

Reputations cannot be safely based on statistics. Statistics show that Chicago contains eleven hundred churches.

The question as to whether a tailor-made gown, costing \$115, is a necessity was disposed of in the affirmative recently by a New York judge. Of course the later was married and henpecked.

The total increase of population in the Dominion of Canada, including the gain by immigration as well as by natural increase, has fallen from 830,000 in the decade ending 1880 to 506,050 in that ending 1901.

A great national highway, 3000 miles long, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, would be a glorious achievement, and a perfectly feasible one. We want one good road in this country, and that ought to be it, exclaims the Brooklyn Eagle.

Of the 3,000,000 square miles, more or less, within the limits of the United States, excluding Alaska and the islands, about 1,300,000, or 43 percent are not naturally supplied with rainfall sufficient during the summer season to keep up agriculture with any success.

Senator Vest of Missouri, who ended his eulogy of the late Wade Hampton in the United States senate by quoting from Tennyson, is said to outrank even Senator Hoar of Massachusetts in his familiarity with the poetry of England and America. It is said that his command of quotations is astounding, that he has one at his tongue's tip for any case that may arise. He is a good classical scholar also, and is always happy to debate a matter of accents.

The fight over the famous Fair estate of San Francisco lasted over seven years, and cost the heirs, in round numbers, a million of dollars for court and legal expenses alone. Besides this, \$500,000 was spent in settling the claims of various relatives. When Senator Fair died his wealth was estimated at \$14,000,000, and this, despite the great outlay in connection with the suits, is said to have increased to \$17,000,000.

The New England Cotton Manufacturers' association is to place a bronze memorial tablet in honor of Eli Whitney, the inventor of the cotton gin, upon the wall of the Eli Whitney county club house at Rocky Creek, Ga., where Whitney set up his first cotton gin. The inscription upon the tablet declares the American cotton gin to have been "a contribution to the resources of civilization, and to the material welfare of the United States."

America's place in the scientific world is the subject of an interesting discussion in Popular Science Monthly. This journal points out that, while we have produced great inventors and are, perhaps, contributing more than a share to practical engineering, manufactures and agriculture, we do not stand equally high in the domain of pure science. If the pure sciences were divided into nine groups—that is to say, mathematics, astronomy, physics, botany, chemistry, geology, zoology, physiology and anthropology—psychology—and the United States excelled in one branch, it would be sufficient. It is, however, admitted we are inferior to several nations in mathematics, physics, chemistry and physiology, and we are inferior in reputation, though obviously not so in performance, in zoology, botany and anthropology—psychology, but we are probably doing work of greater volume and value than any other nation in astronomy and in geology.

One morning recently eight men launched a surf-boat in the teeth of a northeast gale to rescue a crew of wreckers from a barge stranded on the southern side of Cape Cod. The men were members of the life-saving service from the station at Monomoy Point. They fought their way to the barge, took off the imperiled wreckers and turned shoreward again. Then panic seized the rescued men. By their struggles the boat was capsized, and of the 13 souls on board but one escaped. It is a simple story—one that is repeated, with variations, every year at one point or another along the coast states the Youth's Companion. They were plain, every-day men, these life-savers, living simply and lovingly with their little families on their meagre pay, ready day or night to risk their lives for a brother in distress. Six wives are widows, fourteen children are fatherless, and the men had no pensions. But the world does not see such deeds as theirs unmoved. The heart of Boston and of Massachusetts has provided for these whom they left dependent, and the whole nation will cherish their memory.



How shall we honor them—our Deathless Dead? With strew of laurel and the stately tread? With blaze of banners brightening overhead? Or, not alone these cheaper praises bring? They will not have this easy honoring.

Not 'till our cannon, breaking the blue noon, Not 'till our flags, with rattle and with boom, Not 'till the throng of our reverent choirs, Not 'till our bugles blown, Can honor them grown sallow with the years, We can we praise alone In the majestic silence of stone, Not even our lyric tears Can honor them, passed upward to their spheres, We must meet our sugar hour of fate, As they met theirs; and this will consecrate, This will hallow them, this will give their souls afar, While they lie sleeping in a simpler way.



THE moon was shining through the pines out of a cloudless sky when they laid him away in the little cemetery at the Marshalltown Old Soldiers' Home. John Labold was his name, "Sergeant John," his comrades had called him for twenty years. The worldly possessions he left behind him consisted of a pair of worn-out crutches; the only memory that survived him was that of a crotchety, broken-down old man. But every veteran among the seven hundred at the home followed his body up the hill, for above and beyond his worldly failings was a record of service that spanned the four years of the Rebellion and on his sunken breast inside the coffin rested three medals that testified with silent eloquence to gallantry in the face of the enemy.

All the trees and lawns were bathed in the white moonlight when the veterans fell into files in front of the main building and began to march with slow and halting steps behind the hearse. Ahead of the carriage was the band, flanked by the firing squad. The cemetery was only a few hundred yards away, but it took the old men a long while to reach it, for many in the ranks were crippled. Some, bent with years, looked at the flag flapping ahead of the line, listened to the solemn strains of the "Dead March" and tried in a pitiful and brave struggle to walk as stanchly and as straight as they had done

thirty years before. Two, mere shells of men with all the fires of life flickering into ash, were wheeled along in chairs at the end of the column. They drew up in a hollow square about the open grave and every tassel that came off as four of the younger men lifted the coffin out of the hearse. Off at one side and crowding between the grass covered mounds near the cemetery fence were some hundreds of townspeople reverently watching the ceremony. In more than one place in the square the old fellows, sometimes in a chain of three or four, held hands like little frightened children might do in the presence of some indefinite dread. The chaplain said a few words about the dead man's career as a soldier and then the color bearer, advancing to the side of the coffin, laid across it a beautiful silk flag, its folds falling among the clouds of clay around it. "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust." At the preacher's words half a dozen of the close friends of the dead man pressed out of the ranks, and kneeling, threw in handfuls of earth. The commander of the gun squad, a veteran with a long gray beard, took his cue from the uplifted hand of the governor and began to give his company of half a dozen the necessary orders, in a tone as penetrating and brusque as if he were directing an operation on the field of battle with

every little headstone stretched out in front of him an ambushed enemy. They fired three sharp, uniform volleys over the grave, the hollow square of time-battered soldiers coming to the salute and standing motionless. In



Five little villages in Southern New Jersey unite annually in a unique observance of Memorial Day. They are all near enough to the sea to be dominated by the thought of it. So it is not strange that when they come to think of the men who have died for their country their minds turn to the vast grave at their very doors. There are only 500 inhabitants, all told, in these five villages, but the idea of decorating the great sea-graves does not appall them. When Memorial Day comes around the children of the neighborhood, carrying flags and garlands and crowned with flowers, go to a pier which runs out into the ocean, where, after marching up and down and singing patriotic songs they throw their flowers and garlands into the waves, while a bugle sounds and a salute is fired. This ceremony of decorating the common grave of those who have been lost at sea not only can be made a beautiful and impressive one, but has also the significance which would appeal to people.—Harper's Bazar.

American's show of gratitude for the deeds of her soldier heroes is a fitting monument to patriotism. No nation can compare with ours in the wealth of its reward for sacrifice. France prides herself upon the greatness of her Hotel des Invalides, and England boasts of the vastness of her military hospitals for the "Queen's own," but America's National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers, as the final triumph of military asylums, surpasses anything else of the kind yet conceived. Of that vast horde of the youth and vigor of this country that freely offered itself in the cause of union and liberty some 20,000 survivors are to-day in this retreat waiting for the final reveille. While they live they live like courtiers of a king, and when they die Old Glory's folds enshroud their mortal clay, and booming

Gratitude. After the crowds have gone, to the middle of the little cloud of rifle smoke that hung low on the grass stepped a bugler and as he put his instrument to his lips with a gallant sweep of the arm the moon topped the pines at his back and swathed him, like a vision, in a flood of light. Why is it that the most solemn service ever devised by man, the stately hush of a vast cathedral, the imposing robes, the stained glass windows, the pealing organ, all fade into insignificance beside that soul-stirring, simple act—the trumpeting out of "taps" over the body of a dead sol-

dier? No man who has ever heard it, either on the field of battle, at the quiet army post, or in the haven for these weak and shattered units of the Grand Army of the Republic ever forgets it. For the bugle notes seem to take into their own all-embracing cadence the tears, the memories, the shattered hopes and the long farewell.

The bugler was a little veteran, a dried up figure with the marks of age all about him, but with the first note of the bugle he seemed to become again the ardent young warrior. His earnestness and feeling entered into every bar of this the most beautiful, the most piteous, the most haunting of all army calls. The leaves of the trees rustled in the air, but every soul within sound of the bugle seemed turned to the silence of stone. When the bugler finished with a sweet, lingering note that lost itself in its own echo everybody still stayed motionless. Not until the sound of earth falling on the coffin below startled them out of their reverie did anyone move away. A few moments later the band headed the slow moving line with a lively air and all marched back to barracks. But for hours, despite the cheering music, "taps" rang in the ears of all of them, bringing back memories not alone of Sergeant John, but of those four hideous years of struggle and death before age had chained them to his chariot. Far into the night, and when nearly all the other inmates of the home were asleep, two of the veterans still toiled with spades piling the earth into the grave and resting every little while to wonder how long it would be before comrades were performing the same office for them. For the shadow of death hovers close over these old soldiers' homes, and not all the beauty of nature or architecture can remove the ever present knowledge that all here are making their last defense against an enemy relentless and resistless.—John R. Rathorn, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

Memorial Day. It comes! The sacred day That men have set aside In honor of the heroes who For love of country died— The day for spreading wreaths And giving voice to praise Of worth that sacrificed itself— O sacred day of days. Men put their tasks aside, And hoes and hoes and gray Trudge forth to where their comrades lie.

Memorial Day Sentiments. This is our day for all our patriotic saints and heroes.—General Anderson. Every boy and girl of fifteen should know the names and places which have made American bravery famous throughout the world.—Judge Richards Yates. The nation that cherishes the graves of its soldiers and assembles to honor them is the nation that preserves and enlarges national life.—Benjamin Harrison. The nation or country that can grow men of such character and such loftiness of soul that they will go down to death, if need be, for a principle, can rule the world.—Webster Davis, at Arlington.

And thousands rush away To wood and field and lake, And whoop and rip and tear, And if they know the meaning Of The day they never care.

Decorating Soldiers' Graves. The setting apart of a day for the decoration of soldiers' graves, a custom observed by North and South, had its origin with the French colonists. On November 2, All Souls' Day, they would repair to the cities of the dead, there to twine garlands for the tombs. We have made this custom our own, and on Memorial Day all over the land the fairest flowers are laid upon the graves of fallen heroes. In the lower suburbs of New Orleans is the cemetery containing the world-famed shrine of St. Roque. Dainty, tenderly reared women trudge the long, dusty road from the city to St. Roque, and there their costly flowers are laid on the altar beside the humble offerings of the less favored sisters. Within, from the flower-decked altar, the statue of St. Roque smiles down upon the supplicant. In recognition of cures and favors granted through the intercession of St. Roque many have caused tablets to be inscribed and set in the wall.—Donohue's Magazine.

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SPORTING BRIEVITIES. All of Cornell's crew are practicing on the lake at Ithaca. Pennsylvania defeated Columbia in their annual dual track meet. A. H. Penn established a new record of 71 for the New Haven Golf Club links. The annual cruise of the New York Yacht Club will begin on Monday, August 4. Lakewood 1 team defeated the Country Club of Westchester at polo by a score of 5f goals to 4. The Marseilles-Paris bicycle race was won by Lucien Lesna, who covered the entire distance in 38 hours and 45 minutes. Kid Carter clearly bested Kid McCoy in the six-round wind-up at Philadelphia. There was not the slightest chance for two opinions. Thousands of people have been playing ping-pong during the winter months who have become so fond of the game that they will naturally turn to lawn tennis when the sun begins to boil. Word has been received that J. Hopkins Smith, of Portland, Me., (Harvard '02), is having twenty-one-footers built to race for the German Emperor's cup at Kiel, June 28. Silbick, of Cowes, is building one. Robert V. Turner offers to back his younger brother, David L. Turner, 5 to 1, up to as much as \$5000, that he can outshoot any man in the United States with pistol or rifle, agreeing to use the other man's gun in any contest that may be arranged. Since R. Siever, the Englishman who owns Sceptre, the great three-year-old, for which he refused an offer of \$175,000 from W. K. Vanderbilt, announced his willingness to match her against any horse in the world for \$50,000 a side, weight for age, at a mile and a quarter, there have been some suggestions that J. B. Haggin might match Watercolor against her. Carry Gold in Quills. According to Le Roux, a French explorer, the natives of Abyssinia have a queer way of carrying to market the gold that they find in the beds of streams. They find it as dust and as small nuggets, and put it into large quills, as transparent as glass tubes. The brokers who buy it work it up into the form of circles of the size of an ordinary finger ring, but without closing the circle, for the purchaser always insists on twisting it to see that it does not contain any adulteration. Experienced fingers can tell at once whether the yielding metal has the exact malleability of pure gold. Relicts of Marie Antoinette. Among the archives of the Department of the Seine was recently brought to light the list of articles in the pockets of the dress worn by Marie Antoinette, at the time of her execution. The objects were a small pocketbook in green morocco, containing a pair of scissors, a small cork-crow, a pair of pinners, a comb and a very small looking-glass, and a small pocketbook of red morocco; this sold for 5f. 75 cents. The second consisted of three little portraits in green morocco cases, one of them being surrounded by a metal frame and sold for 4f. 40c, the proceeds of the sale going to Sanson, the executioner.

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