

**JUBAL AND TUBAL CAIN.**  
Jubal sang of the wrath of God  
And the curse of thistle and thorn—  
But Tubal got him a pointed rod  
And scrambled the earth for corn.  
Old—old as that earthly mold,  
Young as the sprouting grain—  
Yearly grows the strife between  
Jubal and Tubal Cain.

Jubal sang of the golden years  
When wars and wounds shall cease—  
But Tubal fastened the hand long spear  
And showed his neighbors peace.  
Now—now as the Nine Point Two,  
Older than Lamech's slain—  
Root and branch the feud avowed  
Tubal and Jubal Cain.

Jubal sang of the new-found sea,  
And the souls its waves divide—  
But Tubal hollowed a fallen tree  
And passed it to the farther side.  
Black—black as the hurricane wrack,  
Salt as the under-main—  
Bitter and cold is that late they hold—  
Jubal and Tubal Cain!

Jubal sang of the cliffs that bar  
The path that none may crown—  
But Tubal clambered by jut and scar,  
And there he builded a town.  
High—high as the Passus lie,  
Low the culverts drain—  
Wherever they be they can never agree—  
Jubal and Tubal Cain.  
—Rudyard Kipling.

## STEALING A GRANDMOTHER

By HUGH PENDEXTER.

When I got home that night my wife met me at the door with a bright face and told me that she had received a letter from her grandfather stating that her grandmother would leave on the morrow to visit us, and would I mind meeting her at Isworth. I had never met the relative in question, but from my wife's ample discourse I had conceived her to be a little, gracious, old lady, whom any man would be pleased to love—as a grandmother. At this period of my married life I had been thoroughly subjugated by my other half, and at once acquiesced in the veiled mandate by expressing great pleasure in leaving my work for a day to meet the grandmother.

"The city editor may not like my asking for a day off, you know," I remarked, even while giving in.

"Indeed," she sniffed, "is that material?"

"Not a bit," I hastened to answer. "He is a very immaterial person."

"Then, dear, you go. I have in my letters described you so explicitly that she will be sure to know you. Any way, you will recognize her, for she is the dearest, sweetest woman—"

"Old woman," I corrected.

"Elderly woman in the world."

"How does she look?" I asked, wishing to get a few pointers.

"Oh, lovely! When you see a little mite of a thing with the dearest gray hair and the brightest eyes in the world; a woman that—an elderly woman—you can feel like giving a good hug, you'll know that's grandma."

"She's sure to come?"

"Why, yes, quite sure. If for any reason she cannot, grandpa will telegraph."

In the morning I went down and made my peace with the city editor. When I left him he looked extremely doubtful, and he has told me since that from my conversation he had absorbed the impression that some relative of mine had passed away and that I was going to bring the body home.

Isworth was a junction and nothing else. A solitary grocery store and postoffice combined stood a little way from the station, while far and near a dense growth of alders completed the air of desolation. The down train from Waterville had already pulled in, and on leaving the car I had only to enter the low waiting room to find the object of my journey.

As I opened the door a tall, gaunt woman, dressed in funeral black, arose and accosted me in a deep, husky voice.

"Is this James?"

"Yes," I answered dreamily. "I am James, and is this—this—grandma?"

"Young man, it is."

I approached timidly for my welcoming kiss, for my wife had cautioned me in regard to this very minutely.

Grasping my intentions and deciding that they were honorable, she raised a heavy black veil and gave me a sort of perfunctory sort of a smack. She was fully as tall as I, and would weigh, I concluded, just one hundred and ninety-eight. And this stern visaged woman was the one destined to inculcate in my being an irrepressible desire to fold her to my bosom and lavish upon her lips grandfilar kisses! She eyed me sadly for a minute and then remarked:

"I had hoped Eliza's gal had got a better favored man."

My countenance must have expressed sorrow, for she said:

"But you hain't to blame for your looks. I only hope that you are better than Henry was."

I dropped the black monster supposed to contain her personal effects and gasped weakly:

"Henry?"

"Yes, Henry. Her first, you know."

How we got aboard the home train I never knew. My wife's first! We had only been married a year, and coming from a distant State I had seen my wife only six months prior to our marriage. It was impossible that she could have been married before meeting me. I had to conclude that I was bringing home a crazy grandmother.

"Henry was a varmint," he remarked, after we had arranged divers parcels, among which I remember was a bird cage. "He was a shiftless provider," she continued.

"I'll bet he was," I said altogether dazed. "When did he die?"

"No sitch luck. He ain't dead. He's still kitin' 'round th' country scumers."

A queer kind of a feeling took me by the throat. I knew that she was crazy, but still my throat felt horribly.

"I brought along some catnip for the cats," she said at last, pointing to a paper bag.

"Oh, but you know that we haven't any."

"Killed 'em, eh? Jest as well. I drowned three 'fore I ketches the cats this mornin'."

"Oh, my wife! Even if the 'Henry' part were a hallucination, to think of the dearest little old lady in the world coming in to see you with the blood of three cats upon her hands, too!"

"Well, grandpa, you must make us a good, long visit. Grandpa can't see you again until he comes after you." I had determined to be just as cordial as if she had been the personification of daintiness.

In my mind but that my wife was the sweetest little woman in the world, but I wished she had been at home. Of course my grandma was crazy, and yet I felt badly to think of "Henry's kitin' round over the country." He ought, even in hallucinations, to be dead.

On inquiring, Mrs. Engels informed me that my wife had gone to spend the night with our old friends, the Atelys. This was a little too much. Did she fear to face me, now that I had learned the truth?

A hansom quickly took me to the Atelys, and I brusquely asked for my wife.

"Why, James, dear, back? Didn't you get my telegram at Isworth?"

"I did not," I replied, not noticing her advances to give me a carcase.

"Why, I wired that grandma was not coming until to-morrow morning, and that you were to stay over and wait for her. But I'll put on my things and come home."

Once we were inside the carriage I asked:

"How much longer is this farce to continue? Do you think I am of the same calibre as 'Henry'?"

She began to cry softly.

"Perhaps you imagine that the occult influence of Durgin Hill has captivated me," I suggested. She was now weeping violently.

"Or possibly the fact that grandma has killed three cats this morning ought to squelch me."

"Oh, James, you have told me so many times that you never would and I believed you."

"Never would what?"

"Drink."

Visions of grandpa's cider were evidently before her. Perhaps she thought that the most lovable lady in the world had brought me down a jugful.

"And you met him in haying time," I remarked.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear! I only wish mother or grandmother was here."

"Grandma is here," I replied bitterly. "So is the catnip and the little bird and the seed onions and God knows what else."

"Stop! I will no longer ride in the same carriage with you! What a beast run can make of a man! Terrible! terrible!" But we had reached our house now, and she ran ahead of me up the steps.

"Why! this hain't Eliza's gal!" I heard our guest cry out.

"And this surely is not grandma!" my wife exclaimed.

**Emotional Plumes.**  
They nod.  
They flirt.  
They beckon.  
They tremble.  
They toss wildly.  
They crouch abjectly.  
Their colors express as much.  
There's the blue of hope, the white of innocence.  
There's the crimson of passion and the black of despair.  
A conflagration is seen in shaded smoke, yellow and magenta.  
A symphony of spring flutters through sky blue and pale greens and yellows.—New York Globe.

**The Little Mother of a City.**  
Dr. Garrett Anderson, the newly elected Mayor of Aldeburgh, in England, is a woman, a widow, and apparently not a suffragette. She has just presided at her first official banquet.

"I shall try all I can," she said in effect, "to be a motherly sort of housekeeper to this town, of which we have every right to be proud."

There is something about this expression, "a motherly sort of housekeeper," pleasantly suggestive of orderly and economical processes.—New York World.

**Policeman Watches Excursionists.**  
Norway has the distinction of possessing the only genuine "woman policeman," duly commissioned, regularly patrolling a post.

She is Miss Nigron, is scarcely out of her teens, to judge by her looks, and does not give the impression of being very athletic, though she is by no means frail. Her station is on the Island of Noskum, where she owns a small farm.

Her duty is to guard the Government's agricultural experiment station, drill grounds and quarry, and especially to see that excursionists commit no depredations.—Young Woman.

**Women Should Help Rule.**  
That women should have an equal share in the Government was a part of Mayor Johnson's speech before the Temple Club at the Temple, in Cleveland, Ohio. His subject was "The Making of a City," and in the discussion he said that since women must obey the laws equally with men and must pay their share of the taxes, they should be given the right of franchise.

It is not the character of the buildings, the size of a city or the dollars it has in its treasury that makes it great, it is the men and women, their spirit, their civic pride, that make a city. The axiom that people are governed as they deserve is true in every particular.

**Fewer Umbrellas.**  
The women in London are said to be using fewer umbrellas, because, to save their finery, they can always run into tea-shops, omnibuses and underground railways. At the same time the American traveler finds the average woman in London when outdoors dressed with far more regard for bad weather and dirty streets than New York women. In spite of the tyrannical decrees of fashion climate will not be denied in prescribing the style of costume.

But British footgear will help to preserve the traditions of the race, even if the umbrella tends to take its place in literature and the museum along with the sedan chair of Queen Anne's day and the small men wore one hundred years ago.—New York World.

**Gift of House to Eva Booth.**  
Commander Eva Booth, just recovered from an illness due to overwork, went to the Salvation Army headquarters to receive the deed to a large house and a half acre of ground at Long Branch, N. J., a gift to the corporation in recognition of her birthday anniversary. The property is valued at about twenty thousand dollars. The giver is a woman who saw the fresh air camp of the army at North Long Branch last summer and decided to recognize it in a practical way. There are no stipulations in the gift.

Commander Booth also signed her approval of the plans for a new girls' boarding house or hotel at Los Angeles, Cal., to cost \$95,000. The new cottage at the army's orphan colony at Spring Valley, N. Y., has been completed, at a cost of \$20,000.—New York Tribune.

**One Woman Jailer.**  
There is only one official woman jailer in the world. Her name is Jenny Porchet, and she lives in Switzerland. She is governor and warden of the prison of Aigle, in the Rhone Valley.

It came about in this way: Thirty years ago Mme. Porchet married the chief warden of the prison, and soon proved to be a help-meat indeed, for, being a strongly built woman and with proper notions of discipline, she made as good a jailer as her husband and more than once did his work when he was ill or away. So when he died the authorities asked her to take his place permanently, and she accepted.

All the year round the Aigle prison contains from twelve to twenty male prisoners, sentenced to terms of imprisonment ranging from three months to three years, and although the woman jailer has no assistants

# WOMAN'S REALM

she has never had any trouble with the prisoners—except, indeed, on one occasion, many years ago, when a burly ruffian attacked her. Mme. Porchet taught him a lesson in good behavior that confined him in the hospital for several weeks.

Strict disciplinarian though she is, the woman jailer has the kindest of hearts and takes great interest in her "guests," as she calls them. Many a prisoner has been set on the straight path again by her wise and kindly advice.—Tit-Bits.

**Listening One Way to Be Popular.**  
Get over the idea that the world cares a rap about how many times you dreamer make Grace Peters behaved the last time you met her. These are subjects of vital interest to you—and to you alone.

The girl who seeks the road to popularity is more apt to find it along a silent lane of attentive listening than on the glaring highway bristling with conversation.

The knowing girl will not tempt fate by monologues on her own happenings, but she will keep an interested face and silent tongue while her friends relate at length the things that have come their way.

The very young cannot see the reason why silence for the goose is not always sauce for the gander. They say, other girls and men talk personalities why should not I?

With age comes the knowledge that personalities are rarely of moment to any but the talker, but the girl who has the happy knack of keeping her own affairs to herself while assuming, or having, an interest in the affairs of others, is the girl who makes friends.

To be a good listener does not simply mean not talking. The deaf mute or the stupid could do as well. It means knowing when not to talk.

If you want a man who is fond of the sound of his own voice to think you the most attractive girl he knows give him the floor and keep alert enough to smile or nod approval.

One is not a good listener who is content with not bursting into a conversation or not interrupting a bore.

**White Cabbage.**—This recipe recommends itself for its simplicity. Take a peck of quartered cabbage; put a layer of cabbage and a layer of salt, let it remain overnight; in the morning squeeze them and put them on the fire, with four chopped onions covered with vinegar; boil for half an hour, then add one ounce of turmeric, one gill of black pepper, one gill of celery seed, a few cloves, one tablespoonful of allspice, a few pieces of ginger, half an ounce of mace and two pounds of brown sugar, also four tablespoonfuls of mustard. Let it boil half an hour longer; let cool and put away for use in stone pots.

**Our Cut-out Recipe.**  
Paste in Your Scrap-Book.

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# Household ...Matters

**Window Ledges.**  
The men helpers of a household would not dread to look up at night if they always felt sure that the ledges and locks of the windows were kept free from dust with a damp cloth.—New Haven Register.

**A Treated Duster.**  
A big piece of cheese cloth wrung out of turpentine and dried is almost a magic duster. It accumulates all dust, does not scatter it and at the same time brightens everything it touches.—New Haven Register.

**Stitching Braids.**  
When putting braid on the bottom of a skirt, if the braid is first stitched double, then hemmed on the facing by the edges with the folded side projecting just a fraction of an inch below the skirt, it will wear twice as long as when put on the old-fashioned way of having a single edge below the skirt.—Woman's Life.

**A Useful Time Saver.**  
Here is a "time saver" that should be more universally known, particularly by the busy business woman and home dressmaker. When cutting out, instead of taking time to pin the pattern all round so carefully, place one or two weights (small flatirons will do) on the pattern. It answers every purpose of pinning and even more, as the weight keeps the dress goods in position and prevents pulling.—Boston Post.

**To Open Bag of Sugar Easily.**  
Place the bag of sugar in front of you, right side up, with the chain stitch at the left. With a pair of scissors, cut one stitch on the plain side. Now take one end from the front, between the thumb and finger of the right hand, and one end on the back, between the thumb and finger of the left hand. Pull on them at the same time, and the entire length will come out. If you wish the bag for any other use, turn wrong side out, and remove all the stitching the same way. Be sure and have the chain stitch at the left.—Boston Post.

**Take Time to Wash.**  
The hurried movements incident to modern commercial life interfere in more ways than one with hygienic living. The urban resident who bolts his breakfast and hurries off to his indoor business or professional engagements deprives himself of one of the most important elements in the maintenance of his vital energy and mental activity. Vigorous walking is a good form of body exercise. It tends to increase the normal activity of every organ and function of the body. Were it more generally and actively engaged in by both sexes the necessity for gymnasia and other artificial substitutes would not be apparent.—American Cultivator.

**The Secret of Washing Gloves.**  
"The only trouble about these wash gloves," said the lady, "is that they dry, after washing, so very stiff and boardlike." The salesman wrapped the soft, pale yellow gloves in tissue paper. "That is easily remedied," he said. "I'll tell you how to wash gloves so that they will dry soft and pliable, the same as new. After you have rinsed them quite clean, dip them in a final bath of fresh water and rub plenty of soap into them, drying them without rinsing this last soap out. The soap left in the gloves makes them wonderfully soft—they don't then need, after drying, to be rubbed soft with ten or fifteen minutes' hard labor. This soap secret being used, wash gloves are quite perfect. It is no wonder they are completely superseding the expensive kid glove, for they are half as cheap again and their washing is so easy—do them at bedtime, toss them on the radiator, and in the morning they are ready to put on."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

**Life's Gracious Opportunity.**  
Life is not sufficiently regarded as mainly opportunity for character building and testing. But we are to use life as essentially designed, not for getting and holding, but for acquiring soul-worth, in which lies salvation. By faith and love and prayer—by labor, by philanthropy, by self-culture, mental and spiritual—we are to seek unguessed treasures, wisdom and strength. We shall travel this way but once, and if we fail to get out of life what it was meant to yield us, we fall miserably. What largeness of salvation; what boundlessness of God's love; what sense of sacred nearness in His presence; what ineffable beauty in Jesus; what sublime victories for His Kingdom; what length and breadth and depth and height of spiritual privilege may come to us all if we cultivate the expectant and receptive mood.—Levi Gilbert, D. D.

**Watch What You Do.**  
What you are is of no moment, but only what you are doing there. It is not the place that enables you, but you the place; and this only by doing that which is great and noble.—Petarch.

**A Conceited Conscience.**  
The worst thing in the world is a conceited conscience. You cannot reason with a man who is afflicted. A man so troubled will apply the touch and the sword, forgetting entirely that hatred and death have no place in God's plan.

**The Blessings Multiplied.**  
He that saveth his time from fleshly lusts, shall lose it; but he that loveth his time, in communication with God, shall find it in a life of multiplied blessings.—Wilder.

**Out of Business.**  
"Lady, would you be kind enough to hand me out a piece of bread and a cold potato? I haven't had a bite to eat for two days."

"Dear me! How does it happen that you are forced to beg, when business is booming everywhere? Have you no trade—no profession?"

"Yes, ma'am, I have a profession, but it's no use any more."

"What is your profession?"

"I'm a New York bookmaker, lady."—Chicago Record-Herald.

## True Brotherhood.

THE common wealth of humanity—it is in the sky and stars, in the fields and the brooks, in the heaven-reaching summits and the boundless sea. Beauty everywhere, there can be no trust in beauty. Beauty is yours and mine and all men's. There can be no corner in the sources of inspiration. The blossoming of the apple trees—all can see it. The singing of the birds—all can hear it. The time was—in some parts of the world the time still is—when thought and thought products were denied to the masses; but in this blessed country of ours thought may come like a full-blown rose flushing every brow. Mental discipline, the books which sum up and record the thought of the past—who so poor but the opportunity of schooling awaits him, and the public library opens its doors for his entrance. The world of thought—what so precious! and it belongs to the common wealth of humanity. Still more is love—something as universal as human nature itself. One sees it everywhere and feels it everywhere, in the most refined and cultured walks of personal ease and comfort, as truly where poverty shares its troubles and sorrows and struggles along over its oftentimes stony way. Love, sweet, pure, sincere love—it is the greatest thing in the world, ready in some form for the soul that can climb to it and make it its own. All these things are the supreme and inestimable wealth in the brotherhood of souls. Not but that money is necessary, and houses and lands and clothing and food material pleasure, and recreation are necessary. No one should despise these; but the supreme bond in the brotherhood of souls is the appreciation and love of the higher, more inspiring, more beautiful things.—Rev. Frederick A. Hinckley.

have been Baptists for ten generations. Why, your grandfather, when he's filled to the nozzle with cider, will curse a Universalist on sight. That's his one good point; he don't go back on his religion. An' I tell you, young man, that in the future you an' Eliza's gal will 'tend out on the Baptists' meetin's."

I shuddered as I thought of her declaration to grandpa, "Mebbe you'll see me 'fore spring, an' mebbe you won't."

"What do you do with your evenings?" she asked, adjusting her spectacles.

"Oh, I always stay at home evenings," I replied, glad of a chance to appear in a favorable light. "We have a quiet game of euchre, or invite in some of the neighbors and play whist, you know."

"Them's games you play with keards, eh?" she asked gloomily.

I saw my finish as I weakly answered "yes."

"Oh, the sorrier of it! Eliza's gal playin' at keards! Never in Henry's day did she do that! But jest wait! We'll see if a little moral influence can't stop sitch dideoes jest as soon as I get settled," and the light of conquest flashed from her cold, gray eyes.

With a sigh of relief I helped her into a cab when we reached the station, and told the driver my number.

To my surprise no bright-eyed wife bounded down the steps to meet us; instead, the house was gloomy and dark. And what's more, when I mounted the stairs I found the door locked. I could appreciate the spirit that prompted my wife to keep the grandmother out, but I thought it was rather hard on the husband. However, I used my latchkey and ushered grandma in. I was pleased to note that the lighting of the gas impressed my relative quite a deal.

"Hain't there no danger of that bustin'?" Hain't kersine be safer?"

I quitted her a bit, and then snapped a few parlor matches to complete the effect. Then I set out to find my wife. She was not in the house. I returned to the sitting room and found grandma hanging the bird cage to a hook, while the inmate croaked feebly.

"Where's Eliza's gal?"

"She must have stepped out to the neighbor's," I explained, "but make yourself at home and I will look her up."

My head was in a whirl. My wife's desertion, the question of "Henry the fust," were problems I could not solve. There was no doubt

"Well, who in the name of the Evil One is it?" I muttered to myself.

Just then a man stepped up to the door, grinning broadly.

"My name's James Whitten, an' I guess my wife's grandmother's here, eh? They told me at the station that she was brought here. I had calkulated on meetin' her at Isworth, but missed my train," and he laughed at the excellence of the joke. And I laughed. Never has anything since struck me so deliciously good.

The real grandma was all that my wife had pictured, and my wife went in person to meet her. She can no longer trust me. My first name is James, and my mother-in-law happens to be named Eliza, but none of us ever lived on Durgin Hill, and my wife now feels assured that I never drank.

"Henry, the fust," is, I suppose, still "kitin' round the country," but we have never met him, and yet my grandma, dear old lady, often moves her spectacles and wipes away the tears as we talk over my wife's first marriage.—Portland Transcript.

**The Next Census.**  
It will require an army of 70,000 people to take the thirteenth census in 1910. The task of making the enumeration of the 90,000,000 people in the United States, Alaska, Hawaii and Porto Rico and in Guam, Samoa and the Panama Canal zone will be one of enormous proportions. It will be the most gigantic work of enumeration that has ever been attempted in this or any other country, and it is intended to reach the acme of correctness and thoroughness. Not merely a count and compilation concerning the population alone, it will include a census of agriculture, manufacturing, mines and quarries.—Philadelphia Telegram.

**Indian Birth Rate.**  
According to official returns, the birth rate for the several provinces of India in 1907-1908 was as follows to every 1000: Central provinces, 52.46. The Punjab and United provinces occupy second and third place, respectively. Bengal, 37.70; Assam, 37.01; Madras, 30.8. Bengal was formerly a long way ahead of all the provinces, but has now fallen to fourth place.

The most active tin mining work is being carried on around Kio Mountain and Lincolnton, N. C., and Gaffney, S. C., where machinery has been placed at several mines.

# THOUGHTS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

**WHAT THEN?—TO THE BELIEVER.**  
After the Christian's tears, after his fights and fears,  
After his weary cross, "all things below but loss."  
What then?  
Oh, then, a holy calm, resting on Jesus' arm,  
Oh, then, a deeper love for the pure home above.

After this holy calm, this rest on Jesus' arm,  
After this deepened love, for the pure home above,  
What then?  
Oh, then, work for Him; perishing souls to win;  
Then in presence near, death's darkest hour to cheer.

And when the work is done, when the last soul is won,  
When Jesus' love and power, bring the expected hour—  
What then?  
Oh, then, the rest in Heaven!  
Endless life in endless day, sin and sorrow passed away.

—The Soul Winner.

**"Lo, I Am With You Always."**  
That "always" includes past, present and future. When Christ came into the world to be visibly with men nineteen hundred years ago, it was not His first coming; He was in the world before His birth in Bethlehem. He was in the world even if the world had been made. Before Abraham was Christ in. The light has always been shining in the darkness.

When we think of the unnumbered generations of men that have been born, have lived and died; the nations that have sat in darkness and then passed away before the dawn of what we call history; the multitudes to-day that do not exist so far as Christian nations are concerned, of possible inhabitants of other worlds that science has revealed to us, faith is apt to waver and the thought will come that, after all historic and scientific Christianity is a very small matter. Then it is good to appreciate once more that all things were made by Him and that everywhere and always is the Christ, the fulness of Him that filleth all.

This Christ did not leave the world when He ascended from Olivet. He went only from the sight of those few disciples in order that His might be to millions of believers a wider coming in the Spirit. He is exalted at God's right hand, and you say, "Yes, assuredly a blessed truth, but God's right hand is wherever His power is made manifest, and that is everywhere. Christ is here to-day. I am with you always."

But He added, "Unto the end of the world," the consummation of the age. For the Christ who was before Abraham, who is here to-day, is to be here until He has worked out His own purposes. He shall continue to come until the glorious end which even now He sees in a reality. "I will every knee shall bow and every tongue confess Him."

There is no need that we should here reaffirm our faith in the personal, visible return of the Lord. What most we are concerned with now is that we should be ourselves in the consciousness that He is in the midst of the candlesticks, ruling and guiding history and the progress of His churches. Fearful souls should take fresh courage from the thought that when men are about the King's business and are willing to give up His guidance, He does not fail to lead them into all the truth.

Yet men must ever also remember that that presence of His is a conditional presence—that they must be about His business. The "I" follows "go." The promise which we have quoted is not separated by so much as a period from the Great Commission to Christ's disciples to go and make disciples of all nations. Only to those who go is the promise given.

No man need be without divine wisdom in the ordering of his affairs, but we like to think that most of our "business" societies have with them "his" presence in their deliberations.

I saw when Moses was seeking leadership in bringing a nation out of bondage that he received the promise, "My face shall go with thee." It is when Christians are considering the claims of those who know not our Lord that they may appreciate the pledge, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."—Pacific Baptist.

**Life's Gracious Opportunity.**  
Life is not sufficiently regarded as mainly opportunity for character building and testing. But we are to use life as essentially designed, not for getting and holding, but for acquiring soul-worth, in which lies salvation. By faith and love and prayer—by labor, by philanthropy, by self-culture, mental and spiritual—we are to seek unguessed treasures, wisdom and strength. We shall travel this way but once, and if we fail to get out of life what it was meant to yield us, we fall miserably. What largeness of salvation; what boundlessness of God's love; what sense of sacred nearness in His presence; what ineffable beauty in Jesus; what sublime victories for His Kingdom; what length and breadth and depth and height of spiritual privilege may come to us all if we cultivate the expectant and receptive mood.—Levi Gilbert, D. D.

**Watch What You Do.**  
What you are is of no moment, but only what you are doing there. It is not the place that enables you, but you the place; and this only by doing that which is great and noble.—Petarch.

**A Conceited Conscience.**  
The worst thing in the world is a conceited conscience. You cannot reason with a man who is afflicted. A man so troubled will apply the touch and the sword, forgetting entirely that hatred and death have no place in God's plan.

**The Blessings Multiplied.**  
He that saveth his time from fleshly lusts, shall lose it; but he that loveth his time, in communication with God, shall find it in a life of multiplied blessings.—Wilder.

**Out of Business.**  
"Lady, would you be kind enough to hand me out a piece of bread and a cold potato? I haven't had a bite to eat for two days."

"Dear me! How does it happen that you are forced to beg, when business is booming everywhere? Have you no trade—no profession?"

"Yes, ma'am, I have a profession, but it's no use any more."

"What is your profession?"

"I'm a New York bookmaker, lady."—Chicago Record-Herald.