

The Public
SERMON
BY THE REV.
IRA W. HENDERSON
Subject: Heroism.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Preaching at the Irving Square Presbyterian Church, Hamburg avenue and Weirfield street, on the above text, the Rev. Ira W. Henderson, pastor, took as his text, Daniel, 3:18. He said: "The courage of these men was sublime. Their heroism was remarkable. The story of their strength character is not an ordinary one. They might easily have played the king false by bowing down to his idols while still serving their God in their hearts. In all likelihood Nebuchadnezzar would have been satisfied had they simply bent the knee to his gods. And how could a mere man, even though he were a king, divine the devotions of their inner hearts? Here was a place where most men would have considered discretion the better part of valor. Here was a chance for compromise in externals for the sake of saving one's life. Here was the supreme test of their characters. They might have made excuses for themselves to their own minds and to God, and have worshiped the golden image. They did not. They were true Jews. They served the God of Israel, who had said unto His people by the mouth of Moses the deliverer and law-giver, 'Thou shalt not bow down unto them nor serve them.' Therefore, they stood erect when the sound of 'all kinds of music' made the multitude fall down. And standing, they are monuments to moral heroism.

Heroism has great value in life and is varied. Without it we could not make much, if any progress. A man may be as a prophet in his conception and comprehension of divine truth, but if he lack heroism his powers are largely unavailable to society. Conviction needs courage to become a living force. It is one thing to have a vision, and another to do it. It is one thing to have knowledge, and another to expound it. It is one thing to have a valid and substantial opinion, and another to state it. It is one thing to detect sham and sin, and quite another to attack them.

The world is full of men who could do evil to the death in many a place did they only dare. But it is so manifestly one thing to know the truth and another to stand up for it and to proclaim it.

The value of heroism cannot be denied. With it Moses faced the terrors and the threatenings of the wandering people of God. With it Isaiah and the prophets assailed mighty sin in the name of Almighty God. With it Columbus sailed the uncharted seas, and discovered America to a ready world. With it Luther hurled defiance to the machinations of Roman ecclesiasticism and marked an epoch in the majestic march of manhood toward the liberties of thought. With it the heroes of Valmy, Forge kept the faith for civil liberty and under the impulse of its spirit the slave was freed. Without it Jesus would never have become our Saviour.

Valuable as heroism is, it is not less varied. For heroism is individual and social, physical and moral, lustrous and humble.

The men of Lexington and Saratoga, of Trafalgar and of Waterloo, the heroes of the Crusades, the hosts who followed Napoleon or Wellington or Washington or Stonewall Jackson or any of the famous captains of armies, ancient or modern, are examples of what we mean by physical heroism. Many were the instances of humble, individual moral courage displayed by soldiers serving under these military geniuses. And yet, in the last analysis, their heroism was that of brute strength let loose and dependent, as upon a spring, upon the flag, and the fanfare, and the smell and sight of blood, and the crowd moving together to the battle for its inspiration and its sustenance. It is not my purpose to insinuate that even under these conditions it is an easy thing to face death to try conclusions with fate. But in comparison with the pluck needed to do many another deed it is easy.

There is, too, an individualistic, literary heroism which is even less trying and exacting. He is a hero, I care not who he may be, who will lead a willing army on to a fight where victory is sure, or who will point the way to a moral victory to men who are with him and who might the same time be his enemies. For many a man has lacked the heroism to lead even though the skies were full of portents of success. It is so much easier to relinquish the responsibility of leadership to another. Officers are needed men.

We must admit a great measure of physical heroism in the action of the man who will test his strength against the wild animal that would take his life. It takes nerve as well as muscle to meet a bull who richly needs and deserves a thrashing, and make him eat the dust. But in the category of heroic virtues these are the least.

At this time I would call your attention to the heroisms which we have and need in our daily lives, the heroisms of the humble, moral host who constitute the mainstay of this land and who are the backbone of America, the men and women and children who, in an inconspicuous, but noble and heroic way, give themselves as living sacrifices upon the altar of devotion to God and home and country. I would have you again remember if you have been so ungracious as to forget the offerings of that countess host of simple, homely people who daily live for the common good and the public weal. I would call to your attention the leaders of our day who, in the face of sin and of opposition and of militant and imperious selfishness, are effecting the salvation of America and teaching her people how to help themselves.

That mother, with her cleanly brood of six, the sole manager and dispenser of a princely gross salary of \$10 a week, up with, or before, the first streaks of the earliest day, resting only when all are sleeping, cooking, washing, nursing, caring for them, with smiles for each and tenderness for all, staggering beneath a burden more than man has dared to bear, who shall deny her praise? That widow, mother, with flock and a pliant, that child who alone supports a home; that maiden who is pure and sweet upon wages that are criminal before the living God, who shall deny the sublimity of their humble heroism?

To my mind the heroism of the plain people, who have little but who serve so much, to whom life offers such a meager portion but who make it so great, is a most sublime, as it is a most compelling, fact of human life. I can conceive of nothing harder, day by day, than the impenetrable wall of hardship and the unrelenting poverty which dominates the horizon of so many lives. I can picture nothing more unutterably unbearable than, day by day, to be compelled to undergo the refined slavery that is unthinkably characteristic of so much of our modern life. To desire to live in the face of it, to decide to struggle against it, to hope even against hope, to live and to love, to get a little and to give a little, to retain and to augment the driver characteristics that alone differentiate humanity from the beast, to plan for posterity and to have faith in God in the midst of the relative riches that constitute the poverty of our times, is heroic. We should thank God for the heroism of these among us. They have so little and who live so largely, in proportion as they have capacity and opportunity, for the common weal. We should thank God that they are faithful, that they know how to be simple, that they are moral. For if ever the men and women who are the burden-bearers in the world's work become saturated with the vices, the follies and the fallacies concerning life that infest the minds of those who constitute the tommorow and the tommorow of society, the world will have short shrift.

Another sort of heroism that we must never fail to remember and consider and to which we owe much, is that moral heroism among the political and religious leaders of the country that is increasingly obvious and active at work. For that heroism is real. The forces of unrighteousness are entrenched. The army of greed at any price is already in the field. The plunderers of the public are as busy as the individual who has been subordinated to the dictator of Divinity. And no person or people will ever experience a satisfactory knowledge of the inspiring providence of God except the personal or popular heroism that is needed to meet the mandates of the mind of God. Wherever and wherever persons or peoples sanctify themselves before God, acknowledging their indebtedness to Him, recognizing their obligations under Him, pledging their faith in undivided loyalty to Him, then and there God has ever manifested Himself and done wonders. And what time men or nations in future determine to serve God and to hail Him and to serve Him then will Jehovah manifest Himself mightily. Israel has proved it. America has proved it. We are confident that America will demonstrate the truth again.

For along the highway of human progress America has traveled under the espionage of God to national greatness. We have triumphed over difficulties and been victorious over oppositions and gone through distresses and afflictions and despair. We are now upon the border of a larger progress and of an increased national prestige. No man of vision can fail to discern the signs of the times limitless opportunities for the development of our national resources in money and men, in influence and character. The achievements of America of to-day are as bright as the stars of the firmament, that may be hers in coming years if she will, as she stands on the threshold of nobler things, sanctify herself in spirit and in truth.

We cannot be fit for larger usefulness except we are right with God and dedicated to Him. Jehovah cannot utilize us more until we subject ourselves to Him.

In order that we shall be ready for service and prepared for the furtherance of the projects of the Almighty we must be ready to obey. We must pay heed to the command of Joshua to Israel as given in the ninth verse of the lesson we are studying: "Come hither and hear the words of the Lord your God. For we cannot build without you, and we are building a building that shall be durable and beautiful. We cannot do God's work until we hear God's message. To serve efficiently we must hear the captain's orders. If we would labor for God, we must be in harmony with the will of God. We cannot know God's mind except we listen to God's voice.

The task that God has delivered to America, the future that He has prepared for her, is a task that is accomplished without His inspiration, His direction, His sustenance. America's future is cut after a divine pattern. Only Divinity can effect its realization. Only that humanity that is saturated with Divinity will ever enjoy the vision of it. Let us therefore listen to the word of the Lord our God and with sanctified souls go on and up until this land shall be indeed God's country and the future of our fatherland shall be secured.

"Papers" Room With Oyster Shells. Among the oyster enthusiasts who patronize a Seventh street establishment is a queer customer, who eats at least three dozen raw primes a day. After satisfying his appetite the man asks one of the waiters to wrap up the shells for him. The first few times he did this the waiter did not question him, but finally curiosity got the better of the waiter, and when the patron next made the request the waiter asked, good naturedly, "What is the name of senses do you do with the oyster shells?" "Why," replied the customer, "I have a mania for queer furnishing, and I use the shells to paper my room. Every wall is shells from floor to ceiling. There are spaces here and there which are filled with pictures of the sea, sailing vessels, and so forth, and my ceiling is almost covered with starfish. The floor of my room is carpeted with tar-paulin, and I have curtains of ship rope. When I was a boy I followed the sea, and I like to have things concerning it constantly around me. Pass the horseradish, please."—Philadelphia Record.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.
**INTERNATIONAL LESSON COM-
MENTS FOR OCT. 13 BY THE
REV. I. W. HENDERSON.**

Subject: Israel Enters the Land of Promise, Josh. 3:5-17—Golden Text, Ps. 107:7—Memory Verse, 17—Commentary.

In accordance with the promise of God, Israel enters the land of promise. Under the direct and marvelous manifestation of God's providence they cross the Jordan and stand within sight of the walls of Jericho. Joshua's words, given in our fifth verse of lesson, compel our attention. "Sanctify yourselves, for to-morrow the Lord will do wonders among you." It is a call to consecration because God is to work wonders among them and because God will not consecrate them unless they are prepared, except they are prepared.

The dedication of themselves was followed as we see by a transcendent manifestation of the providence and potency of God. The rite of sanctification was fitting. Israel was upon the threshold of a new experience. She was about to enter into a new life. The hopes of generations, the promises of centuries were about to be consummated. It was a solemn time. The day was momentous. History was being made. Joshua was aware of it. The wandering multitude must have been impressed by it. A new epoch was about to begin. A nation was coming to its own. To-day, the wilderness, its murmurings, its doubts, its discouragements, the vision of a promised inheritance! To-morrow, Jordan passed, hopes realized, promises fulfilled, memories translated into hopes. It was a mighty moment. It was a moment that they should be peculiarly prepared. It was right that they should be impressed by the greatness of the occasion. The event was too tremendous not to be solemnized and signaled by a special ceremony. The God who had led them so far, so gloriously, so victoriously, was entitled to the dedication and the thanks of all Israel. They had to consecrate themselves because God was about to exalt them, because the manifestation of Jehovah's power that was increasingly obvious and active at work. For that heroism is real. The forces of unrighteousness are entrenched. The army of greed at any price is already in the field. The plunderers of the public are as busy as the individual who has been subordinated to the dictator of Divinity. And no person or people will ever experience a satisfactory knowledge of the inspiring providence of God except the personal or popular heroism that is needed to meet the mandates of the mind of God. Wherever and wherever persons or peoples sanctify themselves before God, acknowledging their indebtedness to Him, recognizing their obligations under Him, pledging their faith in undivided loyalty to Him, then and there God has ever manifested Himself and done wonders. And what time men or nations in future determine to serve God and to hail Him and to serve Him then will Jehovah manifest Himself mightily. Israel has proved it. America has proved it. We are confident that America will demonstrate the truth again.

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EPWORTH LEAGUE LESSONS
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 13.
Membership in the Church (John 15:18).

Passages for reference: Rom. 12:4, 5; 1 Cor. 12:12-25; Rev. 21:27. The church is not a perfect organization of perfect people. Judas, the traitor, Peter, the coward, turncoat, John, the heart-cooled lover, were all members of the first one organized by Jesus. It is composed of people doing their best to follow Jesus, not ashamed of a felt need of his help and the encouragement of a brother's hand, and proud to wear his name as their leader. Joining the church brings us out into a clear stand and thus helps burn the bridges behind, so that it is not easy to go back on Christ. It shows the choice of, and identifies personal interests with, good company.

The purpose of the church is to enable us to bear Christ's fruits in a vineyard whose Husbandman is a definitely known. If we are outside of membership the world may conclude that the "fruits" are the results of "ethics," "science and health," "will power," or what-not. Christ needs us as the vine needs branches; without us he cannot show the world what sort of fruit can be grown in ordinary human lives.

The church of the right sort will have perfect unity. Having a common life, they will have common interests as does the ideal family. If selfishness or jealousy comes in, the individual harboring it will suffer. There must be love if there is a fruitful life. Worldliness, valueless friendships, over-egressment in business, may be useless shoots which the Husbandman may desire to cut off.

If one does not get along with folk there is something wrong with the personal life. If we are part of the vine we will be joining hands closely and gladly with all the other branches to bear fruit. If one is not interested in the church and its activities, there is a blight at work which will make of that person a withered branch. Search for it as the gardener does for the tomato-worm that eats off all the blossoms. A healthy religious life will manifest itself by interest in all religious things as surely as good health shows itself in the child by a desire to play.

CHRISTIAN ENDERBURY NOTES
OCTOBER THIRTEENTH.

Topic—Remember eternity! 1 John 2:15-17, 24, 25. Judgment in eternity. Acts 17:30, 31. Judged by Christ's word. John 12:47-50. Separation in eternity. Matt. 13:47-49. Rewards and punishments. Luke 16:22-26. An eternal home. John 14:1-4. Life everlasting. Gal. 6:7, 8. The love of this world may easily pass into an idolatry, taking the place of the love of God who made this world (v. 15).

Let there be no sadness in the thought that this beautiful world is passing away, for it goes only that a world far more lovely may come (v. 17). The foundation of all permanence is the word of God, and whoever is built thereon shall never be moved (v. 24). If eternal life were a task to be achieved, it would be a hopeless task; but it is a promise, to be received (v. 25).

Suggestions. No man can set before himself a loftier ambition than to live worthily of his own immortality. We show by our reluctance to die how profoundly we value the gift of this temporal life; what, then, should be our delight in eternal life? It is a wise plan to set apart a few minutes at the beginning of every day to think about the endless years, and how the day may help to get ready for them. There are two comrade thoughts which are the greatest that a man can cherish. One is eternity; the other is Christ. Illustrations. If you expected to go to France to-morrow, you would be preparing for your journey. How are you making ready for that sure journey to the next world? Count every drop in the ocean, and let each of them all represent a century; still you will not have begun to count the reaches of eternity. Eternity is like a sun, even now in the sky, but not yet risen over a mountain. We may climb the mountain and see it. Even a page is important if it heralds an emperor; and thus the smallest moment heralds eternity.

Originals. Tea came originally from India. Sugar came from China. Yeast bread was made first in England. Tobacco was a common weed first grown by the Indians in Virginia. Forks for eating were first used in Italy. They were needed for rolling up macaroni. Gunpowder was used by the Chinese shortly after the death of Christ. Mirrors with silvered backs were invented by Praxiteles 228 years before Christ. The backs of our mirrors of to-day are painted with a composition, a miserable cheap stuff that soon peels off. Illuminating gas was invented in England in the eighteenth century. The original waterproof corn meal was an invention of Belshazzar when Rome was besieged by the Goths in 555.—New York Press.

Cheaper Rate Than the Doctor's. A few years ago, on Sutter street, in San Francisco, an ambitious young Japanese had a little store stocked with goods imported from his native land. In his show window was a stack of decorated wash bowls, and leaning against their front was a cardboard sign bearing in stenciled letters the announcement: "Use Bowls, fifty cents a set."—Lippincott's.

WOMAN'S REALM
Not Man's Work.

Moonlight and springtime moods all to the contrary, the fact remains that marriage is not man's work, but one of his dearest delusions, from which he parts begrudgingly. Moreover, it is not even necessary to him in the accomplishment of those things which are his work. It is generally held that a woman's dream of prolonging youth is a humanly improbable condition. Happiness as a husband and father has always been his scarcely whispered prayer, his dearest secret hope, toward which all his idealistic yearns. That numerous other and very potent motives enter into men's hearts is not in the least overlooked; it is only claimed that to the average man his future marriage is little more than a very beautiful dream.—Anna A. Roberts, in the Atlantic.

The Queen of Chess. Mrs. Baird, who has been called "The Queen of Chess," has published 1200 chess problems, and no woman has eclipsed the position which she holds in the chess world. She possesses about fifty prizes secured in open competitions, and of them she has said: "These are the product of a combination of labor and recreation. I say labor because I am not such a chess enthusiast as to believe that problems to stand the public test can be produced without persistent application, partaking of the nature of work, and recreation because the work has been a pleasure—how great a pleasure only a problem composer can fully realize." Mrs. Baird's father, mother and two brothers share her enthusiasm for chess. She has other recreations, including archery, tennis and cycling.—Kansas City Journal.

Take Your Choice. Who shall say which is the proper way for a woman to ride a horse, cross-saddle or side-saddle? There are advocates of both methods, but the Eastern eye twinkles with humor at some of the incongruities of the Western methods. A young man of Boston took up life in a Colorado town next door to a dear old lady of seventy. She was of the patient, dotted type, with smoothed, parted hair, knitting or darning always in her hands as she peacefully rocked the hours away on her front porch. The young Bostonian watched her thus and made sentimental conjectures about the sad inertia of her declining days and the helplessness of old age. But when the morning work was done, knitting laid aside and dinner eaten, this gay girl put on divided skirt and sombrero, called a pony, lightly threw a leg over the Mexican saddle and loped off to see her friends.—Woman's World.

Chinese Girl to Attend College. Chinese women who have been educated in America will receive a distinguished recruit when Miss May Liang Cheng, the only daughter of Sir Chenting Liang Cheng, the Chinese Minister to the United States, returns to her native land. Miss Cheng is a particularly bright young woman and has attracted much attention in Washington. It is announced that the piquant little Celestial maiden will be educated in Barnard College, although it is said Welles College, Aurora, N. Y., is a possible candidate for the honor of instilling the ideas of Western civilization into the pretty Miss Liang's head. While Cheng is the alma mater of Li Hung Chang's granddaughter, Miss Li, now Mrs. Blon, Miss Cheng is under sweet sixteen and dresses in Oriental style, as becomes the daughter of the Chinese representative to this country. She speaks English and has shown marked ability in music, says the Broadway Magazine. The Minister has a summer home in the diplomatic colony at Amherst, Massachusetts, although it is unofficially announced that he will return to China for a period of mourning prescribed by the customs as a mark of respect for his recently deceased mother. In that event he will be succeeded by Liang Tuen-Ten, a Yale graduate, and Miss Liang will be left to complete her education in charge of Mrs. Kwai, wife of the secretary of the legation.

The Woman of To-Day. Writing on the subject, "Is There an American Type of Feminine Beauty?" in Everybody's, James Huxeker says: "Twenty-five years ago blonde women (real blondes) were far from rare; a careless observer can see at the present that American women in pigmentation are becoming darker. Up in New England, out in certain parts of the West, the thin, nervous, plain-featured, earnest, underfed and overworked female was in the majority. Her voice reached us across picket fences, her hand was in every pie. Above all, she sang in church on Sundays! When Mr. James and Mr. Howells began to write of her she was already vanishing. Where has she gone? You encounter isolated specimens to-day, and her feminine contemporaries make mock of her queer bonnet and her Puritan conscience. "Every decade is adding its quota of derangement of the normal nature of woman—as we once saw her. What has become of this average American woman? Where is the waist of yesteryear? Women's hands and feet are larger; the skeletal formation is said to be bigger. They are not afraid of the winds that fan, the sun that freckles. They motor and golf; they swim, row, wrestle. They play Chopin, despite all these things—mirabile dictu! They stand the strain of college study, and there seems to be no marked diminution in the birth-rate. They are taller, broader of chest, and their eyes are as soft as their mother's (for the happy chap, of course). Is there an American type? It would seem so, after these statements. Unluckily for the statistician, the same girl may be seen to-day in Germany, in England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Italy, Austria. Northern women are of splendid physique. The truth is that the feminine movement is worldwide."

English Women. I am an American tourist, not of the wealthy variety which comes here every year, but a man who is making the tour of his life. The greatest surprise I have ever had in my life is the appearance of your women over here. Their beauty, elegance and smartness is a revelation to me. The fact of the matter is that we Americans are so fed up on a lot of bunkum in regard to our women that we honestly believe there is nothing worth seeing in that line outside U. S. A. After cruising around pretty extensively this summer I say without hesitation that London beats the world with her women. The surprise is not so much that they are good looking; it is generally admitted that English women take the palm for regular, delicate features and for good complexion; but their dress, chic, or general get-up, their style, chic, or whatever you choose to call it, is what I came here for. Since I came here I also notice that the American women have gone off on a wrong tack in the matter of dressing. Their style is too stiff, too artificial. The finished product, such as represented by the London women of to-day, is more attractive than anything that can be seen in any city in America.—G. F.; a letter evidently written in the office of the London Evening News.

For God's Sake, Stop!

From the Reader: The killing of people on railways continues to make a horrible record. Rather more than a death for every hour of the day and ten persons maimed for every sixty minutes is something a people not seared against slaughter should find to trouble sleep until it is remedied. Every ninety minutes there is a collision or derailment. During a year there is one of these accidents for every sixteen miles of track. Of employees or railways one out of every twenty-eight is injured every year, and one out of every 371 is killed. If this is true of railway employes in general, the risk in the more hazardous branches of the business must be terrific. If the people killed and maimed were placed along the trackage of the United States at regular intervals, there would be a fresh grave every twenty-one miles, every year, and a cripple every two or three miles. In twenty-one years the gravestones would become milestones, if the slaughter goes on, and the maimed would be within an ordinary city block of each other along every mile of right of way. Such battles as Bull Run, Fort Donelson, Shiloh and Gettysburg fill us with horror and consternation, as we hear or read of withdraws of slain, streams running red to the sea and the sickening waste of human life. But for the year ending March 31, 1906, the railways of the United States killed and wounded 95,801 people, while the killed, wounded and missing of both Confederates and Federals for the battles of Gettysburg, Shiloh and the first battle of Bull Run all combined amount to the less heart breaking total of 32,306. The worst (or best) of it is that other nations run their railways without this daily carnage. Why do we?

WORDS OF WISDOM. People good enough for self-government have it. The old world may be wrong, but it cannot be righted in a day. Independence in men or in nations is an achievement, not a bequest. There is only one thing worth fighting for, and that is freedom. Humanity enjoys more freedom to-day than ever before since the world began. Every government exists by the consent of the governed, and people get about the kind of government they deserve. If some men had not questioned the justice of the law and defied the law, there would be to-day no such thing as freedom. The law in America is for the people, of the people, and by the people, and when this is not the case the people are themselves to blame. We are all just getting rid of our shackles. Listen closely anywhere, even among the honest and intellectual people, and you can detect the rattle of chains. For the first time in the history of the world, it is the general feeling of mankind that freedom of thought and speech is a good thing, and that the masses can safely be trusted with it. No power is great enough to blind the mind—thought forever escapes. Give civil liberty to all, not by approving all religions, but by permitting in patience what Providence allows.—From "Thoughts on Liberty," by Elbert Hubbard, in Lippincott's.

Bacteria in Milk. Still more important than the mere carriage of dirt or filth, stands the power of milk to give lodgment and nutrition to the bacterial hosts. These bodies are about us everywhere, lurking in the dust of the window-sill, floating in the sunshine, lying on the ground; they exist in such countless hordes that words like billion or quintillion utterly fail of significance when the number in an area of any size is to be considered. These invisible myriads of the air, moreover, increase with tremendous rapidity once they encounter favorable conditions for growth, such as moisture, warmth and food. All these are furnished an open milk pail, and the whirling masses which have been lying in the refuse of the barnyard pour down upon the liquid as the destroying Huns of Attila poured down upon Europe.—Hollis Godfrey, in the Atlantic.

Exclusive Privilege. The late General Shafter used to enjoy telling how, during the Civil War, several wounded officers and a few privates were going up the valley of Virginia, when a rain came on, forcing all hands to take refuge all night in a school house. It chanced that during the night a skunk had found its way under the floor, and by and by had announced its presence after its well known effective manner. The officers all waked up, but, being gentlemen and each supposing that the others were still asleep, they kept silent. At last one of the privates, a German, could restrain himself no longer. "Mein Gott!" he exclaimed. "Dis is awful! Dey sleeps and I wakes, and I haf got to shmell it all!"—Lippincott's.

A Waste. Bobby's mother was often distressed by her small son's lapses from correct speech; all the more because his reports from school were always so good. "Bobby," she said plaintively one day, "why do you keep telling Major to 'set up' when you know 'sit up' is what you should say?" "Oh, well, mother," Bobby answered, hastily, "of course I have lots of grammar, but I don't like to waste it on Major when he doesn't know the difference, being a dog."—Harper's Weekly.

In France 4,000,000 tons of potatoes are annually used in the manufacture of starch and alcohol.