

Some famous paintings, like some famous novels, are more notable because of the things that are written about them than because of their own merits.

During the West Point Centennial an interesting fact was brought out by one of the orators. Of the total of 4007 graduated from the Military Academy 238 have been killed or mortally wounded on the battlefield.

Fashions change in disease as in clothes. Appendicitis as an evidence of aristocracy is out of date. The doctor who does not diagnose each inward ache as incipient perityphlitis hereafter will lose much of his most profitable practice.

Statistics show that more than one-half of the income of the people of the United States is spent for food and food accessories; that five to ten per cent. of the entire food supply is adulterated, and that at least ten per cent. of this adulteration is injurious to health.

The population of the South American States are as follows: Brazil, 18,000,000; Argentine Republic, 4,800,000; Colombia, 4,600,000; Chile, 3,110,000; Peru, 3,000,000; Bolivia, 2,500,000; Venezuela, 2,444,816; Ecuador, 1,300,000; Salvador, 915,512; Uruguay, 840,725; Paraguay, 600,000.

"What becomes of all the pennies?" is a question over which Secretary of Treasury Shaw is puzzling. The United States coins and puts in circulation on an average about 75,000,000 of these little copper tokens every year, and each spring and fall there is a demand from everywhere for more. It is the big department stores that make the greatest demand. The disappearance of many pennies is accounted for by the savings of children, but these savings banks could not gobble up 75,000,000 a year.

What are the social rights of a hostess whose guests, besides consuming quantities of festal dainties, makes away with her best umbrella? A Wichita, Kan., woman wrestled with that question recently, and decided to "have the law on 'em." She suspected a certain woman of appropriating the umbrella, but the court refused to cause her arrest on mere suspicion. Not to be baffled in this way, she took out a search warrant for each and every guest, and a constable served it on the entire list. The umbrella was not found.

The value of waterfalls has greatly increased since the electrical era. Time was when a cataract was valuable only for scenic purposes, but now it is useful as well as ornamental. Niagara is worth \$1,000,000,000 more as a source of electrical power than merely as a sight. California waterfalls are increasing in value in a commensurate degree. Snoqualmie Falls, in Washington, has enhanced in value 5000 per cent. in the last few years. A proposition is now under way to generate electricity therefrom for use over a portion of the Great Northern Railway.

Hamlin Garland, in an address before the students of the University of Chicago, characterized Longfellow as a poet whose works were fitted for women and children, while Whittier, he declared, was neither a scholar, an artist nor a great poet. Summer students who attended the lecture of Mr. Garland on the "First of the American Balladists," heard Whittier characterized as a "township poet," who was read by men who "left Emerson to dreamers and Longfellow to women." The American balladists before the time of Edgar Allan Poe were classed as writers of the wailing verse who lacked even an ear for rhythm.

Margaret Deland in Harper's Bazar says that a fire in the back yard can be relied upon to destroy painted wooden shoes used as art objects; brass dragons with curly tails, called candlesticks, awkward to hold, with no human touch of imagination or handicraft about them, therefore neither useful nor beautiful, might be disposed of to the junk man; plush things without a name seem to demand the ash barrel, for the vital purity of fire repudiates them, and they do not burn well; tidies are prehistoric, but they should also go to the ash barrel. Margaret has forgotten the family crayon portrait that stands on an easel "in the parlor," but the proper genealogy to be made before it should be enforced with the ax. The plush album, which is all bum, entirely so, should be carefully buried and if there are any books with stuffed covers lying around they should be sent to the heathen. Let the reformation be thorough.

JACK SPRAT.

By Edith Wyatt.

IN Lake View there once lived as neighbors two children, a little boy named Milo Cox Atkinson, but called Butter, and a little girl, named and called Pearl Porter.

To this little girl her grandfather, Major Porter, showed an affection so devoted as to be popularly supposed almost ruined. "He just spoils that child." Mrs. Atkinson would say, as she looked out of her window and saw Pearl fastening up the Major's mustaches with hairpins; and she would turn away with a sigh. It was, perhaps, this devotion, but more probably a native impulse of the heart, that made Pearl an unusually vain child.

She was a pretty little thing, with a floating mist of hair and large, brown eyes, always beautifully dressed, in little, stiff, white embroidered clothes. She was born with a sense of carriage; and she could not help knowing when ladies said in loud whispers, "Isn't she sweet?"

Her reputation as a Proud-cat among the children of Lake View had, however, been founded less by her personality than by an incident of her early youth.

When she was only four years old she had been given a little blue silk parasol with an ivory handle. With this at church, she had been left in the pew by her aunt when that lady went up to the communion rail. When Mrs. Burden had reached it and turned, that those returning might pass her, what was the amusement of the congregation and her own astonishment on seeing Pearl tripping lightly up the aisle, with her new blue parasol opened and held gracefully above her head.

The aunt herself was a very dressy lady, and she more thoroughly than any other member of the family sympathized with Pearl in her taste for making calls, for wearing kid gloves, and for carrying a small cardcase with a rose folded in it.

This aunt, Major Porter's daughter, was a large woman, with long red cheeks, tilted blue eyes and an overwhelming, tightly bunched figure. At the top of her small forehead, long face and towering bulk she always wore a glittering little bonnet. She lived in Washington, and she was able to pet and indulge her niece only on occasional visits.

On these visits Mrs. Atkinson used to watch with longing these two opposite and fashionable types walking out to the carriage together.

She loved Butter, but she had always dreamed of having just such a child as Pearl.

Butter's tastes were different from Pearl's. He had no imagination for the world of graceful convention. His companions were other grubby, freckled little boys, most of them disregarding little things in trousers bagging about two inches below the knee. Butter numbered among his acquaintances a boy who had run away from home, a boy who had a whip tattooed on his arm and a man supposed by Butter's circle to be a murderer. Butter cut the man's grass, and when the man gave him fifteen cents—the market price is ten—Butter handed him back the unnecessary five, and said, "No blood money for me." The man had laughed in a puzzled way. Of course, if he had done any thing else, it would have given him away.

Butter also knew a boy who had a printing press; and in partnership with him he had conducted successfully an enterprise of printing pink and green highly glazed calling cards for the ladies of the neighborhood. Besides the cash capital they derived from this source, they realized every summer a large income of pins and newspapers from circuses in the barn.

Major Porter sometimes attended these circuses with Pearl and sat in a box for ten newspapers, and though he was so enchanted with Pearl, he used to watch with a pang of envy Butter's life wiry frame turning hand-springs in the backyard. For though he had never had golden curls nor carried a parasol, he had once tumbled on the grass and chased fire engines in a dusty and happy oblivion of the customs of the world.

Once a year a circus came to one of the empty lots of Lake View, west of the Porters. It stayed for one day; and then pursued its glorious march in honor of more Western cities. This day was one long haze of delight for Butter Atkinson. Its ecstasy began in the morning when he went with his friends over to the lot to see the tent pitched, and it lasted through the concert and at the end of the circus.

Mr. Atkinson always took Butter—had never thought of not taking him, until one miserable day, when an unconsidered Vice-President-elect and his thoughtless wife spent twenty-four hours of being entertained in the neighborhood when the circus was entertaining.

A large afternoon reception was given for Mrs. Kendricks at the Porters' home. He was an old friend of the Major. Mrs. Atkinson assisted in receiving; Butter was invited by Mrs. Burden to open the door. She believed this to have been a piece of kindest consideration. Mrs. Atkinson, too, said that Butter would be glad to remember it when he was an old man; and she could not understand why he looked so morosely at the clean clothes she had with such pleasure put out on his bed.

He walked out to the woodshed after

lunch, kicking his heels sullenly and listlessly against each other, and when he came out his eyes were red.

The thought of the white elephant had been too much for him. His father's suggestion that it had been whitewashed was not alleviating. Is a whitewashed elephant an ever-day sight?

He had visions of running away. But he knew he should not run away; he would stay scrawling his fingers in uncomfortable folds and opening Porter's door for dressed-up and worthless ladies, perfectly healthy and able to do it for themselves, while, amid the sawdust, the opening procession was shining and glittering past unseen, never to be seen by his longing eyes.

He observed, in the open window, Pearl and Major Porter, at their daily after-dinner game of "Old Maid." Major Porter was not a kindergartner, and he was almost invariably "Old Maid"—each time with ringing shouts of glee from his victorious grandchild, poised elegantly on the windowsill.

But to-day her poised seemed less airy in its light case. Butter heard no shouts, and when she turned and waved her hand to him he saw that her eyes, too, were red.

Major Porter was smiting his head with despair and chagrin at being a third time doomed to a single life, and eliciting from his opponent only a very faint smile.

Was Pearl, too, not going to the circus?

Far from it. For days her grandfather had been bringing home handbills and posters; for days he had discussed with Pearl what they both should wear; what time they should start; how many glasses of lemonade they should have; whether they should look at the animals before or after the performance, and now all this was to be on the day of the reception. There were to be only ladies at the reception. There was no reason why Major Porter should remain home for it, and his enthusiasm for the circus had shown no change nor abatement.

In the presence of his mistaken devotion Pearl could not endure to confess, even to her mother, that her heart was torn at the thought of her new fringed sash, the gift of her aunt, and how now she could not wear it at the reception, nor walk around with the ladies. She had the dignified delicacy of many honorable little girls, and she felt that it would be disloyalty to her grandfather to acknowledge that she was no longer interested in the circus.

Her aunt said she cried because the heat made her nervous.

"She doesn't look to me able to go tooting off to that hot circus, father," she said, coming up to the window.

"I'm afraid so," said Mr. Porter, following her. "Do you care so much about it, darling?"

Pearl's eyes filled again at this.

"Oh, Snooks 'll be all right for the circus," said Major Porter, with hasty, blind consolation, as Pearl's mother started into the house with her to bathe her eyes. It was his fixed belief that the circus was the most ecstatic pleasure of every child, and any alternative an outrageous disappointment.

"Never mind if you aren't all right, pet," said Mrs. Burden, with inspired dulceness. "Here's Butter. He isn't going and doesn't want to go. He wants to see Mrs. Kendricks. And, Butter, Mrs. Kendricks has some little boys of her own—such nice, polite little boys—I wish you could know them."

Butter looked submissively at Mrs. Burden's benevolent, unperceiving eyes impressively fixed upon him.

"Why isn't Butter going to the circus?" inquired Major Porter. Butter made no reply.

"Father too busy, I guess," pursued the Major. "That it?"

"Butter is going to see Mrs. Kendricks this afternoon," replied Mrs. Burden. "He is going to open the door for the ladies."

Major Porter whistled. He looked suspiciously at Butter's red eyelids.

"Well, how would it be to have Butter come along with the circus party this afternoon and let Mrs. Kendricks open the door for the ladies herself?" He gave Butter a nudge under the table at this last abominably weak jest.

Butter could not refrain from a smile of hope.

"We'll get ready right away," continued the Major. "You can get your hat, I can black my shoes. Sam can hitch up the horses. Pearl can have a B. and S. or something, and then we'll go."

"Father," murmured Mrs. Burden in important haste, "Mrs. Atkinson got a new suit for him, especially for this. Don't think—"

"Well, Butter, I guess I'll have to go over and get your mother to let you open the door at the evening reception. That's the way we'll fix it out with her."

Meanwhile Mrs. Porter had by inspiration divined the cause of her daughter's distress. She came back as the Major was starting off.

"I think Pearl would better stay with us, father," she said. "I really believe she wished to assist in receiving. I am going to let her pass around the crackers."

It would seem that providence had arranged for a variety of tastes in the world.

For on that afternoon Pearl floated airily and elegantly among groups of

gloved ladies; under the bulging, billowing tent, amid the odors of sawdust and the cries of lemonade-men, sat Butter, between Major Porter and Sam, throwing peanut shells between the open board benches, his happy eyes absorbed in the passing giraffes and ponies.

Major Porter was not looking at the ponies and giraffes, but he, too, was very happy; he was watching Butter.—New York Sun.

WITH FOUR TRIGGERS.

New Weapon Which Carries Sixteen Charges.

A most successful test has been given to a repeating revolver which promises to become one of the most commonly used weapons of its kind in any part of the world, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat. The pistol fires sixteen shots without reloading, and is accurate in every particular. It has but three working parts, is light in weight, cannot possibly get out of order, and should any of the cartridges fail to fire, all that is necessary is to press the trigger again to bring another cartridge into position and fire it.

An explanation of the weapon's operation is quickly and easily given. The handle of the pistol is the magazine, and contains a chain of sixteen cartridges. This chain is moved with each pressure of the trigger, the same pressure firing one cartridge and pushing the next into position. The pistol is so constructed that a trigger is always ready to be pressed, and, therefore, the weapon can be fired as rapidly as the operator can press the trigger. There are four triggers, all of one piece of metal, and revolving so that while one of the triggers is ready for the pressure of the finger another is moving the hammer into position and a third is ready to fall into place within the trigger guard.

The three working parts of the pistol are trigger, the hammer and a spiral cone, and they are so arranged that to miss fire with this pistol is almost an impossibility. Standard cartridges are used in the pistol. The weapon was invented by W. J. Turnbull.

Why He Turned Pale.

At a shooting range there is usually a telephone from the marksman's stand to the target. The marker is thus in communication with the shooter, and if care is used is in no danger. Occasionally, however, accidents happen like the following, which the Hon. T. F. Freeman tells in his recently published volume, "The Book of the Rifle."

Sir Henry Halford was shooting at a range of a thousand yards. The day was not clear, and it was impossible at such a distance to see surely, even through a glass, the movements of the marker. Thinking the marker must be ready for him to begin, Sir Henry asked through the telephone, "Are you all right?"

The marker replied, "All right, sir, in a minute."

Unluckily, Sir Henry caught the "All right, sir," but missed the last part of the sentence by removing the telephone too soon from his ear.

He lay down and fired a shot. On looking through his telescope, he was horrified to see the marker with a perfectly white face staggering toward his shelter.

Ring his hand up on the telephone, Sir Henry cried, "What has happened? Are you badly hurt?"

"No, sir, I'm not hurt," came the reply, "but I had a bucket of whitewash between my legs, painting the target, and you put a bullet into it and splashed it all over my face."

Have You Noticed That

A wise man never takes a penny for his thoughts.

It is an easy matter to be good on a good income.

The rooster does the crowing, but the hen attends to business.

Success is often a matter of speculative effect.

A disregard of appearances is as often due to a lack of sense as of dollars.

A trifling argument may end in a record-smashing quarrel.

A blue-ribbon friendship is better than an honorable-mention love.

The fellow who gushes over his relations seldom gives his relations a chance to gush over him.

Men are moral triangles, with a business side, a club side and a domestic side.

With some women love is like a case of malaria—first a chill and then a fever.

The people who "told you so" for "your own good" and keep a supply of "sense of duty" always on tap need a shotgun to put them out of business.—New York Press.

The Onlookers' Comments.

On the half-demolished wall of an old Broadway building sat four workmen the other afternoon, their feet dangling in air, while the men were prying bricks from the wall with the help of steel bars. Below, on the opposite side of Broadway, stood a gaping crowd, stopped, probably, by the sight of the rope strung from each workman's waist to a point on the fire-escapes of the adjacent building, one or two stories higher up. So obvious was the purpose of the ropes that a curious foot passenger expected comment upon the rarity of the sight rather than on the need of the device. In just thirty seconds, however, six persons were heard to exclaim: "The ropes are to catch them in case they fall," and nothing else was said.—New York Post.

Aeronaut's Motto.

The up-to-date aeronaut twists the old saw about as follows: "If you don't succeed, fly, fly again."—Cincinnati Commercial.

A Self-Made Man Must Not Expect Riches

By Grover Cleveland.

HERE should be no cause for depression in recalling the fact that success will not always bring to the self-made man either riches or fame. Though these rewards will be lavishly distributed, he to whom they may not be forthcoming, if he endures to the end and remains true to himself and his mission, will have in his own keeping a more valuable reward in the consciousness of duty well and faithfully performed.

Wealth should by no means be disparaged as representing success, provided it is accompanied by a reasonable realization of the obligations its possession imposes. If wealth is the best that can be exhibited as a result of success, it cannot do less than to make its fair contribution to the welfare of society. We have a right to complain of rich people, if, after spending their lives in gathering wealth, they find in its possession no mandate of duty and no pleasure, save in the inactive and sordid contemplation of their hoards and in expecting the masses to fawn before them.

Sordidness is not confined to those whose only success consists in riches. There is a sordidness of education more censurable, though perhaps less exposed. There are those whose success is made up of a vast accumulation of education who are as miserly in its possession as the most avaricious among the rich. No one is justified in hoarding education solely for his selfish use. To keep it entirely in close custody, to take a greedy pleasure in its contemplation, and to utilize it only as a means of personal and unshared enjoyment, are more unpardonable than the clutch of the miser upon his money; for he, in its accumulation, has been subjected to the cramping and narrowing influences of avarice, while he who hoards education does violence to the broad, generous influences which accompany its acquisition.

The self-made man ought to see his course so plainly as to make it easy for him to avoid the wrong of sordidness in the possession of any of the rewards of his success. He ought especially and with clearness to apprehend the binding force of the active and affirmative obligations which are laid upon the rewards of success. Their discharge involves enlightened and discriminating charity, the inauguration and encouragement of agencies for increased culture and information, intelligent liberality in business, a clear regard for the interest and welfare of those who toil, a constant exemplification of the strength and nobility of strict integrity, the incitement, by precept and example, to frugality and economy, the continual inculcation of the benefits and usefulness of education in every occupation, the stimulation of genuine patriotism, the cultivation of independent and thoughtful political judgment, and last, but by no means least, a hearty and healthful interest in the ministrations of religion and the extension of a sound moral sentiment.—Success.

Most Satisfactory Work ---Helping Others

By J. G. Hallimond, Superintendent Old Bowery Mission, New York.

ANY benefactions are done by proxy, and the benefactor is necessarily robbed of the sweet satisfaction that falls to the human soul which comes into contact with the needy ones.

Let no man erase his name from the list of contributors to foreign mission funds. Some reward is sure; but it will never be his joy to see the look of savagery quelled by the potent spell of the love of Christ.

Let every man continue his donation to the hospital funds of his city. He will have his reward, but he will not see gratitude flash forth and lighten up the pallid sufferer's face as torturing pain is assuaged.

Go on maintaining the orphanages; but you must be satisfied with the minor joy that filters through a report.

To provide a lifeboat and its humane appliances for some storm-swept coast is a satisfactory work; but the satisfaction is not commensurate surely with that which comes to the heroic boatman who plunges through the darkness and the storm to return laden with his human freight.

Many men, far too many, are going through the world to-day, not bereft of joy, but partaking of joy not possibly of the supreme and ideal type. The highest bliss which can crown a human life comes to the man who gives not only of his purse and of his store, but himself.

This personal kind of work, like the mercy of which Shakespeare writes, is twice blessed. It blesses him who does it, and blesses, too, him on whom it is done. Go out into the highways and hedges and compel men to reform.

Christian work may be done in drawing-rooms, in slippers and in easy chairs, but the most satisfactory Christian work is done out in the pelting sleet, and in the gutters filthy with human suffering and sin.

Elijah took a child's cold corpse to the prophet's loft, but it stirred not till "he stretched himself upon the child three times." Then, and only then, could he say to the mourning mother, "Thy son liveth," and hear her say, "Now I know that thou art a man of God."

Christ's work was not complete in its satisfaction for Him till He laid Himself a victim upon the altar of humanity and so could truly say, "It is finished." Personally helping others is the only satisfactory Christian work.

Elementary Education in England and America

By W. Hugh Walker, of Cambridge University.

THE point that America is leading England in the matter of elementary education, so far as useful training is concerned, must be conceded by every fair-minded critic.

There is no country in the world where every child, however humble the circumstances of the home, has such an opportunity of carving out his own destiny as here, provided only he is willing to take advantage of the opportunities that are gratuitously offered to him.

Having had the privilege of visiting a number of schools in England and America, a few points suggest themselves on which each might take a leaf out of the other's book.

First, it will be readily conceived that all institutions, in any country, are molded, so far as possible, to meet the requirements of that country. In England social distinctions are so emphasized and her people are so ultra-conservative that any attempt at general, free education would surely result in hopeless failure. Free elementary education is obtained at the national schools, where children are taught what are known in England as the three R's—reading, writing and arithmetic. These schools are attended for the most part by the children of the rural districts and as soon as they can write and read and make simple calculations they are fitted to go out and follow rural pursuits only.

Such an education, if it can be called so, naturally limits possibilities, for the rural population, of advancement.

It must not be understood that these "National schools" are confined entirely to rural districts; they exist in cities also, but are attended only by the poorest class; and how little use such knowledge is to a city child will be evident to every up-to-date American. Any education more advanced than this must entail payment—very small, it is true, but large enough to touch the pocket of the very poor.

America, on the other hand, provides all classes with a "sound" education free. Her methods are good and systematic. She compels her citizens to educate their children in such a way as to fit the very humblest to fill the Presidential chair, if only success, in the dispensation of Providence, attend energetic, whole hearted, honest effort. Her children are given a sound education, not only in the three R's, but in typewriting, shorthand, languages, history, geography, bookkeeping—in short, all that will enable them to start up the hill of active life fully equipped for the journey.

What an inestimable benefit such an education is only too partially realized by the beneficiaries. The debt of gratitude owing to America by her children can only be repaid by a life's devotion to her best interests and a fixed determination to follow in the footsteps of those noble men who built up and firmly established this great Republic.

So much then, has England to learn from America. What may America learn from England? Owing to existing legislation, discipline is weak in America. If a teacher is entrusted with the education of a child he must also be invested with power to support his authority. Suppose an American child refuse point blank to obey his teacher and well merited chastisement is administered? The teacher is running the risk of arrest and fine. The absurdity is obvious. I am no advocate of corporal punishment, but I think that the knowledge that a teacher possesses authority to punish has a most salutary effect upon a wilfully disobedient child.

The lack of respect shown to their elders by American children is to be deplored. There is a vast difference between brightness and precocity. I believe in the old adage—"Spare the rod and spoil the child"—provided the teacher be imbued with sound judgment.