

NICE TO HAVE MONEY.

It is nice to have money, but better, my money. To have what no money can buy—The dimples that wrinkle upon the sweet river...

Mr. Snooks Learns to Skate.

By LILY RUTHERFORD MORRIS.

"Help! Help!" shrieked Mr. Snooks. He clutched the rail fiercely, with both hands, while first one foot and then the other rolled from under him.

Mrs. Snooks was in the act of having her skates adjusted, but without waiting further, she hastened, with one skate half on, rolling on one foot, and hopping on the other, to the scene of Mr. Snooks' distress.

"Consume it! Is this what you brought me out here for—to break my neck? I s'pose you remembered the insurance policy, and thought this a good time to cash it in, eh?"

"Oh, Josiah, dear! Don't talk like that," replied his sweet natured wife, "please do not. I want you to learn to skate, and have a real good time. Now, stand perfectly still until I get my skates on, and I'll hold you."

"Stand still!" he shouted. "How in the devil can I stand still with these blasted rollers!"

Once more his feet shot from under him. Flat on his back he landed. However, a person falling at the skating rink is no unusual sight, so he lay unnoticed except by an instructor and his faithful Serena.

"Oh, I hope he isn't hurt, sir," she said to the gracious gentleman, trying to assist poor Mr. Snooks to his feet. "I should never forgive myself if anything were to happen to him."

"Oh, you wouldn't, would you?" gasped her husband. "Don't look like it, does it—ag a man's life out of him till you get rollers screwed on him, and then say you wouldn't have him hurt for the world. Like as not, you had the whole thing greased up for my benefit. Then tell a man to stand still—why don't you get that other set of rollers on, if you are goin' to show me anything?"

"Yes, dear, I will. Hold tight to the railing, now; and don't move. I'll be back in a moment," and she hopped and rolled together back to the attendant, having Mr. Snooks looking longingly after her, afraid to move even his eyes in another direction.

He watched her have the other skate fastened on; then, rise from the chair with all ease, and glide gracefully toward him.

"Now, dear, I'm ready. Let's get on the inside of the rail. Give me your right hand first, now the other, and walk—don't try to glide. Come on, now—don't be afraid. Just pick up your feet, one at a time, and—"

"Did you think I'd be fool enough to try to get both up at once? You must take me for a—"

Chink, chink, chink-e-ty chink! He had lost his balance again; but faithful to his speech, he did not let both feet go at once. First one, and then the other went up and down, while he clutched poor Mrs. Snooks ferociously.

Both stood the test; they did not fall. Some one came to the rescue, and with much effort, both together landed him safe inside the rail, which to Mr. Snooks' mind did not, in the least, improve the situation.

"And that's what you are expectin' me to do, is it?" nodding sarcastically toward the whirling throng. "Blamed if I can ever do it! My brain is in such a whirl now, I don't know whether I'm standin' on my head or not—ding it, there goes that blamed foot again! Hold me tight, Sereny; hold me!"

"I've got you, darling; don't be afraid. I'll not let you get hurt. You must hold my hand real tight; and when I count three, glide out on your right foot. Now! one, two, three, glide. Oh, why didn't you do it?"

"Do what?" snorted Mr. Snooks. "How do I know what you want me to do. You must take me for a flyin' Dutchman."

"Come on, dear; let's try it again," sweetly replied Mrs. Snooks. "When I count three, then, with the fourth count, slide out on your right foot."

"I thought you told me to glide—now you say slide. How in the devil am I to know what it is you want!"

"O well, it is all the same, dear. Either one means to roll. Ready! one, two, three, glide."

"Well, when I glide, slide, or roll, what are you goin' to do?" gruffly demanded Mr. Snooks.

"Why, I'm going to glide too." "You goin' with me then?" "Sure, Snooky, dear. I'm going right with you unless—"

"Unless I fall, I s'pose. Now, that's a bright prospect for a skatin' scholar, ain't it?"

"Oh, dear!" answered Mrs. Snooks, almost losing patience. "I wish you would come on; the evening is half gone, and we haven't made a start yet. Do you understand what it is I want you to do—want until I count three, and then, you and I both will glide out on the right foot. Do you understand?"

"No! I don't understand why you

don't start on the left foot. What do you always say the right one for? Well, g'd darn it, come on! I'll try it, if it kills me."

"One, two, three, glide!" and to Mrs. Snooks' utter astonishment Mr. Snooks actually started off. His ponderous body awayed fiercely to and fro. In his struggle for equilibrium, he let go his wife's hand, and beat the air wildly. He would have fallen, no doubt, but for a reckless dash into the arms of a woman, who proved to be the old maid, Hannah Moore, of whom he stood in much awe.

"Gee whiz!" he exclaimed, hugging her tightly in his desperation. "I couldn't help it, Sereny told me to do it, and I had to."

"She didn't tell you to hang on to me like this, I hope. Turn me loose, Josiah Snooks, or I'll push you—"

"No, no!" he shrieked. "For goodness sake, don't push me. Sereny! Sereny!"

"Shut up, you fool. They'll have you put out of here and locked up for disturbing public peace."

"Lord knows, I wish they would put me out of here. Of all the darn places I've ever been to for pleasure, this is the darndest. Hold me, Hannah, hold me! I've got the swimmin' in my head worse than when I take calomel. This is all Sereny's doings."

"You didn't fall, dear, anyway," said Mrs. Snooks, approaching. "That is just fine for the first trial."

"Tis eh? Then you really thought there was a possibility of my fallin', when you brought me out here?"

"Oh, nearly everyone gets falls. I had a dozen or more—hard ones too; but I learned to skate, and it is delightful. When you catch on, you will agree with me."

"Well, if I do, it'll be the first time I ever agreed with you. I ain't so sure it's going to happen no way, for I'll never catch on to more than this blessed railing. It's saved my life once already, and, had as I hate old maids (Hannah Moore in particular), I know she's saved it again. If I hadn't run into her a minute ago, I'd—"

"O no you wouldn't, dear, anything of the kind. Don't you believe that something dreadful happens everytime one gets a fall. Are you ready to try it again?"

"Well, I s'pose that's what I came for, ain't it?"

"You are a darling! I knew you were spunky, or I would not have insisted on your trying. Now don't turn me loose. Keep hold of my hand—I'll keep up with you."

"Well, dad burn it! I've got your hand tight enough, ain't it? Why in the mischief don't you start? Think I'm going to stand here all day, and listen to a skatin' sermon? I want to learn with my feet instead of my head."

"All right, dear, I'm ready. One, two, three, glide."

It was amazing what happened. From one end of the long room to the other they went without a single break in the time. Mr. Snooks put out his feet very much after the manner of Maud, when preparing to give Si one of his famous kicks; but Mrs. Snooks' soothing "right, left, right, left" gave him courage to put his foot down again each time it came up, so step by step, he reached the farther end of the mammoth rink still on his feet. The curve was too much for him. He made straight for the railing again.

"I did do it, Sereny, I did do it!"

"O Snooky! I'm so proud of you. It is wonderful how well you are doing."

"Surprised, are you? Well, I'm no hay seed, if Hannah Moore does say I look like one. I guess I can do anything in the way of gymnastics that she can. There she goes now, a whirling 'round so spry with that old widower—and he's most ready to die with old age. Come on, Sereny; let's go it again. I kind a like holdin' my breath. It's like ridin' a runaway mule—you never know where you are goin', or if you'll land dead or alive; but you have to ride just the same, because the blamed thing won't stop for you to get off."

Mrs. Snooks smiled sweetly her approval and held out her hand for another start.

"Now, dear, don't stop this time—just keep on going. The only difference in making the corners is to take longer glides with the outside foot than with the other."

"Oh yes, it all sounds so nice to hear you tell it. A body would think that takin' a long glide with one foot, and a short one with the other was just about the easiest thing in the universe—kind a like tellin' a fellow to flop his wings and fly. Talkin' is one thing, and doin' is another—are you ready to start?"

"Yes, dear. Come on now—ready! right, left, right, left—"

"Gee—whilkins, Sereny! I'm goin' so fast I'll never stop. I'm a gettin' faster and faster. Can't you hold down, Sereny? I'm a whirlin' like the wind."

"You are doing fine, my dear, keep on," said Mrs. Snooks encouragingly. "But I can't stop," persisted Mr. Snook. "I tell you, I can't stop, Sereny, I can't stop. Help! Help!"

"Hush, Josiah, darling, you are doing beautifully. Now for the curve and remember what I said about the long glide with the outside foot."

An instructor appeared on the scene, in answer to Mr. Snooks' appealing yells. He seized the other arm. Mr. Snooks made the curve in safety, and, again the long stretch up the other side. He seemed to have caught the idea, and no one dared to break the spell. In silence, the three together went round and round many times, Mr. Snook gripping tightly the hands of his wife and the instructor.

"Golly! but this is great," he finally said. "I don't know but what I like this better than the roller-coaster." From the Bee Hive.

The Material Value of Friendships What a Boon to Our Weaknesses! Nothing But Friends—Yet How Rich!

By O. S. Marden.

JUST think of what it means to have enthusiastic friends always looking out for our interests; working for us all the time, saying a good word for us at every opportunity, supporting us, speaking for us in our absence when we need a friend; shielding our sensitive weak spots, stopping slanders, killing lies which would injure us, correcting false impressions, trying to set us right, overcoming the prejudice created by some mistake or slip, or a first bad impression we made in some silly movement—who are always doing something to give us a lift or help up along!

What sorry figures many of us would cut but for our friends! What marred and scarred reputations most of us would have but for the cruel blows that have been warded off by our friends, the healing balm that they have applied to the hurts of the world! Many of us would have been very much poorer financially, too, but for the hosts of friends who have sent us customers and clients and business, who have always turned our way everything they could.

Oh, what a boon our friends are to our weaknesses, our idiosyncracies and shortcomings; our failures generally! How they throw a mantle of charity over our faults, and cover up our defects!

Was there ever such capital for starting in business for oneself as plenty of friends? How many people, who are now successful would have given up the struggle in some great crises of their lives, but for the encouragement of some friend which has tided them over the critical place! How barren and lean our lives would be if stripped of all that our friends have done for us!

If you are starting out in a profession, and waiting for clients or patients, what more profitable way of occupying your spare time than in cultivating friendships? If you are just starting out in business, the reputation of having a lot of staunch friends will give you backing, will bring to you customers. It has been said that "destiny is determined by friendship."

It would be interesting and helpful if we could analyze the lives of successful people, and those who have been highly honored by their fellow men, and find out the secret of their success.

Forgive Your Daughter Her Pity for You

By Winifred Black

AS she come home from school, the girl of your heart? How does she look to you, with her new frocks and her new way of dressing her hair, and her new manner of speech and her new little tricks with her eyes, and her funny little air of kindly patronage toward everything in the old home?

Dear girls! I never know whether I want to laugh or to cry when I see them patronizing mamma and approving of papa and allowing the ordinary, everyday members of the family who haven't been away to boarding school to live by special permission.

What a serious thing life is to them just now! If mamma should wear white gloves when black ones were the thing the whole firmament ought to fall to keep in tune with the horror in daughter's miserable mind. And papa; how old fashioned he is, and where did he get that jay way of wearing his hat? The maid who sets the table in the old-fashioned dining room means well enough, probably, but what would the GIRLS say if they should see her passing the bread in an old-fashioned bread plate instead of a new-fashioned basket?

Don't laugh at daughter. It's all very real to her, the funny little world of queer conventions she's built up around herself.

When she's a little older and a little wiser she'll know that nothing really matters except what people mean when they do things. The things themselves are not of any great account.

Don't take her too seriously, either. Bear up under it if you suspect that she's just a little bit ashamed of you because you say "Just think" instead of "Only fancy." She's your own little girl, after all, and some day when she wakes up from this queer little dream she's living in, you and she will have the time of your lives laughing over this summer that came near to making you some really serious heartaches.

Girls will be girls, you know, just as kittens will be kittens. And, after all, what a stupid, prosaic, matter-of-course old world it would be without the dear, delicious, foolish, funny, pathetic things to love, after all!—New York American.

How to Speak Correctly

By John D. Barry.

ANY people, for example, fairly well educated people, too, don't know how to pronounce the letter that follows g. And as for spelling the name of aitch, some of these people would be astonished to hear that the letter had a name.

The letter that follows v is frequently pronounced as if it were double-v, instead of double-g. A fault, often noticed among singers and actors, is the giving of a fictitious value to the letter l, which makes it sound very like the Italian liquid double-l.

Say the alphabet aloud, and when you have finished, ask yourself if every letter would be perfectly distinct and intelligible to any one who might be listening. Here lies the fundamental principle of all speaking; every element of every spoken word should be distinct and intelligible. In repeating the alphabet each letter ought to make a perfect escape from the lips of the speaker. Does it make such an escape when you say it? Do you send it out vigorously? Watch yourself as you speak each letter and see what happens to it. If it gives you the sense of hanging about your lips, or if it does not seem absolutely to separate itself from you, or if it drops into your throat, say it again and will it to go boldly out. Try to think of it as being outside your self, as a thing apart. When you succeed in thinking of it in this way, if you don't care for words, or if you have never thought about them, you will have taken the first step toward the mastery of good speech. To speak well, you must love words and their elements. You must love individual letters.—Harper's Bazar.

Spirit of Beauty

By Henry W. Parker.

Those who are vorily awakened to the great words of truth and beauty, the universe daily becomes a sublimer miracle. Not a summer cloud sleeps in the blue air, or unfolds its pure fullness, or melts in the distance, but they are dissolved in a luxury of contemplation and think of Him who spread above us the glory of cloudland wherever we are, and when all around us is tame, weary, and unlovely. Not a landscape lies dreaming in the sunshine, and slowly expands itself to the passing gaze, but they are intoxicated with a more fiery sense of beauty until their vision often swims with tears of gratitude for existence, and the heart is ready to break with weight of blessedness. Their souls overflow with the "glory of the sum of things." Every flower that looks up, and every star that looks down, smiles to them the smile of God; and every stream that dimples away, or thistle-seed that floats in the noontide, bears them onward to limitless seas of thought and joy.

A LETTER FROM DAD.

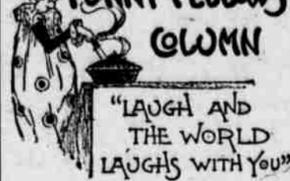
I've missed you since you went away Dear wife, I can not tell you how; I've missed you since you went away; The home is very lonesome now, Where did you put my suit of gray?

With none to greet me at the door, With heavy heart I tread the blocks That homeward lead; I miss you more, But, say, where did you hide my socks?

How still and dull the house appears, How dim the sunlight of my eyes; The weeks you've been away seem years What has become of all my ties?

I hope you will enjoy yourself, But do not mingle with the flirts; I've hunted every closet shelf, Wherever do you keep my shirts?

And now I've told you all the news; There's nothing more for me to write; Except, where did you hide my shoes? They are not anywhere in sight. —Detroit Free Press.



He—Brains are not needed to win success in these days. She—Is that an acknowledgment or a boast?—Chicago Record Herald.

Towne—The only thing Joakley knows is how to be funny. Browne—Yes, but he doesn't know when or where.—Philadelphia Press.

Walter (in New York restaurant)—We do not serve half portions to two persons, sir. Patron—Yes, you do; only you charge for a full one.—Life.

Edgar—Didn't the cook like us, Euphemia—Oh, yes; she said that she liked us all right, but that we have to economize so that she could not respect us.—Puck.

Jack—I'm afraid it will be hard for you to induce Miss Roxleigh to marry you, old man. Tom—Well, I know it will be hard work for me if I don't.—Chicago Daily News.

He—I never talk about things that I don't understand. She—I should think you would be afraid you might lose the use of your vocal chords.—Chicago Record-Herald.

"He isn't in our social set any more." "So I understand." "Yes, he dropped out some time ago." "Indeed? He gave me to understand he had climbed out."—Philadelphia Press.

"I'm troubled greatly with insomnia," said the man at his gate. "I wish you'd come to my church," said the parson who was passing, "I need a few fellows like you!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Mrs. McSosh—Look here, do you know that it's three in the morning? Mr. McSosh—Course I know it's three 'n th' morn'. Tink I'm a fool? What I wanna know is, which morning?—Cleveland Leader.

At Our Church Bazar—Vicar (effusively to conductor, at close of a brilliant program)—The music sounded very delightful in the distance, and I can assure you it did not in any way interfere with the sales!—Punch.

Ethel (sobbing—Oh, dear, father disapproves of George, and I'm afraid he will succeed in finally driving him away. Maud—He isn't brutal with him, is he? Ethel—No. He borrows money of him!—Somerville Journal.

"John," "Yes, sir." "Be sure to tell me when it is four o'clock." "Yes, sir." "Don't forget it. I promised to meet my wife at 2.30 in the drug store across the street, and she'll be provoked if I'm not there when she comes."—Judge.

"He's a mean man. He never buys anything for his wife that he doesn't hope to profit by himself." "Why, he got her an automobile for her exclusive use." "Yes, and he got her life insured in his favor at the same time."—Cleveland Leader.

"You're rather a young man to be left in charge of a drug store," said the fussy old gentleman. "Have you any diploma?" "Why—no, sir," replied the drug clerk "but we have a preparation of our own that's just as good."—Philadelphia Press.

"They call the town you live in a 'woman's paradise,' do they?" said the man with the pointed nose. "Because the women outnumber the men five or six to one?" "Not at all," answered the man with the bulging brow. "Because the men outnumber the women five or six to one."—Chicago Tribune.

No Enemies. Bishop Joseph F. Berry, during the Methodist Conference's recent session in New York, told a story in illustration of the tender mercies of the wicked.

"It is said," he began, "that when the great Spanish Marshal, Narvaez, lay dying, his confessor asked him if he had enemies.

"No," whispered the Marshal, "I have none."

"But the priest, reflecting on the stormy life of the dying man, repeated:

"Think, sir! Have you no enemies? None whatever?"

"No," said the Marshal, "none."

"And he added, tranquilly: 'I have shot them all.'"—Washington Star.

Feminine Consistency. "What is Luella going to take as her graduation essay theme?"

"A woman's career versus marriage."

"What kind of a career is she planning for?"

"Oh, she isn't planning for a career. She is making the loveliest arrangements for a rose wedding in July."—Baltimore American.

FINANCE AND TRADE REVIEW

DUNN'S WEEKLY SUMMARY

Iron and Steel Producers Will Be Busy With Present Orders Remainder of the Year.

R. G. Dunn & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade says:

Lower temperature accelerated the distribution of reasonable merchandise and mercantile collections became more prompt, but agricultural prospects were less bright in a few sections that experienced killing frosts before the crops were beyond danger.

Reports of retail trade are favorable, with scarcely an exception, the fall demand equaling sanguine expectations and jobbers in all the leading lines of wearing apparel report the season's results equal to last year's. Manufacturing returns are more irregular, but most plants are well occupied and have orders covering production for some months. Purchases for more remote delivery are restricted by the financial uncertainty. Scarcity of labor retards work at many points, while other delays are due to strikes, of which several are in progress. There is also much complaint of car shortage, but more than is customary at this season.

Iron and steel producers are still fully occupied filling old orders and many plants have enough business on hand to be independent during the balance of this year, but new contracts are placed with increasing caution.

Primary markets for cotton goods are rendered quiet by the monetary condition, jobbers and other buyers operating less far in advance of known requirements, and a few reductions in prices at second hands were made in order to reduce indebtedness.

Although there is confidence in an early increase in activity of men's wear woollens, much uncertainty exists as to the variety of goods that will be taken.

Footwear salemen throughout the South and West, who are soliciting supplementary orders for reasonable goods, find jobbers still inclined to restrict purchases and many await concessions in prices. A few Eastern factories have orders that will maintain activity during the balance of the year, but most plants will soon be compelled to shut down temporarily unless contracts come forward without delay.

MARKETS. PITTSBURGH.

Table with market prices for various commodities like Wheat, Corn, Oats, Flour, etc.

Dairy Products. Butter—Elgin creamery, Ohio creamery, etc.

Poultry, Etc. Hens—per lb., Chickens—dressed, etc.

Fruits and Vegetables. Potatoes—Fancy white per bu., Onions—per barrel, etc.

BALTIMORE. Flour—Winter Patent, Wheat—No. 2 red, etc.

PHILADELPHIA. Flour—Winter Patent, Wheat—No. 2 red, etc.

NEW YORK. Flour—Patents, Wheat—No. 2 red, etc.

LIVE STOCK. Union Stock Yards, Pittsburg.

Cattle. Extra, 1,400 to 1,675 lbs., Prime, 1,300 to 1,430 lbs., etc.

Hogs. Prime heavy, Prime medium weight, Best heavy Yorkers, etc.

Sheep. Prime wethers, clipped, Good mixed, Fair mixed ewes and wethers, etc.

Calves. Veal calves, Heavy and thin calves, etc.

In one hundred years Protestant church buildings in France have increased from 50 to 1,300; pastors from 120 to nearly 1,000; besides 200 evangelists.

Christianity at Home. A candle that won't shine in one room is very unlikely to shine in another. If you do not shine at home, if your mother and father, your sister and brother, if the very cat and dog in the house are not better and happier for your being a Christian, it is a question whether you really are one.—J. Hudson Taylor.

A Thought Worth While. It is worth while to wonder how you would feel in eternity without your Sunday clothes.