

THE WORLD TO-DAY IS BETTER.

(By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.)
Oh, the earth is full of sinning
And of trouble and of woe,
But the devil makes an inking
Every time you say it's so;
And the way to set him scowling,
And to put him back a pace,
Is to stop this stupid growling,
And to look things in the face.

If you glance at history's pages,
In all lands and eras known,
You will find the vanished ages
Far more wicked than our own.
As you scan each word and letter,
You will realize it more,
That the world to-day is better
Than it ever was before.

There is much that needs amending
In the present time, no doubt,
There is right that needs defending,
There is wrong needs crushing out;
And we hear the groans and curses
Of the poor who starve and die,
While the men with swollen purses
In the place of hearts, go by.

But in spite of all the trouble
That obscures the sun to-day,
Just remember it was double
In the ages passed away.
And these wrongs shall all be righted,
Good shall dominate the land,
For the darkness now is lighted
By the torch in Science's hand.

Forth from little notes in chaos
We have come to what we are,
And no evil force can stay us,
We shall mount from star to star;
We shall break away each fetter
That has bound us heretofore,
And the world to-day is better
Than it ever was before.

LITTLE WILLIE.

"How I do wish we could have a ripple of incident in our daily life!" said Millicent More, closing her book with a sigh.

"Nothing ever happens to us," said her cousin Catherine, with a smile, as she bent forward to pick up a dead leaf off her pet geranium.

Millicent and Catherine More were girls of 22 and 25—"old maids," the 17-year-olders called them—who taught school and supported themselves comfortably by their own unaided efforts. Millicent was pretty, with red lips, a clear, bright complexion and hair touched with the warm auburn gold that artists copy and poets rave of, and Millicent had not quite given up her little dream of love and matrimony, but Catherine never spoke of such things. Catherine was not absolutely a fright, but Catherine was small and plain, with ordinary gray eyes, hair like everybody else's, and not the slightest pretensions to beauty.

But the two cousins were very happy together after their own unpretentious fashion, Millicent supplying the sentimental and poetical element and Catherine contentedly devoting herself out of school hours to the house-keeping.

And upon this particular December afternoon, just as the girls were deploring the monotony of their daily life, the postman tapped at the door with a letter.

"A letter!" cried Millicent.

"For me?" echoed Catherine.

And the cousins read it, with their arms twined about one another and their heads very close together.

"Uncle George is dead in Australia," gasped Millicent.

"Oh, Milly—and he has left an orphan boy?" added Catherine, the tears brimming into her eyes. "We must adopt him, Milly—we must bring him up."

Millicent drew back a little. "I don't see why," she said, somewhat coldly. "Uncle George never did anything for us."

"We never asked him to, Milly," "But he knew we were forced to support ourselves."

"Perhaps, dear, he was even poorer than we. At all events, he is dead now—and this child is left alone in the world. I'll sit down and write to the lawyer this minute."

"Stop!" said Millicent, compressing her lips. "Do you mean that you really intend taking a great, rough, half-civilized boy into this house?"

"Certainly I do," said Catherine, earnestly. "Oh, Milly—a motherless child!"

"In that case," said Millicent, "I shall not remain here. If you choose to open a gratis orphan asylum it is no reason that my slender income should be squandered to feed your fancies!"

"But, Milly, your salary is larger than mine!"

"And I do not mean to scatter it for a mere chimera. This child has no sort of claim upon either of us. Let the Australian authorities provide for him."

And Millicent More could not be persuaded to take any other view of the question than this. The next day she told her cousin that she had made arrangements to secure a home with Miss Katrina Bayley, who took "a few select boarders," in the next street.

And then Catherine sat down to consider ways and means. She had taken the house for a year—there was no receding from the rent question.

"I'll let the lower toy to Mrs. Hopper, the milliner," said she to herself, "I never used to like the idea of living in half a house, but all pride must be laid aside now. I will take the back bedroom myself and little Willie shall have the front room that looks out on the street. I shall have to do without my new silk dress and to countermand my subscription to the 'Illustrated Encyclopedia,' but I shall not mind that; I'll discharge Hannah and engage little Dorcas Brown, who is so fond of children and has such a winning way

with her. And I know we shall get along splendidly—though, to be sure, I shall have to ask Lawyer Goodale for copying to do at home in the evenings, for I must be laying up a little something against Willie's future education."

For it never occurred to Catherine More that she was doing a brave and heroic thing in denying herself for the benefit of one whom she deemed yet poorer and more helpless than herself—nor to Millicent that she was acting the part of a recreant.

The little room in the front of the cottage second story was fitted up prettily for the orphaned Australian boy—Catherine had sold her cabinet organ to buy the furniture—and Dorcas in a clean white apron and ribbons was bustling around, while Mrs. Hopper had already arranged her stock of bonnet frames, ribbons and artificial flowers in the lower windows.

It was a lovely June day, with the sky blue and clear as a baby's eyes and the air full of scents from the blossoming buckwheat fields, Catherine More, having, not without difficulty, obtained a temporary substitute in her school, went to New York to meet her new charge in the steamer Harvest Lass, which had been telegraphed from Sandy Hook the day before.

"Little Willie will know me," she said to herself, "because I sent my photograph by the last mail. I wanted my face to seem familiar to him, poor lone lamb."

She stood on the pier eagerly scanning the countenance of every child that landed, her face brightening once or twice as she saw a boy whom she thought might be Willie, when all of a sudden a hand was laid lightly on her arm and she found herself looking up into a handsome, bronzed face far above her.

"Sir!" she cried, starting back.

"I beg your pardon," said a frank, pleasant voice, "I did not mean to alarm you. But is this Miss More?"

She inclined her head.

"I am your cousin William."

And this time Catherine started back in more surprise than ever.

"Sir," she said, "you are mistaken. William is a little boy."

"Hardly," returned the tall stranger, "unless you would call me a little boy. Dear cousin Kitty, no one ever told you I was a child or poor. It was your own inference. Thank heaven, I am independent and wealthy, and as I have come to man's estate, I think it is rather my duty to take care of you than to allow you to take care of me."

Catherine looked at her handsome cousin in mute amazement. This grand upsetting of all her theories and ideas was more than she could comprehend just at once.

"But, Wil—" "But, Catherine, Nay, my dear little gray-eyed cousin, the lawyers have told me how willing you were to adopt and care for the homeless orphan, and how my cousin Millicent shrank from the task. And from the bottom of my heart I thank you for what you are ready to do."

How Dorcas started when she saw what sort of a fellow "little Willie" had proved to be. How Mrs. Hopper giggled behind her bonnet frames when she thought of the little child's crib and the picture books upstairs.

"Of course, such an elegant young gentleman as that will go to the hotel," said Mrs. Hopper. But he did not.

He stayed at the cottage, sleeping on the back parlor sofa until other accommodations could be provided for him. And when Millicent came over with her prettiest smile and outstretched hand the young Australian received her with an odd, curt coldness that made her feel excessively uncomfortable.

"You see, Cousin Milly," said he, "you didn't want to be bothered with me; you thought the Australian authorities ought to be compelled to provide for me."

And when Mrs. Hopper heard that little Catherine More was to marry her rich cousin she wasn't at all surprised.

"It's the most natural thing in the world," said she, "only it's a pity that Cathie isn't a little prettier."

But Catherine More was satisfied with her lover's declaration that to him her plain face was the sweetest in all the world.

A Jaganese Geisha Girl.

A geisha must be highly accomplished, because her chief duty is to amuse. While not by any means a musician, she must be able to perform on the samisen, koto, tsuzumi (a drum) and other musical instruments. She dances, sings, and talks on the lightest subjects, and always holds herself in readiness to entertain her guests according to their mood. A witty geisha, one who is a good talker, pretty and graceful, will not lack for employment at any time, and generally makes a very good living. While it is not at all necessary for her to arouse mirth, her object must be to beguile the time that is irksome to her guests. Thus it often happens that one feeling depressed will send for a geisha girl. The geisha is a natural actress and her taste in dress exquisite, her movements incomparable in grace.—Onoto Watanna in Woman's Home Companion.

Wanted Short Measure.

Boy—Please give me two-pennyworth of castor oil, and give me short measure, too.

Chemist—Short measure? Why?

Boy—Cos I've got to take it myself.

—Baptist Commonwealth.

He Was Slightly Elevated.

"I'm going to keep this up all day," said the persevering aeronaut, as he threw out another sandbag.—New York Press.

DOCTORS OPIUM SLAVES.

TEN PER CENT. OF OUR PHYSICIANS TAKE MORPHINE.

A Weakness of the Profession, Dr. Crothers Declares—His Conclusions Based on Data Resulting from Extended Investigation—Medical Victims of Nephelomania.

That 10 per cent. of all the physicians in this country are victims of the morphia habit was the startling estimate made by Dr. T. D. Crothers of Hartford, Conn., in a paper read before the last session of the New York State Medical Association.

Dr. Crothers, whose paper was entitled "Morphinism Among Physicians," gives this summary of his researches as chairman of a committee which has been collecting and studying statistics on opium, morphia and alcohol for nine years:

"In a general history of 3,244 physicians residing in the Eastern, Middle and some of the cities of the Western States, 21 per cent. were found using spirits or opium to excess. Six per cent. of this number used morphia or opium prominently. Ten per cent. were using opium or other drugs secretly outside of this number. At least 20 per cent., including this number, used spirits in so-called moderation.

"In another study of 170 physicians, 7 per cent. used opium or morphia and 6 per cent. were secret drug takers.

"From the personal observation of a number of physicians who have a large acquaintance with medical men, from 8 to 10 per cent. are either secret or open drug and morphia habitues.

"These figures appear to be approximately correct, and show that at least from 6 to 10 per cent. of all medical men are opium inebriates. This is undoubtedly a conservative statement, considering the fact that drug takers, and physicians in particular, are secretive and conceal their use of drugs, particularly where it implies weakness and reflects on their social standing.

"There are many reasons for the support of the statement of Dr. Elain, that a large percentage of physicians suffer and die from drug treatment of themselves. They begin to use spirits, opium and other drugs for functional and transient disturbances, and later contract serious organic disease, the early drug-taking having been a contributing cause.

"The physician who uses opium is always somnolent, serene and meditative in his manner. Except an increasingly defective memory and degenerating ethical sense, and irregularity of conduct, with a certain lividity of face, there is little to indicate his condition.

"On the other hand, the morphinomania shows great extremes of emotion. At times he will be very talkative, and sensitive to his surroundings; then silent, indifferent, irritable or violent in his impulses and talk. He will also at times be very brilliant, make a clear diagnosis, perform a difficult operation, and even deliver a lecture with spirit and energy. The same impaired memory and ethical sense appears, although more concealed.

"Morphinomania tends toward acute mania and suicide, with the same impending danger from acute inflammations.

"A certain number of morphinists have been wine, beer and spirit drinkers, and while suffering from the effects of excesses have found quick relief from morphia. Later they have, in part or altogether, given up spirits and used morphia.

"There is a pleasing fascination in the rapid, complete change and transition which follows the use of the needle. To the psychopath, inherited or acquired, this is a revelation, and no other form of administering morphia can compare with it. This actually develops a needle mania, and nearly all morphinists are hypodermatic drug maniacs. The withdrawal of the morphia is unnoticed as long as the needle is used.

"In a certain case a physician used the needle with water, supposing it to be morphia, for two years after the withdrawal of the drug, under the direction of his partner. It is the common experience to keep up the use of the needle for its mental effect long after the morphia is abandoned. Even then it is difficult to break up the mania for this form of drug usage.

"It has been stated with some basis of fact that the constant administration of drugs to his patients by the needle, and particularly morphia, is a prominent symptom of a morphinomania physician.

"The medical morphinist may succeed in concealing his use of morphia for a variable time, but its effects on his thoughts and conduct cannot long be covered. He will early begin to show carelessness in conduct, neglect of duty, loss of personal respect and emotional changes. Along with this appear a childish egotism and a disposition to criticize and to expose the weaknesses of others.

"I cannot stop without calling attention to the fact that morphinism is increasing among physicians. The reports from private asylums and public hospitals show that within five years medical men form a considerable part of their inmates.

"I conclude with a caution that cannot be stated in words too strongly—never use morphia by the needle on yourself, and never use it except by the counsel of a trusted medical adviser. Never give morphia to a neurotic or psychopathic physician until you are satisfied that it is the best remedy which can be used. If you are using morphia, abandon it at once or make every effort to do so at the earliest moment."

VULGARITY OF THE EXCLUSIVE.

Simplicity and Cordiality Are the True Signs of Good Breeding.

In a very candid and plain-spoken article on "The Graciousness of High Breeding" in the Woman's Home Companion, Ella Morris Kretschmar makes these pertinent remarks: "Men and women who by contact or travel know the world's best society need not be told that simplicity and graciousness are the invariable characteristics of the highest breeding. If this fact could only reach the minds of that class of people who talk of 'exclusiveness' of 'four hundreds,' of the 'vulgarity of trade,' of not knowing any one outside of 'our set,' what a grateful social change would be wrought. That cold stare of the would-be elect is but the expression of an under-bred, poverty-stricken soul. What is 'exclusiveness?' It is that human policy which shuts individuals off from the enjoyment of their kind, by which society gains, since an inharmonious element is thereby removed. How pathetic is the isolation of the determined aristocrat, especially in a small town where, other stirring interest lacking, human relations mean so much. Could even a Divine microscope detect the difference between the naked souls of a banker's and a grocer's wife? How infinitely stupid it is to draw lines in small places instead of honestly enjoying all there is to enjoy. If one has had superior advantages, is there no obligation to give pleasure, to make sunshine in others' lives because of that good fortune? The time is at hand when intelligence will be too widespread, progress to a more vigorous plane of thinking too real to admit of men and women looking askance at one another to make mental invoice of social, financial or other probabilities? Will it not soon penetrate the dullest brain that wealth, rank or leadership are powerless as shields against unhappiness, or as props to mental, moral or physical deficiencies; that there is positively no honest or sensible basis for judging individuals excepting individuality?"

Panther is a Great Fighter.

"The panther is the neatest, cleanest fighter of any beast that lives," said a well-known traveler the other day. "By nature he is a prowler, and he isn't carrying a chip on his shoulder, but when the time comes for fighting he won't shirk. Near Jubbulpool a panther came down out of the foothills, crossed two miles of open country and entered a yard in which were half a dozen goats. As he was about to spring upon one of them an alarm was raised. The beast entered a shed and hid himself behind some barrels. Six soldiers under arms happened to be passing, and they were called in to shoot the intruder. They stationed themselves at the door and an open window, and threw stones at the barrels. The panther realized that he must fight, and out he came. A man with a sabre advanced and made a cut at him, but the blow was avoided and the soldier bitten in the hip. Then two men with fixed bayonets rushed in. By his agility the panther eluded their jabs, and presently his teeth and claws had placed both men out of the fight. He could have gone then, but he made no effort. The remaining soldiers fired upon him, but he escaped their bullets, and springing upon one he crushed him down, clawed his shoulders and back in a terrible manner, and then stood over the body and growled defiance. Let alone for a few minutes he galloped off."

Fashions in Overalls.

"All overalls look alike to chappies who pay \$15 a pair for their trousers," said a guest in the Grunewald lobby, "but you're badly mistaken if you imagine they offer no field for the exercise of taste. The average working-man is very particular about the cut, finish, trimmings and color of his overalls, and there are fashions in them the same as anything else.

"The correct shade in overalls is 'golden hue.' It comes in denim goods and shows a deep blue ground, with small yellow threads. There is also a crimson blue and a blue white, but they are not so well. To be strictly in style, your overalls should be golden blue, with double front, brass buttons and a cavalry seat. The cavalry seat is a fable that comes out of the west, like young Lochinvar, and is simply a good sized reinforcement, edged around with a double row of nice yellow thread. It is considered very chic."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Italian Babies.

Babies seem to be no trouble in Italy, and one cannot but be struck by the number of them. These bambinos are often hung upon pegs in the front of the house, where they look out of their little black, beady eyes like papposes. I unhooked one of these babies once and held it awhile. Its back and little feet were held tightly against a strip of board so that it was quite stiff from its feet to its shoulders. It did not seem to object or to be at all uncomfortable, and as it only howled while I was holding it, I have an idea that, except when invagled by foreigners, the bambino's existence is quite happy.—Lillian Bell in the Woman's Home Companion.

Extraordinary Flights of Birds.

It is said that the bobolinks which rear their young on the shores of Lake Winnipeg, Canada, and go to Cuba and Porto Rico to spend the winter, twice traverse a distance exceeding 2,800 miles, or more than a fifth of the circumference of our earth each year. The kingbird lays its eggs as far north as the 57th degree of latitude, and is found in the winter in South America. The biennial pilgrimages of the little redstart exceed 3,000 miles and the tiny hummingbird 2,000.

SHE GOT HER MONEY.

Her Humor Was Unconscious, but She Was Conscious of Its Value.

One day the eleven-year-old daughter of a journeyman humorist sat down in cold blood to build a joke. Her unconscious humor had brought many shakels into the house, for she was a bright child, and her papa was too good a business manager to allow saleable jokes to go unsold. This joke, however, was prepared by the humorist's daughter with the idea of putting it on the market, and the humorist, recognizing in it a commercial value, ticked it off on his type-writer and sent it to market.

By great good fortune the joke found favor in the eyes of the editor, who remitted two dollars in payment therefor.

"Frances," said her father, when the check came, "I have sold your joke. Here is half a dollar for you."

Frances was happy. She told everybody of her literary success. She also told her mamma.

"Frances," said mamma, "papa got more than fifty cents for your joke."

"Did he?" said Frances.

"Papa, how much did the editor pay you for my joke?" she asked.

"Two dollars."

"And you gave me fifty cents of it."

"Yes; but you see I had to do the work of typewriting it, and mailing it, and paying postage, and sending stamps for its return in case it was not available."

"I see."

Frances went away. Presently she returned.

"Papa," she said, "you charge a high commission for selling jokes, don't you?"

Papa made no verbal reply. He took \$1.50 from his pocket and handed it to her.

She put a dollar carefully in her little purse, and handed fifty cents back to her papa.

"I think that's about right," she said.

How Different Nationalities Eat.

The English and Americans are admitted by all unprejudiced foreigners to be the most refined eaters in the world. To see them go through the various stages of their dinners is to have a lesson in the art of graceful eating.

Very different is the behavior of the Russian, who does not disdain to use nature's weapons when he considers the latter more convenient than the knife and fork.

The Frenchman will use a piece of bread in nearly all cases where he should use a knife. The German, on the other hand, plunges his knife into his mouth in a way that is terrifying.

The Swede cuts up his food into tiny pieces first of all, and then, having laid aside his knife, proceeds to take up piece by piece with his fork.

The Italian uses a spoon quite as often as a fork. He will employ the former for vegetables, and sometimes even for fish. The latter use of the spoon is somewhat curious.

The Japanese diner uses chop sticks, a form of implement somewhat difficult to manipulate without considerable practice, while the Chinaman tears his food with his long nails in a manner thoroughly repulsive.

The Greek swallows his meat in huge mouthfuls, and would probably devour a steak weighing half a pound in half a minute. Taking a very sharp knife, he divides the meat into four or five sections, each of which he flings into his mouth in rapid succession. It is not to be wondered at that the Greeks suffer much from indigestion.

Caution in Introductions.

Outside of one's own house every one should be careful in the matter of making introductions. A lady at a friend's house may safely introduce two persons whom she knows well. A man makes introductions more carefully, and both men and women must first, if possible, get the consent of the persons to be introduced. An exception to this rule, which hardly needs to be noted, comes when three or four persons are thrown together, some of whom are strangers to all but one of the others. In this case to save awkwardness a simple introduction should be made. Some persons of genial disposition feel it necessary to introduce all persons in their immediate neighborhood at any social function. It is needless to say that this wholesale introducing is entirely a mistake, and that those who engage in it usually make themselves very obnoxious to their acquaintances. A woman has always more freedom than a man in making introductions, and a man, for example, will hardly offer to introduce two ladies to each other unless he knows them both very well.—Woman's Home Companion.

Original Chimney Sweepers.

The first people who employed boys for the purpose of clambering up chimneys to clean them were the French; and the greater part of chimney sweepers in Paris at the commencement of the century were Savoyards. One might see everywhere in the streets large groups of these boys, many not above eight years of age, clad in linen frocks, and who, when called upon, would scramble up chimneys at the hazard of their lives, with their brooms and other instruments, often through a narrow funnel fifty feet in length, filled with soot and smoke, and in which they could not breathe till they got to the top, and all in order to gain but five sous. The custom was introduced into Great Britain, but put down by an act of Parliament in 1840, in consequence of the many serious accidents which attended the climbing of chimneys; and, although the use of machinery was substituted, it does not

perform the operation so effectively as the old mode. As long as chimneys were simply and widely built they were easily cleaned by servants with wisps of straw or brushwood fastened to a rope; but when, to save room, narrow flues were made, the cleaning of them became so difficult that it was necessary to have small boys for that employment. The first who thus swept chimneys were the people in the northern part of Italy, more particularly the inhabitants of Piedmont and Savoy.

A Street Car Experience.

It was a car packed to suffocation. As usual, a long line of women swayed to and fro helplessly, clinging to the few available straps. As usual, there was the long row of men peacefully seated and reading with absorbing interest the evening papers. Near me stood an old lady accompanied by two young girls. She was too short for the straps and found it almost impossible to preserve her equilibrium. Finally after an unusually convulsive plunge on her part a man arose and offered her his seat. The old lady was about to sink gratefully into it when—another man made a similar movement, and both sat down together!

You would have thought he would have arisen quickly, burning with shame. Not a bit of it! He gave a final squirm, a twist of his elbow, and the old lady was forced to her feet again. Then he produced a voluminous newspaper and immediately became absorbed. The two girls turned pale with indignation, and the taller of the two, with fire in her eye, touched the intruder's elbow.

"Pardon me," she observed, in icy tones, "but this gentleman gave his seat to my mother."

The man kept right on reading. Then a woman seated by his side arose, and, with a flushed face and in loud tones, so that every one could hear, said, "Pray, take my seat, madam." For a whole block there was such a silence that you could have heard a pin drop. At the next street the man arose, and, without looking at anybody, walked hurriedly out of the car.—New York Herald.

Beachcombers of the Azores.

In nineteen cases out of twenty, the beachcomber of the Azores is a sailor. His occupation is considered a legitimate one, and every man is in business for himself, and has so much territory which he can call his own. The rights of each are as well defined and protected as in a mining camp. Efforts have often been made by the authorities to abolish beachcombing, or to take it over to themselves; but every attempt has stirred up rebellion. The man may have a beat of five miles, or only of one, according to the trend of the coast. As a rule he knocks up a shanty of some sort about midway of his beat. No capital is required to start in business, and unless the comber strikes luck he is hungry and in rags the most of the time. While the men protect one another to a certain extent, a "jumper" is certain to turn up about so often. Then it is a deadly fight between two desperate men. The one who survives takes the beat. The body of the one who is killed is not found by the authorities. If a comber makes a rich find his beat is offered to the highest bidder, but there are no papers to be passed. The average life of a comber is only a year. If he doesn't hit it and retire by that time, he is pretty sure to be done for by a jumper, or to meet his death in the surf. As in the cases of brigands, the native population stands in with the shore hunters, and whatever of value comes ashore finds a safe hiding place until it can be realized on. The average beachcomber has neither honesty nor mercy in his heart, and to protect his salvage will not hesitate to commit murder.

Bringing Sea Water to London.

An attempt is to be made to bring pure sea water within the reach of Londoners. It is proposed to tap the Channel at Lancing, in Sussex, whence the salt waters would be pumped to a level of nearly five hundred feet at the top of Steyning Hill. It will then flow by gravitation through a main aqueduct to Ratierea, and thence across the Thames to Cromwell Road, South Kensington, whence branches are to be laid for service in Paddington and Kensington, Mayfair, Marylebone and the Strand districts, and in Whitehall and Westminster, from a conduit at Charing Cross. It is also proposed to lay another branch main from Farington street to Shoreditch and along the Bethnal Green Road to Victoria Park. "The Builder" hopes that the main object of this is to provide for sea water swimming baths in London, which would undoubtedly be an immense boon to the community.—London Telegraph.

Peppermint Farms Pay.

For many years the farmers thought peppermint weeds obnoxious, and grubbed them out. To-day there are three big peppermint farms in Indiana. The largest is located at St. Joseph County. Another is on the Michigan-Indiana line and is owned by some Poles, and the other is in Lake County. Its uses are numerous, but the greatest demand comes from the manufacturers of print fabrics, who use it to make the colors more solid. The successful peppermint farmers can make from \$75 to \$150 an acre from his land.

Tartary Taste.

In Tartary onions, leeks and garlic are regarded as perfumes. A Tartary lady will make herself agreeable by rubbing a piece of freshly-cut onion on her hands and over her countenance.