GOIN' ABOVE.

What's the use o' frettin'
'Cause yer sun is settin'
In the sky?
'Ain't the curtin' risin'
On a most surprisin'
Scene up high?

Don' set there a'weepin'
'Cause yer feet are creepin',
Once was spry;
Soon they'll be a-boundin'
To the music soundin'
Glad and nigh.

Ef yer heart is weary,
An' yer life is dreary,
Forgin' 'long,
Hol' yer head up steady,
God He's waitin' ready,
An' He's strong.

Lif' yer eyes 'thout cryin'
An' don' call it dyin'—
Goin' above;
Hear yer folks a-callin',
He'll keep yer from fallin',
An He's love.

—Louise W. Caldwell, in Christian Register.

CHANG, "BALLYHOO" AND "BALLYHOO'S" WAISTCOAT

By ARTHUR E. McFARLANE.

This is the story of a new elephant act. Chang was the elephant—a lank, big-boned, huge-eared, good-natured African, who had been caught in a trap-hole, when a calf, on the slopes of Kilimanjaro. He did not appear in the ring, but he did appear in the parade and in the newspapers. For every "big show" with any self-respect possesses an elephant which is positively "the largest elephant on earth." And with the Jungling Brothers' Show that elephant was Chang.

"Ballyhoo" Jackson—a "ballyhoo man" is one who has once acted as a "lecturer" for the side-show—was Chang's keeper, walked beside him in the procession, saw that he ate and drank all that was good for him, and slept with him in "the monster, specially constructed private car" at night.

In the case of most big elephants this would have been a good deal of a bore, for in the main they are likely to be stupid. But Chang was not stupid. He had two mightily upswelling, gray-black bulges on the top of his cranium, like the gun-turrets of a battleship in their warpaint. He had the vacant space for education; he had an elephant's natural desire for it, and Ballyhoo began to give it to him.

But he did not teach him any of those foolish fancy trick which take the public eye. Other largest elephants on earth might be taught to push baby carriages and carry doll parasols. Ballyhoo aimed to give Chang a chance to show that he possessed the kind of brain one actually thinks with. So he taught him how to line up the four-ton pole wagons, and "tote" ring banks, and load "Old Hundred"—which is the wagon that carries the quarter-poles, and the heaviest of them all.

But the thing to which Ballyhoo really pointed with pride was this: He had taught Chang how to warm and ventilate that "monster, specially constructed private car." At least, Chang had come to comprehend that when the air began to feel raw and chilly, he had only to stuff the fanlight with some old sacking piled in the corner. And when it grew uncomfortably hot, he had only to take the sacking out again. The sight of Chang doing that tickled Ballyhoo mightily. This was in the Eastern States, where it was never very hot or cold that summer, anyway. But when there was a change of temperature, Ballyhoo called on everybody to come and see.

If Chang was slow in noticing the change himself, Ballyhoo would remark, "Ah, Chang, old pardner, don't you think it's gettin' a bit sneezy in here?" Whereupon Chang would start for the sacking at once.

And for the rest of that day Ballyhoo would go round shaking hands with people he was not acquainted with. "Did you see that? Did you? Tchck! And it's just the result of teachin' an elephant somethin' that it's worth his while to know."

Only there is this to remember. When you have taught an elephant anything, he is never going to forget it. Indeed, the elephant that ever forgot anything would be a curiosity among all his tribe. If, moreover, you have once appealed to his sense of pure reason, you need never try to go back on it. If, again, what he has learned is something in the way of useful information, he is going to put in hours of spare time reflecting upon the advantages of that useful information. He is going to act accordingly for all time to come. Nor need you ever expect him to do the contrary.

The summer after that, the Jungling Brothers' Show was billed to close its season in Seattle. It spent two months in swinging back and forth across the plains. It loitered for another month below the foothills. And then one night it began, in a long two days' "jump," to climb the Divide.

About 3 o'clock the next morning, from his shake-down in the corner, Ballyhoo heard Chang moving restlessly about. Opening an eye, he saw that he had begun to stuff that sacking into the fanlight. And that pleased Ballyhoo even more than it had done in the beginning.

"For, "Shivering shakes," he thought, "we've only started up the climb! And this is sure going to be the coldest thing in refrigerator-cars before we're going down again! It comes just the way I told you. If I hadn't showed Chang, I'd have to be rustlin' out and stuffin' that fanlight myself!"

That was Ballyhoo's idea of it. And he hauled up his old checker-board quilt and his two big gray army blankets, snuggled his feet into them, and went to sleep, telling himself that while Chang might not take to the Rocky Mountain temperature, a little of it would very likely do him good.

That was Balyhoo's idea of it. But as it grew colder and colder, and colder, Chang's thoughts ran something this way: "Well, I don't know that I understand this. It's the same old car, all right," and he stood for a while on the other forefoot. "It's the same old fanlight and the same old saking. But"—and he tried to get his trunk over his left ear—"seems to me I've only made it colder! Seems as if this climate— But say, maybe I didn't put that sacking right."

And sure enough, he saw he had left it so loose that he could see the dawn through it in three places. "I might have known it all the time," he thought, and giving a good, strong, vigorous push—he shoved the whole bundle through and out upon the other side!

Now, that would have discouraged some people, but it could not discourage Chang. For he knew that stuffing things into that fanlight made the car warm. There were two or three sacks left, besides which there were several things in Ballyhoo's corner that would serve him just as well.

Well, would you believe it, when he had just begun to get those other things wedged in good and tight, they went through, too, and followed the sacking down the mountain!

So he had to go back to Ballyhoo's corner again. There was nothing else for him to do. He had not intended to. And after that he had to go a third time.

Perhaps five minutes later Ballyhoo began to dream that he was walking with Chang into a mighty palace, such as he had seen on a children's page of an illustrated newspaper. And the king in it said it was called the Cave of the Winds, and if he would wait a minute or two, he would see the winds all turning into icicles. And just about twenty seconds after they had turned into icicles Ballyhoo woke up.

His old checker-board quilt and his first blanket were out on the Rockies already, and Chang was just then crowding the second one into the fanlight. In fact, he was now putting such supreme exertion into the process that you could not say that that second blanket ever really stopped in the fanlight at all!

Another half-minute, and Ballyhoo ceased desperately attempting to throw Chang to the other end of the car by the tail. With a sudden horrid thought he looked for his clothes!

The one thing left was his red parade waistcoat. And Chang had missed that only because it had fallen down behind the bed. There was something about that waistcoat, too. Ballyhoo had six one hundred dollar bills sewed up in it. And with a single plunge he gathered it up.

He did it too eagerly. Chang saw him; he saw that waistcoat, and at once, with a new hope, he extended his trunk for it.

Now, from the standpoint of pure reasoning, Chang could not see why Ballyhoo should not have pointed out that waistcoat to him as soon as he saw that it had been overlooked. For, as he put it to himself, "I've tried the sacking, and that wouldn't stay in. I've tried the quilts and blankets, and they wouldn't stay. I've tried all the rest of his clothes—I've tried everything but that waistcoat. So doesn't that prove that waistcoat is the very identical article I need?"

But Ballyhoo was not listening to reason any more than if there had never been any such thing. With Chang reaching his big trunk now round this side of him, now round that, he had to keep flinging himself up and down that monster, specially constructed private car in a way which made thinking difficult.

"Quit it!" he kept yelling at the persistent Chang. "Git away! Oh, I'll fix you for this! I'll fix you! Stop it!"

But Chang did not stop. He was not that kind of elephant.

And then Ballyhoo lay down with it. He had got an arm through one side of that red waistcoat, and he thought that if he could once get it buttoned up on him, he would be all right.

But by the time he had got his arm through one side, Chang had got hold of the other. And then, firmly and convincingly, he began to pull.

"Quit it!" yelled Ballyhoo again. "Quit it! You old bat! Ain't it enough that you've got me pretty near froze to death the way it is?"

That was precisely the point Chang wanted to make. For what was the use of their freezing to death when—if Ballyhoo only chose to stop and think a moment—they could both of them be snug and comfortable again? But if one partner had renounced the use of his intellect, the more reason why the other should use his. And he began to exert himself in good earnest. He began to pull indeed.

For his part, Ballyhoo stopped arguing now. He simply flattened himself there, and tried to get a grip on the straw with his teeth, and on the floor boards with his finger-nails, and to kick Chang's chest in with his bare feet. His one idea was to roll himself back on that waistcoat as fast as Chang rolled him off it.

"Oh, you wait till I get out of here!" he cried. "I'll feed you dynamite! I'll run you out of the show! I'll beat you to death! Quit it! Quit it! Quit it!"

Chang understood all that; and it seemed to him that he had never seen Ballyhoo show himself so perseveringly unreasonable before. But since the responsibility for their well-being had now been placed upon his shoulders alone, he acted accordingly. He gave one last, almost irresistible tug, brought away that red waistcoat all but a few shreds about the armhole, and carefully placed it in the fanlight.

In five seconds it had followed everything before it. Ballyhoo was not trying to use his voice any more. He was rushing Chang up and down the car, batting him with a barrel stave. And that was reasonable, at any rate, for it did not hurt Chang any, and it kept them both very nearly warm.

The rest of the story is what the Jungling people will always tell you first. For of a sudden the car jerked once, twice—and then stopped so lurchingly short that if Chang had not been ahead just then, there might not have been anything left of Ballyhoo but a pancake.

There had been an accident. A truck under the tender had broken loose. Only that was not the accident that might have taken place. That truck had smashed nothing but itself. But a good hour ahead of its proper schedule, and without having any realization of it among those long mountain curves, the second Jungling train was following not half a mile behind. A few short minutes more, and there would have been one of the most cruel rear-end collisions ever known in Colorado.

But even as the second train slipped by, out of the tail of his eye the engineer thought he saw a red flag. Not a second sooner than there was direful need, he applied his air-brakes. And the first person to hail him was a brakeman running weakly up the grade from the train ahead. In his hand there was a genuine danger-signal.

They had ample time to go back and see what the first had been. They found it hanging from a rick. Thanks to Chang and his fine sense of pure reason, it was Ballyhoo's red parade waistcoat!—Youth's Companion.

FROM the long dim tracts of the past come strangely blended recognitions of woe and bliss, undistinguishable now to our own heart, nor knows that heart if it be a dream of imagination or of memory. Yet why should we wonder? In our happiest hours there may have been something in common with our most sorrowful, some shade of sadness cast over them by a passing cloud, that now allies them in retrospect with the somber spirit of grief; and in our unhappiest hours there may have been gleams of joy across that gloom to give the return the calm character of peace. Do not all thoughts and feelings, almost all events, seem to resemble each other when they are dreamt of as all past?

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Shoot folly as it flies.—Pope.

We are not born for ourselves alone.—Cicero.

Blossom by blossom the spring begins.—Swinburne.

Success veils the evil deeds of men.—Demosthenes.

We are not allowed to know all things.—Horace.

A friend is a man to whom you confide things that you wish, on second thought, you had kept silent about.—Florida Timer-Union.

Wiles and deceit are female qualities.—Aeschylus.

Ambition is not a vice of little people.—Montaigne.

Force without judgment falls of its own weight.—Horace.

That is every man's country where he lives best.—Aristophanes.

Habits of justice are a most valuable possession.—Marcus Antonius.

Oysters are not good in a month that hath not "r" in it.—Butler's Dyet's Dry Dinner.

Ambition has but one reward for all: A little power, a little transient fame.—William Winter.

No Advance Agents.

It would seem that we have not as yet made sufficient advancement in science to be able to predict anything about the coming cyclones until after they have arrived.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

WHY TEACHING REPELS MEN

A Dependent and Narrowing Profession From Which They Hold Off.

From the Educational Review.

In the seven years ended 1906 the number of men teachers in the United States decreased twenty-four per cent. It is not a matter of wages. Professionally fitted men teachers get a higher average salary than the average incomes of lawyers, physicians, clergymen and business men in their communities. There are even beginning to be prizes for superior teachers. Salaries of $5000 are common, $10,000 is not infrequent, $20,000 has been offered several times; there have been private school principals who cleared $100,000 a year. But four reasons make the thoughtful young men hesitate. First, it is a hireling occupation. A college president was once comparing his work with mine. "For one thing, you are your own master," he said. "Yes," I replied, "it is a good many years since I have had to take orders from anybody." "That's just it," he mused, thoughtfully; and though he is one of the great college presidents, a man with whose work mine is not for a moment to be measured, I could see that in this respect he envied me.

That president is as little accustomed or likely as any man I know to be interfered with by his trustees, but the ordinary man teacher is entirely at their mercy. The law makes them the authority as to course of study, regulations, selection of teachers, equipment and supplies. Outside of the board of education that directly employs him the community feels authorized to dictate whether he shall smoke or dance or play cards or call on a lady twice a week. The present principal of the high school at Newark, N. J., lost a place in Cortland Normal School because when he applied he was wearing a red necktie; the chairman of the committee disliked red neckties.

Second, teaching is looked down upon in the community. We might as well face this fact. "When A was principal of a grammar school," said the head of a normal school, "he would run across the street to shake hands with me. Since then he has passed his law examination and hung up his shingle he expects me to run across the street to shake hands with him." In other words, A feels that to be at the tail of the law is higher than to be at the top of teaching.

The teacher may have a personality that commands respect in spite of his calling, but as a teacher and outside of his especial work he is regarded by business men slightingly, as an improvident visionary, thinking in a world of imaginary conditions, like Alice in Wonderland.

This is shown from the fact that the teacher is so seldom elected to a place of responsibility not educational. "Oh, but look at the high school principal of Lancaster elected Mayor, and the deputy superintendent of instruction elected Secretary of State in Pennsylvania!" you cry. Yes, you who live in Pennsylvania point to those two men, and if you lived in Illinois or Louisiana or Arizona or Oregon, and were well informed, you would point to the same two men. Why? Because they are the only ones. There are 110,000 men teachers in the United States and two of them have been elected to responsible public places; the exceptions are so rare and noteworthy that they prove the general rule that teachers are not so trusted. "At your age George Washington had mastered mathematics," remarked a teacher to an unsatisfactory pupil. "And at yours he was President of the United States," was the retort, and it stung.

Third, teaching usually belittles a man. I do not say it ought to; I do not say it always does; I say it usually does. His daily dealing is with petty things of interest only to his children and a few women assistants, and under regulations laid down by outside authority, so that large questions seldom come to him for consideration. His environment narrows him, he grows to have only one interest, and that limits him in public and in social life. You cannot usually get it out of the heads of the kind of men who go into teaching that they are dealing with inferior minds. The child cannot answer back; the teacher has the last word; ergo the teacher is correct. Of course the real teacher is a listener; he learns more from his children than they from him, because it is an ever new delight to watch the impression of ideas upon the budding mind. But how many men teachers are there of your acquaintance who listen? How many of them delight in a childish mind quick enough to catch them in a blunder? How many of them say when the child fails to comprehend, "How stupid my teaching must be?" It is the assumption that the teacher knows it all and the teacher who has browbeaten his school is at a loss when he comes out of the school into the community which can answer back and is by no means disposed to accept his ipse dixit.

This suggests the fourth and last lesson I shall give, that teaching tends to bad manners, and the bright young men who see this hesitate to be classed with teachers. Some years ago there was a vacancy in the science department of the Syracuse high school. Among those who appeared before the committee was a man from Buffalo. He replied to the questions put to him and then he asked three or four. When they were answered, he said: "Gentlemen, I withdraw my application. I thank you for considering me. The place has not advantages enough over my present one to warrant me in changing. Good day." And he was gone in less time than it had taken most of the candidates to introduce themselves. When the door closed upon him the committee looked at one another and the superintendent said: "I tell you what I think, gentlemen; when we come to choose a principal for our commercial high school, that's our man." And to that place he was elected, although he had given no special attention to business branches.

Now what must be the general condition of teachers' manners when it is such a distinction as this to have the appearance and bearing of a gentleman and the decision and directness of a business man? A normal and university graduate of considerable experience was a candidate for a place in the Albany normal, and was pretty sure of it up to the point when he called upon the State Superintendent. This officer was at his desk, and the candidate when he came in seated himself familiarly on the side of it. That cost him his appointment, and it ought to. As a rule men teachers are uncouth, crude, ill at ease in company. They do not know how to enter a drawing room or a business office or how and when to get out of either. It is amazing what a difference it makes in a teacher's presence if he goes into business for a time and learns how to meet people.

Men principals are often petty tyrants; they accept and demand obedience to the point of servility. How often you see a principal and his assistants coming in a body to an association, the women cluttering about him and he strutting majestically, like cock and hens in a barnyard. I could name a man, a fine man and teacher at that, who has yielded to this influence so much that he never listens to a remark when it is first made, but expects it to be repeated. A superintendent of schools in one of the large cities was walking from one building to another with some of his teachers. It was an oppressively hot day in June and they were in the glare. Finally one of the ladies suggested: "Dr. ——, don't you think it would be better to walk on the shady side?" "Oh, no," he replied, imperturbably. "I don't mind the sun!" He was a really great man, to whom American education owes not a little, but he got his manners in the schoolroom.

WHAT OF ENGLAND?

When All Nations Equal Her in Possession of the High Seas?

What of England, the country which of all has most to lose and least to gain? How is she contemplating the era when all nations equal her in possession of the atmospheric ocean, the higher seas? When the aerial fleets of the world can pass as readily as her own not into, but over, the Cinque ports; over St. Paul's, and Lombard street, and Buckingham Palace; over Windsor, over Manchester, and Birmingham, and Sheffield; over the length of the fairest, strongest, securest, most historic and richest of argosied realms, from Land's End to John o' Groat's—from her new naval base at Rosyth to the borders of the Mersey?

Major F. S. Baden-Powell, late of the Scotch Guards, summed up the whole matter, last year, with so quiet a significance that one would think there could be no other subject so occupying the mind of his countrymen. "If in the future all nations adopt airships for war, much of our insularity will be gone, and we must make due preparation."

But in the event of England's loss of insularity, what preparation, or equality of aerial equipment, can restore to her a specific supremacy like that—with all it includes—which is possessed by her, so long as sea power is the sovereign power, and "Britannia rules the waves?"

Recalling the past, it is typical to say the least, that all England is not at this moment evincing for once a just apprehension; not of defeat in war or even of violence at alien hands, but of the falling-in of that concession of specific immunity which has been a sound warrant for the "gude conceit of hersel" so little relished by the envious. A like apathy, however, prevails in other countries most concerned, in some of which the people at large express a full realization of what is soon to affect modes of life and international liberties and restrictions. The subjugation of the atmosphere has not come impressively like the steamboat of Fulton, or the "What hath God wrought" over Morse's wire, but has crept slowly from the diversion stage to the utilization of advanced engineering and equipment.

Who can doubt that the actual condition is understood in the chancelries of Europe—it must be that cabinets and rulers have an inkling of it, that British statesmen know what it means, else why are they watching so intently the efforts made by one another? England, as usual, is letting others pull the chestnuts out of the fire, ready to profit in imitation of what others may produce; although, even she, at last, has tested, rather unsuccessfully, a dirigible airship of her own.

And yet, if the statesmen of the great powers really appreciate what is coming, why do they insist so on the increase of their navies?—From Edmund Clarence Stedman's "The Prince of the Power of the Air," in the Century.

Thomas Pooley, eighty-six, of Claremont, N. H., acknowledges that he made a mistake in never marrying.

Good Roads.

Our Wretched Roads.

The much-exploited New York to Paris motor car race has been for a long time such an obvious farce, owing to the execrable condition of the roads between New York and San Francisco, that the discovery of the impossibility of traversing the Alaskan coast on the way to the Bering Straits does not surprise people in the least. The scheme was visionary at the outset. It sounded well enough when stated, but it soon became apparent that motor cars that could not get through the snow on the highways of the continent could hardly be expected to negotiate the chuckholes, drifts and snow banks of the frozen trail from Valdez to Nome, regardless of the absurdity of crossing Bering Straits on the ice.

However ridiculous the anti-climax of this stage of the race may be, the affair has sharply emphasized the urgent necessity of concerted action throughout the country in favor of good roads. Our highways are at present a disgrace to us as a civilized people. We boast of our advancement, when we cannot send a motor car, the highest type of our mechanical development to-day, 500 miles without being mired helplessly. Washington, for an example, is virtually isolated from the North, the South and the West, as regards the ordinary roads of travel. Heavy teams can make their way through over long distances, but with the greatest difficulty.

Motoring to Washington should be one of the most delightful pastimes of those with the leisure to travel about the country in this manner. But it is no idle task. It is an achievement, a triumph of patience and mechanical construction. Only the more intrepid motorists undertake it, save those who venture without asking the way. There should be a road between this city and New York so well graded and well maintained that a good car could make the run easily in a day and a half without pushing at any stage. Such a road would cost money, but it would pay quickly. It now takes four days, unless the car is raced regardless of safety.

Those who use the roads always note the difference in the appearance of the country when the highways improve or deteriorate in quality. Moving through a muddy, treacherous road, the traveler see on either hand the signs of indifferent management. Passing thence into the region of the well constructed macadam "pike," with evidences of constant, intelligent repairing, no imagination is required to discern the tokens of prosperity and progressiveness.

It is always interesting to the traveler by road to ponder whether the good road is the cause or the effect of the prosperity which is always so abundantly visible on every hand. Certainly the good road enables the farmer to do his work with less labor, saves his stock, increases his profits and adds to his net income if he hauls his goods to market. That is a demonstrable fact. The poor road discourages settlers of the better sort, gives the land the aspect of neglect and discouragement and, in short, stamps the region with the sign of shiftlessness or poverty.—Washington Star.

Movement is Spreading.

The movement for a better system of American highways is gaining in avor throughout the country. Public men in public speeches are making "good roads" an issue. In the West counties are voting appropriations for hard thoroughfares. And they have found that such investments have returned handsome interest.

Senator Bankhead, of Alabama, is advocating an amendment to the Postal Appropriation bill providing for a fund of $500,000 to improve roads used by rural delivery routes in all the States where half such a sum shall be raised locally or through the operation of State enactments.—New York American.

Farm Machinery For Peru.

There is a considerable demand for farm machinery and implements in Peru, according to Charles M. Pepper, special agent of the Department of Commerce and Labor, and American manufacturers have not neglected it. He remarks, however, that samples and exhibits of these goods, which are to be found in large numbers, are of a sort not particularly suited to the uses of the Peruvian farmer. Peru has almost no horses, and its draft animals are oxen, a fact which has an important bearing on the styles of implements, such as plows, cultivators, reapers and mowers, which are to be drawn by them. Besides this, the natives are used to the wooden stick, or beam plow, which generally has a single handle. Knowing no other form of plow, the farm laborers are prejudiced against the improved two-handle implement; but, so far as Mr. Pepper has discovered, only one American manufacturer has taken note of this peculiarity and devised a single-handled plow. There are in Peru many graduates of American agricultural colleges who would serve as excellent agents for the introduction of American farming machinery, and Mr. Pepper thinks the employment of these young men will be a large factor in the growth of American trade in agricultural implements.

Fuses at Low Temperature.

A solder that will fuse at a low temperature and used in uniting soft metals is made by adding three drops of mercury to one ounce of common solder.