PATHETIC PLEA FOR CHILDREN

Words of Charles Kingsley Worth Heeging by Every War and Wornan of Art William

To not decer way arrely about the Intle dirty, off-asive children in the street if they be offensive to you, they are not to him that made them a Take heed that ie despise not one of these little ones for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always Schold the face of my father which Is in heaven he there not in every one of them, as in you, the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. And know you not who that hight is, and what he said of little children? Then take heed, I say, lest you despise one of these little ones. Listen not to the Pharisee when he says: Except the little child be converted, and become as I am, he shall in nowise enter into the kingdom of heaven. But listen to the voice of him who knew what is in man, when he said: "Except ye be converted, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." Their souls are like their bodies, not perfect, but beautiful enough and fresh enough to shame anyone who shall dare to look down upon them. Their souls are like their bodies, hidden by the rags, foul with the dirt of what we miscall civilization. But take them to the pure stream, strip off the ugly, shapeless rags wash the young limbs again, and you shall find them, body and soul, fresh and lithe, graceful and capablecapable of how much God alone who made them knows.—From Charles Kingsley's Address on Human Soot.

GAVE HIM SOME NEW IDEAS

Possimistic Man of Forty Wonderfully Cheered by a Few Remarks Made by His Wife.

"Darnation, I'm forty today." he groaned. Look at my wrinkles. Look at my bald spot. Look at the gray hair above my ears. Youth is gonethe grave approaches and I'm so wretched that I think I'll go and drink 50 beers."

But his good wife responded: "Cheer up. Intelligent men, thinkwers and brain-workers like yourself. have always been distinguished for a hale and happy longevity. Solon. Sophocles, Pindar and Anacreon were octogenarians. Goethe, over eighty, did some of his best work. So did Kant, Buffon, Newton, Pontenelle and Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood.

"Landor wrote his most beautiful Imaginary Conversations at eightygre. Izaak Walton at ninety had a fluent forceful pon. Hahnemann at eighty married, and at minety-one made some of his most fruitful dis-Angelo's canvases when he was eighty-nine were as vigsorous as they had been at sixty years before. Titian was doing good work at ninety. Newton at eighty-three-But here the man, wenderfully perk-

ed up, interrupted ber. "I guess I won't get drunk after all." he said. "Get my hat, my dear, and we'll go to the movies and wind us with an oyster supper."

Oldest Order. What is the oldest order in ex istence? The claim is made for that of the Holy Sepulchre, the grand offservice of which has just been conflerred by the pope on a member of the drick Nationalist party. Sir Thomas Grattan Esmend. It appears that no date or the name of a founder can be manigned to the Order of the Holy Bepulchre, though there is a legendary tradition that traces its origin to the time of Charlemagne. In the middle of the last century, however, when the Latin Patriarchete of Jerusalem was reestablished, the office of grand master of the order was transferred to It by Pope Plus the Ninth, who many years later, in 1838, created by stattite three ranks of the order—the grand cross, commander and knight. The contame is a white cloak with the Cross of Jerusalem in red enamel. The pope himself is grand master of the order.-Westminster Gazette.

Precaution Rarely Taken. A German medical journal draws attention to a possible factor in the spread of infections conditions of the mouth, nose, and pharynx that is not sufficiently recognized in many households. It points out that common table stensile, such as forks, spoons and glasses, which come into contact with the mouth, are usually washed altogether, often with little care, and dried on the same cloth. This gives great opportunity for the distribution of infective agencies. For this reason particular care should be exercised in families where any member may be suffering from an infectious disease to sterilize the table utenalls used in holling water. People who complain of "catching cold" in many instances are merely catching infection from little understood and preventable sources.

> Sheridan's "Dobt of Honor." A "debt of honor" story that may be worth recalling concerns that prince of debtors, Richard Brinsley Sheridan. One day a creditor came into Sheridan's room and found him seated before a table strews with gold mad notes?

> "It's no use looking at that, my good follow," said Sheridan, "that is all be spoken for dobts of honor." well," replied the tradesman, tearing his security and throwing it in the fire, "now mine is a debt of bonor. "So it is, and must be paid at once," said Sheridan, and handed him the

DEEP BREATHING BEFORE BED

English Physician Gives Some Simple Rules That Will Aid Seekers After Health.

A correspondent of the Medical Times sends an interesting note on deep breathing. The best time (he says) seems to be immediately before retiring to bed, as, doing nothing more before lying down, the habit continues and becomes fixed; the window, of

course, should be open more or less. After breathing in as much as possible through the nose (out, anyhow, either mouth or nose), the nose should be held by the thumb and forefinger with a handkerchief for about fifteen seconds to prevent the escape of air, and thereby force the constituents of the air over the system. This should be repeated from four to eight times at intervals of about half a min-

The particular proof of this being more effective than other methods is seen in the following experience: After following the above method I notice that at the heaviest meal of the day my pulse quickens the same whether I take fish or a strong meat, such as beef or mutton; before observing the above points in deep breathing as to time and holding the nose my pulse quickened much more aft er strong meat than after fish.

BYRON FOND OF CHILDREN

Frances Lady Shelley Describes the Famous English Poet as She Saw Him.

Frances Lady Shelley ... who knew most of the celebrated people between the dates 1787 and 1817, gives a description of Lord Byron as she first saw him in 1813:

"From Althorp we went to Colonel Leigh's, near Newmarket, for the shooting. We stayed there a few days. The house is far too small even for the company it contained. Lord Byron was there. Mrs. Leigh told me that he spent most of the night writing a poem which is to be called "The Corsair." As he did not leave his room until after midday our intercourse was restricted.

"He is decidedly handsome and can be very agreeable. He seems to be easily put out by trifles and at times looks terribly savage. He was very patient with Mrs. Leigh's children, who are not in the least in awe of him. He bore their distracting intrusion into his room with imperturbable good humor. Mrs. Leigh has evidently great moral influence over her brother, who listens with a sort of playful acquiescence. But I doubt the permanence of their effect upor his wayward nature."

allie Not in Want. It has long been a literary tradition that Corneille, the great French poet, died in want. But it seems clearly established that this is a mistake, dating from an apocryphal and ill interpreted letter, since a recent study of various old documents at Rouen shows that he was possessed of property in lands and houses which would have made many a latter day poet happy. In addition he had his pension from the king, although it apparently wasn't very regularly paid. And following the fashion of those days he was recompensed for his dedications to

noble persons. As for the sale of "Polyeucte," "Horace," "Le Cid" and the other dramas over which so many youngsters have grouned, through the mistaken policy of forcing students with scarcely a smattering of French grammar to wade through the classics, they doubtless had small sales, as sales are reckoned now, but we are assured that sell they did, and they may even have been the best sellers of theb

Locks in Ancient Egypt. The Egyptian lock, states the Ironmonger, was an assemblage of wooden pins or bolts. It is possible that this suggested to Bramah his remarkable invention. The Roman lock was practically a padlock; and it seems probable that the key was of Green origin. In Latin countries the locksmith never confined himself to mere door furniture. At the very beginning—as nowadays in France bis art embraced all the wrought ironwork which serves to close and secure our dwellings, from a monumental garden gate and railings to a simple latchkey. That art reached its apogee about the fifteenth or sixteenth century, so far as the former class of work was concerned. dome medieval specimens—the hinges of the doors at Notre Dame, for instance—are so remarkable that envious and humorous contemporaries have not failed to hint that the smith who executed them must have sold his soul to the devil.

Tennyson's Pension.

Our note published in this column on Peel's contempt for literature recalls the fact that it was Peel who obtained Tennyson his pension of £200. It was not, however, from love of postry-Bir Robert in fact never read a poem of Tennyson's. Monckton Milnes, prompted by Carlyle, was the

One is reminded how Milnes at first demurred, protesting that his constitueats would think the affair "a job." And of Carlyle's personsion: "Richard Milnes," he stormed, "on the Day of Judgment when the Lord asks you why you didn't get that pension for Alfred Tennyson it will not do to lay the blame on your constituents; it is you who will be damned.-Westminster Gazetta.

LIKE SO MANY GREAT MEN

Napoleon's Handwriting So Bad That He Himself Was Unable to Decipher It.

"As showing Bonaparte's carelessness as to correctness in writing and spelling, Las Cases says: "One day he said to me: 'You do not write orthographically, do you? At least, I supposes you do not; for a man occapied with public or other important business-a minister, for instancecannot and need not attend to orthography. His ideas must flow faster than his hand can trace them; he has only time to place his points; he must put his words in letters, and phrases in words; and let the scribes make it out afterward."

"He indeed left a great deal for the copyists to do: he was their torment; his handwriting actually resembled hieroglyphics, and he often could not decipher it himself. My son was one day reading to him a chapter of the campaign of Italy; on a sudden he stopped short, unable to make out the

writing. "'That little blockhead,' said the emperor, cannot read his own handwrit-

ing "'It's not mine, sire."
"'And whose, then?"

"'Your majesty's."

"'How so, you little rogue? Do you mean to insult me?"

"The emperor took the manuscript. tried a long while to read it, and at last threw it down ,saying: 'He is right. I cannot tell myself what is

TRAINING FOR LIFE'S WORK

Adoption of Ruskin's Views Would Mean the Making of This into a Different World.

As to the distribution of the hard work, none of us, or very few of us, do either hard or soft work because we think we ought, but because we have chanced to fall into the way of it and cannot help ourselves. Now, nobody does anything well that they cannot help doing; work is only done well when it is done with a will. And no man has a thoroughly sound will unless he knows he is doing what he should and is in his place.

And, depend upon it, all work must be done at last, not in a disorderly. scrambling, dogged way, but in an ordered, soldierly, human way-a lawful way. Men are enlisted for the labor that kills-the labor of war; they are counted, trained, fed, dressed and praised for that. Let them be enlisted also for the labor that feeds; let them be counted, trained, fed, dressed,

praised for that. Teach the plow exercise as carefully as you do the sword exercise, and let the officers of troops of life be held much gentlemen as the officers of troops of death, and all is done. But neither this nor any other right thing can be accomplished-you can't even see your way to it-unless first of all, both servant and master are resolved that come what will of it, they will do each other justice.—Ruskin.

Step by Step.

To follow the course of any measure undertaken for the good of the children is to see how the sense of civic obligation deepens and widens, becomes more intimate and personal, as the child is recognized by the state as a possession of value. The compulsory education law is much to the point. The state said the child shall have education. That edict brought hungry children to school. Then the state had to begin to see to it that the child, made to come to school, was in fit physical condition to learn. Forthwith opened out a far-reaching state paternalism that must follow the child from the school back to the home, and eventually concern itself with making the home a proper one. Visiting nurse, school doctor, and school lunch are the natural sequellae of the compulsory educational law, and even more nearly, it would seem, we approach the plan of reimbursing the needy family for the child loaned to the state during the educational pe

Guanaco Unique. I have seen the Indian gnanaco-skin capas (cloaks) sold by the fur dealers of Punta Arenas, but this was my first glimpse of the animal itself, many thousands of which I saw later during my expeditions through Tierra-del Fuego and Patagonia. "You are s queer animal, indeed," apostrophized an Argentine lieutenant as he and Captain Musters once viewed a solitary guanaco. "You have the neigh of a horse, the wool of a sheep, the neck of a camel, the feet of a deer and the swiftness of the devil." Yet withal a graceful animal and at a distance not unlike red deer, though larger .-Charles Wellington Furlong in Out

Strange Guests at St. Bernard. An enormous flock of swallows was overtaken by a heavy snowstorm near the famous Hospice of St. Bernard in the Alps last winter. When the good monks saw the birds, they opened the doors and windows of their building that the little feathered strangers might have shelter.

All the rooms were crowded with them, thousands remaining until sunrise. The next day proved fine and the guests pursued their way toward Italy. This is very pleasant to learn, but it saddens one to know that a vast number of less fortunate birds failed to reach the Hospice and were found dead in the snow by the tenderhearted brothers.

GIVING THE PLUG HIS DUE

Steadycoing, Sensible Qualities Are Not Always Accorded the field. nition That They Deserve.

Don't make fun of the plug. He may be slow and awkward and never get to the stable until dark, but he is the fellow who in the end will bring home the coin, says a Kansas City writer. The plug horse that pulls the lister all day in the field puts more money in the bank for the honest farmer than the race horse that goes out and turns a half in 0:59 flat and then loafs for two weeks waiting for another race to be matched. The old plug goes out in sunshine and storm and pulls in a few dollars every week, but the race horse waits for the day when the track is good and then generally loses more than he wins. The steady old plug keeps the wolf from the door, while the race horse causes the mortgage to be foreclosed.

Just so with the man. Pin your faith to the plug who keeps eternally at it; the fellow who gets up every morning and does so much and is : ready to do it again next day. He lays up more shining dollars in the bank than the swift sport who lies around all summer waiting for luck to come along and turn a stream of silver into his pocket. One cackling Plymouth Rock hen is worth a dozen screaming eagles when it comes to paying off the mortgage. The plug is the fellow who steadies the ship and acts as ballast when the boat begins to rock. The plug is the fellow who lives contentedly and long and when he passes away the local paper says, "He leaves his family in com fortable circumstances."

MADE HIM GOOD AMERICAN

Act of Wise Father That Kept His Boy in the Path of His Birth and Duty.

It is claiming rather a great deal to say that a child's whole future career may depend upon the hearing of a story! But, unquestionably, it is true. A boy I know, whose parents were obliged to live in England during two of his early years-from the time he was eight until he was ten-said to his father one day: "Am I an Englishman, an American, or haven't I any country at all?"

His father, a loyal American, startled at this question, read to the boy "A Man Without a Country."

"You are an American." he told the boy. "Never forget that!"

The boy, now a man, is just about to enter the United States army. Much of his life has been passed in other countries, but he is an American.

"I think I might have become an Englishman, or a man with ne particular loyalty to any flag." he said recently, "had it not been for the story of 'A Man Without a Country,' which my father read to me when I was a little boy in England. I didn't understand all of it, but I understood enough to keep me forever loyal to the land of my birth, no matter where I might happen to be growing up."-Elizabeth McCracken in the Home Progress Magazine.

Giant Conflict.

Two huge fish, a shark and a jewfish, fought to their death late the other afternoon, of the municipal pier at Santa Monica, Cal., while hundreds of fishermen looked on. Both ses. monsters followed a school of mackerel in-shore and as soon as they sighted each other the battle was on. During the combat, which issted as hour, both fish were nearly entirely out of the water. Then they disappeared for a few moments, when both again came to the surface dead. With gaff hooks they were hauled on to the pier. The shark, measuring six feet in length, weighed 142 pounds, while the jewfish, a fraction over seven feet, tipped the pier scales at 226. Both were frightfully mangled. The shark's head was chewed to a pulp, while the jewfish's body was nearly severed by the sharp teeth of the shark.

Insane Man Garrick's Teacher. Garrick had been acquainted with an

unfortunate man in Leman street. Goodman's Fields, who, playing one day at an upper window with his twoyear-old child, accidentally let it spring from his arms and fall into a flagged area. The child was killed, and, from that moment, the miserable father lost speech and reason. He passed the remainder of his existence in going to a window, playing in imagination with a child, dropping it. then bursting into tears, and filling the house with shricks of anguish. Afterwards he would sit down, pensive and still, and at times look slowly round as if imploring compassion. "There it was," Garrick used to say,

"that I learned to imitate madness; I copied nature, and to that owed my success in 'King Lear.' "-From Gar rick and His Circle.

The Bright Side. Algernon Daingerfield went back last summer to his old home in Kentucky on a visit. He had fleshened up considerably.

The old negro cook, a family servant of many years' standing, was brought in to see him. "Don't you think Mr. Algy has

grown very stout?" saked one of the family. "Wellum," said the old woman, "he is took on a right smart fleshiness, and that's fact." Then she hastily added, "But a stomach dat sticks out like his do is jess made fur showin' off a watch-chain."-Saturday Eve-

VEGETATION IN THE SNOW

Delicate and Buautiful Flowers in Abundance, I nough Absence of Fragrance Is Marked.

Snowstorms during the summer months are of frequent occurrence in the Rocky Mountain region at an elevation of 10,000 feet and upward. sometimes covering the ground to a

depth of several inches. The flowers at this elevation are usually small, of delicate tints and very beautiful, but lacking in fragrance. Owing to the absence of moisture in the atmosphere freezing does not affect vegetation at this altitude as it does nearer sea level. The flowers, after having been completely covered with snew for a day or two. will regain their former vigor after the snow departs, although they will appear slightly wilted for a few days after their snow bath.

There is a tiny little flower of four petals which follows the receding snows far above timber line, which is usually about 11,500 feet above sea level. So closely does it follow the melting snows that it is often possible to stand on one spot, pluck flowers with the right hand and make snowballs with the left.

On the other hand during the cead of winter one may often see the snow in the big timber black with a very small flea. It is much smaller than the domestic pest and does not attach itself to animals. These fleas make their appearance during a thaw and the snow will look as if a giant had taken a fire mesh sieve and sifted sect over it. They disappear as if by magic during freezing weather, to re appear when it moderates.

MAN CREATOR OF CHARACTER

Portion of the Immortal Life That ir Law of Nature Must Endure For Ever.

Nature works upon the lower forms of life. A higher power than the stone has formed it; the trees, the flowers, even the insects and beasts are plastic materials in the hands of the Great Potter. Through it, in unthinkable time, the bodies are formed for man. He enters the temple prepared for him, and nature, who has been supreme, now bows before the mystery. She sees before her not alone the world stuff to be fashioned, but the very creative spark. No longer can she mold unaided. It becomes her office now to furnish the opportunities for the entering man, who has before him the herculean task of evolving the human mind. No outside force alone can make him. The creative seed is itself within him. Every event, every circumstance, is something to be met and acted upon by him, the creator of his own destiny. Whether ignorantly or consciously, he works in the illimitable and exhaustless laboratory of nature, and therein slowly but surely fashions-character. Human laws may be framed and forgotten; temples may be reared and crumble; whole races may pass through their allotment of sorrow, despair and joy, and be no more; continents may rise and sink; but character, by means of which all these things are formed and colored. character, as part of man, the immortal, endures - Gertrude van Pelt in the Theosophical Path

Australian "Tea Fuddle." The "tea fuddle" is still in vogue in New South Wales and Queensland, writes a correspondent. The term has nothing in common with "fuddling" in the sense in which that word is used

in England. A "tea fuddle" in Australia is a means of raising money—usually at a bazaar in aid of some church or chapel. Those who enter their names as subscribers to the "fuddle" each subscribe a shilling. Their names are pasted on to teacups which are jumbled together on a tea table. Each subscriber, after being blindfolded, picks up a cup. Should be happen to pick up the one bearing his own name he gets a prize. As there are usually about a hundred entries this very seldom happens and the money of course goes to the bassar funds.-Londor

First "Man of Straw." The phrase, "a man of straw," had its origin in England at a time when men might easily be procured to furnish evidence upon oath in almost any emergency. It appears that persons of this description were accustomed to walk openly in Westminster hall with a straw projecting from their shoes, thus signifying they sought employ-

Chronicle.

An advocate who desired a convepient witness knew by this sign where to find one; and the colloquy between the two was brief.

ment as witnesses. Hence the expres-

"Don't you remember?" the advocate would ask. The party would glance at the fee and give no sign. but when the fee was increased his powers of memory increased with it, and straw shoes went into court and •wore as desired.

Brazilian Statues. In the South American republics it is not alone warriors and statesmen who are remembered by public statues. Some months ago in the republic of Brazil a monument was erected to a poet, and a month ago in the city of Rio de Janeiro, in the "Jardin Publico" (the public garden), a statue was erected in memory of Ferretra de Aranjo, founder 27 years ago of the Portuguese journal, Gaseta de Noticias, who is considered the father of Brazilian journalism.

MAKING SOMETHING OF LIFE

Real Joy Comes From Creating. Though the Object May Not Be of Great Significance.

While every man who makes a living is not a genius, yet the real joy of creating can belong to each of us in just as real and true a way if we put into farming, or banking, or our school work, the sense of making something, we get the great pleasure out of it. When we fill any task with ourselves, we make something. A girl says. 'I made the room tidy," which simply means she put something of herself into the disorderly room, and so beautified it. After she had made it tidy, it reflected something of herself; it looked some idea of order such as she had in her own mind. A boy says, "I made a good recitation in school yesterday;" and he is right, for, although the lesson was already there, it had to wait for him to come along and make it a recitation.

So it is everywhere. Making anything means, no matter how simple the task that we bring out something that did not exist before; and that that something is to some degree like the maker of it. We get out what we put in. If anyone wants to be miserable, the surest way is just to do things without putting his whole heart and self into them. Think more of the mere outside of the tasks, and they are not worth doing. But once put yourself into them, and all is changed -Saint Nicholas.

BOUND TO LOVE EACH OTHER

Probably Third Woman Was Right but the Other Two Must Have Felt Somewhat Uncomfortable.

There was a great crowd at the picture exhibition, and empty seats were at a premium, when two pretty women spied and made for a place at the self-same moment. They reached the prize together, both pretending ignorance of the other, and, flopping ,themselves down, succeeded in squeezing breathlessly and miserably in. and staring at the rudeness of her respective neighbor, each wriggling and squirming as much as possible in order to crowd that neighbor still further. Finally the situation became acute, and one of the women spoke with fine sarcasm; "I beg your pardon, but do you need the whole St&1 ?"

"I beg yours," the answer came, "but I never talk to strangers"

Just then a third pretty woman passed, stopped and addressed the two at once: "Why, to think of finding you two here together! And I have always wanted to introduce you, because I just know you will just love each other Mabel, this is Maud, and Maud, this is my dear old Mabel, You are bound to love each other, because you are so exactly alike in disposi

Telling the Bees.

The custom of "telling the bees" is often referred to by those interested in curious happenings. In some parts of England it has always been the habit to inform the bons whenever there is a death in the family, particularly when it is that of the master or mistress

Some one raps upon the board supporting the hives and says: "Mourn with us, master (or mistress) of the Douse is dead."

It is thought that if this duty is neglected the bees will die; and many old servants are fond of telling how the bees pine away when no one thinks to give them the sad message

America's Oldest University.

The comparatively small connection the people of the United States have with Peru makes it difficult for many to realize that in the city of Lima is the oldest university in the new world, the University of San Harcos, founded in 1552. At this historic educational institution a students' congress was held recently that was noteworthy in its character. The minister of instruction gave a magnificent banquet in bonor of the delegates, at which a large number of distinguished guests were present, and at which several speeches appreciative of closer intercourse between the American nations were made.

Water Surface of Globe.

The portion of the earth's surface that is covered by water, when the iakes and inland seas are included, three times as great as the dry land area. The surface area of the nocens is 127,000,000 square miles-an area more than 40 times as large as the United States. The ocean waters teem with life. Though thousands of water creatures are known and classified, scientists are continually discovering new life forms in the ocean depths. Heretofore dragnets have been mainly depended upon, but there are doubtless many see animals that slude these trawls.

Books Bound in Rat Skin. It appears that a new use has been found for the skin of the common brown rat. In Bagland, it is said, the bookbinders have taken to using these skins for covers of fine editions hitherto bound in high grade leathers. It is reported that a trade amounting to one-quarter million dollars a year has developed in Great Britain and that many skins are imported from Calcutta. Rat skins have long been used for persea, gloves and similar small articles, and are proving very useful for these purposes.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLEANS Wiles B. dessales also seed with the state of the state o