

THE CANDLE.

"Nor do men light a candle and put it under a bushel"—Matt. 5:15.
Your candle is so small, so small,
It makes scarce any light;
The feeble word you may let fall,
Has neither strength nor might?
And there be many greater ones
Who outshine you by far,
As do the sky-illumined suns
Outgrow the farthest star?

But of all good sounds ever heard
There is none half so fair
As one uncalculated word
That soothes some dim despair,
And what a dull sky it would be
If all the points of light
Were gone, and we might only see
The suns of wondrous night.

He who holds up his little flame
Knows not what straining eyes
May find it guiding them from shame
Into a paradise;
All may not climb the lofty steep,
All may not lead the throng,
But each may shelter and may keep
Aglow some word or song.

We know not how our candle gleams,
It may be scented in gold,
Or it may send its cheering gleams
From some cup worn and old,
And that which fate has held apart
From pathways wide and grand,
May glow with light which finds a heart
Attuned to understand.

The little word, the little smile,
The little song you know—
These make the candle all the while
That we must keep aglow,
And we may think its trembling light
Unnoticed by all eyes—
But there is greater dark of night
When that lone candle dies.
—W. D. Nesbit, in St. Louis Republic.

LANOOK AND THE BEAR

By HERBERT COOLIDGE.

To the east of Mount Shasta lies the country that was once Lanook's. There in the days of his youth he chased deer and antelope and led his people against the marauding Modocs. The valleys are all fenced and farmed now, and Lanook in many respects is "all same white man."

But he loves the old wild Indian days, loves to roam again in the land of youth and strength and achievement. The old man was a daily visitor when I lived in the country that once was his, and time and time again he would bare his forearm and knee, show me the deep, livid scars of a grizzly's teeth, and tell me the following story.

Long before the whites came he and Nishka, now many years dead, were returning from Pitt River with a big catch of salmon strung on a pole carried on their shoulders. Nishka walked ahead. Before them ran Lanook's little dog, clearing the path of chipmunks and squirrels.

As they descended a slope which overlooks Fall Valley, they heard the little dog yelp as if in great fear, and saw him burst from a manzanita thicket. He was pursued by a giant grizzly bear.

Nishka fled. Lanook scrambled up the nearest tree, a scrubby juniper. The bear followed the dog straight for the master's perch, until, catching sight of Nishka's buckskin garments flitting through the brush, he turned and gave him chase.

Lanook, with breath held and eyes bulging, watched his friend's flight. He was racing like the wind, but it was as if a toddling baby should attempt to outrun his father. The great slouching brute gained as if the feet of the bear were hobbled; in almost no time he was close upon him. The poor fellow, in despair, dodged, barely escaped the bear's claws, and made a dive into a laurel thicket. The bear crashed after—then all was silent.

The silence awoke Lanook. He leaped from his tree, gathered up the bow he had thrown aside before climbing, and ran to Nishka's rescue.

The bear must have heard the rush of moccasins on the trail, for as Lanook drew within close arrow-range, the grizzly emerged from the thicket and reared on his haunches, baring teeth that were dripping blood.

Lanook greeted him with two arrows, then fled for his tree. The bear, wounded and furious, chased him as he had chased his friend, with the fearful speed no man could equal. Nevertheless, the Indian reached his juniper and ran up it like a chipmunk, this time retaining his hold on his bow.

In a pouch hung from his neck Lanook carried poison made from black spiders, the fang-sacs of a rattlesnake and juice of wild parsnips; and while the grizzly pursued the howling cur round the tree, he tipped three arrows with this death-dealing ointment.

The juniper which Lanook had climbed was the first tree at hand—not at all the one he would have chosen to escape a grizzly. Stout branches projected from the very ground; besides, the tree tapered abruptly, and was not very tall. Round and round it raced the dog. Finally he made a quick dash, darted into a big patch of dead brush, and there succeeded in eluding his pursuer.

Soon the grizzly came back to the tree, squatted on his haunches, and sat there watching the Indian. Then, his breath recovered, he stood upright on his hind legs, and stretched a terrible, claw-horned paw upward. And how he did stretch! Lanook said it was as if the animal's limbs galled out a hand's length at each joint. He climbed till he feared the tapering treetop would break.

The bear soon gave up the reaching idea and began to climb. In this he was as awkward as he had been agile in the chase; but with the lower branches affording support for hind and forepaws, it seemed likely that he could work his way upward.

The great weight of the brute made the little tree bend alarmingly, and when he wriggled and hunched, both of which he did very violently, Lanook felt like an ant on a spear of grass whipped by the wind. Hope left the Indian; in its place came desperate resolution. He descended as far as he dared, fitted one of the poisoned arrows to his bow, and waited.

The bear ceased his struggles a moment, and threw back his head to look upward. Quick as the snake strikes, Lanook buried one arrow, then another, in his shaggy breast. The tree lurched so then from the bear's furious climbing that the third arrow flew wide of the mark, and splintered itself on the stony ground.

Lanook dropped his bow, gave a flying leap, and ran, still without hope, for his life.

He surprised himself with his running, and the bear surprised him with his awkwardness in getting disentangled from the tree. Lanook was a long way down the slope and buoyant with hope before the chase began. Filled with new strength, he sped onward like a bird.

The ravine he had chosen for a runway was smooth-bottomed and clear of brush; the descent was gentle—just right for a long, sweeping stride. And yet the grizzly gained, at first by leaps and bounds, as a rolling rock bears down on one embedded; then he came on with lessened speed, but still gaining. When he was close behind, Lanook's second wind came, and he began to pull away from the bear rapidly. He knew then that the poison from his arrow-tips was working in the blood of his enemy, and hope grew strong within him.

Had his runway remained clear, Lanook could have escaped easily, but fortune favored the bear. For the ravine suddenly became blocked with brush, and the Indian narrowly escaped being caught in a corner. As it was, the bear was crowding him close before he could get out of the gully.

Here the brush was thinner, but he had to take a winding course to avoid bushes and thickets, while his pursuer crashed straight through or over everything. The bear was at his heels in no time, and Lanook, to protect his head and chest from the bear's claws, threw himself on his back and kicked out with both feet.

The grizzly seemed stupid and sluggish, but nevertheless made a savage dive at the Indian, and buried his teeth in his leg just above the knee. Lanook began throwing dirt into the enemy's face, whereupon the grizzly released his leg and caught him by the forearm. Still undaunted, the Indian sent a handful of dust and fine gravel fairly into the brute's eyes.

Half-blinded, the bear backed away, pawing his eyes furiously. Lanook filled his fist with dirt, and lay motionless, waiting. But the bear never returned to him. He continued backing about and rubbing his eyes, and finally retreated into the thick brush, scratched a shallow hole there, and lay down. There he was found the next day by Lanook's tribesmen, stone-dead.

Lanook managed to drag himself back to the trail, where he was shortly discovered by another party of fishermen, and carried home. Nishka was found and cared for also. He had feigned death throughout the bear's attack, and although crippled, lived to tell his children's children of Lanook, his friend and rescuer, and of his battle with the giant grizzly bear.—From Youth's Companion.

HIS THE WHOLE CREW.

Skipper Hall the Cook and the Mate and the Bo's'n Bold of the Angler.

Captain Parker J. Hall, of Nantucket, skipper of the two masted schooner Angler, is his own mate, steward and crew. His stated reasons for it are not that he is moody or fond of his own company, or that it is more economical, but simply that, because of an impediment in his speech, he feels that he can think out and execute his own orders more rapidly than any crew could understand him if he tried to talk.

Captain Hall is a native of Duxbury, Mass., but his home is his schooner, and on board her his young wife goes about her housekeeping duties just the same as she would were it an ivy grown cottage.

The Angler herself is no chicken, says the Boston Herald. She was built in 1854 and her owner found her an abandoned hulk, half buried in the sand. He bought her for next to nothing, fitted her with second hand spars and began to make a living and a name for himself in the coastwise trade.

His brother mariners find fault with him for recklessness, on the ground that his holding irons are not big enough. Skipper Hall is forced to put up with anchors much lighter than those of the average craft of the Angler's build carries, because it would be impossible for any one man to raise the heavy kind unaided.

He recently made a record run across the Sound under full sail and came up into anchorage in flaa shape, before the admiring gaze of half the town. To enter the harbor skipper Hall had to make a run through the heavy ice between the jetties at the bar. The drift of open water was very narrow, and the revenue cutter Gresham ran down to see if she could be of any possible assistance.

The crew of the Gresham are talking yet of the surprise their captain got when he saw one man bringing a two-masted schooner through the narrow drift.

How Chicago is Solving Municipal Ownership of Transportation Facilities.

By A. FREDERICK COLLINS.

Chicago is the second city in the Union, yet for the past decade it has had the most admirable transportation facilities of any city in the United States. This untoward condition is chiefly due to the fact that the principal franchises under which the various street railway companies operate have expired, and the city, heeding the cry of the radicals for municipal ownership, would not renew their corporate privileges. Hence, under these unstable circumstances, the corporations could not see their way clear to rehabilitate their run-down lines.

The problem of serving the population of Chicago has always been an aggravating one, for the transportation system has been necessarily laid out and developed on what is termed the "radiating plan," since the city embraces a territory having on one side a water front. In this respect it is not unlike St. Louis, Boston and Brooklyn. The shore line of Chicago is, however, much longer than that of the cities just cited, being about twenty-six miles, while the limits extend inward for a distance of ten miles. This great area is divided by the confluence of the two branches of the Chicago River into three portions, commonly known as the north, south and west sides, with the heart of the business district on the extreme northern part of the south side. To this centre all the various lines converge. This segregation of the city has resulted in numerous lines operated by a number of companies; so that Chicago, from its transportation viewpoint as well as in some other things, is really to be regarded as three cities instead of one, and as a consequence a passenger often finds that he cannot be carried over the most direct route between the two points within the city limits for a single fare.

The traction question has been a political football for many years; the citizens and the companies here looked askance at each other, and municipal ownership seemed to many to be the only hope; while the more conservative believed there were other and better solutions of the problem. This, in brief, was the status of affairs when the City Council employed Bion J. Arnold, the noted electrical engineer, as the man best suited for impartially investigating the situation and recommending measures for relief. Mr. Arnold was engaged to procure information and to furnish estimates and opinions relating to the cost of operation and the earnings of the companies, their capitalization, their valuation and cost, together with estimates of a new system, and all other details of a scientific and financial nature.

Among the most important recommendations proposed by Mr. Arnold were the "one-city-one-fare" proposal, with all divisional lines as far as possible obliterated, so that a passenger could be carried over the most direct route between two points for a single fare. Of the three plans submitted, the best one, though not the easiest to execute, contemplated the complete unification of ownership and management. The through route principle was strongly advocated, which means that routes through the business district should be substituted for down-town terminals, wherever possible, while outside the business district better results would follow by connecting the detached lines and operating cars over such lines from end to end. The scheme includes a system of subways to accommodate the street car traffic and relieve the street surface congestion in the business district, with galleries for the accommodation of present and future underground utilities. The plan calls for three north-and-south subways from Fourteenth street on the south to Indiana street on the north. These are high-level subways throughout, with no dips.

In combination with the above systems there will be three or more low-level subways from the west side, passing under the north-and-south subways at right angles to them, and extending to Michigan avenue. Should future developments warrant it these may be extended under the lake front district, now known as Grant Park. These latter low-level subways would require the use of elevators or escalators. Under this plan there will be a surface system and eventually a subway system connecting all the depots and the entire system designed to accommodate the short-haul traffic in the business district.

This plan for a new, reorganized and unified combined surface and street railway system would comprise the lines of the City Railway Company, the Union Traction Company, the Chicago General Railway Company and the Chicago Consolidated Traction Company within the city limits and new lines necessary to properly connect the disconnected parts of the system.

The total single track mileage as outlined above would be about 745 miles, and its estimated cost, if constructed now, with everything first-class throughout, but exclusive of the subways, would be \$70,000,000, adding \$20,000,000 for the cost of the subways would make the total cost of the new system complete \$90,000,000. Under the low-level subways will be the freight subway, while the street surface will run elevated lines, making, in all, five lines super-imposed at various street intersections. Altogether, it will form the most comprehensive city railway system in the world.

Mr. Arnold's plans further provide for the utilization of the present river tunnels as parts of the future subway system. At the time these plans were submitted cable power was employed, but on his recommendation the cable systems were changed to overhead electric systems which are now in service. He stated that the electric underground conduit system, such as is installed in New York City, is practicable and feasible from an engineering point of view and that the overhead trolley construction should eventually be prohibited in congested districts, but that outside of these districts the objections are entirely of an aesthetic nature, and it is for the city authorities to say—after balancing the financial against the aesthetic considerations—how much, if any, underground conduit construction should be required.

Although at first hostile to the proposed improvement, the traction companies have since admitted the correctness of the conclusions, and these have been adopted and form the basis of the principal physical elements entering into the ordinances recently passed in Chicago. The principles above laid down were ratified by a 33,000 majority of the citizens of Chicago on a referendum vote of the entire city.

The financial provisions of these ordinances are precisely the same as they would be if the city of Chicago should purchase the entire property of the companies, undertake its reconstruction and rehabilitation, and then lease the lines for private operation, upon a division of the net receipts with the lessee company. These ordinances, in fact, give the people of Chicago to-day, in all the essential principles, municipal ownership of the city's street railways, and their operation by a lessee company, without saddling the burden upon the city or raising the money necessary for the purchase, and without the possibility of any effect upon the financial credit of the city.

To protect the city's share of the net receipts under its agreements with the companies, and to absolutely assure the maintenance of the properties at the highest point of efficiency, the ordinances contain certain provisions never before included in any public utility grant, which are amply sufficient to protect to the fullest extent the city's interest.

For instance, a commission has been appointed in which three engineers are appointed, one by the city, one by the railway companies and the third being Mr. Arnold, who is the chairman, and represents the city and the companies jointly. This commission has general supervision of all the principal street railway lines in the city of Chicago.

Other provisions of the ordinances are, that the city should have fifty-five per cent. of the net profits of the companies; that there must be daily deposits of the gross receipts to be used for the payment of maintenance and repairs, and a separate special fund of eight per cent. of the gross receipts for renewals and depreciation, and that the companies must supply whatever additional money may be required for these purposes. Any surplus remaining in either of these funds can, under no circumstances, revert to the companies, but becomes instead the property of the city should it eventually purchase the lines.

In turn the companies get forty-five per cent. of the net profits, five per cent. for brokerage and ten per cent. as a construction profit upon the new money actually advanced by them under the provisions of the ordinances. The city is given the right upon six months' previous notice to the company to take over the entire properties upon payment of the agreed value of the present property and the additional capital invested.

By this ingenious plan the residents of Chicago will have all the advantages of municipal ownership, secure fifty-five per cent. of the net profits of the companies, and, at the same time, the operation of the lines will be under the management of practical street railway men.—Scientific American.

Genealogical Wit and Wisdom.

Whoever serves his country well has no need of ancestors.—Voltaire. He who boasts of his descent praises the deeds of another.—Seneca.

The pride of ancestry is a superstructure of the most imposing height, but resting on the most flimsy foundation.—Colton.

I am no heral to inquire of men's pedigrees; it sufficeth me if I know their virtues.—Sir P. Sidney.

Birth and ancestry and that which we have not ourselves achieved, we can scarcely call our own.—Ovid.

Philosophy does not regard pedigree; she did not receive Plato as a noble, but she made him so.—Seneca.

He that boasts of his ancestors, the founders and raisers of a family, doth confess that he hath less virtue.—Jeremy Taylor.

Verily, I swear it is better to be lowly born, and range with humble livers in content, than to be puffed up in a glistening grief and wear a golden sorrow.—Shakespeare.

It is with antiquity as with ancestors, nations are proud of the one, and individuals of the other; but if they are nothing in themselves that which is their pride ought to be their humiliation.—Selected.

Fathers in the Home.

By ALTA.

The mothers generally receive all credit for the training of a child who makes himself a great name. "I'm what my mother made me," is an oft-quoted phrase which has much truth in it—and we like to hear it from the lips of great men. But it is just as true and oh, how sadly true, on the lips of the glutton, the drunkard, the criminal. Her neglect may have caused the boy to choose evil associates who dragged him down to the lower strata of society. Just here is where the father's good work in the home comes in. They understand better to what evils a boy will be exposed, they understand better, also, what kind of a young man should be accepted as his daughter's suitor.

The mother's love is beautiful but there is something peculiarly sacred, sweet and strong in a father's love. I often recall this story by an old soldier. He said: "I think one of the saddest incidents of the war which came under my observation was just after the battle of Gettysburg. Off on the outskirts, seated on the ground with his back against a tree, was a soldier, dead. His eyes were riveted on some object clasped tightly in his hands. As we drew near we saw that it was an amputee of two small children. Man though I was, hardened through long years of carnage and bloodshed, the sight of that man who had looked on his children for the last time in this world, who, far away in a secluded spot, had rested himself against a tree, that he might feast his eyes on his little darlings, brought tears to my eyes which I could not restrain. There were six of us in the company, and we all found great lumps rising in our throats, and mists gathering before our eyes, which almost blinded us. We stood looking at him for some time. I was thinking of the wife and baby I had left at home, and wondering, how soon in the mercy of God, she would be left a widow, and my baby boy fatherless. We looked at each other and instinctively seemed to understand.

Not a word was spoken, but we dug a grave and laid the poor fellow to rest with his children's picture clasped over his heart. Over his grave, on the tree against which he had leaned, I inscribed the words: "Somebody's Father." July 3, 1863.

—From the Indiana Farmer.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Some men are born great, but the majority don't even have greatness thrust upon them.

It sometimes happens that when an actor finds things coming his way he tries to dodge them.

There may be plenty of room at the top, but victims of that tired feeling never reach it.

Men who boast of their virtues would probably have more to say if they enumerated their vices.

And the more energy a man expends in talking the less he will have left to assist him in making good.

Many a man would be unable to paddle his own canoe if he couldn't borrow some other man's paddle.

Genius is said to be a certain form of madness, but the madness of most people is more or less uncertain.

It may not be your fault if you have never been in jail; more than likely it's due to your good fortune.

A man's idea of good luck is any old kind that leaves him a few dollars ahead of the other fellow's game.

Don't sit down and think about what you would do if you could live your life over. Get busy and improve the rest of it.

It's a waste of time to attempt to dodge a hypocrite. He knows more dodges in a minute than you will learn in a lifetime.

And when you hear a man boast of his ancestors it's a safe bet that his descendants will have no occasion to boast of theirs.—Bakers' Helper.

The Book Thief's City.

A Paris correspondent, writing to a paper in Berlin, says: "Paris is the home of the great book thief. It is just sixty years since Count Libri, a librarian of the National Library, fled to England, taking with him books to the value of 2,000,000 francs, belonging to the library. He was sentenced 'in contumaciam' to ten years' imprisonment, but never served a day and never returned a book. The directors had to purchase them from people to whom they had been sold, and paid large prices for them. A similar theft has recently been discovered in the library of the Ecole des Beaux Arts. Here also the thief remains unpunished because he died before his crime became known. A good name covers much and the thief, who was M. Thomas, an officer of the Legion of Honor, architect of the Grand Palais and recipient of the Roman prize, was at liberty to plunder the library at will. He was an enthusiast on the subject of old engravings and bibliographic curiosities, and could satisfy his desires in that direction without molestation on the part of the custodians. His method was to tear engravings from books or to carry away the whole work. In this manner he acquired books and pictures to the value of about 200,000 francs." The Thomas thefts brought to light the fact that no inventory had ever been made of the Beaux Arts Library, and that instead of a modern catalogue antique slips and memoranda furnished all the information as to the valuable collection.



Portland cement is extensively used for the preservation from rust of the steel framework of modern skyscrapers.

The mandrill baboon has the most brilliant colorings of any quadruped. It shows blue, red and purple of vivid tints.

A tin mine in the extreme north of the province of Kwangsi, China, is operated on a small scale, its product being exported through the port of Wuchow. Another tin mine is to be opened in the prefecture of Wuchow.

The Michigan State Telephone Company has installed, in the new engineering building, a Western Electric central telephonestation and plant. While this gives service to the university buildings, it is intended also for use in the special courses in telephone engineering.

A permanent exhibition of safety appliances is to be opened in New York City in September by the American Institute of Social Service, which has taken up the work of agitation for the prevention of industrial accidents. The institute's exhibit of safety appliances held in the Museum of Natural History last spring was successful and well attended.

Recent study of the structure of the celebrated cedar of Lebanon is regarded as proving that it has come from the same parental stock as the pines, and that it represents the most primitive form of the Abietinaceae subgroup of cone-bearing trees. The great geological age of the Cedrus family has long been known, and now it has been shown that the wood of the cedar root possesses vestiges of the peripheral resin canals, which are a characteristic mark of the pines, whereas the cedars are characterized by a median canal.

MIGHTY LONDON.

Its Million Houses and Hundreds of Millions of Income.

The six and a half million people in Greater London live in 928,008 houses. The population 100 years ago was just one-fifth what it is now. Though the number of births was nearly double the number of deaths in 1904, the birth rate is steadily declining.

The postal figures show that in 1905 there were 1928 postoffices in London, and 2435 public telephones working. The total imports at London in 1904 amounted to \$849,086,000, and the total exports \$3462,239,000.

Some idea of London's wealth is shown by the assessed income tax value in 1904 in the administrative county, houses representing \$219,264,000, trades and professions \$364,045,000, profits of companies and other interests \$698,511,000, salaries (corporate bodies) \$115,044,000, salaries (army and navy) \$103,674,000.

In 1905 there were 2993 motor cars and 1852 motor cycles in London. Licenses to drive were granted to 8070 people, the fees received amounting to \$26,800.—Statistical Abstract.

Looking Forward.

"Frankly, no," replied the superintendent of the street railway, who had been summoned before the board of directors to explain certain irregularities. "The service is not what it ought to be. But what am I to do? It is virtually impossible to get the public to complain when they are accommodated, and unless I find out about this by accident, I can take no steps to vindicate the rules of the company. Spotters are no great reliance. They will detect an occasional courtesy on the part of a conductor or motorman, if it is very flagrant, and that is all. If the men are not at all sly, they can, if they choose, be tolerably considerate of the comfort and convenience of patrons, with virtual impunity, and they know it only too well. I see nothing for it but to bide our time, until we shall have been able, by laborious selection, to make up a force comprising only such persons as are naturally disposed to be disagreeable. Perhaps I am too sanguine, but I believe that within twenty years, or such a matter, it would be possible to gather together as many genuine brutes and bores as would be needed to man our cars. That, it is true, is looking rather far ahead, to a time when we shall all perhaps be dead, but as the servants of a perpetual corporation, are we not bound to do that very thing?"—Puck.

Wages in France.

Mechanics of all classes in France, such as carpenters, blacksmiths, bricklayers, stonemasons, plasterers, etc., receive from \$1 to \$1.20 a day, and painters eighty cents to \$1 a day. Common laborers receive from forty to fifty cents a day. The average price for dressmakers and milliners is forty cents a day. Servants are paid from one-third to one-fourth as much as in the United States.

Until the new ten-hour law went into effect a few months ago the laboring men of France worked twelve hours a day. They began at 6 a. m. and quit at 7 p. m., with one hour at noon. Women are not allowed to work at night, and child labor under fourteen years of age is prohibited.—From a Consular Report.