# LARGEST PROTESTANT CHURCH IN AMERICA

## STORY OF THE PHILADELPHIA BAPTIST TEMPLE AND ITS PASTOR, DR. CONWELL

THIS is the story of the rise of the largest Protestant church in the United States, so far as numbers go. This church, "The Baptist Temple," of Philadelphia, is unique in other ways besides large membership.

It was in 1879 that the little Baptist church in historic Lexington fell on troublous times. Its once large membership had dwindled to seven persons. They could not raise the money to pay salary to a pastor, and finally they found it impossible even to pay for an occasional "supply." So the church was closed. The building began to fall into decay, and it seemed that Baptists were to be known no more in Lexington.

But there was one young woman among the membership who had faith that the church might be revived. Among her acquaintances was a Boston lawyer named Conwell. His callings had been multifarious. He had been a soldier for the Union in the Civil War, a newspaper reporter, a publisher in a Western city, was a correspondent in Paris during the Franco-Prussian war and had made and lost two or three moderate fortunes. At middle age he was in a fair way to build up another, but when the story of the Lexington Baptist Church was told to him by this young woman he decided to give it first attention, for the time being at least.

"I'll go to Lexington with you," he told her. "Call a meeting of the survivors and get them to agree to take the necessary legal steps for the sale of the property. Then we'll see what's best to do next."

And so the lawyer went to Lexington. He called the meeting, addressed the seven Baptists and advised them to sell. Thereat a storm of protest raged about his head.

"Sell our church home of a lifetime?" they indignantly burst forth. "Never!"

"Then get a preacher and open the church, if you won't sell," was the answer.

"But we haven't the money," they sorrowfully responded.

The lawyer went to his hotel and spent the night thinking over the situation. When morning came he got a pickaxe, a hammer and a saw and went to the church. He hung his coat on a fence post, then with the pick started to tear down the front steps. He had barely begun when a passer-by named Prosser called over the fence:

"Hello, Conwell! What are you doing?"

"Tearing down the church," the lawyer replied.

"What for?"

"To build a new one."

"Then —— where are you going to get the money?" queried the astonished Lexingtonian.

"Don't know," said the lawyer.

"You—don't know!" The passer-by whistled. Then he walked up to where Conwell was standing. "I really believe you're in earnest," he said as he looked the lawyer in the eye. "I know you are, and, blast me, I'll subscribe a hundred dollars and you can collect whenever you want to."

The man walked away. Conwell began again. The noise awakened the late sleeping liveryman across the way. He stuck his head out of a window. The conversation of a few minutes before was practically repeated. Then quoth the liveryman, after hearing that the man Prosser had pledged $100:

"Say, you'll never get a hundred from old man Prosser. Why, he's the——say, you in earnest, Conwell?"

"In dead earnest." And once more the pick was driven home.

The liveryman called again: "Say, you think you'll get the hundred from Prosser? Know you will, eh? Well, here's my word on it; if you get Prosser's one hundred I'll give you two hundred, or I'm not a liveryman and an honest man."

As the liveryman's tousled head receded, a young woman walked by, and for the third time the lawyer made the same answers to the same questions. When the young woman heard of Prosser's and the liveryman's subscriptions she became excited.

"Prosser promised a hundred and the liveryman two hundred? Well, just wait till I run home and see mamma!" Half an hour later mamma sent round a check for $1000.

In this way $4500 was raised from passers-by the first day.

### Lawyer Turns Preacher.

In a few months a new church had been erected on the site of the old one and about $7000 had been collected, not one cent of which had been solicited.

In the meantime the lawyer felt it his duty to tell the grateful Baptists that he would preach for them until the new church was completed, when they could get a pastor. The first Sunday 27 persons heard the sermon. The next Sunday the old church was filled; the third, hundreds endeavored in vain to gain admission. Every Sunday thereafter there were disappointed hundreds, scores of whom had traveled miles to hear the lawyer-preacher, for his fame had spread.

Gradually the idea began to dawn upon the lawyer that he ought to give up law and preach the gospel for the rest of his life. And so he told the increasing congregation he had been leading temporarily, and for three years he labored in Lexington, after which he went to Philadelphia, where he has built up the Baptist Temple, the largest Protestant church in America.

The Temple's present membership is 2725, and its congregations twice each Sunday in the year—excepting in the Summer months—average over 5000, with many clamoring in vain for entrance.

Its Sunday school has a membership of nearly 2000, its 14 Christian Endeavor Societies have 3000 names on their rolls, and the aggregate membership of the dozen other minor societies is close on 600. It has 1000 members actively interested in missionary work, it supports a half dozen foreign missionaries, and it has given half a hundred ministers to the Baptist church.

It supports three city missions, located in the slums, besides a Chinese mission, and it has been the parent of three prosperous Baptist churches which were once Temple missions—the Tioga church, with a membership of 1600; the Philmont, with a membership of 600, and the Logan, which has about 400 communicants.

It is the most earnest and largest contributor to the Baptist Home for Old Ladies and the Baptist Orphanage. The Sunday Breakfast Association, a unique Philadelphia organization, which feeds thousands of poor every year; the Life Line League and the Point Breeze Mission, whose object is to look after sailors, and the Open Door Mission, for the aid of fallen women—each a large charity in itself—are largely supported by Temple funds and workers.

The Temple has a chorus of 200 voices for 10 months in the year. It gives an annual fair, preparations for which are begun months in advance, and which is attended by at least 20,000 persons.

On an average, 25 religious meetings of various kinds are held in the Temple weekly. This does not include meetings of trustees and business meetings of the various societies. "There's something going on in the Temple all the time." It is a church that is never closed. It contains reading and lounging rooms, which are open to any one whether a member or not, and on Winter evenings hundreds of persons may sometimes be found enjoying themselves socially.

Then there is the Temple College, a unique church annex, which Temple church money has largely supported. Since its inception in 1884 the college has taught 45,424 students, the total for 1901 being 4238, while during the same year over 5000 attended the lectures. There are 60 officers and instructors and 39 courses of study, many of which are on a par with similar courses in the noted universities of the land.

When the college started its sessions were held in the basement of the Temple's predecessor, the Grace Church Building. Now the school occupies a building which cost $100,000, standing next the church, and its equipment is worth $80,000. It has been conferring college degrees since 1892.

Another big institution that is dependent upon the Temple for its existence is Samaritan Hospital. It opened in 1892 with five patients, one doctor and one nurse. It occupied a private dwelling. Today it occupies and owns not only the house where it started, but the adjoining one, and is erecting at a cost of $35,000 an administration and a private ward building. During June of this year it received 122 cases, and at the dispensary 313 persons, who made 1282 visits. The staff now consists of 10 physicians, three resident physicians and 16 nurses. The Temple congregation has raised $100,000 for the hospital's support. The state, recognizing the good work of the institution, last year appropriated $45,000 towards its maintenance.

For the support of all these various charitable and religious enterprises Dr. Conwell and his congregation, in almost 20 years of their joint labors, have raised nearly $800,000. The greater portion of this money has come in voluntarily, without the least solicitation.

But the Temple members and their indefatigable pastor still have large plans in hand. They are striving to increase the facilities of college, hospital, orphanage and home. In short, though the Temple is now the largest Protestant church in America, by its well-tried methods of everlastingly keeping at it, personal contact with the outside world and the exercise of common sense, it means to grow still larger.

According to Dr. Conwell, all the good works of the Temple—even the Temple itself—have resulted from 57 cents. This is the story:

When Dr. Conwell was called to Grace Baptist Church, two squares from the site of the present Temple, he found a church covered with mortgages and Sheriff's executions. Only the basement had been built and roofed over. In one way or another he managed to quiet the creditors and then started to build up the church. As the congregation increased, funds multiplied, the walls were raised and the church finished as it stands today. Soon the completed church became too small, but there was no money in sight for a larger structure and no one—not even Dr. Conwell—had given a new and larger church any serious consideration.

One Sunday as Dr. Conwell was making his way through the crowd surrounding the church and endeavoring to get into the Sunday school he was attracted to a mite of a girl trying with all her energy to make her way through the crowd to the basement door. Dr. Conwell placed her on his shoulders, carried her into the church and put her on a window sill, for there was not a vacant seat, and said: "Never mind, Hattie, some day we'll have a church big enough to hold everybody who wants to get in."

Not long afterwards the child sickened and died. Then her parents sought out Dr. Conwell. "Before she died, Hattie asked us to give you this," they said, handing him a child's purse. "She said she had collected it among her friends for the church you spoke about to her—one large enough to hold everybody who wants to get in."

The little pocketbook held 57 cents.

On the next Sunday Dr. Conwell told the story of Hattie Wiatt and her 57 cents. He did not appeal for funds; only told the simple story. But that was enough, money was forthcoming at once. One man gave $97, another $570, a third $507, a fourth $575, another $700 and then thousands of dollars poured in from all parts of the country. This money secured the lot on which the Temple now stands. Today the 57 cents, mounted on a cardboard, is locked in the strong safe in the business office of the church it helped to build. "And," said Dr. Conwell recently, "this 57 cents not only gave the impetus that has resulted in the Temple; it showed us what we could do, with God on our side."

### Seven the Magic Number.

Fifty-seven cents! Notice the seven! For the story of Dr. Conwell's work as a preacher might well be entitled, "The Many Miracles of the Number Seven."

When he went to the rescue of the distressed Lexington Baptists he preached to 27 persons on the first Sunday.

Arrived in Philadelphia he found the real membership of the Grace Baptist church to be 97. The first year 77 new members were received, the third year the membership was increased by 277; then for five years and three months every Sunday seven persons, no more, no less, were baptized into the church.

The Samaritan Hospital started with seven persons—five patients, one doctor and one nurse.

Seven persons laid the foundation for Temple College. They were young men who came to Dr. Conwell and asked him to teach them theology in the evenings. He did so in the church's basement.

Of the $700,000 which Dr. Conwell has raised for the support of his various institutions, only $17 has ever been received from another church.

Instances are beyond naming where the favorite numeral of the Bible appears in the history of the Temple. In fact, seven has cropped out so often and so unexpectedly that Dr. Conwell confesses that he is superstitious on this point. "I have come to look upon the appearance of seven as a sign from God that it is right for me to undertake the thing that I have asked his advice about," he said. "A few weeks ago I was considering an important financial problem. I prayed to be guided. At the prayer meeting following seven persons stood up and declared for Christ. The next day I put through the financial deal. If seven had not stood up I would have known that the Lord did not want the step taken.

"And here is another instance," the preacher continued. "I wanted a pipe organ in the Temple. It would cost $7500. The trustees were opposed; said we had debt enough already. I prayed to the Lord. At the next prayer meeting, scarcely before I had finished the invitation to join, seven persons sprang up. I went to the trustees. 'Gentlemen,' I said, 'we must have that organ. I'll furnish the money for it.' So I paid down $1500 of my own money, and gave notes for the remainder. The organ was installed."

"The first note to fall due was for $1500. Three days before it was due, while in the Middle West, I received a letter from my wife telling me that the organ firm had inquired about the note; said it must be met on the date due, as their business integrity depended on the cancellation of certain debts with the money. I was overwhelmed. Not a cent was in sight. I hurried to Philadelphia. I reached here Sunday morning, two hours before church time. I went to the church, and with a heavy heart entered the pulpit. Just as I was about to begin the service a woman of the congregation walked to the side of the pulpit. 'My father,' she said, 'lives in Massillon, O. He has always admired you, and he has sent this check to help pay for the organ.' I looked at the little piece of paper. It was worth $1500.

"That morning my sermon was the worst that ever came from my pulpit. My brains went wool-gathering, and I caught myself constantly repeating: 'The Lord showed you the figure seven, why—why did you doubt?'"

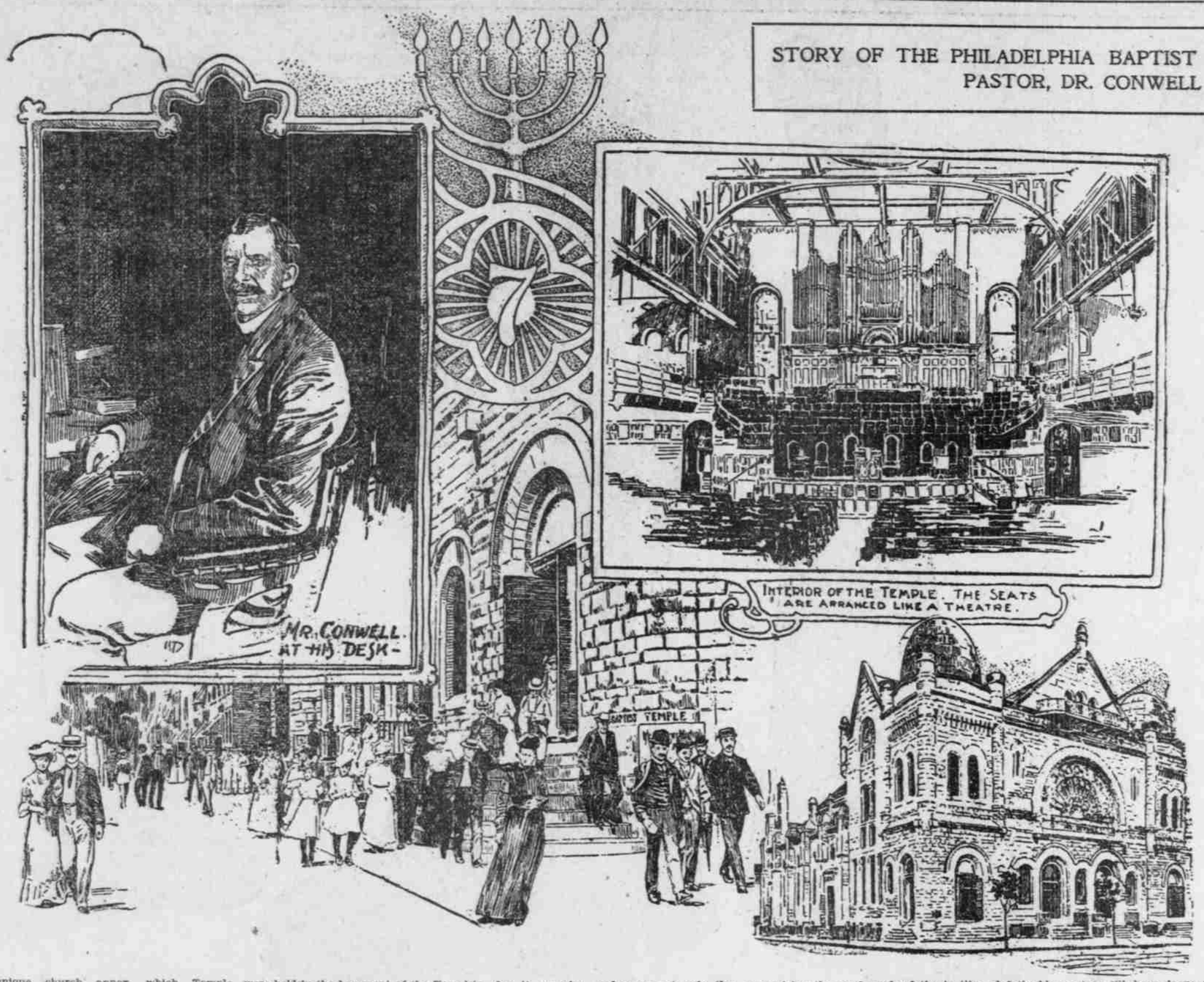
Dr. Conwell paused a moment. Then he added:

"But to me the most remarkable manifestation of the figure seven occurred when a class from the Princeton Theological Seminary came here to investigate the story that for four years seven persons had been converted each week. They, with others, doubted the facts, and wanted to make a test.

"'Come and see for yourselves,' I said. They came. At the usual time I gave the invitation. Gradually four persons arose. Then, after a pause, a fifth, and then a sixth. I waited. No one else stood up. The Princetonians looked triumphant. Once more I earnestly, desperately pleaded for one more, two more, any number, to rise who felt that they needed Christ. And no one arose. I went to the organ, announced the closing hymn and began playing. Scarcely had we started on the second verse when from away down in the congregation a man rushed down the aisle, crying bitterly, and sprang on the platform. He implored the congregation for its prayers. Afterward he told me who he was. He had come down from Shamokin that day for the express purpose of asking us to aid him, but when he got in the prayer meeting, courage failed him and did not return until my heart had been all but broken."

The Princetonians were convinced.

Despite his 60 years, Dr. Conwell is as full of energy as he was 20 years ago. His large frame is still supple, and age has not put a white hair in his head. Once, for 14 years, he was so busy that he could not find time to spend a single evening in his home. He gives the impression that he could be as strenuous again and still survive and look pleasant.




## BACK ON HIS NATIVE HEATH

### ROBERT LIVINGSTONE WRITES ENTERTAININGLY OF DEAR OLD SCOTLAND.

EDINBURGH, Scotland, Aug. 1.—(Special correspondence.)—Robert Louis Stevenson says that the happiest lot on earth is to be born a Scotchman. You must pay for it in many ways, as for all other advantages on earth. You have to learn the paraphrases and the shorter catechism; you generally take to drink; your youth is a time of louder war against society, of more outcry and tears and turmoil than if you had been born, for instance, in England. But somehow life is warmer and closer, the hearth burns more redly, the lights of home shine softer on the rainy street; the very names endeared in verse and music cling nearer round our hearts. An Englishman may meet an Englishman tomorrow upon Chimborazo and neither of them care, but when a Scotsman meets another Scotsman in some far-off land it is like magic.

From the dim shieling on the misty island
Mountains divide us and a world of seas;
Yet still our hearts are true, our hearts are Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.

It was with feelings something like these that I returned to Edinburgh after an absence of several years, and as I looked again on its beautiful gardens and its splendid monument, and, above all, as I stood on the ramparts of its ancient castle and looked over the picturesque city and away over the Forth into the County of Fife, with the Lomond Hills in the distance, I could understand how well the place deserves the title bestowed on it by Sir Walter Scott of "mine own romantic town."

In America we often think of the Old World cities as places which are either falling off in population and influence or just holding their own. But the very reverse is the case as regards all the principal cities in Scotland. Edinburgh has grown at a great rate during the last 10 years, and what were country roads some years ago are now covered with big tenement houses. The population of the city in 1891 was 260,699, and now it is 300,000. The annual rental value of the dwelling houses, stores, etc., in 1890 was $10,000,000, and now it is $10,250,000. The rate of taxation is about 25 per cent on the annual assessed valuation, one-third of this being paid by the owner and two-thirds by the occupier.

Edinburgh is one of the beautiful cities of the world, and draws visitors in great numbers every Summer; the American tourist is very much in evidence, and the canny Scottish storekeepers and hotelkeepers are glad to see him and his dollars. Although Princes street contains at least a dozen hotels now, and there are many hotels in other parts of the city, the hotel accommodation is inadequate, and the two Scotch railway companies are each building huge new hotels to supply the demand. The city believes in municipal ownership of gas works, water works and street-car lines. It has not been very successful with its street-cars, which are run on the cable system. They do things differently in Glasgow, which has the trolley system, and the city corporation has just made a profit of a little over $1,000,000 from the year's working of its street-cars. The cars are built to carry passengers both outside and inside, and the fares are from 1 to 4 cents.

Edinburgh has long been famous for its schools and colleges. It is the seat of the Scotch Supreme Court, or Court of Session, and in consequence the legal profession is well represented in the city. It is something to be a Judge in Scotland. There are 15 Judges in the Court of Session, and they are all men of the highest standing, enjoying a life position, with a salary of about $15,000 a year. The local Judges throughout the provinces receive a salary ranging from $4000 to $7500 a year.

Although Edinburgh is best known because of its colleges and schools, it must not be thought that the city has no commercial enterprises. It has very large printing establishments, many of the books of the country being printed in Edinburgh. It has also large biscuit factories, and a rubber company employs over 5000 men. The breweries are also very important, and Edinburgh ale is exported all over the world. Thanks to the rapidity with which the Scotch highball is consumed in America and elsewhere, the blending of whisky is a large business, and one company, the Distillers' Company, Ltd., has made a profit from the year's operations amounting to $830,000, paying a dividend of 10 per cent on its ordinary shares. Scotch capital, through Edinburgh investment companies, is largely employed in America, and some of the companies have made large profits. There are very few issues of first-class railroad bonds that do not find some purchasers in the Edinburgh market.

I have just returned from spending a "week end" with a friend who rents for the Summer months the minister's manse in a Scotch glen. The glen was in olden times "the land of the Lindsay's," and their castles and strongholds now in ruins are seen at various points as we drive up the glen. It so happened that on the day we selected for our visit the rain fell in torrents. The mountains, covered with the purple heather bell, were shrouded in mist and the Esk was in flood. But to an "Oregonian" the rain was a reminder of home and the warm welcome at the highland manse soon made us forget the discomfort of the journey.

It is a pity that more American tourists do not visit the Scottish glens, but they go in the beaten track, and many of them leave Scotland knowing little about the beauty of the country and less about the characteristics of the people. What a revelation a visit to the Reverend John Stuart, minister of the parish of Lochlee, in Forfarshire would be! He is a man in middle life and enjoys the respect of his parish, which is in the Presbytery of Bachin, and County of Forfar. As we sat by the manse fireside enjoying our smoke, he told me that his parish extends 28 miles long by seven wide, and that the whole of the population in his parish numbered 361, including children. There are two dissenting churches in the parish, and Mr. Stewart's church family consists of 70 members. On Sunday, July 27, when we were guests at the manse, there were 11 people in the church and in Winter it is not uncommon for only two or three people to put in an appearance when the preacher has some hesitation in addressing his congregation as "fellow sinners," but prefers to foregather in the vestry over a pipe and discuss the condition of the lost sheep on the snow-clad hills surrounding the church.

How is the preacher paid at Lochlee? His church is one of the churches established by law and the landowners are taxed for the support of the church. In his case the legal "stipend" amounts to about $1500 a year, and in addition he is allowed about 1000 acres of hill land; and as there happens to be plenty of game on it he rents this for another $1000 a year. Then the preacher is a sheep farmer also, and his lambs bring him about $500 every year. He also keeps bees and his income from that source is about $150 annually, so that altogether the Rev. John Stewart, of the parish of Lochlee, who has a life position, is probably better paid than any preacher in Portland.

What a delightful place the parish of Lochlee is! Here is the Invermark deer forest extending to 20,000 acres—17 miles long by seven miles wide. There are few trees, but there are mountains and crags and beautiful streams in all directions. Besides deer, there are grouse, hares, rabbits and partridges and ptarmigan—a bird very like grouse, except that it turns white in Winter. There is also salmon and trout fishing in the streams. The shooting lodge is a comfortable-looking one-story stone structure, capable of accommodating about 20 persons, and there are stables and kennels, etc. To look after the 2000 deer and the other game there are two head game-keepers, and 10 under-keepers, who live in comfortable houses at various parts of the forest. They are as a rule married men and have a small farm surrounding the house, where they try to raise food for themselves and their ponies.

The shooting tenant at Invermark is M. Achille Foulde, a financial magnate of Paris, and he will arrive August 12, when the shooting season begins and may remain for two months. He brings with him a retinue of about 16 servants and a Roman Catholic priest. The annual rent for the shooting is $22,500, and Mr. Foulde's other expenses are estimated at $50,000. He and his friends shoot annually about 70 stags and as many hinds and about 10,000 grouse, besides hares and rabbits. Pretty expensive shooting, isn't it? This is only one of many similar places in Scotland that are let by the owners to wealthy men who are fond of sport. This vast forest with its thousands of deer and its 300 people is only five hours from Glasgow, with its population of over a million.

The deer forest belongs to the Earl of Dalhousie, a young man at present in South Africa with his regiment. His name is Ramsay and he owns about 150,000 acres of land, much of it under cultivation and let to tenants on long lease. As a landlord, the Earl of Dalhousie is much liked. His father and grandfather were also good men, who did everything to make their tenants comfortable, and it is quite a common thing to find a family on a farm, various members of which have occupied it for from 100 to 200 years. The rents are moderate and the farmhouses and buildings are comfortable and substantial.

The farmers in Glencak raise sheep and cattle, which they sell when about a year old. The breed of cattle is the Aberdeen-Angus hornless black cattle and very fine beef. The cattle when about 2 years old will bring about $60 per head. They are sold to a low country farmer, who feeds them on turnips and straw, and for the last two months adds from four to seven pounds of linseed cake daily. When ready for the market and weighing from 1200 to 1400 pounds, they are sold at auction and may bring about $125, the buyer usually being the agent of a dealer in London where the best Scotch beef finds a ready market. The cattle are killed and dressed in Scotland before being shipped to London.

At this season of the year the county agricultural fairs are being held all over Scotland and the display of horses and cattle is well worth seeing. At the fair recently held in Forfarshire the committee in charge secured as a visitor King Lewanika, of Barotseland, which is in Central Africa, under British protection. The King was over for the coronation, but before returning to his dominion was being taken around the country and the committee caught him in passing and advertised that he was to be present at the fair. It was rumored that the black King had married 18 wives, 12 of whom he had eaten. One old Scotch farmer said that this was a closer bond of union between husband and wife than prevailed in Scotland—and the gate money was the largest in the history of the society. So we protect the King abroad and make money out of him at home.

R. L.

Frederick Goodall, the eminent English artist, complains of the general depreciation in the value of works of art executed by living artists. Some time ago he was earning $50,000 a year, but for the last three years his annual income has not exceeded $5000.

## ADE'S FABLE IN SLANG

### OF EUGENE, WHO WALKED THE LENGTH OF THE COUNTY BEFORE MAKING HIS SELECTION.

ONCE there was a Boy named Eugene.

About the time that he shook the Sailor Collar and began to wear Galluces instead of buttoning them to the Waist, he had his first Attack.

He went off his Feed and moaned in his Sleep. His Mother, not suspecting that the Divine Passion could find room to operate in a 90-pounder, thought he had Cholera Infantum. She began to shoot the Pain-Killer into him, but it failed to touch the Spot.

Little Eugene had gone Mushy on the Lady who taught his Sunday School Class. She was doing her 35th Lap and had a Husband who led the Choir, but these Trifles did not bother the Kid. He had it all cribbed up to kill the Husband in a Duel and carry Loved One off to a lonely Island, where they could live Crusoe Fashion. He used to send Teacher an occasional Card showing a couple of fat Pigeons nestling under a Mess of Spinach, and also a little Couplet to the Effect that as sure as the Vine grows round the Stump she was his little Sugar Lump. He picked her Currants for her and wouldn't take Money for it, and he loafed around the Kitchen when she was making her Apple Butter until at last she sent him Home with a little Note to his Maw, advising her to put him in heavier Flannels and make him drink Sassafras Tea each Night.

Eugene pined away for a couple of Days and then transferred his Pollywog Affections to an Old Maid who stood at the General Delivery Window at the Post-office. He wrote for Seed Catalogues and Terms to Agents, so as to have an Excuse to speak to Angel. She up and married the Station Agent. Eugene had to go out and forget his Sorrow in Baseball and Pull-Away.

In due Time he went to a Fresh-Water College and here he began to yearn for another Kind. It happened that he went out Botanizing with a slender Co-Ed who wore Nose-Glasses and had an Intellect that made a Noise like a Dynamo. Frequently they did their Algebra together, and he wrote Notes to her in Latin telling her that she was All Right.

Along about this time his Idea of Paradise come down to Earth was to own a snug little Library and sit in it every Evening reading aloud to a tall-browed Helpmeet. He wrote several Essays on Women and sprung them on the Pythagorean Literary Society. He said that every Maverick who was cow-trailing around over the Sand-Lots of this dreary Life had an Affinity concealed somewhere in the Brush, and the Game was to hunt her up and then stick to her like Spalding's Glue. He allowed that the real Girline Charms did not depend upon Frizzes and Make-Up. Eugene was strong for the Beauty of Soul which would wear for Years and look just as well on one Side as on the Other.

When he graduated he was keen to do the Library Act with the cogitative Co-Ed. Upon searching himself he found that his Assets consisted of a hand-worked Diploma, a few Dance Programmes and a Badge of the Oota Bazoota Frat. He decided to cut out the Private Reading Circle until he could see his Way clear to get enough to pay for the License.

Having settled in the City, he gave a busy Imitation of a Bright Young Fellow who is trying to side-step the Potter's Field. At the Boarding-House where he coaled there was a Head Waitress who carried a Remarkable Shape for one who had to be on her Feet all day. She never had been beyond the Third Grade in the Grammar School, but when they had Chicken she always slipped Gene the Second Joint and she had his Paper propped up for him when he came to Breakfast. He gave her several long Rides on the Cars and there might have been something doing if Eugene had not had his Salary whooped. He moved into a first-class, gruneless Family Hotel and got into the Habit of carrying Money in his clothes. In the meantime the Co-Ed was off in Minnesota somewhere, teaching School.

Around the Hotel there were all Kinds, and Eugene, who was now 30 and had mislaid his Diploma, found that he no longer had an uncontrollable Desire to buckle up with those who wore Specs and could tear the lining out of Synthetic Philosophy.

When he ambled around after Dinner he had his Port Eye out for a larksome Looloo who would pin Flowers on him and tease him to take her to a Lively Show. He began to buy Flowers for all who were under 22. He framed his Dresser with Carbon Photos of Mazies and Lillians and Madges. One of the upper Drawers smelled like the front part of a Drug Store and was filled with Square Envelopes addressed in the scraggly, dislocated Writing that looks like a Profile Drawing of the Sierra Nevadas.

Eugene was now too Busy to think of Matrimony. He had eight or nine on his Books at one time and the main Joy of his Life was to burn up his Income in such a way that it would give a fleeting Hour of Happiness to a dimpled Bud weighing anywhere from 85 to 115 Pounds.

The Library which he had planned in the Cloisters of Learning consisted of a Date-Book and a Volume telling how to cook Things in a Chafing-Dish.

By-and by it came about that Eugene had a thin Spot on top of his Head. The little Snips who hopped out of the Nursery into Sassiety every Fall started in to call him Papa and Nunky. He began to count the Years and decided that he was due to take the High Jump.

But he did not choose any Lady who taught in the Sunday School. Neither did he swing on any Old Maid at the General Delivery. His Heart did not hone and hanker for any Female Emerson or any stately and superior Head Waitress. Even the Society Queen who had been worked out for a couple of Seasons did not appeal to Eugene. He put his Tag on a blonde Canary 17 Years of Age who spelled Sure with an H and had from 7 to 9 Thoughts every 24 Hours. But she was very Easy to Look at. And the only call that he made on her Intellect was to please regard him as The Works.

MORAL: The only Cinch Method of avoiding Misplays is to wait until one knows his Mind.

(Copyright, 1902.)

### In a Volume of Herrick.

Dear old worldlings gone astray,
You would rather sing than pray;
While you wore the preacher's gown
How you longed for London Town!
When your head ached, then alack!
You, repentant, gave up sack;
Old and worn, you ruthlessly
Bade farewell to poesy;
Full, you never cared for food;
Sated, you were always good.
Julia's beauties you rehearse,
Sing her charms in wanton verse,
But to make poor Julia thine
Not one pleasure you'd resign.
Flattering, you tried to please;
Generous, you loved your ease!

Dear old Herrick, you're a Man
Built upon the human plan;
To the world your fame belongs
For the beauty of your songs—
Glorious poet—not a saint—
Lyric splendor without taint!

—Robert Bridges.