

A CHUM'S PRAYER.

BY THEODORE ROBERTS.

God give them luck (for strength so often fails)—
Luck to dodge death—swift shell and flying hoof;
God made their hands swift in the work that comes.
Their tunics bullet-proof.

When the smoke puffs along the fronting steep,
When the guns wheel and doubt rides down the line,
Let the high courage of our race call up
These belted friends of mine.

And when "lights out" has sounded through the camp
Bring them, in sleep, the peace they used to know;
Let them forget, 'til dawn, the weary march,
The hunger, and the foe.

—The Criterion.

The Cradle or the Grave.

MISS ARMSTRONG'S modest little home was ablaze with light. The proud lady was giving a small dance to celebrate her only son's homecoming from college; and Teddy, why he was the happiest young fellow in the world! And why not? Had he not just emerged from the university with flying colors, and was he not about to ask the girl of his heart to gladden his heartstone for life?

His mother had said to him during the day: "Don't be too sanguine, Teddy, for Helen has been accepting attentions from Mr. Hawtrey during the last few months, and he is rich and world-weary, and just the sort of man to fascinate a young girl fond of flattery and position."

"Helen loves me, I'm sure," replied confident Ted, "and, besides, she would not sell herself."

"Well, my dear, I hope you are not to be disappointed, but the ways of the girl-of-the-period are beyond me. You remember Mabel Coulter?"

"Oh, Mabel was a flirt," broke in Ted, "and it was not to be expected that she would marry the man she had led on; but Helen—I only want her word that she'll wait until I've made my future sure. She's true blue!"

As for the young lady herself, she felt sure that Mr. Armstrong would propose that night; and, though she confessed that her heart was in a state of commotion when she thought of him, still it would be awful nice to be Mrs. Bruce Hawtrey and live in the big mansion, have all sorts of luxuries and travel in Europe.

And Mr. Hawtrey. He was a widower, old enough to be Helen's father, and was voted to be something of a cad. "The little Vernon felly," he had remarked, "has lots of go, and a young wife would be a novel plaything, now that my clubs and life in general are getting to be somewhat of a bore."

The guests had all arrived and everything was all jolly. Helen Vernon, Mr. Hawtrey and Ted were covertly watched by all, as gossip had it that both men were "dead set" on winning the pretty belle of M—.

One round dozwager leaned towards her neighbor and remarked: "Teddy is so young and Hawtrey so old that it seems a race between the cradle and the grave," accompanying her words with a mindless laugh that made the sentimental young matron whom she addressed, and who hoped that young Armstrong would be victor, nervous.

Hawtrey, who, to do him justice, was not so near the grave as the old gossip implied, took more of Helen's dances than good form allows, and also assumed an air of proprietorship that made the younger man wild. He forgot everything, and resolved impetuously to have it out with Hawtrey, quite improperly forgetting that the blue gentleman was his mother's guest and entitled to every courtesy. After his rival's second dance with Helen, Teddy approached him and said with a sort of challenge in his voice:

"Come upstairs, Hawtrey. I have some capital cognac in my rooms. I'd like your opinion of it."

"Done, my boy," replied the older man suavely.

Scarcely had they reached his rooms when Teddy began hotly:

"Now see here, Mr. Hawtrey—"

But he got no farther. Hawtrey placed one hand on the fiery boy's shoulder and observed coolly:

"I know what you would say; but let us not be impulsive or hasty. She's mine if she will or she's yours if she will. Go in and win her, if you can. Remember, I'll show you no quarter—'all's fair in love.'"

"But she loves me, she's only dazzled by your money," asserted Ted, with amazing frankness.

"I don't care whom she loves; it is whom she will marry that interests me," answered the older man, with a cool stare.

"By heavens, would you marry a girl that only—"

"I would marry any girl to whom I took a notion, if the mood pleased me. Love is an old-fashioned commodity. Ask Helen, Mr. Armstrong, when you get a chance; I mean to, during this next dance."

Poor Teddy was stunned. His ideals were pure, and he very properly regarded honor, love and respect as a holy trinity. Suddenly an idea seemed to strike him.

"All's fair in love," you say," he remarked curtly, and strode from the room, saying in a very low voice, as he passed his big mastiff, who was dozing on a rug, "Watch him, Duke!"

The pretty girl blushed and looked a bit annoyed.

"Mr. Hawtrey engaged the number; evidently he has forgotten me," she replied.

"Finish it with me?"

"With pleasure."

Hawtrey did not appear again that evening, and many were the comments because of his strange disappearance; but Teddy looked supremely happy, for the girl of his heart had said "Yes."

The girls chaffed Helen a bit in the dressing room because her rich cavalier had deserted his principal partner; but the young lady did not seem in the least angry; in fact, she appeared, as one pert damsel said, "deadly superior."

After the last guest had gone, Ted bounded upstairs four steps at a time and burst into the room. Duke drew a long breath of relief and removed the earnest regard with which he had been favoring Hawtrey, who had not apparently moved from his chair—had not dared to move, in fact.

"Why, Hawtrey, are you here yet? Every one thought you had gone and wondered why," said the young man, affecting all the surprise possible, while a victorious twinkle played in his eyes.

But Hawtrey was game. He never flinched, but replied in his cool, colorless drawl:

"Really, I did not know I was of so much importance. The truth is that this little book is so interesting, and your brandy so excellent, that I decided not to leave this comfortable spot."

"Hope Duke didn't annoy you?" pointedly from Ted.

"Not in the least. He seems a faithful dog."

"He is."

"Good night, Mr. Armstrong?"

"Good night, Mr. Hawtrey!"

Soon as the door had closed on Hawtrey, Ted grabbed Duke by the forelegs, and man and dog executed the maddest and merriest dance on record. Then, hugging his dumb slave, Ted cried:

"You watched him all right, didn't you, old boy? Well, you saved my life, perhaps; so lie there on the rug or anywhere and snooze all night. The stable is too good for your dogship after this."

The next day the engagement of Miss Helen Vernon and Mr. Theodore Armstrong was announced, and in the same sheet might be seen a few lines that read: "Mr. Bruce Hawtrey leaves for New York to-day, en route for Europe."

"Hawtrey told me, Helen," explained Ted, later on, while both were laughing over the incident, "that all's fair in love, so I took him at his word."

"I hated him ever since the day he spoke of me as 'felly,' and was only waiting for a chance to refuse him. I wouldn't have had him, anyway," replied Helen.

"Well, Duke and I weren't taking any chances," laughed the dog's master.—New York News.

The Editor's Joy.

There is but one more week of single blessedness for the editor of this paper. A young woman has consented to take our name and share with us the burdens and joys of life. She is Miss Elsie Kitzmiller, youngest daughter of Mrs. Lavinia Kitzmiller. Her father was Frank Kitzmiller, a veteran of the Civil War, who died one year ago.

The time set for the ceremony is next Wednesday at 2 o'clock in the afternoon at the home of Mrs. Kitzmiller. A number of friends have been invited—but not nearly all. The house would not hold nearly one-third of all those "we" should have been pleased to see present. (This is not the editor's fault—we have assumed a new significance.) But there will be enough, we hope, to fill the house and see that the job is well done. There will be no attendants. "We" will be the whole show. There will be no tears—every one will be glad to see us (editorially) finally married. There will be a happy handsome couple, the handsomeness being contributed by the other half.

No one's life is complete who lives alone. No, of course not. To develop into a sturdy, crabbed, soul-shrivelled old bachelor, or dwindle away an old maid full of vinegar and fool notions—what unhappy fate! To form a complete and useful life, marriage is a necessity as well as a luxury. Yet these considerations are mere side issues. The first consideration is to find some one you can love, respect, admire. Love is apart from logic. It is capricious. It throws upon wealth, tramples over differences of age, breaks down any established rules of precedence and astounds the coolly systematic. We are it. Time passes slowly.—Highland (Kan.) Vidette.

Turned Tables on Tailor.

One frequently hears of a tailor suing a customer on an overdue bill for clothes, but it is rather unusual for a customer to file an action against his tailor to recover money paid for badly fitting clothes. This is what a certain retired sea captain has done.

A firm of tailors was summoned the other day for \$22.50, the price of a coat and vest. The plaintiff stated that he had ordered the clothes, but was dissatisfied with the fit. As the firm refused to alter the garments to his satisfaction he brought an action to recover the money, which he had paid in advance.—London Correspondence New York Herald.

Tramway Brakes.

It seems to be indisputable that with suitable power brakes half a dozen recent tramway accidents would have been avoided. Effective brakes of several types can be obtained, and though the choice may not be altogether an easy matter, it can and it ought to be made.—Tramway and Railway World.

Women and Love.

By Lillian Bell.



ORDER often arises in me if men know that so few women that we might almost say no woman who is perfectly happy ever seeks a career? No happily married or rightly loved woman ever seeks a career. The desire for a career for a woman is an acknowledgment of heart failure.

This is practically because we have so few homes in America. We have private hotels where each family eats and sleeps, but where family life and smooth housekeeping are unknown. If I were a woman seeking a career, I would go to some of my rich and prosperous friends and offer to turn the house into a home. I have only recently learned of the term "working housekeeper." I like it. There should be more of them. It is distinctly the career for an unmarried woman who loves love and home and children, and, above all, housekeeping. Housekeeping is the most fascinating occupation in the world. Something new is always appearing in somebody's house which would go so well in yours!

The loneliness of the unloved does not mean that a woman is lonely because she is not loved by anybody. Most women are loved by the wrong sort of bodies. Nor does it mean that women are lonely because they are unloved by their own families, or—Heaven forgive me for betraying so many women's secrets!—unloved by their own husbands who think they are loving devotedly. But the most of women's loneliness consists in being loved uncomprehendingly—uncomprehensively.—Harper's Bazar.

The Mission of Commerce.

By Grover Cleveland.



PRACTICAL business activity can be mingled with enlightenment and social betterment, and commercial organizations have already woven them together. They are estopped from disclaiming their obligation to continue the work. It rests with them not only to enlarge and strengthen by increased enterprise the fabric they have thus produced, but to make it brighter and more beautiful by adding to it a larger infusion of that which touches the welfare of mankind in every moral and social phase and condition.

It may justly be said that commerce, by what it has already done, by what lies yet in its path undone, and by what it has been able to do, has created for itself a mission which cannot be fulfilled by increased effort directed solely to gaining more business advantages. This mission does not exact an abatement of commercial struggle and competition; but it so far fixes their limit as to enjoin that with such struggle and competition there shall also be willing co-operation in an endeavor to promote every beneficial purpose which commerce can draw within its sphere.

Commercialism is a word we often hear in these days when an attempt is made to describe certain political and economic phases of our national tendencies, which are greatly lamented by good people who are solicitous for our country's welfare. It has always seemed to me that the meaning attached to this word lacks definiteness. If it is used to define a desire to accumulate wealth not only for the gratification of individual wishes, but in full recognition of the duties and obligations to others which the possession of wealth imposes, we need not complain of such use.

With our conception of what commerce is and ought to be, we have, however, cause of complaint when the word "commercialism" is used as descriptive of sordid money getting.

The Teacher's True Recompense

By O. S. Marden.



ONLY a small part of a true teacher's recompense goes to him in his check or monthly payment for services. There is an impalpable reward for a successful instructor with which the coarse dollar cannot compare.

The consciousness that he has given his pupil something that will make his home brighter, his ideals finer, his life happier, brings with it an uplift of heart which is of more value to him than many times the amount of his salary. The realization that the pupil feels that something of worth has touched him, that his ambition has been aroused is payment, indeed.

What is money, compared with the consciousness that you have opened a little wider the door of some narrow life, that you have let in the life of opportunity, have shown the boy or girl that there is something in existence worth striving for? What is salary compared with the thought that you have made the dull boy feel, perhaps for the first time, that there is possible success for him, that he is not quite the dunce he has been taught to believe himself? What is financial reward pitted against the glow of hope that has been kindled in the breast of the youth who never before was encouraged to do his best? Is there anything more precious in this world than to gain the confidence, love and friendship of the boys and girls under your care, who pour out their secrets to you, and tell you freely of their hopes and ambitions?

As a rule, a teacher's salary is pitifully mean and small when compared with the magnitude of the task entrusted to him—the shaping of the destinies of thousands of young lives—and it is greatly to the honor of the teaching body that so many of its members give of their very best to their pupils without any thought of the wholly inadequate pecuniary compensation they receive.

A conscientious, successful teacher performs for his pupils and his country a service whose value can never be measured by dollars and cents.—Success.

Harvests and High Finance.

By Alexander D. Noyes.



IN the progress of contemporary finance the midsummer months of each successive year are a period of singular interest. It is then that there come into public view the forces over which neither human foresight nor human ingenuity can exercise the least control, and yet which are fundamental in their influence on National prosperity. Of all the wealth produced each year, in the modern as in the ancient world, the greater part is that which grows out of the ground; and this is precisely the portion of the world's annual production which is wholly subject to the caprices of nature. It needs but a moment's consideration to see how vitally the financial fortunes of a people depend on this question of the crops. Complete and general harvest failure, in a highly developed industrial State, means, first, the loss of a year's income to the farm community. Next, and as a natural consequence, it means the curtailment of that community's buying power, and hence a large reduction in the purchase of manufactured goods. But this must also, in the third place, involve sudden disappearance of demand for transportation, both from and to the farm communities. If there is no wheat to send to market, one-fourth of the business of the grain-carrying railway disappears; if there is no demand for city merchandise on the farms, freight traffic in the opposite direction will be decimated.

But the railway which fails to earn its dividend will not in such a case be the only sufferer. Loss of expected income by the farmer, and by the numerous trades which thrive with his prosperity, means diminished savings, decreased resources in the banks, and hence reduction of capital available for use in financial enterprise. It is a well-known fact that the enormous borrowing operations in our Eastern markets, through which the huge financial schemes of the last three years have been carried out, were made possible by the placing of Western bank credits at the disposal of Wall Street. These credits were chiefly the net result of profitable crops.

Even this does not tell all the story. Shortage in crops would be followed, necessarily, by falling exports, and falling exports foreshadow reduced demand for foreign capital. With all the extraordinary recent progress of the United States in her exportation of manufactured goods and of mine and forest products, it still remains true that our agricultural shipments make up sixty-three per cent. of our annual export trade. In other words, harvest failure jeopardizes simultaneously the fortunes of the railways and banks, and also the country's foreign credit. Alas! in 1901 and 1902, immense sums of capital were borrowed in Europe, during the spring, for use in the costly financial operations of the period. With abundant crops and consequent abundant exports, our own banks can take up such foreign loans in the autumn and carry the load themselves. But if crops are short and the foreign creditor calls for settlement, the American banks must pay in gold, depleting their own reserves at a moment when large reserves are needed. This is what happened a year ago. Human sagacity is absolutely unable to predict the situation. It can only wait to see what the farm weather of a summer season brings to pass, and adapt itself, as it best may, to the resultant conditions.—Fortune.

ALARM CLOCK FOR THE DEAF.

They Don't Hear the Buzzer, But There's Something Else Doing.

An alarm clock for deaf mutes is the novel invention of Eliza Cretzer, a deaf mute in the employ of the Washoe smelting plant, who resides at 15 Birch street. How to awake at a certain hour has long been a problem among these unfortunate people, and in Mr. Cretzer's invention the solution has been found. Of course, the ordinary alarm clock has been useless. Mr. Cretzer, who is an ingenious fellow, is a water and flume tender at the Washoe smelter. His work necessitates his rising at an early hour in the morning, and as he has no means of awakening he has lost many days of work by being late. He accordingly set about inventing an apparatus by which he could always be on time.

The dropping of a pillow on the sleeping person is the awakening agent, and it is operated so that the pillow falls at the desired time. An ordinary alarm clock is placed in a cigar box which fits it closely. It is then nailed to the wall at the head of the bed. A string connects the clapper of the alarm clock with an ordinary spring mouse trap fastened to the top of the cigar box. By a system of small pulleys and screw eyes a pillow is fastened to the end of a string and pulled to the ceiling directly above the bed. An ingenious arrangement connects the other end of the string to the mouse trap. The clock is set, and when the alarm goes off the string attached to the bell clapper springs the mouse trap and releases the pillow, which drops on the persons sleeping in the bed beneath. "When it does not hit me, it hits my wife," Mr. Cretzer wrote on a piece of paper, "and so I never miss a day any more."—Anaconda Standard.

He Convinced Her.

"Yes," said the young man, as he threw himself at the feet of the pretty school teacher, "I love you, and would go to the world's end for you."

"You could not go to the world's end for me, George. The world or the earth, as it is called, is round like a ball, slightly flattened at the poles. One of the first lessons in elementary geography is devoted to the shape of the globe. You must have studied it when you were a boy."

"Of course I did, but—"

"It is no longer a theory. Circumstances have established the fact." "I know, but what I meant was that I would do anything to please you. Ah, Angelina, if you but knew the aching void—"

"There is no such thing as a void, George. Nature abhors a vacuum. But, admitting that there could be such a thing how could the void you speak of be a void if there was an ache in it?" "I meant to say that my life will be lonely without you; that you are my daily thought and nightly dream. I would go anywhere to be with you. If you were in darkest Africa or at the North Pole I would fly to you. I—"

"Fly! It will be another century before man can fly. Even when the laws of gravitation are successfully overcome there still remains, says a late scientific authority, the difficulty of a balance—"

"Well, at all events," exclaimed the youth, "I can get over that! I've a pretty fair balance in the bank, and I want you to be my wife. There!"

"Well, George, since you put it in that light I will."—Chicago Journal.

What the Squaw Said.

Major Pratt, the United States Army officer who is in charge of the Carlisle Indian School, admits that many of his graduates who return to tribal life fall into Indian ways again. Therefore he is doing all he can to prevent the educated Indians from going back to the reservations.

He tells of an incident he saw at a Western Indian agency. A squaw entered a trader's store, wrapped in a blanket, pointed at a straw hat, and asked: "How muchee?"

"Fifty cents," said the merchant. "How muchee?" she asked again, pointing at another article. The price was quoted, and was followed by another query of "How muchee?"

Then she suddenly gazed blandly at the merchant and asked, mildly: "Do you not regard such prices as extortionate for articles of such palpably and unmistakably inferior quality? Do you not really believe that a reduction in your charges would materially enhance your pecuniary profits, as well as be ethically proper? I beg you to consider my suggestion."

She was a graduate of the Carlisle Indian School.—New York Times.

Mr. Carnegie's Trees.

"At the corner of Ninety-second street and Fifth avenue, New York City," says Arboriculture, "Mr. Carnegie is building a palatial mansion, and has brought from the farms, many miles away, some score or more of fully-grown forest trees. A few are cottonwood, which are alive. Some are elm, twelve inches diameter, which may possibly survive. The others are sugar maple, from twelve to sixteen inches diameter and sixty feet high. All the branches have been retained. The holes dug to receive the roots were seven feet diameter; main feeding roots, of course, were sacrificed, the remaining stumps of large roots hefted off three feet from the tree. All the skill which money could command has been exerted in trying to preserve these trees. Several which died the first year have been removed, some are now dead, while not one has a healthy appearance, and will succumb within a brief period."

Paper Buttons Now.

A scheme for the manufacture of paper buttons is being put forward in San Francisco. These buttons, say the promoters of the scheme, will be cheaper than the bone and metal ones, are as serviceable and of as good an appearance.

The Funny Side of Life.

The Philosopher.

The world, it is a picture book; I turn a page each day, And find, whenever I pause to look, Some scene that's grave or gay.

In spring time there he tender flowers; In summer comes the rose; The autumn fends, with frugal powers, Us 'gainst the wintry snows.

And though the present view be sad, Despair shall not engage My heart. I'll hope for something glad When next I turn a page. —Washington Star.

Don't Want to Be.

"Few men are as good as they pretend to be." "Well, what of it? Few men want to be."—Judge.

The Business Department.

"Suppose you were to discover the north pole; of what use would it be?" "Oh, I don't trouble myself with practical details of that sort; I leave all that to the manager of my lecture tour."—Washington Star.

Measurement.

"Which do you think should be more highly esteemed, money or brains?" "Brains," answered Senator Sorghum. "But nowadays the only way a man can convince people that he has brains is to get money."—Washington Star.

The Wise Man.

"One-half of the world," I say to my wise friend, "doesn't know how the other half lives." "Then," concludes my wise friend with an air of deliberation, "one-half the world hasn't any neighbors."—Judge.

In Politics For His Health.

"Eldger has got an office at last, has he? I always knew he never went into politics for his health." "That's where you're wrong him. The office he asked for and got is a consulship at a German watering place."—Chicago Record-Herald.

It Might Prove Fatal.

"There is no such thing as a void, George. Nature abhors a vacuum. But, admitting that there could be such a thing how could the void you speak of be a void if there was an ache in it?" "I meant to say that my life will be lonely without you; that you are my daily thought and nightly dream. I would go anywhere to be with you. If you were in darkest Africa or at the North Pole I would fly to you. I—"

"Fly! It will be another century before man can fly. Even when the laws of gravitation are successfully overcome there still remains, says a late scientific authority, the difficulty of a balance—"

"Well, at all events," exclaimed the youth, "I can get over that! I've a pretty fair balance in the bank, and I want you to be my wife. There!"

"Well, George, since you put it in that light I will."—Chicago Journal.

The Parson—"If you will return to your home I'm sure your father, will run to meet you and fall on your neck."

The Prodigal—"I hope not. The old man weighs three hundred pounds."—New York Journal.

Strategy.

Mrs. Homer—"How do you manage to get your carpets so clean! Do you hire a professional carpet beater?" Mrs. Neighbors—"No; my husband beats them, and I always do something to make him angry just before he begins the job."—Chicago News.

Indefinite.

"The language is so ambiguous," insisted the observant foreigner. "For instance?" I remarked, with the rising inflection of interrogation. "When a political job is spoken of how is one to know whether it is a clerkship or a contract?"—Puck.

A Trying Position.

Smithkins—"I hear you're working for a 'collection agency' now. Have you any trouble collecting?" Jenkins—"Oh! It's something fierce! The boss owes me three weeks' salary already, and I've threatened to put it into the hands of a 'collection agency.'"—Puck.

Enjoyable.

"How did you enjoy the automobile parade?" "Very much, indeed," answered the timid pedestrian. "It was very gratifying to see so many automobile proprietors going along peacefully, all in honor bound not to run over the people in front of them."—Washington Star.

Thus Spoke the Cynic.

"Curious thing about a man with a watch is that if you see him take it out and look at it, and you ask him two seconds later what time it is, he never remembers. He has to look at it again." "Yes; I've noticed that he'll always do it—if his watch is a fine one."—Chicago Tribune.

Trapped.

"Are you fond of birds?" she asked innocently, as she stood at the piano tumbling the music. "I dearly love them," he replied with never a shadow of suspicion. Then she ran her slender fingers over the keys and began to sing: "Oh, Would I Were a Bird." A new nest will be built in the spring.—Chicago News.

