

SONG OF THE DRIFTWEED.

Here's to the home that was never, never ours!
Toast it full and fairly when the winter lowers.
Speak ye low, my merry men, sitting at your ease;
Harken to the drift in the roaring of the seas.

Here's to the life we shall never live on earth!
Cut for us avry, avry, ages ere the birth.
Set the teeth and meet it well, wind upon the shore;
Like a lion, in the face look the Nevermore!

Here's to the love we were never meant to win!
What of that? A many shells have a pearl within;
Some are mated with the gold in the light of day;
Some are buried fathoms deep in the seas away.

Here's to the selves we shall never, never see!
We're the drift of the world and the tangle of the sea.
It's far beyond the Pleiad, it's out beyond the sun
Where the rootless shall be rooted when the wander-year is done!
—Jessie Mackay, in Everybody's Magazine.

Two Ways to Travel
(A TRUE STORY.)
By Annie Hamilton Donnell.

The long train drew into the "Dinner Station" and hungry people began to bestir themselves. Families and couples and single persons stepped briskly down the aisle and across the broad platform toward the dinner. Frances and Bruce and Willie Wisp were hungry people but they did not bestir themselves. Their dinner was in the basket in mother's seat and did not begin with a capital D—only splendid ones eaten at round tables, in great rooms with waiters flying about, began with capital.

"Oh, dear," softly sighed Frances, "I wish we were rich!"
"So do I," sighed Bruce, but not softly. "Then we'd go 'cross three seas, and eat our dinner out of plates and knives and forks."

"And we'd step down out of our parlor-car—not this common-car—and when the conductor said, 'All aboard!' we'd fold up our napkins like everything and run back to the parlor-car and sit in big, soft seats. Frances's eyes were wistful, she was thinking especially of Loubellie Weir. Loubellie was in the parlor-car or else across there in the great clattery, chattering, station restaurant. They had seen her get on the train, stepping daintily in her beautiful white clothes. Her mother and a maid had walked behind her. Then the parlor-car had hidden her, and they themselves had stepped up onto this common-car, with mother and the big basket behind.

"Dinner's ready!" mother called from her seat. She had a white towel spread on the seat beside her, and grandmother's biscuit and cookies and little round tarts laid out on it. She was smiling gayly.
The three children crossed the aisle and sat down facing mother. They were hungry and grandmother's things tasted good, but there was a little bitter flavor to them all, just as if grandmother had made a mistake and flavored them with extract of envy instead of vanilla. While they sat and soberly munched, they were thinking of Loubellie Weir and her dinner with a capital D, and of the parlor-car.

"I wish we would travel 'ristocraticly!' burst out Bruce at length, unable to restrain himself. "I wish we were in parlor-car. I don't like traveling in common cars."
"I don't either," Frances agreed, a little less tumultuously. "I'd rather have a white dress on and sit in a lovely cushioned chair with plenty of room."

"I'd raver, too—so'd I raver," chimed in Willie Wisp, eager to join the majority. "I want to travel in a cushion chair."
"Then we'd be with the nicest kind of folks," Frances took it up again, "not with all kinds like this. It would be lovely to be with the nicest kind."

"I know," Bruce cried, "we'd go on a flyer then and just fly! Wouldn't we go on a flyer, mother, if we were rich? We wouldn't go creaking along this way, would we? No, sir!"
"How would you like to travel at the rate of two miles an hour—in a cupboard—with the pigs?"
The children turned like one child. The voice was deep and pleasant and came from directly behind. A kind old face, framed in white hair and beard, was nodding at them over the seat-back.

"Well, how would you like that?" repeated the deep voice. "Because I know of three children that traveled that way. They were relatives of mine."
The people from the restaurant were drifting back into the car, but the children did not see them. They only saw the kind old man who said such remarkable things. His relatives in a cupboard—with pigs! And he was such a nice-looking old man and did not look poor at all. It did not seem possible that his relatives—
"If you are through with your dinner and your mother is willing, come into my seat and I will tell you how it happened," the deep voice went on pleasantly.

As they went they had a glimpse through the window of Loubellie Weir crossing the station platform towards her parlor-car. The maid stepped daintily behind.
"It was quite a little while ago—about a hundred and fifty years," the

old gentleman began, his eyes twinkling down at them. "My great-grandmother was about as old as you, I should say," nodding at Frances, "and she had two brothers younger still. Her father and mother moved from one little town to another. There were no railroads, and they must go in carts drawn by gentle, plodding oxen—all the family and all the furniture too.

"And the children—the story has come down very straight—did not go in the parlor 'cart.' There was a huge old cupboard with a door above and a door below, with a partition between the divisions. It is in existence now. I have seen it many a time. Well, the children's father laid this great cupboard down on its back in the ox-cart and proceeded to pack the three children in one of its compartments, and the pigs—the old gentleman paused dramatically—"the pigs in the other!"

"And that was the way they traveled all the way to the new home—jog-jog, jog-jog, jog-jog. They must have bumped about and the pigs must have squealed. How would you have liked that? Not a very luxurious way to travel, was it? But, do you know, I rather expect those three little shavers thought it was great fun. Thought they were traveling in style, most likely! And the pigs—it must have been a great day for the pigs!"

Frances and Bruce and the Willie Wisp went back soberly to their own seats. They had forgotten Loubellie and the maid and the dinner with a capital D. Back and forth across their minds jogged a great ox-cart with a huge cupboard inside, on its back, and in one end were three children and in the other end were pigs. They could hold their breaths and almost hear the children laugh and the pigs squeal. It was an interesting story that the deep-voiced, kind-faced, twinkly-eyed old man had told.

"What a comfortable car this is!" Frances said, by and by.
"How fast we go—most fly!" said Bruce.

"And there are such nice folks in the car."
"And nobody in the other end is squealing."—The Interior.

JEWISH-GENTILE MARRIAGES.
Increasing in English Speaking Countries—Danger to Zionist Movement.

The growth of intermarriage between Jews and gentiles in recent years has moved the Jewish Chronicle of London to make a plea for "strengthening the historic religious conscience of our people."
A well known Jewish lecturer in an interview said the intermarriage of Jews and gentiles had first assumed notable proportions in Germany partly as a result of the increased social intercourse of the gentiles and Jews which followed the intellectual emancipation of Jewry wrought by the popular philosopher Moses Mendelssohn and his contemporaries.

Figures show that it has affected all English speaking countries, particularly New South Wales and other Australian colonies. The figures are most significant because they apply only to marriages not solemnized in a synagogue. There are thousands of unions which are intermarriages in fact though not technically so regarded, because one of the parties accepted the Jewish faith before the ceremony, and the marriages are therefore between persons of the Jewish religion if not of Jewish blood.
In such cases the children are seldom lost to Judaism. But the consequences too often is that the parents settle their differences by ignoring religion altogether and do not bring up their children as adherents either to Judaism or to Christianity.

These facts are of course powerful arguments in the mouths of Zionists and to some extent account for the rapid flocking of intellectual Jews to their banner. The Jewish people are beginning to believe, this authority says, that so long as they remain dispersed without territorial foothold the amenities of modern civilization are a greater danger to their existence than the confinement of the ghetto and the barbarities of the torch and the thumbscrews of the pogrom.

The Worm Turned.
A muscular Irishman strolled into the civil service examination room, where candidates for the police force are put to a physical test.

"Strip," ordered the police surgeon.
"What's that!" demanded the uninitiated.
"Get your clothes off, and be quick about it," said the doctor.
The Irishman disrobed, and permitted the doctor to measure his chest and legs and to pound his back.
"Hop over this bar," ordered the doctor.
The man did his best, landing on his back.
"Now double up with your knees and touch the floor with both hands." He sprawled, face downward, on the floor. He was indignant but silent.
"Jump under this cold shower," ordered the doctor.
"Sure, that's funny," muttered the applicant.
"Now run around the room ten times to test your heart and wind," directed the doctor.
The candidate rebelled. "I'll not. I'll sthly single."
"Single?" asked the doctor, surprised.
"Sure," said the Irishman. "what's all this fussing got to do with a marriage license!"
He had strayed into the wrong bureau.—New England Guide.

New Ideas in Toiletries

New York City.—The shirt waist that is trimmed with little frills makes a novel feature of the season's styles, and is essentially dainty and



charming. This one is made of white French linen, while the frills are of lawn, and it is worn with a separate embroidered collar, but every waist-making material is appropriate and the frills can be varied to suit the special

Seaweed in Millinery.
Long sprays of feathery seaweed are the latest millinery importation from England. Queen Alexandra is among those who have espoused the new mode.

Blouse With Chemisette.
Any waist that can be made high or partly low neck at will is certain to find a welcome for it suits a very big number of occasions. This one is charming and attractive and suits both the gown and the separate blouse. As illustrated the material is lawn with trimming of embroidered banding and edging and the neck is left with the open square, but all reasonable materials are appropriate and the separate chemisette can be made from lace, embroidery or lingerie material. The pleats at the shoulders are very generally becoming and the flaring roll-over cuffs finish the sleeves in a most satisfactory manner. A little later taffeta and pongee will be admirable so made while for immediate wear all the pretty linen and cotton stuffs are suitable.

The waist is made with fronts and backs. It is pleated at the shoulders and gathered at the waist line and gathered into bands to which the cuffs are attached and the chemisette is arranged under the waist. Both are closed invisibly at the back.



one selected. For warm weather wear madras, handkerchief linen, lawn and all materials of the sort are much to be commended, while for the cool days that occur at all seasons taffeta and light weight wools are desirable. In place of the separate collar a stock of the material can be used if better liked, while the sleeves allow a choice of full or elbow length. Where the material of the waist is thin enough the frills can be made of the same, but if it is heavy, as in the case of the linen, lawn, either linen or cotton, makes the best material. Or again the pleated frills that can be bought by the yard can be used if liked, although those that are gathered are somewhat easier to launder. A little embroidered edging is pretty for these last, while for the silk and wool materials ribbon is well liked.

The waist is made with front and back. The back is tucked from shoulders to waist line. The fronts are laid in groups of narrow tucks that extend for full length and the wider tucks that extend to yoke depth only. There is a regulation shirt waist pleat at the front and the neckband finishes the neck. The sleeves are gathered at their upper edges and are joined to straight bands, whether they are used in full or elbow length, but the long sleeves are finished with roll-over cuffs that are joined to the lower edges of the bands.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is three and five-eighths yards twenty-seven, three and one-half yards twenty-two or two yards forty-four inches wide with two and three-eighths yards of ready-made ruffling or one-quarter yard of linen lawn if gathered frills are used.

Greek Key Pattern.

For indoor gowns or elaborate tea gowns the broken or primitive Greek key pattern is much used as a trimming.

the trimming is applied over indicated lines. The graceful sleeves are of the medium size is two and three-fourths yards twenty-seven, two and one-half yards thirty-two or two yards forty-four inches wide with two and one-fourth of banding and



four yards of edging, one-half yard eighteen or thirty-six inches wide for the chemisette.

New Parasols.

This year the linen parasol will be much to the fore, and the newest examples are adorned with immense bunches of flowers or fruit, cut out of chintz and applied to the linen, a tiny border of the narrowest black velvet ribbon outlining the design.

Hats With Wings.

Many of the newest hats are trimmed with gigantic wings, which were one of Vivot's pet creations.

The Grizzly.

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Usually the bears live almost exclusively on roots, berries, insects, and the like. In fact, there is always something grotesque and incongruous in comparing the bear's vast size, and his formidable claws and teeth, with the uses to which those claws and teeth are normally put. At the end of the season the claws sometimes become so much blunted as to be terder, because the bear has worked on hard ground digging roots and the like.

Bears often graze on the fresh tender spring grass. Berries form their especial delight, and they eat them so greedily when in season as to become inordinately fat. Indeed, a bear in a berry-patch frequently grows so absorbed in his work as to lose his wariness, and as he makes a good deal of noise himself in breaking branches and gobbling down the fruit, he is exposed to much danger from the hunter.

Besides roots and berries, the bear will feed on any small living thing he encounters. If in plundering a squirrel's cache he comes upon some young squirrels, down they go in company with the hoarded nuts. He is continually knocking to pieces and overturning old dead logs for the sake of devouring the insects living beneath them. If, when such a log is overturned, mice, shrews, or chipmunks are found underneath, the bear promptly scoops them into his mouth while they are still dazed by the sudden rush of light.

Sometimes, however, a bear will take to killing fresh meat for itself. Indeed, I think it is only its clumsiness that prevents it from becoming a habitual flesh-eater. Deer are so agile that bears can rarely get them; yet on occasions not only deer, but moose, buffalo, and elk fall victims to them. Wild game, however, are so shy, so agile, and so alert that it is only rarely they afford meals to old Ehphraim—as the mountain hunters call the grizzly.

Domestic animals are slower, more timid, more clumsy, and with far duller senses. It is on these that the bear by preference preys when he needs fresh meat. I have never, myself, known one to kill horses; but I have been informed that the feat is sometimes performed, usually in spring; and the ranchman who told me insisted that when a bear made his rush he went with such astounding speed that the horse was usually overtaken before it got well under way.

The favorite food of a bear, however, if he really wants fresh meat, is a hog or sheep—by preference the former. If a bear once gets into the habit of visiting a sheepfold or pigpen, it requires no slight skill and watchfulness to keep him out. As for swine, they dread bears more than anything else. A drove of half-wild swine will made head against a wolf or panther; but the bear scatters them in a panic. This fear is entirely justifiable, for a bear has a peculiar knack in knocking down a hog, and then literally eating him alive, in spite of his fearful squealing.—From Good Hunting (a book recently published, and consisting of hunting papers written by Mr. Roosevelt before he was President.)

Nairobi, the "Tin City."

"Tin City," from its nickname, should be an American "boom town," situated in Nebraska or the Klondike; but it is not. It is a creation of our British cousins, who seem to have found tinned things so good to live on that they are trying them to live in. Nairobi, which is Tin City's proper name, is a new railway town in the British East African protectorate, and consists of street after street of houses, each built entirely of sheets of galvanized iron, put up in London and then knocked down and shipped to Africa.
The new city is a "flat town," that is, it was made by governmental decree. Sir George Whitehouse, chief engineer of the Uganda railroad, was responsible for it. He was out with his construction party in the field, and camped one night on a great plain beside Nairobi Creek. The ground for a long way round was level. It was on a plateau, well-drained and healthful. About it were gracefully ascending hills, well-wooded and watered.

"Here," said Sir George, "will be the headquarters of the railway. We will build the shops here and the houses of the workmen. This is the ideal location. The creek furnishes good water, the place is on the borders of the Masai and the Kikuyu, and offers a vantage-ground from which to govern them."
His assistants demurred to the location. It was a dreary waste to them, and they urged him to set up his tents in the hills; but to this he replied that the hills would do for the officers' villas and bungalows, but that the city would do better on the plain, and that there is should stand.

There, in fact, it does stand, as odd a sight as Africa can show. The railway company shipped in the houses for its employes, and they were set up in orthodox, right-angle fashion. Two Christian churches, two mosques and a Hindu temple are among the buildings, and there were in the town last December nearly five thousand people. It is over three hundred miles from Mombasa, the chief seaport and capital of the protectorate, and two hundred and fifty miles from Port Florence, the Lake Victoria terminus.

Already European farmers are settling near the town to supply it with provisions, and it seems destined to have a prosperous future.

Good Roads.

Roads and Automobiles.

The recent remarks of Mr. Herrman, the Commissioner of Parks, about the desirability of excluding automobiles from Central Park have a wider and more important suggestion than that concerning this city's great pleasure ground. Taken literally, his plan is, of course, incapable of fulfillment. The automobile has unquestionably "come to stay," and it is now in so general use and is a vehicle of utility and pleasure to so large a part of the community that there can be no restriction of its employment within the limits prescribed in comparable circumstances for other vehicles. In some cases it is no doubt offensive, as when it is driven carelessly or viciously, at a dangerous speed, without giving a due share of the road to other vehicles, or accompanied with an ear distressing racket, a cloud of smoke or a stench of gasoline. But then horses are also offensive when they run away or get blind staggers or are driven by raucous voiced and hog mannered "sports." We must trust to the progress of civilization and the vigilant energies of the police to minimize such evils, whether in motoring, horse driving, bicycling or walking.

The impartment of roads by automobiles is, however, a pertinent and highly important consideration, not only in Central Park but all over the country, for there is scarcely an "improved" road anywhere which is much traveled that has not suffered from the extraordinary wear and tear of automobiles. The reason is perfectly plain. The roads were not built for such traffic. Telford and macadam roads were not designed for automobiles. They were designed for vehicles which would be light if swift and slow if heavy, and which in either case would move upon wheels with smooth tires. They were and are admirably adapted to the use of a buggy weighing two hundred pounds, even at a 2.30 pace, or of a load of hay at a foot pace, even if it weighs a couple of tons. But here are vehicles as heavy as the load of hay moving as swiftly as the buggy. Worse than that, the automobile has, instead of smooth tires, which would serve as rollers to smooth the road, wheels shod with chains or spikes designed expressly to cut into and tear the surface of the road.

Obviously the destruction of the roads by such vehicles is a great evil which cannot be permanently tolerated. We should say, however, that it is most properly to be abated not by excluding the vehicles from the roads, but by adapting either the vehicles to the roads or the roads to the vehicles. Perhaps, indeed, both these courses should be pursued. In our city parks the vehicles might be required to adapt themselves to the roads. No automobile would materially hurt a well made park road if it were not driven too fast, even if it were shod with chains or spikes. All that is needed, in brief, is that automobiles in the parks shall be reasonably driven, as other vehicles are, to obviate their doing any more harm to the roads than other vehicles do. The great majority of automobiles are, we believe, thus managed. The damage to the roads is chiefly done by a comparatively few careless or lawless drivers.

The other solution of the problem, the adaptation of the roads to the vehicles, may well be applied elsewhere. The work of road improvement is now being extensively performed all over this State. It would be a great mistake to do it now as it was done a score of years ago. The road which was good enough for the buggy and the load of hay will not do for a vehicle which carries on chain girt wheels the load of the latter at the speed of the former. These changed conditions of traffic should be realized and the plan of construction of the new roads, at any rate on all "main traveled roads," should be so modified as to meet these conditions, and so as to be adapted to the new and far more formidable type of vehicle. That will no doubt be a far less expensive in the end than to have them ruined and need to be rebuilt every year.—Editorial in the New York Tribune.

Rural Automobiles.

In the counties of northeastern Ohio and the level portions of Pennsylvania north of Pittsburgh a movement has been started for the establishment of a rural automobile mail service. Fairly good roads and the absence of many steep hills make an automobile by far the quickest method of transportation. Several of the largest distributing centres have already inaugurated the practice and a few machines have been bought. It is asserted that in addition to the greater rapidity of the service the first cost of the machines will be more than offset by the greatly reduced number of carriers needed.—New York Sun.

Oiled Roads in Kansas.

So successful did Kansas City's experiments with crude oil prove last year that several Missouri counties will sprinkle the macadam roads this season. Roads which were treated with oil four times during 1906 did not need sprinkling with water the entire season, showing that the oil treatment is an economical one.

It is the fashion in France for school boys to have their hair shaved off.