

THE GRASS A-GREENING.

Aunt Celia lives with us, her room's the one above the hall. And she has laughing baby pictures hanging on the wall.

Aunt Celia lets so many come to see her pa gets mad. And says it is a shame to have her bothered with the sad with the sad.

"BLACKAMOR."

Many will wonder how I managed to keep order in the schoolroom and give proper attention to the lessons with three baby woodchucks, a turtle, two squirrels and a young cow about the place.

It appeared to go well for a while. Then one forenoon I heard loud shouts outside, and on going to the door, saw a hatless Italian pursuing Blackamoor across the pasture below the house.

Blackamoor, however, was taking it all easily, flying low, but keeping out of reach. He had something in his beak. Catching sight of me in the doorway, the Italian stopped, but gesticulated eagerly, pointing to the crow; and he said much that I failed utterly to comprehend.

I conjectured that Blackamoor had purloined something, and felt that I must keep him from going to the camp; but that was not easily accomplished. We tied him by the leg, but he tugged at the string till it was frayed off or came untied, and flew away.

It came about, therefore, that at the end of the second term the position was given to another teacher, and for one whole term my occupation was gone. Yet my former pupils lamented so openly and said so much at home, that their small voices wrought a change of opinion, and at the beginning of the second year the school was given to me again.

Finally, after a great bombardment, the outcries and racket subsided, and with a vast sense of relief, I saw the Italians retiring across the pasture to their camp. As a matter of course the children carried home terrible accounts of what had occurred, and our small community waxed indignant over what was deemed an outrage by lawless foreigners.

At first we built a pen for him at the farther corner of the schoolyard, where we kept him until he could fly. After that he was released, to stay with us or depart. He chose to stay, and during school hours usually sat on the ridge of the school house roof.

At a school house in the country it is often difficult to get small repairs made. Early that season the boys had broken a pane of glass in the low attic window at the front end of the house. I had been trying to get it repaired for two months; and now we had two panes broken. At last I bought new glass and a bit of putty and with the aid of Wiggan and another boy, set the panes myself one night after school.

while we were overhauling it he cawed and hawed in great glee!

That night we talked it over, and decided that restoration was our only proper course. The long-suffering Italians were now six miles away; but on Saturday we procured a pair of farm horses and a wagon with three seats for our journey of reparation. The purloined articles were put in a large basket, and we set up a perch in the wagon, to which Blackamoor was chained in token of punishment.

When we arrived the gang was hard at work in a cutting; but when, one after another, they caught sight of our wagon, with Blackamoor atop, exclamations, not of a complimentary nature, burst forth all along the line. But I beckoned to their Irish boss, and after showing him our basket and explaining the circumstances, asked him to allow each of the men to take what belonged to him.

"Ah, sure!" replied the foreman, with a broad grin. "Here, all of you," he shouted down the cutting, "come get your trinkets what the crow stole!" Wonderingly, the gang gathered round the wagon. But when they saw the basket and what was in it, the liveliest expressions of satisfaction arose. Each seized his own.

I had the foreman say to them how very sorry we were that our bad bird had given them so much trouble. Then, followed, in response, as pretty a bit of politeness as I have ever witnessed.

"It's all right, they say. You are most good. They thank you with all their hearts. They are sorry you have had to come so far. You are a very, very kind signorina." The foreman grinned apologetically. "They want to sing you a song," he said.

I thought of our previous fears and of the hard things that had been said, and was ashamed. Again the truth of that humane old proverb came home to me: "Almost everybody is a good fellow if you treat him right." And Blackamoor? A few days later Blackamoor deserted us. A large flock of his wild kindred was mustering in the vicinity for the autumn migration. We concluded that he had joined his tribe—and were not inconsiderable.—Youth's Companion.

SOCIETY WOMEN'S BABIES.

A Steady Improvement in the Standards of Fashionable Families.

A young society woman of Chicago, who played the part of nurse girl and governess in several cities, declares that "American women care no more about the bringing up of their children than if they were so many cattle." No superficial study of American life by a society woman, or anyone else, can serve as an excuse for such a statement. Society women are not invariably the most attentive mothers. Nevertheless, there never was, probably, a time when society women gave more attention to their children than they are giving now. There never was a time when the average American woman showed more devotion to her children than she is showing now.

There never was a time when American mothers, rich and poor, studied the needs of children more carefully than they do now that children may be properly fed, sensibly clothed, and intelligently trained. It is notorious that within the last ten years there has been a steady improvement in the standards of fashionable families as regards child-bearing and child-training. There is abundant room for more improvement, of course, but this does not alter the fact that much progress already has been made. How many young matrons today rejoice in their children! How many give up social functions that they may give personal attention to their babies!

Anybody who cares to look beyond his own nose in his own neighborhood knows how erroneous must be the statement that American women care no more about the bringing up of their children than if they were so many cattle.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The Czar's Advantage. Pete Persimmons—I wish I wuz de Czar of Russia, dat's wat! Jim Jackson—Why does you wish you wuz de Czar of Russia? Pete Persimmons—Why, I'd hab so many other troubles I think I'd forget de four dollars an' eighty cents I owes de butcher.—Puck.

Evils of the Old Russian System Are Now Intolerable Czar Nicholas Too Weak to Stem Vast Current.

By Andrew D. White, Former American Ambassador to St. Petersburg.

IF the Czar is a weak man, as the present Emperor is, he can do very little. A weak man cannot know anything about the Empire to speak of, because he is surrounded by grand dukes, women, etc., who tell him what they want him to believe. The main difficulty in the whole case is that the Emperor is supposed to do all the thinking for 140,000,000 of people scattered over the largest territory possessed by any government in the world, with all sorts of different races, religions and ideas, and this no man can do, and least of all in a time like this.

The simple fact is that the evils of the old system have now become absolutely intolerable. And when you add to that the sending off of immense numbers of the best young men in the country to an utterly useless and wicked war, and the pressure which none but the very strongest rulers in all human history can cope with. The Czar has no strength of character, no proper education, and is hopelessly unfit to grapple with the situation. No doubt the worst of the features of the situation have been kept from him.

Eighty years ago a struggle took place against the incoming Emperor Nicholas I, but the condition of things was by no means so bad as it is at present. And that Emperor was a very much stronger man than the present ruler. He simply shot down the insurgents in one of the great squares of the city, ordered a number of revolutionists to be hanged, sent the more moderate reformers to Siberia and so stopped the whole difficulty. Not unlike the advisers of the present Emperor will try to do the same thing by shooting down the insurgents, and in that way they may have something like peace for some time to come. But important changes cannot much longer be delayed.

The Grand Duke Vladimir is the Emperor's uncle; he is a trained soldier of the old sort and a believer in strong measures, such as have always been practiced in the Russian Empire.

What Is a Gentleman?

By George Harvey.

THE president of Harvard has lately used the word gentleman in defining his idea of what a college student ought to be. It is a dangerous word, tangled as it is with old-time weakness and old-time strength. Dr. Eliot has been attacked, here and there, for using it. He mitigated it, however, by associating with it the word democratic. The compound which he described is an admirable creation, whatever may be thought of the felicity of the two words. "A gentleman," says the president, "is quiet. He does not bluster, or hustle, or hurry, or vociferate. He is a serene person." So far Dr. Eliot has history with him. He goes on: "Another of his qualities is a disposition to see the superiorities in persons, rather than their inferiorities." It is to be feared that historically the kind of superior with whom "gentlemen" sought to associate would hardly be deemed remarkable for actual superiority today.

Gratitude would be due to him who should invent a word containing the valuable part of the meaning of "gentleman" and omitting the class implications. New ideals need new words. "Bright thoughts, clear deeds, constancy, fidelity, bounty, and generous honesty" are the qualities attributed by Sir Thomas Brown to the "true heroic English gentleman." Emerson calls a gentleman "the finished man, the man of sense, of grace, of accomplishment, of social power." Ruskin attributes to him fineness of body as well as of mental structure. Thackeray, who sometimes laughed at this word, asks, among other things, if a gentleman ought to be a true husband, of decent life, with debts all paid, with wisdom and lofty aims. It would be a rash person who should describe these virtues as gentlemanly. In days of class division each class had its superiorities—the peasantry, the gentry, and the bourgeoisie. Our ideal man today is a combination, and he draws at least as much of his character from the bourgeoisie, or middle class, as from the aristocracy.—Harper's Weekly.

Journalism as a Profession

By George Harvey.

ONE indicates little regard for himself or for the fellows of his craft, what can he be in reason expect from others? Precisely there is the line drawn by journalists themselves against the profession of journalism. It is not that they do not really respect themselves and their co-laborers; they do. But by every possible method they convey the impression that they do not. They seem to prefer to be regarded as cynical rather than as sincere; as smart, alert, successful, rather than thoughtful, capable and worthy.

The sneering, silly and inexcusable remark, savoring of the vulgarity of the ostentatiously "self-made" man, "I am not a journalist, I am a newspaper man," has done more to check the growth of ideals in the eager minds of thousands of young men than any like utterance upon the altar of epigram. Of all of us in this room who have given mind, heart and conscientious endeavor to public service there is probably not one whose perspective, at some point of his career, has not been blighted by this stupid differentiation. The contrast of terms is of course only phrasing and inconsequential. But the idea conveyed, the deliberate insistence upon being regarded not merely as cynicists, but as mechanics, if not indeed as day laborers, has been fruitful of infinite harm, both within and without a profession requiring the greatest force of intellect, the finest discrimination between right and wrong, the most fruitful form of expression and the highest order of moral courage. That the most potent agency in the evolution of this American nation should be thus debased, even in appearance, is surely anything but creditable to those responsible for it and those who themselves should guard no more jealously their own good name than the honor of their craft.

To see the right is genius; to do it is courage. Unite the two under the banner of sane idealism and the most potent force in the cause of progress, enlightenment and good-will lies in the free press of America.

The Appreciation of Men of Genius

By Henry M. Alden, Editor Harper's Magazine.

UNTIL a comparatively recent period—say the last century—few men of great genius were justly appreciated by their contemporaries. The House of Fame received them not during their lives, and the winds of human adulation blew only over their graves. In their own day they were sought for such personal qualities as were agreeable apart from their works, and there was, happily for their peace of mind, little public concern as to their domestic interiors or as to their manners, grave or gay. This immunity was no slight compensation for the world's apathy or its stunted praise.

We have changed all that. The eminent authors of our time will have no future glory greater than we have given them. The response of the contemporary audience is quick and full, and a beautiful sentiment of affection is developed toward the author, who gratefully rejoices in both the laurels and the love. This mutual feeling shows itself more, at least more extensively, in America than anywhere else.

TO MAKE FEET LOOK SLENDER.

Zebra Shoes Are Worn—Cravats, Gloves, Belts and Boots to Match.

Our feet must look narrow and slim this season. How it is to be managed in every case cannot very clearly be understood, but the boot-makers are helping us all by building their pretty wares in such a manner that slenderness of appearance is induced. Women with small and daintily shaped feet are with much daring actually wearing at this moment in those circles where fashion reigns supreme and mud is not white kid boots with toe caps of black patent leather, and nothing could be more charming. Alas that fashion should lay such a trap for these whose pedal extremities are not all that beauty would have them be. The wise, of course, will abjure white, which makes the foot look ever so much larger than it need do, but they may choose one of the other colored leathers, such as dove and green, both of which have an excellent effect in the diminution of size.

Kid cravats arrive to match these new kid boots. They started their triumphant career primarily as the accompaniments of motor car skirts, and were liked at the outset for their smartness and because they clean and even wash so well. White gloves and a white waistband complete the quintet of smart adjuncts, and if the cravat be a colored one all the rest of the little coeteras must, of course, match. As this is quite a new note in sartorial fancies it should at once be seized as the hall mark of smartness for a new spring toilette.

The shoemakers have discovered what the gloves have also found out, that champagne colored kid makes the feet as well as the hands look their neatest and smallest, and in consequence it is being used now for outdoor and indoor shoes and has met with great popularity.

Also he it known that a very smart evening shoe is made of brown Russia leather treated in what is known as the zebra manner, with bars of narrow dibbon to match it in color. These are formed in stripes so arranged that the foot is made to look long and slender whether it is naturally so or quite the reverse.

It is rather odd that we should all try to follow one pattern of foot. A few years ago the girl with the delicately small one did her very best to make it look athletic in appearance by wearing square toed and masculine looking boots. Now she is pleased to show it as nature made it in shoe leather of the most fanciful and pretty type.

Antelope skin is a favorite choice among the rich, and the very smartest walking shoes are built of a pale gray shade of this skin, with black patent leather backs and front. White antelope is also used with patent leather fittings, and slate gray is not despised, especially with a toilette to match. As all the grays are most modish now gray shoes are in great demand.—London Daily Mail.

The Wild Duck's Flight.

Stretched almost flat in their sneaking boxes, the two duck hunters shivered with the cold. It was a gray day. There was ice on the low lying meadows of coarse grass, and the black water that lapped the little boats had here and there a scum of ice. Toward them, high in the gray sky, a great black triangle swept swift. Now there was excitement among the chilled hunters, cramped and hurried movement, and finally, four loud reports.

But the ducks swept on. None dropped in the gloomy water of the day. The two men as soon as they had gotten over their disappointment, began to converse in low tones. "Charlie," said the young, "why do ducks fly in a triangle?" "Why," said the other, "is a ship's bow pointed? So it can slip along the more easily, eh? For the same reason ducks fly in triangles. They make better time so and the work is easier."

Here is a remarkable fact. The duck that flies ahead at the point, or apex, of the triangle is always the strongest and the most skilled. It is hard work, though, to fly at the point, and no duck can stay there very long. As soon as he gets tired he drops back and another strong and skilled bird takes his place.

"To each triangle of wild ducks there is always a force of a half dozen splendid flyers that in regular rotation, lead the flight at the triangle's apex."—Louisville Courier Journal.

Kentuckian's Home-Made Violin.

Mr. H. H. C. Q. James of Bullitt county, who is an expert performer on the violin, finished making a new violin last Monday, played on it Tuesday and thinks it has got the best tone of any that he ever heard. The lightest touch of the bow will produce a clear, even and well sustained sound.

He made the top of cedar and the back and ribs of maple. Two years ago he cut a cedar tree that was known to be 75 years old, and sawed from the first cut the piece with which he made the top of the violin, and at the same time he cut the maple, and after thoroughly seasoning, he has, with a specially shaped knife and a file, made what he considers one of the finest toned violins he ever heard. All of his friends are congratulating him on his success, and as the violin ages Mr. James expects it to improve in tone.—Salt River Tiger.

With a piece of string and a little sand and grease, some Hindoo convicts sawed through an iron bar two inches in diameter in five hours and escaped from jail.