

A Young Man's Record

By JEANNE OLIVE LOIZEAUX

When a young man has been in love for a year, when he has been blushing, asked to "ask papa," when he has asked for an interview that he may do that same, when he has no reason to believe that "papa" favors him, when the moment for that interview is at hand—well! That young man would rather charge up San Juan hill five times than knock at the library door and face the within. But for the girl bracing him he might leave the house bareheaded.

Harrison Forrest, twenty-three years old, late of Harvard, athletic, baseball, swimming, some thoughts of law, good family, good fellow and intending to settle down and leave wild oats behind him—that is the young man!

Miss Prue Wilson, twenty, daughter of Banker Wilson, very much in love, afraid of her dignified father, not a bit afraid of her mother, hoping dad will consent, but afraid he won't, in which case it is suicide, cheeks scarlet, heart going pit-a-pat—that is the young woman!

It is the crisis of two lives and no earthquake can postpone it.

Mr. Forrest knocks at the library door. Mr. Wilson bids him enter and he is lost to the view of the girl in the hall. According to precedent she should rush back to the parlor and sit down and shiver and tremble and recall her "Now I lay me down to sleep," but—she does nothing of the sort.

Like a nice, sweet girl she advances to the library door and kneels down and applies her eyes to the keyhole to see and hear what is going on in that fatal room.

"Mr. Wilson," begins the young man as soon as his head stops swimming. "I have asked for this interview to tell you that—"

"You needn't tell me," interrupts the banker, as he holds up a finger. "I have it all here!"

And Mr. Wilson takes a manuscript from a drawer and says:

"I have known for a long time what brought you to this house and have

made something of an investigation, so as to be ready for you. It is by no means complete, but I will read what I have:

"In college football and was an earnest player. Was never perfect in a lesson. Had the reputation of being a sluggard.

"Came near being expelled on several occasions for pranks. Said pranks consisted in damaging property and slugging policemen, with tearing down lamp-posts as a side issue.

"Cleaned out one table d'hôte and two saloons in New York and was stabbed in the arm.

"Ran away with a professor's auto and damaged it. Paid the damage, but evaded the professor.

"Raised a row on a New Haven train.

"Was the principal feature in an amateur boxing contest. Left his man insensible.

"Saved a man in Boston from drowning, but slugged two policemen 15 minutes later.

"Famously well to do and respectable. Young man may turn to law, or he may turn to the prize ring."

"Said to date on his mother, but was fined \$25 for rooting up a sidewalk at Fall River."

Mr. Wilson read that far and then laid the report aside and looked at the young man for a long minute before saying:

"I was not troubled that way, Mr. Forrest!"

"But—but—"

"When do you enter the roped arena to meet all comers?"

"But I'm no sluggard. All these things just happened so. I have put them all behind me."

"Until you meet the next policeman! Mr. Forrest, you came to ask my consent to wed my daughter. I cannot give it."

"But if I change—if I have changed—if I no longer slug any more—if I am no longer troubled with exuberance of spirits—?"

"Please consider this interview at an end, Mr. Forrest. I hope for your mother's sake you will change."

"And he gave his consent!" whispered Miss Prue, who was waiting in the hall for her lover to reappear.

"No, and he never will! He thinks I'm a sluggard and a loafer."

"How dare he! How dare he!"

"Oh, he dared, all right. He didn't seem a bit embarrassed over it. He same as called me a prize fighter."

"And you so gentle that you wouldn't hurt a fly! Well, we won't elope, and we won't commit suicide. You just wait. That father of mine is going to get a talking to."

The father got it, but it did not change the situation, except he hoped that Mr. Forrest, for the sake of his parents, would give up slugging and take to the law and become a credit to the bench and bar. If he did this, and after five or ten or fifteen years, proved that he had recovered from his exuberance of spirits, why he might come around and talk.

Miss Prue was not found dead at the end of a rope in the garret next morning. They don't do that way nowadays. They write a little note and smuggle it out of the house and then have a feeling that their angel grandmother is looking down from heaven and will somehow bring things around all right. In this instance, Miss Prue's angel grandmother was on the spot and saw her way clear.

Mr. Forrest did not call again. He did not propose an elopement nor plan the death of the banker. If he was a sluggard he was an honorable one. Besides, he also had a grandmother up there. She was a hustler and schemer when alive, and he believed he could depend upon her now.

Mr. Wilson was interested in a marble quarry, and occasionally drove out there to see how things were going. There had been a cut-down in the wages of the men. Too much money was being sent back to Italy. Two weeks after breaking Mr. Forrest in two he started to visit the quarry and settle the trouble if he could, and Miss Prue accompanied him. At about the same time the despairing lover started out from somewhere in his auto for a spin. His route passed the quarry.

The banker arrived to find seven or eight hands hanging around and grumbling, while a dozen more had packed up and departed. A strike had been declared. He stood up in his auto and ordered. He showed that a cut in wages always made the wage-earner more economical, and was therefore a good thing, and he was going on to prove several other things when the men made a dash for him and hauled him out of the machine. They had just begun to pound him up right smart when another auto arrived on the scene, and he had a dim remembrance of hearing his daughter cry out:

"Oh, it's Harry—my Harry! Oh, Harry, they are killing dad!"

This was the situation that the two angel grandmothers brought about. Couldn't be better. Mr. Harrison Forrest was out of his machine and slugging away, one, two, three, inside of ten seconds. The enemy went down. The enemy clutched and slashed at him. The enemy was punched until it fled. And Mr. Wilson sat up in the road and saw it all, and heard Miss Prue's words of commendation and exultation. And when the enemy had been lambasted the banker arose and extended his hand to the young man and quietly observed:

"I thought you were to quit slugging!"

"But this was a special occasion, you see!"

"Oh, I understand. Well, you might call this evening and make it another special occasion, and I shall expect you to take up law the very first thing in the morning."

And Miss Prue reached out and patted her father on the shoulder. "You are the best ever," she said.

Accepted.

"The position requires a high degree of courage. We must know that you possess it."

"Well, sir, I ran a moving picture show for six months in a college town."

The Question of Personality

By REV. HUGH T. KERR
Pastor Fullerton Ave. Presbyterian Church, Chicago

TEXT—Where art thou?—Genesis 22. This question whispered by God into the heart of man is the first and the last question of life. After we have traced the working of God's hand in creation and beheld the fashioning of sun and moon and stars and seen the furnishing of the earth with cattle and every creeping thing and beheld Eden blossoming with love until sin's sting shrivelled innocence as in a fire then God speaks out of the silence of his own omnipotence and demands an answer from the man into whom he has breathed the breath of a divine life: "Where art thou?"

It lifts man out from the rest of God's creation. Not of the heaven of the earth or the sea or the air does he ask this question. Not of the birds or beasts of the field. They are part and parcel of a great dumb creation that works the will of him who ordered their coming and determines their going.

Not so with man. He stands as a sentinel. Into his hands dominion is given. He is not part of the great creation procession. He is the master, the arbiter, the spectator. It is the first question asked in the beginning of worlds. It will be the last question asked when the worlds are rolled up as a scroll and all things pass away. Then, too, the question will be heard: "Where art thou?"

How diverse and different have been the answers. We have heard many stories. Even the Bible tells us two stories. On the one hand, we are told that he stands where the shadows come and go. He is as a vapor, a dream, a sleep, a story, a tale that is told, water spilled upon the ground, a thread of the weaver that is cut, a flower that faded, grass that withereth, a shepherd's tent that is removed. Then, too, we are told that he is clothed in light and immortality as with a garment and crowned with glory and honor.

"Here lies a man whose name was writ in water," so runs the epitaph on the stone of one whose name is still remembered. What is man? What is personality? Physicians tell us that the body changes every seven years. Once we were children, now we are men and women, yet we believe we are the same now that we were then, with all the changes akin to the death of the physical.

There have been two of us, perhaps more. One of the past, one of the present and still one of the men that is to be. Which is the real Paul, the one that breathed out slaughter or the one that worshipped at Christ's feet? Which is the true Judas, the one that listened to the call of Jesus or the one that betrayed him with a kiss? You remember how Oliver Wendell Holmes pictures three men in a crowd—the man that one thinks he is, the man his friends think him to be and the man whom God sees, the real man.

Yet through it all there is one continuing personality. The Adam of Eden is linked with the Adam who out of the gate. It belongs to the realm of the soul, the mind, the memory. "Son remember," is the verdict of heaven and the doom of hell. John Quincy Adams at the extreme limit of old age when asked about his health replied: "Thank you, John Quincy Adams is quite well. But the house in which he lives is dilapidated. It is tottering. Times and seasons have made their mark upon it. It is well-nigh worn out. Some day soon I shall move out. But John Quincy Adams is quite well, sir, I thank you."

God's voice is ever calling to the consciousness of men. He is ever searching to discover the best that is in man and to reawaken the hope that has been buried. A good painter depicts the best. A friend viewing a portrait of his friend by Sargent said it looked like the portrait of a dissipated man. The man said yes, and that's what I have in me which I have always battled and fought and conquered. Said his friend, "It is that better man, the victor, the conqueror, that the painter should have painted."

Yes, and God always calls us to our best and sees far off the man who ought to be. In Simon he sees Peter. In Saul he sees Paul. In Jacob he sees the wrestling prince with God. God is not a cynic hunting like Diogenes for the doubtful discovery of a man. God is like the shepherd who knows the sheep are lost. He is like the father who knows the son is better than he pretends. He is like the loser of the coin who knows its value and has faith in its recovery.

So with the Lord he takes and he redeems. Finds him ambassadors whom men deny. Wise men nor mighty for his saints he chooses. No such as John or Gideon or I.

It is bad business to try to hide from God. Personality receives its true perfection only in God. He is the atmosphere in which life flourishes and abides. He is the light in which the flower of a right life blooms. He is the country in which the true fruit of faith comes to a beautiful maturity. We are all in his great garden. He still walks its path and calls for its beauty.

Why should we hide? To see his smile means heaven for us. To miss him is to miss the best.

There is only one safe hiding place, and that is the Rock of Ages, the Lover of the souls of men. "In him is life and the life is the light of men."

All the Difference.

If, as we look out in the world, we see a few people that we know and all the rest "strangers," we are apt to shrink from it; and if we do, our selfishness is not to be reproached. But if we really have in us the sentiment of the old-time philosopher, who thought nothing human quite alien to himself, it makes a vast difference, and the world, instead of being full of "strangers," becomes straightway full of "acquaintances." You can cover the

Timely Suggestions of Interest to the Hostess

By REV. HUGH T. KERR
Pastor Fullerton Ave. Presbyterian Church, Chicago

An April First Party. A young girl having a birthday on the first of April devised and carried out this pretty party in a most successful manner. The invitations were issued on foolscap paper, asking each girl to come dressed as a "fool" in the costumes to be made of cotton nainsook and crepe paper, so the expense would not be great, but just as much fun. Red and green, the jester's colors, were carried out in every detail as far as possible. On the red candle shades funny little donkey heads were outlined in green. The lecs were served in the dearest little green paper cabbage heads and the fruits proved to be excellent imitations in the real fruit shapes and colors, only they were candy boxes, and the supposed chocolate eclairs were filled with creamed chicken. A delicious cream sauce was passed to put over them. There were all sorts of amusing games, such as marbles for the girls and a doll dressing contest for the boys, a whistling contest for the girls and a sewing contest for the boys, all having simple prizes for the best. There were clowns and jesters. The children said "it was the best party ever" and so the mother who planned the affair was amply repaid for her trouble. I give a list of names of real clowns and jesters who once existed: Archie Armstrong, the famous jester of King James I.; Chicot, the jester whom Dumas has immortalized in his novels; Triboulet and Brusquet, jester of King Francis I. of France; John Heywood, the jester of Henry VIII.; Scrogan, the jester of King Edward IV.; Patrick Bony, who attended Regent Morton of Scotland. Other characters in fiction are the "Green Son" of the Vicar of Wakefield, called "Moses"; the "Mad Hatter," from Alice in Wonderland; the "Three Wise Men of Gotham"; "Don Quixote"; "Sancho Panza"; "Simple Simon," etc.

Rest Cure Party. This Lenten party given from "three to six" for eight girls proved such a success that I am sure there will be many more in the next two weeks after our readers know of it. It certainly was an innovation and came about by one of the girls saying "she was so tired out, so weary of formal functions, so bored by being a debutante that she wished for something different." The something different came in the form of a wee note which said: "Come to My Rest Cure" party. There was not an absent guest. I assure you they found the great drawing room with shades nearly drawn, a log fire, couches with piles of pillows and afghans. When all had arrived the hostess said no one was to talk until moved to do so, then only in the lowest voice. Quite mystified, the girls found places and a maid noiselessly passed piping hot bouillon and crisp wafers; then from the next room a low sweet voice to a guitar accompaniment sang a series of lullabies; then the same voice read several delightful stories in a low, distinct tone, the person was concealed by a screen, then there was simply nothing doing for fifteen minutes, each girl being told to close her eyes and tell at the end of that time her vision. This took another half hour, when a tray of fragrant tea and delicious sandwiches were served with candied ginger. After

that, having sufficiently "rested," tongues buzzed at a merry rate and the girls pronounced it a fine party.

Toasts for All Occasions. Here's to the prettiest. Here's to the wittiest. Here's to the trust of all who are true. Here's to the sweetest one. Here's to the nearest one. Here's to them all in one. Here's to you.

She's beautiful, therefore to be woo'd, She's a woman, therefore to be won.

To Friendship—it improves happiness and bates misery, by the doubling of our joy and dividing our grief.

There is no such good in the worst of us, There is no such evil in the best of us. That it ill becomes any one of us To talk about the rest of us.

They talk about a woman's sphere As though it had a limit. There's no such place in earth or heaven. There's not a task to mankind given, There's not a blessing or a woe, There's not a whisper'd yes or no, There's not a life and not a birth, That has a feather's weight of worth— Without a woman in it.

May every joy attend you, And heaven daily send you Blessings in heart and home, A faithful light to lead you, And gallantly defend you, Wherever you may roam.

Here's to the man I love, And may that man be he Who loves but one and only one, And may that one be me.

Here's to our better loving, And here's to our loves outgrown, Here's to the better whirling, That reaps what our seeds have sown.

Here's to the friend that loves us, Too deep for tears or word, And here's to that love us, When only the sense is stirred.

A Detestation Party. The hostess said in her message, which was given over the telephone: "Please come, wearing an article which will express your greatest dislike." As men were included in the invitations we were prepared for some thing very unusual and were not disappointed. There were twenty guests and here are a few examples of what happened. A sedate matron came completely covered with realistic little wiggly snakes, most of them purplish in color; a Japanese store; others chased at the vivid green variety as much in favor for St. Patrick's day; a head of the town appeared with his head adorned by a curious collection head adorned by a curious collection of false hair, braids, puffs, ruffs, curling from golden to jet black, which plainly showed his dislike for false hair. A young girl wore a necklace made from tiny imitation, but realistic cigars, with cigars of larger size in her hair; a young matron had a number of toy and animal mice adorning her white frock; one girl wore an enormous quantity of paste jewelry, strings of beads, etc., and another had her dress ornamented with ads of whisky and champagne. It was really a very clever affair and created much merriment.

MADAME MERRIL.

For Little Girls. School frocks for little girls show a continued adherence to the front panel effect, finished either with scalloping or braid.

Desk Novelty

WE give a sketch of a little novelty in the shape of a combined pin cushion and pen-wiper, either for placing upon the writing table or for hanging from one of the handles of the drawers.

It is made to represent somewhat a Christmas cracker, and it is tied up on either side with smart little ribbon bows. It can be made in silk or cloth, and the edges of the material should be cut into points on either side and then the neat edges sewn together, so that, finished, it forms

bottom with a piece of the net laid on plain, but all around the sides it should be shirred.

Cut a strip twice as long as the measurements of the four sides of the basket and an inch or more deeper. Join the short ends together and then turn under one edge and shir until the point of the strip fits the bottom of the basket. Sew the strip down all around and then shir the top edge. Sew to the edge of the basket and cover the stitches with a quilling of blue satin ribbon about an inch wide.

Make pockets from the blue silk covering with the shirred net, turning the tops with the quilted ribbon. Sew these into opposite corners and in a third corner sew a pincushion made to match the pockets. Into these safety pins and small accessories or the toilet are packed.

To trim the outside of the basket, first make in a ruffle of blue silk the depth of the basket and another one to overlie the first of the point of the strip.

Edge the latter with two or three rows of blue baby ribbon above the narrow hem.

ELISHA HEALS NAAMAN

Sunday School Lesson for Apr. 2, 1911
Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT—II Kings 5. Memory Verse—II. GOLDEN TEXT—"Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else."—Isa. 45:22.

TIME—Most scholars place this event in the reign of Jehoram, the son of Ahab, king of Israel, who reigned B. C. 849-842. Others argue that it occurred in the reign of Jehoshaphat, B. C. 843-848.

PLACE—Damascus, the capital of Syria, the oldest city in the world, famed for its swords, "Damascus blades," and for its silks, "damask." Samaria, the capital of Israel, about 10 miles distant.

The miracles of Elisha were nearly all miracles of kindly helpfulness. What were some of these? Those immediately preceding and following our lesson: healing the unhealthy waters of a spring; bringing water into a dry valley for the aid of the three kings; paying a poor widow's debts by increasing her oil supply; restoring to life the son of the Shunammite woman; making healthful some pot tags into which a poisonous plant had been put; feeding a hundred men with 20 barley cakes and a few ears of corn—and the preceding being in time of famine; healing Naaman; making a lost ox head return to the surface of the water.

Who was Naaman? He was commander-in-chief under the king of Syria, Benhadad II. Benhadad, who had been woad in his youth and middle age to lead his armies into the field in person, seems now in his old age to have found it necessary to entrust the command to a general. Naaman had gained renown by freeing his country from a powerful foe, probably Assyria, for the black obelisk mentions wars of the Assyrians under Salmaneser II. again Israel and Benhadad.

Honored and powerful, what was the flaw in Naaman's fortune? He was a leper. Leprosy is of slow development, and as Naaman retained his military command his malady cannot have reached a very advanced stage. It is not likely, in any case, that the Syrians observed the same strict rules regarding it as the Jews. Leprosy, however, is a terrible disease, fitly used throughout the Bible as the symbol of sin and death. The disease is contagious. It is most loathsome. It is incurable, at least in the present state of our knowledge. Sin is curable, but not by man.

Naaman was a great man, with a great need; and God prepared a great deliverance for him, as he has a great deliverance for all the great needs of his children. But it was brought about by four very simple agencies. Only inferior artists make a parade of complicated processes; the most skillful workers use few tools and unpretentious methods, and God is the most skillful of all artists.

Why did Elisha bid Naaman to wash seven times in the river Jordan? To test and strengthen his faith. The journey would give him time for meditation, for the nearest point of the Jordan was 25 miles in a straight line, but much farther in distance to be traveled from the winding of the ravines down which it must be reached. Moreover, the simplicity of the act would turn Naaman's thoughts away from outward forms to the true God. He would be sure that the water itself did not accomplish the cure, else there would be no lepers in Israel. And he would not, at the distance of 25 miles, be likely to ascribe the cure to the prophet.

Why was Naaman angry at this message? How was he to tell that this man of God did not design to mock him by sending him on a fool's errand, so that he would come back as a laughing-stock both to the Israelites and to his own people? Naaman had expected the prophet himself to come forth respectfully and "wave his hand over the place" and go through some mystic ceremony. The sting lay in the fact that the prophet himself took no part in the cure; that, instead of being proud to have so august a patient, he had calmly banded him over to one of his assistant physicians—to the medical skill of the waters of Jordan.

As Naaman went away in a rage how was he put in a more sensible frame of mind? By one of his servants; Naaman seems to have had great fortune in his servants. My father, said the servant with respectful affection, if the prophet had bid these do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it? Yes! Of course he would, and the greater the better.

What was the result of Naaman's obedience? The result that always comes when men obey God's commands, he was instantly and completely cleansed from his leprosy.

It is a shame that this beautiful story must close with a recital of Naaman's perfidy. We may be sure that it would never have been inserted if the tale were not a true one. Gehazi is the Old Testament Judas. Gehazi misrepresented the true religion to Naaman and through him to the entire Syrian nation. His punishment was not too great; he should take with him Naaman's gift; he should entreat the king upon his heirs; he should entreat the other.

The story of Naaman has been said to be the best illustration in the Old Testament of salvation from sin. How is this? It indicates the hideousness of sin. Sin is like leprosy, eating, insidious, defiling, mutilating, disfiguring. It is the disease most to be dreaded. It indicates the universality of sin. No rank is exempt from the curse and no condition of life. It pictures false views regarding salvation from sin. Men seek the wrong means of salvation, as Naaman was sent to Jehoram instead of Elisha. Men entertain their own ideas of salvation and want it accomplished in their own way, as Naaman would dictate to Elisha the method of his cure. It shows the simplicity of the plan of salvation. The surprise of Christian revelation is always in the direction of simplicity.

Choose the life that is most useful and habit will make it the most agreeable.—Lord Bacon.

TEMPERANCE NOTES

DRINKING HABIT IN FRANCE

Number of Cabarets Grown Excessively and in Some Districts Alcoholism is Menace.

The French Senate is now engaged in discussing a measure which will be instrumental in lessening the danger of the republic becoming a drunken nation, says a Paris correspondent. Since the passing of the law of 1889 the number of cabarets had grown excessively, and in some districts alcoholism had reached a danger state. Statistics show that 30 years ago there were more than 300,000 cabarets in Paris and the provinces; the figure is now close on 500,000, with an average of one per eighty inhabitants, or one for thirty grownup men. And it is not the workmen alone who consume alcohol, but also his wife and children. The figures further show that the divisions in which alcoholism is most prevalent furnish the greatest number of young men who cannot be admitted to service with the colors or who have to be sent home pending their return after awhile for another medical examination.

That French statesmen are conscious of the national menace of alcoholism is revealed by the debate in the senate. Said M. Briand:

"The present situation is terrible. This is a question of national interest; the life of the nation is at stake." He went on to say that he agreed with the words of M. Julien Guoujon, a previous speaker, that "the nation has a duty of legitimate defense, which its representatives must undertake on its behalf," and the government must accordingly take the responsibility of action. It remained to be seen whether the proposal now brought forward would prove as effective as was hoped, but if it had any prospect of doing good parliament ought to vote for it.

The government would be incurring a grave responsibility if it did not associate itself with this proposal. The government indeed earnestly desired that the senate should pass to the discussion of the clauses of the bill, and it had decided to accept and support all measures which were calculated to safeguard the country from the perils of alcoholism, to enforce the law against drunkenness and to protect all societies which promoted the anti-alcohol propaganda.

In the general discussion the views of those who opposed the bill were expressed by M. Berard, who declared that it would tend to create a new monopoly in favor of the establishments already in existence. M. Guoujon, on the other hand, maintained that the "liberty of industry and commerce" invoked by the opponents of the measure was not absolute, and must be subordinated to the interests of the nation.

ALCOHOL AN AID TO CANCER

English Scientist Makes Some Striking Statements on Influence of Drink to Disease.

Sir Alfred Pearce Gould, senior surgeon of the Middlesex hospital in England, recently delivered before the Royal College of Surgeons of England the twenty-ninth annual Bradshaw lecture, the subject being "Cancer," and made striking statements as to the influence of alcohol in this dread disease.

In the course of the lecture the great scientist said that the influence of alcohol on the incidence of cancer was very important. It was a factor in producing cancer by directly or indirectly causing chronic irritation. It was a protoplasmic poison, which directly interfered with, and mars all cell life. Statistics showed that the disease was twice as frequent among brewers and publicans as among clergymen, and that the cancer incidence in any trade varied with the attendant habits as regarded alcohol.

With regard to these various conditions, Sir Alfred expressed the opinion that clinical experience and experimental pathology threw some rays of hope across the dark sea of malignant disease. The deep impress of the primal laws of development held the cells of tissue in true and loyal obedience to the very end in the almost infinite majority of cases, and made them more liable to cancer. Like age, chronic irritation and prolonged use of X-rays, alcohol wore out the cells of a part and deteriorated the evolution of the individual cell. The lecturer stated that 10 per cent. of all people contract cancer.

What Alcohol Does.

In the Comptes Rendu de la Societe de Biologie, Messrs. Ghehaut and Quinquad published a series of interesting experiments showing the effect of alcohol on the working power of muscle. The experiments were upon dogs, the details of which are given, showing that as the dogs came more and more under the influence of alcohol the muscular power diminished notably, sinking in one instance from 1,221 to 921 grammes, and in another from 1,021 to 721 grammes." The Quarterly Journal of Inebriety, by way of comment says: "These experiments made direct on muscle confirm the results of observations on miners and soldiers,—that when an extra amount of work was to be done, coffee, and not alcohol, was the stimulant to administer."

Drunkenness in Denmark.

The police in Denmark have a practical way of dealing with drunk persons found in the streets. They summon a cab and place the drunkard inside it; then drive to the station, where he gets sober; then home, where he arrives sober and safe. The policeman never leaves him till the simplicity of the plan of salvation. The surprise of Christian revelation is always in the direction of simplicity.

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MAKES ANALYSIS OF BREATH

Professor Courtaud of Paris Declares That Exhaled Air Contains Masses of Solid Particles.

The ultra-microscope has enabled Professor Courtaud of Paris to analyze the human breath far more minutely than it has ever been done before. In a report to the Medical Society of Paris he says that exhaled air contains not only gases, such as nitrogen, carbonic acid, water, vapor, etc., but also a mass of tiny solid particles, some motionless and others mobile.

The latter, he surmises, may include bacteria, both rod-shaped and globular. The presence of minute bits of cell tissue (epithelium) in the human breath he regards as positively proved.

The process followed by the investigator in his experiments was very simple. It was only necessary, he says, to examine a glass plate on which exhaled breath had been allowed to evaporate. Under the ultra-microscope he observed collection of

dust composed of as rich a variety of substances as that left by evaporated drinking water.

Doctor Courtaud hopes ultimately to be able to lay down a new standard of health by a series of comparisons of what he calls the "breath dust" of healthy and unhealthy persons.—New York Sun.

Wanted Plenty of Time.

Countryman (to boardinghouse keeper)—And what time do you have dinner here?

Boardinghouse Keeper—From 12 to 3.

Countryman—Oh, that'll suit me very well. I never liked hurrying over my meals.

Seldom Called For.

"What is your idea of useless knowledge?"

"Knowing the length of a full-grown walrus' tusk and the exact population of Tibet."