

If it wasn't for silly hens the fox would not have his reputation.

Steps are being taken to cultivate American oysters in Europe. Where will the invasion end?

When it comes to word painting poets and novelists are not in it with sign writers.

Some claim that co-education encourages matrimony. Why not? Isn't matrimony co-education?

The new process of making silk without the services of the worm will not cause the worm to turn.

If men were half as good as their obituaries the recording angel would have to look for another job.

That Marylander who tossed a lighted cigarette into a keg of powder had the makings of a great chauffeur.

Oil has been discovered in Africa. That continent may now prepare to get itself connected with us by pipe line.

The Dowager Empress of China and the boxers seem to have forgotten that lesson taught by the powers not so very long ago.

Decidedly the worst thing about that anti-slavery movement in Virginia is that it originated in an assembly of men.

A New York City magistrate says that women have a legal right to smoke. The average man would not object to their smoking so much as to their habit of flaring up.

Montreal physicians have discovered that electricity will cure consumption. This makes the fifty-seventh consumption cure that has been discovered during the past six months. Why will people still insist on dying of consumption?

A literary excavator has dug up and revamped the old charge that most of Alexandre Dumas' novels were really written by his staff of secretaries. If there is any foundation for the charge it would pay most of our modern novelists to try the secretary plan like wise.

Dr. Hillis says: "I sometimes think that the only hope for society is to get all the authors in a corner and shoot them for a generation, till we could assimilate what we already have." It may be recalled that Dr. Hillis has added something to the making of books himself.

There is nothing in all this world quite so irritating as overassumption of responsibility. Irresponsibility can be better tolerated. The man or woman—there is no distinction of sex in the matter—who goes about the world seeking whom he or she may rebuke, the person who is charged with a mission, is of all men most misery-making. He chants with Titanic glee, "The times are out of joint," and there is no lamentation in his declaration that he is born to set them right.

When one loses command of himself and throws the reins upon the neck of passion, he may have for the moment a certain enjoyment in the license; but there must surely come a reaction of regret. When he is calm again, and the fit has passed away, every serious person must be ashamed of what he said and what he did, of the manner in which he gave himself away, and the exhibition he made of himself. He will recall the amazement on the faces of his friends, and the silence which they adopted as a protective measure, and the soothing language which they used, as if they were speaking with a baby, and the glances which passed between them. He will not soon be thought the same of with them as he was before this outburst, nor will he have the same claim upon their confidence as a sound and clear-headed man. He has acted like a fretful, peevish child, and has for the time forfeited his title to manhood and the place of a man.

It takes little to cause divorce in these days. Almost any excuse will serve. But it has remained for the Postmaster General of the United States to furnish a cause that is valid and widespread. His order forbidding man and wife to hold clerkships in his department has furnished the divorce mill much new grip to grind. Many clerks prefer to give up their marriage relations rather than their pay. It is always easy to get another husband or another wife, but it is not always easy to get another good job. One woman, clerk, drawing \$1,400 a year, announces that she and her husband, who draws \$1,800, have decided to part. "He has always spent his salary," she says, "and I have always spent mine." Neither cares to spend less. The only alternative is divorce, and divorce is cheap and easy. It would be interesting to know by what curious reasoning a man and woman, divorced, will be any more satisfactory to the Postal Department as clerks than they are married. If there is any sense in the theory that marriage robs a woman of the right to be a wage-earner, then there is good sense in the universal tendency toward divorce, not only in the Postoffice Department, but everywhere else. There are conditions that unfit a married woman for regular employment outside the home. But no such condition lies in marriage itself. Many childless wives, with little turn for household duties, may do as excellent service as women that are unmarried or divorced. Many wives are justly proud of the ability to maintain their own resources, and even contribute to the household fund. It is a laudable pride and a worthy ambition. The government is in small business when it makes a sweeping discrimination against these. If the government is to throw its own ponderous weight into the scale at all, it should be on the side of wedlock.

and not against it. Of course, it is easy to say that a marriage which holds together so loosely is better dissolved. But the loss of half the family income is no small matter, especially when the whole of it has barely sufficed.

The country mouse envies the city mouse. The country wife thinks with longing of the concerts, the theaters, the tempting shops and the congenial people of the city, and compares them with the solitude, the drudgery, and the poverty of resource offered by village or farm. But the country woman has one treasure that many of her city cousins may well covet. She takes it for granted—as she takes the sky, the air and the music of her children's voices; to a great many city women it has become a lost dream. It is a home—a real home, where the chairs and the dishes and the beds and the walls and the roof belong to the family; where a new curtain or a new rosebush is a permanent acquisition; where even inconveniences are problems to be solved, not miseries to be endured. The city family of moderate means is driven more and more frequently to the boarding house, the hotel or the apartment house. One is scarcely better than the others so far as the gracious atmosphere of home is concerned. Poor and expensive service, high rents in the city, railway expenses in the suburb, the perplexities of market and kitchen and furnace and sidewalk dismay more and more the men and women in the city. The boarding house offers relief, and the tired housekeeper flutters to it, as a moth to the candle, regardless for the moment of what she is losing. When she realizes that her home has gone, the whole family may have acquired the hotel habit, a habit as pernicious as it is permanent. One after another the selfishnesses of life flourish in a home have dropped away. In their place have come a passion for ease and a cynical disregard of the finer sacrifices of domestic life. This is the dark side of the picture. Life may be well lived anywhere, but it is deeper truth that a real home is the best soil for the cultivation of family love and of mutual helpfulness.

There be many who have been wont in times past to cast a sympathetic tear in pity for the lonely spinster, because of the dire fate that made her spouseless. The facts seem to show that these tears should have been shed for the bachelors instead. The bachelor's one to be pitied, not the maid. How often have we heard it said that the spinster, some of them at least, cry out as they wend their lonely way through life: "Anything, good Lord, will do." All of which is a misconception of the real state of affairs. Instead of the maid saying, "anything will do," she is clearly entitled by the overwhelming argument of numbers, to say, "Let's see the stock. If you've got anything that suits, well and good; otherwise, take it away. For there are others." The census shows that there are in the United States, 6,729,779 bachelors of marriageable age, and only 4,105,446 spinsters above the age of 20. Who's the joke on if it isn't on the bachelor? There wouldn't be enough of the fair sex to go around if the law required all men to be 30 before allowed to marry and fixed the age of girls at 17. Think of it, 2,531,333 men in this country who couldn't buy Easter bunnets for their wives if they wanted to, even after every maiden in the land had wed. Just exactly that many women have, by the good offices of the census man, been translated from the unenviable class of those who "would but can't," to the ranks of the "can but won't." It has given a new dignity to the feminine unyoked, a new status to the unlinked lass. There are, it seems, one and three-fifths men for every woman, leaving out the widowers, who are sometimes as much given to marriage as their never-married brothers. For a decade, or more, girls can pick and choose, glean and garner, turn down right and left, play with many hearts with impunity, while men are having a life-and-death bargain-counter scramble to get a wife before the supply gives out.

#### HISTORIC CHANDELIERS.

Removal from Parlor of White House to Capitol.

Old landmarks are changing places. By permission of President Roosevelt the large crystal chandeliers which have hung in the parlors of the White House for many years, are to be placed in the capitol. There are nine of these chandeliers, valued at \$1,500 each, and all are of exceptional artistic merit. Two of them will be placed in the rooms of the ways and means and the appropriations committees, respectively, where their numerous crystal prisms and silver mountings will present a handsome contrast to the rich mahogany furniture of the rooms. Two of the largest chandeliers, taken from the east room, will hang in the lobby of the House of Representatives. One will be placed in the handsomely furnished room assigned to the committee on the District of Columbia, another will be placed in the room reserved for the Vice-President, now occupied by Senator Frye, the president of the Senate pro tem; still another will be placed in the room used by the speaker of the House, and the location of the other is yet to be determined. In addition to the chandeliers, the President has presented to the capitol a number of marble mantels and bookcases which have heretofore been in use in the White House, and which will be valued by the Senators and Representatives to whose committee rooms they are assigned because of their beauty and their historic associations.

The Shade Trees of Paris.

The city of Paris, France, spends about \$50,000 every year in maintaining its trees. There are about 87,800 trees in the city, and they grow in rows along the sidewalks. This number, however, does not include the trees in the parks.

Women patients are more popular in hospitals than men patients. They are easier to get along with, and complain less. But men are more popular than women in boarding houses.

In accord with the doctrine of the survival of the fittest, the last woman on earth will be a dressmaker.

#### HARD COAL IN CANADA

Explorers Find Twenty-nine Workable Seams in British Columbia. The Canadian Pacific Railway Company has had a party of surveyors and explorers in the Flathead valley during the past summer locating large areas of coal, and making surveys for a branch line from different points on the Crow's Nest Line to the coal fields.

A preliminary line has been run from the Morrissey coal fields, in a southeasterly direction down a tributary of Lodge Pole creek, thence east to the headwaters of the Flathead River.

Another trial line has been run from a point on the Crow's Nest branch railway, near Elk, south down the Wigwam River, thence north and east to the Flathead. The objective point of these trial lines is the immense coal areas of the Flathead valley.

The explorers of the company have discovered seams of coal near the headwaters of Lodge Pole creek, on the 50,000 acres of Dominion coal land. The quality of the coal is said to be the same as that found on Morrissey creek.

Between Lodge Pole creek and the headwaters of the Flathead River, the explorers have discovered some twenty-two seams of workable coal, varying from four to thirty feet in thickness. At the point of discovery of these seams, workmen have run open cuts and faced off the seams, ready for taking out coal as soon as the necessary means of transportation is afforded by the construction of branch lines in the Flathead.

Seven other workable seams have been discovered, and faced off, similar to the above twenty-two seams south and east of Lodge Pole creek.

The district where these large bodies of coal have been discovered lies on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, near the North Kootenay pass, an old-time pack trail much used by the Indians, entering the district from Alberta.

In addition to the coal seams located by the Canadian Pacific Company, says the Winnipeg Free Press, a large area, covering a territory of nearly 200 square miles, has been located, and coal found upon every location, demonstrating the fact that the coal areas of southwest Kootenay are of vast extent.

#### Society Leaders Not Best Dressed.

While a leader in modern society must pay heed to the fashions, it seldom happens that the best dressed women are leaders, even in their own set, while it is generally the case that the real leaders are not by any means the best dressed women. Others with not so much money to spend, but with more time to devote to dress, may be much more in accord with the standards of dressing in the best sense.

One need only go to the races to realize that the best dressed women there will not be the richest or the most conspicuous socially.

Women whose time is taken up with society to the exclusion of nearly everything else come to acquire a contempt for clothes. The gowns must be changed so many times a day that women acquire a contempt for them.

For the same reason the women of the stage are rarely well dressed. Clothes are to them mere tools of trade.

Sarah Bernhardt wears any old thing, so long as it is loose, and when it is necessary for her to dress up, Eleanor Duse is about as indifferent and carries her contempt for dress even to the stage. When she was here the first time she arrived with such a lot of rags that her managers had more gowns made for her here.

Maudie Adams, who dresses well enough on the stage when modern dress is required, is almost indifferent to her appearance ordinarily in private life. Annie Russell is almost the best dressed of any of the serious actresses off the stage.

Anna Held in life looks almost the same so far as the consciousness of her dress goes and Lillian Russell, who dresses with great care off the stage, is rarely strikingly arrayed. She affects quiet shades in her clothes and relies for contrasts on her hair and complexion. But as a rule the women of the stage come to look upon dress as nothing more than a part of their trade.

So it is with the women of society who go in for it at all extents. They have to change their gowns so many times, to wear so many different kinds of gowns in a day and to make so many changes for evening that they lose all interest in dress for their own sake. And when that happens they are not going to be the best dressed women.

#### Was Busy.

Bishop Thomas U. Dudley, of Kentucky, was seated upon a veranda in Louisville last Easter watching the people crossing the street. The day was a very busy one. A friend came along.

"Ah, Bishop," said he, "what are you doing this dreary afternoon?"

"Merely observing the Passover," replied the Episcopal gentleman.

Forcible Illustration.

"Brooks," said Rivers, "second time you've used the term 'aching void.' How can a void ache?"

"Well," said Brooks reflectively, "not to speak of a hollow tooth, don't you sometimes have the headache?"

Brought Many Things Out of Him.

Grandpa—Yes, it's a good thing for a boy to travel, Freddy. It develops him. If he has anything in his travel bag he will bring it out.

Freddy (who is precocious)—Yes, I discovered that when I was crossing the channel—Till-Bits.

The human race makes pretty good progress, considering that no selection is made of the prettiest, or the purest, and all others taken to the pond to be drowned.

No woman is so anxious to see her church fair a success as to wish to see her husband there surrounded by other women who are selling him things.

## LORD OF THE DESERT

By PAUL de LANEY.

### CHAPTER XXII—Continued.

Dan Follett rose to his feet in surprise. But the chief remained calm and continued his conversation. He told him the facts of her escape, and the fraud in the scalp he had given him, at the same time repeating that he and the Canadian were friends now.

"But where is she?" inquired the Canadian. "A hired thief entered his mind. With Bertha Lyle in his possession, he could get revenge on Hammerley, on the Lord of the Desert, on everybody! With her under his control, he could demand a ransom. He could make terms with General Crook, he could possibly get possession of that \$10,000. Plans came on so thick and fast that they clouded his brain, and he saw a thousand advantages in the possession of Bertha Lyle as a prisoner in an Indian village.

"Where is she?" he demanded again.

"But wait!" said the chief. "You are too impatient to make a good brave for Egan's hand. I told you she escaped. The trapper still has her!"

"But I have been to his home in his absence," said Follett. "And she was not there."

"He hide her when he go away," replied the chief. "He fear someone steal her! Now me and my men will hurry away tonight. We will go to hell trap, where soldiers never go, and if they find us they can never get us. You take two, four, ten, twelve, go to trapper's home while he away and get girl and bring her with you! See! make trapper mad, you get even, and you have white squaw."

Egan, a good friend as well as an enemy.

Within another hour Dan Follett and four of Egan's most stealthy braves were riding across the plains toward the trapper's abode, and Egan and a majority of the chiefs and warriors had quitted the vicinity of the Stone House as silently as the desert night breeze. Only a small scouting party remained at their posts, and the Lord of the Desert kept watch over all with the vigilance of a trained general, waiting to see what the early morning would bring.

"The birds have flown," was the first expression of General Crook to the trapper, who stood in the vicinity of the Stone House. "There are no Indians about the place," he said, "but they may be close at hand. We will wait until daylight before we approach nearer."

He secreted his men in a grove of junipers on the mountainside, some distance from the premises, and waited developments.

As soon as the morning light began to break, the general, accompanied by Hammerley, began to reconnoiter. "The whites are vigilant," he remarked, as he pointed to the rifles in the loopholes in the wall. "They are evidently expecting the Indians, but I see no cover behind which the redskins could conceal themselves from our view. I am of the opinion that the red rascals have 'smelt a mouse' and left during the night. We must communicate with the whites as quickly as possible and get on the trail. Can't you creep up near that guard and manage to communicate with him?"

"That will be easy," replied the trapper, and he started in a stooping posture, keeping himself well hidden behind the runty junipers.

"Hello, there!" spoke the trapper in a low tone, at a short distance from the man at the loophole.

The astonished guard looked in a dozen different directions in an instant.

"I am the trapper, returned from the fort with all. Tell the Lord of the Desert I wish to speak with him."

In a few moments this personage was at the loophole and Hammerley walked to the place, being well shielded from the main points of the plain.

Daylight was rapidly coming on, and the Lord of the Desert, upon consulting his men, soon concluded that the Indians had made their escape. The guards, however, were certain that some of the Indians had remained until a late hour in the night, and that they had been seen skulking about the place just before dawn.

A short reconnoitre was made and General Crook was informed of the result. His men were marched inside the stone wall surrounding the Stone House and were ordered to prepare their breakfast and to take a few hours' rest.

In the meantime, the general held an interview with the Lord of the Desert and began preparations to pursue the Indians as soon as the morning sun was overhead. Scouts were sent out from the trail, under the leadership of the never-sleeping but ever-fresh Hammerley, and they soon struck the trail and sent word back to the Stone House accordingly.

When General Crook informed Martin Lyle of the episode with Dan Follett, the Lord of the Desert went to his treasury and found a large sum of his money missing. He became frantic. He wanted to go to the fort and lyth this half-breed, but General Crook informed him that they had "whole" breeds to deal with just now, and that he would take up Follett's case later.

Hammerley, at the head of the band of cowboys who had followed the trail of the Indians all day and kept General Crook posted. The latter moved out with his command from the Stone House at sunset, intending to travel by night so as to keep the Indians off their guard. He started out on one of his determined charges, never intending to return until he had punished these bandits the most troublesome and bloodthirsty at that time roaming the American plains.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

At Hell's Trap.

Hammerley had located the Indians at "Hell's Trap." Upon being notified of this, General Crook had come in advance of his command, which was to march by night, to view the situation.

It was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon when he and the trapper stealthily climbed to the top of the rimrocks overlooking this remarkable place, and lying flat on the capstone of the rimrocks, they looked into the Indian camp below. There was no sign about the place to indicate a trap.

or place for a harsh name. It was a beautiful natural meadow in the bend of a mountain stream, surrounded on three sides by towering rimrocks, the river forming a distinct peninsula, almost creating an island. Close did the entrance point of the stream come to the point of exit after making the circuit of the little valley.

Through this narrow neck the Indians had entered, and while the captives smiled at the luxuriant grass they had pitched their tents among the willows bordering the stream and prepared for a few days' rest after their long siege at the Stone House. Here game and fish were plentiful, and the ranches of deer and antelope, and fish fry alternating the feasts on the Lord of the Desert's fattened bullocks, made a garden of Eden for the braves, instead of a "Hell's Trap."

Here they felt safe. In this amphitheater they were isolated from the world, and there were numerous outlets through the rimrocks where they could make their escape if they wished.

They regarded a casual lookout as being sufficient for their safety from surprise. In view of the fact that hunting parties were continually covering the territory in the immediate vicinity of the camp.

It was a continuous feast and holiday for the hunted bandits.

"I cannot understand why they call this Hell's Trap," said General Crook, as he looked down upon the placid scene.

"There is no reason for it now. It is 'true,' replied the trapper. 'I have seen it when the name of Hell's Trap was not too harsh for it. The river, now fordable at noon from the rises from the snowbeds of the great mountains yonder. The warm south winds at times start the snow to melting, and the water comes dashing down from every point, filling the ravines and gulches, and these flow into the river, making it a rolling sea of water as suddenly as a cloudburst. It is on these occasions that the place bears the appearance of a 'hell's trap.'"

It has always been a great grazing place for wild animals of all kinds, and the rise often comes down upon them suddenly and fills the banks all around them and breaks across the narrow neck yonder, imprisoning them completely before they have time to escape. No living thing can ford the river during the rises.

"The Indians make it a point to take advantage of these rises. They stand guard outside, and as soon as the water is at its highest they rush through the current overflowing the neck and slaughter the animals by the wholesale. In this manner they have long secured their winter meat food. This has given it the name of 'Hell's Trap.'"

After a few minutes in silence General Crook remarked that there seemed to be four canyons, or outlets from the place, through the walls of the rimrocks, besides the main entrance through the "strait," or neck. But the trapper showed him the fifth.

"To make a wholesale capture," remarked the general, "I will have to station me at all of those points and charge in over the neck." My men will arrive about midnight, and I will then require your assistance in stationing the men for an early morning attack," he continued.

Before the trapper had time to respond, if he had intended to reply, a slight caught the eyes of both men that riveted their attention in the same direction.

They placed their field glasses to their eyes and a groan escaped simultaneously from each. The sight that greeted them has often been seen on the American border. Human beings put to torture by savages, in full view of friends who were unable to render them aid!

The savages marched forth into an opening four white men in single file, their arms bound to their sides, and each being led by a painted warrior.

The general and the trapper immediately recognized the men as four of the cowboys who had been sent out on the trail of the Indians from the Stone House. This is the first that either had known of their fate. General Crook, as well as the trapper, had supposed that all of the men were safe. The latter had not seen the men since two days before, but he supposed that they had either lost the trail or were loitering somewhere close at hand among the rimrocks.

But they had acted indiscreetly and had been entrapped by the Indians, and were now about to pay their last earthly penny.

The mode of the American savages' torture of his prisoners is well known. It has been described often enough, with varying variations, and in this case his incentive was great. Many of his companions had fallen before the loopholes at the Stone House. These men had fired the fatal shots in many instances. It was now the Indians' turn.

Blinding the prisoners, hands and feet, and tying them to short stakes driven deeply into the ground, their prostrate bodies were every cruelty and every torture that the depraved Putes and their allies could invent.

It was well even for the iron nerves of the trapper and general and the desert that the position of the men was partially obscured from view, and that they could not see all that was done.

The torture was kept up almost until sundown the last life even flamed, and the savages were then desecrating their mutilated bodies when interrupted by a chorus of yells from the center of the bend in the river.

Turning their glasses in this direction, the two white men saw another sight that startled them still more.

A mounted party had just passed through an opening in the rimrocks, with banners and flags and heading toward the Indian camp.

In front rode an Indian warrior next came a white man bound to his horse, then came a white woman, her feet bound by a rope which encircled the horse upon which she rode; then followed two warriors mounted on one animal, and bringing up the rear was Dan Follett!

Bertha Lyle, as sure as I live! gasped the trapper.

"And that cursed half-breed!" exclaimed General Crook.

The trapper started to rise and rush to the rescue, but the cool-headed general restrained him. "Cool my boy! Cool!" he advised. "Careful work requires careful action, and I see now that we have a lot of both on hand!"

The trapper had already informed General Crook of the entire situation, so far as he knew it, but both were at a loss to understand how Follett had escaped and how he had succeeded in entering Bertha and her companions from the secret caverns of the trapper's home.

"We will solve these mysterious problems later, young man," said the general. "We have practical ones ahead of us now!"

Old Egan greeted Follett with full fellowship as a chief, and cast a vindictive glance at his fair captive. The white man was soon dismounted, and while Metzker, the cowboy captive, was led away and bound to a stake where his late friends had been confined, Bertha was given a tepee all to herself among the willows, and two little stone braves were placed as guards over her.

"This complicates matters," said General Crook. "I intended opening the campaign at daybreak tomorrow and not leaving one of the red devils to tell the tale, after witnessing the butchery of those who follow a while ago, but now that cannot be done, for it would hazard the girl's safety and life. It will never do to shoot into the place while she is in it."

"I'll rescue her before morning," General said the trapper.

"It's a ticklish job, young man, but if you succeed, my men will do the rest!"

Night was now coming on, and they returned to the temporary quarters of the great Indian fighter, in a secret nook among the rimrocks, there to plan the rescue of the woman, and the early morning attack.

(To be continued.)

#### WAS AN INTERESTING FIGURE.

The Late William N. Roach, Once Senator from North Dakota.

The death of William N. Roach, former United States Senator from North Dakota, occurred in New York, after a nine months' illness with cancer. Roach never acquired eminence in statesmanship, but he was at one time an interesting figure at Washington. He was born in that city in 1840 and was educated at Georgetown College. After the war he embarked in banking and became eventually cashier of the Citizens' National Bank of Washington.

Only One Christ.—We are living in an age when there are a great number of denominations, but only one Christ. Christ is the very apex of truth. He is the giver of everlasting life.—Rev. Thomas Campbell, Congregational, Chicago, Ill.

Sin and Death.—As sin and death result from man's exercise of moral freedom in opposition to divine will, so holiness and life eternal are won by the submission of the personal will to the divine.—John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Baptist, New York.

Go Forward.—We cannot go forward by simply asking God to save our souls. We must look at the worldly cares and the humane side of things. Do not only pray, but stretch forth the rod of effort.—Rev. W. Hubbard, Baptist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Woman.—Woman is mistress of the moral destinies of the race. Woe to her who flings such a crown as this in the dust, or trails such spoils, heavenly robes in the mire. That were waste of high and holy opportunity.—Rev. Dr. Studebaker, Lutheran, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Christ.—Christ, who is our life; Christ who is the redeemer of souls and the savior of the social order and the builder of the kingdom of God, never faileth. He is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. It is in whom all the hopes of humanity are hid.—Rev. Dr. West, Congregationalist, Winona, Minn.

Accept Truth in Segments.—One of the chief causes of denominationalism is that many people accept the truth only in segments. Prayer must not be used as a cudgel to smite down obedience. Faith must not be taken to the exclusion of Christian works. To know and practice only part of the truth is denominationalism.—Rev. Dr. Harlan, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Forgiveness.—What forgiveness should mean beyond justice is merely the omission of revenge. And this means a great deal. It means that among those who live up to the old rule, love may be regained by those who have sinned and fallen low. Nowhere in nature save in man is there the spirit of revenge.—Rev. David Utter, Unitarian, Denver, Col.

High standards of Life.—There are as high standards of life to-day as ever; there is as noble, pure, sincere a people to-day as anywhere. It is to be found in our own land and in this city of ours in as large abundance as anywhere on earth. The dangers that confront us are subtle and harder to fight because not easily seen.—Rev. Dr. Stires, Episcopal, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Right Spirit.—In these modern times the questions of literature, religion, society and politics are not studied deeply enough and men do not think with the right spirit. It is more in what spirit one thinks than of what he thinks. The modern man should adopt the spirit of caution and of open-mindedness. To be cautious was not timidity, but it was courage; to be cautious is to be scholarly. The greatest danger of modern times is the tendency to specializing in all lines.—Rev. Dr. Harper, Chicago, Ill.

Socialism.—One thing is sure, as capitalism grows stronger and more oppressive socialism will expand and become more popular. Socialism is the set enemy of every wrong that oppresses humanity, and however crude and impracticable its present methods may be, unless some remedy can be found in the existing regime of government to redress and rectify these wrongs it needs must be that the entire system must be overthrown and the whole world begin anew on a basis of justice, brotherhood and human solidarity that will insure peace with prosperity and contentment with progress throughout the globe.—Rev. Henry Frank, Independent, New York.

German Statistics.

In 1900 there were 757,000 strangers living in the German Empire, of whom 300,000 were Austro-Hungarians, 88,000 Dutch, 69,000 Italians, 55,000 Swiss, 46,000 Russians and nearly 18,000 Americans. The total population was 55,587,000. The total German emigration during 1901 was 22,073 (in 1900, 22,