Washington will watch the progress of the New York anti-sign campaign with interests, according to the Star, and its own efforts to abath the local nuisance will probably be stimulated by the example which the aggressive reformers of the metropolis are setting.

English housekeepers are complaining because their servants are leaving them to go to Canada and the other colonies. They say that England offers no matrimonial opportunities. Evidently the woman who considers marriage an end worth striving for is not yet extinct.

What college will first set the example of putting all students on a common level so far as food and lodgings are concerned? asks the Christian Register. Many rich men would prefer to send their sons to a college where luxury was barred and the habits of a hardy manhood were encouraged.

Germany has appropriated 50,000 marks, or about \$12,000, to encourage cotton raising in her colonies. on the condition that her manufacturers shall raise a larger sum, declares the New York World. The Imperial Government was moved to action by the plea that the nation should not look to America for threequarters of its imports of raw cotton.

In the estimation of the Progressive Farmer what the country needs is not to enrich a few men enormously and then have them make princely gifts to the people they have plundered. Rather we need to give serious attention to checking special privilege and so insure an equitable distribution of wealth to begin with; and no "philanthropy" on the part of our Croesuses should blind our eyes to this fact.

Any man who seriously doubts the supremacy of the English race may be easily convinced of his error, asserts the New York Tribune, by the news that English courts are enforcing a newly passed anti-tipping law. No other country in the world has thus far proved its ability to match this moral courage of the British. And to think that, at the same time, the Londoners have abolished strap hanging! Verily, in the English frankly at the thought of the long moral world it never rains but it pours.

The crusade in the interests of American forests is commendable from every point of view. The scientists of the Government have now announced that this country as a whole consumed every year between three and four times more timber than the total forests of the United States grow in that time. "After us the deluge" has been the wanton motto of our forest vandals. And the deluge has begun to descend annually with great devastation upon American cities.

narks the New Orleans Picof confidence throughout this country in public officials and their integrity, should be required to establish their truth. The general belief is that this condition of affairs has resulted from the corrupt practices of railroads in their dealings with Legislatures, the Congress and even with the Courts, and it is intolerable that a railroad magnate should boast of such a condition of affairs."

Egyptologists, archaeologists in general, and innumerable travelers will greatly deplore the submersion of Philae and the other ruins and but it would not be till her father's monuments in that region, but, on death now, and Harold felt no impathe other hand, all Egypt will be enormously benefited by the addition of 1,000,000 acres to the cultivable area of that country. The relics of antiquity make way for the needs of the present day. Besides, there are his life. He was forty years old now, yet six years before Philae will be buried forever beneath the waters of the Nile, in which time sightseers bring? Therefore, although inevitaand students may improve their opportunities.

Although the London department stores have not really posted the famous sign, "Going out washing done here," they have taken a step in that direction, notes Youth's Companion. Spring housecleaning is now one of the commodities which they sell. The tenant or householder merely goes away for a day or two, visiting or boarding at a hotel. When he returns, the house has been cleaned from cellar to garret, and everything is restored. "Mother" is spared all the work and "father" no longer has board, nor finds the oleander temporarily potted in his silk hat.

#### SIR BAREFOOT.

Oh, tell me, Mr. Citizen, athwart your busy way You've seen, mayhap, Sir Barefoot Boy trudge merrily to-day? Perchance 'twas from your auto trap, or from your office doe"; Perchance 'twas from the cable-car, or from the cross-roads store; The thrushes, in the country, and the sparrows, in the town. Have noted well, I warrant you, his legs so brave and brown, Have noted well where on his calves the skin is wont to peel. His stubbed toe, and his wasp-sting, and the stone-bruise on his heel.

Of course you'd recognize him! Faith, he's one to you akin, Connecting sober, careful age with youth and blistered shin; Recalling short, delicious days that brim with life and light—And bring to mind dear pantry shelves, and poppy sheets o' night. The days whose rays were never hot; whose rain—but passing wet; When quite the height of wickedness—the cornsilk cigarette! The days of wide, exhaustless woods, and Rover tried and leal; Of stubbed toe, and of wasp-sting, and of stone-bruise on the heel.

Don't you remember, friend, the fun (as I do, goodness knows!)
Of making cool and liquid mud squirt high between your toes?
Don't you remember early morns, and that entrancing bliss
Of swishing through the fields of dew, and ev'ry drop a kiss?
Don't you remember how the dust lay warm and thick beneath,
And how in sport you plowed it up till folk could scarcely breathe?
Don't you remember barley stumps that made you fairly reel?
The stubbed toe, and the wasp-sting, and the stone-bruise on the heel?

I reckon you remember, too, the sunny hours of spring,
When, sole against the bursting sod, each foot was like a wing!
Ah, how you used to run and leap and kick for very joy!
No lambkin ever gamboled thus as now the Barefoot Boy.
But lo! by fall your feet had spread, and shoes, once roomy, cramped;
Until you floundered clumsily as here and there you stamped!

Zounds! wouldn't you give name, and fame, and wealth, again to feel
The stubbed toe, and the wasp-sting, and the stone bruise on the heel?
—Edwin L. Sabin, in The Century.

## Modern Esau. By J. GRAY.

Harold?"

The speaker was a pretty girl of twenty-five, with nut-brown hair which lay back in natural waves, and bright eyes that just at the moment were dimmed with grief.

"Wait for you! Of course I will, my darling. I could not do otherwise," the man replied, drawing her tenderly to him.

"But it is so much to ask. Three tong years! If they would only have given father the post for a shorter time! I know it is his only chance for health, but I feel sure he will be well long before we are able to re-

"If he is, so much the better, sweetheart. Meanwhile, we must be brave and bear the separation .. It is to save his life."

"I know, I know, and I am going to be brave. How good and unselfish you are, Harold! When I come back, dear, I will try to repay you. Oh, I will be a good wife to you!"

"I know you will, sweetheart! But oh! my dearest," he added, with a burst of passion that could not be controlled, "it is hard to say goodbye!

Tears were in the man's eyes as parting Fate had decreed for t. em. Her father's health had failed on the very advent of the wedding, and the doctor peremptorily ordered him out of England. A post was opportunely offered to him in Australia, and as soon as he was well enough the voyage must be made. But he was elderly and ill, and the daughter felt she could not let him go so far alone. After a short but sharp struggle, she resolved to go with him, and say farewell to her lover. It was a bitter and heartrending leavetaking. much grief Elsie Landon said "Goodbye" to the man she loved, while he sadly but resignedly set himself to

face the terrible separation. All this, however, happened ten vears ago. Ten years! Harold Priestleigh, musing over it, could not ayune: There is a lamentable lack How quickly it had rushed away! He thought three years would never pass, and now he had proved that, when looking forward, a few years and persons making such statements are an eternity; but when looking back they are but as a dream. All this time Fate had sternly forbidden Elsie's return. Her father's health had always remained too precarious for the doctor to give him permission to come home, and Elsie had felt it her duty to remain with him. But Fate, who had been so stern in one respect, had tempered severity with gentleness in another, for to Harold the ten years had passed so smoothly, so comfortably, that he had suffered less than he expected to in one. And year by year, month by month, he felt the pain of separation less. Elsie would come back one day, he knew, tience. Life was very pleasant, in a calm and peaceful way. His home was happy under his sister's gentle rule, and he had come to regard his sweetheart's return as an almost unwelcome change in the placidity of slightly bald, and had a tendency to stoutness, and who knew what dis-

> imminent possibility. It was somewhat of a shock, therefore, when one day he opened the familiarly addressed envelope and

> turbing elements her arrival would

ble, he would not think of it as an

read as follows: "My dear Harold" (it used to be "My dearest boy," or "My own Harold," but doubtless she was becoming a prosaic, middle-aged person, being only five years younger than himself. All this flashed through his quite recently taken. mind as he continued to read), "the dear father passed away on the 20th of last month. I am very sad, and, in spite of my many friends here, rather lonely. I shall sail for England as soon as everything can be arranged, and then, you know, dear, I am yours, and will do all I can to make to eat his breakfast from the ironing you have devoted to me."

"Poor little thing!" he said softly.

"And you really will wait for me, leven with the tender thought came the realization that for years he had never wanted her, had not been lonely in the least himself, and had scarcely missed her. The task of comforting her was rather a stern duty to which he must apply himself manfully than an anticipated pleasure, He was intensely conservative in his habits, and, as he stretched himself before his study fire-for it was a cool autumn day—he felt dis-tinctly ruffled to think that the old order was about to change and give place to new. A postscript stated that she was still uncertain by which vessel she would sail, but would cable in starting, or wire when she landed in England.

"Elsie is coming home at once," he said, as his sister Marian brought him a steaming cup of tea with just the right amount of cream and sugar "Her father has passed away." And even as he made the remark he wondered whether it would take Elsie long to understand all his little peculiarities of taste, and whether she would pander to them quite as gracefully as his sister had done.

Marian took the letter, which he handed over to her without any qualms or shyness, and read it through.

"You have both been very patient," she remarked quietly, and as much as she adored her brother, there seemed a touch of contempt in her voice: "I hope you will be very Under the circumstances happy. suppose you will not delay the wed-"No, I suppose not," he replied,

and his tone was not that of an ardent lover, but rather implied that. having waited ten years for his bride, he would willingly serve the time again, though not from the same cause as the patriarch of old.

As the days passed Harold grew more and more reluctant to welcome Eisle, and yet he felt an awful sensation of shame when he considered his position

Of course I want her," he argued with himself, "only she has been so long, and the thought of marriage is somewhat embarrassing to such an old bachelor."

At last a wire came which, by its abruptness, took his breath away. "Landed yesterday. Coming to see

you this afternoon. ELSIE. He put down the telegram with a

"To-day! I thought I should have been able to meet her! Still, after all, this is less embarrassing. It would be trying to meet at the docks or the station."

Cheering himself with this thought,

he hurried from the study.
"Marian! Marian!" he called. But no answer came from his sister. At last a housemaid appeared to say: "Please, sir, Miss Priestleigh has gone to the West End to shop; she said she might spend the afternoon with a friend, and not be home till

"What friend?" he asked, eagerly. Can I wire?"

"No, sir; she did not leave any address. You were busy, and she said she would not disturb you." Harold always objected to being

disturbed in his morning's work. There was nothing for it, then, but to receive her himself. He went back to his study trying to hammer the belief into his mind that he wanted Elsie, wanted her sadly, but his heart contradicted so loudly that the brain could not accept the statement.

"Heaven help me! I do not feel that I want her!" he confessed at last. What a cold-blooded villain I must

He took her portrait down from the shelf and looked at it closely. It was the same sweet face of ten years before, although the photo had been

"She is good and loving and pretty, and she is mine," he whispered, but his heart throbbed no faster at the thought. It rather sank lower, and he almost felt faint with loathing of

himself and dread of the interview. He could eat no lunch, and awaited his visitor in a kind of sick uneasiness. At last the ring came, but to save his life he could not go out to meet her. He sat pale and reluctant "She must, indeed, be lonely!" But till Jane came to say that a lady war

waiting in the drawing room. Then, with an effort, he went down; there was no further possibility of delay; and he drew his handkerchief over his damp brow before entering the

Elsie rose and came forward at

"Harold," she said, "at last I am back in England."

She looked very pale, but no doubt that was the result of her grief. Evidently she did not expect to be kissed, but he took her hand and murmured some kind words of welcome.

'You have had a great sorrow," he said gently, "but I know how brave you are."

"I am not at all brave," she replied, a little scornfully. Then after tion. struggling with her emotion for a moment or two, she continued:

"I am glad to see you alone, Harold. I feel I have been very, very wicked; when I wrote to you I did not know-I did not dream such a thing possible. I thought I loved you too much!"

He looked amazed, and she went on to explain:

"On the voyage I met someonea Mr. Douglas; he was very kind to me, and before I realized what was happening, we fell in love. Oh! I am ashamed of myself! I will marry you if you still wish it. Harold, but I could not add the wrong of deceiving you to all the rest.

She did not look at him, or she would have seen the relieved expression on his face.

"I am humiliated," she went on "It did not enter my mind that a women of my age could fall violently in love! I thought the old, quiet affection I had for you was all that was left after the glamour of youth was gone. But love was too subtle. I did not recognize it till it was too strong for me.

She looked up, and said piteously, 'Can you forgive me?"

"There is nothing to forgive," he said slowly. Then, with an evident effort, continued: "I would never have confessed if you had not told me this, but I think I am too old and staid to marry. Much as I appreciated your friendship, I almost dreaded your coming home

She looked at him in amazed delight.

"Harold, you dear old fellow! Do you really mean it? You don't mind setting me free?"

"I ought to mind it, I know," he said, with a whimsical smile, "but honestly, I have funked the thought of marrying for a long time."

"Harold, this is not pure unselfishness?" she queried, in sudden suspicion.

A dull red appeared in Harold's face, but he nerved himself to speak the truth.

"It is pure selfishness. I feel a brute to say it, but circumstances justify me in doing so. What you tell me is a relief. I, too, am glad to be free.

"Then there will be no tragedy, she said, with the first smile he had seen her give. How bright and young and pretty it made her!

"No, there will be no tragedy." he echoed. "You see how old and staid and gray I am. I have got into a groove; but time has dealt differently with you; you will marry and be happy, and I shall be happy also."

They talked a little longer, but Elsie would not stay to tea. Her hansom was waiting, and she had to gladden Mr. Douglas as soon as possible with the news

"We shall always be friends, Harold?" she queried as she shook hands with him.

"Always, I hope," he responded calmly. "George and I will come to see you

and Marian soon," she said gaily. "Good-bye," Harold repeated, me-

chanically, as the door closed upon that he had ever known. The door closed, and Harold went back to his study and locked himself in. Yet. somehow, love was not willing to be so abruptly and ruthlessly shut out. The vision remained of the sweet face, so radiant with joy, that he had once loved to kiss. The eyes that sorrow and patient devotion to duty had not dimmed were still before him, and the echo of some words she had said still remained in his ears:

"Had you sent for me at any time. Harold, I should have come. Father had many friends, and could have well spared me for the last five or six years. I felt you had the greatest claim upon me, and though you seemed willing, I would not have

asked you to wait longer." Harold bowed his head, and sat for a long time gazing into the fire, now burning dim and cheerless. He shivered as he glanced round the room. which for the first time struck him as looking unhome-like and lacking something. Outside, the clouds had piled up again, grim and lowering in the dull autumn sky; and in his heart, too, the clouds were gathering. "She would have come! She would

have come," he repeated in a dull, expressionless tone of voice. What an insensate fool I have been! There is tragedy, after all, in selling one's birthright for a mess of pottage!"-London Sunday-School Times.

"The Fox and the Grapes" Revised. Governess (who has told her small pupil the story of "The Fox and the Grapes")-"Now, isn't that a clever story, Ethel?"

Ethel-"Clever? Not a bit! That for was nothing but a goose. He pretended that the grapes were sour; what he should have said was: 'Oh, told me never to eat sweet things, so corn producars." I must refrain.' "-Tit-Bits.

# Music of A. D. 2000 Here.

\* \* \* \* \* By CARL HERBERT. \* \* \* \* \* \*

Imagine listening in your home to the performance of a Paderewski or a Kneisel Quartette who are miles away, the tones being just as original in your parlor as they are at the musicians' elbow. Imagine having such fine music available to your home at any time by merely turning on an electric switch, a large corps of the best musicians of the day playing continuously at the central sta-

Imagine such music service at a nominal charge per hour, you using as many or as few hours as you wish. so that with a room full of your guests, the cost would average a cent or two per guest, per hour.

It is a literal realization of Edward Bellamy's dream of the music of A. D. 2000, ninety-three years ahead of the prophesied time, as pictured in that wonderful book of fifteen years ago, "Looking Backward."

Imagine that hitherto impossible dream of the social reformer-the democracy of fine music-come true, the poorest as well as the richest in the community being able to enjoy the best music, interpreted by the living touch of the finest musicians.

Imagine a musical instrument weighing two hundred tons, when built on a scale to supply New York City, with a wiring system of twentyfive thousand subscribers, and costing hundreds of thousands of dollars. One by which, playing as they would on a piano or an organ keyboard, musicians may produce not only approximations of the known instruments, but hundreds of new tone qualities never heard before, and can change any tone at will into any other conceivable quality.

Imagine an instrument that has absolutely certain intensition, no note of which can ever be out of tune, and having three times as many tones to the octave as the plano, these finer shadings of intonation enabling musicians to produce a "velvety smoothness of harmony unfamiliar to musical ears since the days of Palestrina." as one prominent musical critic has written about it.

Imagine bedridden sufferers in sick rooms and hospital wards being soothed and engrossed with concerts by the foremost instrumentalists, without even turning in bed, and with no intrusion upon their privacy by the musicians, who in this case, are miles away.

Fourteen years ago, Thaddens Cabill, a native of Iowa, already the inventor of several practical improvements in the typewriter, conceived the idea of a musical instrument with a keyboard, the keys of which should control vibratorily timed electric currents. Special dynames, each with its own rapidity of alternations, were found neces-sary; each rate of alternations corresponding to the vibratory rate of the sound of musical notes, according to the law which makes the pitch of a note the result of its vibratory rapidity. These currents, vibrating telephone diaphragms in unison with their own alternations, should produce the music as played.

After years of difficulties he was backed by men prominent in the operation of electric utilities. Last year two hundred tons of elaborate mechanism were installed in a building at the city where special service was The wonders of the process created widespread interest and many thousands of New York's amusement seekers and music-lovers attended the her and upon all the dream of love performances. Among the novel features was the rendering of the music from ordinary arc-lights as the musicians played.

On January 23, at the Hotel Imperial, a wedding took place, the mu-

sic for the service being played by the musicians a mile away, who were kept in instant touch with the clergyman by telephone. As electric current travels faster than 190,000 miles a second, it can be readily seen that no time was lost in transmission of either signals or music cur-

On January 31 the leading spirits of the New York Musical Therapeutic Society, practicing and developing the world-known principle of applying music to curative purposes, perceived and immediately took advantage of a totally unforeseen possibility in the telharmonic system. Prescribing music had been merely a matter of approximation, filling such a prescription on the part of musicians purely guesswork. The curative principle of music is based, of course, on the vibratory effect upon the nervous system through the auditory nerve. Now, for the first time. the exact intensity and precise rapidity of the vibrations could be controlled and made formulae. Further. musicians could not be readily intruded upon the privacy of the sick room. Now all was changed. Wiring and receivers may be installed anywhere, and the musicians may be miles away. And so the Society formally adopted this as the only scientific method of applying musical therapeutics, and this form of practice, which has hitherto suffered all the handicaps and disparagements which medicine would have if the pharmacist were without scales, is to take its place as an exact science with materia medica.

On February 17, at another hotel, a religious service was held, all the ten musical numbers, hymns, anthems and solos being sung by the choir and congregation to the music rendered by the distant musicians at the central station. As before, the telephone kept the players in instant. touch with the order of the service.

During March two notable events occurred. The first was the completely successful wireless transmission of telharmonic music currents by Dr. Lee De Forest of wireless telegraphy fame, listeners enjoying a concert program at a nearby hotel, others in the sky-scraping tower of the New York Times building, others at the Government's wireless station at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, six miles away from the musicians, and yet others on board the U. S. S. Virginia, lying off Staten Island in the harbor, nearly ten miles away. In all these cases the air, the ether, was the only transmitting medium of the currents. The amazing prediction is made as a scientific certainty, that in a year or two, passengers on ocean greyhounds, bound to or from the port of New York, will have concerts when within a thousand miles of the musicians at the central station.

The public wonder had scarcely subsided when Dr. B. F. Tracy, a practitioner of electrical therapeuties and an M.D. of note, conducted a series of experiments upon patients afflicted with various stages of deafness. Of five students, deaf mutes, from the New York Institute for the Instruction of Deaf Mutes, two of whom were congenital cases, deaf from birth, all were able to experience the sensation of tone; one by the sound wave from the horn and New York. The wiring system was receivers, by reason of the sound extended to several outside points in being scientifically perfect, with a wonderful carrying or penetrating rendered as early as November last. power, and two others by bone conduction, the telephone receivers being pressed directly upon the skull at different points. The others, the congenital cases, experienced sensations pleasurably equivalent to the sensations of tone, by the direct application of the current from the dynames upon their scalps by small electrodes or wet sponges at the ends of the wires.

### Snake-Bite Lancet.

According to Consul-General W. H. Michael, of Calcutta, a lancet invented by Sir Lauder Brunton, called the "snake-bite lancet." has been introduced in India with spiendid results. It is being widely distributed by the authorities to police outposts in Bengal and Assam, the central provinces and united provinces, and also to all village officials by some of the native States in upper and central India. A report by one person is to the effect that he had saved the lives of twenty persons bitten by cobras and karaits within the last year by the use of one lancet. The use of this simple instrument may be the means of saving thousands of lives annually in India and hence will prove a great blessing.-Consular Report.

### Look Happy.

In a recent address of Professor G. L. McKay, to Iowa dairymen, he called attention to this condition, viz: "Why, do you know that in some of the European countries to-day they are dairying successfully on land worth from \$400 to \$1000 per acre? The same markets are open to our people that are open to those people, and no duty bars the way. The difference is right here; they are dairying intelligently with good cows. Their average is nearly 300 pounds of butter per cow, while ours is about 140 pounds per cow. We need a great awakening among the producwhat beautiful grapes! So tempting lines of dairying; just such an awak-But my doctor has ening as has taken place among the are only to be found in the Theologi-

### Overwork a Waste of Time.

Overstrained faculties can never bring out the best results. Overwork is always a waste of time, and though it may not seem to be so at first, eventually the sad truth is always manifested. To cut off needed recreation, to curtail the hours of sleep, to postpone a holiday indefinitely, to refuse to take rest and ease and change, under the impression that thus time is saved, is always a short-sighted policy and often a fatal mistake. The time arrives when the poor, abused faculties take their revenge and refuse to serve altogether, or do in so feeble a fashion as to show their deterioration.

### Razor Strops.

These are prepared from strips of linoleum of the usual length and width, left for twenty-four hours in a one-eighth to one-fourth per cent solution of hartshorn salt, to which one and one-half per cent of alum has previously been added, at the ordinary temperature; the strips are then dried at the normal temperature, rubbed with soap and polished with pumice stone. They are finally fastened in the usual manner to wooden handles. Strops made in this way will give a smooth sharp edge to the razor. - Scientific American.

### Where the Wild Beasts Are.

A little girl at Great Totham, Essex, when asked to write about wild animals and the countries they iners' of this State along intelligent habit, wrote: "Wild animals used to abound in England, but now they cal Gardens."-Lloyd's Weekly.