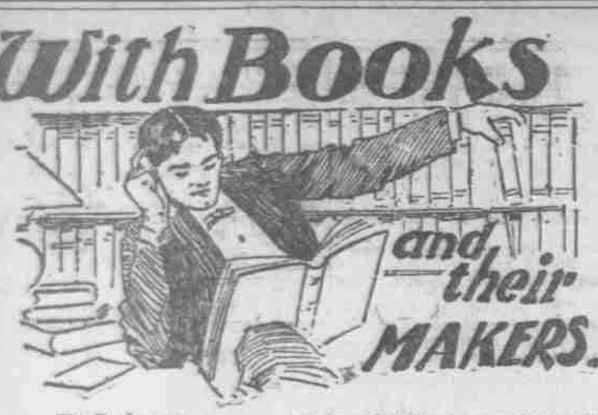
With Books and their MAKERS.



The Bookworm.

The Bookworm's an uninteresting grub,
Whether he's all alone or in a club.
All stupid books which seem to us a bore,
Even a worm will turn their pages o'er.
Did Solomon or somebody affirm
The early reed-bird catches the bookworm?
—Carolyn Wells in Life.

GROWTH OF NATIONALITY

Government More in Danger of Overshadowing State Authority Than of Being Overshadowed.

Professor John Bascom's new volume, "Growth of Nationality in the United States," is the fruit of lectures which have followed for a series of years in the classroom a study of the constitution of the United States. They break away somewhat from the technical and formal character of that chart of liberties and discuss its connection, in development, with the national life it has so materially aided in calling forth, and with the social life which has sprung up from it. It is thus a vital, quite as much as a legal, growth that is considered, and the two together constitute a social study. "Nationality," says the author, "stands for the sympathetic activity of a people in every portion of it in the pursuit of their common prosperity. The social, commercial and intellectual life of the nation becomes one freely participated in by every citizen according to the capacity which belongs to him." The first obstacle to this unity of sentiment at the time of the foundation of our government was the narrow provincial life led by the several colonies, which gave rise to a restricted policy and to unreasonable prejudices. This embarrassment was, however, overcome by the rapid development of commerce and of social life. "The general government is far more in danger of unduly overshadowing state authority than of itself being overshadowed by the states."

"The second great danger to national unity was the question of slavery, which came, in due time, to the arbitrament of war, a war so thorough and exterminating as to root up and sweep away the institution which had been its occasion. The race problem which it left behind is a ground of irritation, but not of national division, as both North and South are interested in much the same way in its ultimate solution.

The present danger which besets the national unity is a contention among classes as to their respective rights in the state. For instance, during the past few years, we have seen "a favoring by protective law by one and another form of production, as those interested in them have won the legislative ear, with no plain reference to the public welfare; the allowing of various franchises to be appropriated by private persons; unequal advantages extended by public-carriers to the several portions of the community; the corruption of political life and the abuse of political power by the use of wealth in securing and protecting these class privileges; and the unequal distribution of public burdens in taxation."

Professor Bascom concludes as follows: "Political life has thus separated itself from social life, and becomes a subordinate and corrupt term in the general struggle for wealth and power. Hence the conclusion of what we have said and have to say—the growth of nationality must always mean the collective growth of political institutions, industrial relations, and class dependencies, ever in more harmonious submission and ministration to each other. That political movement which expresses existing social forces is sound and wholesome; that political activity which creates and pursues its own ends is superficial and corrupt. Our nationality is to be fully won or finally lost in the apprehension and pursuit of our social welfare." (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

EDITOR OF HARPER'S BAZAR.

Miss Jordan One of the Best Equipped Journalists in America.

Miss Elizabeth G. Jordan, who has entered upon her duties as editor of Harper's Bazar, is the youngest editor that weekly has ever had. In fact it has only had two others, the late Miss Mary L. Booth, who suggested its plan and scope to Messrs. Harper, and Margaret E. Sangster, who assumed the editorial chair shortly after Miss Booth's death. There was an interregnum, during which S. S. Conant occupied the chair, but that was only for a short time. Miss Jordan, who is just 32 years of age, was born in Milwaukee, Wis., and educated at the Convent of Notre Dame and the University of Wisconsin. At the convent she won the cross of honor, which carries many privileges with it. About 10 years ago Miss Jordan went to New York to enter the journalistic field. She accepted a reportorial position on the World, which she held for one year, the other nine years on the same paper were spent in the editorial departments. Miss Jordan is one of the best-equipped journalists in the country. She stands high in her profession, and Colonel Harvey is to be congratulated on the wisdom of his selection. Miss Jordan will say nothing as to her plan of action as editor of the Bazar, for she intends to let her work speak for itself. Three years ago Miss Jordan published a volume of short stories called, "Tales of the City Room," through Messrs. Scribner. The book was unusually well received.

Nineteenth Century Liberties.

"Liberty of the Nineteenth Century" is the fruit of 40 years of study of the development of political and religious liberty by Frederic May Holland. The author reviews Napoleon's work, political and religious reform in Europe and America and the negro emancipation movement in the United States. Napoleon, he says, made the 30 years ending with 1815 more glorious than any later period, and much more wretched. Bargains and compromises were the distinctive features of the congress of Vienna. When all the plunder had been divided, the royal robbers united in a declaration acknowledging Jesus as the only sovereign, and recommending the daily and universal practice of religion. The advance in freedom has been so rapid, the author says, that the Americans can no longer rightfully say that they are the only people able to govern themselves. If any nation can maintain a free press, just laws, and elections of local magistrates, it ought to enjoy these rights, however slight may be its fitness for becoming a republic. Respecting the centralizing tendencies of government, Mr. Holland suggests that it would be well for reformers to try to restrict the operations of governments according to the following rule: Nothing to be undertaken by a national government, which can be done as well by municipalities; and nothing to be attempted, either by a local or central government, which can be done as well by private citizens, acting singly or in voluntary associations. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Wife of His Youth.

A new and hitherto unexplored field in literature has been opened up by Charles W. Chestnutt in "The Wife of His Youth; and Other Stories of the Color Line." The nine short stories of which the volume is made up present the negro simply as a human being, without the exaggerated pathos of the purpose novel, or the equally exaggerated and sometimes fantastic humor of the negro story. The underlying idea is the negro problem—the tragedies accompanying the evolution of the negro toward that point where racial distinctions are not maintained. The opening story presents an old problem, that of the husband who has spiritually and intellectually outgrown his wife, but under novel conditions, and makes the hero solve it righteously and nobly. The lesson of the stories is that even if a man rises in station he has responsibilities of family and race which he cannot shake off. To the extent that he attempts to free himself from these responsibilities, to that extent is he less of a man than before. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Expedition to the Philippines.

Another volume of the Harper series of books on the Spanish war and its results describes General Merritt's expedition to the Philippines. It is entitled "The Expedition to the Philippines," and is by F. D. Millet, who went to Manila as correspondent of Harper's Weekly and the London Times. When General Merritt arrived at Manila he found that Spanish prisoners who had been captured by the Filipinos were weak from hunger. He ordered them fed, ignoring Aguinaldo's protest. The incident marked the beginning of the troubles between the Americans and the insurgents. Mr. Millet is convinced that the great hope of the rebels after the battle of Manila bay was to capture Manila and sack it. During the siege of the city the insurgents were not recognized in any way either as enemies or allies. They participated in an unauthorized way in the assault upon the city, but after the Americans took possession an order was issued forbidding armed natives inside the lines, and this regulation was rigidly enforced. From this time forward Aguinaldo's followers became more aggressive and insolent and it was the expected that happened when the rebellion broke out in all its fury in February, 1899. (Harper & Bros., New York.)

BOOK NOTES.

Beacon Biographies of Nathaniel Hawthorne and John Brown.

Two recent additions to the "Beacon Biographies" are "Nathaniel Hawthorne," by Mrs. James T. Fields, and "John Brown," by Joseph Edgar Chamberlain. Mrs. Fields' sources of information are independent for she knew Hawthorne well and in her little book draws freely upon much recollection and correspondence. She was allowed perfect freedom to quote from all the Hawthorne books published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and adding her own observation has sketched a charming outline. Mr. Chamberlain presents a picture of John Brown, separating him as much as possible from the controversies and hatreds which commonly arose in old times at the mention of his name, and without inquiry into the effect of his work. "Yet the story of Brown is so strongly simple," says Mr. Chamberlain, "so utterly governed by an ideal, so glowing and tragical, that any one who follows it closely is likely to find himself kindling before he is aware of it." (Small, Maynard & Co.; Boston.)

Originality of theme, strong emotional quality and an Oriental atmosphere are displayed in Miss Mary McNeill Fenollosa's volume of verse, "Out of the Nest." About half of the pieces reflect Japanese habit and thought and the others are founded on native ballads or are descriptive of Oriental life. "Envy" and "After the Storm" are particularly pleasing. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)

"Songs From the Psalter," by Richard Arnold Greene, contains 50 songs founded upon as many different psalms. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

FEBRUARY MAGAZINES.

South African War Discussed in the North American Review.

The North American Review devotes a generous amount of space in the February issue to the South African war. Under the general heading of "The War for an Empire—II," two groups of three articles each deal with two distinct phases of this topic, the one being "The Military and Strategical Situation," the other "The Rivalry of Races in South Africa."

Outing for February is a magician's wand that transports its readers out of their environments through the gates of enchantment to far off lands and pleasant pastimes. The South naturally claims a preponderance of space, for there the opportunities of outdoor life are in no way restricted by climatic conditions.

Ex-Secretary of State Olney will contribute to the March Atlantic Monthly a notable political paper entitled "The Growth of Our Foreign Policy."

Louis Zangwill's complete novel in the February number of the "New Lippincott," entitled "The Siren From Bath," is a refreshing antidote to the colonial romance which has been so popular for some time past. Modernity, however, is not by any means the only merit in Mr. Zangwill's half-humorous, half-pathetic tale of English life. In it, a stilted, would-be schoolmaster gets entangled in the charms of a siren, whose heartless conduct leads him into truer pathways of love.

Two articles in the Engineering Magazine for February, "The Economic Conquest of Africa," by Colonel H. G. Prout, and "Concerning the Actual Condition of the Panama Canal," by Charles Paine, share equally the position of leadership. It is noteworthy that while Colonel Prout is very critical of the great African transportation project—the Cape-to-Cairo railway, Mr. Paine is most favorably impressed with the practicability and sufficiency of the Panama canal, of which he has just made a personal inspection.

The International Monthly for February contains: "Art as a Means of Expression," by W. J. Stillman; "Japan's Entry Into the World's Politics," Garrett Droppers; "The Opera in America and Europe," by H. T. Finck; "The Future of the Short Story," by E. Charlton Black; "Recent Work in the Science of Religion," by C. H. Toy.

E. D. Beach has begun in Harper's Weekly a department of literary comment, under the name of "Notes of a Bookman." Mr. Beach's work on the Saturday column of the New York Sun is well known, and the charm which has made that column so readable in the past is the chief characteristic of the notes which the Weekly is publishing from time to time.

One on Daddy.

A high-school girl said to her father the other night:

"Daddy, I've got a sentence here I'd like to have you punctuate. You know something about punctuation, don't you?"

"A little," said her cautious parent, as he took the slip of paper she handed him. This is what he read:

"A $5 bill flew around the corner."

He studied it carefully.

"Well," he finally said, "I'd simply put a period after it, like this."

"I wouldn't," said the high-school girl; "I'd make a dash after it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Heart Tonic.

In Mexico, vanilla is much used as a heart tonic. The plan is simply to take a piece of vanilla, such as is used for flavoring, and to chew it.

NEW EDITOR OF HARPER'S BAZAR.

MISS ELIZABETH G. JORDAN.

BOYS and GIRLS

New Version.

There was a little girl
And she had a little curl
Which hung in the middle of her forehead;
When the weather was cool
It crimped according to rule,
When the weather was hot it looked horrid.
—Brooklyn Eagle.

ELSA'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

Mite "Rosebud" Receives Plump Little "Chocolate Cream" and Other Tiny Friends.

Elsa Sheaff's hair is golden and forms itself into 11 three-inch long ringlets that cluster around Elsa's shapely little head even more becomingly than do those of Pinkie, her favorite doll, around Pinkie's head. Lottie Cain's hair is black, making a fuzzy covering for her small pate. Elsa's eyes are blue, and her cheeks are as pink and fresh as the petals of a Hermosa rose. Perhaps it is the appearance of her cheeks that has given her the pet name, "Rosebud." Lottie's eyes are dark, well surrounded by white, and her complexion is like a piece of satin of a pretty brown shade.

If Elsa resembles a rosebud, Lottie may be compared to something almost as good—a plump chocolate cream.

Last summer, the little girls lived on Yamhill street and near each other. Their tricycles helped them become acquainted.

"You ride mine, little colored girl, and I'll ride yours," Elsa said, after they had been passing each other and repassing for at least 15 minutes. But just as a well-worn shoe was placed on Elsa's pedal, some one, at the window of a near-by house called, "Lottie, get back on your own tricycle," and Lottie scrambled to obey.

"You'll come home with me, won't you?" the chocolate cream asked of the rosebud, who consented, although she felt afraid of the woman who had objected to the exchange of tricycles and who proved to be her new-found friend's mother.

Black Baby Dean.

What do you think Lottie's mother held in her lap? A funny black baby, that, when it cried, seemed to have the inside of its mouth lined with red flannel.

"Ain't he cute? His name's Dean," Lottie said.

"Yes, but I wouldn't have named him that," Elsa replied.

"What would you have named him?" the colored woman asked.

"Corn," answered Elsa. You see, she had understood Lottie to say "bean," instead of "Dean."

The baby's mamma laughed at the joke; nevertheless, Elsa was frightened, for she showed big white teeth in doing so, and this made Elsa think of the story of Red Riding Hood. You remember the wolf showed big white teeth, just before he tried to eat Red Riding Hood. So Elsa edged near the door and, at the first chance, slipped out, Lottie following.

"We'll play in my sandpile now," said Elsa, leading the way to the Sheaff back yard, in a corner of which had been dumped, for Elsa's especial benefit, a wagon-load of sea beach.

"My spade's gone," exclaimed the small proprietor, after having mounted the pile and taken a hasty survey. "I 'spose some stealer's got it," she added, in disgust.

"Is this it," Lottie called, pulling a long-handled toy from behind a clump of raspberry bushes.

"Yes; I'll give you a bouquet, little colored girl," said Elsa, stepping from the sand to her garden, near by, and picking two fuchsias, six daisies and a spray of baby-breath. They were received with a grin of pleasure.

The Parrott—I won't do a thing to that fresh bird next time he comes out and calls me a cuckoo.—Typea.

"You call me 'little colored girl,' don't you?" Lottie ventured.

"Yes," Elsa answered.

"Well, you won't do it any more, will you? 'cause my name's Lottie—Lottie Cain."

"All right, Lottie; but you'd better go home now, 'cause it's time I and my mamma were starting for down town."

Bids Lottie Good-By.

Elsa escorted her caller to the gate, then joined Mrs. Sheaff, who was out on the porch, enjoying the fresh air.

"Lottie's a nice little girl. She hunted up my spade. We'll have her at my birthday party, won't we, mamma?"

"Where did you find Lottie?" Mrs. Sheaff asked.

"Right out here on this sidewalk. She can come to my party, can't she?"

"We'll see," Mrs. Sheaff replied.

Elsa was not satisfied. A suspicion entered her mind that there were difficulties she could not quite understand in the way of having Lottie at the approaching party.

"Do you sink her mamma 'ud let her come?" she queried. At that time, Elsa had not learned to pronounce "think" correctly.

"I suppose she would," answered Mrs. Sheaff.

"I'll ask her if she wants to be invited," Elsa remarked.

"Don't say anything to her about your party," and the little girl, though puzzled to know why she was to say nothing about it, did not ask questions. Next morning the Sheaffs went to Clatsop for a short stay.

The first tricycle ride taken by Elsa after their return was in the direction of Lottie's. Great was her surprise at finding the small cottage deserted. She hurried home to bear the news, saying: "Lottie's moved away, mamma; how'll we know where to find her for the party? I wonder if the postman can tell where she's gone."

When the time for sending out the invitations came, Mrs. Sheaff had a sick headache, so she asked Mr. Sheaff to write the notes.

Lottie Is Invited.

"Lottie's first, Fred; fix Lottie's first," insisted Elsa, who, when she was not skipping gaily about the room, clutched the edge of the table and stretched on tiptoe, in order to see the pen move over the paper. When Elsa is excited, or very much in earnest, she calls her father and mother by their names of "Fred" and "Emma."

"Lottie; who's Lottie? I don't see her name on this list mamma gave me," Mr. Sheaff said.

"Emma didn't put it down; but I want her, anyway. She's Lottie Cain, and we don't know where she lives, but maybe the postman does."

So he wrote: "Elsa Sheaff requests the pleasure of Miss Lottie Cain's company Friday, from 2 until 4," and placed the invitation in an envelope, addressed "Portland," but without street and number.

That night, when Elsa was being undressed, she said innocently: "Fred and I sent Lottie a letter today, mamma. Do you sink she'll get it?"

What a happy afternoon was that of the party! It was well that Mrs. Sheaff had thought to have Rosebud's dolls and other treasures ready to be handed around among the guests, for the hostess was so excited and glad she could only clap her hands and dance about, or run to the window and look down the street to find if any one else was coming. How the ringlets bobbed, and how pretty the bow of light blue ribbon, pinned to the shoulder of Elsa's white dress, looked, as its long ends streamed when she ran.

Lottie Comes.

"Here's Lottie," she cried, finally; but in turning from the window too quickly she fell over a footrest. Then she screamed: "Pick her up, Emma, pick her up. She's hurt all over." For a minute it looked as though the party wouldn't go on, but smiles were shining through Rosebud's tears by the time black Lottie was brought into the room. And how happy Lottie looked at finding herself in the midst of the prettily-dressed girls and bright-faced boys, and upon seeing the toys scattered about and the white-covered table, trimmed in pink, which showed through the sliding doors.

After two or three games, such as "hunt the thimble," and "drop the handkerchief," they took their places at the table. There were flowers in the center and a pink-frosted cake, upon which burned four tiny candles, to show that Elsa was four years old. Above all, there were presents—a doll fan and a paper mandolin, filled with candy, for each girl; a whistle and a paper banjo, full of candy, for each boy.

Lottie behaved beautifully. Probably she thought she must be just as good as possible. But one thing happened to embarrass her.

It was intended that the lemonade should be sipped through straws, and never having taken lemonade this way, Lottie made it bubble. Mrs. Sheaff tried to show her how to manage her breath, but still the lemonade bubbled and, finally, Lottie had to lay her straw down and drink from the glass. The other children made it easier for Lottie, by laughing as though they considered it funny, instead of ignorant or rude.

After the candy and ice cream and sandwiches had been eaten, more games were played, only on the lawn, instead of in the parlor. Some of the children weren't willing to go home, when the time came, and one little boy was even naughty enough to say he wouldn't go; but Lottie started off at the first mention of 4 o'clock—alone, too, although she was only 5 years old.

Elsa didn't want the party to end. About an hour after every one had gone, her mamma found her curled up on the stairs and crying.

"Why, what's the matter, Rosebud?" Mrs. Sheaff asked.

"Oh, my birfday's all over, and I'm only 5 years old, again," Elsa sobbed.

A. MAGUIRE.

SWEET INNOCENCE.

Mother—No, darling, you mustn't have any more pudding—you'll feel uncomfortable.
Eva—Please, mother dear, I don't mind!—Alfy Sloper.

SOUND-PRODUCING FISHES.

Peculiar Noises Made by Numbers of the Finny Tribe.

Any one who has slept in a small boat with his ears a few inches from the water, says the Philadelphia Inquirer, in an article on sound-producing fishes, has heard strange crackling sounds sometimes. They appear like a series of cracks or electric shocks, but what creature produces the noise no one seems to know.

One of the most remarkable of all the sound-producing fishes is found in China seas, and an account of its actions has been given by Lieutenant White, of the British navy. He was engaged in some special work at the entrance of a river and came to anchor one night in shallow water. Presently strange sounds began to be heard coming up from the bottom. They were described as resembling the clanging of bells and the beating of drums. The men were demoralized, and attributed the noises to spirits, it being said that a crew of pirates had gone down there, but the officers were convinced that the noise was caused by some sea animals, and investigation showed that it came from a school of fish that made the sounds by clapping their teeth together.

The great Australian lung fish, so called because, when under water, it breathes by its gills and when out by its air bladder, utters sounds that have startled men. This fish, which attains a length of six or eight feet, has a singular habit of leaving the water at times and crawling over marshy ground. While doing this, it utters a singular barking sound, of such peculiar resonance that at night it can be heard a long distance, a sound very much like that of the California drumfish.

That whales utter sounds is asserted by many, and one is known as the crying whale from the sounds it makes. A certain village in France was once thrown into consternation by cries which were heard from the sea at night, and when those who mustered up sufficient courage reached the water, they found a school of whales had stranded and were making the sounds.

The drumfish is one of the few fishes whose sounds are heard while they are in the water. The late Spencer F. Baird, of the Smithsonian Institution, made some interesting experiments with them, and in a report described the strange sounds they made. He had the impression that the fish were directly on the bottom of the vessel, and were in some way striking it; but this was found to be a mistake. The fish were in a school some feet below the surface, and were in all probability making the sounds by striking their pharyngeal teeth together. The sounds produced by these fish have often had a singular effect upon superstitious seamen, who discovered omens in the weird noises.

HIS FOUR-FOOTED FRIEND.

Prisoner in Tower of London Fed With Pigeons by a Cat.

There seems to be no dearth of stories concerning wise dogs, but it has been quite generally supposed that the cat is lacking in intelligence. An historical tale gives an instance of rare devotion on the part of a stray cat, which is dead long years ago, even though it may have lived out its full nine lives:

In the 15th century there was in the Tower of London a captive, Sir Henry Wyatt. He was confined for a very long time in a cold and narrow cell, in which he neither had enough food to eat, clothes to warm him, nor a bed to lie upon; so badly treated, indeed, was the unfortunate man that, but for a devoted little attendant which regularly visited him, he would probably have died of starvation.

The attendant was a cat, which, it is said, came down one day to his dungeon. He gladly welcomed her, and "by making much of her won her love." The attachment to the lonely prisoner having been thus begun, the cat used to come to him several times each day, and when able she would sometimes carry a pigeon to him.

There arose, however, the difficulty as to how to cook the birds, but Sir Henry said to his jailer: "Supposing I provide any better fare, will you dress it for me?"

"I may well enough agree to do that," replied the man, thinking probably how little prospect there was of being called upon to carry out his promise. Then, much to his astonishment, Wyatt told him about his little visitor, and from that time, whenever a pigeon was brought, the keeper always dressed it for him.

GOTHAM'S BOY SOPRANO.

Learns to Peel Potatoes at Helen Gould's Tarrytown School.

Earl Gulick, the famous boy soprano of the Church of the Heavenly Rest, in New York, recently spent a few days with Helen M. Gould at her Lyndhurst, Tarrytown home. Miss Gould took him to visit her school, where the children are taught domestic usefulness, as well as booklore. When the distinguished visitors arrived, a lesson in potato frying was in progress.

"Oh," cried Earl, "I wish I could fry potatoes."

"You shall," said his hostess, and he was provided with a potato and a knife. The skin was lengthening into the fascinating, dangling spiral which, as everybody knows, is the sole object of peeling potatoes, and Earl was deeply absorbed.

"I wish you could sing for the children," said Miss Gould, "but there is no piano."

"That doesn't matter," said the little soloist, "but just let me finish this first. There! I did it without a break."

Then he turned around, with the potato in one hand and the knife in the other, and sang "The Last Rose of Summer." Next June Earl Gulick goes to Mme. Marchesi for instruction, in Paris, and later to London.

SURPRISED INSPECTOR.

Very Remarkable Answers By English School Pupils.

A school inspector in an English rural district received some very original answers to the questions which he propounded at an examination. One question, says a writer in Cornhill, was: "Why did Elijah pour water on the sacrifice?" To which a girl answered: "To make a gravy, sir!"

When the same girl was asked to name the three creeds, she replied:

"Apostle's, Lyceum and Farinaceous."

Another said that the Roman Christians used to frequent the "Capsicums."

A third described a well-known Dore picture as "Christ leaving the petroleum."

One girl was asked: "What do you know about the cuckoo?" "Please, sir," she said, "it doesn't lay its own eggs, sir." Mr. Croydon, an inspector, was trying to get the class to tell him what weapon Samson used in the killing the Philistines. Thinking to aid them, he laid his hand on his cheek and said: "What is this?"

"The jawbone of an ass!" they cried.

A Bad Little Boy.

(For youngest readers.)

When Wash-ing-ton was a lit-tle Boy
He took his hatch-et small,
With which to wan-ton-ly de-stroy
His fath-er's fruit-tree tall.

A chery-ry tree so flourish-ing
With bran-ches wa-ving high,
Till to his boy-ish eyes it seemed
To lean a-gainst the sky.

He doffed his coat; he whis-tled loud
A quaint old rag-time air;
He felt him-self a man, and wished
The oth-er Boys were there.

Down came the tree, out came his sire,
As-ton-ished at the noise,
And kind-ly gave him hickory-tea—
So good for lit-tle Boys.

Tho' man-y folks call this a hoax,
They can't our faith de-stroy—
We know that Gen-er-al Wash-ing-ton
Was once a lit-tle Boy.

—M. C. Bell.

An Astonished Cat.

Several days ago, says the Brooklyn Eagle, five or six sparrows were pecking away in the gutter immediately in front of an engine-house, when a cat crept across the street and pounced upon one of them. Instantly the victim's companions sent up a war cry, which was as instantly answered. From housetop and tree, the sparrows flocked to the scene. With whirring, hissing cries of noisy rage, they fearlessly attacked the offender.

For about 30 seconds the dazed cat endured the blows from perhaps 100 beaks, and twice as many beating wings. Then, still holding her prey, she struggled away from the infuriated birds and ran into the engine-house. The plucky little fellows followed her inside, but soon gave up the chase, leaving her with her dearly bought dinner, a sadder but wiser cat.

An Acrostic.

(In memory of Major-General Henry W. Lawton, U. S. V., who was killed in action at San Mateo, Luzon, Philippine Islands, December 19, 1899.)

"Let him who merits bear alone the prize
Letters bright will ever speak thy fame,
America knows none of greater worth than thee;
Within her records is no worthier name.
True son thou wert—ruling, active fearlessly,
On Columbia's page thy deeds heroic shine,
None but thyself, Lawton, hast made thy glory shine.

—William H. Taylor.

Olalla, Douglas County, Oregon.

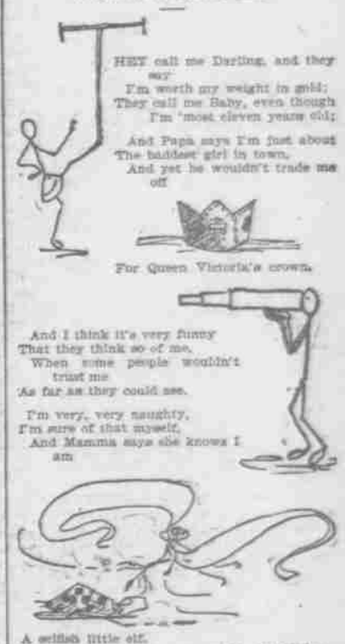
Native Daughter's Enigma, No. 2.

My first is in loss, but not in win,
My second is in sorrow, but not in sin,
My third is in ocean, but not in bay,
My fourth is in go, but not in stay,
My fifth is in dollar, but not in dime,
My sixth is in convict, but not in crime,
My seventh is in high, but not in low,
My eighth is in rake, but not in hoe,
My ninth is in green, but not in ripe,
My whole is a journal of the "Expansionist" type.

—Miss Lavenie Madden.

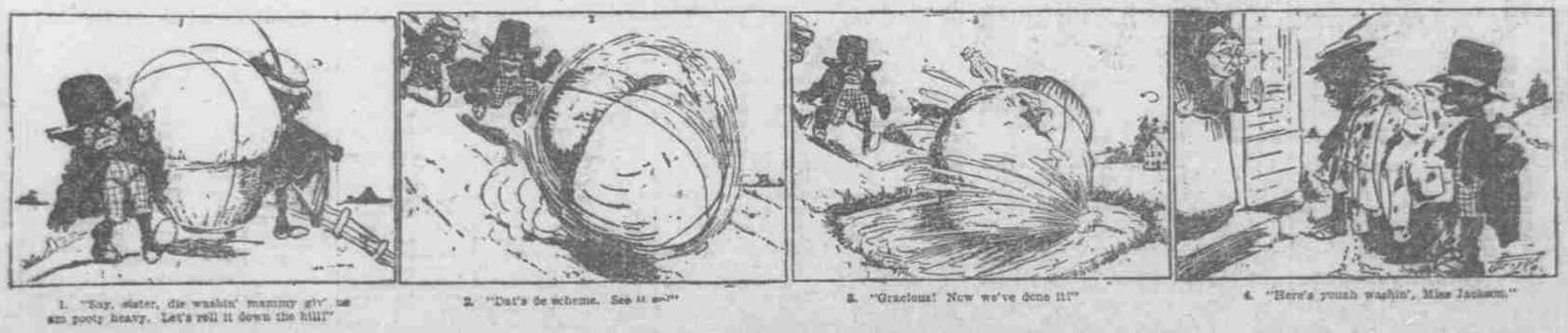
Sellwood, Or., Feb. 19, 1900.

A Selfish Little Elf.



—Mary E. Miller.

SAD STATE IN WHICH MISS JACKSON'S WASHIN' WAS BROUGHT HOME.



1. "Say, sister, dis washin' mammy giv' us am pooty heavy. Let's roll it down de hill!"
2. "Dat's de scheme. See it go!"
3. "Gracious! Now we've done it!"
4. "Here's youah washin', Miss Jackson."