

SEVEN AGES OF WHEELS.

A wicker carriage we provide
In which the baby first may ride.
With kilts, a yellow cart arrives—
A doubtful billy-goat he drives.
In knickerbockers, down the pike
He circuses upon his bike.
The age of love and gasoline
Demands a sixty-horse machine.
The years advance; he rides afar
In his painful private car.
Old, feeble, if the day be fair,
His valet wheels him in his chair.
Then one last trip he takes on wheels,
His head no higher than his heels.
—Frank Roe Batchelder, in Puck.

CONSOLATION.

By Nellie K. Blissett.

"If it's any consolation to either of us," Harley said, with a glance at the girl beside him, "I hear we've behaved splendidly."

The girl poked the gravel with the point of her parasol, and avoided his eye.

"I wonder," she reflected, slowly, "whether you find it a consolation."

"I'm wondering," he retorted, "whether you do."

"But what else," she questioned with a touch of contempt, "could we have done?"

It was Harley's turn to poke the gravel.

"Well, the chief point in our favor," he explained, "seems to be that we didn't mope—in the middle of the season, with so many anxious hostesses depending upon the support of our brilliant and successful presence. We showed pluck. We didn't wear our mangled and bleeding hearts upon our sleeves, and retire into a corner to bewail our forsaken lot. Every one admits, with extraordinary generosity, that we had every right to do so—but we didn't. No, we said—in effect—'Hang the faithless pair! They're not worth our tears—and society is grateful to us accordingly.'"

He paused and looked at her with interest. She continued to poke the gravel.

"After all," she answered, "moping wasn't much good, under the circumstances. They were married. And—supposing things hadn't gone so far as that—they didn't want us. They took their own way out of the difficulty without consulting us. I think it would have been better if they had given us a chance of surrendering our rights to them willingly, but that's a mere detail."

She fell upon the gravel with renewed vigor. Harley watched her.

"Would you," he said at last, "have surrendered your rights—in such a spirit of self-sacrificing readiness?"

"I wasn't Archie Lovell's jailer," she retorted, a little haughtily. "I was merely the girl he was engaged to."

"Exactly," he rejoined with warmth. "That's what I told Angela Coventry—I mean, of course, Mrs. Lovell. They might at least have given us the chance of being generous."

"They chose," she said coldly, "to consider us their jailers. They chose to make a violent escape from our custody. They assumed bolts and bars. I always used to think elopements so romantic—in books. That was because I never considered the feelings of the people left behind. Now," she added, with a laugh, "I've been left behind myself—I know what it feels like."

"It isn't," Harley suggested, "the most gratifying of sensations."

"It isn't. And our only consolation," she declared with irony, "is to be told that we've behaved splendidly—we haven't moped!"

The gravel flew before the tip of her parasol. Harley looked thoughtfully at the ruin she was making.

"It hasn't," he admitted presently, "been my only consolation. I had another consolation, too."

"What was that?" she inquired with interest.

"Well—if you want to know—it was the fact that you were taking it so pluckily. If it hadn't been for your example—there was the ghost of a twinkle in his eye—I almost think I should have been tempted to mope. Think of that!"

"My example?"

"Precisely. You carried it off so well that I had to play up. We were both in the same dilemma—we were both cast for the ignominious role of the Forsaken. And I imagined, naturally, that it would be worse for you."

He cast a sharp glance at her. She looked fixedly at the gravel.

"It was worse for you—naturally," he repeated, with emphasis.

"I don't see exactly why," she said, in a low voice. "Go on."

"And I felt myself responsible, too, in a way. I felt that if I had been able to hold Angela, you wouldn't have lost Archie. But I wasn't able. If she ever cared for me, I wasn't able to make her keep on caring. . . . There was something wrong somewhere, wasn't there?"

He paused for an answer. She shook her head.

"I don't believe," she said, "with sudden frankness, 'that she was half good enough for you—I never did.'"

"That's odd," he said with a laugh, "because I've always doubted whether Archie was half good enough for you."

"The point is," the girl said seriously, "not that a person's good enough for you, but that you want him—or her. Isn't that it?"

"The point is," he returned, "that—as you said just now—they didn't want us."

"But you wanted her," she persisted. He reflected for a moment.

"At any rate," he admitted cautiously, "I thought I did. I don't know whether I ought to ask, but you—really did him the honor to want—him?"

"I—oh, I thought I did, too," she answered, "if it comes to that."

There was a brief silence.

"I wonder," he remarked suddenly, "why we're not both heartbroken? We ought to be, you know. Hasn't it occurred to you as odd that we're not?"

"Aren't we?" she said, with rather elaborate indifference.

"Personally, I'm not—not a bit. I was at first. For 24 hours I was awfully hard hit. It isn't a nice trick to play a man, you know, to bolt with his best friend a fortnight before the wedding."

"It was, perhaps, better," she suggested, "than bolting a fortnight after the wedding."

"You couldn't expect me," he protested, "to see it in that cold blooded and philosophical light. No, I don't mind admitting that at first I was awfully hard hit. Then I thought of you."

"Thanks." Her tone was dry. "Did the thought of me comfort you?"

"Well—I thought you'd be awfully hard hit, too," he explained rather lamely.

"So I was at first," she admitted incautiously.

There was a pause. She forgot to torture the gravel.

"How long," he inquired delicately, "did it last?"

"The first agony," he said, with solemnity.

A smile crept into her eyes.

"About—about 24 hours—and half a minute," she confessed.

"I told you," he said triumphantly, "that it was worse for you than it was for me!"

"By half a minute," she retorted.

"Then—"

"Well?" he murmured.

"Oh, then I remembered you. But that didn't," she added hastily, "console me in the least. It made me worse."

"Worse!"

"I had to be sorry for you, as well as for myself. Don't you see?"

Her tone was a shade impatient. He reflected for a moment or two.

"If I'd known that," he said at last, "it would have made my recovery much more rapid. I should have felt it my duty," there was a touch of laughter in his tone—"to avoid giving you more cause for distress than you had already. I should have felt that 24 hours of despair were exactly 23 hours and 59 minutes too long. . . . I suppose," he hinted, "that we must concede the other minute to blighted affection."

"Wouldn't it be more truthful," she suggested, "if we conceded it to—propriety?"

"I shouldn't have dared to mention propriety," he replied gayly, "but I can't deny that I thought of it. . . . After all, they didn't want us. Why in the world should we pay them the undeserved compliment of continuing, under such unpromising circumstances to want them?"

"I shouldn't have been practical enough to put such an admirably sensible idea into words," she returned, smiling at the handle of her parasol, "but I must admit that it did occur to me."

"It would have helped me enormously," he declared, "if I could have supposed it possible that you might think like that."

"It seems to me," she returned, not without an attempt at condemnation, "that you really weren't in need of any help. Your recovery was quite rapid enough as it was. . . . If it isn't the direst heresy to say so, I'm beginning to wonder whether you—whether you ever cared for Angela at all."

"If it isn't the most confounded impertinence on my part to hint at such a possibility," he confessed softly, "I'm on the point of asking myself whether we were—perhaps—not absolutely desolated by the fact that they didn't want us."

Her head drooped a little. There was laughter in her eyes.

"It's quite too extraordinary," she said, "but the possibility is in the act of occurring to me, too."

He moved a shade nearer to her on the garden seat.

"There was something wrong somewhere," he reminded her. "What was it? We weren't able to hold them, you know. We didn't know the reason at the time, or we should of course, have set the poor things free. We didn't realize, either of us, that we couldn't hold them because we ourselves cared for—well, say, other people."

"Other people?"

"Say you—and me," he suggested, vaguely, "I for you, and you for—"

"But in that case," she said, with delightful severity, "we're a pair of hypocrites. We haven't behaved splendidly at all—and it's no credit to us that we didn't mope. We—we're horrid shams."

He captured the parasol—and the hand that held it.

"I can't permit you," he declared, "to abuse either of us. Don't say we were hypocrites. At the worst, we only showed a natural talent for the extremely useful art of—consolation!"—The Sketch.

Fur Coats for Dogs.
"Fur coats for dogs have entirely gone out of fashion," says the Daily Mail. It is, however, an exaggeration to say that, since the pronouncement, St. Bernards and Newfoundlanders have been rushing to barbers' shops in the thousands. At the same time there is no doubt that many dogs who had almost stopped moulted have now resolved to keep it up.—Punch.

FOUNDING THE NATION.

History of the Early Days of the Jamestown Settlers.

By FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

How many young Americans appreciate the full significance of the commemoration of the settling of Jamestown, celebrated by the exposition at Norfolk? The manner in which the cornerstone of this great nation was laid in the Virginia wilderness is one of the most stirring tales in the long record of man's adventures. On board the Susan Constant, the Godspeed and the Discovery, which were battered for sixteen weeks between wind and wave, were 105 soldiers of fortune, with not a woman or child among them. They were a turbulent, restless crowd, that alternately dined and prayed, and more than once threatened to throw good Master Hunt overboard because his petitions could not stop the storms that sorely harassed them. Fresh from the Continental wars, where they had seen kingdoms rise and fall at the whim of a leader, they grew suspicious of one of the number, Captain John Smith, and had him imprisoned under the charge of planning to murder the other leaders and make himself king of Virginia. Had they not heard tales of him in London, as they sat over their tankards of ale at the Mermaid, or between acts when they went to Black Friars' Theatre to hear Master William Shakespeare in his own tragedies? Had they not heard how he left England an orphan youth, unknown and unloved, to become a soldier in Flanders, how he served with distinction under Sigismund Bathori in the war against the Turks, how he travelled in Russia, Germany, France, Spain and Morocco, to return to England in 1604 a knight and a famous man at the age of twenty-five? They felt they must needs fear so capable and powerful a man.

When the sails of their storm tossed ship finally beat their way between two sheltering arms of land one spring morning and passed a friendly place, where the winds and the waves were kind to them, they called the place Point Comfort, and it is still so named. One evening, some days later, they swung forty miles up a strange river and dropped anchor by a long flat island that lay mid-stream. A few adventurous souls sprang ashore to see the wonderland whose breath of spring flowers was wafted to them through the evening shadows and whose green trees they could see crowding close to the river bank. The men feasted their sea weary eyes on the gorgeous spring blossoms along the shore. The dogwood, honeysuckle and Judas trees were in bloom. It was "the Moon of Strawberries" and the hungry adventurers found the luscious wild fruit clustered thick on the river bank. Captain Smith, in a glow of joyous enthusiasm, exclaimed: "Heaven and earth have never agreed better in making a place for man's habitation."

The original landing place was about fifteen hundred feet to the west of the present wharf and was swept away by the lapping waters of the river many years ago. The rest of the island lies today very much as it did then. According to Ralph Hamor, an early secretary of the colony, it was two and three-fourths miles long and from three hundred yards to one and one-fourth miles wide. A neck of land at first connected it with the mainland, but this was washed away in the succeeding years and left "the island of James Citty" as we now see it. They were religious—these early settlers—and one of their first acts on landing was to stretch an old sailcloth on a tree and give thanks to God that they had at last reached this paradise of their dreams. The company included "fifty-four gentlemen, four carpenters and twelve laborers."

When they landed on the island, May 13, 1607, few knew how to work, nor cared to, until Smith required that all who ate must earn their food. Government was at first a difficult matter, for King James, with ever a love of mystery, had put the names of the councillors in a sealed box, which was not to be opened until the new land was reached. All those named proved failures except Smith, and on the work of this man and the charity of the little Indian princess, Pocahontas, the cornerstone of this great nation may be safely said to have been built.

A triangular fort was built to guard the approach over the neck of land from the mainland, and a palisade fifteen feet high protected the log cabins and church that made up the village. Over on the opposite bank a glass factory was in operation as early as 1608. That same year a few more colonists came over, among them being Mrs. Forrest and her little fourteen-year-old maid, Annie Burrus. Women were glorious beings to the homeless, wifeless men, and immediately one John Laydon, proposed marriage to little Anne. The wedding in the old log church was the first Episcopal marriage service in the New World. The next year the first Episcopal baptismal service was said over little Virginia Laydon. John Rolfe adopted the idea of cultivating tobacco from the Indians, and sold his first crop in London for \$2.50 a pound. Shortly afterward it became a form of currency in the colony, and before the century was out the women went trading, followed by a cart of green tobacco in charge of their servants.

As the colony prospered better houses were built. A large church followed the first one, and when my Lord Delaware came over in 1610 to take the governorship he came to church in great state, attended by a red-coated

guard of honor, and sat on a velvet chair, with a velvet cushion to kneel upon. He had pews, pulpit and windows of cedar, and every day fresh flowers were placed on the altar. It was here that Pocahontas was married to John Rolfe, a proceeding that caused King James some alarm, for as the heiress of King Powhatan she and her children might inherit the kingdom of Virginia, and so jeopardize the English king's interests there. Perhaps he was a far-seeing monarch, for among the Randolphs, descendants of Pocahontas, the new nation found good leaders in after years. One of these American princess' descendants is Harry St. George Tucker, president of the Jamestown exposition.

In 1619 came those two great contradictory influences into America, the general assembly, by which the people could be represented and introduction of negro slaves. In the same year, also, came the shipload of maidens, who were sent as wives for the settlers. The price of each was 120 pounds of tobacco, which was equivalent to \$50. For awhile the good minister was kept busy with marriage ceremonies, because the maids were honorable and attractive, and were quickly chosen. More girls came over after this, and the stern governor had to make a law that no maiden should be engaged to more than one sutor at a time. With the women came the love of home. The men were allowed so many acres of land for homesteading, and soon the colony spread out across the river into the forests and plains beyond. Times were so prosperous for awhile that it is said the town cowkeeper was "accustomed in fresh flaming silk." Dale's law required each man to labor from 6 to 10 in the morning, from 2 to 4 in the afternoon, and to attend church twice daily.

But the early colonists had much trouble. All the while the king and the London Company complained because greater returns were not coming in from the new dominions. Once, while the crops wasted, the settlers mined a shipload of yellow sand and sent it to England, but they were doomed to disappointment, for it was worthless. In the spring of 1610 came the Starving Time. Of the five hundred that September had seen on the island, May found only sixty left. Hunger and fever had taken heavy toll, the Indians had given trouble and thirty of the colonists had stolen a ship and turned buccaniers. Those left ate all the animals, and even the skins of the horses. The ship from England was long overdue. How could they know that it had gone ashore on the Bermudas and that the survivors were building other vessels from the wreck and still trying to reach them?

When they had eaten their last ration the white sails of these two roughly made ships showed in the river, and the starving people crawled to the landing to welcome them. But on board the Patience and the Deliverance there were only provisions enough to last fourteen days so it was agreed that they all leave for England by way of Newfoundland and the fishing fields. No one can tell whether these things be coincidence or Providence, but as the four ships with the disheartened colonists left the abandoned settlement and sailed down the river, they met the vessels of Lord de Ware coming upstream and returning to "James Citty" they disembarked and offered a service of thanksgiving in the little log church. And thus our nation was saved.

The governors who came and went through the little town left varying imprints on history. There was the stern Dale, who thrust bodkins through the tongues of the profane and set a poor devil to starve because he had stolen a small bowl of oatmeal. Captain John Smith stayed five years to plant the colony, and then at thirty returned to England, where he lived twenty-two years. Lord Delaware was a promoter of enterprises, and it was he who set up a viceregal court in the wilderness.

In 1676 Bacon and his people arose against the too great tyranny of the royal governor, foreshadowing the Revolution by one hundred years. It was Bacon who fired the town and destroyed almost all the buildings, including the church. After that the council met in the taverns for ten years until a new state house was built. After various vicissitudes the capital was moved to the Middle Plantation, or Williamsburg, and Jamestown went into decline. Decay fell upon the ruins of the village, and the settlers gradually drifted to the higher and healthier localities beyond the river banks. Today there is only the brick tower of the church, with its portholes, the graves of the dead, the foundations of a few old houses, and the old pear and mulberry trees to show where Smith and his soldiers of fortune three hundred years ago, amid much danger and loneliness, laid the cornerstone of the nation.—From the New York Tribune.

Pitiful Sight.

One of the most pitiful sights in London is the sale of thousands of birds of paradise, humming birds, parrots, owls, terns, kingfishers, finches, swallows, crown-pigeons, tanagers, cardinals, golden orioles and other bright tropical creatures besides hundreds of packages of the long, loose, waving "oaprey" plumes taken from the backs of various species of small white herons and egrets. Last year, in London alone, to give only two conspicuous instances, the feathers of 150,000 herons and egrets were sold and over 40,000 birds of paradise.—New Haven Register.

New Musician.

A big music store in Louisville, Ky., burned. At one time a dozen streets were playing on the piano.—Denver Post.

The Irrationalness of Surplus Wealth

By Professor Felix Adler.



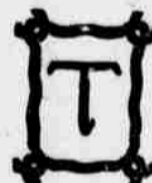
BOVE all it is the irrationalness in the surplus wealth that comes home to me. Men of the class we are considering are sometimes described as veritable ogres in human form. In the case of some at least this is a wholly perverted account. On nearer approach they turn out to be men of simple ways, and of fine feeling in matters lying outside of business relations. They have the stuff of humanity in them, as you and I have, and sometimes, one is led to infer, better stuff originally than that of most men, only

their development has been awry, the finer things have been, if not killed, yet restricted in them within narrow limits. Morally speaking, they are the victims of what appears to be resplendent triumph. And what strikes me, I repeat, as most strange and deplorable in their life is, just the irrationalness of it. If a person about to build a house were to collect a mountain of bricks and stone far in excess of what he requires for the erection of the house, should we not doubt his sanity? If a general preparing to throw a bridge of pontoons across a stream were to choke up the river with a thousand barges, or ten thousand barges of all sizes, irrespective of their possible employment, would not his superior officers on being informed of his behavior at once relieve him of his command, on the suspicion that his brain had given way? When a thing is to be done, it is sane to bring together the means suitable to the doing of it, and it is not sane, it is irrational, to bring together an array of means far greater than necessary, yes, an array of means which, because of their multiplication, are in the way of doing the thing in the best possible manner. Now there is a certain thing to be done on this earth by every one of us; life is to be lived, the ends for which we exist are to be achieved, and the means required for those ends are to be obtained, and it is rational to get all the means that are necessary to that end, but irrational to heap up, as an insane person might heap up a mound of sand on the seashore, means that are not needed for the end, yes, that only stand in the way of it. This is the blight that rests on the surplus wealth, the hundred millions and the two hundred millions and the five hundred millions; they resemble mounds of sand which an irrational child or an insane person might heap up on the seashore.

One of the great wealth-getters of our time seems himself to realize this, and has risen up to say that it is the duty of all persons like himself to disembarass themselves of these mounds of gold, at least before they die. But this very saying lets in light on the essential insanity of the situation; for if it is so necessary to dispose of the gold mounds, why accumulate them in the first instance?

Popular "Delirium" in Railroad Denunciation

By Ex-President Grover Cleveland.



HERE is much of the nature of delirium in the popular outcry against railroad corporations, for instance. We shall all be ashamed of it by and by. I dare say I have some reason to know of the real iniquities of corporations, and I do know them, but there is much that is not only groundless, but wrong, in the offhand attacks made on the railroads by thoughtless people on all hands. What is well founded in them will be cured, but the craze of denunciation will soon pass. We shall reflect that railroads are vitally related to our prosperity, and that to attack them needlessly is to attack ourselves. It is not the stock of soulless millionaires, but the property of citizens, of widows and orphans, whose savings are invested in railroads, that is being damaged. We shall recall what railroads have been and are still to be in the development of our country, and this craze will pass. Of course there must be some form of governmental supervision, but it should be planned in a quiet hour, not in one of angry excitement. Popular emotions follow peculiar laws. The psychology of a craze is most interesting. The temptation is well-nigh irresistible to do what we observe our neighbors do. If they begin to throw stones, we hunt for missiles ourselves. The railroads have had a hard time lately. Every man's hand is against them. Wherever a railroad head is to be seen it is safe and amusing to hit it; its owner has no friends. There are some pretty big difficulties before railroad managers just now. Before long we shall have a crop to move, under perplexities greater than those of last year. And the increasing production of the country will increasingly embarrass the railroads. But I have faith to believe that whenever a thing must be done, Yankee wit and pluck will find a way to do it.

Wisdom

By W. F. Rice.



WISDOM is a friendly thief, often robbing experience of its most formidable weapon, remorse. Wisdom is acquired when we are too old to profit by it, and then we are only in the primary department. Wisdom and education are not related. Education may be purchased like a commodity any at university. Wisdom is not for sale. There are shades of wisdom, just as there are shades and degrees of folly. Because a man is not always wise, it does not follow necessarily that he is a fool. If it were so, the majority of us would be wearing cap and bells. Indeed, it is a question whether the benefits and results of wisdom are all that is claimed for it—whether it really justifies itself after all. For example, the wise man buys life insurance at an early age and lives to pay his premiums annually with wearisome regularity. That is because the company is a degree wiser than he. Women are wiser than men. If you do not believe it, ask one of them. Infants are wiser than either. They are the personification of wisdom. What a pity that they are not a little wiser—wise enough to remain as they are, with a small area to rule and a few slaves to fan and bathe them!—Life.

The Wealthy Washington and His Example

By Talcott Williams.



IF there was no envy at Washington's wealth, and no question raised at the way he had risen from a comparatively poor man, it was because in no step in the acquisition of this fortune had any law been violated or any man's rights disregarded. The people of this country have never objected to wealth. If a fortune is challenged it is because the laws have been violated in the way it was made. If there is any question in our minds that there is a danger in the growth of large fortunes we have only to return to this example of Washington's to show that it is possible to get riches and yet retain the respect of a nation. The business American as represented by him was a man who felt that no man had a right to place any boundaries to his acquisition of wealth, and that the only boundaries were the laws of the commonwealth. He never passed and he remains the guiding star of those Americans who believe every law should be enforced on rich and poor alike.