

ANTITHESIS.

Creators from mind their character derive,
Mind-marched are they, and mind-made;
If with pure mind one speak or act,
Him doth pain follow,
As the wheel the beast of burden's foot.

Creators from mind their character derive,
Mind-marched are they, and mind-made;
If with pure mind one speak or act,
Him doth happiness follow,
Even as a shadow that declineth not.

Even as rain
An ill-thatched house doth penetrate,
So penetrateth passion
An heart ill trained in thought.

Even as rain doth penetrate not
A well-thatched house,
So passion penetrateth not
An heart well trained in thought.

—From the East of Asia Magazine, translated from the Poil by A. J. Edmunds.

THE YOUNG REPORTER'S DILEMMA.

"Sheridan," remarked the city editor, with his accustomed colorless brevity, without glancing up from his desk, "I want this story in by 3 o'clock." He pushed a slip of paper across his desk almost instinctively in the direction of the young reporter and promptly submerged his identity in the ever-present problem of news values.

Sheridan rose from his seat at the reporters' table, and, crossing the room, picked up the bit of paper. It was an easy assignment, being merely an interview with a charming young society woman concerning her alleged engagement to an English duke, but the athletic young reporter suddenly turned white and leaned heavily against the editorial desk for support.

The city editor, dimly conscious that something was wrong, came to the surface and realized that instead of a banging of a door, followed by the absence of Sheridan, the said Sheridan remained leaning heavily against the editorial desk.

"I can't take this assignment," he faltered at length.

"Why not?" asked his chief in astonishment.

"Because I used to know Miss Winterton," he answered with difficulty.

"Then so much the better for the Argus," said the city editor smiling, "you seem to be just the man for us."

"She was once a very dear friend of mine," went on Sheridan in a low tone, "and you must see how impossible it would be for me to go to her on such an errand. I can't do it, that's all."

The city editor sighed deeply, and emerged from his flood of items. He looked the young man squarely in the eyes. It was a crisis for which he was prepared sooner or later in the case of a novice. Usually he said: "I don't care a hang if your father was the czar of all the Russias, you've got to sink your identity when you enter this office. Try to forget that once you were your father's son, and remember with all your soul that you're only a reporter on the Daily Argus."

This useful advice was followed either by an emphatic slam of the door as the young reporter began to sink his identity in that of the Argus, or by an immediate resignation couched with cold civility. But this time, glancing up at the handsome, refined face regarding him with such frank distress and perplexity, the city editor said quite gently for him who was wont to growl as the bear: "You know, Mr. Sheridan, we news-reporters are obliged to belong to the neuter gender."

Although a self-made man himself, and thoroughly proud of the fact, the city editor suddenly experienced a feeling akin to compassion for young Sheridan, whom an unexpected flurry in Wall street had robbed of his princely inheritance. It occurred to him that possibly the struggle of an impoverished millionaire might offer difficulties even more overwhelming than those of a man accustomed to hardships from his birth.

Suddenly, without a word, Sheridan turned and left the room. As the door banged behind him, the city editor sank down again in his items with a sigh of relief that his most promising reporter had not given in his resignation.

The footman smiled broadly as he answered the bell, for Sheridan had been a great favorite with the Winterton servants, but the young man's face was unusually grave as he said, briefly:

"Please tell Miss Winterton that a reporter from the Daily Argus wishes to interview her."

The footman's smile widened into an instantly suppressed grin as he listened to this message. He recalled the day, not so very distant, when the young millionaire had driven up in state to the door, and, pressing a gold piece in his hand, had bidden him tell his mistress that a detective would have speech with her at once upon important business. Later, when he was serving the coffee in the drawing room, he had overheard Miss Marion telling her father about an exquisite diamond ring which an unknown detective had found at Tiffany's, and recognized as hers by reason of its surpassing beauty; whereat Mr. Winterton had been much mystified until the young girl laughingly had explained, and showed him the brilliant bauble sparkling on her finger.

"But it doesn't prove to me that Tom Sheridan is a clever detective just because he thinks the finest diamond at Tiffany's belongs to you," teased her father, and the young girl had blushed and smiled as she confessed that Tom had done some very clever work, indeed, in discovering her feeling toward him. "But don't you think that was

painfully evident?" said the heartless parent.

How familiar it all seemed. Outside he caught a glimpse of steadily falling snow between the heavy folds of the Venetian curtains, but within all was summer-like and soothing. A fire of driftwood sent a delicious warmth through the apartment. A giant bowl of ancient delft brimming over with the delicate La France roses she loved, offered him their incense generously. There was her violin in a corner. The night he had learned he had nothing, and had given her back her freedom, she had played to him in the firelight. It was burned into his memory ineffaceably. He saw again her tall, slight figure in its clinging, white draperies, her charming face bent softly above her violin as she played "Du bist Wie Eine Blume," and sang the words almost whisperingly. It was a moment he would never forget, but least it was the moment before he had lost her forever, and men remember such things.

How dear and familiar it all was. It would be so easy, so very easy, to turn back time for a little month to that moment when he had stood there in that same place, eager, happy, unconscious, waiting for the sight of her, for the wonderful sound of her voice. The warmth, the fragrance, the delightful, artistic comfort of the room made a harmonious prelude to the bliss of her arrival. When she entered it was like a flash of lovely sunlight after darkness.

He heard her light footsteps coming tripping by down the oak staircase. In a moment he would see her again, charming, riant face, so dear, so different from all other faces, the one face of his dreams, of his prayers.

He took a step toward the door, and then his eyes fell upon a copy of the Daily Argus lying on a table before him. He turned aside brusquely and walked quickly to the window, where the snow was falling steadily beyond the Venetian curtains. But of the weather he was quite unconscious. He saw suddenly the busy, mask-like face of the city editor, the hard, white glare of the green-shaded electric lamp circling down upon his bent head and beneath the pulsing thunder of his brain he heard the city editor's voice saying: "You know, Mr. Sheridan, we news reporters are obliged to belong to the neuter gender."

He must never forget those words again.

"Oh, Tom, dearest," said the voice which was so wonderful and so different from all other voices in the world, "I really began to think you never were coming to see me again."

There was a curious mixture of joy and pain and bubbling, irrepressible laughter in her tone. Sheridan turned away from the dreary reality of brown-stone houses frowning grimly in the falling snow, back to the enchanting but forbidden delight of the room so summer-soft and soothing. He dared not lift his eyes to hers, but he said quite firmly in view of the mad beating of his heart:

"I have been sent up by the Daily Argus to interview you about your engagement, Miss Winterton."

"Oh, indeed," said the girl, smiling happily, "you may tell them it's quite true."

"Oh, Marie!" burst forth poor Sheridan, helplessly in spite of his fixed determination to merge his identity in that of his paper. "It isn't, it can't be true?"

"Yes, it is, dearest," she said, going straight up to him and putting her hands on his broad shoulders. "You ought to know it's been true for nearly three months, Tom."

"But I gave you back your freedom, you know," gasped the young man in bewilderment.

"I know you tried to," she whispered to his coat; "but, you foolish Tom, didn't you notice that I didn't take it?"

The editorial rooms of the Daily Argus were unenriched by the presence of young Sheridan on the day of his unsuccessful attempt to merge his identity in that of the paper. The city editor was in a very bad humor on account of this extraordinary fact, as all the office boys could bear testimony. An entire column had been reserved confidently for Sheridan's story, and as a result of his default a column of elderly tid-bits had disgraced the evening edition.

The temperature was far below zero on the following morning when the young reporter came in.

"Sheridan," began the city editor, sternly, "where is your story?"

"Well," confessed the young man, flushing with the consciousness of guilt, "she admitted she's engaged, but it's not to be announced yet. And it is not the English duke, after all."

"Who is it, then? Did you get his name?" asked the editor, professionally on the alert.

"I got his name and address," said Sheridan, still smiling guiltily, "but she asked me, as a special favor, not to give it to the press just yet. However, she promises the Argus exclusive news later."

"Umph!" growled the city editor.

John Boyle's Tragedy.
In 1873 John Boyle of Detroit was rejected as a juror in a murder trial because he knew too much about the case. Since that time he has read only the headlines of murder "stories" in the daily newspapers, in order to be qualified for jury service when he should next be called upon to perform that exalted duty of citizenship. His opportunity came in a big trial the other day, and he was rejected on account of his age.



The Old-Fashioned Boy.

He has dimples,—laughter-wells,
And his ears are pretty shells!

He will very rarely cry,
Smiles are shining in his eye!

He is just as full of fun
As a kitten in the sun!

On his head a ribboned curl
Makes him look "most like a girl!"

What a blessing and a joy
Is my fat, old-fashioned boy!

—Chicago Register.

Lion.

Lion is a big black dog, whose master sends him to the postoffice for his letters. When the clerk sees the shaggy head at the window he puts the letters and paper in Lion's mouth, and away he trots, never losing a bit of it. One day, when coming home from the office, he saw a piece of cake on the sidewalk. Now Lion is very fond of cake, and he was hungry; but if he put the letters down some one might run off with them, for it was on a busy street. The shaggy head was still for a minute, as if thinking, when, dropping the letters carefully on the sidewalk, he placed one big black paw on them, and then ate the cake as if he enjoyed it.—Light of Truth.

"Diogenes the Wise."

With all his faults the old philosopher of Athens was often called "Diogenes the Wise." Whether his wisdom was really so great as to deserve that title may be doubted. But his worst faults seem to have been good qualities carried to excess. In opposing too much luxury, he cut himself off from the comforts of life; in his eagerness to make life simple, he lost sight of its gentilities; he was saving at the expense of neatness, truthful at the cost of courtesy, and plain spoken even to rudeness. One would say that he was coarse grained by nature, but he showed signs of tenderness and even refinement, which proved that the grain was not entirely coarse, and which made us wonder at an age that could produce two men so wise and yet so different as Diogenes the rude, "walking philosopher" of his time, and Plato, the polished and aristocratic gentleman.—St. Nicholas.

Which Are You?

Two boys went to gather grapes. One was happy because they found grapes. The other was unhappy because the grapes had seeds in them.

Two men, being convalescent, were asked how they were. One said, "I am better today." The other said, "I was worse yesterday."

When it rains one man says, "This will make mud;" another, "This will lay the dust."

Two boys examined a bush. One observed that it had a thorn; the other that it had a rose.

Two children looking through colored glasses, one said, "The world is blue;" and the other said, "It is bright."

Two boys having a bee, one got honey, the other got stung. The first called it a honey bee, the other a stinging bee.

"I am glad that I live," says one man. "I am sorry I must die," says another.

"I am glad," says one, "that it is no worse." "I am sorry," says another, "that it is no better."

One says, "Our good is mixed with evil." Another says, "Our evil is mixed with good."—Christian Register.

Conundrums.

What is the difference between Joan of Arc and Noah's ark? One was made of gopher wood and the other Maid of Orleans.

What is the difference between a chicken with one wing and one with two? A difference of (a) o-pinion.

What is the greatest thing to take before singing? Breath.

Why is Cupid a poor marksman? He is always making Mrs. (misses).

Why do most girls like ribbons? They think the beaux becoming.

Why is a blacksmith's apron like an unpopular girl? It keeps the sparks off.

Why are girls good postoffice clerks? Because they understand managing the mails.

What animals are admitted to the opera? White kids.

When is a girl like a mirror? When she is a good looking (g) lass.

When is a schoolmaster like a man with one eye? When he has a vacancy for a pupil.

In what key should a declaration of love be made? Be mine ah! (B minor).

Why is a sheet of postage stamps like distant relatives? Because they are only slightly connected.

Why can the world never come to an end? Because it is round.

First Impressions.

"Hurry up, mother! They close the doors when it is 9 o'clock, you know." It was his first day at school, and the little lad could scarcely await the moment for departure. His constant chatter showed his fear of being late. But at last the hour arrived, and he was shown into a large room where there were many children. His eyes opened wider and wider, but he did not have a word to say; his time was all taken up with just looking. Presently he found that his mother was kissing him, and telling him to be a good boy. Then a strange young lady

standing near took him in charge. Where was mother going? What was this strange woman going to do with him? His eyes, as he looked at his mother, wore an expression at once scared and pleading.

But he remembered that father had told him to be his solid little man, and not let all the children think he was a baby. So he bravely swallowed that funny lump in his throat, which somehow made his voice sound so odd and queer as he said to his mother, "Good by, mother! Be sure and come for me at noon."

Thus began his first school day. He was placed on a hard little seat behind a tiny desk, and for a time he felt that if he moved a finger something awful would happen; but soon he saw that things were taking place around him, and he raised his head. He looked at the other boys, front, back and all around, and presently he saw one boy stand up and say, "C-a-t." Then another boy stood up and said, "B-o-y." Was that all they learned at school? Why, he knew how to spell those words long ago! He thought he was going to learn something new. His heart swelled with all the importance of his seven years, and he could scarcely sit still until he was given a chance to show them how easily he could spell and count all that they were spelling and counting.

Then when 12 o'clock came and he marched with the others like little soldiers to the street, this little lad looked eagerly for a face that he was sure would be waiting. With one little scream he fairly flew to her, and clasping his arms round her neck, said:

"Mother, this is such a funny school! They didn't teach us anything new at all. The teacher just told the boys how to spell cat and pig and hen. But I showed her I could do much better than that."

"Well, what did my little boy say when the teacher asked him to spell?" "Why, she wanted me to spell cow, but I just got up and said, 'M-i-s-s-s-s-s-i-p-p-i.'"—Youth's Companion.

Animals That Swim.

There is hardly an animal known that cannot swim. Most animals are perfectly ready to swim when necessary, and will cross deep water by swimming rather than to go around it. Some animals swim only when the greatest necessity drives them to it.

Birds, on the other hand, cannot swim unless they are water fowl. Every one knows how miserably chickens perish in water. Song birds are equally helpless. Even the waders drown in deep water.

It is a common belief that pigs cannot swim, or, rather, that, although they cannot swim, they will "cut their throats" with their front hoofs in the struggle.

As a matter of fact the domestic pig is not a willing swimmer, and will take to the water only in the most serious emergency. But the wild boar swims readily, and takes to the water invariably if hunted in a direction that leads to it.

The domestic cat is a very good and swift swimmer, despite her objection to water. In an experiment made by the writer, a cat beat a water spaniel. Both were thrown overboard a measured quarter of a mile from shore, and the cat got in first.

The cat's superior speed was not due to her fear of the water, for she was one of those rare cats that go in voluntarily. The dog was fully as anxious to reach shore as the cat, for he was frantic with eagerness to get to his master who stood on the land.

The cat in question belonged to me when I opened a fishing camp on a marsh island in the middle of one of the big salt water bays on the south shore of Long Island. She was a great, ugly black cat, and as she had been born on the marsh, she was accustomed to the water from the beginning.

When she was still a tiny kitten, she used to amuse us and our visitors by lying close to the water and making swift dashes with her claws at the little minnows that flashed past.

Finally, one day, we were surprised to find her standing in the water. She had waded out so far that only her shoulders and head were above the surface and there she stood fishing. For a long time she did not move a muscle. Then suddenly she made a quick motion with her left fore claws and backed out of the water with a little blackfish.

From that day on it became unnecessary to feed the cat. She hunted for her own food regularly and for several years she ate absolutely nothing but fish, except in winter.

She became so greedy for fish that she would leap into boats as soon as they came alongside and steal the first fish that she could seize. Finally it became customary for the fishermen to anchor their boats in front of the camp and wade ashore to prevent the thief from getting any of their catch.

As the beach was shelving, the boats often were anchored 200 feet out from shore. One day I saw something move in one of the boats and then I saw our black cat climb furiously out of the bow with a fish in her mouth. She slipped gently into the water and swam ashore with her spoil.

After that she made a regular practice of swimming out to boats until she became a nuisance. Her sins were made worse by the fact that, although she would stand in the water patiently for hours waiting for a fish, she refused absolutely to catch the white rats with which the creek was infested.

So there was no grief among us when a stranger seeing the cat swim across the creek one day imagined that she was some curious sea creature and shot her dead.—San Francisco Chronicle.

PHILIPPINE FARMING.

A PROBLEM TO MAKE TROPICAL AGRICULTURE PROFITABLE.

The American Who Without Special Training Attempts to Farm in Our Island Archipelago Is Taking Desperate Chances—Where to Study.

The farming community in the older eastern and southern portions of the United States constitutes, if I may be pardoned the use of a seeming paradox, a conservative-progressive element of our people, whose conservatism finds expression in clinging to the old farm and its associations, and whose progressiveness takes form in adopting with alacrity every scientific or practical device that facilitates farm operations.

He has, and perhaps truly, been charged as of laggard intuitions, and of slow, even dense, perceptions; but none gainsay that he is very sure and apt to arrive at very correct conclusions whether his mental processes be of the hare or tortoise order. His sound sense and very good judgment are emphasized by the fact that he, better than any one else, knows his own limitations in his own craft. He knows that the underlying principles in agriculture are governed by the same laws on the equator as at the poles. Having mastered those principles, he also knows that in a fair field, and without fear or favor, his prospects of success in a new and untried field of tropical agriculture would be far brighter than those of any layman however industrious and energetic.

But this American farmer has not yet arrived in the Philippines, and, worse luck for us, there is little danger that he will be conspicuous here for many years to come—except by his absence.

No; he is not here, nor will he be here in our generation, and the simple explanation may be found in that earlier tribute to his average good sense and that profound knowledge of his own limitations; to the knowledge that tells him that notwithstanding the advantages that his training and experience would give him, the successful practice of tropical agriculture would impose upon him the acquisition of a new and almost distinct profession.

In time and as he learns upon credible sources of information of the prosecution of large and successful farming enterprises in these parts, he will cautiously send out his sons, not as farmers, but as apprentices or laborers, upon these estates where they may round out and perfect the initial training they have had in agricultural schools or upon the old homestead. Meanwhile, while we lack, and will continue to lack, the American farmer, we have a very considerable number of Americans, who propose "to enter" tropical agriculture with the same insouciant unconcern and easy aplomb with which they would saunter into a dining room or through an open gateway.

These same people are shocked—sometimes distinctly offended—if asked why they do not "enter" the ministry, or, equally untrained, do not "enter" as special counsel in litigation involving millions, or into a hospital to perform an operation in tomy or obstetrics.

Inquiry develops the fact that a few, a very few of these candidates for graduation in and the practice of tropical agriculture have been born upon a farm, and perhaps do farm chores till 12 or 15 years of age. For these few there is a fighting chance of success, as they realize that they are coping with a man's task and a child's equipment for the undertaking.

But what can be said of the chances of the large remainder? of the 90 per cent, made up of discharged soldiers, disappointed miners, adventurers, whatnots, or anybody except farmers who could with equal hope of success undertake the construction of a twin-screw battleship as the equally complex problems of tropical agriculture?

The truly pitiable feature of this phase of the case is that many of this class are not only sincerely in earnest but by frugality and industry have accumulated a few hundred or a few thousand dollars that they now seek to invest in tropical agriculture, and seek either information or advice as to the best cultivations to undertake which, between the lines should be read to say, the easiest channels in which to lose their hard-earned savings.

Where advice alone is asked, and the adviser knows his business, and is conscientious, he can have but one unflinching reply to make: "Go to Java, the Federated Malay States, or Ceylon, and hire out as an apprentice or farm hand for two or three years on some of the very many large and well-managed farm estates, supplement your day labor with very night study, and then you may return fairly well equipped to undertake tropical farming in the Philippines without incurring the almost certain disaster that most otherwise undertake you."

Nothing will suit the victim but that he plunge in medias res and flounder at once in the complexities of abaca, copra, cacao, coffee, indigo, or vanilla. Inflamed with the tales of untold wealth that sometimes are broadly exposed in newspaper columns, but not infrequently well entrenched and concealed from view upon the farm; he hastens to do the little he hears and reads, and this is all sufficient to win the day.

He needs only to drop a cocoanut in the sand or dibble in an abaca sucker and Mother Nature will do the rest.

It must be conceded that at the present moment, stimulated by enormous demand and abnormal prices, Mother Nature, so far as these two products

are concerned, is traveling well up. But when the normal is restored, as it undoubtedly will be (for markets are like pendulums), then Mother Nature will balk and can only be coaxed out of her routine pace by the application of such stratagem and artifice as may only be commanded by him whose training, experience, and profound knowledge of the special cultivation in hand assures his mastery of the situation.

With the varied scientific knowledge and comprehensive grasp of the application of scientific principles with this fact so generally known to laymen, it seems little short of marvellous to find there are still people upon the earth who have not outlived the old-time reproach "When a man hasn't brains enough to make a living, make a farmer of him." That the reproach is not all undeserved is demonstrated by the many untrained recruits in the Philippines standing ready to jump into the realities of a calling whose technical demands are far more exacting than those in the highest lines of industrial art, and in some respect more than in the so-called learned professions.

This man is sui-generis, and for purposes of identification must hereafter be classed as the "American Farmer in the Philippines."—W. S. Lyon, Philippine Bureau of Agriculture, in Manila Times.

WONDERFUL THING IS STARCH.

Read What the Learned Grocer Has to Say About It.

"A package of starch?" asked the intelligent and learned grocer; and as he wrapped the package up he talked.

"Starch originated," he said, "in Flanders. It was introduced into England, with the big ruff, in the time of Queen Elizabeth. It was like our starch of today, except that it was made in colors—red, yellow, green, blue. The effect of this was to tint delicately the white linen to which the starch might be applied.

"Before Queen Elizabeth's time ruffles and ruffs were made of fine Holland, which required no stiffening. Then the ruffs of cambric came and these of necessity be starched."

The grocer, consulting his memorandum book, resumed:

"It is recorded that when the Queen had ruffs made of lawn and cambric for her own princely wearing there was none in England could tell how to starch them; but the Queen made special means for some women that could starch, and Mrs. Guilham, wife of the royal coachman, was the first starcher."

"In 1564 a Flanders woman, Frau Van der Plasse, came to London and established there a school for the teaching of starching. This school succeeded. The Flanders frau got rich. She charged 25 a lesson, and an extra 20 shillings for a recipe for the making of starch out of wheat flour, bran and roots.

"Yellow was the most fashionable color among the nobility. The fast, racing set went in for green. The Puritans used blue starch though at first they had been against the stuff altogether, dubbing it: 'A certain kind of liquid matter which they call starch, wherein the devil hath willed them to wash and dive their ruffs, which when they be dry, will then stand stiff and inflexible about their necks.'

"Starch is made from wheat, corn and potatoes, and starving men have often subsisted on it, finding it nourishing, though not tasty."—Philadelphia Record.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The biggest wheat field in the world is in the Argentine. It belongs to an Italian named Guazone and covers just over 100 square miles.

In Lynn, Mass., 24,000,000 pairs of shoes were made last year; in Brockton, 17,000,000 pairs and in Haverhill, 12,000,000 pairs. These three cities, therefore, turned out enough shoes to supply one pair for two-thirds of the population of the country.

The most widely separated points between which a telegram can be sent are British Columbia and New Zealand. A telegram sent from one to the other would make nearly a circuit of the globe and would traverse over 20,000 miles in doing so.

Joseph Powell, a 13-year-old boy who lives in New Albany, Ind., has literally outgrown his skin. During a six months' illness his height increased 12 inches and his skin became as tight as a drumhead, finally bursting in several places. The breaks are now healing.

By a law recently enacted in Russia, any university or high school student who creates or causes disorder shall be drafted into the army for a period of from one to three years. This is to curb the rashness and fondness for mischief of college students, who imagine they have the privilege to annoy all creation.

A fence nearly 200 feet long at Livingston, Mont., is made entirely of horns of the elk—more properly called wapiti. These animals, like the others of the deer family, shed their horns once a year and grow new ones. The old horns are found in large numbers in the forests, and are used for various commercial purposes.

Fiery Sarcasm.

"The house is on fire!" cried the tenor. "The audience must be dismissed as quickly as possible."

"All right," replied the manager. "Say nothing about the fire. Go out and sing."—Tit-Bits.