Gems In Verse

An Autumn Day.

again,
Unhurtful autumn, still and passionless,
Whose temperate heart hath known its
sting of pain, e
But not the cruel madness of excess.

Softly and gravely falls her tender kiss On leaf and flower that, unaware of death,
Believe their days must always know the

bliss
And benison of her renewing breath. No maiden charm has she, but the fair Of one grown rich in loving; voice and

face And bearing of a queen, the more a queen Because she rules with such simple

And those who long for hard adventures, yearn To try their strength and bear the pangs of strife, Shall touch her wistful mouth and, glowing, turn Into the stony highway, lords of life.

—Pall Mail Gazette.

War. And this is war!

The vengeful spirit of an ancient race, Clad in brave armor, wounded in pride; The joy of battle in its mailed face, Driving its foemen like a rising tide That swirls the sea folk on the curving beach

And leaves them stranded there to rot and bleach. And this is war! A peaceful highway on a sunny hill, A file of busy ants that bravely toil Until they meet their fellows—stop

And then march onward with the robber spoil, When from the clouds a sudden, driving rain Sweeps them, unheeding, to the flooded

And this is war!

An eddy in the dust, a troubled pool,
A pebble in the river's mighty flow-Man's feeble effort, like the painted fool,
To prove that he is master of the show
While laws immutable uplift the clod
And mold him to the purposes of God!
—Robert Bridges in Collier's Weekly.

Two Brave Soldiers.

Two brave little soldiers, so weary an With marching and battling all day. Were climbing a hill that was cold a forlorn And striving to get up halfway.

The grit of the hill sand blew into their

shoes, mouths and in eyes,
But, try as hey would, not a path could That had not some hateful surprise.

The hill must be conquered, for just at the top There lay a fair land they would gain, Where poor, wornout soldiers could make a stop And rest 'neath a white counterpane.

They broke down completely from hard work and care; They had to "stack arms" for awhile in front of a campfire that sprang up

somewhere And blazed forth in true army style. When out from a thicket that lay in the

A nurse, clad in white cap and gown, Came forward and called them "my pet and my dear,"

And picked up these soldlers so brown

With sponges and lotions the kind nurse soon cured

These soldiers of grime and of woe,

And clean as the clothing they meekly

They sped up the hill we all know. Just there at the summit that

In sight
Which soldiers will fight to command.
And so they both slept, whilst stars
lent their light
To show them to happy dreamland.

What wars and what victories must b Of soldiers so small and so brown, Who, gaining through effort the heights of a bed, Courageously lay their lives down Elvira Floyd Froemcke in

A Fireside Song. Give me a pipe, a light, a book, A log that blazes merrily, A corner by the chimney nook.
A comfortable chair—ah, me.

What of the storm that shricks without! Such spirits of contentment thrive In me I'm half inspired to shout 'Tis good, 'tis good to be alive!" The storms grows flercer, and I slip From out my comfortable chair

And slyly take a modest nip From the well filled decanter there Till, tingling through my joyous veins, The charlots of gladness drive With eager steeds and loosened reins

To own no man, to own mine house, be content with mine own lot, To know no being, man or mouse May bid me do what I would not; know I'm monarch here, no gyve Of d. mning debt to fetter me Ah, me, 'tie good to be alive!

To laugh at fame and scoff at wearth, envy none, to feel the free joyous leap of strength and health In every pulse that beats in me, To bow my head in thanks to God, To dream, to hope, to toil, to strive— Ah, me, it were a soulless clod That is not glad to be allye!

To hear a woman's rustling gown, To bid her come and sit with me, To crave no honor or renown But in her heart and memory; To put my pipe or paper by,
To taste the honey in the hive
Of kisses—ah, 'tis then that I
Know 'tis so good to be alive!

-lvew York Times Good Nicht. Good night? Ah, no; the hour is ill Which severs those it should unite.

Then it will be good night. How can I call the lone night good,

Though thy sweet wishes wing its Be it not said, thought, understood, That it will be good night.

To hearts which near each other me

From evening close to morning light. The night is good, because, my love, They never say good night.

A train of gay and clouded days, Dappled with joy and grief and praise, Beauty to fire us, saints to save, Escort us to a little grave.

"I see that an eastern editor says that as a matter of fact women form clubs simply as an excuse for eating and drinking between meals." "Horrid thing! Is he married or sin-

"Because if he's either he doesn't deerve to be."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

What's the Answerf Jokeley-Here's a conundrum day clock worth?-Philadelphia Ledger. the new year.

FACTS IN FEW LINES

Last year Japan imported foodstuffs exceeding over \$52,000,000 in value. Chinese labor is said to be proving a great success in South Africa-for the mine owners and the cooly owners, Jews whose language is Spanish abound in the east. Constantinople has 52,000, Salonika 50,000, Smyrna 22,000.

One of the peace delegates to the Boston convention says that woman's love for brass buttons is the chief cause of war.

The whole Yukon country is excited over recent gold discoveries on Rosebud creek, a tributary of the lower Stewart river

The progressive policy of the ameer includes the appointment of women doctors at Kabul and the use of electric power in his gun factory.

the Grand Army encampment to be held in Denver next summer.

The city of Reading, England, has Sierras. passed an ordinance requiring that baths shall be placed in all dwelling houses constructed within the borough

A motor car speeding on a road near Huntingdon, England, turned a comwheels, which were smashed. The driver received fatal injuries.

In a dairy near San Francisco the other day an overloaded hayloft collapsed upon sixty cows that were in a barn beneath and either crushed or smothered to death all of them.

The French government employs 17. 148 people in its state tobacco facto-Fifteen thousand seven hundred ries. of these are women. There are also 714 directors, foremen and overseers.

Kansas is getting nearly as bad as Kentucky when it comes to titles. Every one in Kansas now has to have one, and the men who run the soda fountains are now known as engineers. In China spurious coin may be law tank. fully manufactured when it is intended

to be placed in the coffins of the dead. The Chinese believe that these bad coins make the dead just as happy as good coins would. One of the new sports in England is falconry with motor cars. The sportsmen go out in their motors with fal-

which the roads adjoin. manufactured in Germany, the produc-

hundredweight of this article against 170,000 hundredweight in 1897. American investigation has shown

nated by the mosquito, and now the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine is about to send a second expedition to the Amazon to discover if possible the actual cause of the disease. At Para, on the Amazon, the disease is degree.

The "Gnostics," a religious sect, has incorporated and established what is to be the "White City and Temple" in the Hermosa truct, north of Redondo. southern California. Biblical directions the purchase were found in the

Empire of Peace." Charles W. Irish of Nevada has dis covered in the tithing house in Salt Lake City a famous bell that over fifty years ago was transferred from the old capital of Iowa, in Iowa City, to the tower of the Presbyterlan church. from which it was missing the morning after a band of Mormons, westward bound, passed through the city. Mr. Irish will try to have Utah return the

bell to Iowa. Steps have been taken to annex the National Union Printers' home, near Colorado Springs, Colo., to the city. This will be an advantage to both the institution and the municipality. The trustees of the home have accepted plans, for the Cummings Memorial library, and work will begin on the structure as soon as the remaining \$12. 000 necessary to complete the building

fund is secured. The sublime porte, tired apparently of continuous fighting with the Albanians without obtaining any result, seems to have adopted the more insidious plan of weeding out the chiefs. Osman Pasha, one of the most power ful chiefs in Albania, has arrived at Scutari, ostensibly on a visit to the governor of the province. He is stated to be really, however, in a condition of glided exile, and many other chiefs are believed to be threatened with similar treatment.

The longest fence in the world is probably that which has been erected by a cattle company along the Mexican border. It is seventy-five miles in length and separates exactly for its entire distance the two republics. The fence was built to keep the cattle from running across the border and falling an easy prey to the Mexican cow punchers. Although it cost a great deal of money, it is estimated that cattle enough will be saved in one year to more than pay for it.

Great Men.

It is a matter of common observation that at the passing of the great men of each generation there is a pessimistic feeling prevalent that "there were giants in those days." But the feeling has never had any warrant in the actual deficiencies of the oncoming generations. Orators have come and gone and statesmen have come and gone, and sometimes their immediate successors have not been discernible. But in time the men have emerged who have taken their places and who have improved upon the patterns they left -Des Moines Register.

In old times the Saxons used to dance around an apple tree on New Year's eve, singing a song. This was supposed to insure a good crop. Also bells were rung to notify the people of the going out of the old and the coming in of the new year. Another ancient custom in some parts of Engiand was the opening of the house doors that faced the west to let out you. Cokeley-Let's have it. Jokeley the old year, while the doors on the -If "time is money," what is an eight opposite side were opened to usher in

Knowing His Business SAYER

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\$-----IGHT was falling in the San Carlos valley. Already in the canyon where the Overland express wound around the rocky spurs it was dark enough to show the triangle of red lights on the

rear sleeper. At Sadler Tom Burns had taken the train to haul up grade to Casa Grande and thence down to Los Pinos, the end of his run. Tom had taken trains The Western Passenger association through the mountains for many years, has granted a rate of a cent a mile for but so far in his career he had never met that terror of the railroad and express company, the train robber of the

At Mogollan the locomotive stood hard breathing under the water tank, while Pease, the express messenger, came forward and watched Tom oiling his engine.

"Hello, Sam!" said the engineer as he plete somersault, landing upon its poked the long nose of his oil can among the frames of No. 47, "Carryin' any coin with your boxes tonight?" "Dry up, Tom," returned the express messenger irritably. "It's none of your

business what you haul, is it?" "Got some aboard then, eh?" 'aughed Tom. "Well, I reckon there'll be a few of them mountaineers a-lookin' for us

some of these trips." "I haven't got much tonight, but somehow I feel queer. Don't know why I should. I've gone through with more

plenty of times." Big Tom finished oiling and put the cap on his oil can.

"Don't you hev no presentiments, Sam," he remarked, looking around at the lovely country about the water "All ready thar, Jim?"

The fireman on the tender nodded and swung back the spout. "Keep your eye open, Tom, on the mountains," said the express messen-

ger as he started back to his car. Two hours later the heavy train was pounding the grade within a few miles cons and goshawks on their wrists and of the divide. When he sighted the await the advent of the game that is signal lamps of the siding where the driven toward them from the coverts eastbound No. 5 should pass him, Tom sent the air to the wheels to hold her Owing to the use of artificial indigo, until the switch was opened and be could pull into the siding. Here and tion of natural indigo has greatly di- there a passenger dropped off the steps minished in East India. The latter of the Pullmans to look up at the fancountry last year exported only 65,000 tastic cliffs above them. The conductor went into a little shanty serving as a telegraph office for the use of passing trains. There was no operator that yellow fever germs are dissemi- at that point, but most conductors could make shift to report their trains. After a time he came out and went

along to the engineer. "Here's a train order, Tom. Funny, but they were calling when I went in. Usually I have to spend ten minutes constantly present in a greater or less getting the dispatcher to take my re-

Burns took the rough scratch of copy that was handed him and read:

Division Headquer late. Tr. No. 5, one hour late. Tr. No. 5, one hour late. Tr. No. pass 5 at Sandside 7:14.

R. P., Div. Dispatcher. prophecy of Zacharias. The plans of the order again. Then he pushed back

the society are given out in a booklet his cap with a grimy hand and ponentitled "The Imperial Council of the dered. Finally he hailed the conductor, "Say, Bill!" "What's the matter, Tom?" The en-

gineer did not reply, and the con ductor hurried forward into the gloom. "Bill I reckon we'd better not leave! "Not leave! Why not?" asked the conductor.

"Well, I don't like that order "What's wrong with it?"

"It ain't like R. P. to say why an order's changed. Usually it's just an order on"- Burns hesitated a mo ment and then said, "Well, Bill, you know we're carryin' somethin' tonight." "Tom, you've lost your nerve. That order is all ight."

"No, I a a't lost my nerve either. There's somethin' about that order that don't seem natural. I call it a forgery." "I'll go over and call up R. P. He'll

know whether he sent his order or While the conductor was gone several

passengers came forward to learn the cause of the delay. The conductor came running back. "I got R. P. easily enough. He repeated flashed through Burns' head, his foot

the order, and here it is." The new message ran: Cert. Order's all right. Come along Burns eyed the scratch with a suspi

clous eye. Then he picked up his lantern and oil can and started to work on the engine again.

"Hurry up, Tom," cried the conduct or. "We can't lay here all night. We'll tie up the road.'

"I ain't goin'." growled Burns. "Man, you're crazy! There's the der and the order repeated." "I've been runnin' on this road long before you fellows knew a Tonto from a toadstool," said the engineer, "an' I

know old R. P.'s orders. He never sent | hills. no such message as that, an' here's where I stay till No. 5 comes along." "I order you to pull out," said the Tom Burns made no reply. A crown began to grow about the engine, urging

upon its members the advisability of pulling him from the place and letting the fireman haul the train. A person in remarkably well fitting clothes now pushed his way to the front.

"See here, engineer," said he, "do you know who I am?" Burns glanced carelessly down and replied.

"Stranger, I don't keep track of evappeared among the rocks. ery dude what travels over this road." "I am George Richardson," continued ped the telegraph, and here's where the the carefully dressed man, "and s stockholder in the company. Unless you start immediately I shall report your conduct to the authorities." then plunder the wreck," said Burns

"That's right; fire him!" yelled a few of the nearest. "Well, George," said Burns, "the only stock I ever held was a new branded steer down in El Paso. Just you walt until you get to the authorities before

you report me, will you?" Something in the confident banter of side the functionary of the road sat the engineer and in his mysterious sue the carefully dressed man, the stock picion calmed the indignation. There was a momentary hush, and a little child from the sleeper suddenly said:

verely, "your train was four hours late 'Papa, I hear nozzer train comin'. yesterday. What's the explanation?" Far up the canyon an indisti-Lest a bungle at a holdup in the San Carlos," replied Burns. blew down on the cold night all rails began to sing. A shrill siren rang

ble was heard. Louder

bound, thundered by,

saved from, yelled:

The roar that followed showed con

there with a Winchester across his

Over the summit of the pass and

of a great crisis showed itself on hi

face. Then muttering, "I'll risk i

anyhow," he pulled back the throttle

again, and the train rushed on. Vig

orously swung the red flame of danger

but Burns yelled over the boiler to his

no shots were fired. Burns glanced up

suddenly and shut off the steam. A

"Stand by to jump that, Jim!" the en

under the force of the hard applied

"Git back on to that engine."

the others and finally ceased to move.

"Guess you hev the say, pardner,

answered Burns promptly and re-

mounted his cab. One of the revolvers

was pressed into the small of his back

as he went up. He knew what was

meant. He must start down the can-

yon with three desperadoes in his cab

and the express car trailing behind.

leaving the rest of the train staned in

the mountains. Then when a conven-

tent spot was reached there would be

probably to Sam Pease, the express

the dynamite, destruction and death

from the steps of the locomotive and

Then commenced a fusiliade of shots

express car. People poured out of the

coaches, but the Pullmans were locked,

It was a southwestern crowd, conse

quently armed, likewise looking for

trouble. In much less time than it

reads a number of would be train rob-

bers were climbing the neighboring

When the last had disappeared, the

"Tom, this has been a big day for

you. Hello! Here's one of them, eh!

"No; jest banged with a shovel," an-

swered Burns, working away at the

"I want you to come over this side a

moment and see something that will

"What's this?" asked the engineer a

'That's a tap, Tom. Those chaps tap

moment later, handling a curious little

box attached to some wires which dis

orders we got were manufactured."

twisting his cap between his hands. Be

"Burns," said the superintendent se

surprise you," continued the conductor.

conductor stumbled up to Burns.

wounded robber.

thoughtfully.

starting across the track.

didn't," said the conductor.

holder of the company.

many of them from the direction of the

lay groaning beside them.

track," said one of the holdups.

zles.

lars.

dark mass was taking shape on th

wheels for the sound of brakes.

gineer?"

the track.

their lead!"

gineer said sharply.

track.

was all right.

"You don't seem to take advice kindly, do you, Burns?" continued the superamong the cliffs. Then the headlight intendent. "For instance, yesterday blazed into view, and with a blinding you wouldn't take the advice of nearly whirl of wind and sand No. 5, east hundred passengers, including a di rector of the road." The crowd stood amazed till some one, realizing what they had been

"I know my business," replied the engineer, "an' can attend to it without any advice." "What's the matter with the en-

"How long have you had an engine?" "About fifteen years," was the anclusively that the majority thought he

"That is too long, much too long," said the official. "I am going to give Burns lost no time in starting as you something different. Tomorrow you soon as he could get his hands free will receive papers appointing you sufrom the clasps of the men about him. For some ime they rumbled on up perintendent of the San Carlos division. We need a man there who knows his the grade, the express car in darkness giving no hint of the agent sitting business."

knees, listening through the whir of True Mates. Your earnest, manly man doesn't want a woman for a wife who has to down the western slope the heavy be coaxed or won with sweetmeats and wooing, cooing words. She might train slid along. Suddenly Burns instinctively closed the throttle and ornament his home, but he fears that grasped the brake lever. Far ahead a she might insist on being coaxed to get up in time to get breakfast or maybe red lantern swung to and fro across to eat it after he had it ready.

For an instant the great perplexity When two have become well ac quainted they will soon know whether they are mated or not, and this they will know so well that you can't convince them otherwise. He doesn't fall down on his knees and plead with her to give him her heart, for he knows she hasn't the giving of it. Her hand is "Track's clear, Jim, but lock out for all that she controls, and he pretty nearly knows what she will do with Both men crouched in the cab. But

Those who are really mated and are of equal social standing don't have to propose-at least, not in so many words for they know each other's heart so well that they have come to a perfect understanding without saying a wor about marriage.

The train was blinding and pounding Such as these never become jealous brakes. With frightful rapidity the because they have entire confidence in mass ahead seemed to near them. In each other, nor do they act silly or the gloom it appeared to be a labywant to make a grand spectacle of rinth of beams and girders hopelessly their wedding or anything of that sort tangled. In reality it was a few ties Their sole thought seems to be of the and an old rail or two heaped hurriedly home they are going to establish and of the useful, happy life they believe to be before them.

It matters little whether such a these have any money or not, for they are satisfied to work for what they need, and they will get it surely. Pittsburg Gazette.

ODD CHINESE CUSTOM.

It Is Etiquette to Belittle Onesel In China, as in Japan, custom re quires that one who has performed a meritorious service should belittle it. and one who has been see ted for hon-ors should declare him at unworthy Who can imagine an American officholder writing such a letter of accept ance as this, which the biographer of Li Hung Chang quotes from Tseng Kwo Fan, appointed viceroy of Nan-

"Being of no ability and having notwithstanding been intrusted with the most important duties, I have, as I tottered along, failed to do anything meritorious.

"When some years ago I went to Shangtung I did not succeed in subduing the Nienfel, but returned to Nankin and was ever after ashamed of myself. Last year I was graciously nominated viceroy of Chill, but I made unsuitable appointments, mismanaged the army and failed to do any good for the Yellow river. I tremble on the track. The impact of the nearly as I think of my blunders, and in constopped train threw some of these off. sequence I am overwhelmed by the The locomotive mounted slightly on gracious order which directs me to resume my former important post and Burns and his fireman jumped down thus displays your majesty's confidence just in time to gaze into revolver muzin me instead, as would be just of reprobating me for my worthlessness "Git back on to that engine an' head down the canyon. We'll clear the

and dismissing me." As it happened, this was from one of the most honest and best beloved Chinese who ever governed Nankin and was almost worshiped by the peo

ple of the province POINTED PARAGRAPHS. An awkward man in society is usu

ally a thoroughbred in business. The only case of overwork we know of, though many claim it, is that of the growler. A great many people tell not the way

like to have it. clerk, and the loss of thousands of dol-To win in this world you must have When the last of these ideas had more confidence in yourself than you really amount to. was on the platform between the en-Here is the mark of one who boards

gine and tender and the handle of Search him, and you will find some Jim's coal shovel invitingly near. There thing to eat in his pockets. was a sudden twist of the engineer's Give father credit for one thing a body, a flerce motion in the dark, the least-at his place at the table there report of a pistol. Something slipped are no wads of chewing gum on the

> underside. When you attend a circus turning somersault looks easy, and when you attend a lacture talking in public looks easy.-Atchison Globe.

The Lease of Life.

It is the inevitable law of nature that we must die. The vital energy that is implanted in the body at birtl is only meant to sustain it for a certain number of years. It may be husbanded or wasted, made to burn slowly or rapidly. It is like the oil to a lamp and may be burned out to little effect in a little time or carefully husbanded and preserved and thus made to last longer and burn brighter.

It is a moot question whether every individual is not at birth gifted with the same amount of vital energy and of life sustaining power. The probability is that each is. The circumstances of the environment from the cradle to the grave determine its future destiny.-Gentleman's Magazine.

More Than Skin Tight.

Senator Joe Blackburn, who was quite a dandy in his younger days, once ordered a pair of trousers from his tailor, and as the fashion then was to wear tight nether habilaments he "So them fellows planned to hev us emphatically demanded that this parrun into Five on the down grade an' ticular pair be skin tight. In due time the trousers were sent home and tried on, whereupon the senator sent for the "It was only your fault that they tailor and proceeded to open fire. What in the blankety blank blank Twenty-four hours later Tom Burns have you done with these trousers?" he stood on the carpet before the desk of demanded. "You told me to make them the general superintendent, nervously skin tight, sir," faltered the tailor "Yes; but, by the great horn spoon, you overdid it," roared the senator. "I can

sit down in my skin, but I can't in

these trousers.'

NEW SHORT STORIES THE POOR OF BERLIN

A Dangerous Country. "Ireland is un so dangerous a co try to travel in as it used to be," said Victor Herbert. "The Irish are not

such fire eaters now as they once were. "Samuel Lover, the Irish novelist, was my grandfather, and Le in middle life had in Ireland an experience that illustrated well the perils of travel at that time.

"My grandfather was on the way to Cork. He was traveling by coach, and on a certain day he stopped for lunch-

con at a roadside inn. "A servant led him to an upstairs room, took his order and retired. "My grandfather drew up his chair to the table, and soon the servant, reappearing, set before him a plate that contained half a grilled chicken. My



"HE'S SAFE! HE'S SAFE!"

grandfather was about to fall to upon the chicken when-cr-r-rack-his plate split clean across, and the fowl shot up nearly into the ceiling. At the same time a waiter, pale and tremulous, ran into the room, crying: 'He's safe! He's safe!'

"'Who's safe?' said my grandfather

"'Mr. O'Musgrave,' said the waiter. The captain fired in the air.' "It was, you see, the bullet of duelist, and of an indoor duelist at that, which had come up through the ceiling and interrupted my grandfather's meal.'

A Poor Remedy. President Finerty of the United Irish League of America was talking during the recent New York convention about a remedy for Ireland that he did not

approve. "It is a senseless remedy," he said, 'It is an illogical remedy." He smiled. Then he went on:

"Suppose you were a gardener. And suppose you got a position with a man whose front garden contained a heap wall or outhouse or something of that sort. "And suppose your employer should

"'James, my son, I don't like the looks of this great heap of refuse here in the front of the garden. I want you

to dig a hole and bury it.' "You would reply, naturally enough "'I can dig a hole and bury it, sir But what will I do with the dirt from the hole that will be left over?" "Suppose in this difficulty your em

ployer should consider a little while and then say: "'Dig the hole big enough to hold

dirt and rubbish both.' "You wouldn't think that much of a remedy, would you?" - Los Angeles

A Frank Admission. The Rev. Dr. George P. Mains of the about volumes of sermons that had been profitable and popular, says the New York Tribune.

"Not many ministers, though," h said, "are able to put upon the market a thing is, but the way they would profitable and popular volumes of sermons."

> Then Dr. Mains smiled. "I am reminded," he said, "of an elderly Scottish minister. At an evening gathering a certain volume of sermons came up for discussion, and it was

stated that the author of the volume had cleared something like £500. "At this the old minister's leaned over and whispered to him: "'My dear, I see nothing to hinde

you from printing a few of your ser mons too.' "They were all printed lang syne, the old minister whispered back.'

General Sherman a Benefactor. My uncle, General Sherman, was very fond of attending the theater. He rest of us lesser mortals, who dare not express our real thoughts, to having bibulous, selfish men stumble and push over his knees to get out between the acts. One evening a young man with the clothes and voice of a gentleman began to crowd his way to the aisle from the end of a row in which Gen-

eral Sherman was sitting. "I beg a thousand pardons, general, he said as he reached my uncle, "but may I get by you?"

'Yes," said my uncle coolly as straightened his knees behind the young man, "If you don't come back." The general enjoyed the rest of the play in peace and received the heartfelt thanks of every one in the row .-Helen Sherman Griffith in Lippincott's

Not Critical. "Is your husband's condition criti-"No," answered the patient looking

Magazine.

woman. "That's what makes me think he must be sick. He doesn't find any fault at all."-Washington Star. The Professor. "Certainly," observed the doctor in reply to a question, "tight lacing, habit

ually practiced, often causes red noses.

"But light tasting, habitually prac-

ticed, causes more of them," replied the

professor.-Chicago Tribune.

Misery Dare Not Lie About In the Parks and Public Places. "What," I exclaimed in Berlin, "are there no poor in this city? Are you al-

HOW THEY ARE SUPERVISED BY THE

CITY AUTHORITIES.

Begging Is Not to Be Seen on the

Streets of the City, and Rags and

together without rags and wretched-"My dear friend," said the German, winking a heavy eyelid, "we are a very .

clever people. We do not show our dust bins." Berlin is ruled by municipal experts. It has its wretchedness and its despair, but these things are not permitted to ncrease. To be out of work in Berlin

s a crime, even as it is in London, but

with this difference-in Berlin the municipality legislates for labor in a fashion which makes idleness all but indefensible. The laws to this end may not comneed themselves to English minds, for the Germans are not soft hearted in such matters, but they have this engaging recommendation, they succeed. Let a ragged man make his appearance in Friedrichstrasse or the Lindens or in any of the numerous open spaces, and a policeman is at him in a minute. "Your papers!" demands the man of law. The beggar produces his documents. If it is proved that he has slept in the asylum for the homeless

more than a certain number of nights

he is forthwith conducted, willynilly, to

the workhouse and made to labor for his board and lodging Now, the workhouse in Germany is not a prison, but the vagrant would as leave go to the one as to the other. The administration of the workhouse is conducted with iron severity. Every ounce of bread and every drop of thin soup consumed by the workhouse man is paid for a thousandfold by the sweat of his brow. So it comes about that the man least disposed to work, the born vagabond, finds it more agreeable to toil for his bread in the market than to fall into the hands of

paternal government. Berlin takes advantage of the system in Germany which numbers and tickets every child born in the fatherland. No man can roam from district to district, changing his name and his life's story with every flitting. He is known to the police from the hour of his birth to the hour of his death. For a few pfennigs I can read the history of every person in Berlin. Therefore the municipality has an easy task. Every citizen's life story is known to them, and every vagrant is punished

for his crime against the community. Moreover, every person of humble means is insured by the state. Even clerks, shop assistants and servants are compelled to insure against sickness and against old age. This insurance is effected by the pasting into a book of certain stamps every week, and it is the duty of each employer to see that this contract is faithfully obeyed. And the state has at Beelitz an enormous sanitarium costing 10,-000,000 marks (£500,000), where the inof stones and rubbish-the ruins of a valided citizen is sent with his pension in order to expedite his valuable return to the ranks of the wage earners. It pays the city of Berlin to t its sick and cherish its invalids. The whole object of the municipality is to secure the physical and intellectual well being of its citizens, and on this task it concentrates its labors with amazing energy.

Berlin has a huge building resem bling a factory where the unemployed, whole families, are received and provided for, but no one must take advantage of this hospitality more than five times in three months. Consider this point of view. If you are homeless five times in three months you are dubbed a reckless creature and packed off to the workhouse. Private enterprise has provided another asylum where the homeless may come five times in one month and where the police are not allowed to enter at night. I have visited Methodist Book Concern was talking this place and seen the people who attend it, some decent enough, others criminal in every line of their faces. There are many of these desperate men in Berlin, many of these dirty, ragged and unhappy wretches, doomed from the day of their birth, but they dare not show themselves in the decent world as they do in London. They slink into these asylums at 5 o'clock they have their clothes disinfected; they cleanse themselves under shower baths; they eat bread and drink soup and then they go to bed at 8 o'clock

like prisoners to their cells. Now, this system is a hard one, for when once a man gets down in Berlin it is almost impossible for him to rise. But it has this clear advantage-every body feels that it is better to work than to fall into the hands of the law. Rags and misery dare not lie about in the parks or scatter disease through the crowded streets. If there is any virtue in the unemployed the state will cortainty develop it as well as it is posalso objected strongly, along with the sible to do so. There is a central bureau for providing men with work, and when a man knows that not to work means the workhouse he solicits empioyment here and elsewhere with such a will as almost compels wages. In one year the state has secured employ-

ment for 50,000 men. The citizen is provided with sanitary dwellings, with unadulterated food, with schools and technical colleges and with insurance for sickness and old age. For a penny he can travel almost from one end of Berlin to the other by electric tramway or electric railway. His streets are clean, brilliantly light ed and noiseless; his cafes and music halls are innumerable. He lives in a palace. And all this is the result of municipal government by experts in-

stead of by amateurs, -London Mail.

Blue beavers are much worn. A size ble hat has a boat shaped crown and rather wide brim rolled up on the left side. The short backed brim is bent down. A knot of blue panne velvet in front, with a couple of ends to the right back, holds two plumes of cock's feathers, the front one short and much curved on the end, the other long and drooping to the left back brim. The exaggerated crowns will be avoided by women of taste. Some of these are six inches high. The average is three inches for the usual large hat.