THE SILENT LITTLE PRAYER.

My little boy knelt at my knee last night nd said the prayer my mother taught me long ago:

Then for awhile was silent, with his head still bowed, And when at last he rose to give the kirs

which I waited, and withdrew his arms.
4 asked him why he had kept kneeling

His "Now I lay me down to sleep" was

Grave-faced, he said, "In Sunday school they asked The children all, when they have said

their prayers, To whisper, asking God, up there, to

The little ones in China and to put The love of Jesus in their hearts." If

True, tender little prayer like that were For me each night, I'd ask no more, and

The richest blessing God may send as mine -Chicago Record-Herald.

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~ AS TO THE SCORE

OW, Archie," ordered my sister, "you keep score for us."

We had been ping-ponging. when Ned called; and I, since he was to start on Thursday for Santiago de Chile, thought maybe he'd like to see Rowena by herself. Considerately, therefore, I was about to withdraw. But she stopped me with:

"Now, Archie, you keep score for us."

There was a flicker of red in her cheek. Whereat I was a trifle surprised. But I obediently enshrined myself on the divan and called game. Now I enjoy watching ping-pong when well played, and I have taught Rowena pretty well myself. Last night, however, Ned was merely a shade worse than she.

"The way, Rowena," I protested, "in which you fan and fumble is disgraceful-demoralizing. It is a popular error to suppose that the-

"Thirty fifteen," she counted. "To suppose that the object," I repeated patiently, "of waving the racket is that tone may smash either the chandelier or else the edge of the table. But the majority-"

"Thirty all." "The majority of good players, I say, will tell you that the safest plan is to strike simply at the ball. At the ball, Rowena."

"Now, Mr. Symmes, don't you try to pick them up on my side." Ned was diving under furniture after

balls, and getting entangled with "You see, Ned, I told Rowena not to

wax this floor. Now," I continued, "observe Ned, Rowena, You'll notice he alms at the ball-as a rule. Doesn't hit it, perhaps. But he hits at it, which is a virtue in itself. And therein, Wee, you should study to imitate

"Deuce, Isn't it too bad, Archie," she suggested, "that you can't stay any longer? There! Your vantage, Mr. Symmes."

He fished under the divan. "There's another," said I, "on top of

the bookense."

"Or slipped down behind." added she, soaking me in unmaidenly fashion with sofa pillows. "Archie, you might pick up the balls. Then you wouldn't bave to talk so much." "There It is. Caught in the cur-

tain." He shook it down, and it dodged under the table. He tumbled after it. His foot slipped.

" 'Rah! Fall on the ball!" I exhorted. "Oh, my!" she deplored. "Did you

hurt you?" "Don't laugh, Rowena. If he's

sprung a rib it's your fault." I helped him up. "No damage," protested Ned, dab-

bing a handkerchief to his cheek "Only I scratched the table leg." Rowena rushed upstairs for court-

"No teeth loose?" I asked. . "You look so careworn and solemn. Say, Ned, why don't you propose to Row-

ena? As long as you're going to leave the country anyway, you know. Don't blush." "Why, I've been thinking-you know, I thought she-well, look here,

Archie-" He was about to seek friendly counsel, but Rowena came with selssors and plaster.

"Let's see. How big a piece?" said she, measuring the bruise on his cheek-

"Rowena. I've just been saying to Ned-" I began gravely. Ned sputtered and glared.

"Too small," she decided, and cu another piece.

"I've just been saying to Ned." I smiled, "that it, after the dance, you had availed yourself of my advice, and dusted this floor with rosin-

"Yes, and spolled the floor." "Instead of breaking your friends'

necks." "He doesn't mind. Do you, Mr. Symmes? And anyway, his neck isn't

broken. "That's a mere accident. It might have been."

She put the plaster on her tongue to moisten; being thus temporarily tongue-tled.

"Behold," said I, "the Silent Woman If only, Ned, she could be kept thus always, wouldn't she be-" "No more than now," he interrupted.

"No more what?" He hesitated. She applied the plaster and patted it with a belaced hand-

PALATIAL NEW HOME OF THE NEW YORK STOCK BROKERS.



NEW YORK'S NEW STOCK EXCHANGE.

HE dedication of the new Stock Exchange in New York recently was an important event in financial circles. This great monetary center had outgrown its old home; new and better quarters were necessary; hence was erected the magnificent structure where the money changers are to hold sway. Compared with the towering business palaces of the new world's metropolis, the Stock Exchange is a small building. But in luxuriousness of equipment it excels all its neighbors. Built of white marble, nine stories high, with six magnificent Corinthian columns on the Broad street front, its outward claim to distinction is its dignified simplicity. In the interior the most important room is the board room, which is a hall *> splendent in gold leaf and pure white marble, 140 feet long. There are 15,000 square feet of floor space, broken only by the trading posts, fifteen in number, scattered about it and by parallel rows of telephone booths. Another large room is the bond room on the seventh floor, which is in itself a great hall, built like an amphitheater, two stories high and lighted by a skylight. It is finely decorated in gold, with green and brown wall panels. Throughout, from the machineried mazes of its depth to its lofty dome, resplendent with light, the structure is perfect in its purpose to be the pulsing heart to which lead the financial arteries of the nation, and, in the near future, of the whole world.

That the time is not far distant when New York will be the banking center of the nations is indicated by the trend of circumstances. A few years ago the United States was dependent upon Europe for the development of her resources. She is now paying her debts at a speed unprecedented in all history, and at the present rate this nation will be the world's creditor. Of course there will first come a struggle with London, but the American financiers are preparing for this by hammering into shape new tools of international exchange, and Titian-like machinery for the utilization of enormous masses of capital is being invented. For more than five years the United States has sold an annual average of \$500,000,000 more than she has bought. Expert figures a few years ago showed that there were \$2,000,000,000 of foreign money invested here and dividends upon this sum will not yield a shadow of \$500,000,000 annually. This nation has been liquidating its obligations abroad. Our securities have been coming home. Dividends our railroads have hitherto paid to Europe are being paid to investors here. The United States will not much longer pay to the foreign world a rent on its own prosperity. The world will soon owe to New York, as it has owned to Loudon heretofore. The nations will settle their balances through the banks of New York. When that time comes seats in the New York Stock Exchange will be worth even more than now.

What a striking contrast a backward glance over a period of 110 years affords! In April, 1792, the stock brokers met daily under a spreading buttonwood tree in front of 70 Wall street, and their peaceful transactions were watched curiously by the slik-clad beauties and bewigged beaux whose homes lined the street. The open-air meetings under the old tree were soon abandoned for snugger ones in the Tontine Coffee House at Wall and Water streets, and in 1817, business having greatly increased, the New York Stock and Exchange Board was organized after the model of a similar Philadelphia institution. It was not, however, until 1856 that the New York Stock Exchange was organized and not until 1805 that its first home, the building where for years its affairs have been conducted, was erected. During the prevailing era of prosperity sales reached such an enormous figure that it was evident the old home was outgrown and arrangements were made for the building of the \$4,000,000 palace dedicated Wednesday. The growth of business which led to this step is shown by the increasing price of seats on the Exchange. In 1823 the entrance fee was \$25. This increased until in 1863 it was practically \$4,500. In 1866 it was \$10,000, and in 1879, \$20,000. Prices of seats varied then until, in 1900, a seat was sold for \$35,000. There was a leap in January, 1901, to \$50,000, and before the end of that year a seat had been sold for \$80,000. This is the present average price, although one seat has sold for \$82,000. As there are 1,100 seats, a fair valuation of the total is about \$88,000,000. If the wealth of each member is put conservatively at \$200,000, there will be represented in the membership of the new Exchange some \$300,000,000, inclusive of the value of the seats.

"It is, Ned, an embarrassing situa- grin of exquisite idiocy. tion," said I. "Isn't it?"

"There," said she. "How will that "Better than ever it was," he aver-

red, brandishing a racket. "Come on. Let's finish the set."

"This time." I begged, "try to play a game. Wee, it's your serve. Ah! that's better. Good work! Fifteen the ping-pong book. love.

Archie swung an overhand drive. "Fifteen all." counted Rowena. "That "Thirty love," I corrected. overhand stroke, Ned, isn't fair." "Certainly it's fair," she crried.

"That's so. I don't believe it is," he agreed. "Thirty love. Come on." "But it is fair. Where's the book?" she demanded. "Show us the rule."

"Where is the book? You had it." "Maybe you'll find it, Archie," she commanded, "on the table in my room, on Aunt Anne's desk. Or else on the dining-room mantel. If it's not there, go upstairs again and see if it isn't in the pile of stuff on the sewing machine. Or you might look-"

I went upstairs and pawed over the assortment of books, manicure tools, things on Rowena's table. It wasn't there. I stirred up the truck on her bureau. Then overhaufed Aunt Anne's desk and other places. Then I sat in my own window and smoked. Finally I came downstairs again. Came down very noisily, so that Rowens drew the portiere and looked into the hall.

"Nothing," said I. "I just tumbled. What's the score now?" They were on opposite sides of the

"Umh."

"Did you find the book?" she asked anxiously.

"No. And looked everywhere." I dropped onto the divan.

"Why, there, Archie. What's that?" The corner of a pamphlet protruded from under the sofa cushion. It was

"Well!" she cried, astonished. "It must have been there since day be-

fore yesterday." "Never mind." sald Ned. "We concluded you were right about it, and

finished the game." "Of course," I murmured. "It was love game, wasn't it?"

"If you're so sleepy," she observed, you might go to bed. You know you must be up early to-morrow." "Umh. I see. I mean it was your

playing made me weary. You two are If it isn't there, look among the things just about a match. Good-night, Ned." He shook my hand warmly, strenuously.

"It's no occasion," said I, "for outgrinning the Cheshire cat." "What occasion?" asked Rowena,

"My going to bed. Good-night." I retired to my room. And read to letters, scissors, photos, hat pins, and the eleventh chapter of "The Abyssinian" before I heard Ned step onto the porch.

> "Brother Ned," I called down the stairway. "Don't wake me now; but come and tell us all in the morning." "You talk entirely too much in your sleep," sald Rowena.-The Criterion.

"Here is a nickel for you," a man said to a boy to-day, "and you needn't say thank you." A boy is as tired of hear ing "say thank you" as a parrot is of "Love all," answered Ned, with a hearing "Polly wants a cracker."



Tasks Performed by Women. Man does a great task when earns the money for the family. Somehe is wrong, for a comparison of his quirer. labor with the many tasks a mother performs in a day would leave him at the little end of the argument. In some cases he would feel ashamed of the unequal division and would reform. That is precisely where we would like to corner him, wouldn't we? We don't want to foster a pride that will permit us to silently accept burders. We want to find a way to shift them to broader shoulders without raising unpleasant feelings.

When financiers find themselves confronting an appalling mountain they do not attempt to climb it and waste both time and strength, and they will not sit down resignedly at its foot. They put their brains to work in solving out an easy and profitable way of skirting it. The same methods can be applied to the little things of life. We must refuse to climb mountains, which exhaust our strength, then find a means of getting around them, practically speaking, of finding somebody who has strength upon which we can call. Sons should be brought up to spare mothers and sisters, and husbands should be allowed to do as much for wives. If it is necessary to train them, do it, but so nicely that they will enjoy it. There is one splendid trait Southern men possess-they are protectors to women of all ages and stations. They are born to it. Why cannot Northern men be brought up in the same fashion? Because women here are more self-reliant and show it? Perhaps.—Boston Traveler.

To Be Popular Keep Your Friends. friends out of their lives simply through carelessness and a certain inertia that prevents them from keeping opposite." up the apparently immaterial courtesies of intercourse, which, however conventional they may be, are the policy. And surely in this indifferent world it is a pity to forfeit through thoughtlessness any cordial liking that may have been ours, says the New York Tribune.

new interests which her life had developed she had greatly neglected. one that it is surely worth the effect. An occasional invitation, a call once in a while, a cordial greeting, and the hostile feeling engendered by complete neglect would never materialize One's possessions are too few in this world to undervalue the good will and commendation of associates. Old friends are not to be treated lightly. neither must it be for one moment supposed that friendship will survive neglect or subside again into indifference. Hurt feeling almost always engenders active hostility, which it is not wise to evoke.

"An Official Mother."

or Tom L. Johnson, the widely known ring and dance and sing songs.



and variously the distinction of as an official mother by the judge of the Juvenile Court of Cleveland. Miss Johnson is well known for MISS B. JOHNSON. kindly disposition

and the sweetness of her character She is quite a student of social conditions and has been active of late in her investigation of the life of poor mark. children. Her appointment as an official mother was made at her own request.

The Popular Woman. The wife who receives a few of her husband's friends with some such rethat "Jones is a lucky dog."

from a chafing dish that a small book he devoted to the art is worth buying and using. Remember always that elabtimes he imagines that he then does all oration in connection with a chafing that can be expected of him. There dish is bad form.-Philadelphia In-

Type of the Women Wage Worker.



"Why is it," queried the girl who is trying to solve the problem of how to dress well to the girl who thinks she knows, "that you wear all four pretti-So many people lose really valuable est pins and brooches at the back of your dress collars and the more ordinary ones in front? I do exactly the

"I don't mind so much-that is within reason-about what people think who see me face to face," said links holding individuals together. "It the girl who dresses well, "but the peois well to be off with the old love ple who criticise me behind my back before you are on with the new," says do it more deliberately. Whatever my the old song. But this is a mistake appearance may be, as I see myself in regard to friends. No one can af- face to face in the glass, I am resolvford to lose tue kindly regard and ed that no one shall say that my mirgood word of any of his or her former ror has not two sides. One can protect associates, if only as a matter of one's face with a smile or a gesture, but the critic at the back has one entirely at his mercy."-Philadelphia public Ledger.

The Effective Pepper-Bag.

If you have not a pepper-bag safely A certain young woman who is fond packed in your medicine chest, it is of being popular would have been contime you had. By the application of siderably astonished and not at all a pepper-bag the ineffable suffering flattered if she could have heard her- that sometimes comes from a diseased self discussed by a croup of her quon- tooth is often avoided. You can purdentist; or one can easily make them They are made of muslin (three-The verdict finally agreed upon was fourths of an inch in diameter) lined that she was mercenary, self-seeking with rubber-to protect the lips and and heartless. It takes so little to mouth from the pepper and ginger. keep the world in good humor with Apply this directly to the spot and it will usually check the pain, for the time at least.



The young maidens of Syria on the eve of Palm Sunday gather on the hillsides and sing ballads on the resurrection of Lazarus. The next morning A curious distinction has come to at sunrise they go to the nearest well Miss Bessie Johnson, daughter of May- and draw water. Then they form a

The native Andamanese women have viewed executive a curious custom. When a man dies of Cleveland, Ohio. his wife prepares his skull and wears Miss Johnson has it hanging at her side. There it answers the purpose of a treasure box having been named and in it she carries her jewels, her money and as much more of her valuable property as it will contain.

Danish girls never receive diamond engagement rings. On their betrothal they are presented with a plain gold band, which is worn on the third finger of the left hand. On the wedding day the bridegroom removes that ring to the third finger of the right hand, which is the marriage finger in Den-

Persian women are among the most

graceful, the most accomplished and the most intellectual of oriental females. In the upper class, however, the peculiar education of Persian girls tends to make them rather silly. They mark as "just in time for a rubber of are handed over to a narrow-minded, whist and a rabbit," is cutting one of ignorant molia badji, or governess, unthe links in that chain which binds til they are ready for matrimony. On her husband to his bachelor pleasures the other hand, the women of inferior and his club. And if she knows how social position enjoy considerably to concoct a rabbit without making a more freedom in Persia than even great how-de-do over it, if she is deft, those of the west. They can work stailing and graceful, the men will pro- with their husbands and make their nounce her as charming as if she had individuality and their influence felt. invited them to a state dinner, and Marriages are conducted on the short nine chances out of ten, if they be or long term system, which is said to bachelors, they will sigh and announce work extremely well. In Persia women vocalists and dancers are held in It pays to cultivate the chafing dish high estimation. Out of the ranks of many jolly little dishes to be evolved as Mabmoubeh Abolda and Bacbae. have been read or consulted.



A. That's Jones' daughter with him. She's just about to be married. B .-Who's the lucky man? A .- Jones .-Punch.

Mrs. Henpeck-Wasn't he well off before he got married? Henpeck-Certainly, my dear. Every man is .- New York Sun.

"Funny thing about self-made men." What's that?" "They never have daughters who care for self-made dresses."-Philadelphia Press.

Teacher-Can you tell me where the Mississippi River rises, Johnnie? Johnnie-Along 'its entire length, ma'am.-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Discontented Artist-I wish I had a fortune. I would never paint again. Generous Brother Brush-By Jovel old man, I wish I had one! I'd give it to

"What do you expect to be when

you become of age, my little man?" asked the visitor. "T-enty-or sir," was the bright one's reply.-Yonkers Statesman. She-The duke has landed estates, has be not? He-Rather! Landed one

every time he got married-but he managed to run through 'em all.-Boston Globe. "Are Mrs. West's entertainments very exclusive?" - "Well, I should say

so; she intends to make application to have the conversation of her guests copyrighted!" Deacon Cobbs-William, if your father should have \$10 and some one should give him \$5, what would be have?

William-Nothing. But ma would have a new hat.-Chicago News. "What do you put on your face after shaving?" asked the man who smelled of bay rum. "Court plaster, usually,"

replied the nervous chap, gloomily .-Cincinnati Commercial Gazette. Parson-I'm sorry to find your employer has been playing golf on Sunday. Caddle-He wasn't playing golf. Parson-Ah, then I have been mistak-

en. Caddle-Yes! He was just trying. Mrs. Upson-"Your grandfather is an octogenarian, is he not?" Mrs. Neurich-"Indeed, he isn't anything of the kind. He is the most truthful man I ever bumped up against."-Chicago Daily News.

She-How long have you been living in New York? He-Oh, I came up here about the time they began digging up the streets for the subway. She-Have you been here as long as that?-Yonkers Statesman.

He (bitterly)-Your answer would be different if I were rich enough to shower you with golden eagles. She-It might be different, possibly, if you should cover me so completely that I couldn't see .- New York Weekly.

Ned-I'm dreadfully worried abmy debts. Jack-It must be very annoying to be continually dunned. Ned -Oh, hang the duns! What worries me is the fact that I can't get armore credit.-Kansas City Journal.

A particular old gentleman, pulling something out of his soup that should not have been included among the otaer ingredients, thus addressed his cook: "Josephine, I am much obliged for your thoughtfulness, but next time kindly give it to me in a locket."

"That man," said the Guilford avenue conductor, "Is as inconsistent as he is ungrateful." "Why, what is the matter now?" "Why, t'other day he made a big kick because he had to hang on to a strap, and now he's growling because he can't find a strap."-Baltimore News.

Miss Youngthyng-And what wo d ou say, George, if I were to tell you I didn't believe one word you say regarding the lasting qualities of your affection? George-I would say that you are far too wise for any ordinary man to marry. Good-by.-Baltimore American.

Upgardson-"On the strength of your recommendation I lent Bilcombe \$5 the other day, and now I find he's a confirmed derdbeat that never pays his debts. You told me he was a man of established reputation." Atom-"So he is. That's the reputation he has established."-Chicago News.

From an author's note-book: Sold one poem and had five returned. Made almost enough to pay the butcher. Sold a short story, and came within an ace of making enough to pay ten dollars on the grocery bill. Wrote an obituary on an ancient citizen and had Maria's shoes mended with the proceeds. I must try and write enough to-night to buy a gallon of kerosene oil. I believe there's money in the literary business. but it's not so sure as that which comes from splitting rails .- Atlanta Constitution.

Fond Mother-Now, look here, George I want you to break off with that girl. She is very pretty and all that; but I know her too well to want you to risk your life and happiness by marrying her. Why, she knows no more about housekeeping than I do about Greek-not a bit. George-Perhaps not; but she can learn. Mother-After marriage is rather late for that, George. George-But you said yourself that you did not know a thing about housekeeping until after you were married. Mother-Very true. George-and your poor father dled of dyspepsia twenty years ago.

Jubilee of Free Libraries.

Manchester, England, is about to relebrate the jubilee of its free librababit, if one wants to entertain sim- the Persian female entertainers have ries. It is calculated that during the ply, easily and often. There are so stepped women who are famous, such fifty years 52,000,000 reference books