

THE ULTIMATE NATION.

Once Babylon, by beauty tenanted, In pleasure palaces and walks of pride, Like a great scarlet flower reared her head, Where Tyre and Sidon teemed with ships afloat, The wharves are idle and the waters lone; And to the Temple that was His abode In vain Jerusalem recalls her own. Brooding the bygone from her sculptured seats, In living rock her mighty memories hewn, Along the Nile, wonder of water streets, Old fertile Egypt is a stranger's boon. Mark Athens, breathed upon by breath of gods, With birds and sages to reveal her signs, Leap like a flame above life's iron clouds, To fall in ashes upon vacant shrines. And Rome, firm-founded in a wide empire, Her laws and legions, her imperial goal, Avail not when her sometime honor dies, Smothered in shows that kill the mourning soul. Such names of pride and power have been brought low, Lapsing alike into the cavernous years; Out of the grayness of the long ago Their ghosts fit homeless and we guess their tears. The destiny of nations! They arise, Have their heyday of triumph, and in turn Sink upon silence and the lidless eyes Of fate salute them from their final urn. How splendid—and the story! How the dust And pain and bilis of living transient seem! Cities and pomp and glories shrunk to dust, And all that ancient opulence a dream. Must a majestic rhythm of rise and fall Conquer the peoples once so proud on earth? Does man but march in circles, after all, Playing his curious game of death and birth? Or shall an ultimate nation, God's own child, Arise and rule, nor ever conquered be; Untouched of time because, all undefiled, She makes His way her ways eternally? —Richard Burton in The Century.

POWERBY'S ADVENTURE.

Powerby—that's not his real name, but it will serve for the purpose of this story—is the executive head of a great manufacturing corporation. He started in at \$5 a week as a shop boy and now he is drawing \$50,000 per year, with the prospect of an increase if times keep on getting better for the company. His rise was altogether due to his mechanical ingenuity, with which was combined a rare faculty for managing men. He had progressed so far on his upward career as to be in charge of one department of the works when he was coming from the mills one day to eat his noon dinner at his home. He bumped up against a "con" man, whose star game was a variation of the ancient lock swindle. Powerby was not wearing much besides his working clothes, and a few streaks of grease marked his hands and garments. The fellow who was looking for easy money picked him out for a victim and approached him with the smile that is burned into tinsy photographs. "Now, my friend," the stranger said, "you look like a mechanic and I'm sure you will be interested in one of the most remarkable puzzles of the age. It is this little lock which I hold in my hand. It seems easy to open, but just as you think you have solved the mystery you are due for another guess. I will show you how nice I can handle it." His interest in peculiar mechanism being excited, Powerby took a close look at the "con" man while he looked and unlocked the little piece of metal. "Doesn't seem to be difficult," said Powerby. "Yes, but it is," said the operator. "Try it." Powerby tried and the lock flew open easily enough, just as the "con" man had intended it should. Powerby looked and unlocked it several times and handed it back to the owner with the remark that it would take more than that to bother him. The "con" man made a few passes over it, asserted that he had got it fixed now and offered to bet Powerby anywhere from \$5 to \$100 that he couldn't open it again. "I'm a church member and it's against my principles to take money from the poor," was Powerby's reply. At this moment the confederate came along the street. He inquired his way to a certain railroad station and was about to pass on when the man with the lock said: "This gentleman and myself were having a little discussion about this lock. He says that he can open it without any trouble and I say that he cannot. Just watch the proceedings for a few minutes if you are not in a hurry to catch your train. As a matter of course the third man opened the lock and then the inevitable betting proposition came up. The lock man offered to put up \$10 that he could not do it again, and when the wager was accepted the confederate insisted that Powerby should hold the stakes. The lock quickly flew open for the third man and Powerby handed him the \$20. Thereupon the "con" man declared he couldn't understand it, but he demanded satisfaction and the confederate agreed to a bet of \$25 a side. This time the lock man won, and then he turned to Powerby. "Now," he said, you were smart enough to work it before, but I'll bet you \$50 that it will fool you now." "Done," replied Powerby. He had caught the trick of the mechanism and opened the lock without an instant's hesitation. Just as the confederate, who had been stakeholder, was producing the bills a fourth man came up and demanded to be told what the trio were doing. He got an answer that it was none of his business and a

warning to clear the sidewalk. "Oh, no," he said. "I'm a detective and I'm going to run you all in for gambling." He threw back the lapel of his coat, displaying a shining big tin star. "No use making resistance," he continued, "You'll have a chance to explain at headquarters." Powerby knew that the assumed detective was a fraud and connected him in his mind with the two others. He looked around for a real policeman but could see none. "I don't like to be taken to the station in this notorious fashion," he said. "Can't you send for the patrol wagon?" The "detective" insisted that the wagons were all busy and that if his prisoners did not come willingly he would urge them along at the point of his gun. They walked a few blocks and Powerby saw that he was being steered toward a dark alley, where he would have met his finish. Just as he was thinking of knocking down the nearest "con" man and making a rush for liberty he sighted a policeman. He backed up against a wall and declared that he would go no further unless the patrol wagon was called. The policeman hurried to the group. The fraudulent detective drew a revolver and fired at Powerby at close range, but missed him because he had anticipated what was coming and dropped to the ground. Like a flash the three swindlers disappeared up the alley and Powerby was answering the questions the "cop" fired at him. "It's nothing much," he said, "but if you happen to see a man around here offering to bet that he has a lock that nobody can open just remind him that he owes me \$100 and I like to collect all the money that is by rights coming to me. Or anyway, I'd maybe be satisfied if I could get back the \$50 that his side partner has tucked away in his clothes."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

FATERNALISM NEAR.

Dr. Lyman Abbott Predicts Its Role in the Age to Come. Speaking before the People's Institute at Cooper Union, the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott declared his belief that "the coming age" was one of fraternalism in religion, in industry and in government itself. He said that the trade unions and corporations in their ideal state were examples of the growing tendency toward union in brotherly bonds for the good of the majority. Fraternalism in government, he said, was far more prevalent now than most persons thought. "The people may own their own postoffice service," said he. "May not the nation carry on its own express service? May not it operate its own railroads, its own grocery store or stores? I will say this: The people of a city may do for themselves, the people of a state may do for themselves or the people of the nation for themselves whatever they can do cheaper and better than by private enterprise." In religion Dr. Abbott said there should be not mere tolerance of other creeds, but religious brotherhood. "I do not tolerate Cardinal Gibbons or Felix Adler," he said, "I honor them." Many people might not see the drift toward fraternalism in industry, continued Dr. Abbott, yet it existed. This was made certain by the great propositions which leaders of thought were putting out. "There is the proposal made by President Roosevelt," said Dr. Abbott, "to lay a tax on all wealth as it passes through the gates of death. There is the suggestion made by Mr. Bryan that a tax be levied on the incomes of the rich during their lifetime; that they be made to pay back to the community a certain proportion of what they have got out of it." "Then there is the proposition of Henry George, that there be a tax on all property in its various forms—the wealth of mines, the wealth of forests, the wealth of stocks or real estate. And then there is the proposition of the entire country, that the country administer the affairs of the railroads, those great highways of the nation. All these ideas run directly contrary to individualism." Then Dr. Abbott cited figures from William Grinnell's "Social Theories and Facts" to show that while the Standard Oil Company or organization had only forty-five stockholders, it now had between four thousand and five thousand; and while the Sugar Trust at the beginning had only three hundred stockholders, it now had twelve thousand. "I am not defending the Standard Oil Company," he went on, "only citing an example. I grant that corporations often are used unjustly and for the concentration of wealth and power. The remedy is not the destruction of the corporation, but the making the men who manage it conduct it honestly and for the benefit of the people." After his address many questions were asked of Dr. Abbott by persons in the audience, who wanted him to explain his ideas of the difference between fraternalism and socialism. He said that if Lowell's kind of socialism were to prevail—the kind that brought a better reward for the work of one's hands—he would favor it, but never state socialism, meaning that kind where the government controlled all the tools and implements of industry. Another question was whether he thought it would be dangerous to have a boss if the people elected or controlled that boss. He said he thought it would be dangerous to concentrate all financial and political power in one organization.—New York Tribune.

Electric light has been introduced into the Beauchamps tower (the old state prison) in the Town of London.



Friends and Foes. Said a Kiss to a Smile, "Why, how do you look so sour? I'm sure I should like to live always with you." Said the Smile to the Kiss, "I'm sure I shall be delighted to have you live always with me." So they live and they love, and neither offends; They're always together and always are friends.

Said a Frown to a Word, "Now, don't look so sour? Let's see if we can not be friends for an hour." Said the Word to the Frown, "I'm willing to try." Altho I'm afraid of the look in your eye. In less than a minute a quarrel arose; They fought and they parried, and now they are foes. —Arthur Macy, in The Youth's Companion.

What Red Coral Is.

The red coral that is used for necklaces is a horny axis which supports a number of soft-bodied, coral-like animals, or polyps, the entire structure bearing a strong resemblance to a small shrub. The fishermen, after they have brought this shrub-like colony to the surface, clean the soft animal matter away, preserving the red core, or axis, which is sold as jewelry. Although red coral contains some lime, it is largely composed of a substance akin to horn, and, like horn, it takes a fine polish. Horn, wool and other animal substances of this nature almost invariably change their color when brought into intense heat. —From "Nature and Science" in St. Nicholas.

Friendship with Wild Life.

If a fairy had ever offered to grant me three wishes, "the full confidence of wild animals" would surely have been one of them, and probably the first. If we seek opportunities to befriend wild creatures, and take advantage of them, we shall often find, as I have done, that there is no lack of response on the part of the animals. I once walked up to a pine siskin, as he was feeding on the ground, and picked him up in my hand. He did not seem a bit alarmed, and when a few minutes later, I set him down, he continued his search for food within a few inches of my feet. On another occasion a yellow-throated vireo allowed me to lift her from her nest when I wished to count her eggs, and nestled down comfortably on her treasures the moment I put her back. With a forefinger I once stroked the back of a red-breasted nuthatch as he was busy feeding on a tree. —From Ernest Harold Baynes' "Keeping 'Open House' for the Birds" in St. Nicholas.

United States Stamps.

The government of the United States has decided to give up printing its postage stamps. The Bureau of Engraving and Printing in Washington has done the work since 1894 at a loss which has amounted to considerable each year and has been made up by deficiency appropriations by congress. The American Bank Note Company has now secured the contract, and its work will be done in the same manner as that which this company turned out before 1894. The main feature of the new printing will be the engraving upon the stamps themselves of the names of twenty-six postoffices in the United States which do the largest business. There are six thousand smaller offices, and the stamps of these will have their names printed upon them. This is done in order to prevent postoffice robberies, as it will be impossible to dispose of any large number of stamps with the name of the office printed upon them after a robbery has been committed. An interesting field for collection is opened by this action on the part of our government. The attempt to gather a collection of stamps issued from every different postoffice in a state or in the United States may be made, and in many cases will undoubtedly be successfully accomplished. This form of stamp collecting will naturally take the place of postmark collecting, and in many ways is likely to be more interesting and instructive, as it will be the stepping-stone to the general collection of the stamps of the world.—From "Stamp Page" in St. Nicholas.

Clever Mr. Thrush.

Myra and Tessie were starting for school one blowy day in spring. The wind came puffing through the trees and up the road. It twisted Tessie's coat around her body until she could hardly walk. "What a windy day!" she exclaimed, when she got her breath. "But it's getting spring," said Myra. "The brook just sounds as if it was singing 'Spring is coming! Spring is coming!' And there's a pair of thrushes beginning to build a nest in the old apple tree near the fence. I gave them some crumbs from my own breakfast this morning." As they came to the apple tree near the fence a great gust of wind rushed through its branches and blew Myra's hat off. "There goes my hat!" said Myra. "Catch it!" The hat flew up in the air, circled a few times, and settled on a little branch of the apple tree and stuck there. Myra began to cry, "I can't go to school without a hat, and oh—what will mamma say?" Ponto, who always went with Myra as far as the gate, was sorry. He

sat down and barked at the hat, but it did not budge.

Then Tessie threw up a stone but the stone only shook the branch a little. Then Patrick came and good naturedly climbed the tree, but the branch was too slender for him to get near the hat, and he could not touch it, even with his stick. Myra cried harder than ever.

Then Mr. Thrush came along. "Dear me," he chirped to Mrs. Thrush, "there's that sweet little girl who gives us crumbs crying for her hat. I'll have to get it for her myself?" He flew to the twig where the hat was caught, gave two or three little pecks at the ribbon that held it, and the hat swung off, flew around, and fell at Myra's feet!

"I always knew, dear," twittered Mrs. Thrush, "that you had more sense than those stupid human creatures! Why didn't they think of flying up and pecking the ribbon loose?"—Eva Lovett Carson.

Glaciers.

Although we are far removed from the ice age in point of time, the tourist agencies have made it easy for any one who has a week or two to spare and a few pounds in his pockets to visit countries where glacial conditions still prevail. Probably the first impression of most visitors to a glacier is that it is very like its picture. There are the snow crowned mountains. There is the ice filled valley. There are all the varieties of moraine just as the textbooks depict them. This first impression, however, is a very superficial one. Glaciers are just like most things in this world. When we get to know them we find they are quite different, in some respects at least, from what we expected. As acquaintance ripens we find out all sorts of little things which the writers of textbooks doubtless know perfectly well, but never thought of mentioning, things which, perhaps, were so familiar to them, that to describe them would have seemed like saying that rain is wet or that snow is cold, but which nevertheless fill the novice with the pleasure of having discovered the unexpected.

One of the things which first struck the writer when he first spent a few days in the near neighborhood of a glacier was to find what a noisy creature it was. Somehow one associates with snow and ice the idea of intense quiet, and no doubt if one climbs high up among the snow on the mountains one will find it quiet enough. But lower down, on the surface of the glacier, there is, at least in summer time, continuous noise. The noise is the voice of many waters. All around are innumerable little rivulets caused by the melting of the ice in the heat of the summer sun. These trickle and babble and splash their sinuous courses for longer or shorter distances, but none go very far before they plunge headlong down one of the numerous fissures, or crevasses. Some seem to fall into a larger torrent far below. Others make their way into some glacial mill where stones are churned round and round just as one may see in the potholes in the stream at East Linton.

By listening intently one may be able to hear the churning sound mingling with the voice of the waters. Miniature avalanches contribute their quota of noise. Now some pinnacle of ice topples over and splinters into a thousand fragments. Anon a handful of stones come sliding down the side of a ridge of ice perhaps to splash into the pool. All these various causes combine to produce a wonderful amount of noise. Another curious feature of glaciers is that the surface of the ice in many instances appears quite extraordinarily dirty. This does not extra as it should be. Snow is one of the symbols of purity. Surely the ice descending from the pure white snow on the mountains should be pure also. Yet when we view the glaciers from a little distance we are often surprised at the enormous amount of debris gathered on its surface. Besides the central moraine or moraines—often there are several—composed of considerable masses of stone, we find finer particles of matter embedded in the ice all over the surface, often in sufficient quantity to give it a grayish color.

All this solid matter has at one time fallen upon the surface of the glacier and is being borne along by it as a river bears along the sticks and leaves that fall into it. But in the case of a glacier we may have exposed to view the accumulations of hundreds of years. At the lower end of the glacier there is much of interest. In the first place, there is very often a great cave in the ice, and from this there issues the glacier stream. This cave often looks as if it ought to be explored, and it may be possible to make one's way under the ice for a considerable distance. But let the traveler beware. Expeditions of this kind are far from safe. The interior of a glacier may be studied safely enough in the grottoes and tunnels which are carved into the living ice of many show glaciers, such as that of the Rhone, but the ice at the debouché of the stream is in an unstable condition. Every now and then the cave partially collapses, or great masses of ice fall upon the roof, and in a moment an unwary tourist may be trapped or crushed to death. —Edinburgh Scotsman.

QUEEN HATASU'S CAREER.

Prof. Naville's Account of the Woman Who Ruled All Egypt.

Prof. Naville traces the life and monuments of the only woman who in the course of 5000 years ever ruled over United Egypt. Hatasa, Hatshepout or Hatshepsit, as the vagaries of Egyptian transliteration have caused her to be successively called, was the daughter of Thothmes I. and Queen Aasme. As she was of royal blood on both sides, she had claims to the throne superior to those of her half-brother, also called Thothmes, and as she must have early shown a capacity for sovereignty, she was during her father's lifetime associated with him on the throne and brought up with the masculine name of Ka-ma-ra, or, as M. Maspero prefers to read it, Makeri. Yet the Egyptians evidently did not take kindly to the idea of a female sovereign, and Hatasa found it expedient—as M. Naville thinks, while her father was alive—to marry her half-brother, who later reigned with her as her consort under the title of Thothmes II.

On her husband's death, which, according to M. Naville, occurred about the third year of his reign, Hatasa usurped the throne, though acknowledging the right of her nephew to succeed her husband. For some twenty years she reigned, calling herself King and not Queen of Egypt, as she had done during her husband's lifetime. Yet she associated her nephew with her on the throne, as her father had done with herself, and when she died he succeeded her and became the greatest conqueror that Egypt ever produced. M. Naville thinks that the relations of the aunt and the nephew were better than is generally supposed, and points out that the wholesale erasure of Hatasa's name from the monuments did not take place until the close of the conqueror's sole reign. But all the facts that can be verified about Hatasa are as here stated, and the recent attempt of the Berlin school to establish a series of detronements and restorations, in the course of which Thothmes III. married his aunt and Thothmes II. allied himself with his still living father and cast the pair off the throne, has been entirely knocked on the head by M. Legrain's discovery at Karnak of many bas-reliefs showing Thothmes II. as king, with Hatasa, in the dependent position of queen, standing behind him.

In other matters, too, M. Naville, without traveling out of the record of ascertained facts, gives us much needed information. He was still suffering from the waste and ruin of the Hyksos invasion, and that it was probably due to her wise and peaceful rule that Thothmes III. found the land able to support the drain of blood and treasure imposed by his own Napoleonic policy. That she throughout strove with success to establish commercial relations with neighboring nations is shown by her famous expedition to Punt, and M. Naville explains that much of the treasure which Egyptian kings were in the habit of displaying on their monuments as tribute really consisted of foreign goods obtained by purchase or barter.

He is also very instructive on the ceremonies attaching to Egyptian royalty, and shows from many examples taken from Hatasa's monuments that the royal ka, or double, was worshipped during the life of its living counterpart, and that the many coronation scenes where the Pharaoh is depicted as being crowned, baptized and installed on different thrones by various animal headed gods represent ceremonies that were actually performed, the parts of the deities being filled by masked priests. It is curious also to note that the cutting out of a former king's name from public monuments—a practice which has descended to modern times—was thought really to lead to his annihilation in the under world, and that the fashion of walking backward in the presence of royalty seems to be also derived from the ways of the priests in the sanctuary where the royal image was set up. In all these matters M. Naville's long study of the temples that he has for many years successfully excavated at Deir el Bahari makes his conclusions especially valuable.—From the Athenaeum.

The Waiter Gave the Tip.

William C. Whitney, Jr., who has spent a year in Indian Territory learning practical mining at Quapaw, described at a dinner party in New York a Quapaw restaurant. "One evening at this restaurant," he said, "two miners near me got into a botanical argument about the pineapple, one claiming that it was a fruit and the other that it was a vegetable. In the midst of their argument the waiter entered in his shirt sleeves and looked about to see what was the cause of the loud talking. "The miners decided to let the waiter settle their argument, and accordingly one of them said: "Pete, what is a pineapple? Is it a fruit or a vegetable?" "The waiter, flicking the ash from his cigar, smiled at the two men with pity. "Neither, gents," he said; "it's an extra."—Boston Herald.

How to Make a Magazine.

The truth is that magazine editors ought to be kept fresh all the time. They should be sent about the country and over the world at frequent intervals. They should marry often in order to get constant new jolts in the matrimonial line. They should belong to all the churches and on occasions be heretics. And every few years they should be taken out and drowned.—Life.

FINANCE AND TRADE REVIEW.

NO REACTION IN BUSINESS.

Fail in Average of 60 Active Railway Securities Does Not Affect Other Business.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s "Weekly Review of Trade," says:

Although the average of the 60 most active railway securities fell this week to the lowest point since 1904, there was no corresponding reaction in commercial activity, which continued beyond precedent. Reports from leading manufacturing centers indicate that scarcely any idle machinery can be found, preparations for future trade evidencing a confidence in well-maintained consumption.

Forward business is most extensive in the iron and steel manufacture and the cotton industry, but other prominent producers have liberal contracts on hand also, and the mercantile outlook is bright. Wholesale houses receive large contracts for spring delivery, especially in dry goods lines, and the unsettled winter weather has produced a wholesome reduction in retail stocks of heavy weight wearing apparel and other seasonal merchandise.

The situation as to steel rails is shown by offers of premiums to secure delivery during the first half of 1907, while total contracts on the books of producers render a new high record output almost certain.

Prices of minor metals are sustained by a steady demand, the electrification of steam railways supplying a demand for copper that is not facilitated by the delay in moving fuel and machinery.

Notable strength is still the feature in primary markets for cotton goods, and predictions of further advances are being realized constantly, despite apparent precedents to the contrary.

As to woolen goods, the next development of interest will be the opening of higher grades, notably fancy worsteds, about which nothing definite is known.

New England footwear manufacturers report liberal supplementary spring orders from Eastern wholesalers, and are operating all machinery in filling these contracts, while shipping departments are busy forwarding the shoes when completed.

MARKETS.

PITTSBURG.

Table listing market prices for various commodities in Pittsburg, including Wheat, Corn, Oats, Flour, and other goods.

Dairy Products.

Table listing market prices for dairy products in Pittsburg, including Butter, Eggs, and Creamery.

Poultry, Etc.

Table listing market prices for poultry and other goods in Pittsburg.

Fruits and Vegetables.

Table listing market prices for fruits and vegetables in Pittsburg.

BALTIMORE.

Table listing market prices for various commodities in Baltimore.

PHILADELPHIA.

Table listing market prices for various commodities in Philadelphia.

NEW YORK.

Table listing market prices for various commodities in New York.

LIVE STOCK.

Table listing market prices for live stock in New York, including Cattle, Hogs, and Sheep.

It has been established that ordinary cooking does not kill bacilli, or deprive them of their infective character, if they are situated in the deeper portions of the meat, or in the inner layers of a butcher's "roll."

The dusky warriors of Somaliland, Central Africa, when engaged in warfare, exist entirely on a species of nut, about twice the size of a walnut. Twenty of them are a day's rations for a warrior, and he eats them boiled.

The usual wage for laborers in Chile is \$1.50 to \$1.80 a day, but laborers are so scarce that they demand and get up to \$3 at present. There is talk of importing coolies.