

IF ALL WHO HATE WOULD LOVE US.

If all who hate would love us, And all our loves were true, The stars that swing above us Would brighten in the blue, If cruel words were kisses, And every scowl a smile, A better world than this is Would hardly be worth while; If purses would not tighten To meet a brother's need, The load we bear would lighten Above the grave of greed. If those who whine would whistle, And those who languish laugh, The rose would rot the thistle, The grain outrun the chaff. If hearts were only jolly, If grieving were forgot, And tears of melancholy Were things that now are not, Then love would kneel to duty, And all the world would seem A bridal bower of beauty, A dream within a dream. If men would cease to worry, And women cease to sigh, And all be glad to bury Whatever has to die; If neighbor spake to neighbor, As love demands of all, The rust would eat the saber, The spear stay on the wall; Then every day would gladden, And every eye would shine, And God would pause and listen, And life would be divine. —James Newton Matthews, in Washington Star.

PREMARRITAL.

By Edith V. Ross.

We cannot judge of the whole by a part. To say that because some people are not fitted to govern themselves no people are fitted to govern themselves is a non sequitur—that is, the conclusion does not follow the premise. Because some women are so interested in home, husband and children that they do not care to take part in politics we are not justified in assuming that women had much better let politics alone. Differences of opinion, of fitness, are the wheels of progress. A people of one mind on all subjects becomes stagnant. Elsie Harbeson was an example of a girl who was tempted to enter the fray for the rights of women without fitness therefor. She was a lovable creature, very feminine and not especially gifted in a scholarly way. At any rate, while in college she had received the lowest possible rating, especially in logic. She was neither an officer of her class nor on any of the committees. Indeed, Miss Harbeson was not in any way fitted for a leader in the great and absorbing struggle for the political advancement of her sex. When Elsie met "her fate" she found a man who was drawn to her on account of the feminine mold in which she was cast rather than her aspirations. The Scotch saying that we would be blessed at being able to see ourselves as others see us pertained especially to her. To Herbert Winston, her lover, it was plain that the cause of women would lose nothing by the defection of the girl he loved. He had no preferences for or against the cause, but he was opposed to Elsie wasting her time in a matter which other women were far better fitted to push than she. But Herbert was given to diplomacy rather than to open opposition and had no mind to fly in the face of his fiancée's views. He made no comments whatever on these particular opinions. Elsie believed that a matter in which she was interested and upon which her fiancée seemed indifferent should be settled between them before marriage and, bracing herself for a struggle, opened the subject. "Herbert," she said, "there is one matter for us to consider before our marriage, a matter on which my heart is set, upon which you seem to be indifferent, but which is liable to make trouble unless there is a distinct understanding while we are still free." "There is nothing to settle before marriage, because I propose to give way to you in everything." "That's very sweet of you. But you don't seem to realize as I do that there is a good deal that is practical in married life, that romance changes to companionship, which is far more enduring, and that companionship is dependent upon a husband and a wife having the same views." "That doesn't cut any ice in our case, because, as I have told you, your views shall be my views." "There was rather too much subservience in this to suit her, but since she could not find fault with it, she took refuge in a side issue. "I am sorry to see that you are becoming slippy to you would have sounded better for you to say 'make any difference.' But, to take up a far more important matter, I am very much interested in the struggle for the emancipation of women that has been going on for many centuries. It is one of the elements that have entered into the civilization of Europe and America." "How?" "How? Why, Professor Howland mentioned it in his lecture on civilization!" "It seems to me we are getting away from the subject which you consider of so much importance. I don't think it would pay us to enter upon a discussion of what goes back several thousand years. We'd have to put off our marriage indefinitely in order to get down to modern times. How would it do for us to make a compromise on this matter of the emancipation of women—I to have no opinions concerning it, you to have whatever opinions you like?"

"And express them?" "Certainly." "And act upon them?" "Of course." "That's lovely of you. I didn't think you would be so liberal." "I'll be more liberal yet. If you like I'll coach you on the arguments pertaining to the cause you are advocating." "Will you?" "Certainly." "When shall we begin?" "Any time—now if you wish it." "Very well; mention some of the main arguments." "This was very mean of him. He had no business to lead her into such a trap. Having embarked in a struggle to wrest from man the rights of woman, she now signified her reliance on man by accepting his services to instruct her as to how to go about her work." "Man," he said, "when left to himself, without woman's influence, becomes brutal. Ergo, he has in him the nature of a brute, which can only be kept in subjection by his wife. See?" "The conclusion to this argument was somewhat startling. Elsie could not follow it all at once, so again she took refuge in a side issue. "Please don't use that word 'See'? Why not say, 'Do you understand me?'" "Just so. I think it will be admitted by any woman who is or has been married that keeping her husband in subjection requires a lot of time. Then there is the household to look after, and the children, and a lot of other things." "I thought you were going to give me arguments in favor of the emancipation of women. You are proceeding to prove that a wife is too busy looking after her domestic affairs to—" She hesitated. "To keep her husband in subjection?" "How absurd!" "If you don't like that argument I'll give you another. I presume you studied political economy while in college." "Yes, indeed, and it made me a free trader." "It was now the man's turn to be startled. He had not been able to fathom the free trade-protection problem himself, and he was impressed that Elsie had succeeded in doing so. "You know," he went on, "that the old political economy of a half a century ago has all been upset by modern big business." "Has it?" "Yes, but it still holds good in small circles—the family, for instance. You know that the theory of the free trader is that each community produces what it is best fitted to produce, the whole going into the general market and each community selling what it is fitted to produce and buying of the others what it doesn't itself produce." "I thought you didn't like that expression." "They are not the same. You said 'See'? I say 'I see.' There is a great difference." "My way is more phonetic." "Go on." "In the family, carrying out this same principle, the husband does the providing and the wife takes care of the household and the children. When the husband breaks in on his wife's prerogatives he's monkeying with the buzzsaw." "Oh, heavens! What a horrid way of putting it!" "Anyway he's liable to get scratched." "Worse and worse. But complete your argument." "Per contra, if the wife breaks in upon the husband's prerogatives there is likely to be a monkey and parrot business in the family." "Seeing an opportunity to get in a blow for her sake without inveighing against slang, she said quickly, "I don't admit that politics is the exclusive right of the husband." "In that case but one of two courses is open to us. Either I must give up attending to the duties of a citizen to you or we must both attend to them. The latter course would be a violation of the economic principle." "This argument resulted in silence between the couple for some minutes. Elsie saw that, pretending to give her an argument for her cause, he was arguing on the other side. She believed that there was a valid answer to his statement, but it did not occur to her. "It seems to me," she said at last, "that we each have duties of citizenship to attend to in accordance with our consciences." "The proof of the pudding is in the eating," was his rejoinder. "Since you prefer that course, so shall it be." "But you would prefer that one or the other of us should attend to the duties of citizenship for the family." "I believe in a division of labor or, if you like another way of putting it better, in certain things being attended to by the wife and certain other things being attended to by the husband, but if we both decide to go to the polls to register our votes I have no objection to our doing so. At any rate, we can try it. Nevertheless I see no use in trying to cross a bridge till we come to it. We are not married yet. When we are all such matters will regulate themselves. But I reiterate seriously that if there is anything objectionable or useless in our both going to the polls to vote I will defer to you." "What do you mean by useless?" "Suppose we vote on different sides. We might in that case part." "Part? What do you mean by part?" "We might do what we're going to do in marrying. If we intend to vote on different sides and neither of us votes at all the result is the same as if we voted. I, a man, and you, a woman, marry. There's one less bachelor and one less spinster. In other words, we are paired." "I do think," she said, looking up at him with a pair of soft brown eyes, "that you use the funniest arguments

I ever heard." "They will be plenty good enough when we are married." "How is that?" "There are only two arguments which count for much between man and woman. Her best argument is tears; his is kisses." "With that he drew her toward him and kissed her." "There is no record as to Mrs. Winston's services in the cause of the amelioration of the condition of women. Winston is not reliable in his testimony, and what he says should be taken with a grain of salt. He declares that whenever there is an election he and his wife are on opposite sides and the result is a pair. However, this may be, the Winstons are a very happy couple, and a fine crop of children are growing up about them. Mr. Winston's statement that it is better not to try to cross a bridge before reaching it has turned out to be true. At any rate, the family differences are settled amicably from day to day.

SERPENTS AS HYPNOTISTS.

The Charm They Use on Animals They Succumb to Themselves. Cases of fascination by serpents of birds and other small animals have been too frequently reported to admit of serious doubt on the subject. Evidently it is simply a kind of hypnotism and based, like human hypnotism, on the effects of rhythmical impressions made upon the nervous system. Experiment has proved that the monotonous swinging of a glittering object before the eyes will throw many men and women into hypnotic sleep. When a serpent charms or fascinates a bird or small quadruped it employs a similar method. It sways its head with glittering eyes or sets its brilliantly colored coils into silent rhythmic movement within sight of its victim, and the latter gradually yields to the influence. But the most dangerous serpents are themselves subject to this very hypnotic control, a fact which is the basis of the proceedings of the serpent charmers of India and those of other countries where venomous snakes abound. Music, or the monotonous repetition of musical notes, appears to be the most effective agent in serpent charming. It may be remarked that according to some observers the sounds produced by a rattlesnake, and even the loud hissing of some serpents, have a hypnotic influence, or at least a sort of paralyzing force, due probably to terror. The cobra of southern Asia and the closely related naja of Africa will come out of holes, erect their heads and a part of their bodies and sway about in a kind of serpent dance when they hear the notes of a pipe played by a skilled performer. However, no cobra charmer ever has sufficient confidence in his control over his dangerous subjects to neglect the removal of their fangs. A cobra bite has been known to kill a man within a few minutes of its infliction.—Garrett P. Serviss in Detroit News.

MEAT IS A STIMULANT.

Hence, Eaten in Excess, It is Bad For Both Body and Mind. The director of one of the largest physical culture schools in the United States did not long ago to a friend of mine: "Every time I eat a piece of good beefsteak I feel as stimulated as if I had drunk a cocktail." This curious statement embodies a truth of which most people are unaware. Meat is not merely a food. It also is a stimulant, with definite exhilarating effects on both mind and body. Eaten in excess, moreover, it acts much as does an excessive amount of the alcoholic beverage mentioned by the physical culture director. That is to say, it tends, in the first place, to cause nervous irritability, making it more difficult for a man to control his passions and sometimes making him positively savage. And, in the second place, when eaten in excess it makes him mentally inert and stupid. The reason for this second effect is well known to all scientific students of food values. Cooked meat, the form in which meat usually is eaten, is not easy to digest. If too much of it is eaten imperfect digestion results, and the blood stream is poisoned by the decomposing animal food in the alimentary canal. Not total abstinence, but temperance—enough meat to spur the mind, not enough to deaden it—that is the lesson to be drawn from the demonstrated stimulant effect of animal food.—H. A. Addington Bruce in Kansas City Times.

The Peanut.

The common peanut, beloved of the small boy, grows in a way that is distinctly original. The little plant sends up its shoots, with the fruit on the end of a somewhat stiff stalk, and then before it ripens the stem bends over and carefully pushes the fruit underground. As pigs are said to be especially fond of these, it has been suggested that the plant does this to hide its nuts from the porker's too inquisitive investigations.

Can You Go Straight?

The above question is not intended to be personal. We are quite sure that you are a good, steady going citizen; but, all the same, we are equally sure that you cannot walk straight without the help of your eyes. Naturally your tendency is to walk in a circle, and you would do this if your eyes were not constantly correcting the tendency. You may easily test this. Place two stakes in your garden about eight feet apart, take up a position some sixty feet away, get some one to blindfold you and then try to walk between the two stakes. You will find that you are going in a circle. Why? The explanation is very simple. You walk faster with one foot than with the other. Everybody does. One leg always takes a longer stride, with the result that you naturally walk more to one side than the other. Men who have been lost in the Australian bush have marked the trees they passed and found that they again and again returned to their starting tree after describing a complete circle.—Dundee Advertiser.

Unique Bible Character.

One of the few men in the Bible who have nothing recorded against them is Joseph of Arimathea. Every one of the evangelists has a good word to say for Joseph. One says he "was an honorable counselor," another that he "was a just man," another that he was "a rich man," another that he was a "secret disciple." Only one of the evangelists speaks of the birth of Christ, but all four of them erect a monument to Joseph of Arimathea. When he became a disciple we are not told. Dr. Andrew Bonar of Scotland says he can just imagine that Nicodemus may have been moved by Joseph of Arimathea to believe in Christ. At all events, Nicodemus didn't come out very boldly himself. He didn't get his discipleship out very clear. They were both members of the sanhedrin, but it is evident that none knew that Joseph was a secret disciple until a certain night.—Christian Herald.

Who Discovered the Kangaroo?

W. B. Alexander of the Western Australian museum at Perth, W. A., has recently corrected a popular mistake in the history of natural history. The discovery of the kangaroo family is generally credited to Sir Joseph Banks and is supposed to have occurred during Captain Cook's first voyage in 1770. This date, it appears, is nearly 150 years too late. When the Dutch East India company's ship, the Batavia, under command of Captain Pelsart, was wrecked on the Aroel islands in 1629 the survivors encountered among other strange things the Dama wallaby, the first member of the kangaroo family known to Europeans. Captain Pelsart described it as a species of cat about the size of a hare, noted its remarkable hind legs and described in considerable detail the abdominal pouch for the young and the use of it.

An Ancient English Inn.

Among the inns that put forward a claim to antiquity place must be found for "Ye Old King James and Ye Tinker," which still "carries on" its business at White Web's Lane, near Waltham Cross. It claims to have been established well over a thousand years ago and came by its present unique title through King James I. visiting it during a royal hunt in Enfield Chase and meeting with a tinker imbibing his modest cup of malt who desired to see a king. His majesty promised his wish should be granted and took him on his horse to where his nobles were assembled, throwing off his incognito at the proper dramatic moment, to the great confusion of the tinker, whose embarrassment was salvaged by a knighthood and commemorated in a ballad.—London Chronicle.

We Should Not Worry.

"Worry would kill a horse," says Mrs. Clara Z. Moore, health expert. "There is no sickness more insidious, no drug more poisonous, than the continued effects of worry. "Proper physical exercise will remove the worry and the tired out condition that causes it. A sick body often produces a sick mind, and the opposite is also true that a sick mind causes a sick body. "The moral is, 'If you do not want to be sick do not worry.'—Chautauqua News.

Drunken Elephants.

The fruit of the umgungu tree of South Africa yields a strong intoxicating drink. Elephants are said to be very fond of it, becoming quite tipsy, staggering about, playing antics, screaming so as to be heard for a mile and sometimes having tremendous and sometimes fatal fights.

Went Unnoticed.

"What is your opinion of Boston?" "I was agreeably surprised on my first visit to that town." "Yes." "Just for an experiment I split an infinitive, but there was nothing like a riot precipitated."—Birmingham Age Herald.

Cross of St. Andrew.

Russia's cross of St. Andrew has a remarkable peculiarity attaching to it. All who are decorated with it have the right once to demand a pardon for a Russian subject condemned to death.

The Outlook.

New Reader—How's the fare here? Old Reader—Well, we have chicken every morning. "That's first rate. How is it served?" "In the shell." One has no protecting power save prudence.—Juvenal.

Right Word, but What Was It?

It had been a hard day, and Mr. K. smoked in silence one cigar after another. Mrs. K. was wondering how long it would be until her husband would say something. Jim is rather quiet for the most part, she will tell you. "I'll give him five more minutes," she agreed mentally, with her usual generosity. "I'd give a hundred dollars to know," Jim remarked abstractedly. His wife clapped her hands in delight. Jim never disappointed her. "What?" she asked. "Well, you see, it was this way: I was talking over a business deal with the head of the firm, and I got pretty enthusiastic, I guess. I must have used some big words. Suddenly the boss' hand came down on the table with a crash. 'You used the right word that time, my boy. That's my idea exactly,' he exclaimed." "Well?" questioned his wife. "Nothing, only I'd give a hundred dollars to know what I said."—Indianapolis News.

Three Streets.

In the world as known to Baedeker there are only two streets that can compare with Fifth avenue, and these are both on Manhattan Island. From its source in the asphalt bottoms of Washington square to where it loses itself in the coal middens of the Harlem river at One Hundred and Forty-third street the avenue runs a course of almost exactly seven miles. It runs true to the North star, without a turn, with only a single pause, grimly bent on its business in a way calculated to make the dowager metropolises of Europe lift their eyebrows and say, "How American!" Its rivals are Eighth avenue, a half mile to the west, which may be some 900 feet longer, and still farther west Tenth or Amsterdam avenue, the titan of all urban highways, nine miles up hill and down, as determined in the primeval blueprint shaped by the city fathers some time about the year 1800. All three streets have character as well as length, but Fifth avenue alone has significance.—Simeon Strunsky in Harper's Magazine.

China's Majestic Altar.

No altar on earth vies in marble majesty with the Altar of Heaven-Tien T'an—in the south of the Chinese city of Peking, which Emperor Yung Lo of the Ming dynasty reared in A. D. 1420 with its triple balustrades, stairs and platforms of pure white marble carved miraculously, its great circle covering a wide area in the midst of a vast inclosure. Standing alone, deserted under the blue Chinese sky, it is a dream of majesty and beauty. As the great setting of a scene of ritual pomp that calls for thousands and thousands of robed celebrants, with music, incense, sacrifice, it is transcendently imposing and impressive. There the emperor knelt once a year and worshipped "the only being in the universe he could look up to"—Shang Ti—the emperor of the world above, whose court was in the sky and the spear tips of whose soldiers were the stars.

Losses From Consumption.

The economic loss due to tuberculosis is stupendous. Some years ago I made a careful estimate and was astonished to find that, counting the earnings lost, the cost of medical attendance and nursing, special foods, institutional care and, above all, the capitalized value of the lives cut off in their prime (for tuberculosis kills at thirty or thirty-five), the total annual cost in this country alone from tuberculosis is over a billion of dollars. This is merely the cold cash cost and takes no account, of course, of sentimental or emotional losses from the death of loved ones.—Good Health.

Crabs In Conflict.

The most savage specimen of the crab species is found in Japan. As soon as he spies another of his kind he scrapes his claws together in rage, challenging him to combat. Not a moment is wasted in preliminaries. The sand flies as the warriors push each other hither and thither, until at last one of them stretches himself out in the throes of death, still feebly rubbing his claws in defiance of the foe.

Hard to Bear.

Mrs. de Style (fond of novels)—Did you do as I directed, and tell everybody who called that I was engaged? Domestic—No one called, mum. "What? Not one?" "Not a soul." "Mercy! Such heartless neglect is outrageous!"—New York Weekly.

In Society.

"Well, I am forty-five years old today." "My dear lady, years mean nothing to a beautiful woman." "I know. Still, I guess I'll have to really move out of the younger set."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

She Certainly Was.

Her eyes were not exactly straight, and some one commented upon it and asked Smith if he had noticed it. "Noticed it, man?" he replied. "Why, she is so cross-eyed that recently when I sat next to her at a dinner she ate off my plate!"—Exchange.

Bamboo Trees.

The bamboo tree does not blossom until its thirtieth year, when it produces seed profusely and then dies. A famine was prevented in India in 1812 by the sudden flowering of the trees, when 50,000 people gathered the seed for food. The path of success in business is invariably the path of common sense.—Samuel Smiles.

Smokeless Powder.

A great advance in firearms was made when smokeless powder came into the field. Many kinds of the smokeless variety have come and gone, and from the elimination of the unfitted nitrocellulose and the nitroglycerin powders have survived. The nitrocellulose type is used by the United States army and navy, by the French and German army. Nitroglycerin is used by the British army and navy and by the German navy. The principal ingredient in both kinds of powder is guncotton. The smokeless powder needed by the United States army and navy is in part manufactured by government plants and in part purchased from private manufacturers. The smokeless powder is made at all plants, both government and private, in accordance with specifications prepared by a joint board of army and navy officers. The highest grade materials and the most rigorous tests are employed in all stages of the manufacture to insure a high grade product.—Brooklyn Eagle.

His Redeeming Trait.

A young man was sitting in a barber's shop looking at a magazine when an old farmer, with little knowledge or appreciation of literary people, stepped up behind his chair and looked over his shoulder. "Who's them?" he inquired, pointing to a group of portraits. "Well, known authors and playwrights," was the reply. "Humph!" ejaculated the farmer contemptuously. "Jist writin' fellers, eh?" Then he caught sight of an author with a long, solemn face, and his eyes sparkled. "That's the one I like," he said, with decision, putting his finger on the writer's mournful countenance. "Oh, yes; nearly every one likes him!" agreed the young man. "His humorous writings are?" "Don't know nothing 'bout his writin', but I like his face." "Why so?" "Cause he's the only feller that looks like he was sorry for what he'd done."—Chicago Herald.

Big Trees.

People generally associate ideas of the California big trees with the Mariposa grove, near the Yosemite, and yet it appears that there are in the Sequoia National park 1,166,000 trees, 12-100 of which exceed ten feet in diameter. Some idea of the immensity of one of these big trees can be gathered from the statement that "3,000 fenceposts, sufficient to support a wire fence around 8,000 or 9,000 acres, have been made from one of these giants, and that was only the first step toward using its huge carcass. Six hundred and fifty thousand shingles, enough to cover the roofs of seventy or eighty houses, formed the second item of its product. Finally, there still remained hundreds of cords of firewood which no one could use because of the prohibitive expense of hauling the wood out of the mountains."—Manufacturers Record.

A Memorable Ride.

The most memorable ride in English history was that of Sir Arthur Owen, which placed the Hanoverian dynasty on the throne of Great Britain. The act of settlement by which in 1701 parliament elected the house of Hanover to the British throne was passed by only one vote, and this casting vote was given by Sir Arthur Owen, the member of parliament for Pembroke-shire. He arrived at Westminster, dusty and travel worn, only just in time to record his vote, having ridden with furious haste from Wales for the purpose on relays of horses kept at all the posting houses along the route. To that ride Britain owes its Georgian era; hence its Queen Victoria and her descendants.

Home of Musical Fish.

Lake Batticaloa, Ceylon, has the probably unique distinction of being the home of musical fish. The sounds emitted by these are said to be as sweet and melodious as those which would be produced by a series of aeolian harps. Crossing the lake in a boat one can plainly distinguish the pleasant sounds. If an ear is dipped in the water the melody becomes louder and more distinct.

Books.

For the greater part of its life a book is an article of furniture and stands upon the shelf to decorate the library with its patch of color and glow of kindly associations, but from time to time there occur those crises of its existence when it is taken down and read.—London Athenaeum.

Her Notion of Finance.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "do you ever buy on a margin?" "Never." "Well, why don't you? It seems to me much safer to dabble around the edge and avoid getting in too deep."—Washington Star.

The Proper Tree.

Curious Charley—Do nuts grow on trees, father? Father—They do, my son. Curious Charley—Then what tree does the doughnut grow on? Father—The "pantree," my son.—Purple Cow.

Ignorance No Excuse.

Ignorance of the law excuses no man—not that all men know the law, but because 'tis an excuse every man will plead, and no man can tell how to refute him.—John Selden.

Some Wisdom Left.

"You didn't tell the barber you were in a hurry." "No, I didn't want him to know it!"—Pittsburgh Post.