

"A MAN MUST LIVE."

"A man must live!" Now God forgive the one
Whose tongue or pen first framed the
sordid phrase,
And God forgive us who have let it run
And grow to be a motto of our days.

"A man must live!" The preacher must
tone down
The rugged word of truth, lest he offend
Some snug old sinner in the pew, whose
frown
Might bring his monthly wage to sud-
den end.

"A man must live!" A politician wise
Whose judgment urges measures strong
and bold,
Must by this motto cringe and compro-
mise,
To save the goose that lays him eggs of
gold.

"A man must live!" Are we then Esau
all,
To sell our birthright for a little food?
Must we unto Expedience be thrall,
And, worldly wise, mix evil with our
good?

"A man must live!" Not such the old-
time creeds
That stirred to sacrifice the noble dead!
We cannot look for great unselfish deeds
With this compounding banner over-
head.

Show me the man who dares to set his
back
Firm at the rock of Right, and boldly
cry
"Let come what may! I stand to the at-
tack!
'Tis base to live when Duty calls to
die!"
—G. Hembert Wesley.

Wooring "A Native"

Oh, Gertrude, won't you help me
peel these peaches? It's most
train time and supper isn't any-
where near ready."
The voice came with a pleasantly
suggestive clink of dishes through the
screen door to where Gertrude Wood-
ford stood under a large elm.
"I think the train is in," she an-
swered, entering the cool, pleasant
house in answer to her mother's call.
"For the land's sake!" Mrs. Wood-
ford turned to her handmaid and gave
an order with some asperity. Keeping



"LET US GET BACK TO THE HOUSE."

summer boarders was really the one
excitement of her dull life, eagerly
looked forward to during the long win-
ter months when her daughter pur-
sued her musical career in the city
and she lived alone on the rugged cape.
"Small this year, aren't they?" she
said, watching her daughter's pretty
bent head and referring to the fruit.
"Not more so than usual," the girl
laughed.
"Well, I don't care," Mrs. Woodford
declared. "Mr. Garst says he never
tasted sweeter peaches, and as to Mr.
Clifford—"

"Who's trifling with my august ap-
pellation," called a gay voice as a
young fellow swung himself on to the
plaza. "Miss Woodford, I don't know
which I shall devour first, you or the
peaches, I'm so ravenous."
"I was just going to say that your
appetite is all right, anyhow," Mrs.
Woodford laughed. "Did your cousin
come down with you?" she added.
"Yes, Garst got as far as the ham-
mock and collapsed."

"Go and call him, Gertrude. Supper
is ready," her mother said.
The girl rose and went through the
hall. Inside the door she paused, look-
ed with darkening eyes at the man
who lay at full length in the ham-
mock.

The slight clash of the screen as she
stepped outside caused him to turn. He
sprang up at once and came toward
her, showing a strong, clean-shaven
face and a figure singularly muscular,
in spite of the fact that he walked with
a slight limp.

"It is heavenly here after even a
day in town," he said. "I have just
been thinking that the most marvelous
changes in our lives come when we
least expect them. I wonder if you
know what this summer has been to
me?"

He was looking gravely into her eyes
and the color mounted to her tem-
ples.

"Stephen, the fish is getting cold,"
his cousin called, impatiently, and
Gertrude went quickly into the house.

In compliance with a previous prom-
ise to Jack Clifford, she went with him
after supper to see the sunset from a
hill nearby. When they were seated on
a boulder, watching the vast sweep of

ocean and crimsoning sky, she turned
suddenly to her companion.

"Why is Mr. Garst lame?" she asked
gently.

"Well, I suppose it won't do any
harm to tell you," Jack hesitated,
"though we never speak of it when
he is present. His leg was crushed
in a railway accident, trying to save
the girl to whom he was engaged."

"Did he save her?"
"Yes."

"Then why were they not married?"
"Oh, she threw him over for a man
twice his age, and the trifling adjunct
of \$3,000,000."

Gertrude Woodford drew her breath
sharply.

"She tried to stuff it down Stephen's
throat that she was sacrificing herself
to save her father from financial ruin,
and I think he believed her," Jack went
on. "Then she attempted a platonic
correspondence with him after her mar-
riage, but he would have none of it.

All the same, I don't believe he has
ever quite forgotten her. Anyway, he
could not do so now, even if he would."

"What do you mean?"
"For she is come, she is here," as
Jean Ingelow says in 'The Letter L.'"

"Here?"
"Yes; at the Ocean View. I saw her
on the piazza to-night as I came up
from the train. Handsomer than ever,
by Jove! Tall woman, with bronze
hair."

"Bronzed, you mean. I saw her ar-
rive this morning," Gertrude said cold-
ly.

"The old man very considerably
'shuffled off this mortal coil' two years
ago, leaving her complete mistress of
his millions," Jack rambled on. "My
own opinion is that this alighting next
door to where she knew Stephen was
staying, in the subdued attractiveness
of second mourning, is the beginning
of the end. You should have seen him
start when he saw her on the hotel
piazza to-night."

Gertrude rose quickly.

"How cold it is up here," she said,
with a shiver. "Let us get back to
the house."

A group from the summer hotels and
cottages was standing near Mrs. Wood-
ford's house, watching the sunset, when
they descended. Gertrude would have
passed on, but Jack Clifford detained
her. Unwilling as she was, she had to
submit to an introduction to Mrs. Ar-
mitage, Stephen Garst's former fiancée.
The latter turned to her at once with
a scrutinizing look. The girl was too
pretty not to be dangerous.

"It is beautiful here in these late
summer weeks," she drawled.

"I think it beautiful at all times. The
cape is my home," Gertrude answered
quietly.

"Indeed! Then you are a native.
I should hardly have thought it."

A faint color rose under the girl's
skin at the supercilious tone.
"Miss Woodford's forefathers set-
tled here over two hundred years ago,"
Garst broke in quietly. "I believe her
ancestors for six generations back are
buried in the little cemetery at Plum
Cove. Not many of us can go as far
back as that."

Mrs. Armitage looked quickly from
Garst to the girl beyond him. But Ger-
trude had left the group with her head
held high. She wanted none of Garst's
vindication for her family. She had al-
most reached the house when he over-
took her.

"One moment," he pleaded. "I want
so much to speak to you to-night."

"I am afraid I must ask you to ex-
cuse me," she said, icily.

Had Garst known that the cold, di-
rect look which she sent into his eyes
was really the outcome of burning jealously,
he would not have turned away
with so heavy a heart.

Jack Clifford had hard work to per-
suade her to accompany them on the
yachting party arranged for the next
morning.

"You forget that I am a 'native.' The
summer people might object," she said,
with a bitter little smile, and Garst set
his heel into the ground as he listened.

When they reached the wharf Ger-
trude turned to Jack Clifford.

"Old Capt. Lufkin is sick and can't
go, the boy tells me," she said quickly.
"I think we had better give up the
trip."

"Miss Woodford"—Jack looked at
her with mock reproach—"I am pained
that you should thus undervalue my
yachtmanship. Nothing but patriotic
feeling prevented my offering my ex-
pert services to Sir Thomas for Sham-
rock III. Step on board the Widgeon,
ladies, and fear nothing."

But fear entered Gertrude's heart
more than once when they had left the
little harbor and she noted the darkening
horizon.

Mrs. Armitage was sitting near
Gertrude in her soft white flann-
etted yachting suit. After half an hour's
sailing Gertrude crossed to where Jack
Clifford sat at the helm, thus bringing
herself on Garst's other side.

"Do put back," she whispered to
Clifford. "We are going to have a
squall, and a bad one."

After a critical glance at the sky
Jack put the boat's head around. But
even as he did so a cold blast, which
was as the foreboding of coming ill,
shivered over them. Gertrude drew her
breath hard. She alone knew what the
wind would be when it struck them.

Suddenly, as if she had received a
mortal blow the Widgeon went over-
board until her main sail lay almost
level on the water. With a horrible
hungry, suggestive hiss the sea rose
over the combings of the hatchway.

Too terrified to scream the women
held their breath, clinging for dear life
to whatever they could hold on by.

Mrs. Armitage flung herself on Garst's
shoulder.

"Stephen! Save me!"

But in that moment when death
seemed upon them he was not even
aware of her presence. His arm went
around the girl at his side and drew
her close, his lips brushing her cheek,
while her damp hair blew against his
face. Gertrude scarcely cared whether
it was life or death.

Then she suddenly wrenched herself
free and flung her weight upon the til-
ler, putting it hard to port, for Jack's
amateur skill seemed to have deserted
him. The Widgeon came round, shud-
dering, into the wind, and lay like a
frightened thing with flapping sails
while the squall raged by.

"I think we owe our lives to you,
Miss Woodford." One of the women
from the Ocean View approached Ger-
trude when they were safely landed on
the wharf, but Garst drew her aside.

"Sweetheart!" His voice vibrated as
he bent over her.

Mrs. Armitage turned to look after
them, lifting an end of her bedraggled
flannel skirt.

"Well," she said, slowly, "for nerve
give me a native!"—San Francisco
Call.

OBSELETE RITUAL OF THE EAST.

Suttee Rite in Hindoostan Was Abolished Long Ago.

The other day a delicate, golden-
browed East Indian woman appeared at
Ellis Island, shedding the light of her
pathetic story before her to the effect
that she was a widow, flying from the
suttee rite, which hinges on the burning
up of a widow on the same funeral pyre
with her deceased husband. That busi-
ness was all put a stop to something
like seventy or seventy-five years ago,
as it shocked the British sense of hu-
manity and violated British ideas of
the proper etiquette of the conjugal re-
lation, says the New York Tribune. No
such rite has been performed in Hin-
doostan during that long interval, un-
less in secret and to satisfy some im-
pulse of piety in wives to whom the
custom had come down with all the
sanctions of the 80,000, more or less,
gods in the Hindoo pantheon, and who
wanted to go the way their mothers
went—a thoroughfare blocked up by a
churlish government with no sound
ideas of religion and its accompanying
rites. But it is quite clear that there
cannot have been many such cases. The
custom went into permanent desuetude
a long time ago, and can only be re-
stored by the lapse of the great oriental
peninsula, if such a retrocession could
be conceived, into its old-time condi-
tions.

The repertorial chronicler in which the
tale was given to the public said that
the lady had been the wife of a parsee
merchant, but the parsees are not bur-
ied up after, nor their wives before or
after, death. On the top of Malabar
hill, near Bombay, the chief seat of the
sect, which in all the world amounts to
only a handful, there is a tower of sil-
ence, open to the upper air, to which
the remains of the dead are consigned,
and the vultures, which hover about in
clouds, their generations reaching back
to Zoroaster and the Achaemenian dy-
nasties, in a short time leave nothing
of them but the bones. Such funeral
customs did Zarathustra decree in far-
off days near to the morning of the
world. But in the faith of which he
laid down the institutes, to endure al-
most with Sinai and Siloam's brook
that flowed fast by the oracle of God,
there has never been anything like the
suttee ritual, and, of course, there never
will be. The young woman may have
many legitimate reasons for coming
over here and a gentle and generous
hospitality may be invoked for her
wherever she may go, but no sympathy
need be claimed for her as a fugitive
from the funeral pile of her husband.
If her visit be with an eye to the varie-
ty stage, which may well be possible,
she shows—or some shows for her—a
cultivated sense of the value of adver-
tising. In such case the suttee story is
as good as another, notwithstanding the
flaws in its plausibility.

He Never Got the Money.

A good story is told on John R.
Thomas, a well-known District Judge.
One night Thomas found himself in a
shabby little town which had no hotel.
Desiring to stay all night, he asked a
lounger in front of a grocery store
where he might find accommodations.
The lounger went inside of the store,
which was run by an Indian. When
informed that there was a man out-
side who wanted a place to spend the
night, the Indian asked:
"Who is the fellow?"
"Judge Thomas," was the reply.

"Well, if that's the fellow, he had
better pay me what he owes me before
asking me for any favors."

"How is that?" queried the lounger.

"Is he in debt to you?"

"Yes," replied the Indian. "When he
was Judge in Muskogee I was brought
before him for selling liquor. I was
convicted, and in sentencing me he
said, 'I will give you sixty days in jail
and \$100.' I got the sixty days all
right, but he never came across with
the \$100."

Not Like Other Women.

Mrs. McCall—She's precise to the
point of eccentricity.

Mrs. Ascum—Is she, really?

Mrs. McCall—Gracious, yes! Why,
if you ask her how much her new
gown or bonnet cost her she invariably
replies, "It cost my husband whatever
the price may happen to be."—Philadel-
phia Press.

The average man attributes his suc-
cess to his own good judgment and his
failure to his having followed the ad-
vice of others.

LITTLE MEN AND LITTLE WOMEN

A Paper Magnet.

A simple and interesting electrical ex-
periment may be made with a sheet of
ordinary brown paper, illustrating in a
remarkable manner how the most as-
tonishing effects may be produced by
the simplest means. Take a sheet of
coarse brown paper, and after holding
it before the fire until it is perfectly
dry, fold it up into a long strip about
two inches in width. That makes your
magnet. To show its attractive power,
cut some strips of writing paper about
three inches in length, and one-eighth
of an inch wide, and put them on the
table, three or four together. Now take
your paper magnet, and draw it briskly
under your arm three or four times;
this will instantly develop its electro-
magnetism, and if you hold it over the
little strips of paper, they will fly up
to meet it. In other words, the elec-
tricity that you waken in the strip of
brown paper will attract the smaller
strips of paper just as a regular mag-
net attracts a needle.

Visit to the Moon.



"Mr. Moon, I just came up to ask if
you won't sign the pledge; I hear folks
say bad things about you every month."
—Chicago Daily News.

A Costly Comma.

Most boys and girls are inclined to
underestimate the value of punctuation
marks, and as for the little comma,
they think that is too insignificant to be
seriously considered. How great a mis-
take this is may be learned from the
following incident: When Congress
was making a tariff bill, several years
ago, one of the sections enumerated
what articles should be admitted free
of duty. Among the articles specified
were all "foreign fruit-plants," etc.,
meaning plants imported for trans-
planting, propagation or experiment.
The enrolling clerk, in copying the bill,
accidentally changed the hyphen in the
compound word, "fruit-plants," to a
comma, making it read "all foreign
fruit, plants," etc. As a result of this
simple error, for a year, or until Con-
gress could remedy the blunder, all the
oranges, lemons, bananas, grapes and
other foreign fruits were admitted free
of duty. This little error cost the gov-
ernment not less than \$2,000,000. A
pretty costly comma, that.

An Apron-String Boy.

"Come up to the postoffice with us,"
called out Norman. "I've got to mail a
letter for father."

The speaker and his sister stopped at
the gate, while Ralph Preston walked
down from the piazza.

"I can't go to-night," said Ralph.

"Mother has gone out and left the
house with me."

"Guess the house won't run away,"
laughed Norman.

"No," returned the other, "but mother
expects me to be here."

"Oh, I wouldn't be tied to my moth-
er's apron-string!" sneered Norman.

"Come on, Grace."

"How can you be so rude?" said the
girl, as Ralph's face flushed.

"I don't care," retorted Norman,
turning away with a whistle.

Ralph Preston was two years older
than Norman White, and the close com-
rade of his brother Frank. Norman
had been foolish enough to think he
might make Frank jealous by going
home and telling him that Ralph had
been uptown with them, and he had
been a little nettled by Ralph's refusal.
It was nearly dark when Grace and
Norman passed Ralph's house on their
way home, but they could see the boy
sitting alone on the piazza.

"You are an apron-string boy, you
are," was Norman's salutation.

"I think you are mean to talk so; I
am ashamed of you," flashed Grace.

Her brother laughed.

Norman had not learned much wis-
dom in his eleven years, as was shown
by his remark when he reached home.

"I have found out something about
your paragon of a friend," he said to
Frank, who was working over his algebra
under the study lamp.

"What?" asked Frank, eagerly.

"Well," said Norman, stowily, enjoy-
ing his brother's show of interest, "I
have found out that he is a regular
apron-string boy."

"Pshaw!" returned Frank, a bit in-
dignantly. "Look out what you say
about him; he is the best fellow in
town," and he resumed his study, while
Norman went off laughing.

One day a week afterward Norman's
teacher, Miss Bradford, found him
whispering on her return to the school-

room after an absence of a few min-
utes.

"That is the fifth time you have com-
municated this afternoon," she said. "I
am sorry I cannot trust you. You may
come to the desk."

The boy stepped lightly to Miss Brad-
ford's side, speller in hand. He sup-
posed that he would be seated on the
platform for the next hour, a punish-
ment he rather enjoyed.

"I think I must keep you close to me
for a while," said his teacher, fasten-
ing her apron tightly around her waist,
and knotting the end of one string in
the buttonhole of Norman's jacket.

"Oh, Miss Bradford, please don't
make me go out into the hall! Oh,
please don't! I won't whisper another
time this term if you'll let me off."

His teacher shook her head gravely.
She was used to the boy's promises and
she felt that nothing but a severe les-
son would teach him obedience.

Norman groaned as the door closed
behind them, for there, crossing the
hall, was Ralph Preston. Ralph only
glanced up, but in that brief space
Norman knew that his humiliating po-
sition had been noted and his own
words repeated themselves over and
over, "You are an apron-string boy, you
are!" Oh, if he could have taken them
back! Now Ralph would tell Frank,
and the two would have much fun at
his expense. Norman's eyes were fast-
ened on the floor after that. His bra-
vado was all gone. A more miserable
boy it would have been hard to find.

The ordeal was over at last and Miss
Bradford said as she released him:

"I shall have to try this every time
you whisper."

"You will never have another
chance," said Norman.

She never did.

Six weeks passed and Norman heard
not a word from those at home in refer-
ence to that dreadful afternoon. One
holiday the four friends were together,
when Norman exclaimed:

"Ralph Preston, you are a brick!"

Frank looked puzzled.

"Why such sudden praise?" he asked,
laughing. "Am I not a brick, too?"

"Yes, you are," returned his brother,
"but not for the same reason; and not
another word could he be coaxing to say
about it."

But Ralph knew that this was Nor-
man's way of thanking him for his sil-
ence.

Fish that Perch on Trees.

"As much out of place as a fish out
of water" is a phrase that comes about
as near expressing the acme of incom-
patibility, so far as environment is con-
cerned, as man has ever been able to
coin. Despite this fact, however, there
are several varieties of fish which are
much more at home out of their nat-
ural element than any species of the hu-
man race are in water.

The climbing perch (Anabas scan-
dens) is a remarkable example found
in Asia. This singular creature ap-
pears much like other perch, but is en-
dowed with an extraordinary power of
leaving falling streams, climbing banks,
and proceeding over dry land in quest
of better filled water courses.

Hundreds of them have been seen at
a distance of fifty or sixty yards from
a pool just abandoned, and traveling,
though the ground was so rough that this
distance must have required suffi-
cient muscular exertion to take them
half a mile over level ground.

Some writers even assert that this
fish is capable of climbing the rough
stems of palm trees. The fishermen of
the Ganges, who subsist largely on
climbing perch, are accustomed to keep
them in dry earthen pans for five or six
days after catching, and they live this
strange life without discomfort.—Den-
ver Times.

Stop Winking.

"We are told in our sanatorium,"
said the cheerful inmate, to a Boston
Globe man, "to save all the energy pos-
sible, as energy causes temperature,
temperature burns up tissue, burned up
tissue is hard to replace, etc. There is
one way to save strength."

"Did you ever stop to think how
much energy is spent in winking? Count
how many times you wink in one
minute, multiply it by sixty, again multi-
ply the number of hours you are
awake on an average each day, multi-
ply once more by the weight of the eye-
lid, and you will find out how many
pounds of energy are being used up
each day in winking."

"Did you ever realize that fully one-
half of this is wasted? What's the use
in using more than one eye? With that
you can see all that is necessary, and
thus you need wink only one eye—the
one you happen to be using."

"Think of the tons of energy that is
saved by this simple process in a single
year! Just go about with one eye open.
I expect by this process to save enough
energy so that I will be pronounced a
cure some six or seven eight hours be-
fore I would be otherwise."

Thrust Upon Him.

"He's one of the most stupid bores
I ever met."

"And yet he seems to have accumu-
lated money. Fortune appears to have
knocked at his door."

"I don't believe she merely knocked;
she must have broken right in."—Phil-
adelphia Press.

Vast Population of Asia.

Asia contains more than one-half of
the total population of the earth and
Europe nearly one-fourth.

PENSIONS FOR THE AGED.

Ex-Secretary Vanderlip Urges Cor- porations to Make Provision.

Frank A. Vanderlip, formerly As-
sistant Secretary of the Treasury, ad-
vocated in a recent address the estab-
lishment by large corporations of pen-
sion funds for old employees. In dis-
cussing the matter Mr. Vanderlip re-
ferred to the great changes which have
been going on in industrial life during
the past 25 years. "There have been
tendencies," he said, "toward special-
ization and concentration. There has
been a wonderful application of me-
chanical aids. We have been work-
ing toward production on a vast scale.
This has created an industrial army,
the rank and file of which tend more
and more toward becoming automatic
wheels in the great industrial organi-
zation. The new industrial order has
made a new social order. There is to-
day no such things as industrial inde-
pendence possible for a workingman.
He must work with others. He must
become subject to regulations in con-
nection with his fellows.

"So long as the individual can ac-
tively fill his place in this new order of
affairs this condition shows great im-
provement in many respects. The mo-
ment he gets out of harmony with the
whirl of the industrial machine, how-
ever; the moment that sickness over-
takes him and accident injures him or
old age reduces his power to keep in
step with the industrial march, his
condition is likely to become incompar-
ably more unfortunate than would
have been the case under similar cir-
cumstances in earlier times.

"With the exception of the United
States, all the great powers of the civi-



FRANK W. VANDELLIP.

lized world pension their civil ser-
vants. The full working out of the
merit system in civil service can never
be accomplished, I believe, until we
recognize the principal of a civil pen-
sion for superannuated government
employees. There is no other impor-
tant nation which has not recognized
that principle.

"In an inquiry reaching nearly 2,000
corporations replies show that 70 have
adopted some plan for retiring and
providing for employes during old age.
Without a single exception these cor-
porations which have adopted such a
plan expressed the opinion, after hav-
ing had an opportunity to note its ef-
fects, that it was a wise business prac-
tice. As a rule those American cor-
porations which have adopted the old
age pensions system have treated the
matter in the light of deferred wages,
the corporation bearing the entire ex-
pense of the pension requirements.

"If I were to attempt to summarize
the reasons why institutions in the
United States are beginning to adopt
old age pension schemes I would say
that they embrace such considerations
as these: The pension attaches the
employee to the service and thus de-
creases the liability to strike. It makes
more certain a continuance of efficient
men in the lines of work with which
they are perfectly familiar. Of quite
as much importance is the fact that a
pension system enables employers to
dispense with the elderly and ineffi-
cient and thus give constant encou-
agement to good effort on the part
of younger men hoping for promotion. It
operates especially as an incentive to
hold men between the ages of 40 and
50 when they have acquired the ex-
perience and skill which makes them
especially valuable and prevents their
being tempted away by slightly in-
creased wages for a temporary period.