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THE DAWSON TRAIL.
Get down to your work, you dog of a slave dog!
Get down to your work, I say!
It's a tough, hard trail we've come, dog.
And the camp is far away.
Pull for the life of us both, dog.
For dark is the end of day!

Get down to your work, you dog of a dog!
Get down to your work, I say!
Red is the sun in the southern sky;
Red is the trail behind the sleigh;
Red is the foot of the sled-dog gray;
Cold is the end of day!

Get down to your work, shall a man for a dog
Throw a man's life away?
The trail grows dim, and the tree trunks gray;
In the western sky the maidens play;
The goblins dance in the Milky Way;
Black is the end of day!
—Harper's Magazine.

PRIVATE LANGFIELD.

WHEN the men of the service left Valdez to build the military lines through the interior of Alaska, Langfield went with them. He was unduly plain, undersized and over sensitive, and that was why he felt certain that Dolly could never love him. To be sure, he had had no intention of loving her, but when six feet two of well-developed manhood, in the person of Tom Perry, came down from Circle City prospecting, Langfield found intentions and love had nothing to do with each other.

Tom and Dolly had known each other in the States, and Langfield watched with hopeless pain the renewal of their friendship. She had grown shy with him since Perry came, and there could be but one reason, he argued. He did not blame her; there was nothing in him to inspire a woman's love, and Tom— So he packed his fute and his knapsack and left with scarcely a farewell.

The men were not fond of Langfield. He had a way of slinking into himself that only Shivers, the camp mascot, a hank, mongrel Siwash with the stump of a tail, understood.

Langfield seldom joined the campfires, but when the fever broke out Langfield was the first to offer his services. He was not afraid of contagion, he told the sergeant, and anyway there was no one at home who needed him. After that he and Shivers took up their quarters in the hospital tent.

The fever had its run, but only one, thanks to the nursing, was borne up the trail and laid away under the snow. Langfield planned a piece of spruce bark, and made it in by the mound, but his hand was unsteady, and his eyes were heavy and dull.

The top sergeant, on his rounds the next morning, found him sitting up in his blankets. His face was swollen and discolored, and he was talking excitedly to Shivers.

"You mustn't let Dolly get the fever," he said, "she's so little. Nor Tom— promise me you won't let Tom." Shivers whined and thrust his muzzle into his master's palm. "She couldn't help loving him," Langfield continued de- fensively. "You know she couldn't yourself!" He fell back on the pillow and tossed restlessly for a moment.

"It'll be cool up here under the snow," he began again, "and under the snow," he said. "And say—" He sat up, pulling the dog close to him, "maybe she'll forget—that my hair was—red."

The men were very tender to Langfield after that, and Shivers seldom left his bedside.

When, some weeks later, he became convalescent, he seemed smaller and slihter than ever, and his hair shone more vividly red against the pinched, white face. They carried him out into the sunshine, but his eyes wandered regretfully up to the snow.

In a month he was at his post again, doing the work of two men, with scarcely the strength of one.

He went down the mountain one night an hour behind time. The trail was slushy, and the early gray twilight lent a soft indistinctness to every- where. Suddenly he paused. From somewhere there came a faint cry, weak and indistinct, but undeniably human.

Langfield made a trumpet of his hands. "He-lo!" he shouted, and strained his ears for the reply.

Some ten feet down the trail a glacier stream had gullied out the bank. Its icy, slate-colored waters fell almost perpendicularly over the rocks. Creeping to the slippery edge, he peered over and called again. A faint voice answered.

A steep, shelving path was just visible, and he clambered down to it, scratched and torn by the brambles at every step. A little farther on a roll of blankets impeded his way, and he knew that somewhere in the ravine below he would find a prospector.

The man proved to be a big fellow, but the light was too dim to see his face. The force of his fall had wedged one leg between the crevices of rock, and it took Langfield's entire strength to extricate him. He pressed his canteen to the stranger's lips, and rubbed him vigorously.

"It's no use," said the man at last, "I can't make it!" and he sank limply on the bank.

The night wore on. Slowly the gray skirts of dawn swept across the eastern sky. The prospector could not see Langfield's face, but the slight, drooping shoulders seemed familiar. The pain was growing unbearable, and he groaned.

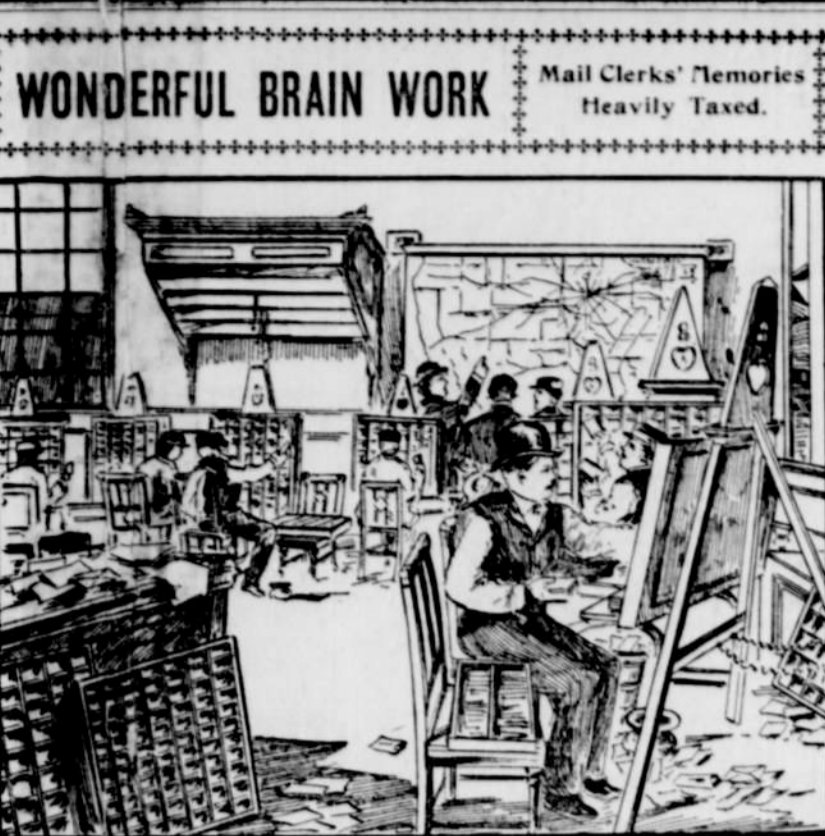
Langfield started. "Yes, yes," he answered absently. "I'd forgotten," and jumped to his feet.

The morning light was flooding every- thing, and it fell upon the two men, as they looked into each other's eyes. Langfield drew in his breath with sudden sharpness. The other muttered an oath and leaped weakly back to the bank. "You!"

The man nodded.

The lines on Langfield's face were tense and drawn, and he steadied himself with an effort. "Well," he said at last, "it's three miles to camp, and we'd better be moving."

There were a few drops left in his



RAILWAY POSTAL CLERKS UNDER EXAMINATION OF SCHEMES.

THINGS that a railway postal clerk must remember have increased in such volume that one would think every cell of his brain would be filled with the name of a postoffice or railway connection, and the wonder is that the clerk's mind does not fatter under the pressure. Despite these facts, cases of insanity among this class of public servants are rare. One Chicago postal clerk maintained for several years a record of 21,000 cards which take the place of letters in examinations with an average of 90 per cent correct. He knew how to reach that many offices in several States by the shortest, quickest route, and he knew the correct location of each office in his State.

A clerk on the New York and Chicago railway postoffice must know the correct location of every postoffice in a group of States made up of Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Indiana, Minnesota, South Dakota and Nebraska. In these seven States there are 12,317 postoffices. Not only is the clerk required to be up on the general scheme, which means the correct location of the postoffice in each State, but he must know how to reach the whole 12,000 postoffices from one or more stations.

A clerk ranging between Chicago and Minneapolis underwent no fewer than seventy-eight examinations in fifteen years, leaving 13,306 offices in fifteen different sections of the United States. In some of these examinations he was required to make a Chicago city distribution, which means that while running over the country at the rate of a mile a minute he must distribute letters to the carriers of the Chicago delivery. He must know not only where every public building and leading mercantile house is located, but also how to divide the numbers on a particular street so that he can "tie out" his letters to the correct office, according to the route of the letter. This same clerk made thirteen examinations in ten months, with an average correct distribution of 90.88 per cent. In twenty examinations he came out of nine of them with a clear 100 per cent each.

Think of such a task, taking into consideration the puzzling similarity of names and the need to designate post-offices, then too, must be considered the fact that there are hundreds of cases where in each State is a postoffice of the same name. For instance, in the States named above there are five post-offices named Hamilton, six Grants, four Graciers, four Genevas, four Smithvilles, four Spartas and five Jef-

canters. He offered them to his companion converted himself into a prop for the wounded side, and the slow, painful journey down the trail began. Neither of them talked much. The mist hung midway on the mountain, and when they emerged from it the company's quarters lay on the ledge below. Already the camp was astir.

The two men upon the path paused, exhausted. Langfield eased the sick man down and thrust himself beside him. He had not eaten since the day before, and was weak and giddy. For the first time Perry's helplessness tempted him. Why should this man have everything which he had been denied?

Langfield mechanically slipped his hand over the sheath in his belt, stole a glance at his companion, and saw that his eyes were closed. He drew out the knife and held it behind him.

Just then Perry gave a stifled moan. The sound brought Langfield to his senses. What was this he had intended to do? A fit of trembling seized him. He rose to his feet, though he realized he did so. There was a swift movement of his right arm, and some- thing blazed in the light and fell far below them in the brush.

"None needs me," he thought, "and Tom—"

"One," he said aloud, "we must get you down for—your wife's sake."

The man did not reply at first. When he did his voice was a trifle husky.

"Have none," he said.

Langfield stared at him. "Why—Dolly?" he blurted out. "She—"

He had stopped again, but Perry understood.

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IT WAS HER FAULT.
Lack of a Necessary "H" Made Girl's Remark Sound Peculiar.
Charles Whympier, the painter of animals and engraver, once had an amusing experience which has found its way into print in Chambers's Journal. He was visiting a gentleman at Highgate, and, as a mark of honor, his host's eldest daughter was assigned to him to take in to dinner. She was an agreeable girl, and the conversation flourished briskly until just before it was time for the ladies to retire to the drawing-room.

"I was talking about the beautiful scenery near the house," relates the guest, "the views from the windows and the fine air, when suddenly Miss Blank said:

"I think I get prettier every day, don't you?"

"What could she mean? I didn't dare answer her, so I said, 'I beg your pardon, but did you say?'"

"I said I think I get prettier every day."

There was no mistaking her words, so Mr. Whympier answered:

"Yes, indeed you get prettier; and no wonder in such fresh air, and—"

Just then she caught her mother's eye, and with the other ladies she left the room. As she went out, she looked over her shoulder at her late table companion with withering scorn. Then it flashed upon him that he had misunderstood her; she had dropped an "h"! What she had said was not a silly compliment to herself; the sentence really was:

"I think Highgate prettier every day."

The story stops there, at the critical moment, as stories have a little way of doing, and we are left to wonder how, under the circumstances, Mr. Whympier succeeded in apologizing to the irate young lady without impugning her English. Perhaps he allowed her to think his own ear for his was defective!

BANK BILLS IN CAR WHEELS.
Currency Macerated at the Treasury Is Used by the Car Builders.
It is the commonly accepted belief that the old currency redeemed at the Treasury Department is absolutely destroyed. Such, however, is not the case. A single wheel of a locomotive represents many millions of what was once good paper currency. From a bank note to a car wheel is quite a radical transformation, but it happens every day, and to become a supporting atom in the revolving mass is the ultimate fate of every soiled \$1, \$10 or \$1,000 bill.

Between \$50,000,000 and \$500,000,000 worth of paper money is cancelled every year in the Treasury Department in Washington, and after being macerated is converted into filling for railroad car wheels. This pulp makes the best kind of wheels and the Government gets \$40 a ton for it from the manufacturers.

The destruction of soiled paper currency goes on daily and is in charge of three treasury employes, who represent respectively the Secretary of the Treasury, the Treasurer of the United States and the Comptroller of the Currency. Bundles of the canceled notes are dumped into the big macerators and crushed into a putty-like mass. The pulp is then treated with an alkali, which extracts the ink; the stuff is dried, shipped in bales and forwarded to the car-wheel manufacturers.

For every note so destroyed, unless it has come from a national bank in liquidation, a new one of the same denomination is printed at the bureau of printing and engraving. All this work costs the Government nothing. The national banks pay the expenses, although the Treasury Department has full control of the redemption division.

WING AS AN ART CRITIC.
Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese minister, was exploring the Corcoran art gallery one day last spring, evidently with the idea of impressing on his mind the fundamental difference between the Oriental and Occidental brands of art.

Hubert Vos, the noted Dutch painter, happened to have on exhibition in the Hemicycle a number of portraits of reputed, representative types of various races. Mr. Vos had strayed far afield in collecting his gens, and the display included the presentiments of Tibetan Lamas, Indian rajahs, Arabian chiefs, Japanese nobles, and Chinese mandarins. Among the latter were the portraits of Prince Ching and Li Hung Chang.

The artist, with the diplomat in tow, paused before these canvases.

"Who is that?" asked Mr. Wu, pointing toward the picture of Ching.

"That is Prince Ching," replied Vos.

"I don't look like him," was his only comment, and the party passed on to Earl Li.

"Who's that?"

"That is Li Hung Chang."

"I don't look like him," said the minister again.

"But it's only a three-quarters view, you know," said the artist, apologetically.

"I don't look three-quarters like him," said Wu.

And later, when the remark hit the chorus of sweet girl art students who had been forming an animated background, they retired without and giggled.—Washington Times.

Every Forest an Oxygen Factory.
It has been claimed that forests exert an important influence in behalf of human health. Soil conditions in the woods are unfavorable to disease-producing germs, especially those of cholera and yellow fever. Every forest is an oxygen factory, and it is declared that its production of that life-giving gas is of sanitary importance. Ozone is also a forest product. The forest may be regarded as a blanket with which nature covers the earth for its protection. This blanket, says Prof. Mary W. Harrington, "determines many of the features of climate."

Our Coal-Producing Lungs.
The volume of carbonic acid exhaled by a healthy person in twenty-four hours is about fifteen thousand cubic inches, containing about six ounces of solid carbon. This is at the rate of 137 pounds per annum; and, taking the population of the world at a thousand millions, this means that the human race breathe out every year sixty-one million tons of solid carbon.

A Half-Million Dollar Poem.
It is stated that "The Absent-Minded Beggar," by Rudyard Kipling, has realized in various ways about \$485,000 for the families of the British soldiers who have fought in South Africa, or somewhat more than \$100,000 for each line.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Swiftest of Quadrupeds.
Greyhounds hold the record for getting over the ground fastest.

Three men in a carriage, followed by four dogs, alighted at one of the roadhouses just beyond Kingsbridge while I was resting there last Friday, and proved to be so interesting in their conversation that I lingered many minutes beyond my time to listen to them and to learn something that I did not know before. When the dogs took me into their confidence their owners did the same.

It appears that they had been out in Westchester County, running the dogs and making a record for their performance.

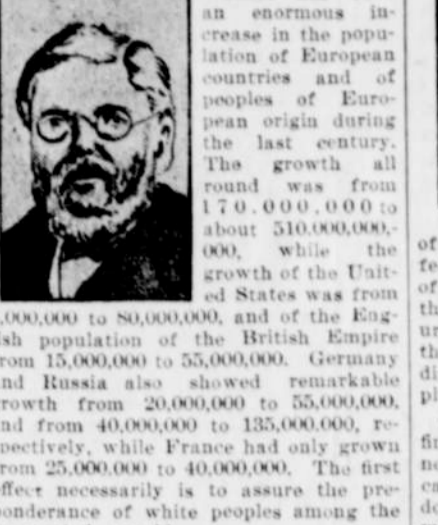
"This is the fastest animal that runs on four legs," said one of the men, as he pointed at a long, lank, shaggy English greyhound that turned toward us a countenance fairly beaming with intelligence. "I don't mean that particular dog," he continued, "but I do mean his variety, and he is not the slowest member of it by any means. We have just been trying him under careful timing, and found that he went, when on full gallop, twenty yards a second. That means a mile in a minute and twenty-eight seconds—a speed that comes very near that of a carrier pigeon and would leave far behind any quadruped that we know of."

"This is a matter that I have studied and know something about. There are few thoroughbred horses that can exceed nineteen yards a second, and I have known greyhounds to better that by four yards. Foxhounds have a record of four miles in six and a half minutes, or nearly eighteen yards a second. That is fast going, and as good as the most rapid of the hare family can do."

"This speed is to some extent an inherited gift from away back, for I have been informed that wolves can run all night at the rate of a mile in three

PAIERS BY THE PEOPLE

The World's Population.



There has been an enormous increase in the population of European countries and of peoples of European origin during the last century. The growth all round was from 170,000,000 to about 510,000,000, while the growth of the United States was from 51,000,000 to 93,000,000, and of the English population of the British Empire from 15,000,000 to 55,000,000. Germany and Russia also showed remarkable growth from 20,000,000 to 35,000,000, and from 40,000,000 to 125,000,000, respectively, while France had only grown from 25,000,000 to 40,000,000. The first effect necessarily is to assure the preponderance of white peoples among the races of the world.

In the United States, which has immensely greater virgin resources with which to supply its population, it has been noticed that the town population is increasing disproportionately. In the United States, in fact, the magnitude of increase of population, recent growth has not been so fast as earlier in the nineteenth century. Until 1850 the growth in each census period ranged between 33 and 36 per cent. Since then it has been 20 per cent to 28 and is now about 21 per cent. The obvious suggestion, that possibly immigration has fallen off, as compared with what it used to be, would not account for the diminished rate of increase of the population generally.

Turning to Australia, the decline in the rate of increase is great and palpable, but there the perturbations due to immigration have been greater than in the case of the United States, because the country settled mainly between 1850 and 1870. In England there is a similar though not so marked a decrease.

The rate of growth of population of the communities might still be considerable, even if no higher than in the last few years. An addition of even 10 per cent only the average every ten years would far more than double the 50,000,000 in a century, and leave the white population at this century's end at 2,000,000,000. Secondly, some of the rates of increase mentioned, such as that in Australia and the United States at certain periods, are quite abnormal, being due largely to exceptional immigration.

Finally, there is the question which many people have rushed in to discuss—namely, whether the reproductive power of the populations in question is as great now as fifty or sixty years ago. It is a question which cannot be rushed, and I am unable to commit myself to the belief, heard from some quarters, that the rate of increase in these populations is, as in France, coming nearly to an end. The gravity of the situation is brought out in France lay in the fact that the death rate there remained high, while the birth rate fell.

Why There Are Fewer Ministers.
To those interested in theological seminaries for the last six or seven years have given ground for serious thought. These statistics indicate a steady decline in attendance, amounting, in some cases, to from 40 to 75 per cent. This anxiety thus awakened is not allayed when one turns from the seminary stage of education to the collegiate and academic situations as regards preparations for the ministry. In all colleges and schools a decreased number of students is reported similar to the falling off at the seminaries. It appears, therefore, that the lowest point in the ebb has not yet been reached.

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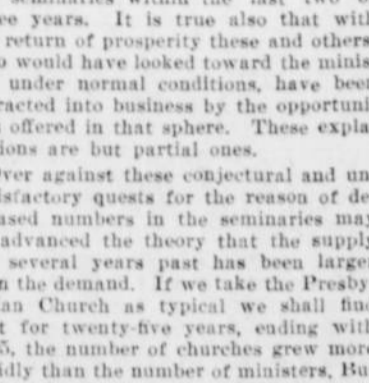
of the higher criticism) have had the effect of repelling men from the ministry of at least some Christian churches. On the contrary, however, it would be natural for young and vigorous men, as in the past, to be attracted by trials and discussions as affording a field for accomplishment.

Other authorities tell us that the recent financial crisis and the revival of business which has followed it are the chief causes of the trouble. It is true, no doubt, that when the panic of 1893 came many young men just entering on their studies preparatory to a theological education found it impossible to continue. These probably would have been entering the seminaries within the last two or three years. It is true also that with the return of prosperity these and others, who would have looked toward the ministry under normal conditions, have been attracted into business by the opportunities offered in that sphere. These explanations are but partial ones.

Over against these conjectural and unsatisfactory queries for the reason of decreased numbers in the seminaries may be advanced the theory that the supply for several years past has been larger than the demand. If we take the Presbyterian Church as typical we shall find that for twenty-five years, ending with 1893, the number of churches grew more rapidly than the number of ministers. But during the six years since 1893 the number of ministers has increased so much faster than the churches that at the present day there are more ministers on the rolls in proportion to the number of churches than at any time in history. The curious feature of the case is that this extraordinary increase in the number of ministers came precisely during the years which show the steadily diminishing number of students in the seminaries. The conclusion cannot be avoided, therefore, that the condition in the theological seminaries is due to the conviction that there are too many ministers already.

If this be the correct diagnosis of the case, it follows that there is no serious ground for alarm to the Christian Church. Whenever in the providence of God a larger number of ministers shall be needed, the church may be trusted to furnish them.—ARTHUR C. ZENON, D. D., Professor in McCormick Theological Seminary.

The North American Indians.



If a people invades a strange country in which another people, with its peculiar civilization, has lived for a long time, one of two things usually happens: either the invaders absorb or exterminate the invaded people, or, after a certain length of time, they are absorbed by the original inhabitants. Thus the Romans in ancient times absorbed the numerous peoples which inhabited Italy, and the Greeks brought them into the fold of Latin civilization. On the other hand, the Indians of Mexico and South America to a great extent absorbed the conquering Spaniards and Portuguese and lowered their level of civilization.

In the case of the Indians of North America, however, neither of the two things happened. It has always been a wise rule with the English people in its colonial invasions all over the world never to mix with the inferior races of the invaded countries. The result of this policy of the reasons of the invariable success of England's colonial policy. The invasion of North America offers one of the best examples of that policy, if strictly adhered to. The white invaders have fought bloody wars with the Indians, who desperately resisted the forward march of civilization. Periods of bitter strife have alternated with periods of peace and friendly commercial relations. In spite of all that the invaders have not absorbed any considerable number of the Indians. There was no danger at any time that the blood of the millions of white invaders would become debased by the in-

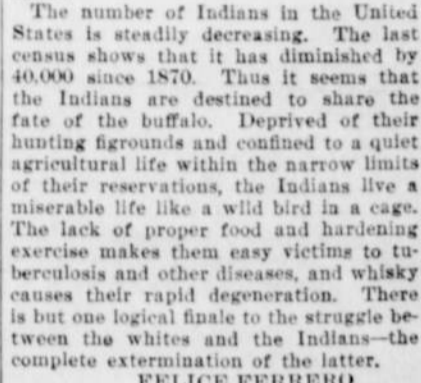
fusion of the blood of half a million of Indians. However, the Indians have not become assimilated.

Like the other four races, the Indians live within the territory of the American republic, but their life is apart from that of the other races. They stand completely isolated and live, so to say, merely because the white invaders have not carefully exterminated them. A foreigner traveling through the United States will find it rather difficult to convince himself of the existence of Indians on the American continent. The United States government spends nearly \$10,000,000 a year for their support and education.

Scarcely a century ago the Indians occupied practically the entire territory of North America excepting the Atlantic coast and part of the coast of the Gulf of Mexico. Nearly three millions of square miles of a total of 3,600,000 were occupied by the Indians, who never numbered more than 500,000. Now there are but 226,000 Indians left, the majority of whom live upon reservations. A century ago they were the actual owners of three millions of square miles of territory, while now they are confined to an area of 220,000 square miles.

The number of Indians in the United States is steadily decreasing. The last census shows that it has diminished by 40,000 since 1870. Thus it seems that the Indians are destined to share the fate of the buffalo. Deprived of their hunting grounds and confined to a quiet agricultural life within the narrow limits of their reservations, the Indians live a miserable life like a wild bird in a cage. The lack of proper food and hardening exercise makes them easy victims to tuberculosis and other diseases, and whisky causes their rapid degeneration. There is but one logical finale to the struggle between the whites and the Indians—the complete extermination of the latter.

Woman's Fashionable Clothes.



I believe the dress of women this year to be the ugliest the world has ever seen. How swiftly it has come upon the heels of another such each calamity!

First in ugliness came the dragging, ill-conditioned skirts. Who fashioned and formed these ungainly garments? There they are, thousands and thousands of them, daily paraded up and down the sidewalks, top-sided, beveled, inefficiently held up by clutched hands, stumbled over and stepped upon by scores of awkward feet. Those skirts—why was I born to see and wonder at them? Next to the abominable trailing street skirt, in ugliness at least, comes a certain cruelly common atrocity in the form of a long cloth skirt. A loose, baggy, shapeless, bulging monstrosity which makes the woman who wears it look like an unmanageable, half-exhausted balloon. There must have been an over-production of some kind of cloth last year, and the shrewd manufacturers have probably induced the mysterious beings who dictate the fashions to "work off" the superfluous material upon an unhappy world. Would that the moths might get at those baggy horrors.

All women do not wear the top-sided, draggish skirts, or the bulging sacks, but there are dozens of these things in sight. The hats aren't so bad as they might be, but the hair is worn in such a way as to banish all thought of hats from the head of wearer and beholder alike. It is a strange fact that this handful of hair, dragged down over one side of the face, is always counterbalanced by the top-sided skirt. Every feminine creature seems to instinctively haul down her front hair on one side, and clutch at her dress skirt on the other. The effect is nightmarish.—Ada C. Sweet in Chicago American.

Poetry Out of Date.

There is no great thought, no worthy emotion, which may not be better expressed in prose than in verse to-day. Verse was the primitive expression of man's thought. Rhythm was the earliest meter. The rise of its literary efforts. Homer, Dante and Shakespeare cast their thoughts and emotions in verse because the metrical form was the only adequate method of expression invented in their day.

English prose has been developed to the point, however, where it is a finer, more subtle instrument of wider scope than English verse, and poetry's chief excuse for being has been destroyed. Literary truth is truth to nature. Poetry is artificial and bears the deadly brand of insincerity in its form.

OSCAR L. TRIGGERS,
Professor in Chicago University.

Why the Snow is Not Black or Red.

Why is the snow white is a question frequently asked. Because black snow would be dangerous, so would red or yellow. These are "warning" colors, and they change the sun's rays to heat. Such snow would soon melt again and prove a very poor protection. But white snow throws back the sunlight in just the form in which it receives it, and thus the snow can be long on the ground. Throw dirt on the snow, and its dark color quickly makes it eat its way in whenever the sun shines on it. After a snowstorm, once let the horses' feet mingle the dirt of the road with the snow and sleighing will soon be over.—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Dear Little Thing.

"Oh, pshaw!" cried the fond young mother, who was writing to her dearest friend, "this dictionary isn't complete at all."

"What's the matter?" inquired her husband.

"I want to find out how to spell 'oot-stootstoots.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Did you ever have a person tell you a lie and you knew he was not telling the truth? Think of it the next time you start to tell a falsehood.

No Chance for a Sailor to Reach an Officer's Berth.

The Navy Department is having an exceedingly hard time in keeping the enlisted force up to within several thousand of the maximum allowed by law, says a Washington special to the Pittsburgh Dispatch. Many officers are wondering why this is so. The bright geniuses of the bureau of navigation, of which Admiral Crowninshield is the head, appear to have come to the conclusion that the "paper" of the department's recruiting is not alluring enough. So they have devised a new pattern of a poster intended to wean the young man away from the plow to the forecastle. The first line consists of the words "Men Wanted!" followed by a large number of exclamation marks. This line is set up in letters about six inches high and of proportionate heaviness. Set up on shore it might well be used as a landmark by the able mariners who designed it.

Beneath the scare line is a fine photo-engraving of the new battle ship Wisconsin, the queen of the navy, both as to size and to speed. Beneath the picture are set forth the terms in dollars and cents upon which the young man who has forsaken the farm or the shop may win undying fame for himself in the naval service of his country. The poster is so unlike the invitations to enlist heretofore issued by the government that it is likely to attract a good deal of attention among the class of men it is desired to reach. But it is not lack of good advertising that keeps Americans out of the navy. Apparently it has never occurred to the

Officers who devised the poster that the fact that a young man cannot rise from the ranks to a commission is the bar that keeps ambitious young men from entering the service.

They can never rise above the rank of a non-commissioned officer. No matter how deserving he may be, the boy who enlists in the navy must always regard himself as socially and mentally the inferior of the more fortunate boy who has been educated at government expense at Annapolis. He must also be ready whenever one of the more fortunate souls so decrees to render almost any sort of mental service.