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Education is the art of receiving the experience of others. A man becomes well educated just in proportion to his ability to receive the result of other men's learning. And just so deep and wide as is his ability to receive the best of life around him, so deep and wide should be his inclination to give his best to others.—Stephen B. L. Penrose.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

One hundred years ago today Ralph Waldo Emerson was born, and thinkers the world over are doing homage to his memory on this anniversary.

No other American philosopher ever accomplished as much good for the literary and religious life of his country as did Emerson.

He came at a time when a saviour was needed for the philosophic thought of the nation. The religious thinkers were hovering yet on the verge of a belief in Blue Laws and witchcraft and the politicians were struggling between toryism and democracy.

It was a chaotic, formative period. No man was sure of his ground. Foundations were swept from under thrones, creeds and governments.

As a great light bursting through the darkened windows of the world, came the cheerful, hopeful, fearless philosophy of this man. Order succeeded chaos. The doubtful thinkers of the land swung into rank. Here was a leader come, to lay the flashing sword of thought upon the brazen helmet of bigotry and half superstitious fear of religion.

Fearless, bold, profound—thinking thoughts that rattled like thunder claps among the gloomy mountains of the early century religion, and saying things so full of philosophic meaning that thinkers were staggered at the power of his mind, he strode through the temple of American philosophy, knocking down idols and defacing creeds, with almost sacrilegious hand.

But he was laying deep foundations for the future. Instead of destroying, he was only removing the mask from eternal truth. Instead of tearing down creeds, he was only filling in the decayed and palsted parts, with the living, throbbing essence of life, and soon the entire world of thought was beating in harmony with his new system.

He stood for absolute freedom. He tolerated no bonds. He bowed to no master except God and mind. He lived to better the world. He taught that only mental worth weighed heavy in the final counting-house of human experience and that every man who thinks is a king and every thought that uplifts is a crown upon the brow of that king, the thinker.

The world needs another Emerson today to lead mankind back from mammon worship to the shrine of Mind. The age is ripe for another intellectual savior. Fortune-making has succeeded to the throne and thinking has become the work of cranks and agitators.

Day by day the priceless art of the thinker is being forgotten. Mind and mental force are overshadowed by the giant, avarice and a fortune is much more glorious than an intellect.

The world is waiting for another Emerson to call it back to its senses. Fast living and fast dying—mental and physical, are hurrying the race away from philosophic truth and training. One live millionaire to every million mental corpses, make up the world's population today.

RUSSIA'S SHAME.

The massacre of the Jews in Kishineff excites horror, and brings down

upon the Russian government, which is held responsible, the condemnation of the civilized world. Only a few weeks ago it was announced that all Russian subjects would be granted the fullest religious liberty.

It was also announced that Russia would hold the unspeakable Turk responsible for the massacre of Christians in the Sultan's domain. If Russia permits the massacre of Jews in Kishineff, what right has she to protest against the massacre of Christians in the Balkans?

It is well to hold sympathetic mass meetings in the metropolitan American cities to raise relief money for the victims of the outrages and their families, but condemnatory resolutions will have little, if any, but an exasperating effect upon the Russian government.

All agree with Rabbi Voorsanger, who at the Temple Emanu-El, in San Francisco, said:

"Just as the salvation of the American republic had to come from America itself, so the salvation of Russia must come from Russia. A democratic government is the bar to social injustice and religious persecution alike. Now is the time for the test."

The May number of the "Book of the Royal Blue," a magazine published by the passenger department of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, at Baltimore, Maryland, comes to hand, greatly improved in every way. This book is one branch of a great railway system and yet it is a literary gem in many respects. The May number contains a couple of dozen autographs, poems and sketches by young American authors of note. Among the number being Frank R. Stockton, George Ade, and S. E. Kieser. As a railway literary production it is superb and shows to a large degree the progressive spirit that animates its publishers.

THE EMERSON CENTENARY.

On the eve of the principal day in New York's approaching municipal anniversary week the celebration will take place on an occasion "of less noisy praise." Monday next, May 25, will mark the centenary of the birth of Ralph Waldo Emerson and the Society of American Authors has arranged for a fitting observance of the hundred years at the Waldorf-Astoria. There will be a loan exhibition of Emerson mementoes, first editions, etc., in the Astor gallery, then will come a reception to guests and speakers of the evening, followed by a banquet.

Col. Henry Watterson will divert his attention long enough from Mr. Cleveland of Princeton, to pay tribute to the milder sage of Concord. Other speakers will be President Schurman of Cornell University, Chancellor MacCracken of the University of the City of New York, and William T. Harris, United States commissioner of education. A poem will be read by Edwin Markham. Special guests of the evening will be Julia Ward Howe and Moncure D. Conway.

There seems to be no question that the society's 500 tickets will all be called for. New York is a strenuous city and not transcendental, yet it does know its Emerson and honor him.—New York World.

AN ELOPING FAMILY.

Miss Marcella Arnold Salisbury of St. Louis has run away to be married. When her friends heard of it they said: "No wonder!" And it was none. For three generations in this family there has not been a woman married except after an elopement. Her mother and her mother's two sisters eloped to be married. Her two aunts eloped. Then Marcella's sister, Jenny, ran away and was married. Her mother's mother also had eloped. The records of the family fall to show one marriage in which there was not an elopement.

So when Miss Marcella decided to marry Harry Festes Barbour, and ran away to do it, the friends of the family simply shrugged their shoulders and said that they had expected it. Some of the elopements have been caused by parental objections, but others seem to have been caused simply by a desire to observe the traditions of the house.—Chicago Tribune.

WOMAN REALIZES POET'S DREAM

If the twentieth century woman has become a distinctive type, apart from her type in all ages, it is simply as a real thing, slowly takes shape and form out of the half-limited features of an ideal.

What poets and painters have dreamed and sung about her, the woman herself has brought into living, breathing existence. She is neither better nor worse than of old. She is more developed, more rounded, more complete, but only because she knows more of the art of rightly putting herself together, and of making a perfect and beautiful whole out of the parts of her nature which up to the present time seem somehow to have eluded her grasp.—Brander Matthews in New York World.

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AS ROSEBUDS WILL.

The dew drop loved the rose bud and the rose bud loved the dew. But the frost king, hoary headed, came between the lovers true. O, a million jewels brought he, to entice the rose bud sweet—Ten hundred thousand diamonds and cast them at her feet! The dew drop's tender opals paled before such kingly show—The rose bud chose the diamonds, as rose buds will, you know! And now? O, well, the sequel can be whispered in a breath—She had her hour of splendor, and paid for it with death! —Carrie Blake Morgan in the "Path of Gold."

ANTS O NHORSEBACK.

A French traveler has discovered a new species of ant in Siam, or, at least, a new trail he has never before seen recorded. The creatures were small, of a gray color, and live in damp places. They traveled often and in troops and seemed to be under the direction of a commander who rode on "horseback." M. Meissen, the Frenchman, who noticed this peculiarity, was attracted to these groups by discovering that each company contained a large ant that traveled more rapidly than the others.

Observing them more closely he noticed that each large ant always carried a small gray ant upon its back, though the remainder of the troops were on foot. This mounted ant would ride out from the line, travel swiftly along the column from head to rear, and apparently overlook the maneuvers. M. Meissen concluded from what he saw that this species of ant, while on its travels, is under the direction of a commander though such "ant horses" as the general rides must be rare and valuable, for he scarcely ever found more than one mounted ant in a colony.—Boston Budget.

YANKEE MILLS IN MANCHURIA.

Americans have sought to introduce the modern flour mill into Manchuria, but the government still contracts with Yankee firms to feed its army in the far East with American flour. In fact, for many years to come Manchuria, Eastern Siberia and Corea should be the Mecca for American exports of foodstuff, for both Japan and Russia are pouring millions in money into these regions besides sending tens of thousands of peasants and

artisans annually to develop the land. There is no time for the erection of factories; and, in fact, besides the flour mills the only other American experiment of the kind in Manchuria was a whisky still.

It is barely possible that a unique combination of the two might work well together and bring back to the South Amur region the thousands of peasants who have deserted their fields because of the heavy mists that ferment the grain in the ear, the bread made from grain in that region causing a mild form of intoxication. Could some keen Yankee inventor combine a flour mill and still that would produce real "drunken bread" instead of "mild intoxication" so disheartening to the Russian peasant, who is too often a habitual drunkard, many fortunes might be made in this kind of American machinery.—Collier's Weekly.

FAMILIES IN STYLE.

It is quite the fashion to be conjugal this year and also to exhibit all the olive branches. Proud mothers with carriages filled with young children dash down the avenue in the morning.

Mrs. Frelinghuysen, who was Mrs. Harry Cannon, has three; Mrs. Frederick Allen has the same number. Mrs. Starr Miller always drives with her young daughter, who is much taller than her mother, and Mrs. Adrian Iselin, Jr., rarely goes out without her two daughters, the youngest of whom will not be out for some years.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Laurens Van Alen, until their departure for Europe, drove nearly every day together, and also, until Mrs. Charlie Gelrichs was summoned to Newport at the birth of a grandchild she and her husband were frequently seen together.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lehr are always driving out, and Senator and Mrs. Chauncey Depew are on the avenue at least once if not twice each afternoon and evening.

The senator beams on everyone and looks as if life were one great happy joke. Mrs. Depew is very chic and dignified, with a sweet face. She is wearing a charming hat of yellow straw, trimmed with cherry ribbon and ostrich plumes of two shades of red.—New York Times.

Clara—What are you reading now? Dora—Historical novels. Clara—Do you like them? Dora—Yes, indeed. There is so much I can skip.—New York Weekly.

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