

THE CHURCH AND LABOR.

By Bishop H. C. Potter.

It is not the giving of money or the creation of charitable institutions that builds up the feeling of brotherhood among men. The poor man resents our condensation. He does not want that or your gold; he wants recognition of his manhood. The shop girl wants you to honor her womanhood; to respect her in the task in which she is toiling and suffering. You can do much to make that task easier and create an atmosphere in which she and you can move alike as members of the same divine society and fellow soldiers under Christ. This brings into view the relation of the church to great social problems. You and I somehow or other must bring the man who works with his hands to recognize his place, his right, his office, his calling in the church of God. The first business of the church is to place her houses of worship at the service of the people who work with their hands and then in the life of the church to encourage that spirit which will help us to understand and to serve it. There is but one way to do that. Instead of turning to any "ism" of the hour or theory of social reconstruction, or any new philosophy which undertakes to recreate society upon theories which are essentially barbaric in their nature, you and I must go back and look into the face of the Master and find in Him the secret of our service and our triumph.

IS THE BLACK MAN DISAPPEARING?

By Prof. Giddings of Columbia.

The real negro question in the South is that the white people do not believe that it would be advantageous for civilization and American institutions to permit the general amalgamation of the white and negro blood, and they cherish this view with intense bitterness and prejudice on account of past traditions, and exclude the negro from social equality with white men. It is not merely political tradition; it is not merely economic conditions. It is a race instinct, and is especially held by the women of the South, that if the negro were admitted to join in everything socially and equally with the white man, nothing could prevent the amalgamation of the blood of the two races. That amalgamation they do not believe to be for the highest interest of the South and the civilization of the white American nation. However, notwithstanding this attempt of the white people of the South to exclude the negro from social equality with white men and to prevent the intermarriage of blacks and whites, the negro is fast disappearing. As years go by the population of the full-blooded negro of the American population is rapidly and surely

disappearing, and in his place we have the mulatto, the quadroon and octoroon. This means, of course, that, notwithstanding the legal attempt to prevent the intermarriage of blacks and whites, and the reproduction of a race of blacks and whites, the reproduction goes steadily on.

AMERICAN WOMEN ARE THE BEST.

By William Jennings Bryan.

The American woman is undoubtedly the finest in the world, and I want to add that the American man far surpasses the men—generally speaking, of course—of any nation of men the world over. Of course, my hurried visits to the various countries did not permit me to make a studied observation of the people, but I saw enough to convince me of this. The women of this country are far ahead of those of any other country. They have more liberty. I think this accounts, in part, for their superiority. They are more intelligent. They possess more energy and more influence than any other women of the world. The attitude of our women, shown in the various fields of study of problems that present themselves for solution in this country, surpasses the work or interest of women engaged in similar work anywhere. One noticeable feature of progression in this country is that men and women work as copartners. The result of such co-operation speaks for itself, where conditions have been made better and progress is shown in work of vital benefit to the community and the country at large.

A PADLOCK FOR MUCK-RAKERS.

By United States Senator Foraker of Ohio.

It would be most fortunate if a padlock could be provided for the muck-rakers—all of them, high and low, big and little, well-intentioned and evil-intentioned—for it is high time to quit slandering the American people. They never deserved it. They never were more worthy of praise and commendation. There were never higher ideals and moral standards among the business men of the nation, and there were never better methods employed by them for the control and transaction of business. In this we should not only find hope and inspiration, but also a command to administer our public affairs on the theory that all men are dishonest, but that, with the exception of the few, all men are upright, and that as to even the few who may not be upright, they are entitled to the presumption that they are, and to have a right to be heard before they are condemned.

KILLED RARE ANIMALS IN TIBET.

Mason Mitchell Sends Specimens to the National History Museum. Mason Mitchell, actor, rough rider and friend of President Roosevelt, has added to his achievements by exploring Tibet and killing animals which few white men have slain, says the New York Herald.

Those who doubt that there are tigers, gorals, serows and blue bears will absolve Mr. Mitchell from even a suspicion of nature faking by going to the American Museum of Natural History and looking at the skins, skulls and horns which have just been received from Mr. Mitchell. As a consul in the Chinese city of Chungking he was not far from the Tibetan border.

Mr. Mitchell accompanied his gifts with scientific data and is sending photographs showing what the animals looked like in life. Takins resemble antelope, but are much larger, a full-grown specimen weighing 1,000 pounds. The goral is a Himalayan goat of hermit proclivities. The serow is rare. It is something like a goat. The skins of the Tibetan blue bear and clouded leopard sent by Mr. Mitchell are excellent specimens.

The consul also killed several birds above the clouds, and he writes from Tachingu that when he gets a chance to consult a natural history he will try to identify them. If they are slightly known to naturalists he will add them to the collections in the museum.

Mr. Mitchell has also given to the museum scrolls once owned by a band of Tibetan priests, who lost them in fighting a punitive expedition sent against them by the French. The scrolls are covered with allegorical figures and are written in Sanskrit. They are apparently centuries old.

Many lands have known Mason Mitchell since he left his native town, Onondaga, N. Y. He was a scout in the Riel rebellion in Canada, where he obtained a liking for military life. Later he brought natives from Samoa to the Chicago World's Fair and took them back in a 200-ton schooner. His offices were also called into play by the San Francisco fair, for which he brought many natives of the Fiji islands. He enlisted with the rough riders and was wounded at San Juan hill. On his return from the Spanish-American war he was candidate for Governor. He also was an actor, playwright and lecturer. Before he came to China he was United States consul at Zanzibar, where he found recreation in killing elephants.

A Tale of Two Cities.

Chicago had a population in 1900 of 2,949,000. Berlin had a population in 1900 of 2,060,000. Chicago has 28 area of 100 square miles. Berlin has an area of twenty-four and a half square miles. Chicago's police force numbers (part-timen) 3,334, or nineteen for each square mile. Berlin's police force numbers (part-timen) 5,263, or 216 for each square mile. Each Chicago policeman has 594 people to look after. Each Berlin policeman has 528 people to look after. The Chicago police force is required to cover about eight times as much territory as the Berlin force.—Chicago Tribune. It's hard for one woman to forgive another for having done her a favor.

Woman Explorer Tells Some of Her Experiences in African Wilds. Of all the countless perils of the African bush none is more dreaded than the "driver" ant, a creature, not more than half an inch in length, but of the most voracious and pestiferous kind, whose pet trick is to invade the bamboo huts of the whites and natives and literally force them to vacate their homes, writes Miss Ida Vera Simonton, a daring Pennsylvania woman, lately returned from a trip in the wilds of western Africa.

One night I was awakened by something crawling over me, and upon hearing the yells and shrieks of the natives, was horrified to see an army of ants swarming into our hut. There is only one thing to do when these insects take possession of your abode, and that is to move out at once. Even as I jumped out of bed they covered the floor and stung my feet. Their stings are something awful. They had been drawn into the hut by the smell of the palm kernels that I used in cooking and by the candles, for they dearly love grease of all kinds. Well, they simply took complete possession, and when we entered our home in the morning it was as clean as a new pin. They had eaten up every bit of dirt and dust, and, being satisfied, filed off again, making a road through the jungle. They are the great scavengers of Africa and perform a service of vast value in this respect.

These ants travel in armies, thieving out stables and scents, the latter nosing around to discover good feeding grounds and running back to report to the main body. Their speed is little short of electric. They also have a corps of engineers, whose special business is to throw bridges over obstructions and crevasses, hundreds of ants jugging pieces of twigs which they place as girders and filling up the floor of the bridge with grasses and earth. Then the millions of ants move over with incredible swiftness. Often they travel scores of miles on a single jaunt. Their tiny roads may be seen all through the African bush. Often an army of them can be seen, each one carrying a twig or piece of earth on his back. At such times they are emigrating to a new home and carrying their building material along. Miss Simonton's first experience with them was when a string of the pests dropped from a tree and literally covered her, inflicting a score of painful stings. Fortunately these stings are not poisonous.

There is no defense against them except fire, said she, and it was one of the grandest, most spectacular sights of the jungle to see the blacks beating back the ants with flambeaus of bamboo. With the forests and picturesque bamboo huts as a background and the forms of the men slung against the flickering flames of the fire, the scene would have made a wonderful photograph could it have been taken. The blacks looked all the world like so many devils fighting spirits. As they advanced with their flaming sticks they had to keep brushing off the ants from their bodies with their hands and elbows.

Besides these little, red-brown ants, which the natives call Ntuna, the bush is full of other pestiferous creatures, some of which are deadly poison and a menace to human life. Among these are scorpions, huge spiders and house lizards. Eternal vigilance is the price of life in those vast, uncutivated wilds.

DISTURBING INNOVATIONS.

It is not always wise to force upon a people new customs, even those of advanced principle. In the face of long-established tradition, Lady Burton covered this truth when she attempted to introduce European courtesy into the Orient. She tells of her experience in "Inner Life of Syria." The incident occurred at one of her own receptions. It is a delicate every time coffee, tea or sherbet comes in for every fresh relay of visitors that I should take it with them, and drink first. When I first arrived I used to get up as a matter of course, make the tea and coffee and carry it round. The dragomans would sit lazily and watch.

One day I asked them to get up and help me. They were pleased to do so, and willingly handed the refreshments to any of the Europeans, man or woman, but not to their own ladies, who were blushed, begged their pardon, and were quite confused when I made it known that this attention was for them as well as for others. The women looked appealingly at me, and stood up, praying not to be served. One man, who was really in love with his wife, a beautiful creature, gave her a little sneer. She bent, kissed his hand, and begged his pardon. I felt quite indignant with the men for so behaving to their wives, mothers and sisters, but one said to me:

"Pray, Mrs. Burton, do not teach our women things they do not know about and never saw."

After that I held my tongue, but I let him know that with Europeans it was the height of bad taste not to wait on any woman.

Antalms and Music. Tarantulas do not dance to the sound of the violin, but let the people they bite do the dancing. Scorpions, however, enjoy fiddling, according to the Westminster Gazette, and hazards crazy for music of any kind. As for serpents, the box-conductor and pythons are senseless to melody, but the cobra is fascinated by the flute and still more by the fiddle. Polar bears enjoy the violin; so do ostriches. Wolves will stop in the chase to listen to a cornet. Elephants are fond of the flute, especially the upper notes. Tigers, while appreciating violin and flute, cannot stand the harmonium while the musical seal shows no emotion on hearing any instrument, not even the bag drum.



The founders of Chicago did not have in view the building of a great city. What they accomplished in this direction was only incidental to the ordinary pursuit of the varied activities of life, but their efforts have resulted in the greatest material development the human race ever has witnessed in a similar length of time. The combined populations of Boston and St. Louis, two of the large cities, are not equal to that of Chicago; add Cincinnati and Indianapolis and you haven't got a Chicago; then, after adding Omaha and Denver, you still will have to throw in Des Moines to make a Chicago.

Chicago covers an area of ninety-six square miles, has 4,300 miles of streets, 1,500 miles of sewers, eight large parks, forty-five small ones, and forty-eight miles of boulevards. The 22,000 manufacturing plants, with \$700,000,000 of invested capital, paying \$240,000,000 in wages and turning out products to the value of \$1,100,000,000 annually, show that industry has not been neglected. The stock yards and packing plants occupy 600 acres of land, ship annually 12,000,000,000 pounds of beef, and other products in proportion. Chicago is the largest grain market in the world, having ninety elevators, with a combined capacity of 75,000,000 bushels. The receipts of grain amount to 450,000,000 bushels annually. Chicago's commerce by water surpasses that of New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore combined. In the iron and steel industry Chicago does more than twice the business of all other cities west of Pennsylvania; she produces more steel rails than any other city in the world.

In the downtown district a spot a mile square can be pointed out in which more business is done than in any similar space in the world. By actual count the average number of drays, delivery wagons and street cars that cross the corner at Fifth Avenue and Lake Street during business hours is thirty-one per minute. More than forty milk companies distribute milk to the people of Chicago, and one of these companies runs 1,100 wagons in supplying its Chicago customers.

Within an area of half a mile by three-quarters in the loop district there are 116 buildings ten or more stories high, twenty-one that contain fifteen or more stories, and six in which twenty or more may be counted. The federal building does not come in this list, although it is the most ponderous structure in the city except the courthouse. It cost \$5,000,000, and is the courtiest a little more. The largest office building in the world is the Monadnock, seventeen stories, which contains 1,264 offices and twenty-eight stores.

Chicago is able to boast of the largest department stores, as well as the largest mail order houses, in the

world; one of the former employing 8,000 people; the daily postage bill of one of the latter is \$6,000. In one room there are 300 girls who do nothing but open and assort letters. Chicago does more than four times as much business as the great State of Iowa. This requires the handling of vast sums of money, but fifty-seven banks, fifteen of which are national, seem to do it efficiently. One of these banks is the second largest in the United States. Its capital is \$10,000,000 and deposits \$116,000,000.

Chicago trades with every civilized country on the globe, which necessitates extensive transportation facilities. This business is divided between thirty-two railroad and twenty-eight steamboat lines. Every day it requires 1,200 trains of six cars each to carry the people who come to Chicago on the steam roads, 250 of which are through trains and 950 suburban. Twenty-four surface and seven elevated car lines run from the outskirts to the business center. Trains run every three minutes on the elevated and several of the surface lines, four or five cars each to the former and two to the latter. During sixty trips on Madison street no two were made with the same conductor; nor did the investigator remember seeing any particular passenger twice. The total daily arrivals within the downtown square mile by all conveyances amount to a half million.

The total municipal expenditures of Chicago are now \$45,000,000 a year, but the rapid growth of population and the vast improvements increase these figures every year. The 3,500 policemen involve an expenditure of nearly \$4,000,000. Chicago possesses a larger number of the "greatest things on earth" than any other city in the world. She has the largest car factory, is the largest manufacturer of telephones and other electric supplies; her commerce by water is greater than that of any other city; in every respect she is the greatest railroad center; is the largest agricultural implement market; has the grandest park and boulevard system in the world.

Chicago speaks more languages than any other city, and publishes a larger number and the greatest newspapers in the world. Chicago is great not alone in material things. She is devoted to all the activities that develop the higher ideals of life. There are 308 public school buildings, and in considering the great things of Chicago her big heart must not be overlooked. No other city has shown the humane attributes to such a degree or manifested such a spirit of generosity. She is ever ready to help the needy or aid and encourage whatever is for the public good or the uplift of humanity. She does everything on a grand scale.—Chicago Tribune.

THE CONQUERED.

We who so eager started on life's race, And breathless ran, nor stinted any whit For aching muscles or the parching grit Of dust upon the lips; who set the face Only more desperately towards the place Where the goal's altar smoked, if runners' halt With stronger limbs outran us; we who sit Beaten at last—for us what gift or grace?

Though we have been outstripped, yet known have we The joy of contest; we have felt hot life Throb through our veins, a tingling ecstasy; Our prize is not the wreath with envy rife, But to have been all that our souls might be; Our guerdon is the passion of that strife. —Century.

The Photograph

The door of his cabin stood open and a shaft of light stole in over his shoulder as though to examine the fireplace, and the pans and kettles hanging picturesquely about the walls and the two or three extra bunks for possible visitors, and the floor and quaintly carved tools—all as bright and immaculate as though presided over by a woman; and another shaft came down through the foliage and rested upon the bowed, whitening head, and upon the rough knotted fingers that were unconsciously betraying the longings of a repressed soul to the familiar, responsive strings of his violin.

A boat came noisily up the river and was fastened to the bank below the cabin; then two men hurried by the slope, leaving a third to follow more leisurely. But still Bat Pinaud played on unmindfully, unconscious.

"Oh, I say," called one of the men impatiently, "that's awful fine, but will you please stop just a minute?" The bow poised in the air and then flashed a final staccato across the strings.

"Are you Bat Pinaud?" "Out, and monsier!" "Oh, I'm Doc Willets, and my friend here is Col. Case. We and Jack Phillips down there have been camping on the big lake for the last two months. What we want with you is this," lowering his voice and glancing over his shoulder to see that their companion was still beyond hearing, "we're up for a day's fishing in the river, and Case and I have each bet \$100 with Phillips that we'll get the biggest creel. Now we understand that you're intimate with every fish in the Penobscot, and what we want is for you to place us on the river tomorrow so our bets will be sure, See?" Yes, Bat saw—perhaps more than they intended, or would have liked. He had heard of Doc Willets and Col. Case, and of reckless, good-natured Jack Phillips, who allowed the sharpers to bleed him on every possible pretext, and in a way that was patent to everybody but himself. "Oul, surement, he saw."

was again the obliging, matter-of-fact trapper and guide. "I s'pose maybe I fixed up all those things," he said graciously. "Now, you go in the cabin or sit down under the trees, whatever you like best. Soon's I bring things up from the boat we'll have supper."

It was dark before the supper had been prepared and eaten, and then, at their request, Bat took them down to a deer run to try their luck at flashlight.

The next morning they were out with the day, and after a hasty eating of breakfast and a careful preparation of lines, they followed Bat a mile or so up the river to where he said the fishing was good. As they passed on the bank, Doc Willets and Col. Case tried to catch Bat's eye and again audibly fingered the coins in their pockets. Bat looked up and down the river critically.

"I s'pose maybe Mr. Willets better go to that little cove there and fish from the point back to the big white rock," he said at length. "I've caught more fish there than I could carry. Mr. Case I will take up round the bend. Plenty fish here. And Mr. Phillips," looking at him as though somewhat in doubt, "maybe I'd best show him beyond the rapids. I catch fish there sometimes and sometimes not. Maybe he'll do better. That suit?"

"Oh, you, that's just the thing," cried Doc Willets, and "just the thing," echoed Col. Case. Then they both rubbed their hands and looked at Bat approvingly. Jack Phillips did not even

hear. He was gazing gloomily across the river, his thoughts evidently elsewhere.

An hour or so later, as Bat was circling from one to another, watching and giving bits of advice from his own experience, he came upon Jack Phillips beyond the rapids. The young man had drawn something from his pocket and was looking at it hungrily, oblivious of everything around him. His rod and line lay upon the bank unnoticed. As Bat turned to steal away he heard Phillips utter a stifled groan of renunciation and despair and saw the object cast into the underbrush. Then Phillips caught up his rod and went crashing through the bushes along the river. When he was beyond view Bat went to the place where he was standing and found the photograph of a beautiful young girl, whose eyes looked up at him wistfully and appealingly. Bat thought, He gazed at the picture for some moments, his face whitening; then he nodded reassurance to the eyes.

ly, "I was counting on this to—to—" He flushed recollecting and was silent. Jack Phillips smiled satirically, but said nothing. Presently he turned to Bat. "Pretty lonesome Me here in the winter, isn't it?" he asked. "When snow shuts you away from everything. Still I suppose you have always been used to it."

"Folks can get used to anything and like it," Bat replied shortly. But a little later when Phillips moved down the river he followed. "No, I haven't always been used to it," he said abruptly. "I lived in a city until I was over 20, then I got mad and played the fool and came off here. The girl waited a year, and married another man."

"Why do you call yourself a fool?" asked Phillips, looking at him curiously. "Because I am one," lamshly. "I didn't think so for a year, until I heard she was married, then I knew. And I have been living in the woods for thirty years, and knowing it more positively every day. I have never spoken of it before."

"Why do you tell me?" "Bat looked him square in the face. "I found a photograph in the bushes today, up above the rapids," he said, his voice softening. "I saw you throw it away. There is nothing but goodness in that face, and the girl's soul is in her eyes. I am an old man, and you are young and lonesome. One fool in the world is enough. Here is the picture. The girl's eyes are looking for somebody, and you and I both know who it is. Go back to her."

Jack Phillips hesitated, then held out his hand. "Give it to me," said he, his voice trembling. "I have been trying to convince myself for a month that I wasn't a fool, but it has been a losing fight. I am sorry for you."

Bat Pinaud stood on the bank as they pulled away, then went back up the slope to his cabin. And so the moon rose up from the far bank of the river, sending its spiritual light into the under spaces of the forests, the music of his fiddle rose and swelled out through the swaying aisles and across the water of the river, bearing on its plaintive tide the past of the bowed figure whose gray beard was bent close, close to the responsive instrument, as though listening to its own heart throbs there.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

America's Temperament and Art. The majority of the men and women who gave American life its form and direction were not the children of an artistic race, though they were the heirs of a great literature. They descended from a people who have never pursued art as an end and whose first instinctive expression in meeting great experiences has never been artistic, but who have never divorced action from vision nor failed in the long run to match power in action with some kind of beauty in speech. From its English ancestry the country has inherited an ingrained and ineffaceable idealism of nature, which enormous tasks and hitherto incredible prosperity have at times smothered and blighted, but never destroyed. From other races have come richer temperament, quicker sensibilities, craving for joy and love of beauty for its own sake, which have already immensely enriched American life—and are subsiding American life.—Hamilton Mable in Atlantic.

After the Prom. Ethel—Was he satisfied with our kiss? Gladys—Humph, I think he was satisfied with all of them.—Yale Record. What has become of the old-fashioned woman who gave her sons medicine when they fell in love, and their appetites fell off?

THE PLUCKY SHAH

Doesn't Propose to Have Bombs hurled at Him Without a Protest. The new Shah of Persia is a pretty good fellow and is willing to concede a point to humor his subjects in their, to him, ridiculous aspirations toward what they term freedom. His father granted the people a constitution but when the son came to the throne he forgot all about it until his subjects threatened to make things

mightily unpleasant for the King of Kings as he calls himself. Rather than have any hard feelings over so small a matter he told them to go ahead with their parliament and if they got any fun out of it, he would be satisfied. But when it comes to hearing explosives at him as he passes along the street, he draws the line. He doesn't see any joke in a disgruntled subject hurling a bomb at him and it didn't take long for him to say so.

He was driving through the streets of Teheran. Ahead of him was the automobile, which, for some reason or other, he was not occupying, perhaps being for the moment tired of his new plaything. Suddenly from across the street some ungrateful fellow hurled a bomb at the automobile. The machine was torn into kindling wood, but even the chauffeur was not injured. Nobody could tell just who slung the deadly missile, so in the hope of hitting the right man the Shah ordered his body-guard to fire. The result was that two of his personal attendants, his royal executioner and two innocent citizens were killed while a policeman, a grocer, an officer of gendarmes and two private soldiers were badly injured.

The Shah was pretty mad. He turned on his heel and walked home, refusing to ride in spite of the entreaties of his frightened escort. The next day his majesty came down town and with a stick he beat the governor of the town soundly. Then he called the chief of police before him and told him if he permitted any more such nonsense as bomb hurling he would have him blown from the mouth of a cannon. Since then corner loafers with bundles under their arms have been invited to move on without any hesitation.

Mohammed Ali Mirza isn't the kind of man the anarchists can scare. They may succeed in killing him, but they cannot frighten him. He is 36 years old, powerful of build, widely traveled, a firm believer in his divine right to rule and has occupied the throne but little more than a year.

Persia has a population of about 9,000,000, of whom 2,000,000 are members of nomadic tribes. A very large part of the country is desert. The army has a nominal strength of 100,000, but a large proportion of the soldiers are un drilled. In religion the people are Mohammedans.

A CUP OF TEA.

The Agent Did Not Wish to Spoil Her Unexpected Reception. "Miss Helen Foster," Mrs. Armes read the card perplexedly. "But I don't know any Miss Helen Foster. Are you sure that it isn't an agent, Mary?" "She said you would know—that you were expecting her," Mary replied.

"Very well, I will be down at once." Mrs. Armes answered. She hit the last touches to her pretty afternoon gown

and went slowly downstairs, trying to recall any possible forgotten Miss Foster. At the parlor door she stopped. It was an agent—the shrewd dress, the exaggerated appearance of ease, the sharp, searching glance all betrayed it; an agent, moreover, of the type she most disliked, and who had lied to her. Involuntarily her face grew stern, but before she could speak the woman answered her thought.

"Yes, I lied. It was the only way to get at you. I don't suppose I'll make anything of it, but at least I could get in out of the cold a minute. Maybe you'd have lied, too, if you had tramped five hours and made fifteen cents."

For a moment the two women, the gentle, delicately cared for one and the bitter daughter of toil, looked at each other; then Mrs. Armes stepped to her tea table, arranged for her afternoon's callers, and lighted her alcohol lamp.

"I am afraid I shall not care for what you have to show," she said, "but at least I want to give you a cup of tea before you go out in the cold again."

The young woman stared, started to say something, and apparently changed her mind. She answered only in monosyllables to Mrs. Armes' attempts at conversation, and accepted the tea and little cakes without a word of thanks. But when, the teacup and plate both emptied, Mrs. Armes said, brightly:

"And now, suppose we talk business," she shook her head.

"Not after that," she returned. She drew on her gloves, and then rose. "Now and then," she said, "there's folks that treat me like Christians. I try to be honest over it, and there is any now and then. But I never had any one treat me like a lady before, and I ain't going to spoil it."

Mrs. Armes, returning to her fire, sat a long time looking into the flames. It was a problem—she was more puzzled over it than ever before.

"But at least," she sighed, "I'm glad I gave her a cup of tea."—Youth's Companion.

STRANGE DIHES

Lion's Flesh, Tiger's Meat and Baked Elephant's Foot.

Lion's flesh is said to furnish a very good meal. Tiger meat is not so palatable, for it is tough and snowy. In India nevertheless it is esteemed, because there is a superstition that it imparts to the eater some of the strength and cunning that characterizes the animal. This notion is not, of course, held by the followers of Krishna and Buddha, whose religion forbids the eating of flesh.

There appears to be considerable difference of opinion among authorities on the subject as to the merits of elephant's flesh as an article of diet. By some it is considered a dainty. But there is the authority of at least one European against it. Stanley said that he frequently tasted elephant's flesh and that it was more like soft leather and glue than anything else with which he could compare it. Another explorer, however, declares that he cannot imagine how an animal so coarse and heavy as the elephant could produce such delicate and tender flesh. All authorities agree in commending the elephant's foot. Eren Stanley admitted that baked elephant's foot was a dished off for a king. It is the greatest delicacy that can be given to a Kafir.—St. Louis Republic.

A few days later the average man begins to boast of the good deed he did by mistake.

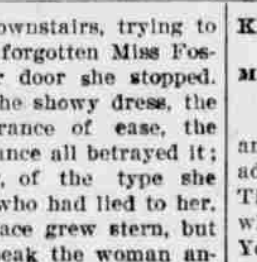
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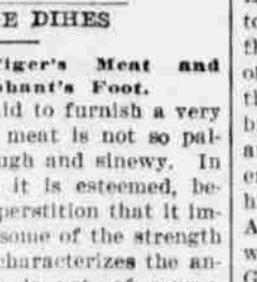
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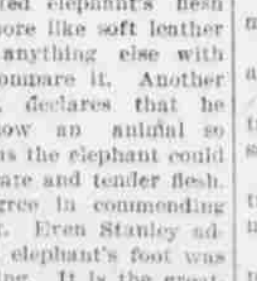
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W. J. BRYAN.



BISHOP POTTER.