"LET GO THE CROSS"

I heard a strange voice in the distance calling As from a star an ect o might be falling. It spoke four syllables, concise and brief,

arged with a God-sent message of relief. Let go the Cross! Oh, you who cling to sorrow, Hark to the new command and comfort borrow Even as the Master left His cross below And rose to Paradise, let go, let go.

Forget your wrongs, your troubles and your For with the tools of thought we built or

Forget your griefs all grudges and all fear And enter Paradise-its gates are near.

Heaven is a realm by loving souls created, And hell was fashioned by the hearts that

Love, hope and trust; believe all joys are yours. Life pays the soul whose confidence endures. The blows of adverse fate, by larger pleasures,

As after storms the soil yields fulier measures Let go the cross; roll self-the stone-away And dwell with Love in Paradise today. -By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

## A SOCIAL IMPOSSIBILITY.

By Donal H. Haines.

ESBRO shifted in his seat, settled his eyeglasses more firmly upon his nose and, with his gloved hands folded on the top of his cane, turned his glance again to the field of play. On all sides of him men and women were abandoning themselves to excesses of enthusiasm, but his cold neutral tinted eyes followed the movements of the muddy figures on the gridiron without a trace of excitement, though they lost no details of the play.

"I beg your pardon"-Desbro's high pitched, nervous voice cut incisively into the throaty cheer of which the man next to him was delivering himself-"but can you tell me who is the black haired man at tackle?"

"Babbington," snapped the other shortly and turned again to his cheering, while Desbro murmured courteous thanks.

Turning a pair of fieldglasses upon the field, Desbro watched the struggling figures intently for a few moments; then, laying the binoculars aside and lighting a cigarette, he commenced to talk to himself in a low tone, oblivious of his surroundings.

"A matchless physique," he muttered, "coupled with a face which might have been Adam's-as devoid of the spark of intelligence as an ox's-the very embodiment of the game he is playing."

His intent gaze noted a sudden congestion of the padded figures below him and an eager craning of necks from the seats of the big stand. One of the opposing players lay stretched on the turf writhing in pain, while a group of the visiting eleven's supporters leaned from their seats and pointed impotently accusing fingers at the man called Babbington, who stood looking down at the prostrate figure with his hands on his massive hips.

A cold little sneer gathered about the corners of Desbro's mouth as he watched the incident.

"What callousness," he exclaimed softly, "what savagely unconscious callousness! Is the man an anachronism or only a brute? Such simple minded unconcern for physical agony caused by one's own hands is the mark of mere coarseness or a throwback.

"I must see, more of this strange man," he told himself and walked to the gymnasium, where he sat for an hour gazing at the ceiling with a preoccupied air. When Babbington's great bulk emerged from the door leading to the baths an hour later, Desbro rose and walked to meet him.

"Mr. Babbington?" he asked. The other nodded.

"My name is Desbro," he went on rapidly, his suddenly keen eyes searching the other's face. "I come from the same part of the country that you do.



"NO," HE ANSWERED; "THIS IS WHAT CAME FOR." and I thought possibly you might give

me news of an old friend, Morton-Harold Morton. Did you happen to know him?" "Morton?" he said slowly. "Morton?

No, don't believe I know him." "Ah, of course," Desbro hastened to say, "I thought perhaps"- And he wove a few sentences of easy fiction other cigarette, and his pursuer halted

before turning abruptly on his heel. A few hours later he sat in the billiard room of his fraternity house listening curiously to the talk of the men which centered about the game of the afternoon. The comments were all lively, enthusiastic, on the team's chances, on the individual prowess of the men, and constantly recurring in the hum of

conversation was Babbington's name. "The finest type of a player the crop of new men has produced," a fair haired man with a big voice called from one end of the smoky room.

"Right you are!" Desbro broke in suddenly. The men around the tables turned in astonishment, for to have Desbro offer comment on matters of

this nature was unusual. "Right you are. I say." he repeated. leaning back in his chair and surveying the curious faces through his giasses. "This man is the very embodiment of the spirit fostered by this beautiful game of yours-built for a human chopping block or battering ram, as the case may demand! By the exertion of those muscles for which he is no more responsible than Thompson there for his red hair he brings down on his richly undeserving head the frenzied cheers of a sport crazed crowd. He sends a man less fortunately endowed physically than himself into a few moments of unhappy oblivion and then grins at you with crass satisfaction when you cheer him-not for himself or because his name means anything, but simply for what he has

"This Babbington comes out of no where," Desbro continued, "a graceless, coarse fibered clod, with a giant's strength and the broad ideas of a goat, hungry for notoriety of the sort his great muscles can command, and you pamper his cheap cravings with unction. You sit in the stands and shout vourselves hourse while he is battering some poor fellow in the arena, and you will go further. You will desire the capture of this athletic lion in spite of the fact that he is a-a social impossibility, and you will be crowding around trying to put your fraternity pins on his coat. Bah!

"I talked with the man, looked into his great, oxlike eyes-dead, devoid of the spark of real life"-

The unfinished sentence broke abruptly, and every eye in the room followed Desbro's startled glance to the doorway, where, turning his cane in his hands and staring at the speaker with an expression wholly indescribable, stood Babbington. For a moment there was the dead silence of utter embarrassment: then one by one the men turned to the tables, while Babbington cleared his throat and spoke.

"I came to see if possibly I hadn't misunderstood vou." he said, turning to Desbro. "That name you mentioned was Morton, wasn't it?"

Desbro, redder than any man had ever seen him, nodded without speak-

"I thought possibly I hadn't understood," Babbington explained, backing awkwardly out of the door, "and I did know a man named Horton."

A few moments later Desbro passed the door of the billiard room, wearing the raincoat and slouch hat which he invariably wore on the evening walks which were as much a part of his existence as his meals. No man pretended to know the object

of these nightly walks of Desbro's. To all inquiries he responded that "they gave him a chance to think without interruption."

At the gate Desbro paused to light a eigarette, and the flare of the match as he shielded it from the snappy October wind brought his thin features into prominence against the darkness. Babbington, standing under a tree not a dozen yards away, turned as the sulphur sputtered and saw. His great hand clinched instinctively into a fist, and he had already taken a step forward when Desbro turned and started

quickly down the street. Babbington waited a few moments then stepped lightly on to the sidewalk and followed, quietly at first and then without caution as Desbro paid no attention to the footfalls behind him. He glanced now and then at the receding lights and then increased the length of his strides as Desbro's phrases throbbed through his mind.

"Social impossibility!" he muttered gritting his teeth over the phrase. "I'll

teach the little wheln!" His eyes never left the little spark which marked the other's position, but every time he started to close the gap between them something checked him. His thoughts refused to run to any but a given point-a fierce desire to get his hands upon the man who had held his ignorance up to a roomful of men while he stood and listened helplessly. As he had stood under the tree in front of the house he had felt only a sense of impotency, of shame, a gulping feeling of disappointment which was not easy to understand, a sickening realization that some of Desbro's words had

rung true. Block after block the man in front walked, turning now to the right and now to the left, sometimes walking rapidly and again idling along at a snall's pace. They passed through the business streets, lonely and deserted under the harsh glare of the arc lights. Here Desbro paused to talk with a policeman with whom he seemed to be on excellent terms, and, turned suddenly cold at the sight of the patrolman, Babbington crossed the street and nearly lost his man, who wheeled

abruptly into a dark side street. Babbington was conscious that a struggle had commenced within him and that the first heat of anger was passing. He grew ashamed of his growing calmness, fearful lest the cooling influence of the walk rob him of the merited retaliation which he knew

his massive arms could administer. Desbro stopped abruptly to light an-

in the midst of a stride. For an instant he paused irresolute, divided between the lingering desire to close his fingers on Desbro's neck and a sudden impulse to run, to get away from everything, back to the life where other men had lived and talked like himself. The hotter sensation triumphed, and Babbington had taken three quick. lithe steps toward his victim when silent as the shadows from which they sprang, a little knot of men threw themselves at Desbro.

The shock of the attack not only drove from Babbington's mind every vestige of his own wrath, but bereft him for an instant of the power of motion. He heard Desbro give a low exclamation and saw by the last flicker of the match the slight figure attempting to shield itself by leaping behind an iron pole. In another instant he found himself in the center of a press of struggling figures. He received blows and felt the impact of his hand against flesh as he returned them. "Where are you, Desbro?" he shout-

ed. "Sing out!" "Here," came a choking voice from

behind him, "quick!" A club struck Babbington's arm with a numbing shock, but he kicked the man who wielded it into insensibility and the next instant was tearing another ruffian from off Desbro's prostrate form. Two of the assailants lay on the ground, mere blotches in the darkness. The others had disappeared. Desbro rose to his feet slowly and took a step toward his rescuer.

"I say," he commenced, then stopped abruptly. "So this is the cheap 'coals of fire' method you pursue, is it?" he continued, with a sneer. A sudden easy smile passed over

Babbington's face. "No," he answered shortly: "this is what I came for," and he struck Desbro squarely in the face, felling him instantly.

For an instant the knowledge of the strength in his great muscles frightened him, and he leaned over Desbro anxiously. Satisfied that he had struck



WILL YOU SHAKE HANDS, BABBINGTON HE ASKED.

no harder than he intended, he leaned against the iron post panting from his exertions. The two roughs on the ground recovered their senses and scuttled off into the night. He could hear Desbro's watch ticking and kept track of the seconds for two full minutes. Then he noticed that the fallen man was bareheaded and puttered about on his hands and knees in the dead leaves and the filth of the gutter until he found Desbro's hat

"Can you walk?" he asked shortly. The disheveled figure nodded, and in silence they made their way back through the deserted streets. In front of the fraternity house they separated without words.

Desbro gave up his nightly walks for a week and was seen but little outside his room. He explained his marred cheek and a stiffness in one leg by a fall through a broken crossing. . . . .

"Going to make another character study of the game, Desbro?"

Desbro shook his head and smiled. "I'm continuing one." he answered

shortly. It was with a more interested, les coldly critical expression that he followed the movements of the men on the white striped field beneath him. The problem confronting the varsity team was a different one from that which Desbro had watched on the first occasion, for instead of feeble opponents who would only afford them good practice they faced an eleven of their own class.

From the first the enemy's tactics had been obvious. They realized that in Babbington there was a living opposition which barred all progress to the varsity's goal line, and toward the wearing down of his great strength they had directed their efforts. Men had been led to the side lines pale and bleeding, and the list of the visitors' substitutes was diminished, but still Babbington formed the center of every attack and was the rock about which split the enemy's onslaughts. It was not a showy exhibition, but it was a splendid piece of physical stamina, and the great crowd was appreciative. They saw that Babbington's endurance would make victory possible, and they rose in a great wall of color and cheer-

ed him furiously. "Babbington! Babbington!" Close to the goal posts Babbington raised his great frame from the tangle of the last attack which had shattered its force upon him and faced the shout- on easy terms." Is it a go, sir?"

ing crowds. Slowly he raised a huge fist and shook it in the face of the multitude, which grew wonderingly silent. "Curse you," he shouted, and the

sound of his hoarse voice carried to every part of the stands, "leave my name alone!" Desbro smiled quietly.

"In the term 'social impossibility." he muttered, "I was guilty of gross in-

When the whistle sounded the end of the baif, he scrambled down from his seat, climbed the wire fence inclosing the field and walked toward Babbington, who, with hanging head, was walking slowly toward the side lines. "Will you shake hands, Babbington?"

he asked, smiling. Babbington looked up in surprise. Then his somewhat heavy features lighted up, and the big hand shot out.

Stevenson as He Talked. He used to stand on the hearth rug in the smoking room, says Walter Crane in his "An Artist's Reminiscences" of Robert Louis Stevenson, the center of an admiring circle, and discourse very much in the same style as that in which he wrote. It gave one the impression of artificiality rather-I mean his manner of speaking and choice of words, as if carefully selected and cultivated. If a remark was offered by one of the company he would perhaps accept it and turn about, much as a conjurer does when he borrows a handkerchief or a hat from some one in his audience, or perhaps he would work it into his next sentence, returning it to his interlocutor improved-wrapped in silver paper, metaphorically speaking. His personal appearance was quite as unusual as his speech-a long, pale, thin face and lank hair, quick and penetrating eyes and a rather sardonic smile. The world in general, especially in clubland, wore white shirts and collars as a rule, but Stevenson sported black ones.

## A Queer Ad.

"An Italian with a piano organ was turning the handle of his machine rapidly, but not a note was to be heard. I stopped at once. What on earth could be the matter?"

The speaker, an advertising agent, smiled. "Finally," he said, "I went up close

to the man. "'A breakdown?' I asked. "He pointed to a small placard on the organ's front, and I read:

"'The interior of the instrument has been removed. The relief that in consequence you experience is as nothing compared with that which immediately follows a dose of Sure Cure Cough Mixture.'

"It was an original ad.," the expert ended, "and I followed it up. From what the Sure Cure people told me, I found that the same ingenuity and money put in legitimate newspaper advertising would have brought 50 per cent more returns." - New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Lion Tamer's Secret. great yellow lion leaped back in fear. "The lion could kill the hound," the trainer said, "but he doesn't think so. He thinks the hound could easily kill

"Why?" "When the lion was a cub this boarhound, full grown, lived in the cage with him. The big dog could, of course, lick the little cub, and the cub therefore feared and respected him. Now the cub is grown up, but he still thinks the hound is the better. We rear a cub with a full grown hound in this way for a reason. The hound is a protection to us trainers afterward when the cub is grown, for then should he become rambunctious one look from the dog will send him, subdued and ashamed, slinking off to the cage's far-

thest corner."-Philadelphia Bulletin. The Story of Zero. The word "zero" is from the Spanish and means "empty," hence nothing. It was first used for a thermometer in 1795 by a Prussian named Fahrenheit. By experimenting with snow and salt Fahrenheit found that he could produce a degree of cold equal to that of the coldest winter day. It happened that the day on which he made his final experiment was the coldest that anybody could remember, and, struck with the coincidence of his scientific discovery, he hastily concluded that he had found the lowest degree of temperature, either natural or artificial. He called the degree "zero" and constructed a thermometer graduating up from zero to boiling point, which he numbered 212 and the freezing point

One of Three Things. Fred Jones, a man of no small dimensions, was a popular conductor on the Boston and Maine railroad, making daily trips between Boston and Plymouth. One day several years ago while collecting fares he encountered a man under the influence of liquor who would not show a ticket. After reasoning in vain with this passenger Mr. Jones said, "Now, see here, you'll have to do one of three things-give me a ticket, pay your fare or get off and walk."

"You've (hic) got to do one of three things," was the reply-"eat less (hic), hoop yerself (hic) or bust."

Speaking of a Wall street operator, a broker said: "The man's nerve is amazing. It shocks me. It reminds me of a money lender to whom a friend of mine, a great rider to hounds, once re-

"'Yes,' said the money lender to my embarrassed friend, 'I will renew your note, but only on one condition, sirnamely, that during the next paper chase at Lenox you scatter from your bag these 5,000 pink slips bearing my name and the words, "Money advanced Origin of "Yankee Doodle."

German Humor.

ous of the funny figures the absent-

minded professor whose habitual um-

brella losing proclivities have made

generations laugh. This figure had its

origin at a time, he says, when the

man of letters was a helpless person

in the active world-a dreamer dwell-

ing in realms away from the actual

and therefore blind to his surround-

ings. In this form he has been rep-

resented in the comic papers. But

Germany, he thinks, not the professor,

has been and is being caricatured. The

professor today must be a wide awake

man, for science is no longer an is-

land. These are not the days for sleep

and for dreams. Another abused char-

acter is the lieutenant who, having no

foe to fight, is always shown as mak-

ing conquests where Amor has com-

mand. The old maid is another of the

stock figures, and one of equal impor-

tance is Mr. Newlyrich. Of the latter

it is said: "He is always full of fear

and suspicion. He knows that he has

been misplaced, and he sways from

side to side like a timid rope walker.

This makes him really funny, and we

Too Slow to Be a Soldier.

In a room on the top floor of a large

factory a boy was amusing himself by

going through the bayonet exercise

caused the lad to lose his balance and

fall down the hoist shaft, but fortu-

nately he kept his hold on the brush.

the handle of which, getting across the

shaft, broke his fall and enabled him

to grasp the chain, down which he slid

in safety. The boss was horrified at

breathless and gasping with fear down

the eight flights of stairs to the base-

session and his breath, he exclaimed:

Toward the Pole.

snow falling even in summer-such is

the weather experienced in the polar

regions. When the air is dry and still

it is remarkable how low a tempera-

ture can be borne with ease. One ex-

plorer tells us that with the thermome-

ter at 9 degrees it was too warm for

skating. The summer weather in this

region is, moreover, in some respects

pleasant and healthful. Within the

arctic zone there are wonderfully col-

ored sunrises and sunsets to be seen

They are both brilliant and impressive

But the nights-the nights are monot-

Only Night Air at Night.

half of the open window at night. In

the early years of her labors much un-

intelligent opposition to this method

harmfulness of the night air was ex-

stock argument in support of her posi-

air?" It was unanswerable from her

Garantized Oils.

oil is the work of a Rio Janeiro firm:

filtrated, the consumer will find with

them, the good taste and perfect pres-

ervation. For to escape to any conter-

feit, is necessary to requiere on any

botles this contremare deposed con-

formably to the law. The corks and

The Housekeeping Instinct.

A bright little girl who had success

fully spelled the word "that" was ask-

ed by her teacher what would remain

"The cups and saucers," was the

Self Composed.

She-He is a person of perfect ease

and possession and is thoroughly at

home anywhere. He-Yes, he even has

the faculty of making you feel a total

stranger in your own house.-London

Fear and Danger.

(carelessly)-Plenty of fear, ma'am,

Little girls believe in the man in the

moon, big girls in the man in the hon-

but not a bit of danger.

after the "t" had been taken away.

culosis.-Boston Transcript.

fire."-Case and Comment.

prompt reply.

Tit-Bits.

eymoon.

body.

shaft."-London Answers.

must laugh at his antics.'

The tendency of the German comic When Charles the First ascended the papers to employ continuously the throne a ditty familiar in the nurseries of high society was "Lucy Locket," aftersame characters as "producers of mirth" is the subject of an article in a wards known in New England as "Lydia Berlin paper by Ludwig Bauer. The Fisher's Jig," and running like this: writer mentions as the most conspicu-

Lucy Locket lost her pocket, Lydia Fisher found at Not a bit of money in it. Only binding round it.

A smart cavalier; adapting the jingle to political conditions, produced the following:

Nankey Doodle came in town. Riding on a pony, With a feather in his hat

Upon a macaroni. A "doodle," according to Murray, was a simpleton, "a sorry, trifling fellow;" a "macaroni" was a knot in the ribbon. The particular Nankey characterized thus derisively in this case was Oliver Cromwell. The next adaptation appeared in 1766 in connection with a carroature ridiculing William Pitt for esponsing America's cause and incidentally sniffing at the French and Virginia negroes thus:

Stamp Act! le diable! dat is de job, sir: Dat is de Stiltman's nob, sir,

To be America's nabob, sir,

Doodle, noodle, do It was but natural, writes George Harvey, in the North American Review, that shafts of the wit of the period should be aimed at the uncouth American soldiers; and there was much hilarity in the British camp in Boston when an officer-post recited the lines which became the real "Yankee Doodle," beginning with the familiar

Father and I went down to camp Along with Captain Goodwin. Where we see the men and boys

As thick as hasty-puddin'and continuing with the well-worn referwith a long handled brush in lieu of a ence to "Captain Washington," "My Jemima," et al., after the well known fashion designed to "take off" the prorifle. His boss, coming quickly upon him, gave him a box on the ear for wasting his time. The sudden blow vincial thus:

There was Captain Washington Upon a slapping stallion, A giving orders to his men: I guess there was a million

And then the feathers on his hat, They looked so tarnal finea, I wanted pockily to get, To give to my Jemima

the effect of his action and rushed Some years before, a British army surgeon, stationed at Lake George, had composed one or two sneering verses, entitled "Yankee Doodle," and Ethan Allen, whose ment, expecting to find a mangled body for which he would have to acliking for stirring melody was stronger count. He was, however, just in time than his taste for classical music, promptly to see the lad drop on his feet unappropriated the tune, so that the fifers harmed, so, recovering his self posand drummers at Dorchester were fully prepared when they received a copy of the "Want to be a soldier, eh? Well, Boston composition, and the shrill tune became, probably for a time, our favorite you're too slow for that. Why, man, I can walk down all those stairs quicknational marching air. It is essentially er than you can fall down the holst English, as we have pointed out, but only shaft "-London Answers. rightly or wrongly, we prefer to accept Daychinck's declaration that it was taken by the predatory British from an old Dutch Ice eight feet thick on the ocean and

barvest-song whose refrain ran: Yankee didee doodle down Didee dudel lawnter, Yankee viver voover, vown, Botermelk und Tawnter.

The British officer-poet, is entitled to the credit of having made the first use of "Uncle Sam" on record, although there is no indication that he meant it to refer to the States then united only for defensive purposes, thus leaving to the Albany pork inspector the high honor traditionally accorded him for sardonic humor in the use of a

City Farthest South

onous and repelling. A rigid world buried in everlasting snow, silent save The battleship fleet is on a voyage of for the cracking of the ice or the wail discovery-discovery so far as the rest of of the wind. Travelers in these reus are concerned, says the New York gions experience many discomforts. "Evening Mail." It has brought a new The keen air causes their skin to burn city into our ken. That is Punta Arenas, or Sandy Point, midway in the Straits of and blister, while their lips swell and Magellan. To those of us who remembercrack. Thirst, again, has been much ed Poe's weird pictures of the far South complained of, arising from the action and recalled the descriptions of and desola-tion and blasting cold as given in our of the low temperature on the warm school geographies, Punta Arenas simply did not exist, until our battleships anchored there. It was nothing less than a shock Speaking of Florence Nightingale to learn that there was a city of about 10,-000 inhabitants on that remote and stormand her efforts to keep the world smitten shore, a city with broad streets, healthy, it seems pertinent to make fine buildings, electric lights and a daily special mention of her mission in benews-paper.

Punta Arenas is literally the southernmost city in the world. Cape Town, at the tip of Sourb Africa, is only a little south of of ventilation because of the supposed the lower boundary of the tropic zone. It is in the same latitude as Montevideo. The pressed, but Miss Nightingale had one straits city, where our ships are resting, is 1.600 miles south of Cape Town, and nearly 1,000 miles south of Christchurch, in tion, it being the question, "What air New Zealand. It is separated from New shall we breathe at night but night York by nearly 100 degrees of latitude. It has a temperature that in winter rarely opponents' point of view, even if it did goes below zero and in summer rarely not always convert them, but it did registers above a mean of 40. It subsists lead a countless number into saner on the wool and sheep industry of Terra ways of living and along the way to del Fuego and the Chilean mainland, on a the present methods of treating tuber- rather uncertain gold industry and on the large commerce that passes through the straits. "The commercial movement," says the author of "Panama, to Patagonia," "reaches \$2,250,000. The exports The following advertisement of olive exceeding the imports by \$250,000. The export commerce is of wool, hides, tallow, ostrich feathers, fox skins, guanaco and "Ours olives oils have garantized of

fitts quality. Diligently fabricated add vicuno rugs." It brings this remote Chilean city nearer to ourselves to learn that it dreads the opening of the Panama canal. It fears that its trade will be lost when the German and New York ships which follow the straits route to San Francisco take the shorter route. At present it is an important coalthe boxes hare all marked with the ing station, supplied from Australia and fire."—Case and Comment.

Newcastle, and it is a veritable cross-roads city of the nations. Chile has made it a free port, the only one in its territory. It is the meeting place, for the ships of all countries dwell in its limits. The best fur store has a Russian woman in charge, and there are Italian and German hotels. No shortening of routes can deprive this place of its importance of a wool mart, while the Chilean government will do something to offset Panama competition by improving the navigation of the straight.

"Al word in season bow good it is." That word in season is just what is spoken by Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical The word it speaks may be a words of counsel or of caution, a word of wisdom or of warning, but it is always a plain word and practical. This great book of 1008 pages and 700 illustrations is sent Nervous Old Lady (to deck hand on steamboat) — Mr. Steamboatman, is there any fear of danger? Deck Hand for book in paper covers or 31 stamps for cloth binding. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

> One of the new pinks that is to be fashionable this Spring both for silk and cotton fabrics is the old respherry shades only deeper and brighter.