

Friendship and Death.

By Elbert Hubbard.



THE desire for friendship is strong in every human heart. We crave the companionship of those who can understand. The nostalgia of life presses, we sigh for "home," and long for the presence of one who sympathizes with our aspirations, comprehends our hopes and is able to partake of our joys. A thought is not our own until we impart it to another, and the confessional seems a crying need of every human soul.

One can bear grief, but it takes two to be glad. We reach the living through some one, and by dividing our joy with this one we can be it, and come in touch with the Universal. The sky is never so blue, the heart never so bright, our acquaintances are never so gracious as when we are filled with love for some one else.

Being in harmony with one we are in harmony with all. The lover idealizes and clothes the beloved with virtues that exist only in his imagination. The beloved is consciously or unconsciously aware of this, and endeavors to fulfill the high ideal, and in the contemplation of the transcendent qualities that his mind has created the lover is raised to heights otherwise impossible.

Should the beloved pass from this earth while such a condition of exaltation exists, the conception is indelibly impressed upon the soul, just as the last earthly view is said to be photographed upon the retina of the dead. The highest earthly relationship is in its very essence fleeting, for men are fallible; and living in a world where the material wants justice, and time and change play their ceaseless parts, gradual obliteration comes and disillusion enters. But the memory of a sweet affinity once fully possessed, and snatched by fate at its supremest moment, can never die from out the heart. All other troubles are swallowed up in this; and if the individual is of too stern a fibre to be completely crushed into the dust, time will come bearing healing, and the memory of that once ideal condition will chant in his heart a perpetual eucharist.

And I hope the world has passed forever from the nightmare of pity for the dead; they have ceased from their labors and are at rest.

But for the living, when death has entered and removed the best friend, fate has done her worst, the plummet has ascended the depths of grief, and thereafter nothing can inspire terror. At one fell stroke all petty annoyances and corroding cares are sunk into nothingness. The memory of a great love lives enshrined in rindying amber. It affords a ballast against all the storms that blow, and, although it lends an unutterable sadness, it imparts an unspeakable peace. Where there is this haunting memory of a great love lost, there is also forgiveness, charity and sympathy that makes the man brother to all who suffer and endure. The individual himself is nothing; he has nothing to hope for, nothing to lose, nothing to win, and this constant memory of the high and exalted friendship that was once his is a nourishing source of strength; it constantly purifies the mind and inspires the heart to nobler living and diviner thinking. The man is in communication with Elemental Conditions.

To have known an ideal friendship, and had it fade from your grasp and flee as a shadow before it is touched with sordid breath of selfishness, or sullied by misunderstanding, is the highest of all. And the constant dwelling in sweet and recollection on the exalted virtues of the one that is gone tends to crystallize these very virtues in the heart of him who meditates them.

The Tight Collar Is Dangerous

By Dr. W. R. C. Latson.



ONE of the most common causes of hot weather discomfort—heat and danger, too, for that matter—is the tight neckband. Passing up and down the sides of the neck are two very important arteries, the carotids, and two large veins, the jugular veins. The carotid arteries carry blood up to the head; while the jugular veins convey it back to the heart. As elsewhere in the body the arteries are situated under the muscles and so are partially protected from pressure. The jugular veins, however, are quite near the surface, and a slight degree of pressure upon them is enough to impede the flow of blood away from the head. This retention of blood in the head is a frequent cause of that headache peculiar to hot weather, where the headache is accompanied by flushed face and feeling of fullness, often with buzzing in the ears. This condition, it may be mentioned, is always present in insolation, or "heat prostration."

Now the tight neckband and the tight collar make pressure just over the jugular veins, and so by preventing free escape of blood from the head often produce "heat headaches," and other discomforts, as well as add to the risk of heat prostration.

The neckband of the summer shirt, then, should be loose, and the collar low and easy fitting. Happily this is now the rule with good dressers; so one can conserve his own comfort and safety without appearing odd or offending Madame Grundy.

American Feeling.

One Necessary in the Qualifications of Our Representatives Abroad.

By E. S. Nadal.



THE kind of man our representative in London is matters more than the amount of his money. One necessity is that he should be an American in feeling, with the respect for others which is the result of American education. I know two minds, the European, aristocratic mind, which thinks, "I am better than another," and the American, democratic mind, which thinks, "You are as good as I, and have as much right in the world." Both minds have their attractions and their advantages, but I believe the American mind is not only kinder, but truer and juster and more in accord with the facts of life and human nature than the other. A cynically disposed person might say that this state of mind rests ultimately upon the fact that we all have something to sell one another. It may be so, but this state of mind nevertheless exists, and there can be no question that it is a just and sound one.

If it be proper to mention the name of a man still living, there could hardly be a better example of the kind of mind an American representative abroad should have than Mr. Choate, who, I may add, had an even greater success in England than is perhaps generally known. He has a singular talent for being liked. There is one gift of his in which, I think, he is altogether peculiar; that of being successful without exciting envy.

Give the Children Sugar.

By Dr. Woods Hutchinson.



CHILDREN may eat too much sugar and they may also stay too long in their bath tub, or in the creek when they go in swimming, or get tanned or a headache from playing too long in the sun, or chilled by staying too long in the open air; but is that any sound reason why they should be deprived of sweets, sunlight, baths and fresh air, or discouraged from indulging in them?

All that is needed is a little common sense regulation and judicious supervision, no prohibition, or denunciation. Most of the extraordinary craving for pure sugar and candy, which is supposed to lead the average child to inevitably "founder himself" if left to his own sweet will and a box of candy, is due to a state of artificial and abnormal sugar starvation, produced by an insufficient amount of this invaluable food in its regular diet. Children who are given plenty of sugar on their mush, bread and butter, and puddings, a regular allowance of cake and plenty of sweet fruits, are almost free from this craze for candy, this tendency to gorge themselves to surfeit, and can usually be trusted with both the candy box and the sugar bowl.

The Antarctic Continent.

By Major-General Greely.



STRANGE have been the historical vicissitudes of the antarctic continent. A figment of geographic fancy evolved by Ortelius in 1570, the great Capt. Cook thought that he had demolished it in 1773. Resuscitated by an American sealer, N. B. Palmer, in 1820, it took form and definite location under Wilkes's daring and persistent explorations of 1840, supplemented by those of D'Urville, Enderby and Kemp. Ross eliminated Wilkes's discoveries from his charts, but the continent was theoretically and scientifically reconstructed by the great physicians, Carpenter and Murray. Slowly evolving its tangible shape through the discoveries of the German Drygalski, the Scotman Bruce, the Belgian Gerlache, the Frenchman Charcot, the Norwegian Larsen and the Englishman Scott, through the late labors of Shackleton, the antarctic continent now appears to extend from Victoria Land west to Enderby Land, and from Wilkes Land across the south pole to Palmer Land.

ANYHOW, WE HAVE THE POLAR STAR



—Cartoon by G. Williams, in the Indianapolis News.

NORTHCLIFFE TELLS WHY HE FEARS WAR

German Preparations of To-day Like Those Which Preceded the Conflict With France—Britain Not Aroused Yet—Warnings of Leaders Fall Fully to Awaken the People.

Chicago.—In an interview published here Lord Northcliffe, managing owner of a London newspaper, declares there is great danger of war between Germany and Great Britain.

"The Americans are so busy," said Lord Northcliffe, "with the affairs of their own gigantic continent that they have not the time to devote to the study of European politics, which are more kaleidoscopic in their changes than are those of the United States. There is an impression in this country that some hostility exists between the people of Great Britain and of united Germany. I know the Germans intimately. From childhood I have traveled extensively throughout most of the German States. I have many German family connections, and I venture to say that outside the usual body of Anglophobes one meets in every country there is little hostility to the British on the part of the Germans.

"And, on the other hand, there is in England no dislike of Germany. As a contrary, our statesmen are adapting German legislation to our needs, and if imitation be the sincerest form of flattery the Germans must be well pleased with our proposed reproduction of their workmen's insurance, their labor bureau, and a great many other legislative improvements that it appears to me would be just as vital to the United States as they seem to be to Great Britain.

"Why, then, if so happy a state of affairs exists between the two nations, should there be any section of people in England to suggest the possibility of war? Turn back to 1869. Was there any friction between France and Prussia? There was no hostility on either side. But any reader of Bismarck or standard authority on the great German Empire builder will acknowledge there was immense preparation on the part of Germany—a preparation that was kept secret as far as possible, and which also, as far as possible,

FRENCH JURY JUSTIFIES KILLING SUFFERING WIFE

In Agony From Asthma, She Had Begged Her Husband to Prove His Love by Ending Her Life—Judge, Jury and Spectators in Tears at the Recital.

Paris.—"A man whose wife is dying of an agonizing disease is justified in killing her to put an end to her suffering if she implores him to do so."

So a jury, perhaps rather emotional, decided in the Court of Assizes here, and acquitted Edmond Baudin, who, at her prayer, shot and killed his wife on January 31st last.

Mme. Baudin had been afflicted with asthma for years. It gripped her throat, it was a weight on her lungs, it stopped her breath. She begged her husband to aid her by killing her quickly to rid her of the affection that was slowly throttling her.

Baudin, a mechanic, thirty-nine years old, a rough and plain spoken man, sought to justify his act with words as straightforward as they were made dramatic.

Tears streamed from his eyes while he testified. The jurors also wept, and the women in the courtroom were semi-hysterical.

The presiding judge, who disappeared for the jury's verdict, remarked: "For the moment the bandage on the eyes of justice was a handkerchief."

"My wife, whom I loved dearly, had suffered fearfully from asthma," Baudin testified. "She could not sleep. If she laid her head on the pillow she would cry: 'I am choking! In the name of the good God, end my misery! Let me die!'"

"On the night she died she was suffering intensely," Baudin went on between sobs. "The medicine she was taking was nearly exhausted. 'I will go and get you some more

John Davidson's Body Taken Out

Ten Miles From the Cornish Coast, London.—The recently recovered body of the poet John Davidson was buried at sea ten miles off the Cornish village of Mousehole.

The body was conveyed from shore in a ship's lifeboat.

John Davidson, a poet whose work though highly esteemed by a few cultivated persons failed of general appreciation and so of a paying market, disappeared from his home on March 25, and a document that he left indicated that he intended suicide.

Submarines Pity

Quincy, Mass.—With one exception, the feet of six submarine boats constructed by the Electric Boat Company for the Government have completed all tests and will be turned over to the naval officials in the Charlestown Navy Yard. As a class, the submarines broke all records for submergence, reaching a depth of 300 feet. The Snapper, at Provincetown, was in the course of her twenty-four-hour test, this being the only performance lacking in the fleet figures.



For the Younger Children...



WONDER-HEART.

"I wish I knew," said Wonder-Heart, "If leaves begin to whisper From tree to tree, when suddenly The summer winds blow crispier; If these sigh low, 'We're growing old!' If those say soft, 'We're gathering gold,' Our laps are full as they will hold, And now and then a lipser Calls gleefully from overhead, 'Our petticoats are turning red!'"

"I want to know," said Wonder-Heart, "If the first snowflakes shiver A little bit before they flit Out of their sky forever.

If some look down and sob, 'Too deep!' While others laugh and take the leap, Till all come flocking, white as sheep, On mountain, field and river. How do they feel when first they start? I wish I knew," said Wonder-Heart. —Youth's Companion.

MUST EAT ONE FIRST.

Little Doris could not count beyond four. One day, when she was showing me five berries that she had picked, I asked, "How many have you, Doris?"

Her brows puckered a moment, then, dimpling with smiles, she answered, "Walt till I eat one—then I'll tell you!"—Woman's Home Companion.

DOROTHY'S DREAM.

Once upon a time there was a little girl named Dorothy. One night as she was lying dreamily in her bed she was surprised to hear a soft squeak.

Looking up quickly she saw a small brown Teddy bear. "I have come to take you to Teddy Bear Land," squeaked the little bear. After that she went to Teddy Bear Land regularly every week. But, alas, one week when Dorothy had been naughty and felt cross and uncomfortable, instead of the nice brown Teddy who usually came an ugly little dwarf came to see her. He invited her to go to dwarfland with him. She went, to her sorrow, for it was not nearly so nice as Teddy Bear Land; so she saw to it that the ugly dwarf did not come again.—Macon Miller, in the Brooklyn Eagle.

A WONDERFUL FRIENDSHIP.

One of the most remarkable friendships among animals is that which exists between a cat in the elephant house at the Zoological Gardens in London, and the large two-horned African rhinoceros which is kept there.

It is even more strange than Aesop's fable of the mouse and the lion, for the little sleek mouse was able to be of great service to the lion in nibbling the meshes of his net; but the huge rhinoceros can scarcely believe that pussy is able to set him free; yet, that a great affection exists between the two is certain.

They may be often seen together, puss toying with the formidable head of the monster, who appears to lay aside his strength, and is as gentle as a lamb, allowing her to do almost anything, even to lie sleeping contentedly close to his nose, or playfully patting his horn with her paws; yet with one mighty charge that same horn could easily destroy an elephant.

True affection may exist between the most opposite natures, and the strong have it always in their power to be gentle to the weak.—Young Folks' Catholic Weekly.

FED BY THE BOTTLE.

About three months ago I was much surprised on coming home from school to find that I was the possessor of four puppies. I was to be disappointed, however, for next morning I was informed that during the night the mother dog had died.

Who should take care of the orphans? They were only a day old—too young to take care of themselves. It was then that I thought of raising them by the bottle. I bought some bottles, filled them with warm milk and put them in a convenient position in the puppies' box. They began to sneeze and to sputter in a very queer and discouraging manner. But one adventurous little puppy soon discovered that the milk was worth taking, and his three brothers were soon of the same opinion.

You can be sure that they did not have to starve, for a few yelps always brought a half dozen people to them, and the puppies would be overwhelmed with milk.

Three months later there were four frisky little puppies running about and chasing one another on the lawn. These were not everyday puppies, but puppies brought up by the bottle.—Milton Schreyer, in the New York Tribune.

MAKING PAPER ROSES.

Some of the ladies in our church intend to hold a fair, and about ten Junior Endeavor girls will help to make it a success. We decided to make a rose garden of paper roses, and at the end of each rose attach an article which is to be sold for five cents.

I purchased some tissue paper and wire, asked the girls to bring their scissors and come to my home on Thursday afternoon, which they promptly did.

We sat on the floor, Indian fashion, and worked real hard, but the wire soon disappeared, and after a little difficulty we found some picture wire, which after being untwisted served the purpose very well.

The position in which we were sitting soon made our feet "go to sleep," so some of the girls proposed a game of tag. While this was in full swing

my chum and I went to the kitchen, where some fudge and lemonade were waiting to be served. This proved very refreshing, and the girls went back to the parlor, where they sang and played on the piano for a while before going to work again.

A heavy shower was gathering and the room became so dark we had to light the lamp. Even though the girls had stated with one accord that they were willing to get wet for the sake of a rain, they never dreamed that it would come that afternoon.

They began to wonder how they would get home, for the roads were real muddy and of course none wore overshoes. Just about the time they were most anxious a man came along with a large wagon and consented to take them all home. They secured a big blanket, which they placed in the bottom of the wagon, where they were all packed in like sardines.

They went away gayly singing after completing nearly two hundred roses.

I took my own money to buy articles to complete the roses and make them prettier.—Florence E. Knox, in the New York Tribune.

THE HEART OF LITTLE BOB.

It was late one summer afternoon, but the sun was shining golden after two days of clouds. For a day and night the rain had fallen in torrents, the creek near the Carter home was nearly over its banks, and the roads were very muddy.

Nevertheless little Bob Carter had to go on an errand for his mother, nearly two miles down the pike road to his aunt's. They always went the short-cut through the meadows, and that way it was less than a mile; but on account of the recent rains Bob must take the pike this time.

Now, about a mile from his home, and just off the pike a little ways lived an old woman all alone in a tiny cottage on the banks of the creek. She was always cross, Bob thought, for when he came near her she would shake her cane; and he would hurry past. When he and his sister Nell went to school, they would always run past her house very quickly, for they were afraid of her.

Now, little Bob didn't even know her name, for his father had moved to this farm only a short time before from another State.

Her house was the only one between his own home and his aunt's, and this afternoon when little Bob came in sight of it, he saw her a long way off waving her cane in the air. He started to turn and run back home, for he was very much frightened. Then he remembered mother wanted that cough syrup for Baby Ruth, so he said to himself, "Robert Carter, you're ten years old, and you ought to be ashamed to be a fraid-cat."

So he marched bravely on, and as he got nearer he could hear the old lady screaming and saw her cane waving in the air. He was more scared than ever, but he went on. Then he saw that the waters of the creek had got up within a few inches of her door, and she was calling: "Bobby Carter, Bobby Carter, run and tell your uncle to come, or I shall be drowned."

Now the heart of little Bob was good, and he was a bright child, so he called back: "Don't be afraid; I'll run quick and tell him."

Then he ran as fast as his legs would take him, and soon his uncle Thomas and his big cousins, Sam and Jake, got their wagon and the boat out, and had the old lady and most of her furniture high and dry at their home on the hill. They took little Bob that far on their wagon, and he ran home the rest of the way with the medicine for the baby.

That night the waters rose and flowed into the little old home of Mother Morris, and if she had been in it she would have been drowned. She said that Bobby Carter saved her life.

Mother Morris was a very fine old lady, but a little queer because she liked to live alone, and always shook her cane at people when she wanted to talk with them and be friendly. She had a son, who was a rich farmer, and when he came to take her to his beautiful home, he gave little Bob a handsome pony all for his very own.

Everybody said that the heart of little Bob was good and kind, and that he was a brave boy.—Jeanette, in the Indiana Farmer.

Why Shirts Wear Out.

It cannot be said that the use of machinery in laundries has been regarded by the general public as an unmix'd blessing. We believe, however, that very much of the ill-feeling that exists should not be charged to the machinery, but to the careless use of it, and probably also very largely to the use of the strong chemicals which made their appearance about the same time as laundry machinery.—Engineering.

The Vanishing Art.

Talking is becoming a lost art. A tacit conspiracy is narrowing the field of so-called polite conversation. Any one, even a cabinet minister, could prove interesting if he was only himself. But most people are other people; their conversation is a quotation, their sentiments a forced loan. The only subjects worth discussing are taboos.—Oxford Inis.