When a postman arrives in a village, on mule-back, he distrib utes the letters in a public place. giving each his own and then puting the und livered ones into the hands of relatives or acquaintances of those to whom they are addressed.

The organisms present in a disease appendix have been discovered by a London physician in defective teeth. He therefore argues that appendicitis may be caused by bad teeth. The doctor does not think, however, that modern teeth are as bad as ordinar lly supposed. Egyptian and Roman remains indicate, he says, that a larger proportion . diseased teeth existed at that time than at the present day.

A recent writer in the National Geographical Magazine, tells of a tree growing in the Malay Archipelago, the Andaman Islands and Ceylon, which produces a fruit used in fishing with results of a remarkable character. The fruit is pounded up into paste and left in bags over night, after which it is sunk at low tide into deep holes along the reefs. The fish soon begin to appear at the surface; some them lifeless, others attempting

exciaim, when the girls, fresh from a to swim or faintly struggling, with their ventral side uppermost. In this condition the natives have no difficulty in picking them out of the water with their hands.

A Sale of Zola's Medan House.

anese masks, frames, parasols, etc

The sale started in a particularly

pegs, which was painfully sent up to

three francs. The total of the first

day of the sale reached 124 pounds. It

itself has been generously given to the public charities' administration,

called the Assistance Publique, by

Madame Zola, and is to be used as

be remembered that the house

melancholy way with a lot of clothe

won't have to stay up the night before Miscellaneous property in Paris to pick them over. I don't see any France, belonging to Emile Zola, has use, for instance, in gathering great been sold by public auction, at the big fuzzy caterpillars like the pair in late writer's Medan house. your basket. Do they pay extra for scene was rather a pathetic one. Not caterpillars?" 200 patrons had gathered, all being One day an elderly, prosperous-look friends of Zola, His widow had withing man stood beside the shipper in held many works of art and memen toes, and the property consisted of i heterogeneous lot of furniture, and furnishing utensils, from saucepans,

from the regular north-bound train to which the berry-cars were attached and he seemed to be greatly interested in the yield "Hold on!" exclaimed the passer

ger, as the shipper's assistant was bout to pour the contents of Noven da's basket into the crate. "I wan to buy those berries just as they are-Novenda's basket was typical. Clear

inside and out, the berries of uniform er litter that made so much of the crop picked by careless hands unsight ly and almost unsalable, the was indeed tempting. The viewed his purchase with satisfa pen to have any sort of an ed

rest home for hospital nurses by her wish.—London Telegraph. ds in military stores in

seems way above the average—quite a CRAFTINESS OF SOME AND STU-

PIDITY OF OTHERS. Those Which are Compelled to Live

Hization. Last Sunday afternoon a party of three or four wore strolling through the grounds of the Zoological Park looking at the animals and watching their tricks and capers. In the party was a retired officer of the United States army. On returning home the party had dinner, and over the coffee

"During an experience of thirty years on the great plains of the West in their rough state I made quite a study of the habits and customs of animals in their wild state," said the general. "Of all the animals that live from hand to mouth, Br'er Rabbit seems to be especially defenseless and the most eagerly sought after. Yet it has been my experience that even the harmless banny will fight on occasion and look fierce enough to scare a camel. On a ranch near one of my early stations there was a shepherd dog that never tired of playing with the numerous cotton-tails that dwelt under the cacti and in the big ledges thereabout. The dog was always 'it,' for he never caught any rabbits. One evening he flushed one in a millet patch and tore across a dry creek bed after it pretty close behind, but not

gaining to any encouraging extent. "Just as he rushed past a large cane cactus a big rabbit flashed out like a gray streak and hit him a soild thump in the side. Its onslaught was so sudden and so well timed that Mr. Dog lost his footing, rolled over on the hillside with a velp, scrambled to his feet and raced headlong for the camp with his tail between his legs. The rabbit watched him and then hopped back under the cactus again, squatted on his haunches, wagged his nose and washed his face with his paws in quiet contentment of a victory gained. After that that dog always viewed that particular spot with suspicion, and it is doubtful if he ever knew what struck him.

"I have seen cases where arabbit would delight in playing with and teasing a dog as swallows sometimes do with a cat. But the rabbit is shy about playing the same trick upon a am joking, but I have seen a moon frog and tag suddenly disappear in their burrows as the scent of a fox crept down on a light breeze. A jack rabbit is a hool, for, if you once start him, he will run past a hundred safe havens of refuge and will gradually work his way back to the place from where he started.

"On the north side of the Colorado Canon in northern Arizona are the Buckskin mountains. Once, while riding along looking at the beautiful scenery, I noticed that two coyotes were hunting, and they started a big jack rabbit. With a bark and a yelp the chase began. It was worth witnessing from the point of vantage I occupied, and I watched it from the start to finish. For the first few jumps both covotes rushed and yapped at the top of their lungs. Then one of them fell back and lay down in the snow until he blended with the landscape. The other coyote forged on at a hard rate after the jack rabbit following as closely as possible and keeping up his yelping at a great rate, Little by little the rabbit swerved toward the left until he had finally made the circle and came back near his starting point. As he swung in near the covote that had stayed be hind the latter jumped toward him with a wild shrick of ferocity, and for the next hundred yards or so that rabbit broke all records in his efforts

to get away. "When the waiting covote took up the pursuit the one who had been doing the chasing dropped down and rested. The next time the rabbit made a wider turn and took a longer time to get back, but back he did come as last and then the program was repeated all over again. But the next time the rabbit returned to the starting point he was too exhausted to escape the rested coyote, and fell a victim to his foolishness in returning to a point he had been twice warned to avoid.

"Now, compare such foolishing with the wisdom of the otter, who, seeing the footprints of a man near his house, will hide out for a month

before returning to that place. "Own cousin in foolishness to the rabbit is the skunk. Confident of his awful weapon of defence, a skunk is only equalled in reckless bravery by the porcupine, and both are too stupld to take any warning. Around army camps, where the cooks cut open canned food with a hatchet, it is not an uncommon thing to catch skunks near by. The top of the can being cut in quarters by two blows from the hatchet, it is emptied of its contents and thrown on the waste pile. If that can happened to have held salmon it is irresistible to any skunk or coon that passes to leeward of it. A little investigation locates it, a paw is tried and then a nose. The ing top allows an entrance but forbids an exit, and so, with the can as a hood, the prowler falls a victim to

"It is interesting to note the actions of an otter when he finds the tracks of a man near his home. He and his hair bristles up and he casts a furtive look around as if he had been caught in the act of stealing chicker he has a wife and children, sneaks of to them and hustles them out and

ers of civilization. "The wildcat and mountain lion, after one experience with a trap, beome very wise and bence corre ingly hard to trap, but a strange thing about most animals that are wise

ABCUT WILD ANIMALS, have seen on the plains. The horse and the dog of civilization may be mighty intelligent and smart, those animals that are compelled to live by their wits are not very far behind if at all."-Washington Star.

MACHINE PIE AT LAST. by Their Wits Are as Intelligent and Smart as the Horse and Dog of Civ-Bakers Have Heretofore Declared This An Impossible Feat.

Lovers of the great American dainty-pie-will rejoice to learn that a new era has set in for its unlimited It is a far cry from the "ples mother used to make" to a superior pro duct made by machinery, but this has been accomplished by a machine in and cigars the General entertained the vented by a Philadelphian.

company with a story which the vis-For years there has been progress it to the Zoo had called to his mind. in almost every line of baking, with the exception of the succulent Bakers and practical inventors along those lines, who experimented, have declared that machine-made pies were as impossible as perpetual motion There are so many steps in the opera tion that it would seem their contention was well founded. Undaunted by precedent, however, the Philadelphia inventor has continued his experiments for two years, and at last has reached his goal.

The ple-making machine has been installed in a baking company's plant in this city, and is now grinding out a steady stream of pies of all kinds and varieties. With the machine an operator can now produce thousands of pies where he formerly turned out hundreds. Not only will this serve to cheapen production, benefit the consumer by making it possible to use better materials, but, as most of the work is mechanical, absolute cleanliness and uniformity is assured.

The ple machine is long and narrow, being about 10 feet by 20 inches One man and three boys constitute the operating force, turning out 16 to 18 finished pies a minute. An electric motor furnishes power, while a gas jet keeps the forming dies warm. Suspended over the machine is a tank, which holds a sufficient amount of filling for 400 ples. An agitator re volves within and keeps the fruit from packing at the outlet.

After the "paste" for crusts has been properly mixed it is weighed and cut into proper-sized pieces by a dough divider. A tray full of lumps of dough for bottom crusts is placed at one end of the machine and an other tray containing lumps for top crusts at the other end. At the rear is a stack of plates, automatically fed. swift fox, just as swallows are shy of by a ratchet. A magnetized arm teasing a weasel. You may think I swings around, picks up a plate and

aces It on a die made to receive fight parts of rabbits playing leap it. A piece of dough is placed on the plate, and the next moment brings it under a die which forms the lower crust. Then the fruit is deposited from the tank and the plate moves forward. By this time another lump of dough has been flattened out and stamped with an initial-such as "L" for lemon-while an automatic bellows blows a puff of flour over the dough to keep it from sticking.

The next movement brings the er, one operator being stationed here to adjust the top cover if necessary Then the covered ple comes under the edging die, which cuts off all scraps, and the pie passes forward on an apron, which leads to the oven. One motion succeeds another with such regularity that the finished ple is passing to the oven almost before one can grasp the idea and purpose of the machine. With no fuss and little noise the empty plate starts at one end and passes off the other end of the machine, a finished ple in less than four seconds.-Philadelphia Record.

SHOW PAUL JONES AS PIRATE. Old Prints from England Depict Here as a Sea Robber.

An interesting collection of steel engravings of John Paul Jones was placed on exhibition today in the reception room adjoining the office of the secretary of the navy. Many of these plates are over 100 years old, and were made immediately after the famous fight of the Bon Homme Richard with the British sloop-of-war Serapis. Most of the engravings were made in France and England, In several the great naval hero is caricatured as a pirate and represented in ridiculous attitudes.

One of the pirate plates pictures Jones as a man of swarthy complexion, with blac khair and beard, and gives him the appearance of a Corsican. He is attired in a ridiculous costume and is making rather awk ward gestures. About the waist is an apron, on which is a skull and crossbones. In one hand he holds a big pistol and in the other is a large sword. In his belt is a pistol and be neath his feet are several cannon. There is chaos on the ship, which is in flames.

An English portrait gives the na

val hero the appearance of a China-

man. He is standing beside the gunwale of his ship, through which a can non ball has just passed. Jones has four revolvers in his belt, another in his right hand and a sword in his left The ship is represented as being on Another which shows the hatred of the British at that time, is a col ored print. The costume consis a short blue coat which fits about as anug as would a salt sack. The trousers, the legs of which are very wide reach a little below the knees, and the great admiral is in his stocking fect. In this plate he is also por traved as a Mongolian. In a wide belt are four large and cumbe pistols, another is in one hand and in his other hand is a curved sword of the pattern used a century ago Cannon, powder-horns and battle strewn about the deck of the blazing ship. Many dead sailors are lying on the deck.

in the uniform of a Russian admiral, and still another in the uniform of on correspondence of the New York

THE PULPIT.

SCHOLARLY SUNDAY SERMON BY THE REV. ALBERT JONES LORD.

Subject : Facrament of Service. Brooklyn, N. Y.—The Rev. Albert Jones ord, paster of the First Congre-gational Church, Meriden, Conn., preached in Plymouth Church Sunday morning in exchange with the assistant pastor, the Rev. Willard P. Harmon. Mr. Lord had a good audience, and preached an excellent sermon. His subject was "The Sacrament of Ser vice." The text was from Isaiah xli:6: They helped every one his neighbor and every one said to his brother, 'Be

of good courage." Mr. Lord said: We have been passing rapidly in the last half century from an individual-istic to a social type of civilization. Panl's words were never more true than to-day, when he said, "None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." All the forces and factors pertaining to human life-mechanical, social and religious-have been moving to such a degree toward each other that the twentieth century can say that the one word which will serve her best for a watchword is "Together; togeth

In the industrial world the concentration of forces is most manifest. Dr Josiah Strong calls to mind how that fifty years ago it was the age of home spun. Families could meet all the needs of their households, spinning, weaving and the making of garments The fields about the home supplied the inmates with the necessities of life. Then it was that the main force was the brawny arm. But to-day manufacture has forsaken the home for the mill and the factory, and steam and electricity are the regnant forces. Division of labor has taken the place of the single hand. Then one man made many things; now many men make one

But as industrially, so socially are we becoming more intimately related.

A half century ago there were combut small in number and limited in advantages, yet complete in themselves. Citizens seldom went beyond the borders of their respective lowns. But gradually those communi ties have been grouped into towns, and the towns developed into cities and the cities into greater cities. Whereas our fathers were independent of all the rorld: we are more or less dependent on the whole world. This made Robert Louis Stevenson exclaim, "It is really disheartening how we depend on other people in this life."

This complex life has given rise to a great many social and ganizations. Men have banded them selves together for mutual helpfulness. Fathers working by the week and for small wages, having little enes depending upon them, thoughts when they realize that sickand short hours may be their lot. When the head of the family is sick and unable to work, the income ceases, but expenses increase. To meet all these possibilities the various lent societies and in renal diplications have come into existence ...

It is every man's duty to consider not only the present demands of the fambut its future welfare. It is a crime for a father to spend his money freehanded at the bar, or in hospitality at the club, or squander it in sports, en he has not, either in the savings bank or in insurance, made secure the future welfare of his family. very man's duty to endow the future with as good a livelihood for his family as lies in his power.

We heartily sympathize with fraternities and societies in their sick beneits and care of widows and fatherless children. They have a mission in soci-But, however commendable they may be, they must not take the place of the two divine institutions—the place where God has set up the altar of domestic affection, where conjugal relations are sanctified by the presence of children, and that is the home; and there is but one institution which the Son of God ordained while upon earth. and that is the Christian church. ternal organizations should be supplements, but never attempt to be substl tutes for the home or the church. But we cannot say that because life

is becoming more highly organized it can be lived more easily. On the other hand, we are inclined to say that the closer men's relations are the greater the friction and the more difficult have every event work good to every person. This kind of life, I repeat, is far better but more difficult to live in all its relations. The tone of a three or five bank organ is much better richer, more sympathetic and harmoni-ous than the tone of a cabinet organ. In the one there are few combinations while in the other there are hundreds An amateur can play the one, but only the master organist can play the other satisfactorily. So in these times of highly developed social and religious fe it is difficult to live a full, rounded Christian life. A company of people spread over a large area can get along comfortably well, but crowded into a small inclosure they will suffer em-barrassment. They all have elbows barrassment. and where it is ideal to march through so comfortable when men are cramped and their elbows touch one another under the arms. Our whole social life s, therefore, a question of elbows.

ion. How can life be lived so as to ful answer is found in the words of the text, "They helped every one his neigh-bor and every one said to his brother, 'Be of good courage.'" I wish these words might be placed over the do of every church, inscribed upon the walls of every place of worship and selected as a watchword for every charitable organization. What a charitable organization. What changed world this would be if the sen timent of this text should go into effect to-morrow morning. The words sug gest to us two ways by which we may Humanity is in constant need of help The circle of suffering and misfortune is all the while changing, but it never happens to be coupty. In spite of the fact that we are a rich country and are living in times of plenty, there are children in every city in need of bread and elderly people in need of suppor and comfort. It is no disgrace to be in our power to drive away the wol from the door and beat down the germs in our system. Jesus was poor, more so than the foxes and the birds: Paul was poor, having few or no po-sessions but "the cloak and the pare ent:" Peter was poor, "Silver and old have I none." Poverty is no dis-race, unless it be the dregs of a asted life. Wherever there is hon-red poverty there should be generous

When Jesus was upon earth He sat every benefaction which was

ble unto Him. Inasmuch is a word

which is full of significance to all char ments in the world will weigh less than a single lovely action." Many of the fraternal organizations might teach us who are members of the church lessons in charity. A short time since I received in my mail by mistake a postal sent by one member of a fraternal orcall and assist a sick brother. How do this? Yet the Bible says, "Do good unto all men, especially unto those who are of the household of faith." No gift of means or might will ever fail to be thrice blest. Let the largest end of your generosity be beneath the surface If It chances so to be; let the number of your benefactions be a secret if you will, but, whether secret or public, crowd your life with endless benefac-

tions and countless mercies. •
Edwin Markham has a beautiful poem entitled "Inasmuch." He pictures a watchman, Ivan by name, on Moscow's castled height guarding the cit-adel. The driving snow was heaping itself against the citadel wall when a half bare beggar man tottered The watchman ran and threw his own coat around the half frozen beggar but that very night died himself from ex-But waking in that Bet or Land that lies

Behold the Lord came out to greet him home.
V. aring the coat he gave at Moscow's dome-

Waring the heavy, hairy coat he gave Ly Moscow's tower before he left the

grave. "And where, dear Lord, found you this

coat of mine.
A thing unfit for glory such as Thine?"
Then the Lord answered with a look of "This coat. My son, you gave to Me last night."

But there is another way to again offer the sacrament of service than by giving food to eat and ralment to put on: It is suggested by the last half of the text: "And every one said to his brother, 'Be of good courage.' " There are men and women in this world who need an encouraging word more than 'bey need bread. Man does not live by bread alone. There are men on our streets who have been unfortunate in their lives. They are pessimistic and discouraged and distrust all the world. There are others who are in some vo cation which does not measure up to their ambition, and they need to some one tap them on the shoulder and say, "Be of good courage." There are a good many men who become discour aged before they become drunkards. There are others who lose their hope before they lose their good name. There are many who need to be met at the door of the factory at the close of the day's work and led beyond the saloon to the doors of their homes, that they may be saved to themselves and to their families. They need words of strength. Their wills are weak and reinforced. They need to be inoculated with courage, and the power

Very few of us realize how much help there is in a handshake when given in a brotherly way. One of Wellingtou's officers when commanded to go on some perilous duty, lingered a moment, as if afraid, and then said: "Let me have one clasp of your all-conquering hand before I go, and then I can do it." The majority of the needy ones of earth ask not for our money, but for our sympathy, and our one ought to do it, but why should I? should be turned into the sacrificial sentiment, "Some one ought to do it, so why not I?" Frederick Douglass appreciated the uplift which Lincoln always gave him when they met, for who does not remind me that I am negro." To say to a weak brother with all the meaning in your soul, good courage," will often make him 4 moral glant and suffer him to rise above his difficulties and his shortcomdo not need words of encouragement, who do not need to have some one say to them, "Be of good courage."

No one has ever been able to speak this word with such pathos as Jesus and no hearts have ever been lifted into those to whom He spoke. When the woman was brought to Him taken in her sin, it was "Go sin no more. When others would condemn the woman who stole her way into the house of Simon the leper to anoint Jesus' feet He said: "She hath done what she could." When Mary and Martha were mourning the loss of a brother it was, Thy brother shall rise again." the thief on the cross threw himself upon Jesus' compassion, the Master said, "To-day thou shalt be next Me ir

It is not enough, according to Christianity, to be as good as the average, yet many seem to think so. It is hard o overcome the childish habit of con paring ourselves with others, and takng what comfort we can from the thought that we are not any worse

than they.

Jesus said: "What do ye others?" Christianity, if it is anything new at all, is something extra. It does not say that the old religions are altogether wrong. No, it says that they are inadequate. Christ came to fulfil, not to destroy. The bruised reed He does not queuch. The first He seeks to bind up, that it may become just as strong as possible; the second He fans into a flame. Christ says to all men: "You are My disciples indeed when you become all that God intended you Do not be contented with a common ace life. Come upon the mount with Me. Live the separated life. hing extra."-Northwestern Christian

Accident Restored Speech A remarkable case of a bicycle accident restoring the power of speech to man who has been dumb for five

years, has occurred at Brockhurst near Portsmouth, England. Jack Moore served with the 16th Lancers in the South African war, and was invalided home after an attack of en teric fever, which deprived him of his power of speech. When returning from work the other night, his bleycle skidded, and in the excitement of the mishan, he was astonished to find himself able to make an ejaculation. His recovery of speech is now perfect, though four operations to restore if

Mrs. Oldstare' facewell performan "she certainly was deeply affected."
"It looked that way," replied Crit

FISHING OR AGRICULTURET

Professor Wisdom was a learned man, A very learned man was he; Why, he'd read Arable or Hindostan As easy as our A, B, C.

One summer time he thought be'd take

And thus he chanced to meet a farmer boy, One who was bright, yet had a way

The Professor talked on the growth of yams,
And explained about the vulture,
But baiked when that boy asked, "If digging clams
Was fishing or agriculture?"

Judson Bisco in New England Grocer.

JUST FOR FUN

"Wasn't that woman's club a suc-"No; it had all the discomforts of home."—Brooklyn Life.

Old Rocksey-"The young man who marries my daughter must be rich." Impecune-"Well, sir, I don't know of any better way to get rich than to mar Inert Ike-"Wot does 'procrastinate'

Homeless Homer-"To put off." Inert Ike-"Gee, but wuzn't we procrastinated from dat fast freight! -Cleveland Leader. "What landed you here?" asked the prison visitor. "Dis is a case o' mis-

taken identity," replied the convict, "I mean de feller I took fur me pal was a fly cop."-Philadelphia Ledger. The Lady-"Ah, my poor man, I am

glad to hear you say you never miss a bath." Gritty George-"No'm! I haven't taken one in ten years and I don't miss it a bit."-Chicago Daily News. Cholly-"I a say

are following the wrong direction." We will soon catch up Cholly-"T-that's what I Judge. Paw Figgjam-"What make

think your teacher is crazy?" Figgjam-"Because when she whippe me yesterday she told me she stood 'in loco paresis' to me!"-Baltimore American. "Was anybody punished for Gran ton's misdeeds?" "Yes." "I under-stood he was acquitted." "He was.

But the business men on the jury lost money and missed their meals."-Washington Star. "Do you think there is any difference in a man's weight before he cats his meal, and afterwards?" asked the boarding-house lady. "Well, not if he gets the meal here," replied the thin

boarder - Yonkers Statesman ... "Here's a clergyman who urges that women should go to church plainly dressed." "Indeed? He must want to add to the problem, 'Why do not men go to church?' the problem, 'Why do

ot women on to church?" -- Puck "Isn't it queer." said Singleton, "that woman takes a man's name when she marries?" "Oh, I don't know," replied Wedderly. "It would be queerer still If she didn't take everything else the

poor jay has."-Chicago Daily News. "Did the father give the little bride away?" "I should say he did! He got rattled, and what do you think he said as he handed her over to the groom?" "What?" " 'It is more blessed to give than to receive!" -- Cleveland Leader

"It is hard to tell whom you can trust," said one grafter, "Yes," anwered the other. "Sometimes I think there is no such thing as honesty. You never know who is going to turn State's evidence next."-Washington

"How did you find things in America?" asked the interviewer of the European who had come over here to look around, "Well," was the answer, 'credit is dilated, stocks diluted, and the President is delighted."-Washing-

"No, indeed," she said, "I can never be your wife. Why, I have half a doz en offers before yours." "Huh!" reiolned the young man in the case That's nothing. I proposed to at le dozen girls before I met you."-C cago Daily News.

"How do you explain these mutinie in the Russian navy?" "Very easily," answered the English fisherman. "People who can't tell a trawler from a warship must be too nearsighted to recognize their own commanders."-Washington Star.

"A Government official is but a servant of the people," said the man with old-fashioned ideas. "Yes," answered Senator Sorghum. "The trouble m that in so many cases the tips amount to more than the regular wages," Washington Star. "What is the foot and mouth

use?" "It is an allment much valent among a certain class of pul men, who have a bad mouth, and every time they open it they put their fo in it. Next time you can ask a harden one."-Boston Transcript.

Sharpleigh-"There's Dusenberry; he's slept only two hours a day for the past five years." Snodgrassremarkable." Sharpleigh-"Yes, he's had a Government job that long an takes the remainder of his rest night."-Washington Life.

"Gracious, Elsie!" exclaimed the liting in that horrible fashion? can't you be quiet like Willie?" got to be quiet, the way we're p replied Elsie. "He's papa cor late and I'm you."-Philadelphia Pre

Collector-"I've motioned to that obman three times, and he prete to see me. Now, I'm going to Office Boy-"Aw, you chump! he can see you-don't you know he's him!? Collector-"Blind? Then, by George he's got me—this is payment at sig —Cleveland Leader.

Alice rushed in from the ga where she had been pl