

LET NOT LOVE GO, TOO.

Now the purple night is past,
Now the moon more faintly glows,
Dawn has through thy casement cast
Roses on thy breast, a rose.
Now the kisses are all done,
Now the world awakes anew;
Now the charmed hour is gone—
Let not love go, too.

When old winter, creeping nigh,
Sprinkles raven hair with white,
Dims the brightly glancing eye,
Laughs away the dancing light,
Roses may forget their sun,
Lilies may forget their dew,
Beauties perish, one by one—
Let not love go, too.

Palaces and towers of pride
Crumble year by year away;
Creeds, like robes, are laid aside;
Even our very tombs decay!
When the all-conquering moth and rust
Gnaw the goodly garments through,
When the dust returns to dust,
Let not love go, too.

Kingdoms melt away like snow,
Gods are spent like wasting flames,
Hardly the new peoples know
Their divine, thrice-worshipped
names!
At the last great hour of all,
When thou makest all things new,
Father, hear thy children call—
Let not love go, too.
—Alfred Noyes.

Morocco Bound

Mustapha Ali, kadi or chief of the
tribesmen of Ben Hassan—robber and
gentleman—sat in his spacious tent,
sheltered from the glare of the tropical
sun, slowly deciphering a letter that
an envoy had just brought him
from Rabat.

"Tis well! He consents to pay the
ransom for the girl. Two hundred
pounds," he said aloud, when he had
mastered the contents of the docu-
ment. "Bring the maiden to me,
Mulai."

The turbaned Moor, who had been
standing like an ebony statue await-
ing his chief's commands, salaamed
and withdrew, returning in a minute
with a pretty, vivacious English girl
of 18.

The tent was ill-lighted, and, com-
ing from the brilliant sunshine, it

me prisoner at least a fortnight.
You're most inconsiderate. I've only
been here three days, and now I'm to
be sent back to Rabat, and shall have
to meet that lordling after all. Can't
you keep me a bit longer—till—till
he's gone?"

"I fear that cannot be. I have sworn
by Allah to deliver you up to-night,
and—"

"Yes, yes, I know—you wouldn't
mind robbing a man, or killing one
for that matter, but you won't break
your word. Well, I'll have to go, I
suppose, but I won't marry that lord-
ling. I'd marry a nigger sooner—or
even you."

"That may not be. A true believer
may not wed with an infidel, like
you."

"Excuse me, you're the infidel, at
least, so I've been taught to believe.
But then every religion treats a rival
like the pot does the kettle."

"And you are not fat enough to
marry."

"Ah! I'd forgotten. You fatten
your girls for marriage as we do our
turkeys for Christmas. I shall have to
look elsewhere for a husband."

"I have another captive—an Eng-
lishman, who is at your disposal. If
you really want a husband."

"That's very kind of you, Kaid. Do
you make a practice of giving men
away? If so, I've a heap of spinster
friends at home who'll be glad of an
introduction to you. What's the man
like—old and ugly?"

"No, he is young, but a most blas-
phemous infidel. He called our prophet
a rotten impostor. I should have killed
him on the spot, only your English
government makes a great fuss about
such matters. Still, he shall suffer—I
will marry him to you."

The girl laughed heartily at the
Moor's unconscious humor.

"You're really too cruel," she said.

"No, I can't lend myself for such an
awful chastisement. Besides, I don't
want a husband, I only want an ex-
cuse for refusing the lordling. If I
married your captive, he might want
to follow me home. I'd like to see
him, though. Where is he?"

The Kaid clapped his hands, an at-
tendant entered, and the captive Eng-
lishman was sent for.

"Don't let him know I'm English,
Kaid. Say I'm French," said the girl,
arranging the mantilla she was wear-
ing so that it partly hid her features.

"As you will," replied Mustapha,
as the Englishman, his arms bound
with stout cords, and struggling in the
grip of three brawny Moors, was
thrust roughly into the pavilion.

Half choking with suppressed rage
at the treatment he received, the man
strode across to where the Kaid was
sitting, and, putting his face close to
the Moor's, hissed out between his
teeth:

"Look here, you Kaffir, if there's
anything of the man about you, take
off these cords and I'll fight you and
any two others of your gang with any
weapons you like."

"That's splendid," murmured the
girl. Then, speaking aloud, with a
foreign accent, she added: "Oh, mon-
sieur, you say—a bad word before me."

"I beg your pardon, mademoiselle,
I didn't see you. But this old rogue
here would provoke a saint."

"I have found ze Kaid charming."

"Have you? Well, you must have
very queer taste." Then, turning to
Mustapha, he demanded: "What have
I been sent for now?"

"This Frenchman has need of a
husband. Will you wed her?"

"If you agree, she will pay the ran-
som for your freedom," continued the
wily Moor, with a leathery grin at
his own astuteness.

"Eh?" exclaimed the girl sharply.

"It is but £50, my daughter."

"Oh!" And she nodded acquies-
cence.

The rites were performed accord-
ing to the ritual of the church. A
slight hitch occurred when the priest
asked the bride her name. She at first
declined to give it, then, finding she
must do so, she said 'twas Julie Fran-
cise.

"Es? Ah, capital!" cried the Eng-
lishman. "We'll make it an interna-
tional union. My name's John Bull."

The priest smiled, but made no de-
mur. He was to be well paid, and their
real names were not his concern.

"And so you're going away to try
to find her?"

"No, I thought of doing that sev-
eral times before I met you. Now it's
over her chair. 'Oh, Nell, it's wrong,
I know, to say it, but it will out. I
love you. I love you as I never dream-
ed I could love a woman. So madly,
give me, Nell, I ought not to have told
you. I'll go—good-bye.' He turned
abruptly from her chair and moved
off quickly."

"Bob! Stop a minute. I've some-
thing to tell you," she cried, rising
and going to him. "I've let you fall
in love with me, when I knew all the
time you were married. You can't
signet ring, with your crest on it.
What have you to identify her by?"

"Nothing."

"Kiss me, Bob."

She was facing him now; her right
hand was on his shoulder; her happy,
willful face, with pursed-up lips, was
offering itself to him. She held her
saw upon the third finger his signet
ring. "There is my right to your kisses."

"Why, it's—It's my ring, and you.
Oh! my darling, you are my wife!"

Frederick Jarman in M. A. P.

THE FOURTEENTH AMENDMENT

Who wrote the fourteenth amendment? is a question which has been
answered so variously that any new and authoritative word on the subject
is sure to claim attention from students of political history. In a book re-
cently issued called "The Adoption of the Fourteenth Amendment," Horace
Edgar Flack devotes some space to the claims advanced in behalf of differ-
ent persons, among them Judge Stephen Neal, who died at Lebanon, Ind.,
in June, 1905, Robert Dale Owen, the communist, and John A. Bingham,
Congressman from Ohio.

At the time of Judge Neal's death the papers throughout the country
quite generally recognized him as the father of the amendment. Judge
Neal himself firmly believed that the amendment, as adopted, followed a
measure which he had formulated and sent to Godlove Stoner Orth, an in-
timate friend, at that time representative in Congress from the Lebanon
district. To support this claim he had preserved a letter from Congress-
man Orth in which the latter told him that he had submitted Neal's plan
to the congressional committee of fifteen, considering reconstruction mea-
sures, and that the committee had adopted it almost verbatim.

An unprejudiced and dispassionate reader of Mr. Flack's book will
probably agree with him that the amendment was really not the product of
one mind, but of many; that it was not a spontaneous creation, but a
product of evolution, and that its growth from the time when its first sec-
tion was presented to the reconstruction committee until all its five hetero-
geneous propositions were finally adopted by sufficient States to make it a
part of the Constitution can be traced in the records of the period.

When Congress refused to accept President Johnson's reconstruction
plans and claimed for itself the right to determine conditions on which the
seceding States should be admitted into the Union, a joint committee of
fifteen was appointed by the two houses to take into consideration the whole
subject of reconstruction.

The thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth amendments were adopted as
reconstruction measures. The fourteenth was undoubtedly adopted by Con-
gress in the hope that it would deprive the South of what Northern Repub-
licans considered unfair use of political power by granting to negroes the
franchise, which they would use in support of the party which had freed
them. Strangely enough, the second section of the amendment, which by
appealing to the self-interest of the Southern States compelled the granting
of the suffrage to the negro, has not accomplished its object, several South-
ern States having educational qualifications which practically shut out illit-
erate blacks. But it has established the principle that a higher qualification
than that of race must serve as the basis of the voting privilege.

A sharp distinction exists between the war amendments and the eleven
which preceded them, as Mr. Flack states in his book. "The first eleven
amendments to the Constitution of the United States," he writes, "were in-
tended as check or limitations on the federal government and had their
origin in a spirit of jealousy on the part of the States. This jealousy was
largely due to the fear that the federal government might become too strong
and centralized unless restrictions were imposed upon it. The war amend-
ments marked a new departure and a new epoch in the constitutional his-
tory of the country, since they trench directly upon the powers of the States,
being in this respect just the opposite of the early amendments."

THE FAMILY DOCTOR



Exercise for the Fat.

Although the food that one takes
often has much to do with the amount
of fat put on, and a restriction in
the intake of fat-forming foods may
prevent the formation of more fat in
the tissues or even effect a reduction,
it is seldom that this alone will prove
efficacious.

A strict diet is irksome, and most
fat people are too easy-going to carry
it out faithfully. This is not that
they are weak or deficient in self-
control, but they are too happy and
content with their flesh to be willing
to suffer overmuch discomfort in any
effort to rid themselves of it. More-
over, too radical a change in a diet
may prove injurious, and it is bet-
ter to be too fat—a little too fat, any-
way—than to suffer from indigestion
or damage to the kidneys, as one may
easily do by inconsiderate and injud-
icious dieting. It is much better to
restrict somewhat the intake of fat-
forming foods, enough to prevent the
increase of fat, and to effect the actual
reduction by mechanical means, that
is to say, by exercise, massage, and
in certain cases, by the wearing of a
belt or abdominal bandage. This last
is sometimes useful when the abdo-
men is large, not only in making
the girth seem smaller, but actually
in causing an absorption of fat by
pressure.

Massage, when skillfully performed—
not simply desultory rubbing here and
there—will do much in reducing flesh,
when combined with dieting and with
active exercise in the open air.

Exercise—systematic, active exercise
—is of the greatest value in restrain-
ing a tendency to the overproduction
of fat and in causing a reduction of
fat already formed. It must, however,
be combined with dieting, otherwise
its object will be defeated. It natu-
rally increases the appetite, especial-
ly when taken in the open air, and if
cles of diet that the fat people prefer,
the last state will be worse than the
first.

The best exercise is walking—not
strolling, but rapid, springy walking,
ing. This kind of walking fills the
lungs with oxygen, which burns up the
fat, puts all the muscles in motion,
ed, and increases the circulation, by
rapidly eliminated.

Golf is an excellent game for the
is strong. Equestrian exercise is also
good, but driving and motoring are
not the ways to reduce flesh, as they
increase appetite and assimilation
without giving the requisite exercise.

—Youth's Companion.

Friendship is terribly overworked.

ENGLAND TO FALL.

British Noblemen Predicts Capture
by Germany.

The Earl of Clanwilliam, who is
in Winnipeg with his bride on his
way to Alaska, expressed himself as
of the positive belief that England
is doomed. He says Germany has
made every preparation, has strength-
ened her army and navy, and will in-
vade England without a moment's no-
tice. Nothing will prevent England
being devastated and captured. The
British are unprepared. Her army is
weak and she could make little resist-
ance against an invading force.

It is such talk as this that has
kept many Britons in a condition of
nervous anxiety for months, so much
so that the nation may be said to
be hysterical. But it seems
baptism Germany could take England.
The question is, however, could she
hold it? Japan could take the Phil-
ippines from us almost without an
effort. The United States could cap-
ture Canada or Mexico, Great Britain
could take Denmark and Russia could
conquer Sweden in a month. But in
none of these cases would the matter
be permitted to go forth on pillaging
and conquering expeditions against
their peaceful neighbors. Civilization
would not stand for that. The other
powers would be asking questions and
taking action before the sun could
set twice. No, no; the old days are
past and with them the old ways of
doing things.

Child Workers in Holland.

The condition of the working class-
es in some of the manufacturing towns
of Holland is deplorable. Wages are
very low and the standard of life can-
not be maintained unless mother and
children take their places in the fac-
tory side by side with the head of the
household.

As soon as the Dutch law allows the
child to leave school—which is at the
age of 12—he enters the factory work-
shop. Although the government has
passed a law recently forbidding boys
under 16 to be employed in factories,
leave school. Children leave their beds
frequently at 5 or 6 in the morning or
earlier, summer and winter, gulp down
some hot coffee, or what is commonly
known Dutch "roggebrood," or rye
shoes through the quiet streets of the
town to their places of work.

Sometimes they have to return home
at 8 or 8:30 in the morning for a sec-
ond hurried breakfast. Those who
hour usually allowed for the first
and butter with them in a cotton or
linen bag, and their milk and water
or coffee in a tin, and so shift as well
as they can.

Character Indispensable.

Talent helps a man to obtain suc-
cess, but it is character which secures
it for him. A man will succeed with
character and very little talent, and
will never succeed without character,
disposal.—Max O'Rell.

Some people's breakfast is a sort of
cereal stew.

WISE TAKE LOW DECK BERTH.

Sailor Men Subject to Seasickness

The sea-wise passenger who crosses
the Atlantic these winter days on one
of the new giant liners, engages his
cabin on the lowest possible deck, in-
stead of on the promenade deck, where
the rates are usually highest. Steam-
ship agents in New York have tried
for years to persuade clients subject
to seasickness to try the lower decks,
without avail. But one trip in winter
now teaches the lesson.

In the summer, from May to Sep-
tember, the weather, as a rule, is fine,
and the promenade deck cabins are
most enjoyable. But in winter in all
the big liners whose upper decks are
from 50 to 100 feet out of water that
is where the oscillation caused by the
pitching and rolling on big waves is
felt. It is the tip of the pendulum
that gets the most swing.

When the big liners pitch as if they
were going to look for King Neptune,
and then rear, bows up, toward the
sky, while the stern takes a dip, it is
the officers in the bridges and in the
officers' staterooms behind that feel it
most.

One big ship pitched so heavily in
the recent mid-Atlantic gales that the
compasses, which weighed at least
thirty pounds, were unshipped from
their sockets four times in half an
hour. Many of the officers were gen-
uinely seasick.

The difference between the seasick-
ness of a mariner and a landlubber is
that in the latter's case he or she is
completely prostrated but the sailor
hasn't time to allow his feelings to
master him. He may feel ill after he
leaves the bridge, or even while he is
up there, but he has to stick it out.
And sailormen do get sick.

It is an old tradition in the British
navy that Lord Nelson was always ill
in rough weather. According to his
biographer, he was dreadfully seasick
at the battle of Trafalgar, where he
was killed.

Ocean travelers are also realizing
what the oldest navigators of the At-
lantic have often declared—that, no
matter how big the vessel, it is im-
possible to prevent the passengers
from being seasick in rough weather.

Legal Information

It appeared in the case of Dam v.
Kirke La Shelle Co., 166 Federal Re-
porter, 589, that complainant, suing
to restrain infringement of the copy-
right on one of his stories, had origi-
nally sold it to a publishing com-
pany, which published it with other
articles in a copyrighted number of a
magazine. Some time later on the
company assigned back to the author
its copyright on the magazine so far
as it covered this particular story.
Plaintiff thereupon brought action
against defendant for infringement by
a dramatization of his production. The
United States Circuit Court held that
the necessary steps for obtaining a
copyright were taken by filing with
the librarian of Congress the title
page of the magazine and complying
with the other provisions of the copy-
right statute, without the necessity
of filing any copy of the title of each
separate article published in the ma-
gazine. The original sale to the com-
pany by the author gave it full au-
thority to take out a copyright, and
its retransfer vested in him the right
to sue for infringement.

As an aftermath to the cases of
Haywood and Pettibone in Idaho
comes the question in Schmelzel v.
Board of Com'rs, 100 Pacific Re-
porter, 106, as to the liability of
the county for the expense of shaving
and cutting hair of the jurors during
their deliberations. The statutes pro-
vide for a per diem compensation of
jurors, and that they be furnished
with suitable and sufficient food and lodg-
ing during their confinement. The
question as to the county's liability
seems to depend on whether it was a
necessary expense in the administra-
tion of justice. It was insisted that it
was necessary from a sanitary point
of view, and besides, the jurors could
not go to the barber shop themselves
and secure the service because they
were kept together and under guard,
and it was necessary to have the bar-
ber come to the jury room. In an-
premise Court remarks that, conceding
these things as true, the barber could
have as easily gone to the jury room
and shaved the jurors and cut their
hair at the expense of the individual
jurors as he could at the expense of
the county. The necessity for this
reason of the men serving on the jury.
Their whiskers and hair would grow
fices or places of business as they
would while serving on the jury. Re-
covery was denied.

Mamma's Little Helper.

"Say," asks the small boy, sidling
into the parlor while the gentleman
caller waits for his mother, the hand-
some widow, to come down, "are you
thinkin' of marryin' mamma?"
"Why—er—I don't know," Willie.
"Cause if you ain't I can go out-
doors an' ride my bicycle an' play ball
with the fellers my age, but if you
I got to stay inside an' play with
a lot o' kid things."—Judge.

When there is a spot on the table-
cloth at the guest's place, and the host-
ess offers no apology with it, it is time
for the guest to take the hint and go.

Old Favorites

What Was His Name?

What was his name? I do now know
his name.

I only know he heard God's voice and
came;

Brought all he loved across the sea,
To live and work for God and me;
Felled the ungracious oak,
With horrid toll

Dragged from the soil
The thrice-gnarled roots and stub-
born rock;

With plenty filled the haggard moun-
tain side,
And when his work was done, without
memorial died.

No blaring trumpet sounded out his
name;
He lived, he died. I do not know his
name.

No form of bronze and no memorial
stones
Show me the place where lie his mol-
dering bones,

Only a cheerful city stands,
Bulldozed by his hardened hands—
Only ten thousand homes,
Where every day

The cheerful play
Of love and hope and courage comes;
These are his monuments, and these
alone—

There is no form of bronze and no
memorial stone.

And I?
Is there some desert or some boundless
sea?

Where Thou, the great God of angels,
wilt send me?
Some oak for me to rend, some sod
For me to break,
Some handful of Thy corn to take,
And scatter far afield,
Till it in turn shall yield
Its hundredfold
Of grains of gold

To feed the happy children of my God?
Show me the desert, Father, or the
sea.

Is it Thine enterprise? Great God,
send me;
And though this body lie where ocean
rolls,
Father, count me among all faithful
souls.

—Edward Everett Hale.

Better Farther On.

As we travel through the desert,
Storms beset us on the way,
But beyond the River Jordan
Lies a field of endless day.

Chorus—
Farther on—still go farther,
Count the milestones one by one;
Jesus will forsake you never;
It is better farther on.

Oh, my brother, are you weary
Of the roughness of the way?
Does your strength begin to fail you,
And your vigor to decay?

Jesus, Jesus will go with you;
He will lead you to the throne;
He who dyed His garments for you
And the wine-press trod alone.

Farther on; oh, how much farther?
Count the milestones one by one;
Know no counting, only trusting,
It is better farther on.

Hark! a voice from Eden stealing,
Softly in an undertone.
Hark! I hear its gentle whisper:
"It is better farther on."

At my grave, oh, still be singing,
Though you weep for one that's gone,
Sing it as we once did sing it:
"It is better farther on."

Puzzle for the Policeman.

An amusing adventure happened on
one occasion to Dr. Clifford when he
was conducting a series of services in
Birmingham. Arriving a few minutes
before the commencement, the doctor
was refused admission by the police-
man at the door.

"I want to go in," said Dr. Clifford.

"Are you a seat holder?" asked the
official.

"No, I am not?"

"Then you can't go in."

"I think," remarked the famous pas-
sive resister, "that there will be room
for me in the pulpit."

"I am not so sure of it," retorted
the other.

"But I am Dr. Clifford; and I am
due to preach in another minute and
a half."

"Oh, are you?" said the incredulous
policeman. "I have let in two Dr.
Cliffords already."—Woman's Life.

This Vale of Tears.

The news that science had at length
discovered the means of destroying the
germ of the last ill which flesh was
heir to called forth rapturous re-
joicings throughout the world.

"Henceforth perfect health will
reign universally!" people everywhere
exclaimed and gave themselves up to
congratulations.

But that was not to be. In the very
next day's paper was the account of
somebody having invented a micro-
scope so powerful as to reveal a lot
that it would be no time at all until
everybody was sick again.—Puck.

Chocolate.

Although the "drink called choco-
late" did not appear in England until
1657 its restorative properties soon be-
came generally known. Thus, on May
24, 1661, after an evening of carous-
ing, Pepys "worked in the morning
with my head in a sad taking through
the last night's drink, which I am
very sorry for; so rose and went out
draft, which he did give me in choco-
late to settle my stomach."

Men and women do little else but
make trouble for each other, but if a
ten-foot board wall was built between
them, they would break it down to get
through.