

Gems in Verse

We, Crown Old,
I, who yesterday was young
Now am old indeed;
All of youth a glad song sung
All a story said
It was Love who sang the song
Love the story told
Ah, but we no more sing
We, grown old.

Only yesterday I quailed
Life's enigma I viewed
Only yesterday I laughed
Youth's light I gazed
It was Love who played the flute
Brimmed the cup of gold
Ah, but we remember none
We, grown old.

Only yesterday my eyes
Held youth's marvelings;
Nay, it is not time that flies—
Love alone has wings.
Time glides slow in very truth;
Love—what man may hold?
Ah, we know who fled our youth,
We, grown old.

"Show Me."

Do you know Mr. Tell-you-how? He is
The man who eyes
Your patient when you succeed with
sneers he can't disguise.
No matter what your work may be—
perhaps it's selling nails
Or keeping books or selling goods or may-
be splitting rails—
But Mr. Tell-you-how will come and ven-
ture to suggest
Another way for you to work, and then
you should say
"Show me!"

Just when you're hustling at your task
with all your main and might
Comes Mr. Tell-you-how to say he doesn't
think that way
"Now, what you ought to do," says he—
"of course, it's not my trade,
But if it were, why this and that and other
moves I'd made,
And, while you're doing pretty well, I'd
choose another way."
Right then 's the time to hand your tools
to Tell-you-how and say:
"Show me!"

Behold, the tribe of Tell-you-hows are
most equipped with talk.
You say, "I'd rather do this than that,"
then on their way they walk.
You may not be entirely sure of what
success your efforts shall
But what you want is acts, not words,
from those who want to teach.
And so when Mr. Tell-you-how begins to
interfere
You'll find relief if you will pause and
murmur in his ear:
"Show me!"

—W. D. Nesbit in New York World.

The Book of Wars.

When the book of the wars of men is
done
And the story is truly penned
From the yellowing page of the tale be-
gin
To the chapter that holds the end,
When the trumpets of peace the world
around
Have blent in a chorus grand
And the battlefields shall no more be found
As a shadow above the land,
Will we keep the book of the wars of men
In a high and honored place
That our children's sons may be thrilled
again
With the stories their eyes may trace?
Will we cherish the book in faithful pride
That men of a future age
May acquaint themselves with the ones
who died
That the volume might have a page?
Will the book of the wars of men tell
truth?
Will it mingle the songs and cheers
With the sacrifice of the beardless youth
And the dew of a mother's tears?
Will it blazon in gold the noble deed
That won a forgotten fame?
Will it tell of the gripe of a ceaseless
grief
That has wrought for a nation's shame?
Oh, the book of the wars of men! It waits
Till the wakening of the world,
Till the banners that tell of scorn and hate
In the glory of peace are furled!
Will we keep it to tell of rolling drum
And the peals that the fiercest know,
Or to speak to the men of the days to
come
Of the way that they must not go?
—Chicago Tribune.

The Dog's Cold Nose.

When Noah, perceiving 'twas time to
embark,
Desired the creatures to enter the ark,
The dog with a friendliness truly sub-
lime
Assisted in herding them. Two at a time
He drove in the elephants, zebras and
gnus
Until they were packed like a boxful of
screws—
The cat in the cupboard, the mouse on the
shelf,
The bug in the crack—then he backed in
himself.
But such was the lack of available space
He couldn't tuck all of him into the place,
And so, though the rivers rushed over the
plain
And down from the heavens fell blankets
of rain,
He stood with his muzzle thrust out
through the door
The whole forty days of that terrible
pour!
Because of which drenching, the sages
unfold,
The nose of a healthy dog always is cold.
—Arthur Gutterman in New York Times.

Love.

Love is like the glass,
That throws its own rich color over all
And makes all beautiful.
—London.

In love there's no such word as absence!
The loved one, like our guardian spirit,
walks
Beside us ever, shines upon the beam,
Perfumes the flower and sighs in every
breath!

—Bulwer.

Love rules the court, the camp, the
grove
And men below and saints above,
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.
—Sir Walter Scott.

The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns
from fear;
The rose is sweetest when washed with
morning dew,
And love is truest when 'tis washed
in tears.
—Shakespeare.

The world's an inn; all travelers are we,
And this world's goods the accommoda-
tions be.
Our life is nothing but a winter's day,
Some only bask in the sun and so away;
Others stay dinner and depart full fed;
The dearest gay but sups and goes to bed.
He's most in debt that lingers out the
day;
Who dies betimes has less and less to
pay.
—Poor Richard's Almanac.

An Odd Opinion.

Do I believe in putting a stop to
swearing? No, I don't. If you prevent
the workman from swearing, and
thus relieving his feelings, what will
happen? Why, he will go home and
murder his family.—G. Bernard Shaw.

Who'd Have Been Woe?

Church—I had to walk the floor all
night with the lady. Can you think
of anything worse than that? Gotham
—Yes, you might have married out in
Ghana [where the nights are six
months long].—Yankee Statesman.

My Lady's Ride

By CLINTON ROSS

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ROB RENEW rode to his sister,
Miss Renew of Beechwood,
and told her of his plan, and
he rode away.

On his chair in his room lay a scar-
let captain's suit, fresh from London;
on the floor a display of new boots.
How would the coat become her and
the boots fit her? Her face was the
captain's that beardless officer oft was
styled "the girl", her mouth, blue eyes,
brow, exactly like his.

Of a mood to see, her gown was
thrown aside, and presently, before
the mirror, in counterfeited presentment,
stood our Captain Renew. "Ah, Rob,
were I you—were I you! But I am."
Could she but have those muscles of
steel his slight figure held! Ah, but she
had his will, and, rather more than
his, her own. So she strutted and
grimaced, "Oh, Captain Renew" and
"Ah, captain!" and, imitating Madam
Pendleton's voice, "You tomboy!" to
be stopped by Belinda's grinning black
face.

"Mr. Jim Napleton of Glenral Wash-
ington's—and scandalous ragged for a
Napleton—askin' for you."
"Soldiers?"
"A whole regiment passin'!"
The scarlet trappings flew about like
rose leaves in a gust, and five minutes
after 'twas my little lady of Beech-
wood who entered to Napleton.

"I was passing and could not stop—"
"Why, indeed, you should!"
"And I came, besides, to tell you Rob
is taken—our prisoner, but don't worry."
"Law, Rob caught!"

"Poor Rob—luckless Rob! How was
he to surprise them at dinner that
night at Ballow's? She sat down in
dismay, her face in her hands, and,
presently looking up, she found Jim
Napleton on his knees before her.

"I can't have you cry, Clysta! I can't
have you in tears, and a prisoner has
good care, believe me."
She laughed.

"Get up," said she. And up stood
the redoubtable Napleton, while, as it
would happen, his orderly burst in. "I
beg pardon, sir, but 'tis time, as you
told me to call you, sir."

"Presently—I mean now—Jenkins."
And he nodded in a confusion of words
and love, "Goodby, Miss Renew." She
was tempted to call after, "Do you dine
with them tonight at Ballow's?" but
she did not, remembering Rob's plot.
"Poor captive Rob!"

She sat down, crossing her knees
with her hands. "So they caught him,
and now Potter and the men are wait-
ing him at the crossroads with no one
to lead them." "And," she went on,
"who could lead Rob? Could I?
Could I get there? And why not?
And wouldn't they follow me? What
was the girl's name in Shakespeare?
Rosalind! Law, I'll be she, I will!"

By this time she was in Rob's boots
and skirts, and on went breeches and
boots and then the coat, an admirable fit
considering. The hair was caught in
the knot and topped with a cap.

"Now, then, I'll be Rob, and Rob's
self shall ride to the men at the Forks,
and Rob's self will say, 'In faith we
ride to their dinner at Ballow's!'"
Said she.

Presently, with Rob's scarlet, Rob's
spurs, Rob's hat and her own, Clysta
was on the road. The twilight was
long faded, and there was no moon
when she found Rob's lieutenant, Pot-
ter, and the men in hiding in the wood
at the crossroads.

It was midnight at Ballow's, a hot
July night of 1781. The officers had
dinner in the long room, hung with
antlers, its floor strewn with lynx and
fox and bear skin.

There Ballow, a trim little man—at
his tongue's end all the gossip of Vir-
ginia—bustled about, Napleton was
telling of the capture of his neighbor
and foe, Rob Renew.

"A good fellow, though," said Cap-
tain Renew, "and you failed to see the
fair Clysta when on the Beech-
wood road?"

"Not he, not he! Don't you believe
it."
"Yes, I stopped," said Napleton.
"To the lady of Beechwood?" cried
one, raising high a beaker of Ballow's
Canary.

They all rose, our officers and gentle-
men taking this little gayer in pass-
ing. The spluttering candle shamed
their flushed faces.

"And here's to fair Clysta of Beech-
wood!"
At the moment one stood in the door
and bowed, part in anger, part in sur-
prise, and perhaps a little in pleasure.
Turning, they saw the intruder—dusty,
flushed, martial, menacing, the scarlet
figure of "Our Captain Renew."

Jaws fallen, glasses suspended, they
turned to face this apparition, debon-
air and insolent.

"For us of Beechwood," said Renew,
"I thank you." Behind him crowded
the king's troopers, striding to the table
he caught up a bottle still half full
of good Canary.

"I'll change the toast to George, the
king," and he did effectively.
They drank with a line of men be-
hind to shout it hoarsely, while a ser-
geant enforced the position with an
admonition to keep hands well up from
hills and plate.

Napleton, in open eyed wonder, saw
his quondam prisoner, and he, seeing
Napleton, edged away into the next
room, near tumbling over Mrs. Bal-
low's boxum self. "Ah, Mr. Rob, 'tis
as in the old day of foxes tonight," said
Our Captain.

"A good old day of foxes tonight," said
Our Captain.
"And your old acquaintance, Mr. Jim

Napleton, mong em."
"So I noted."
She would have twirled a mistake
had she it, when suddenly Mrs. Bal-
low's fat hands pounced on her shoul-
ders.

"Law—ah, my bonny lady, 'tis not
Captain Rob, 'tis
Our Captain Renew away. "Enough!
Pen and ink! Quick!"
"Here, miss."
"What?"
"I mean Captain Renew, sir."
She was chuckling, her fat sides
shaking.

"You know I am as much for the
king as you, and every bit of this body
for you, miss."
"Hold your tongue," said our Cap-
tain, and, picking up his hat, he wrote:
To Earl Cornwallis, County York:
My Lord—I caught tonight a baker's
dozen of your officers, with their horses
and servants, who were gathered for din-
ner at a crossroad tavern, a safe enough
spot, they thought. 'Twas not proven so.

She paused, thinking how to sign it,
and then went on:
My brother, Captain R. Renew, was
made prisoner this morning. I crave,
my lord, as a favor, that you may en-
deavor to exchange him for one of these
prisoners, Mr. J. Napleton of Culpeper
(known among the rebels as "Colonel").
This matter I deem feasible. I am, my
lord, yr's obediently,
CLYSTA RENEW,
Of Beechwood House, New Kent,
Virginia, July 21, 1781.

She folded it and sealed it with the
hilt of Rob's sword for impress. "This
for my lord general," she said to Rob's
lieutenant, Potter.

"All's well," said he. He had forgot-
ten this was not the real Captain Re-
new, for surely never had Captain
Rob borne himself more capably. "I'm
reminded that one of the prisoners,
Colonel Napleton, insists on a word
with you."

"Does he know that I am not Rob?"
The will was suddenly faint.
"I fear me he does," said honest Pot-
ter.

"I'll not see him; I'll not see him.
Get 'em all on to York." She looked
despairingly at breeches and boots.

"A great feat, Miss Clysta, and, de-
pend on it, I'll bring the prisoners safe
to York," said Potter.

Five minutes after she heard the
clatter of hoofs and knew they were
gone. Then she sat down, trembling
at what she had done.

And Beechwood was seventeen miles
away.
A week after Madam Pendleton and
her niece were at dinner, the latter as
demure and nice as you please in a
confection of a frock, when Belinda
announced a man from York with let-
ters.

"From York?" asked madam.
"One from my Lord Cornwallis," said
Clysta, breaking the seal.

"From my lord, indeed. He knows
us, and what says he?"
Said Clysta, in some confusion: "A
pretty, a well phrased note, some re-
ply for what was done at Ballow's."

"My Dear Madam—Surely never was
loyalty so finely expressed as yours. You
are the toast of all. And, in passing,
I have the pleasure of reporting that
I have had your brother, Captain R. Re-
new, in exchange for your Colonel Na-
pleton. With a further expression of our
sense of debt to your fair self, coupled
with the sincerest congratulations, I am,
my dear madam, your humble, devoted
servant,
CORNWALLIS."

"'Tis good of Earl Cornwallis," said
Madam Pendleton, "to write you this
language as that," he said.

"By the way, it isn't parliamentary."
"It may not be parliamentary, Mr.
President," vociferated G. Watkins
Spruling, loosening his collar and roll-
ing up his sleeves, "but, by gum, it's
congressional!"—Chicago Tribune.

Rules for the Sickroom.
In a sickroom open the door promptly
without rattling the handle.
Walk in quietly, but do not take os-
tentatious care to glide absolute sil-
ence. Don't pause and murmur in-
quiries to the nurse, but go straight to
the bed and speak in a clearly audible,
everyday tone to the patient.

Choose topics of interest that will
entertain without being exciting, leav-
ing a few new ideas with your invalid.
Need for pleasant recreation after
your leave taking and making only a
passing reference to the present malady.

Look as fresh and pretty as the pow-
er in you lies, and thereby act as an
unconscious tonic to your friend. Avoid
any article of dress that jingles or rus-
tles.

Having risen to say goodby, go in-
stantly without lingering over last
words or pouring forth exaggerated
condolences and hopes.

For some time astronomers have tried
to adapt the stereoscope to astronomy,
says Cosmos, Paris, and very satisfac-
tory relief photographs of the moon
have been obtained by taking views at
sufficiently long intervals and utilizing
the slight swinging of the moon to and
fro in space. The moon appears in ex-
aggerated relief.

A new rural free delivery route has
been opened from Sabalaus, Me., in
which the mail carrier enjoys the
unique experience of driving into four
towns and three counties in his circle
of twenty-five miles. The towns are
Whiter, Bowdoin, Litchfield and
Wales, and the counties are Andros-
coggin, Sagadahoc and Kennebec.

Vickers, Sons & Maxim have pro-
duced in the 2,000 ton Maxman the
fastest turbine driven merchant steam-
ship afloat. She completed a two days'
trial in the fifth of Clyde, in which
she attained a maximum speed of
twenty-three and a half knots, which is
about one and a half knots faster than
any turbine driven merchant vessel
yet constructed.

Not Needed.
"Do you favor the whipping post for
wife beaters?"
"No," answered the woman who has
been several times married. "The fat-
iron or the stove lifter is good enough
for me."—Washington Star.

Out.
"He's out a good deal tonight, isn't
he?" "He was last night. I won a
hundred from him."—Cleveland Plain
Dealer.

True diplomacy is to get all you can
with as much courtesy as you can.—
Rev. Boyd Carpenter.

ton indignantly" half in anger,
"But still it is God and my right."
And he looked at the scarlet cheek of
my Lady Clysta of Beechwood.

The Maniac and the Mirror.
"Many persons who are superstitious
regard the breaking of a looking glass
as an omen of bad luck," said a trav-
eler, "but I had an experience once
where I think that the breaking of a
looking glass was the means of sav-
ing my life. I was a keeper in one
state insane asylum at the time. One
evening about 11 o'clock I was sitting
in my room reading when I heard the
door suddenly open and, on turning
around, was startled to see one of the
patients, a man whose mania often
took a most violent form, standing in
the doorway. He had always been
kept under lock and key, and how he
managed to get out is a mystery to
me to this day. I tried to appear as
cool as possible and asked him what
he wanted. 'I have come to kill you,'
he replied, at the same time taking
from his pocket a pistol which he had
gained possession of in some unac-
countable manner. As he advanced
toward me his eyes wandered around
the room, when all at once he saw his
own image in a large mirror that hung
on the wall. His whole demeanor
changed in an instant, and, seeming
to forget all about me, he crept to-
ward what he supposed to be another
man. Suddenly, with a yell, he raised
the pistol and fired point blank at
his image in the glass. The mirror
was broken into a thousand pieces.
His back was turned to me, and in an
instant I sprang upon him and held
him till help arrived. I have always
thought that glass was the means of
saving my life."

What She Recognized.
People like to be told what they al-
ready know, to hear about old friends
and old interests. Absolutely new in-
formation has nothing in the mind to
hitch to. This story from the "Mem-
oirs of a Child" is an illustration:
"Once, probably before the child's
school days began, somebody took her
to a school commencement, and a gen-
tleman made a long, long address, to
which the child listened with respect-
ful attention. The general sound of
the words was familiar to her, and she
was hardly aware of the fact that she
did not at all understand.

But all at once he said something
about a pink sash, and the child look-
ed around at the person who had
brought her and laughed delightedly.
She knew what a pink sash was, and
she knew he was saying that girls
liked to wear pink sashes. And, oh,
how refreshing it was! Then and there
the child decided that it was a very
nice speech.

Better Precedent.
The Punksville Debating society was
in regular session, and G. Watkins
Spruling was making an earnest plea
on the affirmative side of the question,
"Resolved, That man's every act is the
result of a selfish motive."
"I go further than that, Mr. Presi-
dent," he said, "about three-fourths
of the things a man does is because
an ocellus man, with shining dark eyes,
black hair and a red face."
The big bear hound which pulls the
vegetable cart through the streets
presses his full weight against the
legs of the English visitor and drives
him slowly and resolutely to the wall,
where he holds him prisoner till the
master, laughing, and the housewife,
apologizing, call him off. We learn
from these good people that they have
their hard times and that it is often
difficult to dress the children as they
could wish, but nevertheless they
never go short of food—no, no; that
does not happen in Berlin. As for
work—why, life would be a poor thing
without it, and there is usually an
hour or two in the evening when they
can go and hear music at the cafe. Oh,
yes; they are comfortable enough, and
Berlin is pretty good as cities go. But
the country—ah, that's fine, that's!

But everywhere, even in this order-
ly quarter of the city, there is evidence
of what the Berliners hate and resent
more than anything else—the control.
"Look!" said my guide, a working-
man, as we mounted the stairs of one
of these Rixdorf palaces. His hand
pointed to a door on the first floor, and
I saw to my amazement that it was a
police office. "Yes," he said bitterly,
"they live with us; even in our houses!
The control; always the control!" I
asked to be allowed to enter, and, hav-
ing a magic name on my lips as an in-
troduction, I was permitted to inspect
the place. The police greeted me in a
pleasant fashion, taking their cigars
from their mouths and pausing in their
games to give me information. As we
passed out and stood for a moment
looking at the photographs and descrip-
tions of missing citizens on the wall I
told my guide that the police seemed to
me agreeable enough.

"They are only the strings. The people
who pull the strings—ah, those are the
devils! You should see them! Oh, my
heavens, you should!"

But I saw no brutalizing evidence of
the control in my wanderings. I en-
tered little beer houses, comfortable
places, with tables and chairs and mu-
sic going cheerfully through the even-
ing, and saw no check upon the enjoy-
ment of the people. They have their
beer gardens in Rixdorf, their music
halls and their places for lectures and
Socialist meetings. They walk through
the broad streets and pay calls at each
other's houses and crowd to the Tem-
plehofers field to see the great military
reviews. It seemed to me that they
are in happy circumstances.

Now, I saw during all my wander-
ings through Rixdorf one half drunken
man, but never did I see a drunken
woman. I am told that drunkenness
among the women is unknown.—Har-
old Biggle in London Mail.

Need Never Reproach Himself.
"What was it that father said after
he had found out about your elope-
ment?"
"Oh, he wrote me a very kind letter,
saying he was glad we'd taken that
course, as it relieved him of the neces-
sity of giving his consent and hav-
ing it on his mind all the rest of his
life."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Beyond Reason.
There be two individuals who cannot
be reasoned with—a girl in love and a
man who is determined to run for an
office.—New Orleans Picayune.

A PEEP INTO BERLIN

RIXDORF, THE WHITECHAPEL OF THE
GERMAN CAPITAL.

There Are No Slugs, and Everything
is Bright and Clean and Under Pol-
ice Control in the Quarter Where
the Working People Live.

Nothing in Berlin so much impresses
me as Rixdorf, the Whitechapel of the
German capital.

You know the east end of London—the
stiffing courts, the grimy alleys, the
roaring taverns, the tattered children,
the suffocating reek of frying fish and
the groups of gossiping slatterns at
every gloomy doorstep. Now let me
show how another European city
houses its working classes. Come with
me into the "slums" of Berlin.

From the center of the city, with its
splendid houses and its ceaseless shops,
an electric tram carries me swiftly to
Rixdorf, a district connected by every
possible means with every quarter of
the city, however fashionable or man-
gificent. And when you reach it you
scarcely know that you have left the
fashionable and magnificent quarters
at all, for on every side of you are spa-
cious streets, with trees planted at the
curb, and on the other hand tall white
palaces rising up with solid dignity to-
ward a clear sky; huge houses, bright
and spotless, with wide doorways,
many shining windows and iron rail-
ings, whose crevices are alive and
children play; splendid and noble
houses, such as you would look for
with difficulty in almost any quarter
of London. It is here that the work-
ing classes of Berlin live out their care-
ful, thrifty and laborious lives.

The jerry builder does not exist in
Berlin. As soon as land falls vacant it
is purchased by companies of recog-
nized repute, often by banking houses,
and only such streets are planned
which meet all the requirements of
sanitation and art. The houses are
built, and the working classes enter
them, the well off rearing the ground
and first floors, the poorer folk mount-
ing to the floors above. From the door-
step to the fan light in the roof every-
thing is clean and orderly.

I have had the pleasure of entering
some of these flats and talking to their
owners. I found the interiors no whit
less pleasing than the magnificence of
the facades. Here, for instance, is the
home of a man who keeps a little
grocery's shop in his front room.
On the walls are shelves bright with
polished china and tin. A stove filled
with hot bricks diffuses a pleasant
warmth and shines in all its tiles with
the labors of the housewife. A table
spread with a neat cloth occupies the
center of the room and is set out with
the fragrant tea of the little family. The
grandmother, with a warm shawl over
her shoulders, sits in a high backed
chair beaming at her visitors. The
good housewife, radiantly clean, hangs
over the back of the chair, nodding a
sympathetic head at every twist of the
conversation. Big and burly, leaning
against the wall, with his cap in his
hand, his arms folded across his deep
chest, is the master of the household—
an ocellus man, with shining dark eyes,
black hair and a red face.

The big bear hound which pulls the
vegetable cart through the streets
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devils! You should see them! Oh, my
heavens, you should!"

But I saw no brutalizing evidence of
the control in my wanderings. I en-
tered little beer houses, comfortable
places, with tables and chairs and mu-
sic going cheerfully through the even-
ing, and saw no check upon the enjoy-
ment of the people. They have their
beer gardens in Rixdorf, their music
halls and their places for lectures and
Socialist meetings. They walk through
the broad streets and pay calls at each
other's houses and crowd to the Tem-
plehofers field to see the great military
reviews. It seemed to me that they
are in happy circumstances.

Now, I saw during all my wander-
ings through Rixdorf one half drunken
man, but never did I see a drunken
woman. I am told that drunkenness
among the women is unknown.—Har-
old Biggle in London Mail.

Need Never Reproach Himself.
"What was it that father said after
he had found out about your elope-
ment?"
"Oh, he wrote me a very kind letter,
saying he was glad we'd taken that
course, as it relieved him of the neces-
sity of giving his consent and hav-
ing it on his mind all the rest of his
life."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Beyond Reason.
There be two individuals who cannot
be reasoned with—a girl in love and a
man who is determined to run for an
office.—New Orleans Picayune.

HUGE STATUE OF BUDDHA.

The Mammoth Reclining Figure at
Rangoon, Burma.

To the eastward traveler the statue of
Buddha is a familiar sight. From
Colombo, in Ceylon, to Kobe, in Japan,
he is everywhere greeted by the same
calm, impassive and mysterious face
of the eastern precursor of perfection
left in no city in the orient do its
form and face of Buddha constitute
so frequent and so essential a part of
the city's decoration as in Rangoon, Bur-
ma, starting place of Mr. Kipling's
famous "Road to Mandalay." The
stronghold of Buddhists. Notable
even among the countless statues of
Rangoon is the mammoth Buddha, re-
presenting the strange teacher not
standing or sitting crosslegged, as in
the majority of statues, but reclining
on a huge raised couch, his mighty
form stretched out for 200 feet, while
his shoulders rival the width of that
wonder of the ancient world, the Colos-
sus of Rhodes, their Titanic breadth
reaching fifty feet.

But one among the wonders of Ran-
gion, this mighty figure rests near the
famous Shooy Dagon, the center of the
Burmese Buddhist world, crowned by
the golden pagoda, which rises 300 feet
above it, its walls covered with pure
gold, the gift of a prince who contrib-
uted his weight in gold to the pagoda.
In the Shooy Dagon there are countless
other statues of Buddha, as well as
relics of Gautama, the last Buddha.
All, equally with the huge reclining
Buddha, form a part of the religious
rites of the Buddhists, for the es-
sence of Buddhism consists in the
struggle to become like Buddha, to at-
tain his perfection by obedience to his
precepts. To do this is necessary al-
ways to have Buddha in mind, and it
is for this reason that every city in the
Buddhist world is literally crowded
with his images. Buddha himself is
not deified. Potentially every Bud-
dhist may attain his perfection, but
only by the eternal imitation of his
practice.

But, while statues such as Rangoon's
huge colossus are important in Bud-
dhist worship, of even more importance
are the relics of Buddha.

It was about the Shooy Dagon that
the Burmese made their last fierce fight
when the British came to Rangoon. A
Venetian traveler of 300 years ago vis-
iting the Shooy Dagon has left a de-
scription of this famous temple, con-
ceding its claim to rivalry with his
own Venice, that would serve as a con