BATTLE CRY.

More than half beaten, but fearless,
Facing the storm and the night;
Breathless and reeling, but tearless,
Here in the lull of the fight,
I who bow not but before Thee,
God of the fighting Clan,
Lifting my fists I implore Thee,
Give me the heart of a Man!

What though I live with the winners
Or perish with those who fail?
Only the cowards are sinners,
Fighting the fight is all.
Strong is my Foe—he advances!
Snapt is my blade, O Lord!
See the proud banners and lances!

O spare me this stub of a sword!
Give me no pity, nor spare me;
Calm not the wrath of my Foe.
See where he beckons to dare me!
Bleeding, half beaten—I go.
Not for the glory of winning,
Not for the fear of the night;
Shunning the battle is sinning—
O spare me the heart to fight!

Red is the mist about me;
Deep is the wound in my side;
"Coward" thou criest to flout me?
O terrible Foe, thou has lied!
Here with my battle before me,
God of the fighting Clan,
Grant that the woman who bore me
Suffered to suckle a Man!

—John G. Neihardt, in The Outing Magazine.

Polly Grey

By Nan Todd.

It was a glorious June morning. Across the meadows wafted a breeze as delicate in fragrance as the coloring of the trees and grass over which it danced. But in spite of all this summer sweetness, Polly Grey was not happy. It was the day of the first picnic of the year, which glowing event was to be celebrated in some nearby woods. Polly had planned to go, when her mother had been unexpectedly called to nurse a sick neighbor, and the little girl had been obliged to stay at home and care for her aged, helpless grandmother; besides, there were cakes to bake, and this is not any fun on a summer's day. The Greys were poor. It was only by her skill in cooking that Mrs. Grey managed to find a livelihood for the little family of three. Polly sighed woefully as she opened the oven door. The cakes were not near done. The day was not a bit as she had planned.

"Hello," called a voice suddenly from the outside.

"Hello," Polly answered, unlatching the kitchen door upon four girls gathered near the steps.

"Can't you go to the picnic, Poll?" asked one of the group.

"Nope."

"Why?"

"Mother's gone away. I've got to stay at home and take care of grandma. There are some horrid cakes to bake, too."

"For Nancy Hyde's wedding, I s'pose. My! I should think you'd feel grand havin' your ma bake cakes for that wedding. I'd love to go. The man Nancy is goin' to marry is awful rich. You could carry the cakes over, Poll, and maybe you could see something." But Polly was inconsolable.

"Well, I'd leave my grandma for a minute," tempted another voice. "She wouldn't mind if you ran down to the woods and right back."

But as Polly Grey would make no plans, the girls, anxious to join their friends, hurried away leaving a disappointed, teary-eyed girl to watch them until they had disappeared in the bend of the road.

"Polly," called Grandmother Grey presently from across the kitchen. "What are you doing? When is your mother coming back?" and the grandchild dutifully answered the old lady's questioning.

Later, the cakes were put upon a high scheif out of the old cat, Tabby's reach. The work done, the morning dragged into early afternoon. Grandmother Grey had fallen asleep in her armchair, and the big kitchen was very still. Polly leaned disconsolately on the table and looked out of the window, frowning deeply.

"The cakes are all baked, and I wouldn't be but a minute," she whispered, trying to convince herself of the justness of her thoughts. She turned and tiptoed to her grandmother's side, and stood looking down upon the sleeping old lady. Polly was certain her grandmother har never neglected a duty; but then grandma had lived in a time when, according to stories, girls never wanted to be disobedient. Tabby rubbed against her little mistress' dress, but the girl paid no heed. She was thinking of her friends, the deep woods—and her mother's tired face. Two minutes dragged by.

She felt suddenly oppressed. With haste, she opened the door and, as she did so, the draft caused a volume of smoke to pour from every conceivable crevice of the kitchen stove. Tabby rushed out of doors. Polly, dazed, followed, stumbling down the steps. What met her eyes made her poor little heart fairly stop beating. For near the chimney, where the roof sagged, a brick had broken away and a flame was fiendishly lapping the rotten shingles.

"Oh, what will I do?" sobbed the frightened girl. She looked frantically down the road, but not a person was in sight. She ran back into the house, crying, "Grandma!"

The room was already blue with smoke. The woman had awakened. "What is the matter?" she asked.

"Oh—I must get you away. The house is on fire. I'll drag your chair out. Sit awful still. Oh, please, grandma, I'm not afraid."

It was no easy task to pull the chair across the kitchen floor; but Polly gained her ground inch by inch. Then came the question of how she could get the chair and its precious freight down the steps. But not a minute must be lost; the flames had multiplied and were rising higher and higher.

"Hold tight, grandma," Polly choked, down the steps she dragged the chair to a place out of danger, and then she rushed back to the kitchen and carried the cakes out.

"Oh, if someone would only come," she cried. "Grandma, what will I do?"

"Polly Grey," said the old lady in a voice the granddaughter had never remembered hearing her use, "you're a Grey. Get a ladder—there must be one in the woodhouse. Climb to the roof, with a pail of water. Oh, if I were only young!"

And Polly obeyed. Pail after pail of water was emptied upon the roof; still the tongues of flames malignantly seethed and crackled. Polly was now discouraged. Her limbs ached, and her head swam with the heat of the sun and flames. She grew dizzy, and, afraid of falling, felt for the ladder and slipped down to the ground. Then she heard the sound of carriage wheels in the road, and before she realized what had happened, a cheery voice called, "Hi, there!" The speaker was a young man. The stranger and Polly worked hard and fast against the flames. After a time their labor was rewarded, for the fire now smouldered feebly. Danger was passed.

"A close call," the young fellow exclaimed, slipping on his coat, which he had hastily discarded.

"Indeed it was, and thank you, sir," said Grandmother Grey. "My grandchild was about tuckered."

Polly was indeed tired. The excitement over, she had fallen to the ground, sobbing bitterly. The man crossed the space of the garden to her side.

"I say,' he consoled, bending over her, "it is all over."

"My grandma—"

"She is all right," he said.

"But I nearly went away and left her," sobbed Polly.

"But you didn't," he answered, not knowing exactly what to say.

"Oh," sobbed Polly, who felt all of a sudden an overwhelming confidence in this kindly young man.

"I see," he replied, after the girl's entire confession of the afternoon's temptation. "Miss—"

"Polly Grey."

"Well, Miss Polly Grey, you wouldn't have gone to the picnic, and you know you wouldn't."

And then a very strange thing happened. For the young man was no other than the prospective bridegroom of the beautiful Nancy Hyde, for whom Mrs. Grey had baked the cakes which Polly rescued. And the little girl was invited to the wedding that was the interest of the countryside for miles around.

She was a very penitent, thankful and a much wiser little Polly Grey.—Detroit Free Press.

THE LONGEST MOUNTAIN CHAIN.

Discovery of a Range in Tibet Extending Fully 2000 Miles.

The most important discovery we made in thus traversing diagonally the whole of Tibet was the gigantic chain of mountains we crossed by the Sela pass, which is over 19,000 feet high. How little this chain of mountains had hitherto been dreamed of is evident from, among other things, the supposition indulged in by Sir Thomas Holdrich in his book, "Tibet the Mysterious," that the great central lakes (Dangra Yum Tso, Nganzi, etc.) were the sources of the Brahmaputra's northern tributaries—that is to say, that there was a stretch of relatively flat country where in reality we found there was one of the highest ranges of mountains in the whole world, a chain which can be compared only with the Himalayas and their kind. Capt. O'Connor suspected their existence by hearsay. The chain known as Nin Chen Tangla, which is situated south of the Tengri Nov, was well known and had been crossed by Littledale and several others, but no one knew that this chain stretched for close upon twelve hundred miles to the west-northwest, as I now discovered. It is a certainty that it also stretches to the east, and has a total length of about two thousand miles. The average height of the passes is some few hundred meters higher than in the Himalayas and about the same as in the Kara-korum and Arkataugh.

Mighty as is this excrescence on the earth's surface, the Tibetans have no name for its whole length. Countless local names are given to the various parts of it. As the range will in future have to be included not only in a knowledge of the world, but also in the school books, it becomes necessary for it to have a name, and so far as I can see it would be best to keep to the name by which its highest point is already known, viz., Nin Chen Tangla. It sounds strange, when one considers how thoroughly the world has been explored, that in the year 1907 it should be vouchsafed to any one practically to discover a range of mountains two thousand miles long, and the surprise of the discovery is intensified rather than diminished by the fact that here and there the country traversed was already known. And let us remember that such a discovery cannot be made again, for there is no blank space big enough on the map of the world to contain such a range of mountains.—Harper's Magazine.

We Are Easily Won.

"McBiff is no longer abusing De Millyuns."

"Why the cessation of hostilities?"

"Somebody introduced him to De Millyuns, and now when they pass the great man grunts."—Washington Star.

CURING OF CODFISH.

The Norwegian Government officials and experts on these matters state that salt as a preservative is found absolutely necessary for the proper curing of codfish unless the fish is air-ried, and that no other preservatives are found desirable or necessary, says Consul-General Henry Bordewich of Christiania. No noteworthy experiments with other preservatives have been made.

The fish is caught in the winter and early spring on the northern and western coasts. When the boats and small steamers have entered harbor with their hauls the entrails and heads are removed, and the fish, as a rule, sold to dealers, who take them on board vessels or in packing houses built close to the seashore. The fish is sold and bought by count, regardless of size.

Expert splitters, placed at benches about two by five feet and using a heavy, short, wide-bladed knife, make an incision along the lower or belly side, along the whole length of the fish, removing at the same time the upper half of the backbone.

The fish is then, without washing, put down in even layers in the holds of vessels or in packing houses, flesh side up. Over each layer is sprinkled salt by an expert salter; the so-called Trapani salt is preferred.

Trapani salt is imported from Spain; it is a rather weak, small-grained, dull-colored article, evaporated from sea water.

About five barrels are used for every 1000 cod, and the net weight of each fish is about one and one-half kilograms (3 1-2 pounds).

The sizes of the fish vary much, and the salter has to use considerable judgment in the quantity of salt used. If the supply is too liberal, the fish is apt to become salt burned; if too scant, it is apt to sour.

When the desired number of fish, say 50,000 to 100,000 has been secured in one lot, the cargo is brought to some place where the rock formaties. Whenever the weather is suitable for spreading such a large number for drying. As the cargo is unloaded each fish is carefully washed in clean sea water. The black membraneous skin on the insides of the fish is at the same time removed, likewise all blood accreted in bone cavities. When ever the weather is suitable, clear, windy weather being preferred, the fish is laid singly, side by side, on the flat rocks, and attended to by men, women and even children. It is never exposed too long on the same side. Every two or three hours the fish are turned so that the flesh or lower side and the upper, skin-covered side are alternately exposed to the sun and wind. Every evening stacks are made of 50 to 100 fish and the top covered with tarpaulins and weighted down with stones. In this manner the fish becomes solid and gains in appearance. In unfavorable weather, with fog and rain, it is left undisturbed in the stacks, but as soon as fine weather comes on it is again exposed. This is repeated till the fish is thoroughly cured and ready for shipment.

The curing is done in the months of May and June, before warm weather sets in. It requires constant care and good judgment to bring the curing process to a satisfactory termination. If the fish is exposed too long to the sun it will scorch and turn dark; if there happens to be much foggy weather or rain its value will be much decreased by the influence of a certain fungi. To prevent this no remedy has as yet been discovered.

Fish ready for export is either piled in the hold of ships in layers or packed in bundles, each holding a certain weight, but of late years some of it is also shipped in tin-lined boxes when destined for a long voyage and warm climates.

Codfish is also put up in Norway without the use of salt or any other preservatives. Some of this fish is dried round after simply removing the head and entrails. In this method the fish are tied together by the tails in pairs and hung on horizontal woolen poles resting on beams about eight feet above the ground. The fish preserved in this way are caught in northern Norway during the regular fishing season, January to May.

The article is known to the trade as "stockfish," and is largely exported to Catholic countries. By ancient custom this kind of fish is never taken down for shipment before June 12 each year; sometimes later, if the weather has been unfavorable.

Cod and other fish are also air-dried the whole year round, after having first been split open the whole length, the only junction between the two halves being the tails and about an inch of fish above it. By the cut the whole of the backbone is left on one side of the fish when split. Each fish is then strung on poles for drying in the same manner as the round or stockfish. Among the fish prepared in the latter manner are cod, ling, coalfish, torsk and some other varieties.—The Fishing Gazette.

The Reason Why.

A querulous correspondent from Princeton, who signs himself "Indignant," thus addresses the editor of the New York Evening Sun: "Why is it that Montclair is getting so much attention in the public prints? There are a few other places in the State of New Jersey."

That's easy. Because it is Montclair.—Montclair Times.

OUR SOLENODONS.

The Natural History Museum Has the Only Specimens in the Country.

The strangest American animal and also one of the rarest and least known of all mammals is the solenodon or almiqui. Only two species are known—one peculiar to Cuba, the other to the island of Santo Domingo.

Although the solenodon is an insectiveorous animal, yet in many ways it resembles the rodents as well as the ant eaters and is more like certain fossil quadrupeds than like any other living creature.

It is about two feet in length, with long, coarse hair and a naked, rat like tail. The forefeet are heavy and strong and are provided with stout, curved claws for digging and tearing apart rotten logs. The nose is long and slender and exceedingly mobile, and the whole appearance of the animal is peculiar.

For many years the solenodon has been considered extinct and practically nothing was known of its habits. Few museums of the world possessed even fragments of the remarkable animal.

In December, 1906, A. Hyatt Verrill undertook a trip to Santo Domingo in search of this long lost animal and succeeded in obtaining three living specimens, which are now in the American Museum and Natural History in New York city and are believed to be the only specimens of the Santo Domingo solenodon in the United States, if not in the world.—New York Sun.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

There are 77,000,000 bricks in the famous Severn tunnel.

The average daily consumption of eggs in New York city is two for each individual.

There are more than 25,000 sailing vessels of over fifty tons on the oceans at present.

Vienna has 32,000 street beggars, and many of them make a better living than workmen.

There are more women members of clubs in New York City than in any two other cities in the world.

The Hongkong harbor has a water area of ten miles, and is regarded as one of the finest in the world.

A Colorado currant bush will produce at least one gallon of fruit. Some plants will yield ten times this amount.

The state railways of Chile consume annually from 350,000 to 400,000 tons of coal of which about one-half is imported.

There is an average of seven car collisions a day on the steam, subway, elevated and surface railways of New York city.

In the four cables of the Manhattan bridge, New York city, there will be 23,100 miles of wire, weighing 12,570,000 pounds and costing $1,567,125.

While the tonnage of the fleet of the great lakes is increasing, the number of craft is decreasing, owing to the greater capacity of the newer boats.

The Chilean government has appropriated 6,000,000 pesos, or $2,190,000 gold, to be used in building homes for the poor working class. A large portion of it is to be expended in the city of Valparaiso.

No wonder that so many shops in New York city sell shoes and that so many shops sell nothing but shoes, for it is estimated that the pedestrians of the city wear out 28,800 pairs of shoes each day.

It is said that the work of driving mail-order swindlers out of the metropolis has been committed to Inspector James G. Cortelyou, brother of Secretary Cortelyou, who is an acknowledged expert in that field of inspection.

There are in London a number of great houses doing a world-wide business in orchids alone. Most of the plants come from Brazil. In the botanical gardens of Rio de Janeiro there are over 6000 varieties of orchids.

At a cost of about $5,000,000, it is proposed to build a bridge between Zealand and Falster, to take the place of the present steam ferry, whereby the international route Scandinavia via Gjedser would be improved and shortened.

James H. Stevenson, a millionaire mining engineer and land owner, of Pueblo, Col., was inspecting land in Menard county, Tex., when he accidentally met Wilbur Stevenson, a farm laborer, who proved to be his own brother, whom he had not seen or heard from for forty years.

Esperanto.

"What do you call the Chinese man who brings us tea?" asked the man with the goggles of the girl with the giggles.

"Tee-hee," was her reply.

An Ideal Fish

By Robert W Chambers

THERE are, in some cold, clear streams of the North, certain fish known locally as "Mohawk chubs." These fish are the ideal fish in shape and color—graceful, slim, elegant creatures, pure silver except on the dorsal ridge, which is the tint of oxydized silver. They are tender-mouthed, and remind me somewhat of the grayling, although they have not the great dorsal fin nor the fragile mouth of that fish. They often inhabit trout waters, and I have an idea that trout feed on the smaller ones, although I have no absolute proof that this is true. I know, however, that pickerel, maskalonge and black bass strike at them eagerly.

These fish rise to a fly and are often quite as gamy as grayling. Often and often I have struck them in trout waters, and have found them interesting fighters when tackle is light and water cold and swift.

Animals and birds appear to be very fond of them, or at least are often seen eating them, perhaps because they may be easier to catch than trout. Where Mohawk chubs are herons and kingfishers congregate. The only time I ever saw an osprey in that region was once when whipping that stream. The osprey dashed down within a rod of me and seized a Mohawk chub that must have weighed a pound at least, bearing him up out of the pool and away across acres of swamp toward the distant forest.—Harper's Weekly.

The Life and Health of Young Girls

By Dr. James H. McBride, the Alienist and Neurologist

THE girls of the present day who are brought up under more comfortable conditions than their grandmothers have gained much, no doubt, in the change of conditions; but they have lost something in that in many homes there is less of healthy exercise, less of that kind of work that developed the body and also developed simple and healthy tastes. There is as a result of this poorer physical development, less feeling of responsibility in the home on the part of the young ladies and not so great a sense of duty. When every member of the family had everyday, specific duties—work to do that had to be done, work that exercised the body as well as the moral sense in discharging a duty—such life, dreary and harsh as it sometimes was and often barren of most of those things that we regard as common comforts, had at least the great advantage of providing work that furnished physical exercise, and that was also done under the sense of obligation. There is a moral and physical healthfulness in such a life that goes to the making of strong and simple characters, and that puts purity of blood and vigor of constitution into descendants.

The number of young women who soon after marriage break down from the unexpected strain of new duties is very large. The mother of a young woman who had become a nervous invalid within two years after marriage said to me there was no apparent cause for her daughter's illness, as she had been shielded from everything from childhood. Why, indeed, should anyone be shielded? Was it ever the case anywhere that a person who had been shielded grew to be a forceful character or proved a success in presence of the swift and onerous demands of life?

The Newspaper and the State

By Samuel Bowles, Journalist

THE difficulties of producing a worthy and excellent newspaper are great. It cannot be efficient and independent unless it is at least self-sustaining; or, to put it in another way, unless it exhibits qualities which will command the support of the public. Of course, the press may be endowed, in some way, but the endowment is apt to be encumbered with an obligation to serve some other interest than that of the public. It seems to me impossible for a journal that is entirely and short-sightedly commercial in its spirit to be of value as a public mentor. Such a journal is apt to be more harmful than helpful in its influence. The duty that rests upon every member of society to so conduct his business, to so perform his part, that good, not evil, shall flow from his action, appeals with peculiar force to the journalist. The true journalist is broad-minded and far-sighted enough to see that the best service he can possibly render the public is the best investment he can make for himself.

The life of the worker of the press who is thoroughly devoted to his calling is strenuous and laborious. It is attended with an almost incessant strain upon the patience and the nerves. The work is never ended; the responsibility and the anxiety never cease; emergencies are always imminent, and they demand the full expenditure of brain and muscle. Those who enter upon it should do so with a keen sense of its responsibilities as if entering any one of the so-called learned professions. The newspaper which goes into the homes and haunts of the people should be clean, harmonious, attractive, artistic, beautiful. To please and improve the taste of his reader should be the constant aim of the maker. The public welfare should be his sole guide in determining the contents of his sheet. That affords abundant field for the exercise of skill, ability and energy, and the employment of sensation of a worthy sort in making his paper popular and strong and profitable.

The new conditions and problems created by the country's rapid growth constitute a new and insistent call upon the press to rise to its opportunities, to perform its obvious duty. These relate not alone to the affairs of the Nation and State, but to the immediate environment of every newspaper in the land. The time is ripe for making our home community life in every city, town and village cleaner, fairer, richer, happier, more just and more beautiful. This is to come through a high development of the civic spirit, and in that development the press should be the most potent factor.

The Art of Salesmanship

By L. D. Vogel

GOOD salesmanship is so essential to all lines of business, and so worthy of intelligent study and execution, that the calling, to my mind, is lifted to the dignity of a profession. First, let me say that the definitions of salesmanship which I shall offer are not my own, but quotations from what I have read; and, coming as they do from salesmen of experience who have been successful, they are entitled to respectful consideration.

"Salesmanship is the quality in a man—partly inherent, partly acquired—whereby he is able to successfully introduce, interest in and sell a prospective customer any article or commodity."

I will quote a few others, which impress me as being particularly good, and which I singled out of many and copied: "The ability to sell goods, or other property, in a straightforward manner, with satisfaction to all concerned and with the least expenditure of time and money, but having always chiefly in view the benefit to be derived by the person for whom the property is sold."

Another: "Salesmanship is that quality in a salesman which enables him, in the shortest space of time, to place in the possession of his customer the greatest amount of satisfactory merchandise, and in the coffers of his employers the greatest amount of profits; while at the same time preserving the lasting good will and respect of his customer."

Bear in mind, please, that a salesman is not in the salesmanship class, according to this authority, unless he can both make a profit for his employer and preserve the lasting respect and good will of the customers.

Another definition that, it seems to me, contains many good points, is as follows: "Salesmanship is the science of putting into each day's work honesty in speech, loyalty to employer, the hustle of modern civilization, of watching your weak points, of strengthening them, of not only keeping your customers but gaining new ones, of being at all times a gentleman."

I will tax your patience with one more quotation, and this one, to my mind, is as true and good as it is terse: "Salesmanship is ability to make sales; its attributes are health, honesty, courtesy, tact, resource, reserve power, facility of expression, a firm and unspeakable confidence in one's self, a thorough knowledge of and confidence in the goods one is selling."

Certainly, none of us will deny that a good salesman must know his goods so well and have such confidence in them that he can convince the merchant that he needs the goods; then he must enthuse him in such a way that, after he does purchase them, he will push them.