As one who, looking from a dusk-whelmed height—
Himself alone, unseen—
Sees on some distant slope a twinkling light
Across the vale between.

And, gazing on that small terrestrial Sends through the deepening night A kindly thought to those, whoseer they

That gather round the light, So I, a friend unknown and far away, Across the world's width sen! A thought—a hand-clasp—as a brother

To you, in thought my friend.

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## Rita Was Punished : \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

"Mamma, please tell me a good-night story." So begged little Gacle Adams of her mother. The clock had struck eight and it was the hour for Gracie to go to bed.

"Very well, dearie," promised Mrs. "What sort of a story do you Adams.

"I like fairy stories best, mamma," replied Gracie.

Then, as soon as Gracle was in he: little white nightle, she snuggled close beside her mamma in a big sleepy hollow, prepared to give cone attention to the good-night story, "Well," began Mrs. Adams, "this

story I am about to tell is of a little girl called Nita, and of her punishment for being very naughty one time during her mamma's absence. She was left in the company of her aged greatgrandmother, who was almost blind. Before her mamma departed from home she told Nita to be very kind to old granny, and to perform any little errands for the old lady that sie might wish to have done. Nita promised to obey; but the very first thing that granny asked her to do, she pouted and acted very naughtfly. And all granny had asked of her was a cold drink of water to be brought from the spring, which was near to the kitchen door. But Nita was playing with her dolls and did not want to take the time to go to the spring, so she got a dipper of water from the big wooden pail which stood on a tench in the kitchen, thus enving herself five minutes' exertion going to and from the epring for fresh water. Granny put the water to her lips, but, finding it warm, said she could not drink it "Why, it's from the spring," declare ! Nita, thinking, that she was telling the whole truth, for, of course the water had criginally come from the spring but it had been in the pail for some time. But she vnew she was deceiving her old grandmtoher. Therefore her deception was as wicked as an outright lie would have been.

'Well, it cannot be direct from the spring, child,' said the poor old lady. 'And I cannot drink it, thirsty as I am. But I shall try to get to the spring to you will give me my walking cane. think it is in the corner."

"Although Nita felt ashamed o' bing tried to deceive old granny, she nevertheless got the old lady's stick for her, foreghe was too anxious to get back to her dolls to run to the spring and get the water.

"After her aged grandmother had hobbled to the spring for a drink, Nita sat down on the big back porch to play with her dolls. She sat busily sewing on a little frock for one of her dollies, a pretty pink silk (a remnant her mamma had bought for the purto be trimmed in white lace. After a few minutes had passed away she heard her grandmother's voice calling to her: 'Nita! Nita, dear! Please come at once to granny!'

"The old lady's voice being somewhat excited and imperative, threw down her work impatiently and went slowly into the house to ascertain her grandmother's wants. 'She's such a bother,' she said to herself, 'Oh, why must an old lady want so much waiting on?' Then, entering her grandmother's room she asked in rather an impatient voice: 'Well, what is it now, granny?"

" 'I feel so faint, child, that I want you to fetch me the camphor bottle. You'll find it on the top shelf in the closet of my room. Will you fetch it quickly, dearle? I am so faint."

"Nita went upstairs, but not quickly as she might have done. Took her time for getting the camphor bottle, returned leisurely to her grandmother, put the bottle on the table beside her and started to go to her play egain. 'Please dearie,' said granny feebly, 'pour a little camphor in that glass of water there on the table and hand it to me. It was the exerticn of going down the steps to the spring and up them again that caused this sudden weakness. Ob. dear child, it is so hard to become as feeble as I am. and to be obliged to ask other folks to walt on me.' And the poor old lady wired a teardrop from her almost sightless eye.

"Nita dropped some camphor into the glass, roughly handed it to her grandmother without a single word o' sympathy and returned immediately to her playthings. But to her surprise the pink silk frock she had been sewing on a few minutes before had changed in material and color. There lay a common cotton thing-fashloned exactly like the silk one, with the needle stuck into one of the seams just as she had left it on going into the house to her grandmother—and of an

browish colors. " 'Why, what does this mean?' asked Nita of herself. And to her surprise a answered her:

'I am responsible for the change in

the doll's frock. A cotton one will do you as well as a silk one.' The Apparently Drowned 'But who is speaking to me?' asked Nita, turning and looking all about

her, but seeing no one.

not know what it wears."

ing her sides.

I am a fairy,' replied the voice.

'And I caw you give your old grand-

mother warm, sale water instead of

cold fresh water from the spring. So

I said to myself that you could not

complain if I give you a cotton frock

for your doll instead of a silk one. Old

granny can feel and suffer; a doll can-

felt very guilty indeed. And she knew

she deserved just such punishment as

the fairy was inflicting on her. But

while she sat there, head bent so that

her curls hid her face, a sudden par-

exysm of pain in her stomach doubled

her up. 'Oh, ch, ch!' she cried, hold

asked the fairy voice ironically.

Shall I fetch you some camphor?

'Oh, please do!' begged Nita, Then

she remembered how she had behaved

when her old grandmother had beg-

ged for the camphor bottle; how im-

patient she had become, and how slow-

ly she had gone to fetch the bottle. Oh,

I know why I have this pain!' wailed

Nita., 'It's because I behaved so bad-

ly toward poor old granny. Oh, I was

so naughty, so naughty!' Then she be-

gan to cry aloud from the severe

cramps in her stomach. Old granny

overheard her walls and came limping

to the porch to inquire into the cause

The was leaning heavily on her stick,

and reemed quite too feeble to be on

her feet; but her anxiety for Nita

caused her to forget her own suffering

and to come to minister to the child's

wants. 'Oh. dearle, what is the mat

"Suddenly the fairy caused a terrible

thirst to come to Nita, and looking

up into her grandmother's face, she

wailed: 'Oh, granny, I am ill and dying

it, declared granny, getting the dipper

from the kitchen and going down the

long stone steps to the spring. Twice

she almost fell in making the descent,

and once in returning with the dipper

of water she stumbled and would have

fallen had not the good fairy sup-

ported and strengthened her. Then

with all possible haste she put the dip-

per of water to Nita's lips, saying:

'Drink, darling child; I shall get the

camphor for you if you do not feel

better after having drunk the water.

but it was as bitter as gall. She did

not say a word to her granny about

this, for she understood that the fairy

had changed the taste of the water

from sweet and pure to a horrid bit-

ter. All she could do was to declare

she did not feel like drinking more

water. 'Oh, the camphor,' said granny, and limped off to get it. This was too

much for Nita, whose conscience was

forturing her more than was the pain.

Oh, granny,' she said, 'come back; I

thing, said the fairy. 'And if you are

a good little girl in future I will come

to bring you good luck instead of pun-

ishment. But the wicked must suffer

for their misdeeds, you know. Now I

shall go to return at some near future

day. If in the meantime you have be

haved nicely, been kind and consider-

ate toward your old grandmother, your

old granny returned to the porch, fetch-

ing the camphor to Nita. But as the

little girl was now feeling much bet-

ter, old granny dropped wearily on a

porch bench, saying 'Oh, it is so have

for such old legs as mine to climb the

steps from the spring. And it is diffi-

cult for me to see my way about.

Otherwise, dearle, I would have been

more sprightly, while waiting on you."

me, for I have been such a naughty.

naughty girl. But I shall make a clean

breast of it all. Here, let me sit at

your knee and ask your forgiveners.

them on the porch together, the old

grandmother's arm about the little

girl's shoulders and the feeble old

voice talking ever so sweetly and for-

givingly, to the little one, who had

held back nothing of her own naughtt-

ness. And from that day Nita nesser

again needed punishment, for the fairy

had taught her a lesson she never for

got. And from that day she became

the happiest and most helpful little

girl in all the world."-Washington

Cingalese Fond of Travel.

pensity for travel on our lines. I am

reminded of a true story of a native

shopboy who stole forty rupees and

then disappeared for ceveral days.

All search proving fruitless in the or-

dinary walks of life the railway was

thought of, and there the young ras-

cal was found spending his pelf in

traveling backward and forward be-

tween Colombo and Kandy.

I must not forget also that during

the early days of the seaside line the

villagers traveled so much, using up

all spare cash, that certain small tax-

es payable by them were only with

some difficulty collected.—Britannia.

Too Many Controversies.

"Human nature is very perverse."

you in politics and against you on this

Arctic cuestion. Few men are on the same side in all the current controver-

Prince Edward of Wales, future king of England, until a few weeks ago received 24 cents pocket money each week while in residence at Os-borne naval college.

sies"-Louisville Courier-Journal.

"That's right. A man may be with

The Cincalese have a notorious pro-

"An hour later Nita's mamma found

'Oh, granny, you are too good to

"Just as the fairy ceased speaking

doll's frock will become silk again."

'Ah, now you are doing the right

have something to confess to you!'

"Nita touched her lips to the water,

Well, dear child, you shall have

ter?' asked the old lady.

for a drink of cold water.'

"Nita sat with bowed face, for she

Rolling on a Barrel an Obsolete Method of Resuscitation

By Wilbert E. Longfellow. General Superintendent U. S. Vol. Life Saving Corps

N eight out of ten cases when there has been a drowning or near drowning the reporters tell us that "the patient was rolled on a barrel," with varied effects. Whether the patient lives or dies the rolling on the barrel fits into the story.

The good old barrel ceased to figure prominently as a successful resuscitation factor a number of years ago, except in stories, and the constant repetition of it serves to induce longshoremen and others to use the barrel and waste valuable time that might save the patient's life. As far as

it went the barrel scheme was not so bad, as it did get out the water in a crude sort of way and performed some of the motions of artificial breathing. The delay in finding a barrel (apparently nothing else will do in the minds of the rescuers) and the rough scraping up and down usually offset the good

features of the treatment. No barrel or roller is needed for resuscitation. The patient can be laid face downward over a box or log or across a person's body so as to force water out of the stomach and throat, and there is usually very little water to come out. Then the patient should be turned over, and, with the tongue crawn forward to keep the air passage open, the arms should be drawn above the head and compressed over the short ribs to imitate breathing, at the rate of sixteen times a minute. With the exception of the Schaefer method-in which the patient lies face downward all the time, pressure being applied to the short ribs from the back—the resuscitation methods are mostly as de-

My point in speaking of this matter is not so much to describe the methods of resuscitation in vogue is to point out the way the press may do a real service to humanity by reporting the methods used in cases of complete recovery. It will not take up much additional space and it will afford interesting data to thousands of readers. Whether desk men know it or not, the general public is deeply interested in matters pertaining to restoration of the apparently drowned. That is why they swallow the "barrel rolling" so easily.

One other point: I want to pay my respects to the sporting writers who describe our long swims, and add from their own heads details about a bottle of whiskey in each boat for the purpose of keeping up the courage of the swimmers. None of the successful swimmers in the ten, twelve or fourteen mile swims we have held trained on whiskey or used it for nourishment on the trip. We do not recognize it as a helpful stimulant. The after-effects are very bad. Fresh water, coffee, beef tea, malted milk are all used as nourishment (and even cheese sandwiches by one swimmer); but out of justice to them, and to help others who may try for long distance honors, I want to register my protest against the whiskey fabrication right now.-New York

> Crying Need of the Church Ey Dean Shailer Ma'haws, of the University

> > of Chicago.

T present the Church seems to be in danger of not having leaders enough. There is nothing more threatening to the growth of evangelical Christianity than the failure of men to go into the ministry. Just at the present a rightfully ambitious Christianity faces alarming conditions.

Notwithstanding the growth of the Church, notwithstanding the large growth of the community, there are no more men in our theological seminaries than there were two decades ago. In some denominations and in nearly every country in the world there are barely half as many as there were ten years

The city church is too often a parasite upon country churches for its pastors. Now these little springs that feed the river are drying up. In place of leaders too often appear untrained or but poorly trained pastors,

As industrialism and the new education spread the output of ministers diminishes in number and in quality. Even ministers do not want their sons to go into the ministry. Christians

of maturity do not want to be ministers. I believe, also, that one of the largest problems that beset Christian education is how to prevent young fellows from losing their early ministerial ambitions during the college or university

Many such college students are more eager to be married than to be

trained for real leadership as ministers. Many theological seminaries are failing to send out trained leaders of the Church as they should. The curriculum of most theological seminaries was practically determined two hundred years ago.

MANAMAN WAY WAY WAY WANT WANT OF STREET (3) mond ... Stay on the Farm ... Ly Senator Nelson of Minnesota Corrence



NOTHER important duty you owe to yourselves, to your children, and to the welfare of the state, is-if I may use the expression-to conserve your children for your farms and for rural life and to prevent them rushing from the farm to our large cities in such great numbers. Our census statistics show that, in recent years, there has been an abnormal increase in our urban population at the expense of our rural communities. This, I believe, all conservative men, all real friends of the republic, not saturated with the

spirit of Mammon, regard as unfortunate. In most cases the farmer's boy, who abandons the farm for city life, makes a mistake. A few succeed, but the majority fall by the wayside and live to regret their entrance into the vortex of overcrowded city life. Farmers, the remedy for this is largely in your own hands. You must make farm labor and farm life more pleasant and attactive. You must give the boys shorter hours and more holidays. Give them an ample every-day education and supply them with books, magazines and newspapers. Do not rout them cut of bed before sunrise and make them work until dark. Give them good board and good clothes.

Kenengarangan kenengarangan.

London Police vs. The Social Evil

By William McAdoo



\*\*\*\*\*\* T is agreed in London that there is no connection between the police and the social evil, and that while street-walkers are too prominently visible in many quarters, there has never been a charge that they were subjected to blackmail or collections. The attitude of police and public toward the social evil is very different in London from that in New York. In London they ignore its presence unless it becomes personally aggressive, and flaunts itself loudly and offensively. These women (and they are a big army) are,

of course, well known to the police, especially in the vicinity of the large hotels and in popular thoroughfares, and they are seen at all hours of the evening, but they are never interfered with unless they commit an overt act of disorderly conduct or offensive solicitation. Their liberty is otherwise as sacred as that of the highest woman in the land, and it is so laid down in the rules. When the evil becomes locally offensive, plain-clothes men are used, as here. Assignation houses the tacitly policed, but I could find no trace of blackmail or protection money.—From The Century.

## FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

I'm happier to be thy spoon
Than anything I know.
I'll carry goodles to thy lips
And help to make thee grow

The very moment I approach
Those enerry doors will spring,
And I shall heatte on they tongue
As happy as a king!

And I shall peer all round about, Above and then beneath, In hopes to be the first to tell When thou dost cut thy teeth.

It may take time to win thy love, For I must first begin By feeding thee the painest food— And sometimes measured But then will come the happy days. When thou shall learn of me. How good baked apples are with cream, And prunes, and hominy!

Ah, how thou'lt love me when I come With rundy berries piled! And I will give thee orange-juice, And jam, my darling chiu!

Then let me be thy willing slave, And always wait on thee, And by and by ill let thee slp Real coffee out of me! Wilfred E. Knollys, in Youth's Compan-

Still Made by Hand.

We seem to think that machinery can do anything, but there are numer ous important trades which are carried on in much the same way as they were ages ago, trades in which machinery has not ousted man.

Gold leaf is an example. Today it is made in probably the identical manner it has been made ever since man first made a piece of gold leaf. Strips of gold are beaten entirely by hand, for the reason that no machine can think before each blow is given. The gold leaf becomes so delicate that a single wrong blow would entirely spoil it.

## Gratitude.

A party of a ship's crew being sent ashore on a part of the coast of India, for the purpose of cutting wood for the ship, one of them having strayed from the rest was greatly frightened by the appearance of a large lioness, who made toward him; but on her coming up she lay down at his feet and looked very earnestly first at him and then at a tree a short distance off. After repeating her looks several times, she arose and proceeded onward to the tree, looking back several times, as if wishing the man to follow her. At length he ventured, and coming to the tree he perceived a huge baboon with two young cubs in her arms, which he supposed were those of the lioness, as she crouched down like a cat, and seemed to eye them very steadfastly. The man being afraid to ascend the tree, decided on cutting it down, and, having his axe with him, he set actively to work, when the lioness seemed most attentive to what he was doing. When the tree fell she sprang upon the baboon, and, after tearing him in pieces, she turned round and licked the cubs for some time. She then turned to the man and fawned round him, rubbing her head against him in great fondness and in token of her gratitude for the service he had done.-Philadelphia Ledger.

Primitive Time-Keeping.

In Madagascar, before the people had clocks and watches, the passing of the night and day was marked by various observations of nature and of domestic duties.

Frog-croaking was the earliest intimation of coming day. This was at an hour later the colors of cattle were gent people would awake.

vary little from six o'clock, and fifteen minutes later was the time for cattle to go to pasture. The drying of the dew marked another period at about

half past six. As the houses were built with their length running north and south, these furnished a sort of dial. The door was always on the west side. Day was said to be taking hold of the threshold at about half past twelve. At one o'clock was the peeping-in of the day. An hour later the sun had reached the rice-pounding place. At three o'clock it was at the place of

In the course of another hour i had reached the poultry pen. At haif past five the cattle came home, and at six the sun was dead. From seven to eight people were cooking and eating their rice, and at nine they went to sleep.

tying the calf.

When Papoose Dies.

The Indian mother, when her baby dies, does not believe that swift angels bear it into the sunshine of the spirit-land; but she has a beautiful dream to solace her bereavement. The cruel empty places which everywhere meet the white mother's eye are unknown to her, for to her tender fancy a little spiritchild fills them.

It is not uncommon, says the author of "Little Folks of Many Lands," to see in Mexico, or in Canada, a pair of elaborate tiny moccasins above a little Indian grave. A mother's fingers have made them, a mother's hand has hung them there, to help a baby's feet over the long, rough road that stretches between his father's wigwam and the Great Chief's happy hunting-grounds.

Indians believe that a baby's spirit cannot reach the spirit-land until the child, if living, would have been old enough and strong enough to walk. Until that time the little spirit hovers about its mother. And often it grows that, I have b tired—oh, so very tired!—so the ten- City Journal.

der mother carries a papoose's cradle on her back that the baby spirit may ride and rest when it will.

The cradle is filled with the softest feathers-for spirits rest more comfortably upon feathers, hard things bruise them-and all papoose's old toys dangle from its hood, for dead papoose may like to play even as living papoose did.

## The Last Day of Vacation.

Through all the sunny morning any one familiar with their habits would have noticed that a sort of gentle melancholy seemed to brood over the pool of the alligators. There had been five or six wrestling bouts, but they had been conducted in a half-hearted way as if simply indulged in to assist digestion. There was no go and dash about the performance.

Finally even these hollow attempts at play were given up, and a rippleless silence took possession of the pool. All the alligators, big and little, arranged themselves in a row, and shutting their eyes, just rested the points of their long noses on the bank. They might have been so many pieces green bronze.

Some people think that alligators can't count; but even the smallest alligator knew the day of the month, and that was the last day in that dear outdoor pool. To-morrow they would be pushed and shoved and prodded and poked into winter quarters. For the little alligators that spelled s-c-h-o.o-i, horrid word! For the older alligators it meant a long stretch of days with no nice hot sun, no nice big pool, nothing to do but sleep and eat! And for the oldest alligator of all it meant teaching!

Was it any wonder they were all greatly depressed? But it is absurd to spend the last day of vacation in vain regrets. So when the oldest and largest 'gator crawled slowly out of the pool to the center of the pen, all the rest opened their eyes at once, just as if he had said, "One, two, three, wake up!" When he had stretched himself at full length, he opened his mouth and made a sound like escaping steam. "Come on, all of you," he said. "Let's have one more game of pyramid."

Did you ever see alligators play pyramid? It is the oldest game in the world, invented by the first alligator that covr lived. He taught it to his children long ago in the land of Egypt, and they in turn taught it to their children. Only the alligators and crocodiles, their cousins, know how to play it properly.

When the oldest and largest alligator had stretched himself at full length, the next largest in the crowd crawled on top of him, with his head turned toward the big one's tail. Then both together gave the same steam-hissing sound, and then the next largest crawled up, and the next and the next, until on the top of the pyramid sat quite a little 'gator, with eight larger felows underneath, all head to tall. Then they all let off steam together to attract the attention of the other pyramids, none of which was larger than seven 'gators

high. Then began the really difficult part of the game. Old Samson Alligator started to crawl slowly round the pen. If there were any hillocks in his path, or stones or uneven places in the ground, he did not avoid them, as one about two o'clock , and was followed might suppose, but even went out of in an hour by cock-crowing. Crow- his way to go over them. As he felt croaking came at five o'clock, and half the load slipping to one side or the other, he would let off a steam, which to be made out. At that time dili- is the way alligators laugh to themselves. At the fourth hump, alligator Within the tropics, sunrise would number eight, who was next to the top, fell off. But little 'gator number nine just managed to keep his seat.

That pleased him very much, for it is the rule of the game that the top ones should fall first, and as number eight had fallen before him, he could stay on his back and ride round until al the rest were shaken off. This, naturally, took some time, and as all the rest fell off in regular order, number eight was in bad humor at his mishap.

"Oh, you're terrible smart, I know!" he said, ill-naturedly, to litle number nine. "Just you wait till tomorrow, when you begin school! Perhaps you'll find you don't know so much, after all!" But at the very mention of school his ill-humor vanished. After all, misfortune makes one kinder. He, too, had to go to school, When the keeper brought supper he had entirely recovered, and good-naturedly made a place for the smallest 'gator next to himself, and did not gobble more than four-sixths of the food that came their way.

"To-morrow's full of trouble," said the keeper to a friend. "We've got to move all these alligators. It's a job! There are so many now that we wall have to separate 'em. Take out some of the big ones and put 'em in a separate corner."

At this all the little alligators nearly died of excitement. Suppose the teacher would be taken? They scarcely slept all night, and those that did dreamed of a tank where there wasn't a teacher and it was always vacation.-Henry Dick, In the Youth's Companion.

An Embryo Statesman.

"Harold!"

"Yes, papa."

"What's this I hear? You say you won't go to bed?"

"Papa," replied the statesman's lit-tie boy, "if you heard anything like that, I have been misquoted."—Kansas