

OLD TIME FAVORITES

LONGING.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Of all the myriad moods of mind,
That through the soul come thronging,
Which we ever so dear, so kind,
So beautiful as longing?
The things we long for that we are
For one transcendent moment,
Before the present poor and bare
Can make its sneering comment.

Longing is God's fresh heavenward will,
With our poor earthward strivings;
We quench it that we may be still,
Content with merely living.
But, would we learn that heart's full scope
Which we are hourly wronging,
Our lives must climb from hope to hope
And realize our longing.

Still, through our paltry strife and strife
Glow down the wished ideal,
And longing molds in clay what life
Carves in the marble real.
To let the new life in, we know,
Desire must open the portal;
Perhaps the longing to be so
Helps make the soul immortal.

Ah, let us hope that to our praise
Good God not only reckons,
The moments when we tread His ways,
But when the spirit beckons.
That some slight good is also wrought
By and self-satisfaction,
When we are simply good in thought
Howe'er we fail in action.

THE HERMIT OF THE FLATS.

HERE he lived amid the teeming humanity of the great and populous city, with the noise and bustle of traffic and hum of human voices always buzzing through his solitude, yet always alone and lonely, a hermit of the flats. The men of his acquaintance spoke to him or nodded cheerily across the restaurant tables, but he was conscious of divergent interests, so he never encouraged their friendly advances, but went his own way in moody silence. Of women he never thought since the death of his hopes seven years before, when the girl of his choice had rejected him for a luckier man. Gradually his solitude hardened him, and the hardening process crept into his stories, which took a pessimistic turn. The editors complained because his otherwise strong, virile work, was too sombre; others said it lacked naturalness and humanity, but whatever the fault was, Haswell began to realize that something was seriously amiss.

"Go out among the people and get freshened up," said his friend Boynton, who had always liked Haswell's style of work, "and let yourself live. Then write what you have learned from them."

But Haswell declined to take his advice, saying that the vulgar horde would pelt him, and he preferred to write in his own way or not at all, so his stories grew less and less successful, and Haswell's temper soured proportionately.

It was a bitter midwinter night. The icy wind whistled shrilly through the alleys and filtered in between the chimneys of Haswell's windows, rattling the casements unpleasantly. Haswell was out of temper with his work and the exacting editors, who had returned a batch of his stories without so much as a rejection slip. He rose, plugged the casements, and drew his machine closer to the glowing hearth, and began to revise the rejected copy, when a timid knock at his door interrupted his thoughts.

A gust of chilly air rushed up from the open vestibule below as he threw back the hall door, revealing the presence of a stranger with an awkwardly wrapped parcel in his arms. A thin fall of snow hid the threadbareness of his ill-fitting coat, and the drooping rim of his battered hat obscured his face, which was very young and dark and unattractively thin.

"What do you want here?" Haswell demanded sharply.

"Do Mr. Severano live here?" asked a very soft, childlike voice.

"No, he doesn't," Haswell answered brusquely. "There are no Italians in this apartment house. You had better get out before you're put out."

"He told my friend he live here," the boy said, apologetically. "He have promised to let me play for him. I need work very bad, Mister."

"Oh, I dare say! Some begging game, of course. Well, you won't make anything here, I can tell you." Then for the first time he saw the violin under the boy's ragged arm. "Do you play that thing?" he asked curiously.

"You're not more than a child!"

"I am sixteen, Mister," the soft, appealing voice answered.

"Well, you're man's not here," Haswell retorted briefly, closing the door and going back to his cheerful hearth. But that last glimpse of the pathetic little face made him uncomfortable. He opened the door once more, and leaning over the banisters, called down to him: "Come up," he said rather grudgingly. "I may be able to help you find your friend."

The boy pattered softly up the steps. Once within the brightly lighted room his poverty and weariness became painfully apparent; his trousers and coat were frayed and ragged, and his big, loose shoes were full of gaping holes. Haswell took the old violin from his numb grasp and bade him throw off his coat, which he did fumblingly, for his hands were stiff and blue with cold. His trousers were wet to the knees, and the melting snow oozed steadily from the broken toes of his shoes. Haswell stared at his sad figure helplessly.

"Where do you live?" he demanded abruptly.

"In Greenwich street, Mister."

"Down town, I presume. Must you go home to-night?"

for an instant take his eyes from the beautiful, pallid face which the melow firelight threw into sharp relief. Why did that stranger child interest him so over so helmsingly? he asked himself grimly: was it because of the possible story it held, or had he touched the glossed-over springs of human sympathy which had lain dormant so long under the stolid indifference that cloaked the hermit of the flats?

It was a pathetic little story that the lad had to tell, and he told it in faltering English, with now and then a word of his Servian mother tongue to offset his pathos; of his immigrant father, a musician in the old country, who had been obliged to take work in a factory to avert starvation, whose death occurred shortly after through an explosion of the factory works; of the subsequent wanderings in a strange city. His only friends had lately been engaged to travel with a concert band, and he was trying to find a countryman who had promised him an insignificant part with his wandering band. He was quite alone in the world, without kindred or friends or money. His only hope was to obtain work enough to pay his return passage to Servia.

Haswell asked many questions, but the lad's story never deviated except to add some pathetic detail which showed how much toll and privation his young life had known.

"I used to take a great deal of pleasure in music," said Haswell, when the child had finished his story and drawn his chair closer to the blazing hearth. "Suppose you play something for me if you are warm enough to handle your violin. I want to know what you can do."

Rhuel tucked his old violin under his chin and tightened the slack strings, then he dried his bow carefully and began to play, very softly and delicately, a weird little melody unlike anything Haswell had ever heard, more sad, more beautiful, and infinitely sweeter. There was a lack of technique and definiteness in his touch which would bar a successful hearing with the coldly critical public, but to Haswell, whose soul was stirred to its inmost depths by the spirit of pure melody, it seemed inexpressibly lovely. It brought new pictures to his mind, of unsuspected beauty, of lives shadowed by want and poverty, tollers in the dark whom such as he, to whom much had been given, should minister comfort and cheer. He began to write, before his desk and began to write, without conscious effort or weariness, the story that the child's music inspired. The boy played on unceasingly, glancing now and then at the hand hurrying across the paper, until at last Haswell lifted his head and smiled.

"You are tired, I'm sure," he said in a voice of singular gentleness. "Put away your violin and go to bed in my room, yonder; I want to finish my work here beside the fire."

A week later, when Haswell took his story down to Boynton's office, the latter glanced it over skeptically, read a few lines of the last page, then began at the start and went through it, word for word, with eager attention. When he had finished he looked up at Haswell with a queer, unaccustomed smile. "If you can do a thing like that once," he said, "you can do it again. That's the sort of stuff we want. I'll give you \$50 for every story of that kind you send me."

Haswell went back to his hermit flat in an exultant frame of mind. He found his little guest crouching before the fire with his curly head bowed over the violin. "Rhuel," he began abruptly, "you have given me a great deal of pleasure with your music, and to show you I appreciate the kindness I have decided to send you home. A week from to-day you shall have your passage ticket."

The boy looked up with a start, and his face grew, if possible, paler. He rose, laid down his violin, and took a step toward his benefactor, then paused and looked at him with glowing eyes.

"Are you very glad?" Haswell asked, smiling whimsically.

"Yes, Mister, an' no, too. I love my country—but I haf no relative—"

"Perhaps you would rather have the money?" Haswell suggested rather coldly.

Rhuel shook his head. Suddenly he put out one thin hand and touched Haswell's shoulder with an appealing gesture that thrilled the older man strangely. "Mister, I ruder stay wid you," he faltered. "If you let me, I jus' love to stay."

"Stay with me!" Haswell echoed inadequately. Then he laughed and caught the thin little hand in his big warm grasp.

"I really believe we'd hit it off fine little lad," he said gaily. "I'm not quite suited with this hermit life, upon my word I'm not. Suppose we try doubling up for a time? When you grow tired, you can say so, you know."

"No, Mister," the boy contradicted eagerly. "I never grow tired. I love to stay always!"

"Stay, then," said Haswell.

And he did.—New York Times.

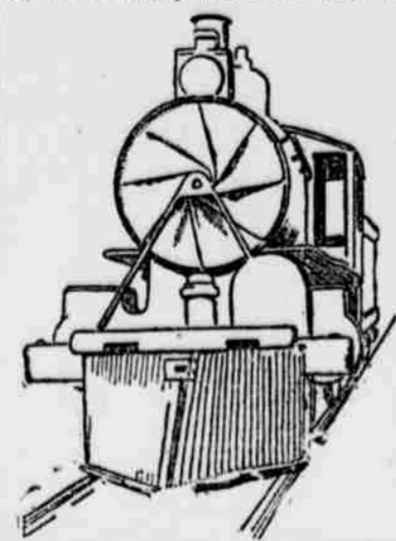
Many a life has been wrecked by disregarding the danger signals.

Chapters of Life's Oddities.

STRANGE STORIES GATHERED FROM MANYWHERE.

WINDMILL ON A LOCOMOTIVE.

A novel way to get electricity for lighting a railway train is described by Cassier's Magazine. The favorite method nowadays is to provide each car with a small dynamo, which is driven by the axle. This current is first led to a storage battery composed of only ten cells, so as to have a supply of electricity when the train is



standing still. A less satisfactory plan is to put the dynamo on the locomotive and drive it with steam from the boiler. The scheme which Cassier's reports is a variation of this latter one. It includes a dynamo that is located on the engine, perhaps under the pilot, but the power for it is derived from a rotary fan or windmill immediately above, under the headlight. As the locomotive travels at the rate of twenty, thirty or even forty miles an hour, a breeze of corresponding velocity is developed. The current is conveyed to small accumulators under each car of the train. It may be assumed that when these are fully charged the current is automatically cut off. Tests are said to have been made with an outfit of this kind, and the results are said also to have been encouraging, contrary to what one might be led to expect.

THE SMALLEST HORSE IN THE WORLD.

What is said to be the smallest horse in the world has just been brought to Tampico, Mexico, by Tabiati Espoito and sold to A. J. Morrison, of Los Angeles, Cal., for a large price. This



SMALLEST OF HORSES.

Tom Thumb of equines, which is appropriately named "Lilliputian," stands just high enough to reach to his owner's knees, and weighs only seventy-three pounds, though fat and plump. The pony is seven years old and is twenty-two and one-half inches—five and a half hands—tall.

Lilliputian has a history that is almost as remarkable as his diminutive size. The Mexican who disposed of him claims he stole the animal, and as he immediately disappeared there seems to be no reason for doubting the assertion. The wily senior, it appears, got Lilliputian from an island off the coast of South America, between Guatemala and Samoa. The natives there worship pretty little horses and keep them constantly guarded on a high cliff. Espoito took this and another dwarf—the two smallest he could find—and made away with them by lowering them from the cliff with a rope. He was hotly pursued. Before reaching Mexico the other horse, less hardy than that here pictured, died.

"SNOWED" ELECTRICITY.

Storms of colored rain and snow which have occurred in foreign lands from time to time should give rise to far less wonder than a storm which occurred in the United States not long ago, and which may well be called a storm of "electric light."

Lieutenant John P. Finley, Ninth United States Regular Infantry, a meteorologist, well known in this country, was a witness of the phenomenon, which occurred while he was making an ascent of Pike's Peak, Colorado.

To him the storm seemed like a shower of "cold fire." This curious appearance was due to the fact that every flake was charged with electricity—to such an extent, indeed, that when it came in contact with the hair of the mule on which the lieutenant was riding, it discharged electric sparks with slight detonations.

When the storm increased in fury and the flakes came down thicker and faster, each flake emitting a spark of electric light, the sight was truly magnificent. After the flakes reached the ground or other resting place the electric display ceased, until the snow was again put in motion, when the discharges were repeated.

By shaking his finger tips, beard or

nose or ears the lieutenant was able to produce a shower of electric sparks, while a wave of his arm produced an effect like the sweep of a flaming sword blade through the air, every flake of snow touched giving out its little spark of light and the consequent slight explosion.

SPURS ON ITS WINGS.

One of the most remarkable creatures in the world, probably, in the bird line, is the kamichi, the wing of which is armed with spurs. This odd creature is found in Brazil, Guiana and Colombia, and inhabits the deepest forests along the water courses.

This large black bird is very remarkable for the strength of its voice, which has powerful and peculiar guttural notes. It bears on each wing two powerful spurs, and on its head a pointed horn, three or four inches long. The two spurs on each wing are directed forward when the wing is folded.

These spurs are the outgrowth of the metacarpal bone, and arise from the anterior part of the two extremities of this bone. The upper spur is larger and is triangular, about two inches long and slightly curved at the end.

A party of explorers and naturalists captured one recently, which is now in the London Zoological Garden. It is very tame in its demeanor toward human beings, but puts itself on the defensive as soon as it sees a dog. It knows how to make such good use of its spurs that it can put the enemy to flight by a single stroke. Besides these weapons on its wings the kamichi has a very strong beak and hard and resistant claws.

EXTRA OLD BOAT.

A very curious old boat arrived at Whitehaven the other day from Strangford Lough, says the London Graphic. She had, a local paper declares, an extraordinary history. At one time, a hundred years ago, the vessel sailed regularly from Portaferry to Whitehaven, and was then called the Portaferry frigate, and afterward the name of the Three Sisters was bestowed upon her. But, most extraordinary of all, it is solemnly alleged that she was used in 1689, at the siege of Londonderry, to carry provisions up the famous Loch Foyle in those stirring times. If this be so, the Three Sisters is the oldest vessel in actual use. It is further alleged that a curious privilege was given to her more than a hundred years ago. She is permitted to come into Liverpool port, to use all

the wharves and piers," without the payment of any quay or pier dues.

ANGER CURES DEAFNESS.

Here is a novel cure for deafness. According to several Dutch papers a deaf woman, who resides at Krommeniedijk, had a quarrel a few weeks ago with some of her neighbors, and as a result got into a violent passion.

As she is seventy years old her friends feared that this sudden and terrible outburst of anger would injure her, but instead it completely cured her of her deafness.

WHAT IS IT?

This is not a puzzle picture nor a



strange monster, but the model for a bonnet intended for wear in an automobile, as pictured by L'illustration.

Useful and Interesting.

The readers of newspapers have reason to feel much gratified by the improvement which has taken place in the business and art of advertising. More and more the advertising columns of a paper of high class have become both useful and interesting. Its advertising is now an important feature of the chronicles of the day, a valuable directory, which is tending to grow still more attractive as reading.—New York Sun.

On the railroads in Canada it is necessary to keep over 600 snow plows in operation every winter.

SWISS RAILROADS.

General Season Tickets Include All Switzerland.

I do not know that the railroads of Switzerland could be acquired by any trust, but they are certainly profitable, says a correspondent of the Memphis Commercial-Appeal. In 1900 they paid a net profit of over \$11,000,000, and their travel is increasing every year. Only four years ago the Government decided to buy them, and the transfer of the lines from private parties to the State is now under way. The roads, including the tramways, have a length of about 2500 miles, and there are so many track and cable lines running up the sides of the mountains to give access to the beautiful views, that Mark Twain says, "Every Alp now has a ladder up its back like a pair of suspenders."

One of the nicest things of the Government railway system is its general season tickets or passes, which include all Switzerland. The railroad companies will sell you a ticket for two weeks, a month, a quarter or a year, which you can use for that time on all the railroads and steamboats of Switzerland. These tickets are sold at fixed prices, and they have to be ordered at least two hours before leaving time. You must furnish an unmounted photograph of yourself, which is pasted on the ticket.

A two weeks' ticket over all the Swiss roads costs, according to class, from \$7.50 to \$12, and a monthly ticket from \$10 to \$20. If you travel third class the price is \$10; second class, \$14, or first class, \$21. For three months the rates are \$21, \$34 and \$48, and for the year, \$60, \$84 and \$120. That means that for \$120 you could start in on January 1 and keep traveling day and night on Swiss trains and steamboats, with the very best accommodations, until December 31, without extra charge. Such tickets are sold to any one who asks for them.

The cars are about the same as ours. There is a passageway through the center, with doors at each end. The seats of the second class are upholstered in velvet; they are clean and comfortable. The windows are in brass frames, and they can be dropped out of sight when you wish to look out. The express trains have dining cars, called "wagon restaurants," and the dining car porter comes through and calls out that dinner is ready, in French, English and German. The Swiss roads are well ballasted and well kept. The tracks are watched for avalanches and landslides, and at every crossing stands a bareheaded girl, with a red flag, to warn all that the train is coming. At every station you find from a dozen to a score of hotel porters in livery, each bearing the name of his hotel on his cap.

Round-Head People Most Content.

"Do you know," said a man to a Journal reporter, "that of the men who have left Spartanburg and settled in other places nearly every one was an oblong-headed man?" This statement may seem strange, but it is true that it is the oblong-headed people who are generally not content to take things as they happen and make the most of their position in a philosophical spirit. This condition is not peculiar to Spartanburg. It is the case everywhere. I recall many years ago that I was told that the oblong-headed people were more restless than the round-headed, and some cause was advanced for it which I do not now remember. I doubted the story, but since then I have given attention to the matter, and in most cases of departure from the several communities in which I have resided from time to time I have found that it is the oblong-headed people who change their places of vocation. I am oblong-headed myself, and I have lived in New York, Jacksonville, Greenville and now I am in Spartanburg. In every one of these cities friends and acquaintances with the round heads have remained in the communities, seemingly satisfied or rather averse to moving, while my oblong-headed friends have pulled out and settled elsewhere, affirming the rule which I heard when I was a young man.—Spartanburg (S. C.) Journal.

Almost Lived There.

During a recent burglary epidemic in the country an inspector of the police force one night made a tour through the burglarized district. Considerably after midnight he saw a young man emerge noiselessly from a substantial homestead, and made after him.

"Did you just come out of that corner house?" the inspector asked, overhauling him.

The young man, while of respectable appearance, was plainly ill at ease and confused. "I did," he said.

"Do you live there?" demanded the inspector.

"Well, almost," was the embarrassed answer. "But I can't see that it's any of your business, as long as her father doesn't object."—Tit-Bits.

A Town Without a Graveyard.

According to the Oshoborn, Asher is probably the only town in the Territory of its size and age that has no graveyard. Asher is a year old and has a population of over 1000 people, and the place is built up with substantial business blocks and modern residences, but has no burial place. The few people that have died in the section have been buried at other points. Owing to its high location, fine drainage and abundance of artesian water, Asher is said to be one of the healthiest locations in the Territories. A local doctor recently made the remark that if it had not been the obstetrical cases at this point, Asher, he would have starved to death.

Old-Time Journalism.

Herbert Asquith paid a pretty compliment to the press at the London Newspaper Society's dinner in regard to its rapid collection of news. Nowadays the editorial task is winnowing rather than gathering. It was otherwise in the eighteenth century, when the Leicester Journal, for instance, had to send all its copy by coach to London for printing, so that its news was at least a week late when it appeared. It was sometimes later. For in one dry season the editor was reduced to printing the Bible as a serial and had reached the tenth chapter of Exodus before any news more recent than the Pentateuch had reached the office.

FOR THE FAIR

LATEST NEW YORK FASHIONS

New York City.—Long shouldered effects are among the distinctive and notable features of the season and are found in many of the new shirt waists



AN ELABORATE MODEL.

as well as in the more elaborate models. The very smart May Manton waist illustrated has a novel yoke or shoulder strap effect, that is cut in one with the tucked fronts and can either be made to extend over the shoulders or be cut off at the seams as shown in the back view, and exemplifies both the drooping shoulders and one of the many forms of the bishop stock. The original is made of French flannel in cream white stitched with pale blue corticelli silk, but all the season's waist materials are appropriate.

The foundation lining is snugly fitted and is in every way desirable where wool or silk is used, but can be omitted whenever it is not desired. The fronts of the waist proper are tucked for their entire length and are extended to form the yoke or shoulder straps and are joined to side portions that are tucked for a few inches only below their upper edge. The back, however, is simply plain, and the closing is effected through a regulation box pleat at the center front. The sleeves are in shirt style with the straight narrow cuffs closing at the outside that are the favorites of the season. At the neck

A Pretty Princess Gown.

One of the prettiest princess gowns seen this season was of white mousseline de soie, accordion pleated, having a front and back panel of point de Venise lace; the corsage was cut en bolero, and the only touch of color was introduced in the yoke of orange velvet embroidered in white silk and seed pearls.

Color Study.

Color study is brought to a fine art these days, and many new and charming shades and tones are the result. An attractive new shade is a blending of gray and green, that shows to lovely effect when made up in combination with cream gullure lace, and a touch of black velvet here and there

Long Ribbon Sashes.

A pretty idea is to wear broad and long ribbon sashes with evening toilets. Some of these are tucked and the ends are fringed. The sash may be the color of the gown or of contrasting color, as preferred, and still be modish,



BLOUSE JACKET.

is a stock elongated at the front to give a bishop suggestion.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four and five-eighths yards twenty-one inches wide, four and one-fourth yards twenty-seven inches wide, three and one-eighth yards thirty-two inches wide, or two and five-eighths yards forty-four inches wide.

Woman's Blouse Jacket.

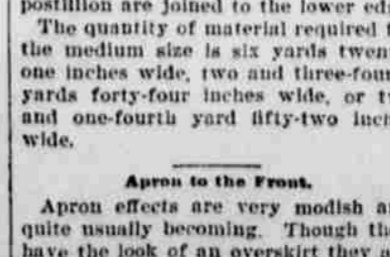
Blouse jackets make the favorite wraps for general wear and are seen in all the latest models both for suits and separate coats. The very stylish May Manton model illustrated in the large drawing shows the new flat collar and trimming, but can be left plain and without the basques as shown in the small sketch when preferred. The original is made of fleeced cheviot in gray and white, stitched with corticelli silk and trimmed with pipings of dark gray and drop ornaments and makes part of a costume, but all suitings and jacket materials are appropriate.

The jacket consists of fronts and back and is fitted by means of shoulder and under-arm seams. The back is plain, but the fronts are gathered and close slightly and becomingly. The little capes are attached to the strap trimming and are arranged over the neck. The sleeves are full and finished with becoming cuffs, but the straight, narrow ones can be substituted if desired. The basque portions and triple postillon are joined to the lower edge.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is six yards twenty-one inches wide, two and three-fourths yards forty-four inches wide, or two and one-fourth yard fifty-two inches wide.

Apron to the Front.

Apron effects are very modish and quite usually becoming. Though they have the look of an overskirt they are in reality the skirt proper, being eked out with graduating flounces. As often as not the apron is of some strong material, while the blouse, which is pulled on as well as flared, is of a light and airy-fairy texture. When it is



MISSIS' THREE-PIECE SKIRT.

five and one-half yards twenty-seven inches wide, three and one half yards forty-four inches wide, or three yards fifty-two inches wide

heavy fabric must be of the richest—a trimming of itself. If it be plain it may be adorned with appliques not too far apart. A very pretty one, however, is entirely of black net. Inch-wide rows of black gros-grain ribbon follow the shape of the apron, pointing downward at the front. Five rows are at the foot of the very full blouse. Rows of ribbon are on the full blouse and the sleeve ruffles, the blouse being further enhanced with an applique of yellow lace. This is an attractive model, too, for a shirred dress.

Attorned by Handwork.

Handwork is always a feature. Just now it is more than ever so. While the choicest embroideries fairly cover some robes, there are others, delightfully attractive, which are alive with French knots and fagoting, the two friends that are still with us, despite iconoclasts who have declared them done for since some months. French knots are charmingly attractive, whether they emphasize other designs or are strewn by the hundred in massed groups. As for fagoting, it and any sort of ajour stitching is very much the thing.

Dainty Jackets.

Charming things in felts and little jackets are to be seen in point and duchesse lace. The former are made with a rather deep cape over the shoulders and are carried down the front in two long ends, forming a slender point well below the waist line. In some of the jackets there is a tiny collar rising at the back.

A Pretty Princess Gown.

One of the prettiest princess gowns seen this season was of white mousseline de soie, accordion pleated, having a front and back panel of point de Venise lace; the corsage was cut en bolero, and the only touch of color was introduced in the yoke of orange velvet embroidered in white silk and seed pearls.

Color Study.

Color study is brought to a fine art these days, and many new and charming shades and tones are the result. An attractive new shade is a blending of gray and green, that shows to lovely effect when made up in combination with cream gullure lace, and a touch of black velvet here and there

Long Ribbon Sashes.

A pretty idea is to wear broad and long ribbon sashes with evening toilets. Some of these are tucked and the ends are fringed. The sash may be the color of the gown or of contrasting color, as preferred, and still be modish,

Blouse Jacket.

Blouse jackets make the favorite wraps for general wear and are seen in all the latest models both for suits and separate coats. The very stylish May Manton model illustrated in the large drawing shows the new flat collar and trimming, but can be left plain and without the basques as shown in the small sketch when preferred. The original is made of fleeced cheviot in gray and white, stitched with corticelli silk and trimmed with pipings of dark gray and drop ornaments and makes part of a costume, but all suitings and jacket materials are appropriate.



MISSIS' THREE-PIECE SKIRT.

five and one-half yards twenty-seven inches wide, three and one half yards forty-four inches wide, or three yards fifty-two inches wide