

Prince and Beggar Maid

By AGNES G. BROGAN

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The little governess held the child in her arms as they rocked to and fro in the firelight.

"Dear," cooed the child, "just one little story, please, of a prince, a princess and a golden castle."

The governess sighed and gazed thoughtfully into the fire.

"The story I would tell tonight," she said, "is of a prince and a beggar maid."

"Was the beggar maid very beautiful?" asked the child.

"The prince has told me so," said the governess.

"Then go on," urged the child, and she did so.

When upon a time in a far country there this little beggar maid tied up her shawl, waved a last goodbye to her empty home and started out on her way to seek her fortune. She would not go very far when in the distance there arose a high mountain, and she had traveled up this mountain side before, but the father had never with her then, to carry her over rough places and to point out the flowers which grew here and there, and she had not known how steep and how the way was. But now the father had gone upon his long journey, she knew that she must make the climb alone, and she was very weary.

Just as evening bells were ringing she reached the top, tired and weary, for—oh, so many things, then she saw that she was standing almost at the gateway of a wonderful golden palace. Here lived the grandmother queen of the golden land, and she was like a beautiful butterfly, and dearest of the princess, Golden Hair.

The grandmother queen looked kindly at the beggar maid as they met.

"Come," she said, "you shall live here, and your prince shall come to see you."

"How beautiful the mother was, but she was so many people that she was here, and everywhere, and the princess was a very lonely little maid, and she was all changed; they had loved each other so much, these two, that now they were very happy."

she could not bear to say goodbye, so she decided to wait until all was very quiet at night, and the princess asleep in her little white bed, then the beggar maid would go into the room very softly and leave a kiss so light that Golden Hair would never know. Then she would steal down the staircase slowly, slowly, to her little old cloak and go out into the world—once more alone.

"Dear," asked the child, "why are you crying?"

"I believe," said the governess, with an odd little catch in her voice, "I believe that I am crying for the poor little beggar maid."

"Oh, Uncle Will," called the child, suddenly as a man emerged from the shadows, "we thought you had gone to the church to-day."

The man came and stood behind the chair, looking down into the face of the governess.

"May I finish the story?" he asked.

"Your voice was low and tender. The girl looked up with wide, startled eyes—then she nodded dumbly.

"Well," the man continued, "this poor sort of a prince knew nothing of a foolish golden queen's chatter, so he wandered about the gardens or moped in the castle, looking always in vain for a certain maid who hid herself in nurseries and out-of-the-way corners until she almost drove the poor fellow distracted. He could not work, you see, or play, or do anything else in the world but think of this one girl who alone could be his princess. And one night the enchantment which had been cast over him became so very great that it led him straight to her side, just in time, I think. He intended to wait as patiently as he could until Golden Hair had been tucked into her little bed, then when his true princess came slowly down the stairs he would clasp her close—never to let her go again, and they would travel away—forever."

"Where would they go?" the child asked drowsily.

The governess laid her face against the child's as she carried her from the room, and the joy in her voice melted into a dream.

"They will journey on and on," she said, "through sunshine and shadow, always together, to the very end of the world."

THE HAND OF GOD

By REV. STEPHEN PAULSON

TEXT—The hand of God is upon all them that seek him for good.—Ezra 8:22.

These words were spoken by Ezra the king Artaxerxes of Babylon. Ezra was sent back to Jerusalem with great stores of gold and silver for the temple. The king offered him a military guard for the journey, but Ezra declared it unnecessary, for, he says, "The hand of God is upon all them for good, that seek him."

Ezra here announces a fact which often passes out of our reckoning. There was a time when fatalism was the general creed and it still lingers in many minds. It is a dreary faith to live by and not true to facts. There is a more beautiful creed and more comforting, and that is the personal providence of a loving father—the hand of God upon all them for good that seek him.

First let us recognize that divine government in our lives is a fact. No one can live and defy God's laws with impunity. Many men seem to think that no notice is taken of their actions, and they go on in their evil ways and apparently prosper. Occasionally one may escape from the justice of human law, but there is no escape from divine law.

The hand of God is a disturbing element. You may be perfectly satisfied with yourself, but God is not satisfied with you. Only to one did he say, "This is my beloved son in whom I am well pleased." There are so many things in our lives that God is not pleased with if his hand is upon us for good. So God never allows us to remain in peace. You would not expect God's government in our lives to be one of indifference and tranquillity.

Do you think, for instance, that God is satisfied with social and moral and political conditions as they are? No, he is not. And therefore God is continually stirring up good men and influencing to battle against evil and oppression and to spread the principles of his kingdom, and there are those who resent this divine interference and make his servants bear the brunt of their displeasure.

The gospel of Jesus Christ is a disturbing element wherever it comes, for it cannot exist side by side with evil and oppression, without striving to oppose and overcome them. That was what Jesus had reference to when he said, "I am not come to send peace upon the earth, but a sword."

China lived in self-satisfied ignorance and darkness. Progress was an unknown word and not desired. The same customs and practices and the same primitive methods had obtained for 2,000 years. Then came the man with the gospel and it proved a disturbing element. Missionaries have sometimes been accused by shortsighted persons of causing disturbance and dissension. The charge is true in so far as they are true to the gospel they preach. It is the eternal and inevitable conflict between light and darkness, between truth and falsehood, between good and evil, between Christ and Satan.

The hand of God in human lives is a progressive element. God disturbs our lives to move them on to something better. With him there is never retrogression. If God asks me to strike my tent today to move yonder, it is because yonder there is a higher possibility, a more glorious outlook.

Progress is not necessarily pleasant. Notice how Moses speaks of the departure from Horeb, where many of Israelites were most willing to remain. "And when we departed from Horeb we went through all the great and terrible wilderness which ye saw by the way of the mountain of the Amorites." It was progress, but it was not pleasant. It was through the great and terrible wilderness. It was difficult progress, but the goal was "Canaan, the land of promise."

There is a beautiful illustration of the hand of God in human lives, in the thirty-second chapter of Deuteronomy: "As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth her young, taketh them, beareth them on her pinions; so the Lord did lead him."

The picture is full of poetry, full of life and truth and beauty. Think over it. The nest is upon a rocky height. The mother eagle comes and takes the eaglets and flings them out of the nest. They scream with fright and begin to fall to the ground. But having stirred up her nest, the eagle spreads abroad her wings. She swoops beneath them, "beareth them on her pinions." She drops them again and again they struggle, but this time not so helplessly. They begin to understand what she means. She is teaching them to fly.

Perhaps circumstances have flung you out until you felt lost in an element that was new and strange to you. Look unto God, who is the help of all who seek him. He spreads out the wings of his omnipotence to protect you. He is teaching you to use the gifts which he has bestowed upon you. There is a purpose in the great wings of the eagle. It is flight. There is a purpose in your life. O child of God. It is flight Godward, sunward, heavenward.

TEMPERANCE NOTES

FOOD DERANGES A STOMACH

Culinary Responsibility From a Temperance Standpoint—Creates Liquor Thirst.

The whole territory of the drink question lies contiguous to that of the food question. It overlaps it in many places. Bad cookery is the unexpected cause of many an aching heart, the insidious destroyer of many a happy home. It incites domestic discord, induces intemperate habits and scatters broadcast the seeds of disease. It is a powerful ally of the saloon and the brothel, and one of the most formidable evils with which civilization and Christianity have to contend.

The largest portion of the daily fare of the American people is inharmoniously prepared or improperly cooked. Consequently, it is indigestible, nutritive and unsatisfying. Such food deranges the stomach, and a deranged stomach is responsible for more misdeeds and sins than a carnal heart, writes Mrs. Emma Ewing in an exchange. Poor coffee induces an unnatural thirst for lager beer. Badly prepared, nutritious food drives thousands to drinking dens, and the recruiting offices of crime are filled with stragglers from poorly provisioned homes.

There is no more important organ in a human being than the stomach, and its needs should be treated with thoughtful consideration. Drunkenness often has its origin in the food one eats. It is safe to say that of the 60,000 drunks who die annually in the United States, a large proportion have the appetite for intoxicating drinks aggravated, if not implanted, by improper food. When people are compelled to live day after day on slack baked bread, heavy pancakes, greasy-sloppy meats, watery vegetables, sloppy coffee, and a long list of wretchedly cooked articles, is it any wonder that a great many of them resort to stimulants for temporary relief from the discomforts and ailments engendered by their diet? A deranged stomach always longs for stimulants, and with such horrible dietetic and culinary conditions as exist everywhere in this country at the present time, why should we be surprised at the prevalence of the drink habit? Bad food has a pernicious influence upon all classes of society, through all the various relations of life; and it is almost impossible for human beings, with appetites depraved and stomachs deranged by such food to lead clean, pure lives.

Good, nutritious, properly prepared food is essential for the production of healthy, well-developed men and women. It is a prominent factor in the development of a high type of Christian life. Eaten in proper quantities, at proper times, it satisfies a healthy stomach perfectly, and leaves no hunger for candy or chewing gum, no longing for cigars or tobacco, no desire for beer or brandy.

A fearful responsibility rests upon the heads of those who have charge of the culinary department of a nation, and it seems to me that along the line of Christian work of every description, but especially along the lines of temperance work, reformatory efforts must prove comparatively fruitless, until a long stop has been taken in the direction of better cookery.

ELISHA RESTORES A CHILD TO LIFE

Sunday School Lesson for Mar. 12, 1911
Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT—II Kings 4:1-18. Memory verses 12-16.

GOLDEN TEXT—"The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."—Rom. 6:23.

TIME—Elisha began his career as a prophet about 800 B. C. But no exact date can be given to the separate stories, as it is not certain that they are arranged chronologically.

PLACES—The Jordan, Jericho, Bethel, some part of Mount Carmel, where Elisha sometimes resided.

The promise of Elisha that if Elisha saw him ascend, then he might know that he was to be his successor had been fulfilled. This might be confirmed by the fact that Elisha's mantle, his familiar prophet-dress, fell from him as he went up in the whirlwind, and was a confirmatory legacy, so that Elisha might appear to the people to be a prophet like his master.

But, like Gideon with the fleece, Elisha would like to make another test before he entered upon his work. He was standing by the River Jordan. The sons of the prophets from Jericho were looking on. The river must be crossed. He held the mantle with which Elisha smote the waters, when a way through them had been opened by Elisha's God. Therefore if he was really Elisha's successor, will the same mantle, the same spirit, the same will to do, then God would open a similar pathway through the river for Elisha. Folding up the mantle, and smiting the waters, as his master had done, he exclaimed, "Where is the Lord, the God of Elisha?" and the way was opened, and assurance was made doubly sure.

Coming to Jericho, where there was a guild of the Sons of the Prophets, Elisha had an opportunity of using his power of service as a prophet. The citizens of Jericho came to him for help because the water supply was very bad for both the people and the land. They brought Elisha a new bowl or dish, and put salt therein, both typical of purity and freshness. Taking these with him he went up the stream to the fountain head a mile and a half from the town, and cast the salt into it, saying, "Thus saith the Lord, I have healed these waters." This clearly shows that the salt was "not the means whereby the healing was wrought, but only as an outward sign to point to the work which was supernaturally performed." Salt would naturally make the water worse, not better; and even if it were helpful, one dish of salt could not purify a spring that supplied a whole city with water, much less make it permanently good. It was like the clay with which Jesus anointed the eyes of the blind man.

One of the sons of the prophets died and left his widow and two sons in poverty. She was so poor as to be in danger of having her children sold as slaves. Her husband may have left her in debt, or she had run in debt, perhaps through her husband's carelessness. Her creditors demanded their money, and as she could not pay it, they threatened to take her two sons for slaves, to work out the debt. In her trouble she appealed to Elisha as the head of the guild, and as one who had been helping others. She had nothing left but a pot of olive oil.

Elisha bade the woman borrow empty vessels from her neighbors, and bringing them into her house, with closed doors, to pour out from her own jar of oil till every dish and jar was full. This oil she was to sell and pay her debt.

The result was according to the prophet's word. Every vessel she had faith enough to borrow was filled with the miraculous oil. Her debt was paid, and her children saved from slavery. According to her faith it was done unto her.

Mother Goes to Elisha for Help—Elisha at this time was at Mount Carmel, 16 miles away. The mother knows the only thing to be done. She calls for one of the servants, has an ass saddled, and presses forward with the utmost speed to the prophet. Elisha knew that only some matter of great importance could bring a woman there. "She caught him by the feet. Gehazi came near to thrust her away." Deeming her impertinent excessive, or such liberties beneath his master's dignity.

Elisha went with the Shunammite to her house, and found the child dead upon the bed in his chamber. "He shut the door upon them twain, and prayed." Thus, like Jacob wrestling alone with the angel for the blessing, could the prophet come into closest communion with God, and learn his will. Prayer makes the heart a channel for God's blessings. Gifts through prayer are doubly blessed, the spiritual life is increased, the character sanctified.

"And he went up, and lay upon the child." He used whatever means were in his power, though the means alone could never have brought the child to life. So James tells the older who pray with the sick, to also anoint him with oil, one of the commoner remedies of the day. There were faint signs of life.

Then came another season of agonizing prayer, while the prophet walked to and fro. This was a new experience of what the Lord might do through him, and he could not know the Lord's will at once. "The child answered seven times, and . . . opened his eyes." These were the first acts of restored respiration, and they are described as successive steps.

Into every home come hours of bitter sorrow, strange providences which we cannot understand. The door through which help comes is the door of prayer, and the use of means which always belongs with prayer like a twin sister. The mother prayed and put her prayer in action. The prophet prayed and put his prayer in action. The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much. It makes all the difference in the world whether the prophet or Genai is behind the staff. The best thing in a sermon is the man behind it. The most important thing in teaching is the teacher.

FROM THE STATE CAPITAL

Information and Gossip at Harrisburg.

DOINGS OF THE LEGISLATURE.

Brief Mention of Matters as They Occur at the State Capital

Official and Otherwise.

Change of Primary Dates.

Uniform primaries, as an efficient political nomination system, are attacked in the report of the commission to revise and codify the State's election laws, presented to the Legislature. It was offered by Senator Tustin, of Philadelphia, a member of the commission. Personal registration in the first and second class cities is commended, though it is recommended that it be abolished in third class cities, and while the commission is unanimous in condemning the uniform primary system as a political cure-all it is recognized that the system was adopted in response to strong public feeling, and provision is made for its continuance under restrictions which may wipe out some of its deficiencies. While the commission has prepared a complete code of existing laws, arranged in subjects and preserving the language of existing statutes as far as possible, it has treated only two subjects for revision. These are registration and the methods of nominating candidates.

To Abolish Third Degree.

If a bill introduced in the House by Representative Abbott, of Philadelphia, goes upon the statute books of the State, the police practice of wringing confessions from criminals or suspected persons under arrest by "third degree" methods will be prohibited. The bill provides that a person under arrest shall be taken to the nearest police station, but allows, where there is a central police station, a prisoner is to be taken there. One section of the measure makes it mandatory upon the police to furnish any person who may apply for it with a copy of the charges against a prisoner. A prospective crimp is put in the famous Bertillon system of identifying persons placed under arrest, as it declares that prisoner shall not be measured or photographed unless convicted. If the bill passes it will be mandatory upon the police throughout the State to destroy all measurements and photographs of persons not convicted or in their possession.

State Escapes Bill.

William M. Hargest, Deputy Attorney General, gave the State Live-stock Sanitary Board an opinion that the State could not be made to pay any part of the cost of the cattle of I. C. Campbell, of Danville, which were killed during the foot and mouth outbreak in 1908. Campbell was charged with having introduced into the State without a permit the cattle which caused the spread of the disease and cost the State heavy expenditures. Even if the United States Government has paid the man two-thirds of the cost of the herd, there is no reason why the State should pay under the circumstances, holds Mr. Hargest.

State Seal Broker.

The great seal of the Commonwealth, a huge affair half the size of a man and operated by a brake wheel was broken after having faithfully served the State since 1803. The seal is in the office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth and was discovered to have been broken while being attached to the gold disc on the commission of a Justice. The seal was made in this city and representatives of the firm which manufactured it were called in, and arranged for temporary repairs. New mechanism will be provided.

Bill for Direct Elections.

The House Elections Committee members will probably solve an unpleasant dilemma this week by reporting out the bill to permit direct selection of United States Senators. This bill was put in by Representative Jones, of Schuylkill County, who has some other election bills in committee which are causing uneasiness.

Wins Colonial Dames Prize.

Miss Catharine Matchett, of this city, has been awarded the \$25 prize by the Colonial Dames of Pennsylvania for the best essay. The competition was for the whole State and the local committee received word from Philadelphia that Miss Matchett had won with the essay on frontier forts.

Toll Road Bill.

The toll road bill, which has been under consideration in the Highway Committee for the past two weeks, has been purged of its objectionable features and reported out. The committee was unanimous in the recommendation. One feature which was objected to and very quickly eliminated was the giving of jurisdiction in condemnation proceedings to the Dauphin County courts. The change in this provision broadens the jurisdiction to all courts of the State.

Governor Signs Alter Bill.

Governor Tener signed the Alter bill to extend the terms of public officers affected by the Constitutional amendments. It is the plan to have an early test of the law made through a mandamus proceedings.

\$5,000 for Governor's Secretary.

The bill to increase the salary of the private secretary to the Governor to \$5,000 per year was signed by Governor Tener.

Worms

"Worms are certainly fine. I gave a friend when the doctor was treating him for cancer at the stomach. The next morning he passed four pieces of a tape worm. He then got a box and in three days he passed a tape worm 48 feet long. It was Mr. Matt Freck, of Millersburg, Dauphin Co., Pa. I am quite a worker for Cancers. I use them myself and find them beneficial for most any disease caused by impure blood."—Chas. E. Condon, Lewistown, Pa., (Millin Co.)

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sickens, Weakens or Grips. Sick, Sore, Nerveless in both. The genuine tablet stamped C. C. C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back.

Readers of this paper desiring to buy anything advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.

WHO IS TO BLAME

EVIDENTLY HAD HIS DOUBTS

Women as well as men are made miserable by kidney and bladder troubles. Dr. Kilmner's Swamp-Root the great kidney remedy promptly relieves. At drug stores in fifty-cent and dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle by mail free, also pamphlet telling all about it. Address, Dr. Kilmner & Co., Northampton, N. Y.

Odorous Evidence Offered Up by Serious Minded Old-Time Circuit Rider.

A typical old-time "circuit rider" died recently in Alabama—a man whose godly unselfish life will long be remembered. Many were the eccentricities of this rugged old man, and many anecdotes are current among the Methodist ministers of the state concerning him. He was noted for two things—his denunciation of sin in no uncertain tones, and the familiarity with which he addressed the Lord in prayer.

On one occasion he had been preaching in a log meeting house in the pine woods of north Alabama. There were several young fellows on hand who had been celebrating by patronizing a still hard by. After a long, fiery sermon, the preacher made a call for mourners, and soon the rude altar was filled mostly by the afore-mentioned young fellows. The old man looked them over for a moment, and with keen intuition felt that it was perhaps a "lark" on the boys' part, but he knelt to pray.

"O Lord," he began, "here's a crowd of young fellows kneeling round your altar. They've been cursin' and swearin' and drinkin' and spendin' their time in riotous livin', but they've come up here seemin'ly penitent. They look like penitents, Lord, and I hope they are. They weep like penitents, Lord, and I hope you'll forgive 'em if they are; but, O Lord, I declare they don't smell like penitents!"—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

The Point of View.

This is a true story. A certain belle was present at a certain "Cotton Rally." During the "March Parade," her eyes glinted and her whole attitude of rapt attention was as if the music had entranced her very soul. Her whole face was expressive of admiration and intense interest. When the pianist had finished, the escort of Miss "Belle" turned to her and said, "How beautiful!" To which she replied, "Yes, indeed; doesn't it fit her exquisitely in the back? How much do you suppose it cost in Paris?"

Fighting Tuberculosis in Hungary.

The anti-tuberculosis movement was started in 1894, and in 1903 there were five institutions for the treatment of consumption. Today the campaign is encouraged and financed by the government, and over 200 different agencies are engaged in the fight. A permanent tuberculosis museum has been established at Budapest, and a carefully conducted campaign of education is being carried on.

A Way of Getting Even.

Hewitt—When I asked the old man for his daughter's hand he walked all over me.

Jewett—Can't you have him arrested for violation of the traffic regulations?

A Terrible End.

"He met with a hard end."
"How was that?"
"Suffocated by his own hot air in telephone booth."

HONEST CONFESSION
A Doctor's Talk on Food.

There are no falser set of men on earth than the doctors, and when they find they have been in error they are usually apt to make honest and manly admission of the fact.

A case in point is that of a practical farmer, one of the good old school, who lives in Texas. His plans, unvarnished tale needs no dressing up.

"I had always had an intense prejudice, which I can now see as unwarrantable and unreasonable, against all muchly advertised foods. Hence, I never read a line of the many 'ads' of Grape-Nuts, nor tested the food till last winter.

"While in Corpus Christi for my health, and visiting my youngest son, who has four of the roughest, healthiest little boys I ever saw, I ate my first dish of Grape-Nuts food for supper with my little grandsons.

"I became exceedingly fond of it and have eaten a package of it every week since, and find it a delicious, refreshing and strengthening food, leaving no ill effects whatever, causing no eruptions (with which I was formerly much troubled), no sense of fullness, nausea, nor distress of stomach in any way.

"There is no other food that agrees with me so well, or sits as lightly or pleasantly upon my stomach as this does."

"I am stronger and more active since I began the use of Grape-Nuts than I have been for 10 years, and am no longer troubled with nausea and indigestion." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

"There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

BANANA AS A REGULAR FOOD



Thoroughly Deserves the Growing Favor With Which It is Coming to Be Regarded.

For a long time bananas have been used in Europe as food, and particularly so since they have been carried rapidly at relatively low prices and in good preservation, thanks to cold storage.

The bunches of bananas are cut before the fruit is quite ripe, and they are allowed to ripen only during the voyage or on their arrival. Of course these bananas, says M. Winckel in an article in the Paris Journal de Pharmacie et Chimie, have not so fine an odor and taste as in their native country. If, for example, an attempt were made to extract the essential oil of bananas from such fruits only a weak return would be obtained in regard to both quality and quantity.

And when, on the other hand, it is borne in mind that 40 per cent. of the fruit consists of the peel one must admit that it was a very happy idea to import these fruits perfectly ripe and with their entire odor after having dried them; and in a condition in which they contain only a small quantity of water. Bananas preserved in this way are to be found on the market under different names and sold very cheap.

The unripe green banana contains 80 per cent. of starch and only from three to four per cent. of sugar. On the contrary, the ripe fruit contains 70 per cent. of starch and only two per cent. of sugar.

Bananas are digested rapidly and easily, leaving scarcely any waste. They are very suitable to the nourishment of children, owing to the large amount of sugar they contain. Dried bananas are admirably fitted for popular food.

His Qualification.

Two negro men came up to the outskirts of a crowd where the senator was making a campaign speech. After listening to the speech for about ten minutes, one of them turned to his companion and asked, "Who am dat man, Sambo?" "Ah don't know what his name am," Sambo replied, "but he certainly do recommen' himself mes' highly."

RESTORED IN CHRIST

Our Lord once encountered a man who had a withered hand. In spite of the capricious questioning of the Jews, who were in order to silence it, Christ, at the dictate of his own merciful heart, said to the afflicted man, stretch forth thine hand! And when he stretched it forth it was restored whole. The moral is evident—in human society there are many palsied hands—atrophyed powers or unused faculties—needing to be restored to full duty as social ministrants. There is only one way to accomplish this result—use what little power is left in stretching forth the imperfect faculty in the direction of Jesus Christ, who can endue it with fuller life and potency. If in your life there is any loss of efficiency, any withered hand, put it at once into working condition, through Christ's grace, in the line of duty.

ROBBING SALOONS IS LATEST

Dramshop, Where Much of Crime is Fostered, Being Made Victim of Murderous Bandits.

The robbing of saloons is, so far as we have ever had opportunity to observe, a new thing under the sun. The saloon has instigated robberies enough; the "chalice" with a draught more bitter than its own nauseous beer, has never before been "commended to its own lips." Just now in Chicago this is being done. After all, it is whiskey coming home to roost. Never till now, surely, was this quaint simile more appropriate in application. Upon the other hand, changing the metaphor, so to speak, once more, it is a very ungrateful proceeding on the part of the robber himself. When he compels the bartender to "hold up his hands" while he empties the till, it is pointing the revolver at the breast which nursed him.

The saloon is his alma mater. He graduated from there to enter his course of burglary, murder and crimes less nameable, on his way to the penitentiary and the gallows. That he should also victimize those who still are undergraduates, surprising them in the midst of their cups and compelling them to stand ignominiously in a row with their backs against the wall, while he empties their pockets, this, surely, cannot be justified. Was there ever a more contemptible exhibition of human shiftlessness and depravity than upon the one hand the toleration of the saloon, and on the other, the saloon itself?—Chicago Standard.

Edward VII on Temperance.

No one felt more strongly about the importance of abstinence, both in the navy and army, than Edward VII, who, aware that, in accordance with old tradition and custom, the health of the sovereign is drunk each evening at the officers' mess, both on land and at sea, and that any failure to honor it with wine or spirits was regarded as savoring of disloyalty, caused, before his death, a general order to be issued that he did not consider wine or spirits as indispensable to this toast, and that henceforth those holding his commission in the navy and in the army were at perfect liberty to use water in drinking the health of their king.

We hear much of the "force of circumstance." Circumstance, if traced to its source, will be found to be the effect of will.—Mrs. Egerton Eastwick.

Mollifying a Hello Girl

While sitting in the writing room of the Southern hotel in St. Louis the other day, "Tom" McManus, "when he came in, sat down beside the operator in the telephone exchange and said:

"What's the Blank & Blank, please?"

"What's the number?" the girl asked, without once looking up.

"I ain't got no such number as that," said the girl, turning away and looking her book.

"Where you have," the man went on, "know the firm as well as I do. I got a box of candy you've had from . . . where do you think you are, girl?" asked the operator, sav- ingly, in little old Cleveland, of . . . you ain't in little old Cleve- land, you're in little old St. Louis, and from there, snapped the . . .

"Oh, all right, all right, little one, don't get huffy," said the man, drawing a roll of bills from his pocket. "Give me Main 441, Cleveland, if it ain't too much trouble. Don't let a little matter of 500 miles make any ill feeling between you and me."

"And a minute later he was talking to Cleveland."—Cleveland Leader.

Wirelessing to Africa.

Quite recently a large wireless station at Nauen, near Berlin, has maintained communications with a steamer of the Woermann line during the whole of its journey from Hamburg to West Africa, and continued to exchange messages with it after it had come to anchor at the Cameroons. From there to Nauen the distance is roughly 4,000 miles, and the wireless waves had to negotiate such obstacles as the Alps, the Algerian tableland and the mountains of Adamawa. This is by far the best over sea and land record yet made.