

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Russia is the smoothest citizen in all Europe.

Johnny Bull has helped himself to another chunk of dark meat.

Only one more year to the appearance of the platform rafter. He is a four-year political locust.

Now that the smallpox germ has been discovered, steps should be taken to vaccinate him at once.

Now that union labor has discovered that the injunction is a two-edged sword we may look for some merry combats.

Dr. Barrows says that the way to cure criminals is to exterminate their evil tendencies. In many cases this will not leave much of the criminal.

Mr. Carnegie ought to offer to provide a nice line of self-supporting insane asylums for poor old millionaires who are driven crazy by people who want something for nothing.

In nearly every case of nepotism in public office it will be noticed that the son-in-law comes in and sits with the family when the public pie is cut. He should never be overlooked.

A man worth millions leaves his all to his many nephews and nieces, with the injunction to marry. If he had been married himself he would probably have had no millions to leave. There seems to be a fine chance for an argument here.

Mr. Watt still maintains that Shakespeare was no master of modern English. Any seventeenth century poet who could not write twentieth century English must have been of a very ordinary quality. Mr. Watt, we presume, writes thirtieth century English.

A woman has obtained a divorce because her husband insisted on her sitting up late at night and studying. It is hard to please women. Most of them are dissatisfied because their husbands want them to go to bed early and pay no attention to the time the head of the household comes in.

Now that a Chicago pedant has discovered that the bard of Avon was a cheap punster, a murderer of the king's English, and as poor as a speller as some of the university students of the present day, perhaps the followers of Ignatius Donnelly will quit trying to prove that Lord Bacon wrote those stupid, witless productions commonly known as the plays of Shakespeare.

At any rate, it is not our business. We are not a nation of Quixotes, but a nation of people engaged, with much success, in minding their own business. It is quite certain our bits of exports of cotton goods or kerosene, or whatever, is not an object for which American public opinion would justify our fighting to extrude Russia from Manchuria. As little is it an object that would justify us in joining any "alliance" to that end, in defiance of the sound tradition that is as old as our nation. And it is not even certain, nor even likely, that our trade, such as it is, is at stake. It seems as if it might perfectly be saved by the frank and manly diplomacy which we have of late been exhibiting.

Despite deceptive appearances Uncle Sam is really a modest sort of a fellow, who does not believe that he has nothing to learn from the rest of the world. He is prepared to admit without humiliation that some things are probably done better in London, Paris and Berlin than in the United States. But there is this to be said to the credit of American manufacturers. As soon as they discover that an article superior to home manufacture is produced abroad they at once secure a model of the foreign product and begin to improve their own goods. They do not wait for years until an exposition is held somewhere in the world to get a "copy" of the finer and more original product.

Judge Lindsey, of Denver: "Every man found guilty in my court of cruelty to animals must go to jail; there will be no other sentence in this court so long as I sit on the bench. The sooner this is understood the better it will be for the community." A jail sentence is severe, but not too severe for the man who maltreats the brute, over which he is master. Let him meditate in the seclusion of a cell the responsibilities of a living soul that has been given dominion over the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air. What a friend of man the horse has been! That noble animal was companion and assistant to men when history began its records. He has plowed man's fields, borne his burdens and carried him to battle. Civilization would have come slower upon the earth but for the horse. Often abused, frequently neglected, he is always man's willing slave. What right have you to mistreat him, even though you hold a paper you call a bill of sale? Your race owes his race more than you can ever repay. And the dog? He was the staunch helper of the stone age man. In all periods of history he has been a trust-worthy friend, constant comrade, devoted guardian. His name is in itself a synonym of loyalty. To all of these man is a god. Shall their duty, to whom they look in dumb and humble worship, reward their trust and fidelity by lack of love and justice, by harsh and cruel treatment? For shame! As God rules man, gently and with compassion, so let man rule beast and bird.

"Here goes another fool," shouted a man as he jumped from the deck of a New York ferryboat. By the time his body was covered he was dead, and his corpse was carried uncomplaining to the morgue. It is a most depressing

fact that there were between 8,000 and 9,000 of such "fools" last year, a marked increase upon any previous twelve months. This prevalence of suicide indicates that a grave national danger confronts us. In the multiplication of our wants, in the increase of what we call the "necessities" of life, we are losing sight of the value of life itself. Men measure themselves by what they own, and a sudden loss of property therefore brings the value of existence down to zero. Others are overwhelmed by the vastness and strenuous life of a great city, and a sense of their own insignificance and helplessness drives them to self-destruction. In all these cases, the underlying cause is a lack of self-valuation. A man of woman becomes discouraged and says: "Nobody would notice me if I were out of the world." It is peculiarly tragic that there should be so many suicides at the present time, when all great world-movements have become so rapid and interesting. Almost every morning we read of a new triumph of science. Travel has become safe and comfortable in nearly every country. Inventions and discoveries such as the past never dreamed of are to-day common-place facts. This is an age when the lines of Wordsworth should be true: "Tis bliss to be alive and glorious to be young." The terrible fact that over 8,000 a year think otherwise shows that there must be something out of gear in our social machinery.

No provision of nature is wiser or more beneficent than that whereby the terrors of youth grow neutral or amusing in the retrospect. The stone-bruise, the bee-sting and the green-apple colic are still tender memories—but not in the original sense. "Speaking day" in school was one of the hardest of "boyhood's" crosses. It caused our hearts to thump and our knees to knock together, yet the thought of dropping it from the calendar would cause a pang to many a gray-haired boy whose son never knew the fervor with which his father used to address the Carthaginians. The solemn and time-honored occasion seems to be in danger. Letters of protest have appeared in the newspapers. The men who write the letters doubtless had to take their turn as boys at declamation, and if they were real boys, hated it as cordially as their children hate it to-day. But—and it is a very large but—they know now what the declamations were for, and what they did. They see, if they are men in any sense leaders of their fellows, how useful is the ability to get upon one's feet and say what one has to say simply and effectively. They know, too, that the accomplishment is rare. Speeches in town meetings, at annual dinners, in fact, on social and public occasions of all kinds—how dull most of them are, and how ineffective! Yet the men who make them, who drone along for a dreary half-hour because they do not know how to stop, may be able and interesting even when they are on the platform and at their ease. "Stage fright" is all that ails them. They have never been trained to face an audience. Self-possession leaves them when the need for it is most urgent, and self-consciousness takes its place. It is just this training which speaking day helped to supply. The mimic "Spartacus" learned more than Roman history when he harangued the imaginary gladiators; "Patrick Henry" became familiar with more than American history when he addressed his schoolmates as the House of Burgesses. "Beautiful Snow," "Bingen on the Rhine," "Curfew," and all that lovely collection—would any old boy or girl to-day spare them from his memory? Will any parent such a good old custom as speaking day to pass unhonored and unwept? We hope not.

SEES PERIL TO LABOR. The conditions which confront the people of America to-day are largely of their own making. I believe the folly of the labor organizations in several instances has alienated a great deal of the sympathy that would otherwise have gone to them. One thing we must realize is that the community is not made up of either laborers or capitalists, but rather of those between who are very largely affected by these differences. The time may come when organized labor may make itself so unpleasant that it may not be able to stay in New York. The great stumbling block in organized labor is that the freedom of the individual is invaded and that has got to be corrected.

WHY WOMEN GET LOWER WAGES THAN MEN. There are psychological reasons for the lower wages of women. In the world of outdoor labor woman is, comparatively speaking, still a novice, having but recently joined the ranks of the bread winners. Women do not take kindly to learning a trade thoroughly before seeking employment. Lacking business judgment, they hesitate to invest either the time or the money required to master details. In fact, most women undertake a trade or a profession with no idea of making it their life work, but as only a temporary occupation—until something better turns up. This "something better" for the majority of women is marriage. Again, woman's nervous temperament stands in the way of her success as a collaborator with or a competitor of man. To do prosaic work steadily day in and day out requires stronger nerves than the average woman is favored with. Another reason

MACHINE-MADE APPLAUSE IS USED IN A THEATER. Stage lightning, stage thunder, the stage moon, and the stage snowstorm have been put in the background by the invention of a stage applause machine invented by Actor Henry Miller. Mr. Miller was playing in Richard Harding Davis' "Taming of Helen" in St. Louis when he first tried its power. In the last act, which takes place in the greenroom of the Imperial Theater, London, the applause of an imaginary



A STATUE OF THE "GRAND OLD MAN."

What is declared to be the best "counterfeit presentment" of the late Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone ever made is the statue herewith reproduced, which was recently unveiled in the north transept of Westminster abbey. The statue is of the finest Carrara marble and shows the dead statesman as a D. C. L. of Oxford. The royal family of England always feared more than it admired Gladstone, but since his death it has come to a realization of the fact that he was a pretty safe man, after all, and the placing of the statue so prominently in the place reserved for the elect is a recognition that he possessed qualities which will cause his fame to grow greater as the years go by.

Method in It. "That trolley car conductor is the biggest fool of a bore I know." "Not at all. He may be a bore, but he's no fool." "What! Why, you can't stand on the back platform a minute before he begins to talk you to death—?" "Whereupon you go inside where you belong and leave the platform clear. That's his game."—Philadelphia Press.

Hard to Believe. Kwater—There's a good deal of common sense in that old saying about "giving the devil his due." Acum—How does he get his due? You think there's really any humidity there?—Philadelphia Press.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

NEEDS OF POPULAR EDUCATION IN AMERICA.

Education aims to train the pupil to do three things—to earn a living, to support the institutions of society, and to enjoy the products of art and taste. This standard requires of the elementary school, first of all, to preserve the child in vigorous health. It calls for power of hand and eye to appreciate and make beautiful objects. Reading should not only how to read, but also the reading habit. Arithmetic should be restricted to limits of probable utility for the average person. Geography should start with actual observation of phenomena. History should grow out of myth and biography into the story of national life, and should teach the way liberties were won. Mere memory should hold an incidental and subordinate place.

The power to tell a connected story and to trace the sequence of cause and effect should be the chief aim of recitation. Science should be training in observation, reasoning and aroused curiosity. Promotion should be frequent and irregular, with encouragement and opportunity to bright scholars to skip the lower grades. Examinations should be a test of power instead of mere acquisition. Discipline should rest on freedom, assuming right intentions and appealing to reason and good will. This new curriculum is at length theoretically accepted. The difficulty is to get the teachers, for the new spirit requires knowledge and character years in advance of the pupil. A good teacher with a poor course is better than a poor teacher with a good course. As it is to-day, the public school is vastly better than the elongated private kindergartens which cater to the children of the rich. The American public high school emancipated from narrow college domination in the substance, yet inspired by college examinations in the quality of its courses, is destined to play a leading part in making America the land of intelligent workmen, loyal citizens, and happy people.

A system which gives to the child the keys to the treasure house of the whole world, which opens the mystery of plant and animal, and sea and star; which watches for the bent of each child; which seeks for highly trained women and men as teachers; which goes behind the forms of words and grasps details in their larger significance; which seeks to inspire love of beauty and goodness in each member of a class, is a magnificent improvement over the old order of things.

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THE APPLAUSE MACHINE.

audience is heard. The author supposed that a crowd of supers at 50 cents per night would be used for this purpose, but Mr. Miller put his machine at work. The local supers couldn't have done half as well. By turns the hand-clapping was deafening, and then it would subside. The shutting of doors would stop the sound, and many curious effects were introduced. Mr. Miller's invention is a wonder. It consists of a large solid wooden drum, studded with pins about two inches long. When the drum revolves the pins strike it, producing a noise of hand-clapping.

Surgery Seven Hundred Years Ago. Surgical operations were performed on the human skull in America 200 years before the coming of Columbus, says the Toledo Blade. The work was done in those early days with the aid of shells and flint hatchets. Many skulls have been discovered in Peru which illustrate the methods of these early surgeons. From the appearance of the skull it is also evident that a considerable proportion of those operated upon lived afterward. This trephining was probably performed to save the lives of those who had received a serious wound from a club or a stone. Considering that the surgeons of those early days worked with nothing more effective than sharp shells or flint knives, the work is exceedingly creditable. Human skulls also have been found in Europe, dating back to prehistoric times. In the

is that women are overanxious for results. Time is a great tax upon their patience. They are, as a rule, in too great a hurry to begin making money, and therefore prefer to make a little quickly rather than wait for the larger results which come more slowly. Still another reason for the lower wages of women is that most of them are not compelled as the men are to go to work. It is for this reason, too, that they do not save any considerable portion of their earnings—for they look upon their weekly wages as spending money—and are therefore quite free with it. Then their presence in the shop or the factory calls for better accommodations, which necessarily increases the expense of conducting a business. Still we are of the opinion that it will not be long before women will become thoroughly acclimated in the world of outdoor work and not only command higher wages for themselves but also by their presence make the struggle for existence a little less fierce.

THE RIGHT KIND OF PERSON TO MARRY.

Love matches, rather than marriages of convenience, are the rule in the Land of Freedom. Men seek women because they feel a sincere affection for them; women marry men for the all-sufficing reason that life seems to them better and richer if it may be lived together. And undoubtedly love is the first requisite to a happy marriage. Nevertheless, the ancients were not without reason when they painted Cupid with a bandage around his eyes. Love matches are sometimes less happy than others where the affection between man and wife has for its foundation calm esteem and cordial respect. The best way is to be wise in time and not to allow the heart to plunge in too deeply until the head has approved. Mercenary marriages are a mistake. When money is the sole attraction the person who is bought and sold has no right to complain later.

It is safe to distrust persons who, even among their own kindred, take all they can get and give as little as possible in return. The girl who is an affectionate and dutiful daughter, who is beloved of her small brothers and sisters, and the countess of all their troubles and triumphs, may be safely counted upon as a true helpmeet to her husband; the man who is always thoughtful of his mother and attentive to his sisters can be reckoned upon to duly cherish his wife. According to Scripture it is difficult for two to walk together except they be agreed. Similarity of tastes and inclination go far to foster happiness in married life. Whosoever marries a man of indubitably bad habits, hoping to reform him, makes a woeful mistake. The man who will not forsake his evil ways for love of his sweetheart will never do so for love of his wife. The old saying, "Marry in haste and repent at leisure," is wise, as are most old saws. Time brings counsel, and hasty judgments are rarely worthy the name. Much of the unhappiness which exists in married life might be avoided if persons intending to enter into the holy estate of matrimony were wise enough to wait to become well acquainted with each other before going hand in hand through its gate.

MORE ARE GOING TO CHURCH.

More thoughtful, intellectual men are going to church in New York to-day than there were ten years ago. On the other hand, proportionately fewer women are attending church than formerly. That is especially so among women of leisure and the so-called society women, for whom the Sabbath is crowded with social engagements. It is also true largely of the wage-earning woman, who not unnaturally desires the Sabbath for recreation. In the aggregate, of course, there are more women in our churches than men. This should not be, for the latter need the church's message more than the former. Orchestras, and an imposing ritual, have no place in God's house. They attract the curious and irreligious and distract the right-minded. These accessories belong to the theater, and a creed is weak which has to resort to them to attract the public to church. Preaching the gospel is what the oppressed human heart seeks to lighten the burden. The hopeful words of the Master are the best balm for the doubtful and suffering and the despairing. Therefore the heavy-laden should seek the sanctuary.

I am compelled to believe that every man who habitually refuses to attend God's house is helping along to the limit of his personal influence this degradation of life for the entire community.

WHITE HOUSE IN A CLASS BY ITSELF, FROM AN ARCHITECTURAL POINT OF VIEW.

ONE moonlight night in June, 1902, while strolling through the grounds with Charles F. McKim, one of the members of the park commission, we seated ourselves on one of those mounds which tradition ascribes to John Quincy Adams' taste in landscape architecture. That afternoon some of the people arrayed in joyous costumes befitting the semi-tropics had come from the hot city to rest under the trees and listen to the Saturday concert of the Marine Band. The musicians, clad in white duck, were located in a little depression, so that the sound of the music rolled up the slopes to the attentive audience. A year before we had observed the same effect at Versailles; and both the similarities and the differences of the two pictures were being discussed as we sat in the quiet night, behind the locked gates, where not a sound from the city streets broke the grateful noise of water splashing in the fountains, continues Charles Moore, in the Century. On the high portico the President sat amid a group of dinner guests, and the lights of their cigars were "echoed" by the drowsy fireflies flitting about the grounds, only the brilliantly lighted windows of the secretary's office even suggesting the workaday world. The moonlight, shining full on the White House, revealed the harmonious lines of its graceful shape. "Tell me," I asked the architect, "among the great houses that have been built during recent years in the general style of the White House—architecture, surpasses it?" "No; there is not one in the same class with it," he replied deliberately—a judgment confirmed later under the noontday sun.

South Sea Islands the operation was often performed with the same primitive implements. The local surgeons not only trophine in the case of fractures, but as a cure for epilepsy and certain forms of insanity. Trephining is also performed in this primitive way even as a cure for headache.

Discounts. There is such a thing as carrying the discount business too far, as the smart advertising agent of a new publication discovered.

"As I understand it," said the merchant, "your rate is \$100 a page for a single insertion, and you deduct 1 per cent from this rate for each additional insertion." "That is correct," replied the agent. "If I take a page for two issues it will be \$90 for each, and if I take it for six it will be \$75 for each. Am I right?" "You are."

"The greater the number of issues for which I contract to take the page, the less the price for each insertion." "The total rate decreases by 1 per cent for each insertion contracted for after the first," explained the agent. "If you agree to take it ten times, there will be nine insertions after the first, and you will get 9 per cent off the rate. In other words, you will only have to pay \$91 each time." "The idea commends itself to me,"

THE MINISTER'S DIVIDENDS.

It was a queer couple, says a preacher in a Massachusetts town, that drove up to the parsonage door. She was tall and angular, a typical "old maid"; he was short, fat and jolly, with a sort of David Harum look about his eyes. He had a snug farm, well kept and paid for; and she was known as a neat, industrious woman, who had brought up a family of children left orphans by the death of her sister. Sard Cooper assisted the woman from the wagon as handily as he could with his stiff arm and stiffer knee. She waited while he hitched his horse, and together they entered the parsonage.

"Reckon you can guess what we're here for, parson," he said. "My sister Jane, who has kept house for me high on to thirty years, died last winter, and it's been lonesome for me and the cows and pigs since. Miss Jones, here, has hovered them chickens of her sister's until they've got from under her wings and gone to town. Now 'tain't far across-lots from my farm to hers, and we concluded that she can run and my house, and I can run her farm, and it would be better for both farm and house. So we thought we'd just drive over and get you to hitch us up for a span. I'm going to be good to her and provide everything necessary, and she's going to be good to me and take care of me. So whenever you're ready, go ahead, only make it short."

The ceremony passed without special incident. After Sard had administered a sounding smack on Nancy's cheek, he turned to me and said, "Wal, parson, what do I owe ye?" "Well," I said, "you can give me whatever you choose," and I added with a smile, "Give me what you think she is worth to you."

In an instant his Yankee love for a trade came to the front, and fishing an old-fashioned copper cent out of his pocket, he said, "Parson, I reckon I won't be stuck very bad if I find she's worth more, why, you'll hear from me again."

He had the best of me; there was nothing more to be said. I made the entry of the wedding in my private record, and wrote against it, "Fe, one cent."

A year from that day Cooper drove into the yard with a cord of fine hickory wood. "You remember what I told ye when I gave ye that cent? The woman's doing well, so I thought I'd give ye a dividend."

The following anniversary he drove into the barn with a ton of hay, and said, "Nother dividend, parson. The wife is all right."

Every anniversary of the wedding during my pastorate another dividend found its way to the parsonage. So in the end my one cent became my biggest fee.

CHAMBERLAIN'S AMERICAN WIFE.

A woman who is just now very much in the public eye is the wife of Joseph Chamberlain, England's Secretary of State for the colonies, the "best loved and the best hated man in Great Britain." Mrs. Chamberlain, who is the statesman's third wife, was Miss Mary Crowninshield Endicott, daughter of W. C. Endicott of Massachusetts, Secretary of War during President Cleveland's first administration. While in South Africa with her husband recently she made many friends, and there are those who think that Mr. Chamberlain's success on his mission of conciliation was to a great extent ascribable to the tact of this certain American girl. Mrs. Chamberlain is not a beautiful woman, and it was her charm of manner and her qualities of mind which won the love of the man who is generally regarded as England's coming premier. Their marriage occurred in 1888.

Flirted with Himself. A flirtatious young man with an eye for pretty women had an experience recently which he is telling, although the joke is decidedly on himself. He was riding out on a crowded car one evening when he felt a gentle pressure on his foot. He hardly noticed it, but when a moment later he felt it again he gently raised his foot with a response. He looked up with a smile to the woman beside him, who, although pretty, did not seem to be the least inclined to flirt. He was puzzled. Again he felt the touch on his foot, but not a smile. Just then the car gave a sudden lurch and his umbrella, which had been hanging on his arm, almost poked a hole in his shoe. He would have kicked himself if the car hadn't been so crowded.—Kansas City Journal.

Dry Toast. Among the guests at a dinner in New York given in honor of Daniel Webster was Dr. Benjamin Brandreth, the inventor of a celebrated pill known by his name. A witty guest proposed the following voluntary toast: "To Daniel Webster and Benjamin Brandreth, the pillars of the constitution."

Engineers Advanced at Sea. The British admiralty has suddenly abandoned its long and stubbornly held position and placed the engineers of the navy on full equality with "executive" or line officers.

OLD FAVORITES

The Clown's Baby. It was out on the Western frontier—the miners, rugged and brown, were gathered around the posters; The circus had come to town! The great tent shone in the darkness, Like a wonderful palace of light, And rough men crowded the entrance— Shows didn't come every night!

Not a woman's face among them; Many a face that was bad, And some that were only vacant, And some that were very sad. And behind a canvas curtain, In a corner of the place, The clown, with chalk and vermilion, Was "making up" his face.

A weary-looking woman, With a smile that still was sweet, Sewed on a little garment, With a cradle at her feet. Pantaloons stood ready and waiting; It was time for the going on; But the clown in vain searched wildly— The "property baby" was gone.

He murmured, impatiently hating, "It's strange that I cannot find— There! I've looked in every corner; It must have been left behind!" The miners were stamping and shouting, They were not very patient now; The clown bent over the cradle— "I must take you, little Ben!"

The mother started and shivered, But trouble and want were near; She lifted her baby gently, "You'll be very careful, dear!" "Careful! You foolish darling!"— How tenderly the voice came! While a smile shone through the chalk and paint— "I love each hair of his head!"

The noise rose into an uproar, Misdre for the time was king; The clown, for the foolish chuckle, Bolted into the ring. But as, with a squeak and flourish, The fiddles closed their tune, "You'll hold him as if he was made of glass!" Said the clown to pantaloons.

The jovial fellow nodded; "I've a couple myself," he said; "I know how to handle 'em, bless you! Old fellow, go ahead!" The fun grew fast and furious, And not one of all the crowd Had guessed that the baby was alive, When he suddenly laughed aloud.

Oh, that baby laugh! It was echoed From the benches with a ring, And the roughest customer there sprang up. With "Boys, it's the real thing!" The ring was jammed in a minute, Not a man that did not strive For "a shot at holding the baby!"— The baby that was "alive!"

He was thronged by kneeling suitors In the midst of the dusty ring, And he held his court right royally— The fair little baby king! Till one of the shouting courtiers, A man with a bold, hard face, And the talk, for miles of the country, And the terror of the place,

Raised the little king to his shoulder, And chuckled, "Look at that!" As the chubby fingers clutched his hat, Then, "Boys, hand round the hat!" There never was such a hatful Of silver, and gold, and notes; People are not always penitent, Because they don't wear coats.

And then, "Three cheers for the baby!" I tell you, those cheers were meant, And the way in which they were given Was enough to raise the tent. And then there was sudden silence, And a gruff old miner said, "Come, boys, enough of this rumpus! It's time it was put to bed."

So, looking a little sheepish, But with faces strangely bright, The audience, somewhat lingering, Flocked out into the night. And the bold-faced leader chuckled, "He wasn't a bit afraid!" He's as game as he is good-looking— Boys, that was a show that paid!"—Margaret Vandegriff.

POPE'S SPLENDID GARMENTS.

Innumerable Slippers, Gloves and Rich Vestments. The Pope has the largest and most costly wardrobe in the whole civilized world. Three large rooms at the Vatican hardly suffice to contain the Pope's wardrobe, and a special body of servants is told off to keep it in order. Each day in the year has its appropriate garment, which varies in color, weight and value, according to the season. The slippers alone are innumerable, all being made of velvet and embroidered, and the Pope has no excuse for not knowing his left foot from his right, for the design is different on each slipper. The gloves are of the finest white wool, embroidered with pearls. The wools of the gloves, and for all the garments of the Pope into which wool enters, is the product of a special flock of sheep dedicated for the purpose by a family who have had the special privilege of supplying the pontiffs with wool since the sixteenth century. The pallium, which is a symbol of sacerdotal authority, is usually woven from this wool by nuns, the lambs which supply the wool having been specially blessed by the Pope on Jan. 21 of every year.

Many of the most magnificent papal vestments, thick with gold embroidery, and jewels, have not been worn for a long time, says London Answers, since the loss of temporal power put an end to the great public ceremonies, but they remain in the "guarda roba," jealously watched by the guardians.

Better Off Abroad. "He has sold out his business and is going to Europe." "Yes; he made an enormous profit from the transaction, but everybody considered it more or less crooked." "Ah, I see. The profit is without honor in his own country."—Philadelphia Press.

Sign of Deep Mourning. "Mrs. Jones seems to be heartbroken over her husband's death." "Yes, even her hair has turned black again."—Brooklyn Life.

