

The Story of a Story.

BY ALBERT LEE.

The editor sat at his desk, lazily sorting the week's manuscript. He was smoking his after-luncheon cigar and humming quietly as he glanced at the various superscriptions, watching unconsciously for any familiar handwriting or postmark. Presently there was a sharp rap at the door, followed almost immediately by the entrance of the assistant art editor, who bore every outward appearance of being extremely annoyed. "What's up now?" asked the editor. "I'm in a hole, Leighton," replied the assistant. "I can't get anything out of Von Beck."

"What's the matter with Von Beck?" "Sprained his ankle, or fell off his bicycle, or something—I don't know! He's a week late with that illustration for Forbes's story, and the plates for that form have to be cast the first of next week. Here it is Wednesday, and he sends word he's laid up." The assistant art editor waved his arms in a gesture of despair.

"He does not work with his feet, does he?" asked Leighton. "I wish he'd work a little with his head. I sent Johnny up with a note this morning, and he brought it back unopened. The janitor had orders not to let any one up to see Van Beck."

"Well," queried Leighton, patiently. "Well, what shall I do? I'd go up and haul him out of bed myself, if I could, but I can't. Chapman's away, and I've got to stay here in the office. There's no use sending any more boys up. Suppose we throw out Forbes's story, and put in that article on toadstools— isn't this the toadstool season?"

"Rot, Mac," retorted Leighton. "You know we can't throw out Forbes. I'd rather print the story without the illustration. But can't we get a hook on Von Beck some way? He ought to be able to finish the drawing in bed."

"Of course," answered Mac, "if anybody could go up there and pound the importance of it into his Dutch head."

Leighton looked with a pained expression at Mac, and then gazed thoughtfully out of the window. A gentle breeze was shaking the leaves of the potted geraniums on the tenement fire-escape across the way.

"You are not very busy this afternoon, are you, old fellow?" resumed Mac, persuasively.

"Nothing but manuscripts," answered Leighton, turning from the geraniums.

"Why can't you chase up to Von Beck's? You could take a batch of that stuff along with you, and read it on the elevated."

Leighton turned in his chair, and asked: "Where does Von Beck live?"

"Ninety-something street," said Mac, with alacrity. "I'll find out," and he rushed, shouting for his stenographer, down the little passage that led to his own department. Leighton sighed and picked up a pile of long, thin envelopes. He snapped a heavy rubber band around them, put on his coat, and, taking his straw hat, strolled out into the hallway, where Mac was fuming and expostulating with a weary looking young woman who had spent two minutes of vain search for Von Beck's address among the B's. Then Mac seized the book himself, and scrawled the house and street number on a piece of paper.

Leighton walked slowly through the narrow streets and across the City Hall park to the elevated railroad station, and ensconced himself by an open window, in one of the double seats of the rear car of the train. It was comparatively early in the afternoon, and there were few other passengers. He pulled out an envelope, opened the manuscript, and set to work reading slowly, unconscious of his surroundings. As he finished his study of each contribution, he made a cabalistic mark upon the envelope, for the benefit of his clerk, and replaced it in the bundle on his lap.

As the train drew uptown, the cars filled slowly and finally at Fourteenth street some one took the seat next to Leighton. He merely glanced in that direction, saw that it was a young woman in a pink shirt-waist and a sailor hat, moved a little closer to his window, and proceeded with the reading of the story that her approach had interrupted. It was evidently not to his taste, for he soon began glancing rapidly over the last few typewritten pages, then folded the paper, marked the envelope and started on the next. He was conscious of the fact that his neighbor was stealing furtive glances over his shoulder, but this did not annoy him—she was welcome to such information as her curiosity might acquire from his rapid turning of the pages. He read steadily and scratched here and there with his blue pencil, and looked occasionally out of the window to keep his bearings. He disposed of several articles on scientific and social subjects, which did not seem to interest his neighbor very much, but when he picked up the only blue envelope in the pack, addressed in a heavy, rectangular hand, he noticed that she folded the "extra" into a tight roll, and assumed a position so erect that she could easily look over his shoulder on to the page in his hand. These things he remembered afterward. At the time he was merely conscious of a slight jarring against his elbow.

The manuscript was neatly typewritten, and he turned to it with pleasure, after the strain of deciphering that last essay on "Esoteric Buddhism."

It was a love story, and he smiled unconsciously at the conventional way in which it opened. His neighbor moved distinctly closer to him, with a kind of little jump. He turned his head slightly, and she looked quickly out of the window on the far side of the car. Leighton proceeded. It was about a man and a woman who had not seen each other for many years; they had loved in the early day, and the man was now trying to pick up the lost threads—"to rekindle the old fire." Leighton again smiled when he came to that expression, and as he paused on the paragraph he was distinctly conscious that his neighbor's weight was largely resting on his left shoulder. He stole a glance out of the corner of his eye, and made sure that she was intensely interested in his manuscript. He wondered why. It was a poor story, as stories go; he had no idea of accepting it. It was decidedly below the average in plot and construction; yet there was something in the style that he liked. He thought the author might do better work after a time.

All these ideas flashed through his editorial mind as he read. He knew he was not interested in the story, and under ordinary circumstances he would have skimmed rapidly over the remaining pages; but he was strangely conscious that his neighbor was absorbed in it, and it occurred to him to let her read it through. If she was interested in it, why would not the average reader be interested likewise? He wondered if the average reader really did enjoy that kind of sentimental, almost maudlin, rubbish. Seventy-five percent of magazine readers are women, he argued, and here was a woman who might be considered to represent the tastes of that 75 percent. Leighton, therefore, determined to try the story on the dog, and, turning the pages slowly, he noted his neighbor's interest. Now that he was alert he could feel her every move. She leaned forward, or sat erect, as the mild intricacies of the plot unfolded themselves. At one point a very respectable old joke, which had been put into the hero's mouth, brought a smile of recognition to Leighton's lips, and he saw in the mirror, across the car, that the young woman positively beamed, and even seemed to color. He made a mental note about old jokes in general. The sentimentalism grew more intense as the pages turned, the lover pleaded, the woman spurned him, the moon came up, soft strains of music "flitted across the silent air," and the young woman in the pink waist gripped her newspaper, caught her breath and turned almost half around toward Leighton. He surmised that she had read faster than he, and was watching to note the effect upon him of that last chaotic, heartrending paragraph.

He folded the manuscript slowly, conscious as he did so that the weight on his left shoulder was gradually removed. He made some hieroglyphics on the back of the envelope, and as he did so the guard shouted his station from the doorway. Leighton gathered up his papers, rose, stole a quick glance at his neighbor, and started for the door just as the train pulled into the station. He had seen that the girl was not bad looking, and her eyes shone with suppressed excitement. Leighton began to doubt his editorial judgment, and, as he walked toward the stairway, he determined to seek another opinion on that story.

Just then some one laid a hand on his arm, and he turned to find himself face to face with the young woman of the car. She was blushing, but she looked up at him with an air of quiet determination.

"I beg your pardon," she began. "I hope you will not think me too presuming, but I simply could not help speaking to you. I could not miss the opportunity. I saw you reading the story, and I felt I must ask you about it."

These words were rattled out as fast as she could speak them. She paused, breathless. Leighton smiled. "What is it that I can tell you about the story?" he asked. "To be perfectly frank, I noticed you were interested in it on the train. Perhaps you will answer some questions for me, too," and he led the way to one of the benches on the platform and asked her to sit down.

"I hope you did not think I was dreadful rude to look over your shoulder that way," she began, "but—"

"Not at all," laughed Leighton. "That was natural. It was entirely pardonable."

"Yes, it was," she said, "because I am Miss Ida Barker." Leighton looked at her with a pleasant but perfectly blank expression. He did not see the connection. He had never heard of Miss Barker. He felt for a moment as if he ought to have known at once who Miss Barker was. The young woman looked at him as if she, too, felt that he ought to have known. If she had said she was the Duchess of Marlborough, or the president of the W. C. T. U., she would have offered him some ground on which to base a mutual understanding; but the name Barker conveyed absolutely nothing to Leighton. Besides he was in a hurry to find Von Beck. He was about to tell Miss Barker that he was pleased to meet her, when she resumed:

"Will you tell me what you really think of the story?"

"That's just what I should like to have you tell me," he replied. "But what good would that do?" she asked. "What difference does it make what I think of my own story?" "Your story?" exclaimed Leighton. "Yes, my story. I just told you I was Miss Barker."

Leighton stared at her for a moment; then a great light burst upon him. He jerked the blue envelope out of the package, opened the manuscript quickly and saw written across the top of it Miss Barker's full name and address. He colored slightly, and said:

"I had not connected you with the story at all, Miss Barker. In fact, this is the first time I have looked at the author's name. How very odd that you should have caught me in the act of reading it." Then, with a smile, "Do you think it is altogether fair to hold up a defenseless editor in this way?"

"I suppose not," she admitted, "but I thought if you did not want the story, you could give it back to me now, and that would save you the trouble of mailing it and of writing me one of your complimentary little fibs. Besides, it is not often that one gets a real live editor into one's hands, just fresh from one's own manuscript."

"Very true," said Leighton, looking vacantly at the blue envelope. His confidence in his editorial judgment was returning. He felt better. Miss Barker, after all, was not, as he had imagined, a representative of the great class of magazine readers. She had turned out to be the most prejudiced audience he could have had. He gave a little sigh of relief.

"It is not usually a profitable undertaking," he began, "to tell an author, especially a woman, the truth about her literary work; but if you will assume the responsibility, I will tell you honestly wherein lie the faults and the merits of your story."

"I will assume the entire responsibility," she replied, eagerly, "and consider it a privilege."

"Very well, then," said Leighton, and he at once proceeded to give Miss Barker a little impromptu lecture on the art of story writing. He was earnest and forceful in his manner, and she listened attentively. She did not like some of the things he said about her work, but she could see that they might be true. He praised what he had liked in her story, even more than it deserved, and then he gave her a few words of advice on her future work.

"Don't be too ambitious," he said. "Leave to others to write about heroes and heroines who love and die. Write of what you know about, and see before you. Remember that there is force in simplicity. Don't lay the color on too thick. Tell your little tale, and the color will find its way in of itself. You have no idea how many people, all over the country, are cudgeling their brains for intricate plots, when they would add vastly to the wealth of literature if they would only write of the simple things they see before them. Believe me, you can make a better story out of what you yourself have been doing to-day than you can with the antics of two love-sick puppets of your imagination. Gather your material, so far as you can, from real life; then dress it to suit your fancy. Yet don't get confounded by that old fallacy that fact is stranger than fiction. It is not. The startling stories served up to us as facts are the ones most cleverly coated with fiction. Use your imagination, but don't let your imagination use you. If you are going to tell me the story of the day's events, pick out the salient points, and make them a trifle more prominent by a little justifiable exaggeration. Just as an actor is made up with paint for the glare of the footlights, so should fact be assisted by fiction before it is submitted to the light of public scrutiny."

Leighton feared he might be growing eloquent, and broke off his lecture abruptly. He slid the manuscript into the blue envelope, and handed it to Miss Barker. Then he rose and said he must go. She thanked him and hoped she had not taken too much of his time; but she felt as she spoke that her manner was affected and distant. She was not thinking of Leighton—she was thinking of what he had said. He put her on a train. Then he hastened for the dilatory Von Beck.

About two weeks later another long blue envelope found its way to Leighton's desk. He recognized the hand writing on it and ripped it open, expecting to find a revision of the love story. But the manuscript bore a different title. A little note slipped out of its folds:

"Dear Mr. Leighton: I have followed your advice about writing of things I know and have seen. I have accepted your suggestion about using the events of one of my own days. Perhaps you will remember the day. Sincerely yours, IDA BARKER."

Except for the introduction and a few corrections by the editor, this is the story.—New York Independent.

Boer Army Captured by One Man. Perhaps one of the neatest and pluckiest acts done in the South African war was that performed by Capt. Lambert, when he entered Klerksdorp, the original capital of the Transvaal, and induced a general and 900 men lay down their arms to him. He was entirely unarmed and unprotected, and arrived with only a stick and a smile to take the town. After lengthy negotiations he, by consummate tact, persuaded the commandant and the landroost to surrender, which they did. He was inundated with letters of congratulation from many officers, including Lord Roberts.—Black and White.



TALKS ABOUT WOMANKIND

Girls' Schools in France. Since 1880 68 colleges for girls have been established in France. Before that time there were no municipally supported schools for the higher education of girls. Of the 68 institutions 48 are lycées and 20 are colleges. The lycées all take day pupils, and there were 8431 enrolled last year. The colleges had 3593 pupils. Girls of the wealthier families still are educated in convents, however, as being most exclusive.

Sachets in Frocks. Let me remind you that there is hardly anything which so aids a dainty toilet as a faint and elusive perfume. This can be easily obtained by making large sachets to be laid in one's frocks while they are not in use, or better still, sachet powder may be used in the lining of the bodices and also about the edge of skirts for housewear, which gives a most delightful result. Floral leaves for perfuming the bath give a fragrance to the skin for hours after using.—Vogue.

New Feather Boas. There is an entirely new departure in feather boas. The new boa is a sort of mixed affair, like all fashionable furs and neck trimmings this year. The upper section is made of the orthodox ostrich feathers, but this only reaches about to the bust, and from there down the boa is subdivided into a mass of tails of irregular length. These are made of short pin feathers from the breast or stomach of the bird and are ornamented at the ends with feather balls and tassels. Sometimes a black ostrich boa is trimmed with green and black cock's feathers. Gray is still the favorite color, but a new shade of russet promises to be much worn with the stylish castor and "cane au lait" gowns.

Fantastic Fancies. Algon belts are of colored leather, green, blue, gray, scarlet, yellow or lilac, in suede, morocco, and other leathers. They have wide buckles of leather set in frames of brass or silver, finely chased and chiselled. Myrtle and laurel leaves and the eagle's head between outstretched wings are the usual decoration. Sarah Bernhardt wears one of these centures—centures are a fad of Sarah, and she wears them invariably low in front to accentuate her lithe, slender figure.

A luxuriously useful trifle is a deer-skin reticelle, with initials of the wearer wrought in pearls, coral, diamonds or turquoises. The perfume shops have a new freak. Knots of flowers are tied with ribbons of the same color to the necks of the flasks of the perfume, to indicate the contents. Violets, heliotrope, lily-of-the-valley, etc., make very ornamental labels.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Cultivating Attractiveness. A woman can make or mar her attractiveness. She can, by an utter disregard of hygienic laws, and a neglect of toilet accessories, lose entirely that charm of face and form that nature obviously intended should be hers. It will do no woman harm to know that a few drops of soothing lotion will transform a pair of rough hands into soft, white ones; that systematic care of the complexion will keep it smooth and ward off wrinkles, and that an eagerness to read clever books and to know things, and a lively interest in the current events of the day will brighten the eyes as nothing else can, except it be the sympathy of the man she loves. The woman possessing this knowledge is far more charming and attractive than she in whose path no beautifying whims have ever come. And the woman who applies this knowledge is the one who will develop into the entertaining, interesting grandmother of the next generation, as dainty and as youthful as was the mother of the past generation.

Collar Trimmings. Cloak and coat collar are very much trimmed on the inside with shirred silks. The shirring has tucks so as to give them a full and becoming surface, and increase the collar warmth, also. This suggests at once a desirable way to render the collar of a cape or coat needing to be furnished up a bit. It is also a serviceable idea to copy the new high collars, which have the novelty of having one part imposed upon the other in this way.

Instead of the high collar in one piece that we are familiar with, the first collar is only about half its former height, but a fitted flaring upper section is added, as the fitted bottom flounce is added to a skirt on the very same principle.

This upper part of the collar is ruffled on the edge, and sometimes has a double silk ruffle, standing up on the edge of which there is some other narrow edge trimming. This all makes for a high, dressy framing-in of the face, and is most comfortable during our winter winds.

New Winter Hats. A stylish hat has a crumpled crown of shrimpt pink moiré velvet, and a brim lined with the same, with a flat rosette resting on the hair on the left side, where it is caught with a paste buckle. The edge of the brim is draped with black chiffon, embroidered with black chenille, and long black espreys curve over the hat on either side.

Saved Her the Trouble. "Do I make myself plain?" asked the angular lecturer on "Woman's Rights," stopping in the middle of her discourse. "You don't have to, mum," replied a voice from the rear: "Providence done it for you long ago."—Pick Me Up.

An exquisite picture hat is made of black velvet, trimmed with long black ostrich feathers of the finest quality, and black moiré antique ribbon. The brim is edged with gathered velvet, and is bent into the most becoming curves. In the centre there are aigrets of ostrich feather, and the moiré ribbons are folded round the crown.

A toque has the new flat crown of folded chiffon to match the sable brim in color, and it is covered with ecru lace in raised design of rose petals. The scalloped edge of the design wraps over on to the fur. At the back there is a scarf of chiffon, with sable tails on the ends, which hang over on to the hair at the back, and in front there is a long gilt buckle, set with black crystals.

A Woman's Duck Farm. The chicken farm is a thoroughly exploited occupation for women, but the duck farm has the comparative merit of novelty. Miss Frances E. Wheeler, of a little town in New York state, is the proprietor of the farm, and finds it a paying investment.

Miss Wheeler was a stenographer, but too steady work at the typewriter caused her hands to become disabled for some time, and it became necessary to do something else. The little home near Lake Champlain was on the banks of a tiny river; and not far away was a large summer-resort. Discovering that the hotel found it difficult to procure fancy ducklings, Miss Wheeler saw her opportunity, and installed an artificial incubator. The first season 300 ducklings were supplied to the summer resort. This season more than 1200 have been sold. The present "plant" comprises three incubators, each of 360 eggs capacity. Miss Wheeler has done much of the work herself, having only one man to help her, and attends to all business details. The ducks are fed with such cleanliness and special care that they command fancy prices because of their superior flavor.

Manual Training for Girls. A girl may begin to study manual training after the excellent kitchen-garden system; she will enjoy the setting of tiny tables and the hanging out of dolls' washing, and the making of little beds, and at the same time she will be learning neatness and order, accuracy of touch, and a dainty way of doing housework. Sewing, too, that discipline through which every girl must pass, may be redeemed from drudgery, and made a pastime if it is regarded as a part of an education in handicraft, and taught so as to awaken an interest in it. The old way used to be to set a girl a daily task of a seam; later, to teach her to cut out and make garments for herself of stiff muslin, which she usually moistened with her tears. Today a teacher is found who gathers a little group of children and gives them regular lessons; hemming is done on one square of cloth, back-stitching on another, and overcasting on a third. To make button-holes, even, in company, robs them of half their terrors. It is not so important that a child should know how to make garments as how to sew. If she knows that, the making will come later. But it should never be forgotten that sewing is not the only form of handicraft with which a girl should be familiar. She, like the boy, should learn to make things of wood and leather and metal for the development of both head and hands.—Harper's Bazar.

How to Dress. The very latest idea is to dress to suit the furniture in your room—or, vice versa, to furnish your rooms, to harmonize with your dresses. Thus, if your drawing-room is decorated in shades of rose, your gowns for home wear must be in similar shades. Whether we are to furnish our rooms when we want to change the color of our gowns, Dame Fashion does not say. But anything for novelty, no matter what the cost!

Until a woman reaches the age of 30 she may wear just what she pleases in regard to colors, style, and shape of garments. After that age she must be more careful, and give a little thought to her complexion and figure before deciding upon her gowns. After 40 still more judgment is needed, especially in colors. Well preserved women who desire to look young make a mistake when they array themselves in bright colors in the daytime. At night vivid tints may not be unbecoming, but worn in the sunlight they accentuate every mark of age. Nature teaches us a lesson in color which it would be well for us to heed. In early youth, the light soft tints of spring; in early womanhood the glowing hues of summer; in autumn, rich, dark tones; in winter the pure white and gray shades that are in perfect harmony with old age. Few people relegate black to its proper place in feminine attire. Its adoption is properly supposed to be specially suited to the elderly, or those past the bloom of youth. This is a mistake. Only women still in the glory of fresh flesh tints look their best in black. Those who are past should avoid it as much as possible or cover it with creamy lace. This, of course, does not apply to the Dresden shepherdess type of lady, whose delicate coloring and snow-white curls are thrown into relief by the somber hue of rich black satin or stiff brocade, with its softening accompaniment of lapets and fichu of honiton or venice point. Alas! that nowadays this poor old lady should be so rare!—Trenton (N. J.) American.

Stop Before You Begin. Rev. John McNeill, the noted Scotch clergyman, says he stopped drinking before he began. That is the right time to stop, and his teetotalism has carried him around the world and enabled him to do a great amount of work. In an excellent speech before the immense gathering of Christian Endeavorers in London, England, he said:

"A man may have all the grace between here and glory, but he had better leave drink alone. Grace will enable you to keep that thing outside of you. The moment you take it, I do not care if you were the archbishop or a bishop, or a canon, or a humble Presbyterian like me, when once it gets down, the drink never says, 'Ah, now I have come into the interior of a godly Christian man, and I'd better behave myself.' It will just behave itself the same way as when it goes into the interior of a coal heaver, where it is likely to be at its worst."

A Short and Decisive Alcoholic Summary. 1. That alcohol, habitually used, can of itself produce disease from which the abstinence is exempt. 2. That it will aggravate diseases to which all are liable. 3. That it renders those who habitually use it more open to attacks of various forms of illness. 4. That the alcoholic has a worse chance of recovery from a fever or an injury than the abstainer. 5. If these propositions are established, the case stands thus: That there is always risk in the use of alcoholic liquors, but this risk is entirely absent in those who abstain.

Intemperance in Russia. The Government is displaying great interest in the temperance movement. The Minister of Justice has transmitted to the commission appointed to reform the penal code a proposition emanating from the National Hygiene Society to forcibly detain confirmed inebriates in hospitals.

The Crusade in Brief. Standing armies and "standing drinks" are both evils. "The only thing, regret," said a friend the other day, "is that respect for absurd old conventions and traditions, and a foolish fear of giving offence, makes moral coward of so many total abstainers."

The Christian (London) says editorially: "There are 6,000,000 more total abstainers to-day than fifty years ago, and yet there are twenty per cent. more drinkers. That is the net position of the temperance cause just now. Mr. Bamford Slack accounts for this apparent contradiction by the great increase in population."

THE GREAT DESTROYER

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

The Half-Loaf Business—A Man Who Has Made a Profitable Study of the Awful Curse of America Talks in Prophetic Vein of the Saloon's Future.

You say that a half-loaf is better than none. If the loaf is good bread I with you agree; But if it is moldy and rotten, I own I would rather have none—no garbage for me.

You say I am foolish, just wasting my votes; Prohibition is right, but never can win; No matter, my friends, I can't vote with the "goats," Can't throw in my vote to regulate sin.

The half-loaf you mean is a high-license fee; You half-loaf, dear friend, is a whole loaf of sin; 'Tis a bribe for my vote, an insult to me—I will vote for the right whatever may win.

Your precious half-loaf is tainted with blood; To choose it would prove me a Judas, indeed; For why should a Christian choose poisonous food? Why with rum-selling foes so sweetly agree?

The "toughs" and their friends, the "half-loaves" who pray, Bribed by high license to legalize crime. They cause prohibition vexatious delay. But the right shall prevail in fullness of time.

But shall I have nothing of voting the right? Yes; conscience will smile and God will approve; Faith whispers to me, 'You will help win the fight, And angels will count your white ballots above.'

If you who profess to follow our Lord Will refuse to be bribed with office and gold, Will vote for the right with perfect accord, The saloons will be closed—no rum will be sold.

—Rev. A. Smith, in Temperance Banner.

A Prediction as to the Saloon. William T. Wardwell, the leader of the Prohibition party, in New York State, said recently:

"I think I need make no apology for introducing the liquor question at a service of this kind. While the churches are taking one man out of the gutter, the saloons are putting half a dozen into it. As I passed along Second avenue just now, I noticed that the saloons were lighted up a great deal more brightly than the churches along the way."

"In one respect, too, the liquor habit appears to be gaining ground in recent years. At fashionable receptions it is surprising to see how many women, and even young girls, are to be seen drinking. The caterers nowadays, in providing for receptions, have to estimate how much wine is needed for both sexes—formerly they only had to estimate on the number of men who were to be present. "I have faith to believe that this will not always be. At Nuremberg there is a museum filled with instruments of torture—knives, racks, thumb screws, and the rest. These terrible instruments were all used once on quivering, agonized men and women. We look at them in awe, and are thankful that we live in a different age. We wonder, too, how men could ever have been so brutalized as to inflict such awful suffering as came from the use of those cruel mechanisms."

"And so, it seems to me, there will be, some future age, a museum to illustrate the present power of the saloon. There will be a gilded barroom, with half-drunk men leaning against the bar, and spending their week's wages. There will be the homes of those men bare of every comfort, the pawnshop where their wives pawn their very clothes to secure bread for the children that their husbands neglect. There will be the hospital, the almshouse, the jail—a veritable chamber of horrors. I cannot tell whether this will come about in my day, for I am an old man now, but I believe it will come."

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