SYNOPSIS.

Hall Bonistelle, artist-photographer, prepares for the day's work in his studio. Flodie Fisher, his assistant, reminds him of a party he is to give in the studio that night. Mr. Doremus, attorney, calls and informs Hall that his Uncle John's will has left him \$4,00,000 on condition that he marry before his twenty-eighth birthday, which begins at midnight that night. Mrs. Rena Royalton calls at the studio. Hall saks her to marry him. She agrees to give him an answer at the party that night. Miss Carolyn Dailys calls. Hall proposes to her. She agrees to give him an answer at the party that night. Miss Carolyn Dailys calls. Hall proposes to her. She agrees to give him an answer at the party Rosamund Gale, art model, calls. Hall tries to rush he into an immediate marriage. She, too, defers her answer until the evening. Flodie tries to show Hall a certain way out of the mixup, but he is obtuse. Jonas Hassingbury, heir to the millions in case Hall falls to marry on time, plots with Flodie to block Hall's marriage to any of the three women before midnight. Flodie arranges to have the three meet at the studio as if by chance. At that meeting much feminine fencing ensues, in which Flodie uses her own foil adrotily. Hall comes in. Alfred, the fanitor, brings in a newspaper with the story of the queer legacy. The laddes alliance to humillate Hall disaolves and they retire to plan war for the \$4,000,000 prize. Successive telephone messages from the three ladles in form Hall that he is accepted by all three. Desperate, he asks Flodie to save him from the three-horned dilemma by marrying him. She refuses, and goes with Alfred, who has long been a humble suitor, to get a marriage license. Jonas arrives for the party. -14git a good man if you got me, miss,

CHAPTER XI-Continued.

Hall's reception of him was polite without being over-cordial. The two little in common, and they disliked each other thoroughly.

"Well, Jonas, been having a good path. time in New York?"

"Oh, well, so-so." His eyes twinkled.
"Not so good as I expect to have a hasty anxious glance about; then, little later, though." He winked elab-

orately at Flodie. "Oh, I see. Meaning that money, I presume.

millions don't walk into my pocket every night, my boy!" He slapped Hall cordially on the shoulder. Hall was angry. "You seem to be pretty sure of it!"

Jonas placidly shook his head in sorall for the best. Remember that gold happened?" is but dross-'

Hall whirled on him. "Shut up. will you? By jove, if you weren't in my has it?" own house, I'd kick you down-stairs! And with that, he flung impetuously out of the room

Jonas' sour glance followed him 'Peevish, ain't he? How be ye gettin' along?" he asked anxiously, in an unpened?"

Well, I should say!" said Flodie luck. I can put it through."

"Ye can? By whillikens, that's fine! looked in, scowling. Good for you! Wall, we ought to know pretty soon now." He looked up at floor waxed for dancing. Three muand thirty-" He stopped, staring at instruments. Hall Bonistelle was in a the clock, then, with a puzzled face, drew his own big watch from his pocket, and compared it with the him. No scowl now; she was a differ

"Hush!" cried Flodie, and laid her

finger on her lip. Jonas' expression grew crafty. Then scheme fixed up, eh?" He walked to the couch and sat down, beckoning "Say, jest set down, wen't ye, and let me know how things stand. Flodie demurely took a seat beside

"Then they ain't no danger of any o' them three women gittin' him, is they?"

"Why " said Windle "not if we car manage to keep them away from him. It isn't so easy as it looks. Those women are getting desperate, now, and you've got to help me fool them." "Me? How? What can I de?"

Why, if one of them gets him, you've got to just jump in, and break it up in a hurry. Don't let her get a word in edgewise, if you can help it. can be alone!" Fall on the floor, smash a windowanything! It doesn't matter what

"By jiminy, I'll do it, you bet!" cried "One thing I do know: How to handle women!"

"There's millions in it, Mr. Hassing-

"And I'm the feller what's goin' to get 'em!" He seized Flodie's hand before she could protest, and shook it energetically. "Say, miss, you're a little wonder! Think of your doin' all that just on my account-you're a friend worth havin', d'you know it?"

die replied modestly, turning away to Jonas hitched his chair closer.

"Why, I been a-thinkin' of it over today, and I got a proposition I've decided to make to ye. If I git this here money, and it looks now like I should, what d'ye say to we two hitchin' up together?"

Flodie jumped up suddenly. "Now hold on, miss!" Jonas exclaimed, and stretched forth his long arm in expostulation. "You hear me out fust. I've kind o' took a notion to ye, and

LECTURING ADAM AND EVE | Adam and Eve with the covering they , back; the defiance of her attitude is lack.

Somewhat Humorous Painting in Ger man Church, Work of Artist of the Middle Ages.

In the Church of Saint Sebaldus at which makes one merry even to recall it. The subject is the Garden of Eden. Adam and Eve are being ctured by an elderly man in flowing with a long white beard. His alone would more than supply

"Thank you kindly," said Flodie. "but I don't really know what in the

I'm willin' to try it, if you be. I don't

see where I could do better, and you'd down home. Know it?"

world I'd do with you if I got you." Jonas stared at her as if she were Jonas stared at her as if she were already across the room, and Jonas raving. "You don't know what you're clung like a leech. She could not talkin' about! Don't you realize if you marry me you'll get four million dollars? Lord, any other gal would just jump at the chance to have the spendin' o' that money."

"Let 'em jump!" said Flodie, "That's my advice, Mr. Hassingbury; you take a good jumper. And I want to give you a tip-" She went up to him and took him confidentially by the lapel of his coat. "There will be three women here tonight, and all of 'em can jump like grasshoppers. Once they find out you have money, and they'll jump at the chance, you see! They'll jump all over you!"

Before the astonished Jonas could reply, Alfred opened the door to a lady gorgeously arrayed in blue. Flodie gave one look at her, then whispered: "There's the first one of 'em now! Miss Gale." Then she stepped forward, sniffing frangipani scornfully, and welcomed Rosamund.

An elaborate, painstaking picture of feminine frippery was Rosamund Gale. cousins did not often meet; they had She came in as if making a stage entrance. Something was to happen tonight. Rosamund was on the war-

She barely acknowledged Flodie's seeing no women, seemed to breathe "Where's Hall?" she asked almost immediately.

"Oh, somewhere about. In with the "That's right! Can't blame me for musicians probably." Flodie turned to takin' an interest in it, can ye? Four | Jonas. "Mr. Hassingbury, Miss Gale!" Jonas bent over her. "Why, now, they's a lot o' Gales down to Branford, where I live. I wonder if you-

"Tell Hall to hurry please!" cried Rosamund to Flodie, Flodie started off, smiling, but Rosamund caught at sow at this exhibition of temper. "Now, her arm and held her. "Wait a min-Hall, ye want to take this in a Christian spirit, my boy. I can see it'll be Has anything—anything important

What d'you mean?" "Oh, I mean-well, nothing exciting,

Flodie reflected. "Why. I'm afraid Alfred has spilled some salad on his new dress suit, Miss Gale, if that's what you mean?"

Rosamund did not condescend to an swer. She left haughtily and passed dertone, of Flodie. "Anything hap hurriedly into the dressing room and divested herself of her wraps. Jonas had but time to remark to Flodie, "So "You ought to have seen the show. she's one of 'em, is she? Pretty gal. But we're not out of the woods, yet. by jiminy!" when she was out again, Still, I think that if I have time and and without noticing them, had gone to the door of the reception room, and

"Only, let's see-an hour sicians were scraping and tuning their corner, arranging a vase of flowers. Rosamund darted in and swam up to clock. "Say!" He turned eagerly to ent creature, smiling, radiant, angelic, sailing on an air of gladness. She seized Hall's hand excitedly.

"Oh, Hall," she exclaimed dramatic ally, "ma's perfectly delighted! It's "Oh, I see! Got a little all right, and you needn't worry a moment longer! Aren't you glad? She hung on him fondly as if she expected him to embrace her.

Hall had turned white. Rosamund's beauty had instantly disarmed him. He could no more have said the brutal things he had contemplated than he could have struck a child. Weakly, he procrastinated, fumbling her hand. 'Really?" he managed to say. "Jove! That's fine!"

"Well, why don't you kiss me, Hall?" Rosamund's eyes were on the door, watching anxiously for interruptions. Flodie gazed in.

Hall looked over his shoulder, embarrassed. "Oh, these musicians-I don't want them to-say, wait till we

She stared at him in annoyed surprise, then gave another irritated glance at the door. The sound of women's voices goaded her on. "Non-

sense! Why, I intend to announce our engagement immediately." Terror-stricken, Hall exclaimed, "Oh, no, that won't do at all, Rosamund, really. We'll have to wait a lit-

tle while-not tonight, anyway!" "Why, that's half the fun of being engaged-talking about it!" Then. after another quick look toward the office, she gazed up at him and pressed

his hand. "We are engaged, aren't me "It was nice of me, wasn't it?" Flo- Hall?" "Oh, yes-certainly! Only-Rosamund had an instant of triumph and relief. It was all right, then. She tossed her head as if in secret revolt; she would have her own way, see if she didn't! "Well," she said coldly, "I'll wait a while, if you insist. Only,

> about it. You set so funny!" He was saved from having to reply by Jonas Hassingbury, who, glimpsing the encounter, and impelled by Flodie, had plunged boldly forward to the res-

In as easy attitude, with neither

to them the error of their ways.

on the fourth dimension of space.

Adam is somewhat dejected and re

I should think you might look happier

that of a naughty little girl.

The world-old problem is under naste nor anxiety, he is pointing out cussion, but with an air of good humor and cheerfulness on the part of is as detached in manner as though he the lecturer, as though there were still were a professor lecturing at Leipsic time in the world, as though hurry were an undiscovered human attribute, as though possibly the world clines upon the ground. Eve, unabashed, with nothing on but the apwould still go on even if the problem ple she is munching, is evidently in a were left unsolved, and this first leafy reckless mood. She looks like a child parliament adjourned sine die.—New of fifteen, with her hair down her Tork Telegraph.



"Say." he began pointblank to Rosa-

Rosamund glared, and Hall, seizing

the happy chance, had already begun to edge off, with a mumbled some

thing about duties and guests. People

Jonas fired again. "Ain't never been

down Branford way, have ye? Say,

you ought to run down to our village

some time, miss, and git a mess o'

clams. We got some fust-class lebsters

Rosamund turned the full glory of

But alas for her irony! This indul-

gence had cost her her prey. Hall was

her gaze upon him. "Oh, yes," she said

sweetly, "I can easily believe that!"

with all her insolence, detach him.

CHAPTER XII.

Guests were coming in bunches,

So far, he was not particularly anxious.

Flodie should change her mind; and

from Carolyn Dallys and Mrs. Royal-

ton he feared little. He would trust,

at any rate, to the inspiration of the

moment, With four millions-and Flo-

die-he didn't much care what they

thought of him. It was a caddish trick,

perhaps, but-four millions! The end

So, handsome and elegant and popu-lar, witty and well-bred, he laughed

and gossiped with his gueste, started

the dancing, introduced one to another,

showed his color prints, and between

times, watched the mousy giri in white

who had so suddenly assumed an ex-

Flodie, merely bowed to and patron-

ized by most of the guests, had discov-

ered an unexpected friend in Mr. Dore-

mus. He, finding her his only ac-

quaintance, had stuck to her like a

burr. Flodie liked him. At a one-step

he could not cut much of a figure, but

seated in the office with Flodie, where

she could keep an eye on Alfred and

the caterer, it was not long before she

felt impelled to make him her ally. With all his elephantine wit and his

manners of the old school, Mr. Dore-

mus treated her in a jocose, fatherly,

indulgent way that inspired her trust.

And, that evening, Flodie had dire

need of a coadjutor. She began to

2

wiped them.

you to tell me how."

want to tell you something."

forehand with her plans.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

On all the old farms in the United

states there was a little distillery.

though on some farms it was not so

little, just as there was an icehouse

and a smokehouse, where the peaches

Yellow sea is not yellow, and the

White mountains are not white.

In this connection "black"

and escorted her into the studio.

traordinary importance in his life.

would have to justify the means.

Vettleton

I believe his mother was a

GIANT OF THE MOUNTAIN.

Did you ever hear of the giant who lived on the top of a great high mountain? He slept all day, and at night he would go into the valley and walk over houses. He could step over a house easily. Sometimes he would strike it with his club and make it rock, and the people would say, "How hard the wind blows." Then he would strike the rocks and make sparks fly, and they would call it lightning. His laugh was like thunder, and when he sneezed or whistled they called it a tornado. Sometimes he would drink all the he was fast asleep. water in the wells, and the people rould say, "What a terrible drought." now, and kept Hall so busy for half And when he carried off a cow-and an hour that he had no time to plan he could easily take one under his two women with whom he must in everything in it, then they knew the evitably have matrimonial converse. giant had been there.

One morning Farmer Burton awoke Rosamund he thought he could dis- to find all his winter supplies gone, pose of somehow, putting her off till and his old horse Nancy, which his



He Could Step Over a House Easily little boys, Hans and Oscar, loved

very much. "What shall we do?" cried Mother "We shall starve, and poor Nancy, we never shall see her again." After breakfast Hans and Oscar talked it over themselves and decided to try to find Nancy. They told their mother they were going to hunt for Nancy, and they wanted some lunch, as they might not be back that night. Mother Burton told them it was useless to hunt anywhere but on the mountain where the giant lived, and they could not go there, and if they ever did reach the top the giant might keep them, but as they never had heard of the giant taking children, they started for the mountain. eon under a tree. A little old man came along, and they gave him some of their food and told him what their errand was. He told them that he knew about the wickedness of the giant, and would help them a little. He had a staff in his hand, which he gave to Oscar and Hans and told them it would help them up the mountain. He also told them that if they could get the big belt which the giant wore he

would lose his power and become as small as an ordinary man, and do give him her confidence, bit by bit, more harm. The boys thanked him watching his face more than listening and started on their journey. to his replies, and decided that she Hans had the staff, and soon he was well up the mountain, and poor could trust him; he had sympathy and tact. When, at last, after many inter- Oscar was far behind, so Hans watted ruptions, her story was told, Mr. Dore- for his brother to come up to him; mus took off his misty glasses and then Oscar took the staff, and in a few minutes he was far ahead. He waited can help in this crisis, let me implore be the staff, so they both took hold of it, and sure enough they moved up Flodie got up slowly, and looked into the mountain at a rapid rate, for the

his kind blue eyes. "Would you mind little old man had given them a magic coming into the studio for a few min- staff. she asked, "I'm so afraid we Soon they were on the top of the may be interrupted or overheard. I mountain, and they could see the giant's feet sticking out of a cave. Mr. Doremus offered her his arm, "Shall we go closer?" asked Hans

"Of course," said Oscar. did we come for? There is old Nancy By eleven o'clock both Carolyn Dallys and Mrs. Royalton had come. They over by that tree." had, in fact, arrived together, having Nancy saw them and neighed and shared Mrs. Royalton's limousine. This called to them in horse language. They preconcerted action was caused less had just reached her when the giant

by friendship than a mutual suspicion. awoke. He stood up and took one The two ladies dared not trust each step, which brought him beside the other out of sight, and each for fear the other might gain an advantage, What are you doing here, you litsacrificed her own desire to be be tle scamps?" he roared.

"If you would sit down, we could tell you; you are so tall we cannot face, and we want to talk Distilleries on Old Farms.

"Oh, you do?" said the giant, "What do you want to say? You are so small I could pick you up with my thumb and finger and drop you off the moun-

and apples and grapes could be dis-"But that would not do you any good," said Oscar, "and it would kill me. Will you please come down nearer the ground? There is nothing impossible about a

The giant walked around and made white blackbird or a brown blackroaring noise, but the boys stood still, although their hearts were beatmeans a variety, not a color. The ing fast. The giant pulled up a tree and threw it on the ground, and seated simself upon it.

"Now what do you want?" he asked Oscar did the talking, so he told the giant that he had their horse Nancy and they had come for her. "You cannot have her," said the

"I am going to eat her." "She will not be very tender," re plied Oscar, "for she is very old." He was almost crying at the thought of poor Nancy's fate.

"Oh, that will not bother me," said the giant; "look at my teeth." He opened his mouth, and the boys moved away, for it was large enough to swallow them whole, and his teeth looked

He laughed when he saw the boys ere frightened, and it shook the untains; the boys were glad when he became serious again. But he would not let Nancy go, and told them he thought he should keep them also; they were so small he liked to look at them, and it made him seem so very large. The boys were quite fright aned, and Hans, who had remained silent till then, said, "If you don't let us go home in a few days we will stay and work for you."

"What can you do?" said the giant "We can try to do anything you ask us," replied Hans. "Well, amuse me, then. Can you dance?"

"Not very well, but we can sing," said Hans, who had been struck with a happy thought.

"Well, sing then," said the giant. rolled off the tree onto the ground. religious sects, the attainments, all spared, Then the boys began singing soft, low songs. The giant pulled a big stone like Dublin; it's a d-a-rty place," was under his head and listened. Soon his the prediction of a Belfast woman. eyes began to close, and after a while But the warning did not prove to be

Hans stopped singing, but told his over to the giant and very gently unfastened the belt he wore. Then he field (Mass.) Republican, how he should escape from the other arm-and once in a while a barn with brought Nancy to where Oscar was still singing, and they both mounted. both hands while he held the belt. mountain, and there the little old man fronted houses are hardly distinwas waiting for them. They returned guishable from the linen factories his staff, and thanked him very much for lending it to them. He told them they reached home.

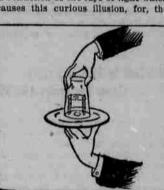
The sun was just setting when they rode into the yard, but they told their father and mother about the belt, and streets of houses that are distin-Father Burton said they must bury it guished by esthetic taste or architec-Father Burton said they must bury it at once, which they did and in the morning they went to the mountain blocks have the plain, bare features the breadth, style and direction of and recovered all the supplies which of barracks. On the other hand, Dub- Sackville street and College green,

That night, after Oscar and Hans were in bed, Oscar said: "I should like very much to have seen the old giant when he awoke and found he was only as large as an ordinary man." "Yes," said Hans. "But I am glad am at home."

EASY WAY OF MAKING MONEY

Refraction of Rays of Light Causes Curious Illusion-Clever Little Trick Illustrated.

One need not be a magician to make money, as the following trick will show. First pour clear water into a glass until it is half full; then throw a bright piece of money into the water and cover the glass with a plate. If the glass is now turned around rapidly, the piece of money will be seen gleaming on the plate. and a second piece will be seen swimming on the surface of the water. It is refraction of the rays of light which causes this curious illusion, for, the



Curious Illusion.

coment the glass is restored to its original position and the water ceases to move, the second piece of money disappears.

schoolmaster in the country delivered an address to the scholars, of which the following passage is an ex-

ample: little sisters. I once knew a bad boy who struck his little sister a blow Miss Fisher," he said soberly, "if for Hans, and they decided it must over the eye Although she didn't fade and die in the early summer time. when the June roses were blooming. with the sweet words of forgiveness on her pallid lips, she rose and hit him over the head with a rolling pin. so that he couldn't go to school for more than a month, on account of not

being able to put his hat on." Keeping Up With Peanuts. Did you eat four pounds of peanuts last year? You will have to do better than that this year, if you keep pace with the peanut industry. According to the American Pesanut corporation, more than four hundred million pounds of peanuts were consumed in the United States last year, or four pounds for every inhabitant. The production of peanuts has doubled 1910.-The American Boy.

He Heard the Proverb. Tommy (after a thumping)-You're wful hard on me, ma.' Mother-That's because you

very naughty and wicked. Tommy-Well, gee! You should remember that you didn't die young vourself.-Boston Transcript.

Drowning Season Is On. This is the drowning season-the ime of year when the boys and girls who don't know how to swim go under in the streams and lakes and never come up again. Every boy, and girl, for that matter, ought to be taught how to swim.

Higher Aspirations Auntle (watching artist at work)-Don't you wish you could print as well as that, Tommy Tommy-I can!-London Opinion.

"Say, mamma, I'm playin' there's little boy callin' on me, an' I'd like a piece of cake for him."

Aunt-Was your papa mad when your nother let the picture fall on his toes? Willie-Yes'm. He was hopping

arate Ireland's capital from the capital of Ulster form as wide

continental countries. The outward bareness would have been relieved The boys sang a funny song, and the aspects of the cities, the spirit and by a dash of the rich bright colors old giant laughed so hard that he ideals of their people, the predominant very much better than I liked Belfast, W. P. Conant writes in the Spring-

Outwardly, the cities are entirely monotony of red brick, scarcely re-Nancy trotted away with the boys, but lieved throughout the succession of which in many cases, occupy parts of the same block, and are designated forth the firm's name.

Belfast boasts that she has no slums. She also has no conspicuously fine tural excellence. Mostly, her regular

IE HUNDRED miles that sep- | gance on one spot. The city's bare, cold churches might have been brightened, both architecturally and in their and deep a guif as if they sep-arated the capitals of any two there, while the public library's brown which the city hall could readily have

Closely Resembles London The likeness of Dublin to London. onspicuous in the aspect of its justified. The fact is, I liked Dublin style and relative location of the monuments and structures which form its brother to keep on while he crept which, to be sure, was very little, proud adornment. The Nelson pillar, on the top, closely resembles the statue to the same naval hero in Trafdissimiliar, though their natural set- algar square, London, only lacking Hans told Oscar to hold the staff in ting is very like. Belfast is a great the surrounding guard of lions. This olumn is the pivot around which the life of Dublin revolves, just as Charsoon she seemed to be flying so fast its long, unlovely streets by any ar- ing Cross is the western pivotal point did they go, and almost before they distinct touches or show of architectural of the English capital. Lower Sack-knew it they were at the foot of the appreciation. Its wildness of bare-ville street runs south, to the O'Connell ville street runs south, to the O'Connell bridge, and continues across that broad structure to the ample avenue on the opposite bank of the river, with the rounded facade and stafely to bury the belt in the ground when only by a small brass plate that sets line of columns of the old parliament building on the right, and the solid, classic mass of Trinity college on the

> How close the resemblance to the London scene! Whitehall and Parliament street are readily recognized in



ST PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN

terms, is likely to prove an agreeable is represented by Trinty. surprise to the traveler. She has slums, yes, some very squalid ones. and their place taken by pleasant ones, he will judge the city more fair-

tender affection.

Homes of the Irish Capital. street of stately Queen Anne houses that suggest for all the world the the sojourner-these rival, packed he is urged to go and see this rather than concentrated all this ele-

lin, often referred to in disparaging while the British house of parliament Scotch Walk Belfast Streets

Belfast is a scoured and Puritanized and they force themselves upon the Lawrence or Paterson, with Scotch visitor's notice as aggressively as the men and women walking its streets slums of Edinburgh at the lower end in their early and late tramp, tramp, of High street. If one stays but a to and from mill and shippard. Dubday in Dublin one is likely to go away | lin is a prerevolutionary Boston-like with an unfavorable impression of the Boston, English in street names and place. If he stays a while and allows much like Boston, to be sure, in the the early impressions to be effaced character of the largest element in its population. Like, yet unlike, for the transplanting has made some radical ly. If one were to stay a year and changes in human qualities. Tho make some strong and certainly de- American visitor to Dublin will find lightful attachments, he is bound to it less Irish, as he thinks, than Bosbe sorry at the leave-taking and will ton herself, while the English stranger ever regard the city on the Liffey with in Boston would find us more Irish than even Dublin. This is a cryptic remark which only those who know The homes of Dublin are its glory, will understand. Dublin is a softer, Go out Donnybrook way, or north in quieter Boston of 1914, with General the Phoenix park neighborhood, or Gage in authority and red-coated Britsouth to the region about Harold's ish sentries stationed about her pubcross, and you will find street after lic buildings and government offices.

This, then, is the way it appeals to Mayfair region of London; while the cities of whose people Belfast folk say modern villas that form a wider circle pharisaically that "oil and water can about the city-charming cottages never mix." Dublin represents the with gardens, and ample homes of warm heart of a nation. Belfast is its pretty design and having plots of hand-a dexterous pairs of hands, if bright flowers in their front yards- you will. One hopes this "red hand recall the pleasant suburbs of the of Ulster" will not again be a bloody progressive American cities of the hand. The chill winds that sweep middle West. Then the public build- across Divis mountain and Cave bill ings. Belfast's boast is its city hall, the bare, bleak eminences that rise Once the stranger has his grip un- behind the northern city, are a driving stimulus to labor and the getting splendid structure. It is undeniably of gain. The soft airs of the valley line. But one could almost wish that of the Liffey, environed as it is the Belfast people had spread their by the hazy mountains at a little disvariegated marbles about the city tance to south and east, are relaxing and tend to moderati

LACK OF REAL AIM IN LIFE!

Men Who May Be Described at Happy-Go-Lucky Seldom Seem to Achieve Anything.

Owing to some temperamental pe uliarity there are those who cannot do their best unless their work is varied. Sometimes they have a dash of quixotry in their natures.

There is a delightful ill-judged goodness about them, a goodness with which such a profitable quality as sustained industry seems incompati-

They have many irons in the fire. and they hammer on each in turn with hopeful and fervent activity, but of long concentration they are incapa-

As a rule they are without the capacity to make money, and without the desire to do so.

If they are born with enough to live on they are often delightful characters, free of the self-interest which is so difficult to divorce from ambition, and of the frivolity which idleWhere Men of Learning Differ,

Nearly all of the old philosophies and mythologies and theologies were imbued with the animistic theory of earth; and modern scientists, some of them, beginning, perhaps, with Fechner, the hard headed German, one of the most brilliant of the children of the great University of Leipzig, have been developing the theory in no fanciful way. If the earth be a dead body how can it give birth to the living? is one of the questions of these theorists who are more than theorists, There are about 1,500,000,000 on the earth. It has been calculated by an ingenious mathematician that if all of people could be flattened out and spread over our little globe they would be like a skin one-two-hundred. thousandth part of an inch thick over a globe a yard in diameter! It is inconceivable that the earth, miles in diameter, came into its tainous existence millions of years a for the mere purpose of laboring and giving birth to this puny human house—is the thought of both the metaphysician and the cynical philoso-