

Hill, Harriman And Prosperity

How Two Great Railroad Kings View the National Outlook Equality, Simplicity, Economy and Justice Urged as Watchwords.

By JAMES A. EDGERTON.

PROSPERITY stands in a general way for about all men prize in this world. It means wealth, success, plenty to eat, plenty to wear, good houses, mutual respect—in a word, the necessities and luxuries of life. It is what everybody is looking for and some people get. It is the fetish of the American people. Therefore do we greet the prosperity talker as the bearer of glad tidings.

James J. Hill and Edward H. Harriman, the two big noises of the railroad world, have been talking prosperity. President Taft, George Gould, John W. Gates and others have been talking in the same strain. Hill was born in Canada and moved over and annexed the northern part of the United States.

In the magazine he is called "the empire builder," but in the northwest he is plain Jim Hill, which the Swedes pronounce "Jim Hell." He does not always talk prosperity, which gives all the more value to what he says now. Hill made the principal speech at the opening of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition in Seattle. Among other things, he said:

"There is a steady but moderate improvement in business. The business of

Liberal Expenditures by Farmers and Their Agricultural Development Deemed Important Factors. Late Panic Unnecessary.

Now postponed by the task of raising and the rage of spending great sums that should be left in the pockets of the people.

Enforce the Laws.

Last and noblest conception of all born from the associated life of mankind is justice. The nation must be true to that abstract and impartial justice which is the foundation of nobility, the patent of heroes and the final test of any state. Upon occasion the lawmaking power has been invoked not to punish guilt, but to give one man an unfair advantage at the cost of another, to confiscate wholly or in part property honestly earned and fairly used, to distinguish between activities by discriminating laws. The tendency is by no means universal, but its presence is palpable and too dangerous to be ignored. If hatred, greed or envy instead of justice ever becomes a formative power in public affairs, then, no matter who may be the victim, the act is treason, for no state ever enjoyed tranquility or escaped destruction if it ceased to maintain one equal and inflexible standard of justice. The greatest service to the nation, to every state and city, today would be the substitution for a term of years of law enforcement for lawmaking. Get the laws fairly tried, weed out those improper or impracticable, curtail the content of law that now flourishes under the American system of non-enforcement and make the people understand that government means exact and unerring justice instead of a complex scheme. This is the only safeguard if respect for and confidence in the governing system itself are not to be gradually undermined.

This is all reproduced for the reason that it is good reading, the sort of reading just now needed by the Amer-

HALE AT WASHINGTON

Glimpses of Senate Chaplain's Life in the Capital.

FRIEND OF EVERY SENATOR.

Delighted in His Intercourse With Them—Characteristics That Endear Him Equally to Strangers and Acquaintances—An Instance of His Absentmindedness.

The passing of Dr. Edward Everett Hale, chaplain of the United States senate, at the age of eighty-seven, took from Washington one of its most picturesque figures. Dr. Hale's face and body, like those of Chief Justice Melville Fuller of the supreme court, once seen, were never forgotten. Previously the opening of the senate or house with prayer had been a perfunctory duty. With Dr. Hale it was different. It was the daily service of a minister to God which came to be recognized in the years that he occupied the post as one of the most eloquent of the day, even though so brief as to be carried in a paragraph. The aged minister took occasions of illness and death in the senate to preach little gems of sympathy, consolation and encouragement.

He was a friend of every man in the senate. He delighted in his intercourse with the senators and loved to talk of affairs and books with them. He was close to Senator Clark of Arkansas, one of the most profound scholars of the senate, and was very chummy with Senator Frye of Maine. Dr. Hale used the vice president's room as his office. It was here that his daughter helped him don his big black ministerial robe for his morning prayer, and from this office the little pages escorted him to the senate chamber. The attentiveness of the daughter of the minister was often commented on as a beautiful tribute of love.

With visitors Dr. Hale was patient and kindly. He took delight in meeting strangers, and the capitol guides never found him in a mood when they could not approach him. Although he was a man who had traveled little in the west, his knowledge of the United States and its citizenship was great. He had the artlessness of a politician without its wiles. If a guide introduced the chaplain to a party from Marion, O., or Tallahassee, Fla., or any other place, it recalled to Dr. Hale the memory of a man who had lived there. With this he put his visitors at their ease. He signed autographs cheerfully, and the senate pages never feared to ask him to write his name for a visitor.

Dr. Hale's great influence over men was not sufficient to teach the United States senate to pray, although he tried hard enough. When he first assumed the duties of chaplain over the body he asked that the senators join him in repeating the Lord's Prayer at the end of his brief morning sermon. Day after day he called on the senators to pray, but the response was so feeble that he desisted and abandoned the practice. His two banner pupils were Senators Platt and Debevoise. Senator Platt always mumbled the prayer with him, and Senator Debevoise came in strong at the end. The pages responded to his efforts, and all of the little fellows lined up daily and participated in the prayer.

Dr. Hale was never able to master the details of his own affairs, and he was frequently placed in an embarrassing position by his absentmindedness. A former magazine editor recalled recently that several years ago he bought a story from Dr. Hale and later found that another magazine had bought the same story. When Dr. Hale's attention was called to it he remembered and sent a letter of apology, enclosing another story, a better one, to settle the feelings of the unlucky editor.

His habit of ignoring all of the details of his home and business life provided one of his brother ministers into asserting that if Dr. Hale had not been such a success as a minister he would have undoubtedly been a tramp. In Dr. Hale's home at Roxbury, Mass., there is a collection of the most valuable literary works of the present century. Books and prints, pamphlets, monographs and manuscripts without number are hidden away there. Many autograph copies of books and manuscripts submitted by friends for his perusal and later sent him as gifts go to make up a collection of material which could occupy the attention of a literary student for a lifetime. Much of the material in Dr. Hale's library was handed over to him by his father, and his own active life has produced nearly an equal amount. His own manuscripts are there, and the collection will no doubt be preserved intact by his son.

His interpretation of the "National Idea" was given by Dr. Hale as inspiration for his literary masterpiece, the parable of "The Man Without a Country," the most remarkable argument for patriotism and fidelity to the land of one's nativity ever written. According to Dr. Hale's explanation, the theme of the story, the need that just such forceful, active, partisan patriotism as inflamed his own heart brought close to the hearts of Americans, was working within him at least fifteen years before it found expression in the story—Washington Cor. New York World.

Miami University's Centennial. Miami university, the oldest of Ohio's colleges, will celebrate her centennial at Oxford June 12-18. It is expected that more than 2,000 alumni and former students will gather on the campus at Oxford. The first invitation issued was sent to President Taft, who is interested in Miami university because his father-in-law, John W. Heron of Cincinnati, since 1880 has been president of the board of that institution. Whitelaw Reid, ambassador to Great Britain, of the class of 1859, has also promised to be present if possible.

A Precaution. "Dickey," said his mother, "when you divided those five caramels with your sister did you give her three?" "No, ma, I even thought they wouldn't come out I, though, so I ate one 'fore I began to divide."—United Presbyterian.

OFFICE, SMITHBLOCK

The Lawyer Used It For More Than His Legal Business.

By LUCY POOLE.

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It had always been reported around town that C. R. Taylor was a wealthy man. When he appeared at the general meeting place, Hinkham's grocery, all the men would shift their wads and straighten their hats out of deference as he seated himself on the best cracker barrel by the stove and planted his feet on the warmest spot.

But the swift, horrible accident had silenced the jovial Croesus, and his estate had been revealed to the public's horrified gaze as absolutely worthless.

Mrs. Taylor had been prostrated completely. Janet had struggled as she could, but after all the funeral expenses had been paid her little store of banknotes had dwindled away to a pathetic few.

"Now, Burt," she explained eagerly to her masculine friend, lawyer and devoted lover, "it is a case of sheer necessity, you see. We will only have \$10 a month from the farm, and that won't even pay mother's doctor bills."

"Janet," began the young man, his voice husky with the emotion he tried to suppress—"Janet, I'm in good business now, and your father had given me his consent, so why won't you let me help you in this time of trouble? You know I—"

"Yes, I know, Burt," answered the girl gently, "but it's impossible. Now, my plan is this: At college I took all the four prizes for the best essays and had good success with the college weekly and annual."

Burt could hardly hide a smile. This young slip of womanhood talking of \$30 a month paid for her literary work! Poor child, she did not realize that college weeklies and city daily papers differ strikingly in their demands.

But one simply could not argue with Janet. Her radiant beauty was her strongest weapon, and Burt left her in high spirits.

"Burt, I shall depend on you for the addresses of all the best papers and magazines in the city," she called to

him as he strode down the walk. "And don't forget to read every line I publish," came indistinctly to his ears as he turned the corner to the station.

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He had not heard a word from her since he had mailed the addresses, and he wondered whether he could have been mistaken and Janet's work was actually making good. On the Saturday of a third week he locked the door of Office A, Smith block, and took the train down to the village to gladden his mother's heart by sight of himself and his eyes by a sight of Janet.

He found the girl pale and quiet, with very little to say. It was not until the end of the call that he had the courage to ask about her literary work. At his first word the unnatural calm gave away and she cried like a child.

"It's no use, Burt," she sobbed. "I've tried and tried, but everything comes back with a polite 'Of no use,' and I know it is just because they don't read my work."

Burt was sorely tempted. Had he followed his own inclination he would have gathered the girl into his strong arms and bidden the senseless editor go wherever they pleased. But this was out of the question. "I'll tell you, Janet," he said soothingly—"give me your work and I'll take it back with me tomorrow and see what I can do."

And so the matter rested, and Burt returned to his office with a roll of classical raptures, such as "The Lushy Marsh Where the Cows Stood Knee Deep in Cowpits" and other totally unsalable works of his ambitious sweetheart.

He took up another story and read through one long outburst over "a full blown apple orchard, where the busy bee doth ply her trade." "Awful, awful!" he said to himself. "But what can you expect from a college girl? Why, I can't even doctor these lists of adjectives. They are only fit for the wastebasket."

The next day brought a brief letter to Janet: Dear Janet—Enclosed will find a check for \$10 and your "Apple Orchard in Full Bloom." Address your work now to Office A, Smith block. It's an agency for short stories, and they will take anything you will send them. Don't know what magazines they use, but their work goes all over the country. Congratulations on your great luck. As ever,

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HER PICTURE CARD.

It Brought About an Understanding Between the Lovers.

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By ANNETTE DUMOIS.

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"It's kind of lonesome since pa died, but I can't seem to make up my mind to Silas some way."

The speaker had a worried look in her bright blue eyes as she dropped a fresh batch of doughnuts to the frying pan, saying, "Just six an' no more, say I, an' then they won't soak fat."

"Your doughnuts certainly do come out just right, Sophrony," said the little dressmaker as she snapped her thread with a twist of her finger. "Seems as if I could not work half so fast since I got these store teeth an' can't bite off my thread any more. Silas is forerhanded an' well meant, though he ain't as handsome as some."

"Oh, I don't mind red hair myself," replied Sophrony amiably, "but—" "It's time you was gettin' settled," persisted the dressmaker. "You never was cut out for an old maid."

She eyed Sophrony's comfortable curves with appreciation. "Let's see—you're thirty, come August. You was born the day our Betsy had them twin calves—dretful cute little critters they was. One had a white ring around his eye. Now, if you was little an' skippy, like me, you'd be a proper old maid."

Her black eyes twinkled behind the gold bowed specs as she continued: "I ain't never felt the loss of a man yet. He'd be sure to want the rocker just when Marcus Aurelius had to hev it." (Marcus was the spoiled Angora.) "I calkerlate I've had two chances, though leastwise one of 'em was an out an' outer; the other was a seafarin' man, so I don't know. No, Sophrony; I've ate two already," declaimed the tempting circles, "but I might take a drow more tea. Too bad Sam Jenkins got

"Tebbe I did an' mebbe I didn't," answered the girl nervously, laughing and blushing.

"Don't fool, Sophrony. Quit it. Did you?" "Yes, Sam," she replied, sobered up by his earnestness.

"Did you mean it?" he demanded. Sophrony looked bewildered. What was the motto? She had not remembered. She had just picked out a "pretty" one, as the dressmaker had surmised. It would do no harm to say "Yes" anyway.

"Did you, Sophrony?" he persisted. "Would you put up with a man who has only one leg?" "Indeed, I would if 'twas you, Sam," replied Sophrony honestly.

"Come over here, my girl," entreated Sam, holding out his arms longingly. All his shyness seemed to have disappeared.

Sophrony went and knelt beside his chair, and as his arms closed around her Sam said, "If it hadn't been for this blessed card"—he pulled it out of his breast pocket—"I'd never have had the courage to ask you."

Sophrony caught her breath sharply as she looked at it. "Oh, Sam," then she hesitated. "I never sent that one, but," she added hastily as she read the verse, "I would have if I'd seen it. I think it's just lovely."

Sam drew the pretty, blushing face against his shoulder again. "Well, it's all right, then. But see, here are your initials down in the corner. Who do you suppose sent it?"

"It's that blessed little dressmaker," said Sophrony, with a flash of comprehension.

"Land o' Goshen! I guess there'll be a weddin' in this family 'fore long—teehee," giggled Louisy from the doorway, almost dropping the pitcher of cider in her excitement.

"I just guess there will," replied Sam masterfully.

Popular Parisian Fad. The froak photograph is the popular fad in Paris at present. Several photographers are making it a specialty and turn out in large quantities. One of these received in New York recently shows a young woman fashionably attired carrying in her hand a hat of the peach basket shape containing her head. Another represents a man contemplating his own smiling face. He holds the head as Hamlet was supposed to have held the skull of Yorick. Still another shows a young man in a coffin, smoking a cigarette and supposed to be listening to the funeral oration, which is being delivered by himself.

Knife Blade Building. Facing the new Williamsburg bridge plaza, in New York, will be built an office and store structure only six feet eleven inches wide. The depth will be a hundred feet. It will be built on the southeast corner of Delancey and Clinton streets. It will be two stories high. The cost is placed at \$10,000. The narrow strip of land was left by the cutting away of the blocks taken to make the plaza.

Respectability. Max O'Rell was once staying with a friend at Edinburgh. Starting for a walk on Sunday, he took up his walking stick. "Do you mind taking an umbrella?" asked his conscientious host. "It looks more respectable."

"I'd rather have Sam with one leg than any other body with two," half sobbed Sophrony. "Oh, Miss Perkins, it does me a sight 'o' good to speak out! I've just been bottled up till it seems as if I should bust."

"There, there, Sophrony; you jest think real hard that things is bound to come out right, an' they're bound to. I've been readin' some of the new thought papers lately, an' there's a heap 'o' comfort in 'em. Why don't you send him a picture card?" she asked suddenly.

"Mebbe I might," said the girl doubtfully.

"You jest send him a pretty one, an' we'll see," said the little dressmaker as she put on her modified "Merry Widow."

"Some way I feel a heap better than when you came, Miss Perkins. Everybody says you're the village comfort, anyway," said Sophrony. "I wish I had your pompadour. You keep your hair wonderful well," gazing admiringly at the wavy gray hair.

"Nonsense," with a pleased flush, however. "The Perkinses all have good heads 'o' hair. Runs in some families, I guess."

"I know just what she'll pick out," soliloquized the spinster on her way home, "somebody with hearts an' a pagoda with doves in it. That ain't what a man wants who's all stove up an' got the grumps. I will! I rum!" The little dressmaker retraced her



EDWARD H. HARRIMAN-JAMES J. HILL, SPEAKING AT OPENING OF ALASKA-YUKON-PACIFIC EXPOSITION.

the country is thawing out from the great frost which struck it in 1897 and which continued in 1898.

One of the great things hanging over the country is the enormous expenditure not merely federal, but state and municipal, and the consequent effort to produce revenues to meet this expenditure. Economy in government should be the watchword.

For years our people have been like an heir come into a vast and wealthy estate. We have been wasting and squandering the great inheritance which Providence provided.

The Four Magic Words. There are four great words that should be written upon the four corners of every public building in this land with the sacredness of a religious rite. These watchwords of the republic are equality, simplicity, economy and justice. They are interwoven with every fiber of the national fabric. To forget or deny them will lead to every misfortune and every possibility of destruction that rises now threateningly in the path of our country's greatness.

Equality before the law is an embodied promise of the United States. It is the first principle sought to be established by the Federal constitution. In so far as we have been faithful to it we have not only grown great and prosperous, but have commended the respect of others because we respected ourselves. In so far as we have denied it, in so far as there is any where a special privilege or an unequal restriction, any degree of legal government, whatever, we have changed the government of the fathers and turned backward toward the old, evil tradition whose trail of blood and oppression runs through all history.

Present use of the phrase "our complex civilization" creates a vague impression that simplicity has been banished necessarily from the modern world by a kind of natural evolution, whereas it remains now, as always, the normal rule of a wholesome national life. The life of those who do the work of the world, whether in the high places or the low, is usually a simple thing.

Simplicity in governing methods, in character and in conduct must be a fixed quality of the state that survives those changes of the centuries in which all others have vanished.

Inseparably connected with equality and simplicity is economy. Nationally considered, it has become almost a forgotten term. The curtailment of federal expenses by one-fourth would assist not only efficiency in the departments, but reform

Lord Russell's Retort. Lord Russell once presided at a dinner given for Sir Henry Irving on his return from America. While the dinner was in progress Lord Russell suggested to Canning Carr that he propose Sir Henry's health. "I can't make speeches, you know," he said.

Sir Henry gently replied, "I heard you make a fine speech before the Parliament commission."

To which the pungent Irishman answered, "Oh, yes, but then I had something to talk about!"

lean people and especially by those in high places.

Mr. Harriman's talk was given hurriedly to a collection of reporters just before he left for Europe. It was recently stated by a representative of the Harriman system that this man controls 18,000 miles of railway, or six times across the continent; that these lines employ 80,000 men; that, in addition, Harriman directs 54,000 miles of steamship lines, making 72,000 miles of transportation in all; that one could go from New York to Hongkong without ever leaving the Harriman lines and that he could return by another route on Harriman lines nearly all the way. So in the glad conversation that follows please consider that it is these 72,000 miles of transportation that are doing the talking and not Harriman himself. Here is what this combination of trains, steamships and dollars says with him for a mouthpiece:

I think we are on a very substantial basis, and all that it needs to keep us on top of the wave is for the farmer to continue his liberal development and production. The liberal expenditures on the part of the farmers and their agricultural development is to my mind the important factor in the national situation. It means the worldwide distribution of wealth in the employment of labor and the purchase of materials in all lines of life.

If we have favorable weather and large crops we shall have correspondingly happy lines. You might say that we shall have a great burst of production and a rise in prices of everything, and it will graduate down from that to any point, just in proportion as the crops are successful.

There should not be anything today to interfere with individual industry and capacity, and money does not have anything to do with it. It is only the evidence of capacity and of industry.

The next time probably that we have a serious shrinkage in business will be because of a change in business. The last shrinkage was on account of a scare—something that did not happen. The next will only come about by a more real condition, such as a shrinkage of our crops. We need not have had that if the farmers had been as careful as we need not have another one.

His Mistake. The vendor of images, who had just been thrown out of a large office building, wept bitterly as he looked at his torn clothes and broken wares.

"Who did this?" inquired the friendly cop. "I'll pinch 'em if you say the word."

"No; it was my fault," said the victim, gathering up the remains of a plaster image. "I insisted on trying to sell a bust of Noah Webster to a meeting of simplified spellers."—Denver Republican.

him as he strode down the walk. "And don't forget to read every line I publish," came indistinctly to his ears as he turned the corner to the station.

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The enormous difficulties of color terminology are illustrated by a customer's "exact statement of her requirements" in a large Deansgate establishment one day. "Something in blue taffeta silk, please. I don't want anything as dark as navy blue nor anything as light as Cambridge blue, but something darker than Eton blue and yet a little off from an electric blue and hardly a sky blue—more like a robin's egg blue and yet not quite so light, but not an indigo blue, but something like this tint; I think they call it morning glory blue, which is something like a turquoise blue and yet not quite so light as that and yet not so dark quite as this aquamarine blue nor so light as baby blue. Now, if you have anything in the shade I have described, please show it to me." The intelligent assistant unrolled a length, a cross between the blue devils and the deep sea, with the remark: "This is the shade of blue you require, madam. It is called 'London milk'."—Dyer and Calico Printer.

The Oriental Mind. Frederic S. Isham, the author, told the following to illustrate the double dyed duplicity of the oriental mind. Mr. Isham was in Peking. Passing the arch to the Baron von Kettler, supposed to be an arch of contrition for the foul assassination of that brave official, the novelist asked a Chinaman who spoke a little English:

"You know why this monument was erected, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes," was the ready reply in dialect, "to commemorate a triumphant deed, the death of a very powerful foreigner!"

"Commemorate! And is that"—in amazement—"what the people generally think was the purpose of this monument?"

"Why not?" The Celestial's face was immovable, but a suggestion of sardonic humor seemed to flash from his slant eyes. "Chinese people much like monument."

And, indeed, they seemed to bask in the shade of it with much satisfaction.

The Cause of Uracts. Why is it that windows and doors are frequently ill fitting? There is nothing wrong with the wood itself, nor with the workmanship, as a rule, nor with the fit, at the outset at least, but the whole trouble is due to the wood being unseasoned, or, rather, only partially seasoned, at the time it is made up.—Timber.

Optimistic. "Is Jones an optimistic?" "Is he? He found a ticket antilobbying him to a chance in an automobile drawing the other day, and he is building a garage."—Boston Transcript.

Answered. Bobby—What's the simple life, pa? Father—Doing your own work, my son. Bobby—And what's the strenuous life? Father—Doing some other fellow's work. Now run along and play.

"Sophrony, did you send me a picture card?"

stove up so," she said, with a sharp side glance at the girl.

She gave a satisfied nod as the rich red flamed in Sophrony's cheeks. "Who'd 'a' thought that plow would strike dynamite in his old ten acre lot? Nobody knows how it came there, neither. He was such a likely young feller an' dretful handsome!"

"His face ain't hurt none," interrupted Sophrony, rattling the stove covers aimlessly.

"They say when he gets them new-fangled legs with joints he'll be as good as new, barrin' his three fingers. Lucky 'twas the left hand, say I. Didn't he nester come over here a lot?" questioned Miss Perkins.

"Yes, for quite a spell." Sophrony turned around and allowed the tears to roll over her plump cheeks without any pretense. "That's why I can't make up my mind to Silas, I guess. But a woman can do nothin', an' Sam's sort of backward."

"My grief, I should say so—when a man couldn't get up spunk to ask a girl till she's most thirty!"

"He knew I wouldn't leave pa," exclaimed Sophrony. "I went over to inquire, but Mary Jane said he wouldn't let anybody inside the house."

"You don't say!" exclaimed the dressmaker. "I kind of mistrusted 'but he's just sensitive, that's what. Likely he says to himself, 'I ain't got no right to ask any woman to tie up to one legger.'"

"I'd rather have Sam with one leg than any other body with two," half sobbed Sophrony. "Oh, Miss Perkins, it does me a sight 'o' good to speak out! I've just been bottled up till it seems as if I should bust."

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