

ALL A DREAM.

When you've sung all the songs, lad,
When you've played all the tunes,
And mixed with all the throngs, lad,
And mastered all the runes
Of life—lived through the shadow
days,
And lived through days of gloom
And when at last death's shadow
strays
Toward you 'twill seem a dream.

"Twill seem a dream, the battle fought,
Perhaps you failed to gain,
The goal so passionately sought
Through years of toil and pain;
The empty task, the sordid road,
Life's coronal of thorns,
The happiness you've never found,
The faith a cynic scorns.

"Twill seem a dream—'tis better so,
And when you stand at last
And wait the call, prepared to go
Where those before have passed,
That hour with so much anguish
weighed
For all the human band
Will find you calm and not afraid
To face the shadow land.
—Birmingham Age-Herald.

A Case of Repentance

The particular beat I was patrolling, one night in November, was a series of streets where offices, banks and chambers were pretty thickly crowded together. All were in darkness, for the hour was beyond midnight; I was calculating on another hour's strolling back and forth, with out incident or excitement, when suddenly I came to an involuntary halt. "Hallo!" I said, half aloud.

In one of the offices I had seen a light, the very faintest twinkle and glimmer of a light, and only for a moment. Yet I swore it was a light, although for a space I stood weighing the probability that it might have been a reflection from some street lamp, which had momentarily sprung into being at the angle at which I had caught sight of it. To make sure on this point, I went back a dozen paces on the pavement, gazing on the plate-glass window as I moved. No reflection repeated itself, and I approached the window and hauled myself up on the wide sill. Listening, I heard the faintest of tappings—a rap-a-tap, rap-a-tap—that suggested blows from a muffled hammer. I dropped down again to the street, meditating.

To sound my whistle would have been to alarm the fellow at work within; to run for help might have been



"REPENTED, HAVE YOU."

to find him gone when I returned. I crept to the door and tried it gently, but it did not yield. The name plate revealed the fact that the place was a bank. I whistled softly as I realized that I was in for an adventure.

I went round to the rear of the premises, opened a yard door, looked round cautiously for a dog, ventured to lift the latch of a back door which led into a kitchen and—found it open. On the spur of the moment I decided to enter and tackle the burglar single-handed.

Sitting down on the step, I drew off my boots, grasped my truncheon and groped a way toward the front of the premises. The rap-a-tap guided me. The door of the room where the man was at work was slightly ajar; I peeped through the chink and saw him on his knees behind the bank counter. He was working at a safe, I saw, with the aid of a dark lantern.

"Hallo!" I said quietly, from the center of the floor, at the same instant turning my bull's-eye full on him. The fellow sprang to his feet quickly enough. He was of the top-hatted class, with a long black coat with fancy tails, high collar and horseshoe scarf pin. His face was very red as he faced me. He gaped across toward the door by which I had entered, then he blurted out: "Are—are you alone?"

The next moment I had flown to the street door and was wrestling with the fastening—egress to the street would provide me with a way of escape, if necessary. But the bolts and things were a bit of a puzzle—perhaps designedly so—and the thief had leapt the counter and was upon me before I had made much progress. He caught me by the shoulder and jerked me round, but I had him on the floor a minute later. Pinning his arms to his side I called on him to surrender.

"And what if I don't?" said he. "I'll use my truncheon. In a case of this sort, you know—"

"All right. Let me get up, and I'll explain."
"No fear. You may have firearms."
"Pon my honor, there's nothing in my pockets more dangerous than a lead pencil."

Whereupon I felt him up and down,

DR. COOK IN COPENHAGEN.



EXPLORER ADDRESSING THE SCIENTISTS.

While Dr. Cook, the Arctic explorer, was in Copenhagen, a brilliant ceremony took place at the university, when the degree of honorary doctor was conferred upon him. Fully 1,200 persons were present, including many famous explorers and scientists. Dr. Cook entered the festival hall in a grand procession, in which walked the Crown Prince, the Princess Valde-mar, Prince and Princess George of Greece, Prof. Jorp, rector of the university, and members of the American Embassy. A speech highly eulogistic of Dr. Cook was made by Prof. Warming, and the audience cheered for fully five minutes when the rector of the university presented the diploma. In his reply Dr. Cook, for the first time since his arrival, betrayed a touch of emotion, when he exclaimed, after stating what he would do to prove his case: "And I will show you my hand!" Wild enthusiasm again broke out, and the Crown Prince and all the distinguished persons shook hands with the explorer.

rubbing my hands across his pockets. Convinced that he spoke the truth, I let him get up. Standing back in the gloom, I kept his form in the glare of the bull's-eye at my belt.

"You want believe me, constable," he said, falling back limply into a chair, "but I'm the manager of this bank."

I grunted. "Banks don't want no managing in the middle of the night," I said.

"Don't they? That's all you know about it. I do most of my thinking in the small hours. But, to come to the point—ten days ago I stole a matter of £500 from the safe over there. I've been in a fearful state of remorse and terror ever since, and to-night I'm replacing the money, see?"

I grunted again. I don't know what to make of it.

"Constable, in a case of this kind you wouldn't be hard on a chapple. I've got a wife and child and—something of a reputation. My career is clear henceforward the very moment I get off these premises."

"Repented, have you?" I asked suspiciously.

"Repented!" He threw out his hands. "That's too flippant a word, constable. I've simply been in agony. I know what it is to have the worst horrors of the infernal regions about my bed by night, and the awful dread of suspicious eyes around my desk every hour of the day. I was beginning to see the blessed light again—a few more minutes and I should have done it—light and ease and joy and freedom were on the very threshold!"

"You've mistaken your profession, sir," I laughed. "You ought to have been a preacher."

"Perhaps I shall be, presently. The impulse is strong in me to go about warning all other poor tempted fellows. Say, constable, you've got a child or two of your own, eh?"

"Um, yes; one or two, as you say."
"One of 'em's called Polly, I bet?"
"Good guess. Her name happens to be Mary, but it's near enough."

"Well, I've got a 'Mary.' When I've handed you £5, constable, as a sort of memento of this incident, we'll clear up the mess and get off home again, eh? My 'Mary' is waiting for me now; she'll be in a terrible fright till I get back."

The Pollies and Marys of this world have been guilty of melting men's hearts before now, and the man's talk about his 'Mary' softened me. He was cute enough to count out five sovereigns and hand them to me before the clearing-up operations began. After which I helped him with a will, and was very civil and obliging while doing it. He kept on talking about his remorse and his hopes for the future, in a way that nearly made me weep; I told him I had never before been in the company of a genuine penitent, and was glad of the experience.

I felt so kindly toward him, indeed, and was so pleased to think he was out of the wood, that I volunteered to carry his bag on leaving. After I had put on my boots we crept out through the back yard, and at the end of the alley behind he relieved me of the bag and left me with a final word of gratitude.

I watched him out of sight. Then I grew sensible—by degrees. Why had the man carried a heavy bag in de-

parting? While I had been "clearing-up" he had been stowing things into it with startling celerity. Why had he used chisel and hammer?—a bank manager would have been in possession of keys!

I grew hot and cold in turn; by the time I was relieved by the sergeant I had made up my mind to say nothing about the matter. But the five pounds seemed to be burning a hole in my pocket.

It turned out that the burglar was one of the most expert and resourceful bank thieves of that time, his story was a clever ruse that put me off the scent, and even pressed me into his service. He got clear away with practically the entire contents of the bank coffers—with the exception of the one solitary safe at which he was working when I disturbed him—and I had helped him to carry the plunder the first hundred yards. I was a raw beginner then, and doubtless came within an ace of disgrace and dismissal, but the experience of that night proved a tremendous spur to my wits—which is perhaps one reason why today I am one of the crack detectives of the service.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Place for the Simple Life.

"If I wanted to dream my life away I would go to New Caledonia, the French penal colony," says Major W. J. Collins of London, a celebrated mining engineer, formerly a resident of this country, according to the Washington Post. "That is a country where one can be content to sit and dream. There is only one other place I know of that can equal it, and that is Ceylon in India."

"I spent several years in New Caledonia, where the French government has some 4,000 life prisoners. Many of these convicts have no hope of ever leaving their prison island, although there have been hundreds of attempts to escape for risking their lives in an effort to get away, for they have little to do but to wait for death, and it is a sad commentary that the French government officials have little regard for the prisoners. These convicts are of different classes, of course."

"The seven-year men in reality have to remain fourteen years on the island. Seven years are passed as convicts in the strict sense of the word and the other seven as ticket of leave men. That is, they have to report every month or two to the prison officials. Men who are sentenced for eight years never have any hope of leaving New Caledonia; they are there for life."

"Most of the attempts to escape have resulted in loss of life, because it is almost an impossibility to get away in safety. The men who tried to escape used small canoes or boats, but in nearly all cases these craft were wrecked before the occupants reached land."

The Harmless Foe.

"Your political antagonist is calling you every name he can think of," said the agitated friend.

"Don't interrupt him," said Senator Sorghum. "It is better to have a man searching the dictionary for epithets than going after your record for facts."—Washington Star.

A graft by any other name is just as apt to land some men behind the bars.

AN OPEN MIND.

Not So Open, However, That It Cannot Be Closed.

Perhaps one could not describe East Landover better than by saying that it is a village where people still wear checked aprons in the morning, white in the afternoon, and black silk when the minister and his wife come to tea. To those who know, the ceremonial of the aprons connotes many things—long leisurely afternoons, sewing-circles where people still sew by hand; also an interest in one's neighbors, and thorough and exhaustive knowledge of their characters and motives, utterly unknown to unfortunate dwellers in cities.

It was at a tea at Miss Serena Potter's that an interested guest heard a bit of character analysis that gave her food for much thought.

"Marietta Barber's back from Portland," Miss Mattie Reed announced. "I saw her yesterday. She's wearing sleeves down to her knuckles. She says everybody does down in Portland."

"Marietta Barber allus did have a knack for seeing the newest thing before anybody else," another lady remarked, thoughtfully. "It ain't the going to Portland; she'd have sensed out those sleeves if she hadn't stepped off her own porch."

"She certainly has what you might call an open mind," a third remarked, with a ripple of amusement in her eyes.

It was then that Miss Serena Potter lifted up her voice. People always listened when Miss Serena spoke.

"Well, yes," she agreed, "Marietta Barber has got an open mind—that just describes it—open twenty-four hours in the day; on Sundays, too. Sometimes I wonder if the doors ain't been took off it entirely and mislaid. Seems if 'twould be kind of a relief to have it closed once in a spell. Et you leave your cellar door open day and night, things are bound to get in—dogs or cats or chickens—that don't belong there, and won't improve the things that do belong there; and it seems to me it ain't so very different with folks' minds. As far as I can learn, it ain't till you get to the New Jerusalem—and that's quite a journey for most of us—that it's safe to leave doors open all the time."

There occurred to the listener a sentence from a certain pleasant essayist: "The would-be reformer should be willing to disabuse himself of prejudices and cultivate what is known as an 'open mind'; not so open, either, as to interfere with its capability for being violently closed as often as occasion demand."

Miss Serena seemed to have the root of the matter.—Youth's Companion.

LOOKING FOR A SMUGGLER.

Customs Officials Changed Tactics After Reading a Telegram.

The gentle American smuggler is putting up one fortissimo roar just now because Collector Loeb is interfering with his pastime. Half the newspapers in town have their editorial pages filled with hollers from people who have been stopped and searched on the docks on their return from Europe, the New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Times-Star says. Unpleasant, certainly, but Mr. Loeb's position would seem to be supported by the fact that he has practically doubled the receipt of customs duties since he took charge here. It isn't nearly so easy to slip an inspector a green bill, and bring in an armful of oriental pearls as it used to be. Naturally enough, the wronged persons are squeaking violently. It is annoying to be searched by a total stranger—especially if one has omitted to declare a bunch of dutiable junk. Not all the inspectors are as polite as they might be, though little fault can rightfully be found with the majority. But they are only human, and it occasionally happens that some chummy person tries to rub their noses the wrong way, and has his own wiped in return. One such "got his" the other day, but managed to turn the tables in an original way. He had insulted the inspector suavely and patiently throughout the examination, being supported by the fact that he hadn't a fippence worth of dutiable stuff in his luggage. The enraged official had dumped every last rag out of the passenger's trunk upon the pier, examined it all under the microscope, and then reluctantly affixed the proper stamp. He started away. "Here," said the arrival, "you pack up my trunk."

"Nix on that comedy, pa," said the inspector. "It don't get a laugh in Noo Yawk no more. Try some new stuff."

The passenger just hissed at him and beckoned to a messenger who stood near. "I'll let you read this telegram before I send it," he said to the inspector, and wrote busily. The message read:

"Secretary Knox, Washington—Won't be able to dine with you this evening because of unwarranted hold-up by customs inspector on the pier."

The inspector sat right down and prayerfully jammed all that lingered back into the trunk. If Mr. Knox got a telegram from a man he never heard of, stating that he could not eat a dinner he had never been asked to, this is the reason therefor.

Great Scheme.

Mrs. Simpson in her "Many Memories of Many People," says of Archbishop Whately: He was utterly regardless of appearance. If he came to us without a servant and perceived a hole in his black stocking he would put a piece of sticking plaster on the corresponding part of his leg to conceal the defect.

WEATHER BUREAU'S VALUE DESCRIBED BY ITS CHIEF.



SINCE the year 1895 Willis L. Moore has been at the head of the United States weather bureau, the greatest institution of its kind in the world. Under his direction the work of supplying forecasts of the weather has expanded until it now employs 200 men in different parts of the United States, who send twice a day to the national capital the principal facts about the weather—velocity of the wind, temperature, rainfall, barometric readings and other details, at a cost of \$1,500,000 a year. In an interview with James B. Morrow, published in the New York Tribune, Professor Moore, after deprecating popular superstitions concerning weather forecasts by such means as the goose bone, the thickness of husks on corn and the singing of catyids, tells of his work. The interview in part follows:
"Do sailors and ship owners rely on your forecasts?"
"Absolutely, on the Great Lakes; also on the rivers and very generally along the oceans by mariners engaged

that a West Indian hurricane—which, by the way, is the most dangerous general storm we ever have—sweeping the Atlantic Coast without warning would destroy property to the value of from \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000. I send ten men to different points in the West Indies each year just before the hurricane season opens, where they remain until all danger is over. They report to us daily by telegraph. At the end of the season they nail up their stations and come home.

"While we are on the subject," Professor Moore continued, "I would like to say, in order to clear up the confusion of the public mind which leads to an absurd mixing of terms, that a cyclone has an area of 1,000 miles, a hurricane an area from 100 to 300 miles and a tornado, which invariably occurs in the southeast quarter of a cyclone and is an incident of the cyclone, an area of from 1,000 feet to 1,000 yards. The velocity of the wind during a cyclone is from fifteen to twenty-five miles an hour, during a hurricane it varies from fifty to 100 miles an hour, while it is so great during a tornado that no instrument can measure it. In all three kinds of storms the wind, of course, is rotary, or twisting, as it is commonly described.

"But the weather bureau," Professor Moore went on to say, "is not alone of value to people in the matter of wind storms, but is of tremendous service in foretelling periods of flood. Twice we forecast the height of the Mississippi River at New Orleans—beating the flood five days in one instance and a week in the other. On both occasions our mathematics covered a tremendous area of the United States."

"Is your bureau of any practical service to farmers?"

"By means of the system of rural free delivery of mail our forecasts go each day into the homes of 1,000,000 farmers. As many more farmers get our forecasts by telephone. As a matter of fact, thousands of farmers put telephones into their homes for no other reason than to be informed about the weather—our forecasts, you understand, being for the day on which they are made and practically for the day following. We have been of great service to the cranberry growers of Wisconsin, the cane growers of Louisiana and the orange growers of Florida in giving warnings against frost. Cranberry marshes are flooded, cane is quickly cut and piled in windrows and smudges are started in orange groves as effective measures of protection. Let me add," Professor Moore went on to say, "that the train dispatchers of all the railroads in the country get our morning and evening forecasts, and thus are enabled to know about the coming cold waves in winter and each year to save millions of dollars' worth of perishable merchandise such as fruits, vegetables, certain kinds of chemicals and other manufactures."

A POPULAR SUPERSTITION.

Origin and Basis for Belief in Ill-Luck of Friday.

The bad luck supposed to attach to Friday is said to be traceable to the worship of the goddess Freya, the Venus of the north, who felt herself slighted if anyone began a journey on this, her festival. In punishment for the dishonor thus brought upon her Freya was wont to direct misfortune to assail the offender, so that it came to be thought that Friday was an unlucky time to embark on any enterprise, although most marriages in Scotland are said to take place on that day. In Walsh's "Curiosities of Popular Customs," is told the story of the brig, Friday, of Wilmington, whose builder defied superstition by giving her this whimsical name and launching her on Friday. He also sent her upon her first voyage upon the sixth day of the week, but on the succeeding Friday a home-bound vessel "saw the hull of the brig pitching heavily in the trough of the sea, while her crew ran about the deck, cutting loose the wreck of the masts that dragged and bumped alongside." This was the last of the "Friday," concerning whose fate the shipbuilder's wife merely said when she heard of it: "I told thee so, Isaac. This is all thy sixth-day doings. Now thee sees the consequences."

Another reason for the supposed unluckiness of Friday lies in the crucifixion of Jesus on that day. It is from a similar historical source, indeed, that the "thirteen" superstition is believed to have sprung; a natural distaste grew up for the number representing the circle of the disciples with the addition of Judas. Yet it seems as if by this time the world might be willing to forget its ancient superstitions and regard every day and every number with equal respect.—Providence Journal.

Playing Cards in Moscow.

In Moscow playing cards are sold only by the municipal government, and the vast income derived from that source is applied toward the maintenance of orphan asylums.

SOME MARRIED MEDITATIONS.

By Clarence L. Gullen.

The average fat woman would rather have you call her a murderer than to say that she waddles.

"Money makes the mare go," but what member of the mare's family goes out and gets the money?

The woman who essays to hold her husband by a short-strapped halter needs first to be pretty sure of her halter's material.

The so-called "intuition" of women doesn't prevent a lot of them from picking out mere four-flushing grandstand players as spouses.

Why is it that some married women sniff contemptuously when they read about a man who has killed himself because his wife has refused to return to him?

Ever notice how, after you've once told a woman that she has a roseate mouth, she keeps biting her lips and twiddling them with her fingers all the time to keep 'em red?

When a woman looks mad, when she hears that song, "I Love My Wife, but Oh, You Kid!" it's fairly safe to conclude that everything isn't exactly as it should be up at her house.

Did you ever suffer a certain whimsy little pang over the promptness with which your normally forgetful wife reminds you to pay your life insurance dues when the time comes 'round? You may know that a woman has developed elephantiasis of the skyplece over the imaginary beauties of her "agger" when she wears a pair of these tight-laced tube corsets underneath her bathing suit.

A new thought woman of our acquaintance tells us that she can "will" her husband to come home immediately from anywhere she wants to. Apparently, though, she never wants to, for he always comes home just about when he gets ready to.

It may not be possible for you to be agreeable to some people, but you can keep away from them.