

THE USUAL LIST.

The rich man labored for six long days
To compass what must be done,
And then he went for an auto spin—
The Foolkiller worked but one.

The poor man labored for six hard days
And sweated beneath the sun,
Then on the seventh he rocked a boat—
The Foolkiller worked but one.

The city man worked for the six days
Through,
—McLamburgh Wilson in the New York Sun.

Three People and a Goat

By John Barnett

One morning, just a week after Judith had refused me for the sixth time, I met her in the village. I am almost sure that it had been the sixth time. The first was in a theatre, the second was in a railway carriage, the third, fifth and sixth were on the golf course. The fourth I am not so certain about, but I rather think it was during a game of mixed hockey. Anyway, I remember that Judith seemed to consider it distinctly out of place.

Judith had laughed a great deal each time, and yet, Lord knows, I had been serious enough! I always had the thought that some one else with eyes might come along, and—well, not be laughed at! I never could understand myself how any one could see Judith without wanting to propose to her—partly because of her wonderful dark red hair and dark gray eyes, and even more because of her delightful trick of dropping the corners of her mouth a little when she was laughing at you. It was almost worth being refused six times to notice that.

However, on the morning that I am talking about, although I was just beginning to hold up my head and take an interest in food again, and even think about a seventh try, I should have passed her with a stately bow. But I was unable to do this, because she was obviously rather in a hole, and, besides, she threw me a quick little glance that I interpreted as an appeal for aid.

She was in the centre of quite a crowd composed of idlers, the village policeman and very many children. She was standing beside a tiny carriage, in which was seated Augustus Frederick, her small nephew, and she was trying desperately to persuade the large black goat that was harnessed to it to move on. Every one present appeared pleased and delighted, except Judith and the goat.

I knew that goat, and also I knew that child, its master. Both conceal beneath almost angelic exterior characters that a pirate in his better moments might be ashamed of. Augustus Frederick has worn out a long dynasty of nurses and as for the goat—in a sterner age he would certainly have been broken on the wheel or something very painful of that sort. He has the intelligence of a Senior Wrangler, and loves to feel the maddening stupidity of an earthworm; he has the strength of a small robust pony, and can assume at will for his own base purposes the fragile, dejected appearance of a broken lily.

He was doing this now. His head was drooping woefully, and he was standing in the shafts with his forelegs knuckling under him. You would have said that he had not been fed for a week. I selected an intelligent boy on the outskirts of the crowd, and dispatched him into a shop with sixpence. You see, I knew that goat. Then I pushed my way to Judith's side.

"Oh, do help me!" she said, and she appeared to be forgetful of the fact that she had recently refused me for the sixth time. "I cannot get this terrible animal to stir!"

Augustus Frederick was chortling for pure joy, and flourishing a small whip. I took it from his grasp by a deft movement, and exhibited it to the goat suggestively. The animal gave me one glance of supreme intelligence and—deliberately lay down upon the road! The crowd whooped delightedly, and Augustus Frederick was almost shot out upon the back of his steed. He saved himself by an adroit wriggle. As for Judith, she bit her lip and looked as though she had distinct thoughts of tears. Her faith in me, always a tender plant, appeared to have vanished. It was at that moment that my emissary returned.

I took a paper bag from his hand. It contained certain succulent sweet biscuits, the only things in the world that really appeal to the better, loftier nature of that goat. I requested Judith to hold Augustus Frederick in his seat, and displayed a biscuit before the half-closed eyes of the recumbent quadruped. The result was a pure triumph. The goat discarded its histrionic weakness and sprang abruptly to its feet. I moved before it, still displaying the lure, and it followed me almost at a canter. The crowd strayed out before us, and the village policeman headed off the attendant children. I glanced at Judith, as Napoleon, fresh from a stupendous victory, may have glanced at Josephine.

Her attitude rather disappointed me, I must confess. Her cheeks were still a little flushed with annoyance, but her eyes were laughing now. And, as usual, they were laughing at me. I sometimes think that I have much in common with Napoleon. I am sure he would not have cared to be laughed at.

"That was quite clever of you," Judith said, and the gratitude of her voice was almost spoiled by the dancing mockery of her eyes. "I don't know what I and Gussie would have

Then went for a century run,
And sought a tree when the lightning flashed—
The Foolkiller worked but one.

The young man worked for a six day stretch,
Devoted of a share of fun,
Then on the seventh went forth to hunt—
The Foolkiller worked but one.

—McLamburgh Wilson in the New York Sun.

done if you had not come. But—is not it tiring to walk backwards like that?"

It was, and I was also conscious that it was slightly ridiculous. But, after all, I was doing it for her sake! "Where are you bound for?" I asked abruptly, holding the goat a small distance on account and venturing to walk in a more natural fashion.

"Oh, Jack betted me sixpence that I could not take Gussie and Billy and the carriage out for a clear mile and return in decent order. No nurse has been able to do it yet successfully. I want to win very much; but—I needn't drag you so far out of your way!"

The hint was nearly obvious. But—sometimes it is wise not to read a hint too literally; sometimes one fancies that it may even cover an appeal. If I was not mistaken, Billy had already contrived to shake Judith's confidence a bit.

"I hate being superfluous," I remarked, "but I was going for a walk, anyway, and I think that Gussie's mother and even Jack will certainly say that I ought to have gone with you. If you and Gussie and Billy are brought back from this expedition in minute fragments!"

Judith indicated by a gesture, in which her small hands and her eyebrows played eloquent parts, that she and Gussie were quite capable of looking after themselves.

"But we can't help it if any one insists on coming with us, can we, Gussie?" she inquired plaintively.

Augustus Frederick remarked irrelevantly that he was rather tired of all of us, except "Billy." (He is a child who should be sternly corrected by his criminally indulgent parents.) His words annoyed Judith, who had obviously counted on his support, and I fancy that I should have suffered for them, if the animal "Billy" had not chosen that moment to create a diversion. It is the first time that I have been even momentarily pleased with him.

We were at the four cross roads just outside the village, and a motor was coming down one of them. It was travelling briskly, but the road was fairly wide, and there appeared

Billy raised his head from his meal, and, without warning, set off down the road at a brisk trot. Why he did this I do not profess to know, but it was undoubtedly a tactful action on his part. It terminated abruptly what must have been a painful and might have been a violent interview. We left the German stamping upon the road, and sped hastily after our charges. As we turned the corner a hoarse Teutonic scream, expressive of baffled rage, pursued us.

"Oh, this is really rather shattering!" Judith gasped as we ran. "I begin to realize now what those poor nurses have suffered!"

"The career of the nurse is certainly fraught with more dangers and complications than I had fancied," I panted pensively. "But let us hope that both Billy and Augustus Frederick are exceptional cases." I added more hopefully. I was not sure which of the two to blame for the recent catastrophe. Either the archin had twitched the rein from pure lighthearted mischief, or else Billy, out of mere deviltry, had recided suddenly to give a variety entertainment. Both theories were plausible; for undoubtedly both reprobates possess in common a certain impish recklessness.

We overtook them in a few hundred yards. Augustus Frederick was emitting a kind of fat chuckle that is peculiar to himself and rather admissible, but his mood was swiftly turned to rage. I and Judith each took a rein with the idea of curtailing Billy's eccentricities, and Augustus Frederick, who rather fancied his driving, strongly resented the insult.

"Leave go!" he said, fiercely. "Auntie Judy, make him leave go! I shall scream!"

"Auntie Judy" looked at me hopelessly. I was amazed by her weakness, for I had always given her credit for absolute decision. But it appeared that those six interviews had given me a wrong impression of her character.

"We must let him drive," she said. "I'm always afraid he'll make himself ill if he screams. Oh, Gussie darling, please don't start!"

"You know best," I murmured. "But, still—"

"I've heard him scream!" Judith informed me gravely. "Oh, this is a dreadful morning! I will win that bet, but I hate to victimize you like this!"

"I shall bear up," I said stoutly. You are not to think that I regarded the morning as entirely dreadful.

"I'm wondering what will happen next!" Judith remarked to the characters of Billy and Augustus Frederick. I did not feel equal to the task of prophecy.

What did happen next, when we had nearly reached the mile limit, was our meeting with one of the very largest dogs that I have ever seen. About its breed I hazard no opinion: it was the size of a small donkey and mouse colored. It took enormous and sudden fancy to Billy the goat,

moment we could only stare at each other in hopeless amazement. Judith wrung her hands.

"Oh! what can we do, what can we do?" she wailed distractedly. "That horrid Mrs. Clareburton lives up there, and we've cut each other for months, and now I shall have to go in! No one knows no one can guess what that dreadful goat and Augustus Frederick may be doing at this very moment!"

I was very sorry indeed for Judith. I had heard of her feud with Mrs. Clareburton. It was an exceedingly painful and difficult situation, but I had to try to rise to it.

"Please don't cry, Judith!" I said, with quite unconscious familiarity. "Whatever you do, don't cry! There's no need for you to go in at all. I'll run up the drive and rescue Augustus Frederick from all possible complications!"

But then Judith insisted on rising to the situation too.

"No, I must come," she said. "He's in my charge. Oh! but it is very horrible!"

I never argue with Judith. It is a thankless task. Next moment we were through the gates and running side by side up the drive. But as we went Judith turned her face to me, and I just caught her words:

"You'll stand by me whatever happens, Dickie," she whispered, and I merely nodded. But the question sent a warm, delightful feeling all through me. Almost directly we heard a succession of shrill screams and as we rounded a bend in the drive a really shocking sight presented itself to our straining eyes.

A tall, substantial lady, beautifully clad, was running desperately across the lawn. Behind her, just two feet behind her, sped Billy the goat intent on mischief. He was still attached to the carriage, and the war cry of the delightful Augustus Frederick was mingled with the flying lady's screams. Even as we rushed forward we saw her reach a tall stone fern vase and scramble with surprising agility to a seat upon it. A second later the disappointed but undefeated Billy was skimming wildly round and round this coil of shelter.

I think if you will excuse me, I will not dwell at any length upon the scene that followed. It is somewhat painful to me to recall it. In any case, it was mercifully short. Mrs. Clareburton was justifiably angered and, after we had got Billy more or less under control and had helped her to scramble down from the vase, she made no attempt to belittle her grievance. She said several severe things directly to my address, and several more at Judith's. I remember that my apologies sounded clumsy and labored even to myself.

Judith had borne up bravely through this trying scene, but, when we found ourselves on the road again, with the slightly blown but entirely unshamed Billy walking sedately beside us toward his home, she quite broke down. She produced a very small handkerchief, and began to cry in a quiet, resolute sort of fashion. One constantly feels a fool, but at such moments the feeling is stronger than ever. I strove with sad futility to comfort her.

"It's no good telling me not to mind!" she sobbed. "I can't forget about that horrid, horrid, woman! To think that I should have given her such a chance of being nasty!"

I should have done better by being silent, but few of us are always wise. I tried again, very clumsily, I dare say, to soothe her wounds. I was to learn that a woman in distress is apt to rend the nearest victim at hand, however innocent he may be.

"Oh! be quiet!" Judith said, and stamped her foot. "Can't you see that I want to be quiet! But I suppose you think that this awful, humiliating morning gives you the right to patronize me and say what you like!"

I shrugged my shoulders and put my hands in my pockets. I won't deny that I was rather hurt. We walked in a heavy silence for some two hundred yards, and then Judith spoke in a very small voice, "Dickie," she said, "I am a beast! You must try to forgive me for saying that."

I hope that my grin was as eloquent as I meant it to be.

"And, Dickie," she went on, "I don't want to puff you up or make you conceited, but—you've been rather a dear this morning!"

I should certainly have said something graceful and courtly in my joyful amazement, but at that moment, for the third time that morning, Billy bolted! It was necessary to pursue him instantly and afterward—well, I forget what I said and did afterward!

And so that as I said before, was the seventh time. But, now that I come to think of it, I find that I did not propose at all upon that occasion. I rather fancy that Billy the goat did it for me.—Black and White.

Not on the Bill.

One of the leading companies of the Frankfurt theatre, in Germany, went to the director and asked for an advance on his week's salary. The books showed that the whole amount had already been drawn and the director said "No." "Very good," said the actor, "then I shall refuse to go on tonight." The director saw that it was dangerously near certain time and reluctantly gave the actor the amount asked for, but said: "Remember, sir, this is nothing short of extortion, and a cowardly one at that."

"Not at all, Herr Director," said the actor, stuffing the money in his pocket. "My name is not on the bill for tonight, anyway."

Age Tends Toward Materialism

By United States Attorney General George W. Wickersham



HE mere students of technical knowledge have not taken quite the rank in American social and political life commensurate with their accomplishments in their own professions. I ascribe this to the fact that their training has been too purely technical; they have specialized too early in life and without that broad and catholic foundation upon which special training should be based.

All educated men concede the full value of the technical education, but the defects in a merely technical education also are easily perceived. The requirements of a civilization that is not purely materialistic have not dispensed with art and literature, nor ignored the tremendous importance of the imagination—the value of poetry and song in inspiring that impulse which achieves the greatest practical results; nor can it minimize the importance of the study of the past history of man, for contrast and example, for warning and for emulation.

In an age of great technical and industrial development the tendency is toward pure materialism—the exalting of practical accomplishment in the production of wealth over the less tangible result of the study of history, literature and art, and so there is on the part of many men who have attained success in business life or in the practical sciences a disposition to extol such accomplishments above all others and to undervalue or not at all to realize the value of mental culture in any other than purely technical lines. It is to be noted, however, that the greatest discoveries in science followed the great intellectual awakening which is known as the Renaissance. Almost without exception, the great men whose names have been written large in the history of science were men of broad culture, often almost as proficient in literature and art as in science.

The man who goes out into the world without the knowledge of the humanities is therefore lacking in a mental equipment which leaves him subject to a serious handicap. General cultivation today is so widespread that the man who enters upon his life work with a mere technical training, when he comes in competition with men of broad culture, is at a decided disadvantage. A combination of the ideals of purely technical study with broad university culture offers to students the opportunity of becoming not merely engineers, but educated gentlemen.

College Girls Less Fond of Matrimony

And Fewer Children to a Mother

By President G. Stanley Hall of Clark University



N Smith College during the ten years which ended with the class of 1888, there were 370 graduates, of whom, by the spring of 1903, 158 were married, being 42.70 per cent. The secretaries of these classes report the number of children born through these marriages to have been 315, or an average of 2.98 to a mother. That is 1.99 to a married member, seven married members of the classes having no children. Of these children 25 died.

Of the next ten Smith classes ending with and including the class of 1898 there were 1,130 graduates, of whom 331 were married; this being about 29 per cent. of the graduates. Of these classes six report the number of children born, which is 161 or 1.22 to a mother, or .77 to a married member, some married members having no children. Of these children, nine died.

This shows that comparing the graduates of the two decades, there was a falling off of about 14 per cent in the marriages and that fewer children were born to a mother. Other figures show that fewer than 27 per cent. of the total number of graduates from Smith and Radcliffe, up to 1907, were married.

Of 3000 graduates from Smith College and 800 graduates from Radcliffe College fewer than 16 per cent. are pursuing occupations in the business world.

From the total of 3,800 graduates from both Smith College and Radcliffe College, thirty-three have become doctors, seven lawyers, two preachers, twenty-two nurses, fifty have entered literary pursuits, 100 have become philanthropists, eighty-five library workers, five actresses and two architects.

Eight hundred Smith graduates, or about 27 per cent., are teachers, the same number are married, and 900, or 30 per cent., have no occupations. Of the Radcliffe graduates, 44 per cent. have become teachers, 22 per cent are married and 19 per cent. have no occupations.

The Church in Danger

By the Rev. Julian C. Jaynes before the American Unitarian Association



I N recent years, the Church has been summoned to the bar of judgment. From all quarters of public opinion various charges have been made. The poor say that it is the sacred toy of the rich, and the rich say that it is pandering to the socialistic notions of the poor. Some declare that it is too conservative, others that it is too radical, some too exclusively sentimental, others too inclusively practical. The Church, smarting under this criticism, part of which is true, has been unduly alarmed, and is tempted to abandon its real mission in the world. It is in danger of being misled by specious programs of agitators and doctrinaires and of transforming itself into a civic forum, a therapeutic hospital, a dispensary of charities, an institution for visible social betterment.

The Church stands as the specific antidote of materialism, safeguards the reverences of life, cares for the moral visions of the soul and pronounces every Godward aspiration of heart and mind as the noblest expressions of manhood and womanhood. Its legitimate work is not to supply new social furniture, but to make men righteously efficient, and then to trust to them to go out with wisdom and consecration to improve in their own way the social conditions of life.

Hot Weather Diet

By R. C. McWane



I N law ignorance is no excuse for crime, and on this theory I make bold to assert that deaths from heat prostration are nothing short of criminal. Every hot wave brings forth a flood of advice on "how to keep cool," but people go on dying by the scores, because seldom, if ever, is there anything of real value in such advice. An eminent physician will come out with the sage suggestion to "dress lightly and avoid greasy foods"—as though any sane man would wear flannels and feast on fat pork in July and August.

It is easy enough to tell us what not to eat, but eating has become such a fixed habit with most of us that we insist on our three meals a day, with a few drinks of something thrown in between, regardless of the temperature. This being the case, will not some "prophet" arise who can tell us what we should eat and drink, the dress will take care of itself.

I have a little knowledge along this line myself, which I have put into practice for several years past with most excellent results, but I am only a "layman," and, therefore, not entitled to teach.

It is possible that the medical schools teach nothing of the chemistry of food, or that our physicians are ignorant of our bodily needs in hot weather? If they know, why do they not tell us, and do not force us to go outside of the profession for such knowledge, as I had to do?