

### NO LONGER YOUNG.

While crow's feet yet have spared the face,  
And time of time has left no trace  
Upon the locks which still with grace  
Above our brows have clung,  
We find our pace is growing slow,  
And, as we view the passing show,  
There comes a time when we must know  
That we're no longer young.

There comes a time when children born  
Long since our childhood's locks were  
shorn,  
The victor's boys we missed, have worn  
To praise freely sung—  
And while these exclamations flow,  
Truth's whisper in the ear sounds low  
That it is time for us to know  
That we're no longer young.

That it is time to bear the pain  
Of learning that we must remain  
Henceforth an exile from youth's reign  
In age's desert dung—  
But 'er we stagger from this blow,  
Which adds to life another woe,  
May fortune grant us longer to know  
When we're no longer young!

—Indianapolis News.

### The Love of Soo Tokion.

His name was Soo Tokion and he was the only Japanese student at a big university on a big lake. Her name was Helen Sturtevant and she was an American student at the same big university. Soo was a little fellow like really all of his race. Helen was a great, splendid creature, who towered more than a head above the little Jap. Professors and students alike had ample opportunity to note the fact that Helen was a head taller than Soo, for the little Japanese was with her whenever opportunity afforded.

The students said that Tokion came very near being a Greek word, and they wondered how the name wandered to far-off Japan. They said that the Jap didn't have much of the appearance of the Spartan about him, though he did have scholarship that might be called Athenian. At his first name, Soo, they laughed. It fitted him, they said, because it was a name that went with his build and weight. Of course the boys called him "Susie," and the Japs never minded at all until he found out that Susie was a girl's name, and that it was given to him in a sort of contempt for his pigmy build.

The Japs are noted wrestlers, and one day Susie astonished a big fellow who had applied the girl name to him by standing him on his head and nearly breaking the tormentor's neck in doing it. After that even the husky football players sunk the name Susie and spoke to the little Jap cordially and called him by the name given him in the Orient.

Now Helen Sturtevant had attracted Soo the moment his Eastern eyes beheld her. It's curious, but it's true as the synoptic gospels, that little men, that is extremely little men, manage to fall in love with big women. Helen Sturtevant liked the devotion of the Jap. She treated him with an amused sort of toleration. Every woman likes devotion, even though it is shown by a little chap.

Soo Tokion was a Buddhist, but he had become a Christian, or what is more likely, pretended conversion, so that he could go to chapel and sit near Helen Sturtevant. It was a fair-haired goddess that he was worshipping while on his knees, rather than the God of the Christians. Because Helen Sturtevant was taking a course in elocution and dramatic art Soo undertook the same course, and this gave him other opportunities to be near his adored one.

The co-eds gossiped much, and at times rather noisily about the devotion of Soo to Helen. As the girls put it the little Jap was awfully out up about the fair American and it was a shame that because Helen Sturtevant liked admiration she must encourage Soo to go on chasing his heart when there was no chance of Helen's mending it for him in the way that Soo wanted.

Helen had so many beaux among the American students that it is just barely possible that some of the co-eds thought that she might let Soo attach himself to their train, for Soo was reported to be wealthy and the big bunches of hothouse flowers that went to Helen in zero weather, when hothouse flowers cost a mint, would have been very acceptable to any of the other fair sisters of the university. Helen Sturtevant had no very serious thoughts about the Jap. She did like him in a certain way, and the bon-bons he sent her were delicious and the flowers were fragrant "and surely," the girl said to herself, "he can't mean anything serious, for he must know how utterly impossible it would be for me to think of such a thing as loving him, let alone marrying him."

Helen Sturtevant was bent on following the career of an actress. She had natural gifts. Absolutely impartial persons had told her that, and the girl felt it herself. Her father was a man of some means, and he grudging nothing that would go toward the education of his daughter and the helping toward the realization of her dramatic dreams.

One day a dozen of the co-eds were gathered in the university art studio. They were waiting the arrival of an instructor, and while waiting they sat and gossiped. Helen Sturtevant was there. The night before at a musical the attentions of Soo Tokion had been more marked than ever. He had brought a great bunch of American Beauty roses to be given to Helen when she had triumphantly finished her part in the program. It was mid-winter, and American Beauty roses were quoted at fabulous prices.

"Helen," said one of the co-eds, "you'll bankrupt Soo, rich though I understand he is. Charlie Nelson sent

me one rose last night, and one of the girls told me she had asked the price of 'Beauties' and they were \$3.50 each."

"You'll do something worse than bankrupt poor Soo, Helen," said another student; "you'll break his heart unless you keep it sound by marrying him. Frankly, dear child, everybody is talking about this thing, even the professors. Why don't you marry him?" the girl questioned, half mischievously.

Helen flushed. The idea of marrying Soo was preposterous. "Do you suppose any American girl would marry an Oriental?" she said. "The Far Eastern peoples have no more conception of the rights of a woman as a wife than has the unspeakable Turk. They may think they love a woman, but not one of them would sacrifice his own pleasure for her, let alone anything higher."

An instructor came into the studio and called the students out. Behind a screen in the corner stood a man—a man in truth, though in stature he was but a child. It was Soo Tokion. He had been at work on a clay model when the students entered. He was about to make his presence behind the screen known, when there came the words which held him silent. Now he stood trembling, and with something in the depths of his Oriental eyes that was past sounding. "No such thing as sacrifice known to my people for those whom we love?" he murmured to himself. "No regard for the rights of woman as a wife?" Then Soo Tokion murmured something in his native tongue that sounded like a prayer.

The next day there came a blow to Helen Sturtevant. Her father had failed, failed utterly and miserably, and she must give up her course. The girl was crushed bodily and mentally. The news flew through the university. Helen's father's business had gone to the wall and Helen was to leave. The stage dream had vanished with the rude awakening.

Soo Tokion heard. He sought the girl out. She was sitting alone in a corner of a music room. He went to her softly. He carried one rosebud, spotlessly white, in his hand. The girl looked up as he came. She saw him and above her own misery came the thought of what she had said the day before, and her heart smote her.

"I have heard, and I am sorry, Miss Helen," said Soo. He put the white rose in her hand and then started to speak again, but his voice broke. He uttered the one word "Helen," and before the girl knew it he had seized her hand, kissed it and was gone.

Two days after the body of a man, a little man, was recovered from the waters of the big lake. It was not hard to identify the drowned.

One week afterward Helen Sturtevant was informed by a law firm that she was the sole heiress to \$25,000, the entire fortune of Soo Tokion, university student.

With the announcement was inclosed this letter, addressed to Helen in a handwriting she knew well:

"You must keep on with your studies. I loved you. We of the East consider it a virtue to do things for those whom we love."

There is a little chapel now being built near the Presbyterian mission in a village just outside Yokohama. It is called the Soo Tokion Chapel. The village was the birthplace of Soo Tokion, student of an American university. The money was made over to the missionaries from some one known to them only as a classmate of him for whom the memorial was to be erected. The chapel's cost was \$25,000.

In an American city a regal-looking girl with sad eyes is working her way slowly but steadily upward in the profession of dramatic art.—Chicago Record-Herald.

### THE HONEST SEWER CLEANER.

How He Found His Way Into the Riches Room in the World.

Some time ago the directors of the Bank of England were startled to receive an invitation to meet an unknown man in the strong room of the bank at midnight. "You think you are all safe hand you bank is safe, but I know better. I been inside the bank the last 2 nite hand you nose nullie about it. But I am not a thear, so hif yer will mett mee in the great squar room, with all the monelays, at twelf 2 nite, he explain ord to you, let only ther 2 come down, and say nullie to nobody." The strong room was guarded the next night, in spite of a disposition to regard the letter as a hoax, by police and—nothing happened.

The next phase of the mystery was more astonishing than ever. A heavy chest of papers and securities taken from the strong room arrived at the bank with a letter, complaining that the directors had set the police upon the writer, and that he had, therefore, not appeared as promised, but to prove that he was neither a thief nor a fool he sent a chest of papers he had taken from the bank. Let a few gentlemen be alone in the room and he would join them at midnight, said the writer, and to cut short a long and strange chapter of bank history, a man with a dark lantern burst into the strong room of the bank at midnight after calling from behind the stone walls for the directors to put out the lights. He was one of a strange class of men who gained a living by searching the sewers at night, and through an opening from a sewer he had found his way into the richest room in the world.—St. James Gazette.

When Boston Harbor Froze.

Boston Harbor froze over in January of 1844, and the advertised sailing of the Britannia, then in dock, seemed surely to be impossible. But the merchants of Boston would not have it so. They met and voted to cut a way, at their own expense, through the ice, that the steamer might sail practically on time. The contract for cutting the necessary channels was given to merchants engaged, like Frederick Tudor, in the export of ice—not from the harbor. Their task was to cut, within the space of three days a channel about ten miles long. For tools they had the best machinery used in cutting fresh-water ice, and horse power was employed. The ice was from six to twelve inches in thickness. As the Advertiser of February 2, 1844, described the scene: "A great many persons have been attracted to our wharves to witness the operations and the curious spectacle of the whole harbor frozen over, and the ice has been covered by skaters, sleds and even sleighs. Tents and booths were erected upon the ice, and some parts of the harbor bore the appearance of a Russian holiday scene." On February 3 the work was done, and the Britannia, steaming slowly through the lane of open water, lined on either side by thousands of cheering spectators, made her way to the sea. Whatever the New York critics may have thought, the English managers of the company must have felt that the people of Boston were good friends to have.—Atlantic.

Changed His Mind.

Jinks, like other men, has a horror of infant prodigies as exploited by their proud papas. Recently Blinks met him with:

"Hello, Jinks! What do you think my girl said this morning? She's the brightest four-year-old in town. She said—"

Jinks shied. "Excuse me, old man!" he exclaimed. "I'm on my way to keep an engagement. Some other time—"

"She said, 'Papa, that Mr. Jinks is the handsomest man I know.' Haw, haw, haw! How's that for precocity, eh?"

And Jinks replied: "Blinks, I'm a little early for my engagement. That youngster certainly is a bright one. Come into this toy store and help me select a few things that will please a girl of her taste, and I'll send them to her, if you don't mind."—New York Times.

King Edward Never Forgets.

King Edward VII. would, if approached on the subject, doubtless lay a good portion of his popularity with the masses at the door of his wonderful memory. Hardly is it believed that another could be found to match it in the present day. The King never forgets a face nor a name, and both he associates in his mind with his connecting place or incident.

But this is not altogether an incomprehensible trait with the King. The implanting of memory was a hobby, if one may so speak, of Queen Victoria. In his boyhood the King was made to repeat to his tutor every night before going to bed the names of the persons he had met during the day, the circumstances under which he had met them, and made also to repeat, as nearly verbatim as possible, the conversations in which he had taken a part.

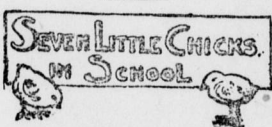
Improving Chicago's English.

A literary purist is making the rounds of the Chicago stores—or shall we say shops?—and some very serviceable slang is being condemned to disuse. The young women have little notebooks in which are the following rules: "The following words are not to be used: 'Customer,' 'department,' 'miss' or 'lady,' 'flat' or 'house,' 'saleslady' or 'clerk' or 'floorwalker.' Instead say 'patron,' 'section,' 'madame,' 'apartment' or 'residence,' 'sales-person' or 'usher.' It is requested by the management that the use of colored stocks and brightly colored neckties be discontinued. Do not raise the voice to attract the attention of the call boy or of the usher."—Kansas City Journal.

### CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.



KEEP AWAY FROM PUT-OFF TOWN. Did you ever go to Put-Off Town, Where the houses are old and tumble-down, And everything carries and everything drags, With dirty streets and people in rags? On the streets of Slow lives Old Man Wait, And his two little boys, named Linger and Late, With unclean hands and tousled hair, And a naughty sister named Don't Care. To play all day in Tarry Street, Leaving your errands for other feet; To stop, or shirk, or linger, or frown, Is the nearest way to this old town. —Ram's Horn.



"I am an old hen and I have gone through many strange adventures and have seen many strange sights in the world, but I can recall one which to me seems the strangest of all. "It was a bright sunny morning when my little mistress put me and my chicks in a large box and took us to a big building which she called 'school.' "School! School! I wish to this very day there never was such a thing as school. To think how my poor little chicks were abused! "First we were taken into a room where the children crowded around to see us and almost tumbled over the box we were in. Then they took my chicks up in their hands and I became very angry, for I was sure they would squeeze them. "But after a time I was taken to another room. There it was worse than

in a circle, one of them, to whom his back is turned, gently lifts the whistle and blows it, and then as gently drops it. This must be done quickly. Others blow the whistle in the same way, as they get a chance, and the hunter is urged to find it. If they are



HOW TO ENGRAVE GLASS. A famous French chemist, Cailliet, has discovered a very simple and easy way to engrave glass. The method is to cover a tumbler or bottle or other glass object with a thin, smooth and thoroughly laid on covering of glue. Either very good cabinet maker's glue or fish glue will serve perfectly. The only care that must be taken is to see that there are no air bubbles in the glue after it has been applied, and

### Missing Captain Puzzle.



Mrs. Heald, wife of Captain Heald, defending herself from Indians at the massacre of Detroit, August 15, 1812. Find Captain Heald and Lieutenant Helm.

ever. The children made such a noise that (if I could), I would have covered my ears. Then a little boy dropped one of my chicks. I flew at him and pecked him, but he ran to his seat and did not return to visit me and my chicks again. I think he was sorry. "Then my dear little pet 'Blacky' got some ink on his nose, poor chick. "O, dear, wasn't I glad when I was home once more with my little brood around me, safe and sound, chirping as happy as ever? I don't care so much about it now, as long as it's all over, but there's one thing I've learned since then, and that is that chickens belong in a nice, shady chicken coop, and not in school."—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE LOST WHISTLE. The game of Lost Whistle will make lots of fun for a little while, but it cannot, as you will see, be played more than once during the evening, for everybody then finds out the secret on which its success depends. It is necessary for the whistle hunter to be a person who knows nothing about the game. When such a person has been selected, blindfold him and carefully attach the whistle to the back of his coat by means of a string and a bent pin. As he is not to know what you are doing, a gentle touch is necessary. And the whistle must be very small and light, so that he may not feel it strike him as he moves about. When the whistle has been attached, take off the hunter's blind and then the players all standing around him

### WISE WORDS.

Uniformity is not unity. Character needs no safe. Patience produces peace. Self-saving is soul-losing. Aesthetics are not ethics. A teacher is not a taskmaster. Our wills determine our work. Paint does not make a painter. Preparation precedes progress. Mercy is the badge of majesty. Faith overcomes many failures. Hope is the heart of aspiration. Labor is for man and not man for labor. The poor in spirit are rich in possibilities. Pleasant circumstances may not be ours, but we can have sunny souls. The green wood of innocence burns quickly amongst the dry sticks of vice. Solitude is as necessary to the soul as companionship is to the character. The only way some people expect peace is by making their own opinions prevail. It is easier to sweep off the snow of an act than to break the ice of habits. —Ram's Horn.

Greedy Animals. It may be doubted whether those of us who are able to obtain sufficient food without difficulty can appreciate the craving for sustenance experienced by sea birds and other animals, which have often, by force of circumstances, to fast for long periods. Gulls will eat until they cannot fly, and when they find pilchards or board a boat will continue their feast until they can only lie down and gasp. A superfluity of food comes at such long intervals that when it does come the avian intellect reels at the prospect, and what seems a horn of plenty brings dire disaster. Seeing that gulls and gannets know no better, we are not surprised to hear of a John Dory, stuffed to the very mouth, floating helplessly on the surface of the water, unable to escape from a flock of sea birds which have deprived it of its eyesight and will quickly take away its life. A snake which thrusts its head through the pallings to seize an unwary frog, and finds itself unable to draw back again with the frog in its throat, has wit enough to disgorge the amphibian, and to deftly draw it through by the leg so as to swallow it on the safe side of the pallings; but probably a snake which happened to be on the wrong side in company with a frog would consume it on the premises and so render itself incapable of wriggling through the bars.—Longman's Magazine.

Salutes and Messes in France. General Andre, French Minister of War, has introduced two innovations which have been the subject of some little discussion. In the first place, he has allowed bachelor officers to take their meals with their comrades of not, as they like. There was, hitherto, no "mess" that is to say, the officers' regiments did not dine together in barracks in state, all being socially equal, as ours do. They usually arranged with some hotel or restaurant for a monthly "pension," the bachelor captains feeding at one table, the unmarried lieutenants at another, often in another house, and so forth. Now they may arrange as they please, and together or separate, according to their respective tastes. Another change—but this may be only temporary—has been brought about by the suppression of the movements of advancing and presenting arms. The orders "Portes armes" and "Presentez armes" are no longer heard. It is argued that these movements took long to learn and were of no particular service. So arms are no more to be presented to officers and to high functionaries who were entitled to the compliment. But of course this does not mean that all military salutes are to be abolished. The presenting of arms to officers and functionaries and to high officials simply disappears with the abolition of the movement.

Persistence of a Glasgow Printer. R. B. Johnstone, a Glasgow printer, has just completed the remarkable task of writing out the whole of the Old Testament. From Genesis to Malachi Mr. Johnstone has written every word in the Old Testament, not in his ordinary handwriting, but in a unique style of print, which made the labor of transcription all the more arduous. The initial letter of each chapter has been especially designed, and carried out in a highly florid and artistic fashion. Not only so, but the beginning and end of each book has given this unique penman an opportunity for illuminating the text with wonderful pen and ink illustrations. The top of each page, too, is highly ornamented, no two pages having the same design. Mr. Johnstone spent on this work the leisure time during seven years. The whole work consists of 992 pages of large post quarto parchment paper, and if there is a manifold variation of ornament, the ordinary lettering has the merit of a uniformity almost equal to that of type. The hand print made use of by Mr. Johnstone has been composed itself to a firm of London type foundries, who have prepared types from it, paying him £50 for his design.

Dr. Nansen's Fancy. Dr. Nansen has a liking for bright colors. That is why his ship, the Fram, was painted green, gray, scarlet and white, picked out with gold. The explorer is a clever artist, and a lover of music—of his wife's singing especially—but he does not care for so-called "artistic" furniture. The desk at which he does all his work when at home at his place at Lysaker, six miles from Christiania, is merely a huge kitchen table.—Tit-Bits.