



MORNING ON THE FARM

When the white dove coos to his crowy mate,
And birds in the trees rejoice,
Old Frank stands on the barn-yard gate
And shouts in a lusty voice:
"I feel better this morn'g."
And the bantam thinks 'tis true,
For he answers back in a tenor tone:
"Without-a doubt—you do-o."

The house dog lies with his head on his paws,
And blinks at the morning call;
The cat with a field-mouse in her jaws
Comes running home on the wall;
While the Brahma heralds the morn'g again,
And the Bantam takes the cue:
"I feel better this morn'g."
"Without-a doubt—you do-o."

The birds with a glorious burst of song
Make glad the orchard boughs;
And the farmer, swinging his pails along,
Goes out to milk the cows;
The work of the day begins again,
And the roosters call anew:
"I feel better this morn'g."
"Without-a doubt—you do-o."



The Problem of Life.

BY ETHEL M. COLSON.
(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

If there was one particular characteristic or quality for which the Rev. Charles Billings was especially distinguished it was that of truthfulness. He was truthful, moreover, for reasons quite apart and aside from his calling. As a slim and pallid youth at boarding school he had been famous—and popular—because of his exceeding candour. Later, as the devoted and conscientious rector of the Anglican Catholic Church of the Atonement, he was popular and beloved in spite of it. And if ever the meek and lowly minded clergyman knew a suspicion of spiritual pride it was because of the absolutely spotless and unstained condition of his life-record in the matter of truth-telling.

To have expected the Rev. Charles Billings, therefore, to have deliberately—albeit unwillingly—yielded to the temptation to give utterance to an unequivocal lie would have been manifestly outrageous. And yet—

The door of the church study opened, one evening, to admit a woman—a woman tall, slender, of good figure, and expressive face, mirroring just then numerous unpleasant emotions. The Rev. Charles Billings knew her for one of his parishioners, the wife of solid John Brewster, merchant of the old-time Chicago, and a man who was popularly suspected of being a better business man than husband. Certain it is, the fine eyes of his wife had long since acquired a look of weary and patient resignation.

Straight up to the table at which the priest sat hurried the woman. In her eagerness and agitation she never saw the surprised but soothing gesture which beckoned her to a chair. But as she sank into it mechanically it became evident that she had been crying.

"Oh Father Billings!" she exclaimed, wildly—the gentle little priest being so designated by his High Church congregation—"Oh Father Billings do help me! If you do not—" but it was some minutes before she could go on.

"I met an—an old friend this afternoon," she explained, subsequently, "and we—we had an ice together, just to talk of—of old times. There wasn't a shadow of harm in it, although we used—we used to love each other. Perhaps," with a sudden accession of recklessness, "I love him still. At all events, someone—my husband," her voice and face all concentrated bitterness, "plotted and came between us. Then I married—Mr. Brewster. I—I felt so helpless; I didn't know what else to do. And I've tried to be a good wife to him, a far better wife than he has been a husband. I've never seen—the other man—since I was married, until today.

"We came upon each other quite by accident, and we only—we only talked a little of—that other time. But as we left the confectioner's by one door



"Oh, Father Billings!"

my husband came in at another. If he saw me—and I'm almost sure he did—he'll believe the worst in a moment. He judges everybody by himself. And the fact that he had another woman with him won't make a bit of difference to him. If he saw me—and I know, I feel that he did—he's at home now, questioning my maid. He always does so if he finds me out of the house, no matter where I am, nor how short a time I've been absent. And if he discovers that I haven't been making charity calls this afternoon, as I told my maid I intended doing, he'll—he'll throw me aside like an old glove, or an answered letter. Oh, I know him," as the priest looked incredulous, "and

I know what he'll do. And I—I don't know—ah yes, God help me! I do know—what will become of me. And I haven't a relative, scarcely a friend in the world, with the exception of yourself, Father Billings. If you don't help me, I'm—I'm afraid I'm lost forever!"

"What do you want me to do, my child?" asked the priest, quietly.

For answer, she sank on her knees beside him, catching at his hand with small, beseeching fingers that burned like fire.

"Tell him that I have been making charity calls," she said, hoarsely. "He won't believe me, but he'll believe you, if you tell him. Everybody knows," without a suspicion of grim humor, "how invariably truthful you are."

"But, my child," said the priest, gravely, "that would be a lie, a sin."

"I know it would be a lie," she made answer, "but would it be a sin if you did it to save another? And there are worse sins than lying, Father, and some of them are hard to avoid. I don't know how to tell you, but—I've no money, Father, I've no friends or relatives, and if my husband throws me aside there's only one person to whom I can turn for assistance—and—and—I do not want to go to—him."

The face of the priest was pale and puzzled. As a clergyman he knew lying to be sinful. As a man and a



"No, sir," he heard himself saying, gentlemanly he hated lying on general principles. He was firmly convinced of the wickedness of doing evil that good may come. And yet—

It was all so clear before him. If this woman did not still love the other man—she would not so fear and dread being thrown aside by her unloving, unloved husband. And, if so thrown aside, to whom else could she turn? That she was speaking the truth in regard to her husband's harshness and her own penniless condition the clergyman knew well. He knew more about solid John Brewster than most people, and for a hard man and exceeding close with his money all men knew him. That he would refuse to believe the meeting between his wife and the lover from whom he had parted her, by unfair means, solitary and as innocent as accidental was also tolerably certain.

Then, certainly, the problem lay between this woman's soul and his own—the priestly soul which had never yet been stained by lying.

Heavy steps sounded along the passageway leading from the street. The woman, springing to a chair on the other side of the table, looked at the priest beseechingly and bent hurriedly over some papers. A moment later and solid John Brewster himself strode into the room.

At sight of his wife the hard face changed, the expression faded. The priest, rising to confront him, saw in his eyes both doubt and hesitation.

"I see my wife is with you," the man said, sullenly. "May I inquire if she has been with you all day?"

For a moment the priest struggled against a most human impulse, the mad, natural, all but uncontrollable inclination to knock down this intimidator of a woman and trampie upon him. Then he remembered that he was a priest, and that there seemed but one way of helping the intimidator's victim. He turned his eyes toward her down-bent head, momentarily, and again the Problem of the Lie lifted its double-headed torment and regarded him. He saw, as if in vision, the Recording Angel who was so real a personage to him take down, with sorrowful sternness, the white scroll of his unstained veracity and degrade it, degrade it to the dust. His eyes filled with tears, suddenly, as though he had witnessed another's downfall. But, over and against this vision, was set the soul of this woman—and her peril.

For him, repentance and remorse in plenty. Nay, was he not already repenting the very thought of the sin in contemplation. For her—in case her fears were realized—no place of repentance, though she sought it carefully, with tears.

And, right or wrong, the unselfish impulse triumphed.

"No, sir," he heard himself saying, distinctly, after so brief an interval that even the angry husband noticed no hesitation, "she has not. I did not see her until after—noon. But this afternoon she accompanied me on a round of charity calls, and, since our return, she has been busily engaged in making out her report to the Charity Calls Committee of the Woman's Auxiliary. She will be ready to accompany you home so soon as this is finished."

For this lie Father Charles Billings presently—and long—repented, and he will never cease to be anxious concerning its moral effect upon Mrs. Brewster—now slowly acquiring the habit of a negative happiness by utter

self-forgetting. Also, the recurrent torture of his wretched inability to solve the problem of whether or not he did right in telling the lie will always serve the purpose of an exquisitely painful hair-shirt to the man who told it. But there are rare moments now and then, when the problem and the repentance alike cease to trouble him—when he is glad in the conviction that the lie saved not only a woman's body from perdition, but also the woman's soul.

GAS KILLS FLUSHING TREES.

Leaks Out of the Mains and Affects the Tree Roots.

The people of Flushing, which has become famous for the beautiful shade trees which line its streets, have noticed recently that many big, sturdy trees have withered and become lifeless without apparent cause or injury. These trees were not confined to any one variety nor was any single locality alone affected. Horticultural experts examined the dead trees to see if they had become affected by insects or rust, but nothing of the kind was found. Then Samuel B. Parsons, a veteran nurseryman, was asked to make an investigation. He reported: "The condition of the trees indicates that they have been killed by illuminating gas which has escaped through the mains in the streets and has found its way to the roots. In several cases where the dirt has been dug up around the roots of the dead trees there has been a strong odor of gas. If a similar test was made with all the dead trees the same odor would be discovered. I do not know of anything else that would kill the trees." Most of the trees were planted more than fifty years ago. At the present rate, however, Mr. Parsons says he fears that all of them will be killed within five or six years. The same cause he says has killed many of the trees planted in Manhattan. Another nurseryman said that there is no doubt about the gas killing the trees in Flushing. "Last spring," said he, "we planted six trees in front of a residence here. All the trees budded, but just as they were about to put forth leaves one of them died. We replaced it, but when we dug the dead tree up there was a strong smell of gas. The second tree planted also died. Then we made a complaint to the gas company and found that not fifty feet away there was a leak in the gas main."

The managers of the Flushing gas plant declare that they are not to blame for the destruction of the trees. They say that there are dead trees on streets where there are no gas mains. The Flushing Association has promised to employ one of the best experts in the country to examine the trees.—New York Sun.

DEFECTS IN THE CAPITOL.

Whiteness of Main Body Retained by Frequent Painting.

Frederic Harrison's admiration for the capitol as an architectural work and the central object of the Washington landscape is shared by so many that one can always send a thrill of pained surprise through a part of every group of visitors by a reminder that only its two wings are built of marble, and that for the whiteness of its main body we must thank copious and oft-renewed applications of white paint. But quite as much astonishment is likely to be felt by most persons at the discovery that the great dome, which has been the delight of all beholders, is not precisely in the axis of the central portico, but about six feet out of place. Yet such is the case. It has been necessary to resort to some trickery to deceive the eye in taking in the whole effect of the edifice, but the cheat has been accomplished so cleverly that it may be forgiven. Another fact little known to the public is that the exquisite proportions of the dome are the result of accident, not design. The present lines do not follow the architectural drawings, because when the base of the dome proper was measured preparatory to lowering it into the collar, which was already in place for it, it was found to be too large. The collar could not be changed to fit, so the original base was cut off at the point where the diminishing diameter would slip into the collar. The result was most gratifying. If, as many experts assert, the present dome is perfect, it follows that the dome as first designed would have been imperfect, and if it had been used, one of the most satisfactory public edifices in the world would have lacked a large part of its present charm.—Boston Transcript.

A Remarkable Australian.

Sir George Dibbs, who has just presented King Edward with a walking stick of his own make, is one of the remarkable men of Australia. He is probably the only man in the empire who has passed through the two extreme experiences of a prime minister and a prisoner in jail. Sir George has twice been premier of New South Wales, and has held many other posts of the highest importance in the colony; and it was while he was a prominent public man that he had the courage to refuse to pay what he thought an extortionate bill of costs. He was committed to Darlinghurst jail, Sydney, for a year, and served the sentence through to the end.

Hi Henry's minstrel company gave performance at the Alhambra Saturday night and Sunday afternoon and evening, and gave good satisfaction to the audiences which gathered in Manager Miller's theater for a preliminary bit of enjoyment before the regular season of the Grand avenue house opens next Sunday afternoon with "Hunting for Hawkins."



At last it is settled that the Pan-American conference in the City of Mexico is to be held according to the programme, which sets the date of the first session for Oct. 22. Chile has waived her objections for the time and appointed delegates, and that removes the last obstacle.

Even if nothing definite be accomplished by this conference it will do great good. Every such gathering helps to bring the nations together and familiarize them with the idea of co-operation. The first Pan-American conference was held twelve years ago. The next one may be held in half a dozen years or less. After that similar gatherings may meet every year or two, and when that happens the federation of the Western Hemisphere will be half accomplished.

A congress of the American republics meeting annually or biennially would assume in time the characteristics of a common government. It would resemble the congress of the confederation that preceded the formation of our own Constitution.

That congress was composed of the delegates of independent states. It was a diplomatic body, like the one

that is to meet at Mexico. It had few powers of its own. All it could do on most subjects was to give advice to the states, yet it paved the way for a strong national government.

In their progress toward federation the American continents are far ahead of Europe. European international conferences are held only for certain specified purposes, and generally represent only a limited number of powers. But here we have all the countries of the hemisphere sending their delegates for a general discussion of matters of common interest. Such joint discussions cannot fail to draw them closer together.

There are many matters that are within the field of practical action already. An international coin, for instance, which was one of the objects discussed by the first Pan-American conference, is still a thing to be desired. And why should we not have it?

The delegation from the United States is composed of the following members: Henry G. Davis of West Virginia; W. I. Buchanan, of Iowa; Charles M. Pepper, of the District of Columbia; John Barrett, of Oregon; Volney W. Foster, of Illinois; Jose I. Rodriguez, secretary.

In the common parlance of the American people the present conference is the "Blaine idea," nurtured, developed and brought down to the present moment. The first important Pan-American Congress was held in Washington, D. C., in 1889, and was the direct result of Mr. Blaine's foresight and daring leadership. Its main object was to formulate "an agreement upon, and recommendation for the adoption to their respective governments of, a definite plan of arbitration of all questions, disputes and differences that may now or hereafter exist between them, to the end that all difficulties and disputes between such nations may be peacefully settled and wars prevented."

Now, as then, the question of arbitration is the most important and difficult problem which will be considered; but sometimes the altruistic dream of one decade is the operative diplomacy of the next, and it is certain that great advances have been made since the initial conference was held and the principles of reciprocity and international arbitration were first promulgated and discussed at a family gathering of the American Republics.



President Lincoln's Secretary and Historian

John G. Nicolay, the author of ten-volume biography of Abraham Lincoln and of other works on the great emancipator, died the other day in Washington, aged 69. He had lived in the national capital ever since 1860.

With the death of John G. Nicolay there remains but one survivor of the great war president's official household—John Hay, the present secretary of state. All the members of Lincoln's cabinets and nearly all the men who supported him in the senate and house are dead. Mr. Nicolay and Mr. Hay both were young men when they went to Washington as Lincoln's private secretaries in 1861. Both were men of

that of the ten-volume "Life of Abraham Lincoln," on which he and Mr. Hay collaborated for twelve years. The work is the standard authority on all phases of Lincoln's public career. It tells the story of the historic epoch of which Lincoln was the central figure with an accuracy and fullness that render it of permanent value and interest. It should be accounted one of the fortunate circumstances of American history that two such able writers and political students as Nicolay and Hay were in such close relations with Lincoln and had begun collecting material for a history of the man and his times almost from the beginning of

ing in courage or bravery. If the occasion demanded it nobody would question for a moment the supposition that President Roosevelt would have the courage to hold a public reception, unguarded even at the spot where President McKinley fell. But we as a nation would not be wise to permit such a proceeding if possible to prevent it.

Stringent laws will probably be enacted with the view of crushing out the spirit of anarchy, yet no effective laws can be created which will prevent a degenerate from being born. So long as such things can be only one law will prove effective, and that is one which will keep our officials where the degenerate will be permanently denied the opportunity to perform what he may imagine is his earthly mission. Furthermore, while such a law is being rigidly enforced it will be well to begin to properly educate the masses, especially as to the great responsibility of those who intend to become parents. The stock-breeder selects with the greatest possible care the ancestors of his herd. At the same time human beings are thrown into existence without proper effort being made either by the parents or the government to improve the standard of their perfection. Surely humanity should have an equal chance with the animals.

This is a matter for serious consideration in every home, as well as in the legislative halls of our government. Thinking will play its important part, but it will require action to bring about good results. Proper training is the first requisite. Latin, Greek, etc., are all good in their places, yet there are other matters of far greater importance to the present as well as future generations. The time is ripe for proper and wise action to be taken.

English Views on Anarchists.

The London Spectator and the London Saturday Review both have leading editorial articles on the assassination of President McKinley, in which they set forth views on the problem of dealing with Anarchists. The Spectator believes that men of this dangerous character are increasing, but it thinks nothing is to be gained through sharper laws against Anarchists and Anarchist literature. Such laws, it says, only bind the desperadoes more firmly together. It adds that there would be no injustice in punishing any person who in type recommends murder or suggests ways of committing it, but the editor doubts whether kings or presidents would be much safer if all such literature disappeared. The trouble is that general denunciations of society, which can hardly be punished, seem to have the worst effects in arousing the homicidal instinct. The Spectator comes to the conclusion that little or nothing can be done to prevent assassination that has not been done already.



THE LATE JOHN G. NICOLAY.

more than ordinary powers, and in the stern school of those crucial times they developed unusual diplomatic and executive abilities. To how great a degree Mr. Nicolay's faithful services contributed to President Lincoln's success cannot be estimated, but it is certain that his work at the White House was the most important of his life. He also performed a valuable public service when he chose John Hay as his assistant, thus turning the talents of the young Illinois lawyer into the channel of national politics. The work for which Mr. Nicolay will be longest remembered, however, is

his administration. It is gratifying that Mr. Nicolay, in spite of poor health, lived to reap a liberal reward of reputation and money for his services as biographer and historian.

The Human Race Problem.

The assassination of President McKinley has brought our country face to face with a condition of affairs which requires radical and wise methods of treatment to guard against a repetition of similar crimes, writes Prof. G. W. Cunningham in the Chicago Tribune. It is generally conceded that our public officials are not lack-