

This is the end, then, of striving; this is what comes of it all—Darkness and foes just behind one, before, an impossible wall.

“DIOCELES.”

An Athenian Fable by Henryk Sienkiewicz, Translated From the French.

By SIMON STRUNSKY.

Divine sleep has brought peace to Athens and a silence so profound that the ear might catch the faint drawn-out breath of the dreaming city.

Young Dioceles alone keeps vigil in the night. He has pressed his forehead against the feet of Pallas Athene where she rises, glorious, in the gardens of Academus; he has embraced her knees, crying, "Athene, Athene, who formerly appeared to men in visible form, hear me! Take pity! Give ear to my prayer!"

He lifts his forehead from the base of the cold marble and raises his eyes to the face of the virgin, which is illumined by a single beam. Only the silence answers him, and even the light breeze which blows from the sea at this hour of the night dies away.

The heart of the young man is possessed with an infinite sadness and from his eyes, swollen with weeping, tears trace a way down his beautiful face. He continues his supplication: "You, and you alone, I adore and long to celebrate above all other divinities—you my protectress. But you, too, have lighted the fires of desire which consume me, and given me over to torture. Extinguish the flame, Oh Divinity, or appease it! Grant me to know the Highest Truth, the Truth of Truths, the Soul of all things, that I may offer up life and my delights as a sacrifice before her!

"Once more he laid his head against the marble and the prayer rose from the soul as perturbed clouds mount upward from holy coners. His endre being became passionate endre-athy. He lost all consciousness of space or time or earthly circumstance. Swimming in ecstasy his soul harbored but one aspiration, but a single thought: that to so passionate an invocation a reply must surely come.

And truly enough the response came. The slender branches of the olive trees began to stir, and the cypress trees bent their heads, as though the night wind had sprung into life again. Little by little, the rustling of olive branches and the grating noise of cypress needles blended to form a human voice which swelled up, filling the air, filling the garden, as if a multitude, from all sides, and with one accord were shouting, "Dioceles! Dioceles!"

Snatched from the depths of ecstasy the young man shivered, as if with cold. Thinking that his companions were seeking him, he looked around. "Who calls?" he demanded. A hand of marble weighed down his shoulder. "You have summoned me," spoke the goddess. "Your prayer has been heard. Behold me. A divine horror seized upon Dioceles. His hair rose in fear as he fell upon his knees. For terror and delight he could only repeat, "You are near me, you, the incomprehensible, the Awful, the Inexpressible One!"

of bronze suspended as a memorial in the temple.

When old age came Dioceles built himself a hut out of branches of willow near the quarries of Pentelicos. He left the city and lived far from men. Athenians are not slow at forgetting, and on the occasion when he came to market to purchase bread and olives his friends did not recognize him.

Several Olympiads rolled by. His hair had turned white, his form was bent to the ground, his eyes were sunk deep in their sockets. Time had robbed him of his strength. But one hope upheld him, nevertheless, the hope that before leaving the light of the sun he might see Supreme Truth, the eternal motionless universal fact. And he even allowed himself to hope that if, after the final revelation, Atropos should refrain from cutting the thread of his years, he would return to the city bringing men a greater gift than they had received at the hands of Prometheus.

It came at length, the ultimate mystic night, when the goddess once more wrapped him in her arms and brought him to the heaven-piercing mountains, face to face with Truth. "Behold," she said, "what glory! What splendor! But before you extend your hand for the last time, listen to me. The veils which, year after year, through so many years, have fallen from your hands and escaped in the form of dreams, were your illusions. Will you speak the last one? Or does fear cramp your heart? Retreat before it is too late. From these heights I will carry you back to your native land, where you may end your days like other men."

"To this single moment my whole life has been consecrated," cried Dioceles, and with beating heart he approached the radiant form whose glory dazzled him. With trembling hands he seized the last veil, tore it off, and cast it behind him. In the very same instant the old man's eyes were as if struck with a thunderbolt, and he was plunged into darkness, compared with which the densest night of Hades were brilliant daylight.

In the midst of it the voice of Dioceles, heavy with inexpressible terror and infinite grief, was heard, calling: "Athene! Oh, Athene! There is nothing behind the veil, and I cannot even see you."

To this cry of despair the goddess responded, severely: "The full light has blinded you, and your last illusion—the belief that a mortal might see Truth unveiled—has flown." Then silence fell. Dioceles sobbed: "Those who trust you, you ever deceive. Me, too, you have betrayed, cruel goddess of lies. But since I nevermore can hope to see Truth Supreme, send me at least the death which liberates."

There was more than human dolor in his words, and Athene was moved. She laid her hand on the unhappy head and said gently: "I will send it, Dioceles, and with it a final hope. When death shall have brought you peace, you shall see that Light which blinded your eyes when you were alive."

The night grew pale and dawn rose cold and melancholy gray. Thin lines of cloud appeared in the sky, and heavy snowflakes began to fall, covering the mortal remains of Dioceles.—New York Evening Post.

Fable of Two Fleas. Two fleas were once sitting on a dog who was wandering about the streets, when one of them said: "Brother, what a degraded, half-starved lot is ours! Here we have chosen to unite ourselves to a common street cur who wanders from alley to alley. We see nothing but the most dismal sights. We hear no elevating conversation or delightful small talk. Surely there ought to be something better in store for us than this."

"You are right," said the second flea. "Look, my brother, here is a carriage approaching. It is evidently some high-born lady bent on a charitable enterprise. In her lap sits such a beautiful little terrier. Let us, therefore, make an effort to better ourselves!" "Splendid!" said the first flea. "We will live amid the most luxurious surroundings. We will feed on the fat of the land. We will sleep at night in a clean bed."

And so in a few bold but successful jumps as the carriage stopped they both landed simultaneously on the back of the terrier. In a short time they were driven to their new home. So delighted were they with their new life that the two fleas could hardly contain themselves for joy. Their manifestations, however, were so unusual that the terrier frantically scratched himself, which attracted the attention of his mistress, who immediately sent for a physician, who at once gave the dog such a radical treatment that the two fleas were slowly drowned in a horrible fluid that came like a flood and surprised them before they were able to get away.

"Alas! brother," said the first flea, as he gave a dying gasp, "why could we not have been satisfied with our humble lot?" Moral: Some folks never know when to let well alone.—Life.

Horror of Horrors! People have curious ideas as to the treatment patients receive in asylums. A nurse who was on sitting-room duty recently heard a newcomer asking people who had been visitors for some time as to the treatment of patients. "Oh," was one reply, "they treat the poor things cruel here. They give 'em a bath every week."—American Home Monthly.

The Difference. You may think, in looking out upon the world, that the great difference between people is that some have many things to enjoy and others very few; when you know them better you will find that a greater difference is that some have great power to enjoy and others very little.—Rhonda Williams.

In thirty States there is a law empowering a man to 'kill away his unborn child.

LONDON'S OUTCASTS.

With the Men Who Have Touched Bottom in the Great City.

I spent two nights last week with the homeless and the outcast, one on the Embankment and the other in a County Council lodging house.

At Charing Cross and Waterloo there were 1100 men snatching eagerly chunks of bread and the bowls of soup which the army officers kindly distributed. The police constables were gentle and considerate, but it was a sad sight to see hungry men marshalled to receive a charity. To understand them adequately and truly I ought to have been a tramp side by side with my fellow bankrupts, and not a visitor looking on from without.

Yet a number of men talked freely; one had jumped from Newcastle expecting to find in London a good job and a golden wage. Instead he found a piece of bread and a sip of soup on the Embankment. Another had a good, strong, swarthy face, and I hazarded the remark that he was not a Londoner and discovered that he was an Australian. Unfortunately he is not the only Colonial who has touched bottom in London.

Over twenty-five per cent. were young men, many of them mere lads; and the police officers confirmed the opinion of the social experts who maintain it is not misfortune that brings this class to the doss house and the Embankment. There was one face knotty as a stunted oak on some bleak hillside, which attracted me by its black despair. Not only did he sullenly refuse to reply, but snappishly bade his comrade not to answer our questions. He was perfectly right, and I immediately recognized the higher voice, the voice of humanity, and maybe the voice of God, and at once desisted from feeding a curiosity, however well meaning and innocent, upon the wretchedness of my fellow men.

One of the Blombury Sisters who accompanied me called our attention to an old man who had faintly at one end of the long, and lined. He lay full length on the steps of Waterloo Bridge, his head pillowed on a corner ledge of stone. There was resignation in his face, and his white beard was neatly trimmed. He was, we learned, a graduate of Cambridge, and had once been sent to the University as the pride and the hope of a cultured home. But forty years have passed since then, and for the past two nights he has been without sleep and food, and has fallen on the inhospitable stones without strength to care to open his eyes any more.

The sister speaks to him. He opens his eyes with languid indifference, but when he sees a kind, womanly, Christlike face bending over him, may be he mistakes it for one of the faces of long ago; anyhow he is aroused, and comes back to tell his sorrowful tale. The case of these 1100 men suggests a rich study in contrasts. By our side is a dark river heaving its bosom like a living thing, with a silver reflected here and there like a sinister gleam of a serpent's eye. Close at hand is the Hotel Cecil, where rich men fare sumptuously every night, utterly regardless of Lazarus on the Embankment. Lower down in Scotland Yard, where millions are spent in tracking criminals, but not a penny in saving them. Beyond that the War Office, red with gore and black with the waste of money enough to solve every social problem that troubles our land. Further still is the House of Commons, to which some of us look in great hope, but whose existence has been completely erased from the horizon of the men of the Embankment.

The one bright spot of hope is the self-sacrifice of the Salvationists. For the soup is handed round by voluntary workers, workmen who have come all the way from Bernersday and give their night's rest and their kind labor in order to feed the hungry and relieve the hapless. They, too, were once in the gutter, but they saw something, and that vision is the secret of their sacrifice. One of them told me how he had become a cynic and a "moucher." He met a clergyman when he was famishing for food, who, instead of a loaf, gave him a tract and a book, and with a broad smile said: "I have not lived by bread alone." He cursed the clergy from that hour, and in the light of his experience his cursing was as holy as a paternoster. Not long afterward he stood outside a ring of open air temperance workers he signed the pledge, obtained a shilling, and became a cadger. But he has now been on his feet for fifteen years and is doing magnificent work. If all the Christians in London had the devotion and the sacrifice of these humble Salvationists the New Jerusalem would ere now have come down on Holborn and the Strand "prepared as a bride adorned for her husband."

The second night I dispensed with the coat and collar and cuffs, and greatly enjoyed my emancipation, as I dived down into one of the narrow streets of central London and asked a bewildered and suspicious constable for a doss house. I went in and "took my kip," and had had No. 88 allotted to me. I had left all the necessities of life behind except a few pennies and a packet of "tabs." My first task was to get a light, which a gruff neighbor kindly gave me by holding the end of his pipe close to my face. My second difficulty was to get food, for unfortunately the bar was closed. I told my plight to a little red-faced man, and in telling it I am afraid I uttered rather badly. He replied: "Mate, I'll tell you what I'll do. I have got some stuff in my locker; I'll sell you a ha'porth of milk, and there is plenty of boiling water."

I expected him to be a long way below redemption point, but was touched by another instance of beautiful kindness in the simple announcement of the poor. The reading room suggested a fair workmen's institute; some addressed envelopes, two men discussed the parsons, four others were talking about Evelyn Nesbit, a few read, and almost all smoked. There were two men sitting on each side of a bench, pictures of dejection and despair. It was when I sat down in silence between these two men and endeavored to look out at the world through their eyes that I knew that I had touched the ninth circle of our social Inferno, and felt strongly that if there had been no incarceration there ought to have been one.

There were a few workmen, one of them toying with his spade, but most of the artisans who live here are said to be those whose wives are separated, whose homes are broken. No genuine man in work stops here. He is in receipt of a decent wage. He is suffering from physical disabilities and some are old, "the too old at fifty" class, eking out a sordid existence by a little pension and an odd job. There were a few men who had the cut of journalists, and one lad of nineteen, who had been staying there for six months, was, I am almost sure, a student scoring delights and living laboriously, contenting himself with the bare necessities of existence in order to get through a curriculum or obtain a degree.

There was the same proportion of young lads here as on the Embankment. It is sad, in all conscience, to see a brother on the ground; but it comes high to an unpeppable tragedy to see men touching the bottom ledge before they are twenty-five, and old in misfortune while only young in years.

I am haunted by the figure of a lad holding a conversation with a villainous looking senior on the hearth side in front of a blazing fire. It was the face of a boy who knew too much and had lived too rashly. The place had an air of comfort, but it utterly lacked hope. Literally the men are without God and without hope in the world. For most of them there is nothing better and there can be nothing worse. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. It is embarrassing to think of the morrow. There is the comfort that you are buried in Central London. You are lost to friends and acquaintances. Nobody knows and nobody cares. There is the lodging house for to-day and the workhouse or the Thames for to-morrow.

An Oxford graduate who has touched the depths and found his feet in our men's meeting at Blombury says that the words of Kipling came to him again and again as he has tramped the corridors of the doss house or the streets of the city: We have done with hope and honor; we are lost to love and truth; We are dropping down the ladder rung by rung. Gentleman rankers out on the spree, Damned from here to Eternity, God have mercy on such as we, Bab, Yab, Bah!

But it is something to have given them shelter and comfort; and here, as in the case of the trams, and slums and parks, the London County Council has been inspired by a compassion and humanity which is rare in ecclesiastical assemblies, leaves alone large public bodies. By providing homes that are clean, and cheap, and wholesome they have fed the hungry, clothed the naked and taken in the homeless. But why cast the women into the outermost darkness? For on Wednesday night there were Sisters, too, on the Embankment. My wife spoke to a number of broken down women all over fifty. These are the despair of every social worker in the heart of London. The men we can send to the Council lodging houses, but for the women, there is—nowhere!

Oh, it is pitiful. Near a whole city full, Home they have none. —London Daily News.

Make Your Advertising Attractive. George G. Sherwood, of the Blairstown (Iowa) Record, is a newspaper man of observing habit, and in consequence has an original and decided opinion upon a wide variety of subjects. In expressing his views of newspaper management he writes: "The same as all other business institutions, the newspaper to be successful must have each department under systematic management, but the advertising columns are the assets—the vital point.

"The average country editor does everything from swiping the press to writing copy, and when business slacks up, he slacks up with it instead of going to Bill Jones, whose 'ad' hasn't changed for two or three, or possible eight or ten, weeks and getting something live for the space. There is the point. Advertising matter must be attractive. And to make it attractive, the 'ad' must be well written, well set, and changed every week. The people won't read an 'ad' twice any more than they will an obituary or a half-column write-up of a church sociable. They won't read any farther than the first line in the second round. Half your patrons do not take much stock in advertising, but with persistent pushing and your personal attention given to the attractiveness of their space, the result is bound to bring about the realization of the value of advertising. If systematically worked to the end, Present the real points to your advertisers, and present them often, and your 'ad' space will not be vacant, your health will be better, and you can lock your door on the kid with the dreaded eight draft."

"I'm Going to Sleep." In making public tributes to the late Thomas Bailey Aldrich from well known writers, Talbot B. Aldrich, son of the poet, told how the famous author approached death, with his mind filled with poetical thoughts. Mr. Aldrich said: "My father died a poet. Only a little while before the end he said: 'I regard death as nothing but the passing of the shadow of the flower.' "His last words as he passed away, holding our hands, were: "In spite of all I am going to sleep; put out the lights."—Boston Dispatch to the New York American.

PHILOSOPHY OF THE SMILE.

Habit Formed by the Association of Agreeable Impressions.

Smiling has been studied from a physical standpoint by George Dumas, a French physiologist, and his conclusions on why we smile are published in the Literary Digest, translated and condensed from the Revue Scientifique. M. Dumas produced artificial smiles by applying an electric current to the nerves under the lobe of the ear.

"The muscles concerned in smiling were made to contract, and the opposing muscles remained quiescent, but the action of the members of the smiling-group was unequal, so that most of the 'electric smiles' that the experimenter obtained seemed to indicate grief rather than joy, particularly since the contraction around the eye exceeded that around the mouth. Nevertheless, he considers the result a triumph for his theory, and exhibits with pride a photograph of a 'natural smile' caused by electric excitation of only one side of the face."

He says a smile may appear without any psychologic excitement and in itself has no expressive value. "And man," he says, "has formed the habit of associating the muscular sensations and the sight of these movements with an agreeable impression, so that he regards them as a sign expressive of this state of pleasure. To manifest it he has formed, by association, the habit of smiling and of considering the smile of others as an evidence of their satisfaction. " " " We have learned to smile in different ways to indicate irony, indulgence, etc., and the accentuation of the movements of different muscles has assumed the same value as a shrug of the shoulders, the raising of the head or the pronunciation of certain syllables or words. It is thus that psychologic progress has made of the smile a keyboard on which we play with more or less skill.

"The Oriental, especially the Japanese, always smiles out of politeness, even when he is sad, because it is a social fault to sadden a stranger. He has reached the maximum of self-mastery and, in a sense, a superior state of psychologic progress and of civilization." M. Dumas says animals do not smile with their faces because their facial muscles are not, as in man, the most mobile. Those of his tail are a dog's most mobile muscles, therefore 'he smiles' by moving his tail, and this movement has a tendency, even in his case, to become a real gesture. Cats also smile with the tail, and perhaps also birds; the electric muscles of the feathers and tail are, for the magpie, for instance, real smiling muscles."

How a Fire May Start.

The account of the way a fire started, as printed by the New York Post, shows that many mysterious fires which are generally supposed to be of incendiary origin may very easily have been caused by an accident. No one can be too careful about fires, matches, etc. The case with which a fire may be started and the apparently inexplicable cause which may produce one are both emphasized by a happening in an up-town house last week. The mistress of the house was seated in the extension parlor in the afternoon alone and perfectly quiet, when without warning a hanging bookshelf broke from its fastenings and slipped to the floor. On its way it struck a small table standing beneath it and knocked over a box of matches, igniting two or three of them. These flew off, one touching the light gauze scarf which had hung from the table, which fell blazing against the lace curtain near by. The frightened screams of the mistress brought a servant, and it took energetic measures on the part of the two women to extinguish the rapidly spreading fire. Had the room been untenanted, it would have been again fifteen minutes later, it would have been a case of fire department succor to have saved the house.

Lake Balaton.

Few who are not specially fond of geography could tell where this interesting European lake is situated. It has recently been the subject of special investigation by the Hungarian Geographical Society. It lies in the great plain of Hungary at an altitude of 343 feet, and has an area of about 230 square miles. Watering places on its shores. The ethnology of the region about the lake is particularly interesting. Some of the inhabitants near its banks dwell in caves dug in the hillsides. Many of the caves, now abandoned, are high up on the cliffs, and were made, Dr. Janko says, before denudation had cut back the ground, leaving the ends of the old excavations "like hanging tunnels of the face of the cliff." Tools of the stone age and pottery and implements of the bronze age are found in the neighborhood. Fishing in the lake constitutes an important industry, and is conducted in interesting and peculiar ways.—Youth's Companion.

Glass Broken by the Voice.

It is scarcely credible, but it is a fact that a glass can be broken by the voice. If you strike a thin wine glass while you hold it by the stem it will emit a certain note—in most cases a pretty deep one. On lifting the glass rapidly to your mouth and shouting into it the same note as loudly as possible, the vibration of the glass being thereby extended, it will be shivered into fragments. This used to be a favorite experiment of Lablanche, the renowned singer, who would thus break, one after the other, as many glasses as were handed to him.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Our Army.

The United States regular army, which is regarded as the basis or skeleton of a much larger army in time of war, is probably both as to numbers and men the best physically, the most intelligent, the most highly trained, and the most perfectly equipped of any army in the world.—London Spectator.



The speed of a wild duck is about ninety miles an hour.

The oldest banknote is in the Asiatic Museum of St. Petersburg. It was issued by the Chinese Government and dates from the year 1399 B. C.

In Germany they fined a man three marks for sneezing five times while crossing the street, and in Tennessee a man has been fined \$20 for snoring in church.

What is declared to be a record landing of dogfish for any fishing port in England took place at Plymouth recently, when 116 tons of these fish were brought in.

America last year produced nearly three billion bushels of corn. Distributed equally, that would give about thirty-seven bushels to every inhabitant of the United States.

The latest estimates place the wealth of this country at \$110,000,000,000. The United States could pay off the public debt of every nation and still be richer than any nation in the world.

There is an anti-opium society in the Malayan Kuala Lumpur which claims to have cured 14,000 victims in a few weeks with a plant which serves as a specific antidote. It grows wild in Selangor and there is a great demand for it. The Malayan movement against opium is said to be spreading like a Welsh revival.

A characteristic illustration of the habit of the Japanese of following the professions of their fathers was recently afforded by an advertisement in a Japanese newspaper. A famous dancing master announced a religious celebration of the 1000th anniversary of the death of his ancestor, who had been the first in his family to teach.

What is described as the largest pipe in the world is valued at \$40,000, and is counted as one of the most remarkable pieces of carving in existence. The pipe is made of one solid piece of meerschaum, and represents the landing of Columbus. There are twenty-four figures in the scene, each one four inches high.

All of the furniture and fixtures in the office of Francis E. Leupp, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, were made by Indians. His desks, tables, portieres and bric-a-brac came from various tribes of red men, and Mr. Leupp knows the makers of many of the articles. His home in Washington abounds in fine specimens of Indian handicraft.

TEACHING THE INFANT.

The Mission of the Toy in Education Admitted by Science.

Toy making seems to have reached about as near the zenith of its possibilities as have any of the practical arts. To-day, as much as ever in the evolution of the toy, the thing desired is to hold childish attentions largely through the stimulation of the imagination.

The first toy of the aboriginal baby doubtless was something that caught the infant eye and which rattled acceptably to the infant ear. After 5000 years there have been few improvements in principle and form of the toy attracting the infant.

In some of the lower types of humanity there is a marked precocity in the infant and small child. But this precocity in the youth far down the scale has had its influences upon the imaginations and inventiveness of the lower orders of men and women. The same spirit and incentive that have come right up with man to the present when the perfection of a toy that in miniature will do all that the practical, useful machine accomplishes for the adult may involve a higher inventive and constructive ability.

In all times the one appalling quality in the toy, after its possessor has reached an observing age, is that it enables the little one to play the grown up. Before a small bit of humanity can desire to play at some real activity in the life of his parents, his imagination will have to be stimulated; and once stimulated to that thought, there are evidences that a too nearly perfect mechanical device to that end is robbing the youngster of some of the most pleasurable possibilities in the game of make-believe. Thirty years ago, when a daily newspaper sold universally for five cents, a doll that cost \$1 was regarded as worthy of a society note; to-day with the daily paper selling for one or two cents, a doll that costs \$15 or \$20 is commonplace in the larger cities, says the Chicago Tribune.

It is to be doubted if the active influences of the juveniles have been exerted widely toward this elaboration of the toy. Rather it has been the influence of the inventive older person who has anticipated a market for the more intricate, larger and more costly production. In doing so he has appealed to the adult buyer who, having passed his imaginative stage of existence, is almost universally likely to be attracted to the material accomplishments of the man who makes toys for children after a man's own ideas of what children should covet and conserve. The best end to be served by the toy will not be reached until in one way or another the toy is relegated to that first great end of stimulating a healthy imagination in the child.

Wig Kings Eat Avnks.

A London correspondent says King Edward's wig is a square, made of hair, and men the best physically, the most intelligent, the most highly trained, and the most perfectly equipped of any army in the world.—London Spectator.