

Small the sea a tower of stone, In sunshine and in storm, Supports in its strength alone, A solitary form.

Its foot is firm where surges sweep, With never-wearing care It silent marks the hidden rock For all who venture there.

So, when against him billows beat, Or adverse winds are hurled, A strong man holds on steady feet A clear face to the world.

-Wm. Woodward.

"WILLIAM VOGEL."

How a Writer of Books Taught John Sinclair to Be a Man.

(W. R. Rose in Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

The man at the library table laid down the small volume he had been reading and looked at his watch.

"By George," he muttered, "I o'clock. That's certainly a queer book. Let me see—what was it he said about dual personality?"

The reader laid down the book. "That's queer stuff," he muttered. He looked at the title page, "Dualities, by William Vogel, eh?"

At the breakfast table the next morning he looked across at his dark haired little wife.

"Over that Edwards tract?" "Yes, my dear. I don't know what to do about it. I wish I had more confidence in myself. I'm so shamefully irresolute."

"Now, John Sinclair," she said, "you mustn't worry. It upsets you so. Let the tract go."

"Who is William Vogel?" "He's the man on my floor in the same line of business."

"What is it, dear?" "I'm pleased over a little incident that happened on the elevator in our building tonight," he answered.

"The elevator man is a surly fellow, big and bull-dozing and everybody has seemed afraid of him. But I had William Vogel with me in the car and when the big brute growled something impudent to a little typewriter girl who got on at the tenth floor William opened up on him hot and heavy. I never heard a more peppery dressing down. The fellow took it like a whipped puppy. And, say, you never saw a man more pleased than William Vogel was when that little typewriter girl, with tears in her eyes, thanked him for protecting her."

"I've admitted her for a considerable time," John Sinclair replied, and his face suddenly flushed. "Tomorrow he is going to hear all about that Edwards tract."

"Do you have so much confidence in him, John?" He suddenly smiled.

"I don't know him very well yet," he said, "but I'm sure I'm going to like him."

That night after his wife had retired, John Sinclair brought out the little volume and looked it over.

"I think better of you tonight, Herr Vogel," he said in a low murmur. "I think so well of you and your dualities that I'm going to test you still further."

And he laughed and hid the book and went to bed.

The next day he was busy at his desk when a dark little man with stooping shoulders entered the room.

"How do you do, Mister Sinclair?" he said with a strong foreign accent.

John Sinclair looked up and the little man bowed low.

"Hullo," said John. "You here again? What's wrong?"

"Nothing is wrong, Mister Sinclair, sir. I drop in when I am so near. It is for the greeting I hope you are healthy, Mister Sinclair, sir."

"I am quite well, thank you." "You were so kind when the payment on the house was not to the day settled, that I am pleased to give you the little book—with the money for which you so kindly wait. Did you like the little book?"

The dark man looked at John Sinclair expectantly, with his head very much on one side.

"It's a curious little book," John replied.

"It is a wise little book," said the caller. "I am Galician. Herr Wilhelm Vogel is Prussian. But he is known of Galicia. At Novitzburg there was a sick Englisher. He liked Herr Vogel's book. He said, 'I will write it into English and have it printed into English. It is a wise book.' So he wrote it into English and it was in the print shop and on the press when the fire broke out—such a fierce fire—and the what you call sheets were burned, only two of the sets escaping. And the one is mine which now is yours. And the other is in the big library by Novitzburg—for the Englisher is dead."

He had spoken quite rapidly and with many gestures—now he suddenly paused and again looked expectantly at John Sinclair.

"I thank you," said the latter. "The book is interesting."

"Read it again, Mister Sinclair, sir. You find it helps you. Vogel knows. I wish you well, Mister Sinclair."

But he was back again in a moment. "Keep it to yourself, Mister Sinclair, sir. It is not well to have a wise book for everybody. It is for you, Mister Sinclair—I wish you well."

John Sinclair stared at the open doorway, but this time the little man did not come back. John suddenly laughed.

"It appears that I possess half of book. Only two copies are known to be in existence and both can be traced."

He laughed again and returned to his work.

That night his face beamed upon his wife as she opened the front door. "A little late, my pet," he said as he fondly kissed her, "but you will excuse the delay when I tell you what caused it. Really, it's too good to keep. I must tell you now."

"But the supper, John." "The supper can wait."

The little wife stared at him. "Why, I hardly know you, John dear. You seem taller and bigger. And you speak so commandingly. What has happened to you, dear John?"

He flung down his hat and outer coat. "I'm elated dear. I'm drunk on the elixir of good fortune. I'm on very good terms with myself. That's the explanation."

The little wife looked at him anxiously. "Sit down, dear," she said. "I'm afraid you are not well. You look feverish."

forehead gently with her little hand.

"It's very hot, dear." "You fussy little woman," he cried, and gave her a bearlike hug. "You can't look upon me in any other light than as a child that needs coddling, can you? Never mind. There's a story to tell and a dinner to be eaten. And there'll be no dinner until the story is told."

He paused and suddenly chuckled and the round eyes that anxiously watched him grew bigger. "You know how that Edwards tract has worried me. Well, I put the whole case up to William Vogel this morning. William didn't hesitate. William you understand is bold and resolute, I am slow and timid. We wrangled there all alone by ourselves and William won. 'Buy at once,' said William. 'I still hung back in my irresolute way. 'At once,' cried William. 'I had the option on the tract and the other papers in my desk. I rushed out—imagine me rushing, but William was there to hurry me on. I had the papers and a certified check—it cleaned out my bank balance—at old Garlington's office at 2 o'clock and fifteen minutes later the tract was mine. There!'"

She looked at him with a loving smile.

"I'm glad you've bought it, John, but you mustn't let it worry you."

He shook her playfully. "No more of that, Angie. Why shouldn't I be worried? Am I something precious that must be kept in jeweler's cotton? I'm going to worry all I want to worry. It's good for me. The man who never worries is like a torpid snake. No action—nothing but digestion."

He laughed loudly at her astonished face.

"You—you haven't been drinking, have you, John?"

"Nothing but a little invigorator that William Vogel gave me. No, no, I'm all right. And I'm certainly not going to worry about that Edwards tract—because I've sold it."

"Sold it, John?"

"Sold it to the Clemons Realty Co. They bought it within an hour after it came into my keeping. They had hesitated just as I did. When it was sold they knew they must have it. They offered me \$2,000 bonus. I demanded \$5,000."

"Five thousand, John?"

"Yes. Think of it. If it hadn't been for William Vogel I would have been glad to let the whole thing go for the \$2,000. And say, Angie, I got the \$5,000. Five thousand good hard dollars made in one short hour! Haven't my eyes a right to glitter?"

He suddenly caught her up and waltzed about the room with her.

She stopped, half laughing, half crying to catch her breath.

"And Mr. Vogel's commission, John; how much will that be?"

"I'll fix William Vogel all right," he said. "William will be very reasonable. I'm going to give him a good dinner for one thing. Come along."

And he playfully dragged the little woman to the waiting table.

That evening John Sinclair—his wife had stepped out of the room—playfully shook his fist at the row of books behind which the little volume was concealed.

"I take it all back, William," he said. "You're a brick."

The next afternoon John Sinclair came home early and went house hunting with the little wife. They had long talked of moving and now the sudden accession of wealth decided them to lose no time.

"Funny thing happened today, my dear," said John after they alighted from the car in the East End. "I attended a noon meeting of the real estate board—I'm a pretty regular attendant, anyway—and intended to be as quiet as usual. But there were some things that happened during the session—there is an intense rivalry on between the Thompson Jaffray factions both Thompson and Jaffray want the presidency—and it irritated me to get up and say something. I didn't hesitate. I noticed that everybody looked surprised, but that didn't seem to scare me. I know I went at them hammer and tongs. I had to say some things that were not at all pleasant, but I said them with all the earnestness there was in me. And say, when I stopped for breath there was a general cry of 'Go on, go on!'"

Well, I went on and kept up steam to the bitter end. And when I finished there was a whole lot of noise and Jim Billings—I though I never liked me—came up and shook my hand and said, 'Good for you, John—that's the kind of stuff we want—and why haven't we heard from you before?' And then a good many of the members came up and said it was a fine talk and a lot more pleasant things, and I held quite a reception."

The little wife's eyes were shining with pleasure.

"That's fine," she cried. "But only think of your making a speech like that?"

John didn't smile.

"That isn't all," he said. "At 2 o'clock Jim Billings called me up. 'John,' he said, 'we are going to end this petty war in the board. I've got Thompson and Jaffray both here in my office and some of the other boys, and we've agreed that we must have a compromise candidate for president, and you're the unanimous choice. It's all settled, you understand, and I've merely called you up on behalf of the crowd to congratulate you. Goodby!'"

"Don't forget the credit that's due to William Vogel," he said and laughed again.

Two nights later John Sinclair came home an hour after his usual time, and the little wife met him with a worried face. When he finally appeared he had his left hand and an arm carefully bandaged.

"There, there, little woman," he hastily cried. "It's all right. Just a slight burn, that's all. I've had it dressed. An accident, yes. How did it happen. Why, William Vogel was—was experimenting along a new line. He's no more to blame than I am. Don't say another word about it. It's William Vogel's affair you understand. And I'm as hungry as a bear."

And that was all there was to it. John said no more about the accident, but otherwise was talkative and cheerful, and the little wife wisely forbore to question him further.

He was in excellent spirits, too, the next morning when he departed, notwithstanding the bandaged arm.

Soon after he had gone the bell rang and the little wife answered it. A small boy was at the door, a small boy who handed her a bouquet and a letter and then hurried away. And this is what the little wife found in the letter, which was unsealed:—

"Dear lady, I am sending you this because I don't believe your man is the kind that does himself credit when he talks about his doings and what he told you I don't know, but these flowers are for him and I wish they were much finer, and this is how it happened. I was careless with the gasoline and my Mamie got too near and was afire in a moment. And when I ran to her I was afire too. I screamed and your man was passing along the street and heard me cry out and ran in like a flash and beat out the fire and fought it like a crazy man and caught up my Mamie and saw how much she was burned and ran down into the roadway with her and shouted at a passing automobile driver and made him stop and jumped in with Mamie and called to me to follow and away we went for St. James Hospital. A policeman tried to stop us and your man swore at the man something dreadful and held up the child—and we didn't stop. And when we got to the hospital the doctors said we got there just in time and Mamie would live—and they saw how bad you man was burned—he didn't know it—and they fixed him up and he hurried away when I tried to thank him. But one of the doctors knew his name and I'm sending him these flowers because he saved my baby's life and your lucky to be the wife of such a good and brave man. Your respectfully, Hannah Moreland."

That night when John Sinclair came home the little wife gently drew him into the library and stooping suddenly kissed the white bandage.

"John dear," she tremulously said. "You have deceived me shamefully. There is no William Vogel—it is just you."

"Don't take him away from me, dear," cried John with a queer laugh. "I need him. He's my better part. Spare him. Besides you are wrong. There is a William Vogel."

He hurried to the bookcase and drew out the little volume.

"Here," he cried; "Here is William's godfather, heaven bless him! Read that, my love."

And he laid the precious volume in her hands.

Ship Brakes a Success.

After five days' trial of the new brakes which had been fitted to her sides, the battleship Indiana put back to the Philadelphia navy yard, her officers all expressing satisfaction with the way the brakes had worked.

Both Captain Sherman, in command of the ship and Captain Thomas, who came here from Washington to make the test, said that they were well pleased with the results obtained.

Captain Thomas said the Indiana had cruised along the Delaware and had tried the brakes under all conditions. While it takes the ordinary battleship considerable time to stop, even with engines reversed, Captain Thomas said that, equipped with the new brakes, the Indiana was able to stop within half her length.

The big brakes are of metal and fitted to each side of the vessel. They are operated by levers in the engine room, and when the order is given can be made to extend perpendicularly with the ship's sides like a pair of wings.—New York Tribune.

Almost Universal Prayer.

"Among the late Bishop Foss' anecdotes about prayer," said a Philadelphia Methodist, "there was one concerning a very original Norristown preacher."

"This preacher, in the course of a long prayer one Sunday night, recounted the many misfortunes and evils that had befallen him in the course of his long life. Then, sighing heavily, he prayed:

"Thou hast tried me with affliction, with bereavement and with sorrow of many kinds. If Thou art obliged to try me again, Lord, try me with the burden of wealth."—Detroit Free Press.

When He Shakes Off the Chains.

"McGoosler, the first baseman, is putting up a big holler because baseball players are slaves."

"Is he? What's his salary?" "Thirty-five hundred."

"Well, if he quits being a slave he has his old profession to fall back on."

"What's that?" "Washing bottles in a soap factory at \$7 a week.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



The Runaways.

I found a little brook one day.— That baby brook had run away; It skipped along o'er yellow sands, And, oh, 'twas full of fun and play, The little brook that ran away.

The baby clovers bent to look And see their faces in my book; Now some were bonnets, red I think, And some, white bonnets, tipped with pink. Their cloaks were green as green could be. They nodded slow and grave at me.

A birdie came with yellow bill, He dipped his head and drank his fill; Then winked at me with shining eye, Then splashed the crystal drops on high. To smoothed his feathers out by one. Until they glistened in the sun.

I saw a grave old turtle pass With crawling steps across the grass; A crow cawed from the pine-trees high, A hawk was circling in the sky, And, sunning on some mossy logs, I counted seven green-coated frogs.

The brook and I—we sang a song, The summer hours were none too long; The sun crept westward through the sky. I said, "Dear little brook, good-bye!" Then thought, "Oh, what will mother say?" —Kate Louise Brown, in the Christian Register.

"Where She Went In."

A little girl fell out of bed during the night. After her mother had picked her up and pacified her, she asked her how she happened to fall out. The child replied, "I went to sleep too near the place where I went in."—Christian Register.

Tails Useful and Beautiful.

Tailless animals seem greatly to be pitied. See what uses the lucky ones put their tails to! Horses, cows, and other creatures use their tails as fly-flappers. Cats, squirrels, and many more twist them round their necks for comforters. The rat has raised the use of the tail to a fine art, for by its means it guides the blind and steals jelly, oil and cream out of jars and bottles.

The macaco plays as merrily with its tail as a kitten does, and the marmoset, while it sleeps, uses its tail as a sort of blanket.

The Atles monkey and jaguar fish with their tails, and the raccoon catches crabs with its tail, quite unlike an oarsman. Every one knows how the monkeys journey through pathless forests by swinging from tree to tree, while the fishes steer their way through the water by their tail fins.—Our Dumb Animals.

The Sun God's Festival.

When we were travelling in India we happened to be staying in the city of Jeypoor while the festival to celebrate the birthday of the sun god was going on. They believe him to be very powerful, and think he is either good to them, sending good harvests, or cruel, and destroying their crops with his fierce rays. So in the spring they get up a grand procession and go to his temple and pray to him to be merciful and considerate. We enjoyed that procession better than any circus procession we ever saw, and it would take too long to describe all the native princes and other things we saw. First, they went to the temple of the sun god, who came out to meet them in a kind of a chariot drawn by pure white ponies. He was an image, about two feet high, with a wax face. In front of him there was a Hindu fanning him, so as to keep him from melting or being annoyed by the flies. After the procession had passed we went to visit the palace of an Indian prince, but I will have to tell you about it some other time.—Violet MacQueen in the New York Tribune.

The Sewers of Paris.

Some time ago I spent a summer in Paris, and among other places of interest I visited the sewers, which are very queer. It is said that Napoleon III hid his army in them, but this has never been proved. The entrance is like a subway station, and at the foot of the steps is a platform, moored against which is a string of red, flat-bottomed scows. Each scow has four men, in rubber trousers, who push boatloads of passengers through this underground passage. The sewage water is about three feet deep, and every little way are small sewers which empty into the big one.

The boats are pushed along for perhaps a mile, and then a halt is made. In front is an enormous pipe of fresh water, and on the pipe is a small car track, with a train of two-seated cars on it. Beneath is the former place. There are many smaller pipes of fresh water, which carry the drinking water to all parts of the great metropolis. This car track takes one a little bit further than the boats. The terminus is like the entrance, and is even more like the subways, because it has the cars too.—Roland Doane in the New York Tribune.

Mattie and Maudie.

As soon as Papa told her this story prays, her papa told her this story one night.

"Hello," said a surprised, pleased little voice in Maudie's ear.

Maudie almost jumped out of her little gray skin. She turned around very quickly.

There beside her in the trunk of the tree was the dearest, little Mouse Girl, just about Maudie's own age.

"My, you certainly came in a hurry," said Mattie Mouse, for it was none other than our friend, Mattie.

"Oh, I guess I did come in a hurry," said Maudie. There was a great, big gray cat after me.

"Must have been Waffles," said Mattie laughing. "I always get away from Waffles. 'He's getting so, old he can't run very fast.'"

"He's still outside," said Maudie in a whisper.

The two little girls peeked out the hole in the tree.

Waffles was sitting there hungrily watching the hole. When he saw the two little Mouse faces looking down at him, he came right up the side of the tree.

"Squeeze way back in the corner," said Mattie, "he can't get in, but sometimes he sticks his paw in."

Sure enough first Waffles sniffed and sniffed in the hole and then stuck his great paw in the hole and waved it all around. But Maudie and Mattie were crowded together way back in the corner just out of his reach.

"When he sticks his paw this way again," said Mattie, "I'm just going to give it a good bite."

And just as the paw came Mattie's way she reached out and gave it a good hard nip.

"Meow, Meow!" shrieked Waffles, as he flew away in a great rage.—Farmer Smith in the New York Globe.

A Wonderful Frill.

"The Sandman has been around here," said Uncle Charles, "and has already thrown a wee bit of sand into wee Elsie's eyes; and Billy boy and Ruth look a little sleepy, too."

"Please chase the Sandman away for a little while, Uncle Charles, by telling us a bedtime story," pleaded Ruth.

"I think bedtime stories are just grand," chimed in Elsie.

"They suit me, too," said Billy.

"In a big museum I visited, some months ago," began Uncle Charles, who was always ready to please the children, "I saw a lizard that had a frill around its neck."

"A sure-enough lizard?" inquired Billy.

"A sure-enough lizard," replied Uncle Charles. "It had on a wonderful frill, too—much more wonderful than any frill I ever saw any little girl wear, even when dressed in fine frills and furbelows all ready for a tea-party."

"Now, people who like long, hard names that make one's jaws fairly ache, call the wearer of the wonderful frill chlamydosaurus; but its common, everyday name is just frilled lizard."

"The frilled lizard that I saw in the museum measured about twenty-four inches from the tip of its funny looking tail to the tip of its funny looking nose."

"That is about the length of all frilled lizards when they are fully grown."

"The frilled lizard is of a yellowish-brown color, mottled with black. I noticed that the inside of its mouth and its tongue were quite yellow."

"It was the frill around its neck, though, that made it so interesting to myself and other sight-seers."

"This frill, when the lizard is quite young, is of small size; but by the time the lizard gets its full growth the frill extends beyond its forelegs. This big frill is thickly covered with scales and has a notched edge."

"When its wearer gets angry the wonderful frill is spread out in such a queer way that it looks like a small umbrella. When nothing is bothering its wearer the frill falls around the neck in the cutest, neatest folds or plaits that you ever did see."

"The frilled lizard is by no means a coward, but will defend itself bravely. It looks scary, too, when it spreads out its big frill, shows its teeth, and seems to say by its actions, 'Come on, I am ready for you!'"

"It lives most of the time in the trees, but it can run like everything when upon the ground."

"When it gets really scared it hides for a tree in double-quick time."

"And two little girls and one little boy right here had better like for their beds in double-quick time; for by their eyes I can plainly tell that the Sandman is coming in earnest."

"Australia is the home of the frilled lizard, and some day, if we possibly can, all of us will go there to see it and a lot of other wonderful creatures that live there."—D. Virginia Farley in the Christian Register.

Prayers for Rain.

"Shall we have prayer for rain, Thomas?" asked the vicar of the clerk during a protracted drought.

"Oh, sir, you do exactly as you please."

"But don't you think it would be a good thing? Rain is badly wanted."

"You do as you please, sir. You'd better 'ave it if so be as you do want it."

"But, Thomas, you don't seem to realize the necessity for having the prayer?"

"Bless you, sir! You 'ave that ther prayer if you be so set on it, but it won't rain till the moon changes."

—London Academy.

College graduates are wanted by the United States war department for the Philippine constabulary.