

## JOHNNY.

He can scamper a mile to the baseball field,  
And he never feels the heat;  
But, oh, it's so far to the corner store—  
So far for his aching feet.

He can run to see the circus come in,  
And stand and watch by the hour;  
But the postoffice building is so far away,  
And there might come up a shower.

He can get up at five on the Fourth of July—  
It's really no trouble at all;  
But eight is too early on all other days,  
And his mother may call and call.

He can sit up all hours to frolic, and not  
Get sleepy or tired a bit;  
But, if there's a lesson, or problem to do,  
He goes fast asleep over it!

O Johnny, dear Johnny, how funny you are!  
And when will grown-ups understand  
That hard things seem easy, and easy ones  
hard,  
To youngsters all over the land?  
—Emma A. Lente, in Zion's Herald.

## Crossing the Bar.

By VENA ROSS MORSE.

The last rays of the setting sun  
Stole softly into the spotless little  
room where Martha, wife of Abram,  
the blacksmith, lay motionless in her  
high-posted, old-fashioned bed.

The old high chest of drawers with  
the snowy towel across the top took  
on a new lustre as the light struck  
it, and the reds and blues in the  
well-worn rag carpet looked even  
brighter than in broad daylight.

Even the raised edges of the irregular  
patch near the bed looked less  
forbidding than usual to the sick  
woman as she lay drinking in the last  
glories of the day. Soon the light  
faded, leaving in its place a soft  
sweet dusk, filled with the perfume  
of flowers, the cheerful chirp-chirp  
of the cricket and the plaintive night  
call of the birds in the neighboring  
woodland.

Gazing with unseeing eyes where  
the light had touched, Martha went  
over her life as she had done so  
many times before since she had re-  
gretfully, but uncomplainingly, laid  
down the burden of home cares. It  
had now been seven months since she  
had left her little room, and for the  
last half of that time, she had been  
confined to her bed. The nature of  
her disease the country doctors did  
not know, so she lay patiently wait-  
ing for the end.

Abram, her faithful companion for  
fifty years, cared for her as tenderly  
as a devoted, clumsy old man could,  
but helped by a visit from one or an-  
other of their kind neighbors every  
day.

"Marthy likes my gruel and toast,"  
he would say with a smile of satis-  
faction, as broth, jellies and fruits  
were donated by willing friends, who  
sought to tempt Marthy's appetite.  
And she did like the gruel and toast  
and his companionship, also. And  
her sweet, faded face would light up  
with love and trust as Abram en-  
tered with feeble steps, steadying  
the tray with its cup of tea and plate  
of toast. How many times he had  
waited upon her and never a word  
of complaint, but always that kindly  
smile and the solicitous "Feel better,  
Marthy?" or "How, now, Marthy?"  
It was for Abram that Marthy was  
content to linger and suffer, for was  
not there yet a chance that he would  
heed his Master's voice and believe  
as she had believed since the early  
days of their courtship?

Yielding to all else, the old man  
steadfastly refused to open his heart  
to the pleadings of wife, pastor or  
friends. If she could be the means  
of bringing him to the fold she felt  
as if her life work would be accom-  
plished and she would gladly leave  
her aching body behind that her tired  
spirit might find rest and peace in  
her Father's house.

A sharp twinge caused her to  
change painfully onto her other side,  
and her glance fell upon a faded  
photograph of her early home. Then  
her thoughts flew back to her old  
life; the first visits of Abram; the  
Sunday when in all her bright youth-  
fulness she joined the church of her  
father and mother; the summer day  
when she and Abram had promised  
those sacred things—till death us do  
part; the little house where they had  
begun housekeeping—and then she  
drifted into a fitful sleep, her lips  
still moving and her fingers twitch-  
ing nervously over the patchwork  
quilt.

Cautiously Abram entered with the  
small hand lamp and placed it care-  
fully and noiselessly in its accus-  
tomed place. He saw that Marthy  
was asleep, and he sank into the  
high-backed rocker and studied her  
worn face.

He knew as well as she that the  
end was drawing near and soon he  
would be left alone in the humble  
home that had so long sheltered  
them both. The tears welled up in  
his eyes and ran over his wrinkled  
face, dropping onto his faded vest.  
He wiped his sleeves across his face  
and sighed. The rocker creaked as  
he moved and the aged wife slowly  
opened her eyes.

Abram rose and deftly arranged  
the usual corner of paper around the  
lamp chimney so as to shut off the  
light from Marthy's eyes.

"Abram, come up closer," came  
the weak voice, and he wonderingly  
obeyed, as he was already so near  
he could touch her pillow.

"Abram, do you remember the  
church where we were married?"

"Yes, Marthy."

"And how sweet the roses and  
things smelled and what a lot of

flowers we had on the pews and in  
the vases?"

"Yes. Oh, yes!" still wondering.  
"And you remember when we  
came here to keep house and how  
happy, how happy we were?" she ran  
on wearily.

"I guess I do, Marthy, as if 'twas  
yesterday," answered the old man.

"And then you remember when  
our first baby came—and then left  
us before she could say a word but  
'Daddy?'"

Abram nodded with tears in his  
eyes as she continued.

"How we stood over the little  
white casket and cried together and  
wondered how we should live?"

"Yes, Marthy," chokingly.

"Then you know how little Fred  
came, and how we loved him—and  
about his getting drowned in the  
brook?" She had been over it so  
many times in her mind that she was  
quite calm now as she reviewed it  
again.

"Don't, Marthy," sobbed the gray-  
haired man; "I can't bear it."

"And then the twins," she persist-  
ed; "they closed their blessed eyes  
before we had hardly learned to  
know them."

"Yes," repeated Abram faintly.

He sat with his chin sunk upon his  
chest and the tears trickled down  
unheeded as he pictured the scenes  
which his wife brought before him.

"We loved our babies, didn't we,  
Abram?" resumed the weak voice.  
"Oh, Abram, if we could only have  
them with us again. If we could  
only see them once more and feel  
their little arms and kiss them."

"Oh, if we only could; if we only  
could. I should be ready to go, too,"  
sobbed the old man.

"Abram, it seems as if I could see  
them now—there—see little Annie  
and Fred—all angels. Oh, see the  
lights and the flowers—and there  
come the twins. And there's the  
Saviour lifting them in His arms—  
yes, I'm coming—mother's coming,  
darlings. Wait just a minute."

With a cry of anguish Abram  
dropped on his knees beside the bed.  
"Oh, Marthy, I believe, I believe. I  
want to go to the children too. Oh,  
Lord, have mercy—take me too. I'm  
a poor sinner and I haven't been get-  
ting ready, but I want to come."

The broken prayer and the heavy  
sobbing roused the sick woman for a  
moment and she realized that all  
was well. A look of content and joy  
overspread her countenance and she  
moved her hand until it rested on  
Abram's wet cheek. He grasped it  
feverishly and the heavy sobs gradu-  
ally subsided, leaving the room in  
perfect quiet.—Boston Sunday Post.

## Stripes and Bars For Him

By CASPAR WHITNEY.

The trouble-to-day is failure to suf-  
ficiently punish the reckless driver.  
We constantly read of a wealthy  
scorcher who deliberately defies the  
warning of the motor cycle police-  
man, and sets out on a race to get  
away from him. The fine of ten to  
twenty-five dollars for a man of this  
sort is ridiculous and makes no im-  
pression as we see, for the offense is  
committed over and over again by  
the same individuals. Around New  
York there are half a dozen such who  
are continuously being arrested and  
as continuously offending.

Anent accidents, there is a great  
deal of talk in the papers of exacting  
a thorough examination of all those  
who apply for license, thus intimat-  
ing that the majority of accidents are  
the result of incompetence in the driver;  
but such is not the fact. There  
is no doubt of the desirability of in-  
sisting on an examination of the  
chauffeur before he is given a license,  
but the truth is that the reckless driv-  
ing and the greatest number of acci-  
dents come not from the incompe-  
tence or the ignorance of the man at  
the wheel, but from absolute reck-  
lessness. The men who give the most  
trouble belong to the expert driver  
class.

There is only one way to stop reck-  
less driving, and that is by rigidly en-  
forcing a few simple laws. The first  
offense should be punished by a fine,  
the second offense by revocation of  
license for a given period—a month  
say—and the third offense should be  
punished by a term of imprisonment.  
Accidents that result in the death of  
innocent victims should produce a  
charge of manslaughter.

If several of the reckless drivers,  
who apparently consider themselves  
immune because of their prominence,  
should serve a term in jail, I think  
there would be an end to criminally  
heedless speeding.—The Outing Maga-  
zine.

## Not a Safe Place.

Old Aunt Hepsy Garside never had  
seen a moving picture show before.  
She gazed in speechless wonder at  
the magic contrivance by which mes-  
senger boys were made to move with  
breakneck speed, barbers to shave  
their customers in less than a minute  
and heavy policemen to dash along  
the street at a rate never at-  
tained by a living specimen, either  
on or off duty.

It was all real to her. She could  
not doubt the evidence of her senses.  
All those things were taking place  
exactly as depicted.

Presently an automobile came in  
sight in the far background, moving  
directly toward the audience at the  
rate of at least a mile a minute. Just  
as a catastrophe seemed inevitable it  
swerved aside, passed on and dis-  
appeared.

Aunt Hepsy could stand it no  
longer. Hastily grasping the hand  
of her little niece she rose and start-  
ed swiftly for the door.

"Come along, Minervy!" she said.  
"It ain't safe to stay here any longer.  
That thing didn't miss me more than  
two feet!"—Youth's Companion.

## MARRIAGE CUSTOMS OF THE NAVAJOS.

The Navajo is somewhat polygam-  
ous in tendency, but as he has to pay  
roundly for each wife only the most  
wealthy of the tribe can afford the  
luxury of several wives.

When a young wife has grown old  
and ugly the husband often discards  
her, taking unto himself a younger  
and prettier one. Thus he takes his  
wives tandem instead of abreast, as  
the Mormons did.

The Navajo secures his wife by  
purchase, and the Navajo maiden  
never lacks offers of marriage. She  
is not at liberty to choose for herself,  
but is a sort of standing invitation  
which her mother holds out for in-  
formal proposals.

The Navajo mother-in-law is the  
greatest on earth, for the daughter  
belongs to her mother until married,  
when the bridegroom also becomes  
the property of his mother-in-law,  
with whom he is required to live. As  
he is also required never to look her  
in the face, existence becomes a com-  
plicated problem.

The young girl seldom gets a young  
husband, and the young man seldom  
gets a young wife. Property among  
the Navajos is mostly possessed by  
the old men, so they are, as a rule,  
able to offer a larger price for the girl  
than is the young man who has not  
yet had time to accumulate his for-  
tune. It requires several ponies and  
a good flock of sheep to buy a young  
and bountiful Navajo maiden.

"I recently witnessed an old squaw  
leading a young girl, about ten years  
old, in the school grounds at the Na-  
vajo agency," says a writer in the In-  
dian School Journal. "As she ap-  
proached the agent's office she fell  
upon her face by the sidewalk and  
immediately set up a loud, mournful  
wailing."

"Some of her people must be dead,"  
I said to the agent.

"No," he replied. "I know the old  
lady well. You see that little girl  
sitting there on the sidewalk beside  
her? Well, that is a girl about ten  
years old. A short time ago her  
mother sold her to an old man for his  
wife."

"He is seventy years old and stone  
blind. The matter was reported to  
me, and I ordered her to bring the  
girl to the agency and put her in  
school, and that is what she is here  
for, but she does not want to give  
the girl up and that is why she is  
wailing."

"She hopes to get my sympathy,  
but I will not stand for it. The girl  
must go to school, where she be-  
longs."

"So saying, he called a policeman  
and ordered the girl taken to school  
and turned over to the matron."

The Navajo wedding ceremony is  
thus described by A. M. Stephen:

"On the night set for the wedding  
both families and their friends meet  
at the hut of the bride's family. Here  
there is much feasting and singing  
and the bride's family makes return  
presents to the bridegroom's people,  
but not, of course, to the same amount.

"The women of the bride's family  
prepare cornmeal porridge, which is  
poured into the wedding basket. The  
bride's uncle then sprinkles a circular  
ring and cross of the sacred blue  
pollen of the larkspur upon the por-  
ridge, near the outer edge and in the  
center."

"The bride has hitherto been lying  
beside her mother, concealed under a  
blanket on the woman's side of the  
hogan (hut). After calling to her to  
come to him her uncle seats her on  
the west side of the hut, and the  
bridegroom sits down before her,  
with his face toward hers and the  
basket of porridge set between them.

"A gourd of water is then given  
to the bride, who pours some of it on  
the bridegroom's hands while he  
washes them, and then he performs  
a like office for her. With the first  
two fingers of the right hand he then  
takes a pinch of porridge, just where  
the line of pollen touches the circle  
of the east side. He eats this one  
pinch, and the bride dips with her  
finger from the same place.

"He then takes in succession—a  
pinch from the other places where  
the lines touch the circle and a final  
pinch from the center, the bride's  
fingers following his. The basket of  
porridge is then passed over to the  
younger guests, who speedily devour  
it with merry clamor, a custom anal-  
ogous to dividing the bride's cake at  
a wedding. The elder relatives of  
the couple now give them much good  
and weighty advice, and the marriage  
is complete."

The Navajos do not bury their  
dead. At least they do not inter  
them. The Navajo's superstition pre-  
vents him from even so much as  
touching a dead body.

So before life has entirely left the  
body it is wrapped in a new blanket  
and carried to some convenient se-  
cluded spot, where it is deposited on  
top of the ground, together with all  
the personal effects of the deceased,  
and if it be an infant the cradle,  
trinkets, etc., are carefully deposited  
beside the body. When there are no  
longer any signs of life in the body,  
stones are rolled up around and over  
it, in order, they say, to keep the  
coyotes from carrying it off.

If the deceased be a grown person  
his favorite saddle pony is led up to  
the grave, where he is knocked in the  
head with an axe. Here it lies, with  
bridle, saddle and blankets, ready for  
the journey to the spirit world.

The Navajos never dig a grave  
themselves, though they like very  
much to have the white people bury  
their dead, and if they are anywhere  
near where white people live they  
will ask them, in case they have a

death in the family, to take charge  
of the body and bury it. If by chance  
one of their number dies in the house  
before they have time to remove him  
they immediately set fire to the house  
and burn it up, with its contents,  
thus cremating the body.

Believing that an evil spirit enters  
a body at death, and that if they  
come in contact with their dead this  
evil spirit will enter into their bodies,  
they are afraid to touch a corpse or  
even the house in which the person  
died.

Upon the death of the head of a  
Navajo family all of his possessions  
go to his relatives—brothers, sisters,  
etc.—instead of descending to his  
wife and children. This custom is  
perhaps the most harmful in effect  
of any practiced these days by the  
Navajo.

It often leaves the wife and chil-  
dren destitute, especially where the  
husband owned flocks as well as the  
cattle and the ponies. However, the  
Navajo women usually own flocks, in  
which case the mother and children  
have some means of scanty support  
at least.—New York Press.

## QUICKLY THE DOCTORS DIE.

Faster Than Lawyers—No Account  
of Actors, Authors and Journalists.

If you would enjoy a long life you  
should become a minister (of any  
religious denomination), or failing  
that a gardener, a gamekeeper, a  
farmer or a railway engine driver.

These, according to Dr. John Tat-  
ham's report to the Register-General  
on the mortality in certain occupa-  
tions during the three years from  
1900, which was issued last night,  
are the callings which offer the best  
prospect of longevity. At the other  
end of the scale come the general  
laborer, the tin miner, the hawker  
and the hotel servant, and about  
midway are the physician, the under-  
taker and the tobaccoist.

As compared with lawyers Dr. Tat-  
ham records, medical men die more  
rapidly at every stage of life, while  
as compared with the clergy their  
mortality is enormously in excess.  
Tuberculosis, phthisis and diseases  
of the respiratory organs are the  
only causes of death that are sub-  
stantially less fatal to medical men  
than to males in the aggregate. Dis-  
eases of the nervous and circulatory  
systems contribute the largest share  
to the mortality of medical men, due,  
no doubt, to their anxious and ardu-  
ous occupation.

A sign of the times is given in the  
particulars relating to commercial  
travelers. They fall victims to alcoh-  
olism in greater proportion than do  
all occupied and retired males by  
thirty-eight per cent., while their  
mortality from liver disease is more  
than double that standard. But the  
mortality from alcoholism, gout, liver  
disease, accident and suicide was  
considerably less in the last period  
than in 1880-82.

In the previous supplement it was  
remarked that there was no other  
occupation in which the ravages of  
cancer approached that among chim-  
ney sweeps. It is still noteworthy  
that although the mortality from  
that disease has fallen by nearly one-  
fourth part, chimney sweeps are still  
subject to the highest fatality from  
this disease, although among several  
other occupations, such as servants  
in London, brewers, furriers, general  
laborers and seamen, the mortality  
does not fall far short of that of chim-  
ney sweeps. It is a subject which,  
as Dr. Tatham points out, deserves  
further attention.

For the first time in these returns  
the question of the mortality among  
women workers is dealt with exhaus-  
tively, though it is a matter full of  
difficulty. For instance, the case of  
a domestic servant, the daughter of  
a bricklayer who has returned home  
permanently invalided, is given. She  
is thenceforward regarded as unoc-  
cupied, and in the event of death will  
be registered as a bricklayer's daugh-  
ter, no mention being made of her  
previous occupation.

In the case of a married woman  
this cause would appear to operate  
even more strongly, the deceased  
woman being described simply as a  
wife or widow, with mention of her  
husband's occupation but without  
mention of her own.

It is rather curious that actors,  
authors and journalists have no  
place in these tables, even in the in-  
dex. Even numerically they must be  
almost as important as, say, coster-  
mongers, wigmakers and chimney  
sweeps, who are all included.—Lon-  
don Daily Chronicle.

## Big Texas Melon.

Robert Longbotham, a farmer near  
Shafter Lake, raised an eighty-pound  
melon. It is of the Georgia sweet  
variety from Texas grown seed.

The seed was planted July 2, the  
vine blossomed August 7 and the  
melon matured September 18, mak-  
ing an average growth of two pounds  
a day from the time the blossom  
dropped off the vine until the melon  
ripened, and during its growth the  
melon registered a maximum gain of  
six pounds during a single twenty-  
four hours.—Galveston News.

## Old London Clubmen's Wager.

The rage for gambling at White's  
and Almack's led to most outrageous  
betting, as to which Walpole tells  
what he calls a good tale:

A man dropped down in a fit before  
the door and was carried inside; the  
club instantly made bets as to wheth-  
er he would die or not, and when a  
doctor was called in to attend him  
his ministrations were interfered with  
by the members, because, they said,  
these would affect the fairness of the  
bet.—London Chronicle.

## ENROLLED IN A PATRIOTIC SERVICE.



The Forest Ranger Works Hard, Endures Privations and Receives Small Pay.

## A TEMPLE OF REPUBLICS

On May 11 President Roosevelt, in  
the city of Washington, laid the cor-  
nerstone of the first International  
Temple of Peace, Friendship and  
Commerce, the tangible evidence of  
the desire of the twenty-one American  
republics that war shall be no more  
in the Western world and that mate-  
rial prosperity promoted by interna-  
tional trade shall take its place. Dis-  
tinguished men were present at the  
laying of the cornerstone and mes-  
sages were spoken or sent by represen-  
tatives from all of the twenty-one re-  
publics of America. The new build-  
ing is to be the joint property of all  
the republics. The site provided by  
the American Congress is within a  
few hundred yards of the White  
House and is adjacent to the State,  
War and Navy buildings and the Cor-  
coran Art Gallery. Mr. Andrew Car-  
negie contributed three-fourths of a  
million dollars to the erection of the  
building, and each of the republics  
has added an appropriation to the  
fund. The building is to be the home  
of the International Bureau, main-  
tained by the American republics,  
and is to be made the centre of a  
continuous campaign of education,  
where one country may obtain accu-  
rate and up-to-date information of  
any other. A library on all subjects

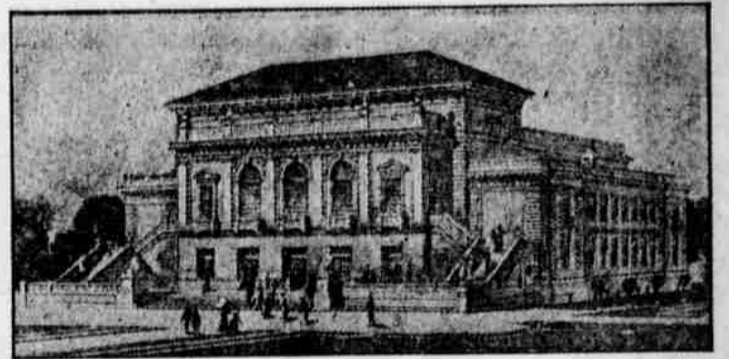
struggles and revolutions. The suc-  
cess of the United States Government  
has been a splendid example and in-  
spiration to the sister republics of the  
South, and the foundation of this  
Pan-American Palace of Peace,  
Friendship and Commerce is an im-  
portant epoch.

## The Tortoise as a Popular Pet.

To say from 30,000 to 40,000 torto-  
ises arrive in England annually is  
by no means an exaggeration. Ever  
since Gilbert White immortalized his  
pet tortoise these animals have been  
kept by many people as "destroyers  
of beetles and slugs and guardians  
of the kitchen garden," a false idea  
that no amount of reputation has  
been able to eliminate; though they  
will eat snails with much relish, they  
greatly prefer their owner's choicest  
garden produce. Nevertheless, a tor-  
toise is the most popular of reptiles.  
—London Field.

## Primly Put.

"Ain't the Sox a great team?" de-  
manded the Chicago girl.  
"Yes," admitted the Boston dam-  
sel. "I must own that you have a  
very able aggregation of talent in the  
Half-hose." — Louisville Courier-  
Journal.



THE NEW BUREAU OF AMERICAN REPUBLICS AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED.

American is to be secured, and by  
every possible means the American  
governments are to be brought to-  
gether with intimate acquaintance-  
ship. The imposing building will  
stand on a five-acre reservation. It  
will be 169 feet square, the main por-  
tion standing two stories above a  
huge studded basement and being in  
turn surmounted by dignified balus-  
trades. The rear portion, in order to  
cover a capacious assembly hall, will  
rise still higher. The general archi-  
tecture will suggest Latin-American  
treatment, out of respect to the fact  
that twenty out of the twenty-one re-  
publics are of Latin origin. A large  
reading room will be a feature, where  
can be seen all the South as well as  
North American publications, besides  
important historical data. A beauti-  
ful assembly chamber that, for pres-  
ent purposes, may be called the "Hall  
of the American Ambassadors," will  
provide the only room of its kind in  
the United States especially designed  
for international conventions, recep-  
tions to distinguished foreigners and  
for diplomatic and social events of a  
kindred nature. The bureau is strictly  
an international and independent  
organization maintained by the joint  
contributions, based on population, of  
the twenty-one American govern-  
ments. We have not been without  
our difficult problems of solution in  
the United States, but the republics  
of South America have had a very  
troublesome and disastrous time in  
their national and international

## Poverty of the Rich.

The butler of the millionaire occu-  
pant of a Newport villa has sued one  
of his host's guests to recover \$500  
money loaned. After the notices by  
Newport grocers that they will no  
longer give millionaires unlimited  
credit this butler's suit is another to-  
ken of the comparative poverty of  
some of the newly rich. In many  
households the butler, the chef, the  
footmen and the maids have more  
real money at the end of the month  
than the occupants of the villa. They  
get their board and lodging besides  
wages. The master has an uncertain  
income, without regular salary or  
food and shelter provided by some  
one else.—New York World.

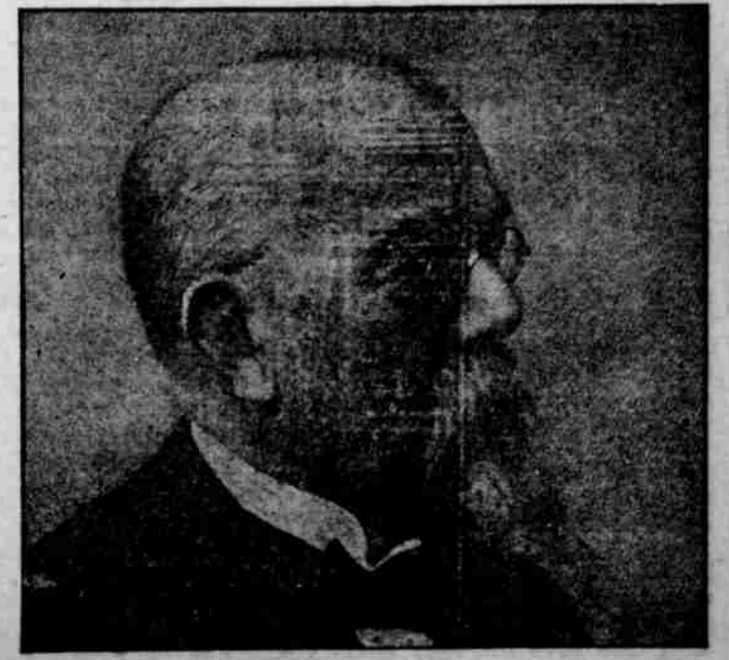
## One Great Bore.



Gontran has a neat way of opening  
oysters without a knife—he has only  
to begin telling them a story and they  
immediately yawn.—Lo Rire.

Electricity as a motive power has  
been in use for twenty-five years.

## EMINENT GERMAN BACTERIOLOGIST.



DR. ROBERT KOCH.