

# THE WRONG WAY TO WALK

Inelegant and Slovenly Gait Noticed All Too Frequently.

Walking—one of the most popular and beneficial exercises—is well discussed in Good Housekeeping:

Very stout or slovenly people allow the abdomen to "lead." Brain workers, worriers, all nervous and physically uncultivated people, let their heads lead; the head is further advanced than any other part of the person. Dyspeptics whose thoughts are centered on their stomachs, often unconsciously lead with the waist line just over the offending organ. Occasionally a weak-willed person permits the knees to lead. When a thin bad walker moves rapidly, there often seems to be a race between nose and knees, and you watch to see which will arrive at the goal first.

When a young woman's skirt and a young man's trousers show a bulging shape over the knees, their owners are leading sedentary lives or have never learned to walk correctly. This part of the lower limbs should be kept straight, and the ball of the foot, not the heel, should touch the ground first. When the head is bent for long hours over sewing machine or ledger or onion bed, it is not an easy matter to pull it back to its proper position and make it stay there, and it seems so much more easy and comfortable to let the chest sink than to hold it up to its right place; but the demands of health and beauty are identical in the matter of a head held easily, not egotistically, back, and a chest kept in the highest and most advanced position.

It is a striking fact that this attitude of head and chest is expressive, not only of health and grace, but of the finer mental qualities. The embarrassed boy drops his head; if he would hold his head up, his nervousness would disappear. The shy girl thinks that every one in the room is looking at her, and her chest sinks; but if she would hold it up—assume the attitude of courage, though she have it not—she wouldn't care whether they looked or not. The self-conscious person who knows he is stiff and awkward, and who knows that his stiffness and awkwardness are the direct results of his self-consciousness, should imagine that a strong string is attached to the upper part of his chest and held by an invisible hand above him. All he has to do is to let his body depend from that string and keep his head well back of it, and his mind and body will alike become easy and free. The most graceful walker I ever knew told me that she habitually walked by the aid of this invisible cord.

## Tooth Brushes.

Dr. S. H. Arnold gives some interesting facts and good advice in regard to that daily friend, the tooth brush:

Nearly all brushes are made from bristles taken from the wild hogs of Russia or China. The handles are common beef bones. They are made mostly in Japan, France, England and Germany, and by one firm in the United States. Probably English brushes are the best made and worst shaped, but far ahead in form. Germany and Japan are generally imitators. Some of the most expensive English and French, and all American brushes, are made in factories under more or less sanitary conditions, but the cheaper grades, including all German and Japanese brushes, are made in the huts of the peasants, where cattle, dogs, swine, fowls and humans are herded in common. The bristles and bone are given out by the dealer and taken into the country, where they are assorted by the aged and young children and diseased persons, the stronger members of the family working at more remunerative employment.

These cheap brushes are often in the most unsanitary and wretched surroundings imaginable, and it is a significant fact that after being made they are seldom sterilized before using.

The English brushes are generally very much too large to be efficient. The French are better shaped, but are apt to be too long of head, making much waste to the brush, and are too long of bristle.

A wide brush is not advisable because it limits the movement possibly longitudinally to the tooth. Long bristles are not the best, because they bend when the brush is thrust back between cheek and teeth, and stay bent till the brush is withdrawn, thus missing the interproximal spaces so much in need of cleaning. Soft bristles become softer when wet, and utterly fail to enter the spaces at all. If the surface of the bristles is concaved longitudinally to fit the labial curve of the teeth, then when the brush is reversed and used on the lingual surfaces, only the ends of the brush engage the teeth; hence, more teeth are missed than cleaned, and the user is deceived into thinking he has cleaned his teeth because he has brushed them.

Studying the brush over and what is

required of it, it would seem that the brush best adapted to use in the human mouth should have a short, narrow head, with short, rather stiff bristles, trimmed straight longitudinally and convex latitudinally, that each line of bristles may come successively into use as the brush is rotated.

## Breathing for Strength.

Instead of the above heading might be written, "Breathing for Life." For that is really what we do. And since this fact is so easily demonstrated, it is strange that we have not more quickly and fully discovered that in this vital process lies the secret remedy for a thousand ills, if not "the fabled fountain of immortal youth." Men have lived weeks without eating; days without drinking, and nights without sleeping; but how long can we live without breathing? Twenty ounces of food and a few pints of water will supply the body one day; but, upon a low estimate, it requires thirty thousand pints of air in the same length of time.

The delicate machine which this volume of air enters is said to contain over 700,000,000 air cells, or little workshops. Into the walls of these there flows, like the sewerage of a great city, the foul, venous blood of the body. In these remarkable workshops it is quickly transformed into a rushing red torrent filled with life-giving oxygen from the air. What a wonderful invention! What a miraculous process! And yet you are trusted with operating one of these instruments.

Would you note its magical effect under proper conditions? Then stand erect. Open the doors and windows; or, if you are sick in bed, have them opened. Lift your chest and chin, and breathe the invigorating air of heaven, till the muscles of your abdomen fairly bound with joy. Now, isn't that a tonic. Then take it many times a day. You can repeat the dose often. Even as I write the fresh air tickles my finger tips; for when we breathe deeply, it goes to all parts of the body.

## To "The Sufferin' Neat."

There was a little woman  
In a very sorry plight;  
For, strange to tell, this woman  
Disliked to dwell with light.  
She closed her blinds up tightly,  
Then craped the windows o'er,  
For fear the blessed sunshine  
Would spoil her walls and floor.  
This dainty little woman  
Grew very pale and thin,  
Just like the weak potato sprouts  
In cellars deep and dim.  
Ah, silly little woman!  
You have faded out of sight,  
Because you would not let in  
The sweetness of God's light.  
—Farm and Fireside.

## Consumption Can Be Conquered.

The universal interest in the Anti-Tuberculosis movement is shown in every convention held to consider this work. The discussions are practical, not theoretical. The audiences are popular, not merely professional. The whole people are interested.

In a session just closed at Atlanta, Georgia, many important and interesting phases of the prevention and cure of consumption were considered. Dr. C. P. Ambler gave a concise review of the duty of the physician in charge, to the patient and family. His paper was enthusiastically received and adopted as the sense of the League on this subject.

His points were as follows: First, Tuberculosis is not the fatal disease commonly believed.

Second—While communicable it can be made practically harmless by the proper course on the part of the patient.

Third—The chief cause of the high mortality is late diagnosis.

Fourth—Late diagnosis is caused by indifference of the patient to early symptoms and carelessness on the part of the physician consulted.

Fifth—By thorough, systematic instruction of the patient better results can be accomplished than by medication.

Sixth—Instruction of patient, family and friends, and close observation on their part of the rules laid down will practically rob the disease of its method and means of extending.

## Evils of Piano Playing.

A French scientist of note maintains that a large number of the nervous disorders from which girls suffer are to be attributed to playing the piano. He shows by statistics that of one thousand girls who study this instrument before the age of twelve, no less than six hundred suffer from nervous disorders, while of those who do not begin till later there are only two hundred per one thousand, and only one hundred per one thousand among those who have never worked at it. The violin, he says, is equally injurious. As a remedy he suggests that children should not be permitted to study either instrument before the age of sixteen, at least, and in the case of those possessing delicate constitutions, not till a later age.

## Fly in the Ointment.

"I made an extra ten today," said Mr. Nippy to his wife. "Let's go to a Hungarian restaurant to-morrow night for dinner."

"You'd better let me have it to take to Mrs. Jinkson's missionary sale," replied Mrs. Nippy. "I haven't more than a dollar to spend there, otherwise, and Mrs. Jinkson has sent me a special invitation."

"That's the way it goes," said Mr. Nippy, bitterly. "The minute we get a little ahead, along come our dear friends with their hands out. Don't forget this thing of giving to the heathen when we need the money ourselves."—Newark News.

## Spoke From Experience.

"If I had a wife," said the very young man, "I certainly wouldn't want her to be at some woman's club discussing public affairs till midnight."

"Neither would you want her to discuss private affairs at home after midnight," rejoined the man with the absent hair, "but it's pickles to fudge she would do it just the same."—Chicago News.

## Behind the Scenes.

Clara—Have you heard about Grace Dresser? She has received quite a large legacy.

Maudie—Yes. Her mother was a ballet dancer.

# DINNERS, FAMOUS AND OTHERWISE

Collection of Nearly 14,000 Menus of Feasts Given for All Occasions—Property of the Astor Library in New York

Picture—a collection of nearly 14,000 menus extended into a spectrum-hued ribbon! It would reach from the Battery almost to Central Park, a league and more, a rainbow straightened out. But the size and wealth of colors of the Buttolph collection of dinner cards in the Astor library are by no means its only elements of interest.

Nor could the collection be extended into a ribbon after all, for its originator and guardian holds it too sacred for such profane touch. Miss Buttolph courteously receives any one interested in menus, but always with a proviso. A request for a view of her treasures brings forth a searching glance at the outstretched hands, and scant is her mercy if they are not spotless.

To a request for the first course in menus, Miss Buttolph said that there were 104 courses, and all compulsory for visitors.

Then began a parade of gold crested cards, beginning with the wedding feast of Queen Wilhelmina and ending with the burial of the late Dr. Schenk, a former president of Switzerland. These menus, breathing a starchy stiffness of aristocracy, were disappointing. The czar of all the Russias seemed to have no more excuse than any well-fed American for indigestion, the French chef having made dyspeptic brothers of us all.

Of the many menus of rulers only one is printed in the language of the people. With characteristic loyalty to things German, Emperor William requires the royal menus to be printed in German instead of French. King Edward has adopted a half English, half French medium that is more or less amusing compromise.

In the collection is but one menu from the White House, it being an unwritten law that even state functions shall be served without dinner cards.

list, meant more than \$2,000 for a few hours' enjoyment. Down in the Bowery that night the hungry man smacked his lips over a whole meal at five cents.

Elaborate dinner cards are creations of the last five years. That for the dinner to Ferdinand de Lesseps by the citizens of New York, for example, is a plain bit of pasteboard mounted on satin; yet that event was considered the finest of its kind the city had seen. Compared with menus of dinners for Prince Henry it looks as artistic as a chromo among Van Dycks. American cards are, as a whole, the most artistic of any nation. The English are much prone to colored work, the menus of royalty revealing some startling sunset effects, that of the Coronation luncheon for King Edward and Queen Alexandra being very far from our standards of taste. Until late German menus seemed hopelessly infatigable, but now typical embossed work has assumed an impressive dignity in all its heaviness.

Perhaps the most interesting card is one that reveals the extremities of siege life in Paris in the winter of 1870, when the Germans were stolidly camped before the city walls. Christmas of that year found the Parisians with scarce a delicacy for a holiday feast. But the Cafe Voisin was not to be thwarted.

At a stupendous figure it arranged to serve the zoo for Christmas dinner. When the guests sat down that day they were treated to such dishes as elephant consommé, roast camel, kangaroo, wolf with deer sauce, and cat flanked with rat.

A menu that attracts much attention is the one from the birthday feast of Aguinaldo, in the Philippines in 1901. It was in the middle of this historic gathering that Gen. Funston appeared, having swum the Pasig river to be present. Provisions were

at the New York State building at the Pan-American exposition, on the day before he was assassinated. His birthday has already been commemorated by many dinners despite his recent death. Only five other presidents are thus honored: Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln and Grant.

A plain little card inscribed "Soiree Russe" recalls the great reception and dinner given in honor of the Russian fleet's visit here in 1863. This was famous for its mismanagement, calling forth from Admiral Erben of our navy the much-quoted exclamation, "One needs a hydrographic chart to find his way in these waters."

There are two menus which reveal the changes ten years will accomplish. One is a plain little card of a dinner given in 1895 by the Aldine club in honor of "Mr. Theodore Roosevelt." The other is the beautiful menu of the last Lincoln's birthday dinner held at the Waldorf in February. At this great gathering it was "President Roosevelt" who was the guest of honor.

The continuous after dinner performances of Chauncey M. Depew are everywhere noticeable in the collection. As toastmaster, guest of honor and general speechmaker he easily carries off first prize.—New York Sun.

## Where Some Lawyers Are Weak.

The late Hon. James N. Buffum of Lynn, was well known for his keen repartee and strong sense of humor. He was a large real estate owner, and one of the pioneers in building up the city of Lynn, an abolitionist during the stirring times before the civil war and among his friends were William Lloyd Garrison, Charles Sumner and Abraham Lincoln.

At one time a suit for damages was brought against him for the breaking in of the walls of a cistern in one of his houses. During the trial Mr. Buf-



The lone menu from the White House was used on the occasion of President Roosevelt's entertainment of Prince Henry.

The strides in American taste are well illustrated by the collection, the old menu being as plain as the fare offered. When the Tremont house was opened in Boston in 1829 it was heralded as the most sumptuous hotel in America, and its elaborate meals were bewailed at that time as a sign of national decay through luxury.

A display of thirty-seven dishes was the cause of the outcry. Yet we are still doing business here on the Western Continent with many of our best hotels offering between four and five hundred dishes on their dinner cards.

Time stained menus from the American House that stood on Broadway, opposite the city hall, reveal some interesting phases of hotel life shortly before 1850. Breakfast was served "promptly at 7 1/2 o'clock," "dinner in the ladies' ordinary at 2 1/2 o'clock," and "2 1/2 o'clock in the gentlemen's ordinary." A foot note states that "meals sent to the rooms will be charged extra except in the case of sickness." But what constitutes a bona fide "case of sickness" is not explained. On the wine lists are confidential tips to guests. Under the heading of Madeira is "Brandy has been twice to India, and has great age," while a certain brand of sherry is bracketed as "very delicate." Champagne was then sold at half its present price.

In contrast was the menu of the much discussed Hyde dinner to Cambok at Sherry's. Another dinner card typical of present day extravagance is one from the famous "Camp Dinner," given at Delmonico's by Dr. J. B. Clemmens in the winter of 1902. For \$200 a plate the caterer agreed to transport to New York a section of camp life for ten persons. This, with a wine

fun gave many interesting replies in answer to the opposing attorney, showing that he was well versed in the resisting strength of building material.

Just before he left the stand the attorney for the plaintiff had brought into the court room an empty barrel. He then asked Mr. Buffum the following question: "Mr. Buffum, you seem to be able to show the weakness or strength of different kinds of building material; can you tell me which is the weakest part of this barrel that I show without examining it?"

"Well," returned Mr. Buffum, "I don't know as I could; but if it were like some lawyers I know it would be the head."

New Georgia industry. "Any rattlesnakes to-day?" asked the man with the box. "Want any rattlesnakes?"

"That was the exclamation of the crowd as several edged further off from him.

"Finest in the country!" said the man. "But I see you don't want 'em." And as he shuffled down the street they heard him advertising his goods: "Here's good rattlesnakes! Three for a dollar! Every one with ten rattles and a button!"—Atlanta Constitution.

## A Deadly Recommendation.

"A friend of mine," says Ernest Cushing Richardson, librarian of Princeton university, "was considering the matter of an investment in a growing western town. Every advantage glowing colors by correspondence, and finally he was informed that by the following mail he would receive a letter from the leading business man of the place. When the letter arrived it proved to be from an under taker."

## STUDY OF JAMES H. HYDE.

Equitable Officer Seen Through Spectacles of Friend.

A person who made a rather careful study of James H. Hyde of the Equitable life company in his college days arrived at these conclusions about his personal character, which conclusions he has committed to print: "That James Hazen Hyde was quite without vicious tendencies or tastes; that he was sincerely and earnestly interested in the French language—and that he deliberately planned the use of that enthusiasm to make an important figure of himself in the world and especially in France; that Mr. Hyde was prudent, not to say 'close,' in every thing that pertained to the expenditure of his college allowance—and that now and then, when an expenditure seemed extravagant, it was always followed by a compensating advantage of fame or more substantial social or educational benefit to Mr. Hyde; that the young man was possessed of a remarkable self-confidence."

Leader of Free Soil Movement. H. B. Blackwell, the venerable reformer and publicist, has just celebrated his eightieth birthday in Boston. He was a potent factor in the free soil movement, and married Lucy Stone, a leader in the woman suffrage movement, in 1855. He has been a persistent advocate of suffrage for women.

I have ever held it as a maxim never to do that through another which it was possible to execute myself.—Montesquieu.

## ONLY HALF APPLE FOR HIM.

Fine Distinction Made by Policeman at Washington.

Mayor McClellan is fond of relating this experience which befell him when a congressman in Washington: "One night when I was walking down Pennsylvania avenue," said Mr. McClellan, "I saw a big policeman standing on the corner acting in a suspicious manner. He held one hand behind his back, as if he were concealing something. Just for the fun of the thing I approached and asked him: 'What have you there?' For an instant he looked startled and, then quickly bringing his arm around in front of him, said: 'It's an apple; have a bite?' 'No, sir,' I said sternly. 'Don't you know who I am?' 'Don't know you from a lamppost, sir.' 'Well, I am Congressman McClellan.' 'As that is so, then take half of this apple, I suppose if you were a senator I'd have to give you the whole of it!'"

## Gen. Sheridan and Texas.

While in Texas not long ago James Barton Adams, the author, fell in with

# TRICKY RIO GRANDE.

MINING MAN'S EXPERIENCE WITH THE RIVER.

Narrow Escape From Loss of Working Materials—Advice of Old-Timer Two Lessons—Advice of Old-Timer Saved the Situation.

"To give you an idea of what sort of river the Rio Grande is I'll tell an experience that I had in getting across it with a derrick," said Raymond McDougall, a mining man from New Mexico. "I was a contractor in rock work in those days and was taking my derrick from the east side of the river to the Magdalenas. The derrick was on four wagon wheels and four mules were hauling it. I had my two helpers along and one of them drove two mules. He was an old-timer, which was lucky, and if I had trusted to my own judgment I might have made a mistake that would have cost me my mules and derrick, if not my life.

"We reached the Rio Grande a hour before sundown and I saw a wide river bed, but no water—only dry sand from one bank to the other. It was a new kind of river to me, but my driver said that it was all right—that it was a way the Rio Grande had. The water was there, only it was flowing through the sands under the channel instead of in it. I being a tenderfoot was for camping on the nearer bank where the grass was good, but McCartney, the driver, said that would never do unless I was willing to take my chances of staying there a week or two; that water sometimes came down the channel, a good deal of it, and it would be well to get across while we were sure that we could.

"We started across over the dry sands and I was thinking what an easy way it was of fording a river when of a sudden the two lead mules were floundering in a quicksand and the whole outfit came near being drawn in. We got the two leaders clear of the harness and the other two mules drew them out, one at a time. We hitched them up again and by making a long circuit got past the quicksand and to the other bank.

"By that time it was 10 o'clock and the moon had risen. The mules had just begun to climb the bank when we heard a roaring noise up the channel. It came from a wall of water that stretched from bank to bank and was traveling toward us fast. It looked in the moonlight to be four feet high, and there was high water behind sending it on. We didn't need to holler to the mules. They heard what was coming and clawed up the bank like cats.

"We got out all right, derrick and all—and there was not three minutes to spare. Before we had finished our supper the river was full, bank high, with a torrent that eddied and roared as it rushed past our camping place as if it had been sorry to miss us and would like to get up where we were. There was not a cloud in the sky or a sign of rain anywhere and the flood may have come from a cloudburst in Colorado 200 miles away. But it came near getting us.

"I had learned one lesson, and that was in traveling by wagon always to camp on the farther side of a stream. And I had learned to put no trust in the Rio Grande."

My Gentle Harp. My gentle harp, once more I waken  
The sweetness of my slumbering strain;  
In tears our last farewell was taken,  
And now in tears we meet again.  
No light of joy bathed these broken  
But, like those harps whose heavenly skill  
Of slavery, dark as thine, hath spoken  
Thou hang'st upon the willow still.  
And yet, since last thy chord resounded,  
An hour of peace and triumph came,  
And many an ardent bosom bounded  
With hopes—that now are turned to shame.  
Her halcyon son o'er land and sea,  
Thy joy and hope to others bringing,  
She only brought new tears to thee.

But come—if yet thy frame can borrow  
One breath of joy, oh, breathe for me,  
And show the world, in chains and sorrow,  
How sweet thy music still can be.  
How gay, even mid gloom surrounding,  
Thou yet canst wake at pleasure's thrill—  
Like Memnon's broken image sounding,  
Mid desolation tuneful still.  
—Thomas Moore.

Missed Her Favorite Song. Last summer a little girl living at Mt. Auburn, Cambridge, wanted to go to Sunday school with her sisters and brother. As she was not much over three years old, her mother was afraid she would not keep quiet; but the eldest sister promised to bring her home immediately in case there should be any trouble. But Annie, the little one, behaved very well, and when she came home with the others she could not tell her mother quickly enough what a fine time she had.

"What did the children do, Annie?" the mother asked.

"Oh, they sang hymns, and teacher told them stories."

"And what did you do, Annie?"

"I folded my hands nicely and kept very quiet, and when they sang I did, too; but, mamma, isn't it queer, they never sang 'Yankee Doodle.'"

## Researches on Mount Vesuvius.

Prof. Janssen, an octogenarian scientist, recently made some interesting researches on Mount Vesuvius. He climbed to the very brink of the great crater and extracted gases from its depths as if he had been drawing water from a deep well with a chain pitcher. His receptacles were sunk to a great depth and then by an ingenious arrangement of valves were opened and closed after taking in gas.

## Zola's Successor.

Since Zola's death, says a French contemporary, Anatole France seems to be the most prominent and most no less than from seventy-five to eighty-six editions have already appeared, and the demand for some of his stories is growing to such an extent that new editions are constantly being printed.

## Big Cannery for Santa Clara.

A new fruit cannery is about to be established in Santa Clara, Cal., which will put up 3,000,000 cans a year. This season it expects to put up 2,000,000.

# NOT READY TO MOURN.

Bride Was Thinking of Anything But Mourning Garments.

"The pretty bride met so many ladies at the reception given by her husband's cousin to introduce her that it was impossible to keep up with them, and so when the hall boy telephoned up to know whether she was at home to Mrs. James or Miss Richards she always said she was, and took it for granted they were family friends.

A Mrs. Martin was announced in this way, and little Mrs. Anderson received the stranger with a cordial gaiety and began to chat to her of teas and matinees. Mrs. Martin was a dismal person in rusty black and did not seem to respond to merriment. The bride racked her brain for conversation and the guest eyed her with growing distaste. Finally the outburst came when Mrs. Anderson said: "I met you at Mrs. Towne's reception, of course, didn't I find it so hard to connect names with faces, but I hope—"

The visitor rose and broke in: "No, you did not meet me at any reception, and I must say I am surprised to find you like this. I've been in the business off and on for twenty years, and I never saw one take it so light as you do. I answer your note to call and talk over mourning for your husband's funeral, and you tell me about the theeyater last night."

When the bride had sufficiently recovered from her shock she took the note the other held out. It was signed Mrs. Sanderson and was written from the apartment just overhead, where there had been a death the day before.—New York Press.

Bishop Hall Gets a Tip. Bishop A. C. A. Hall of Vermont, whose name has been much in the newspapers recently because of his operation for appendicitis, is fond of telling an experience he had while making a visit to one of his parishes.

During his visitation the bishop is generally entertained at the homes of some of the parishioners. On this occasion he arrived late at night and rather unexpectedly at the house of a well-to-do villager in Brandon. Like many another country family, this one did not have company often, and the guest room was neither warm nor otherwise prepared for occupancy, but in due time the bishop was informed that his room was ready.

In the morning the daughter of the house, a tot of five years, was allowed the privilege of announcing breakfast to the guest, still in his room. After the morning greetings and compliance with the mother's instructions to inquire if the bishop slept well, the child exclaimed: "Ma says she wishes that you would let us know next time that you are coming. She says we don't keep no boarding house."

Preventive of Mosquitos. A Kentucky congressman tells of a Louisville man rather well-known throughout the state for his convivial qualities, who last summer visited a friend living in a town on the lower Mississippi. He took with him his servant, a faithful old negro of 70 years.

The morning after the arrival of the Louisville man, his host, who had risen a little earlier than usual, encountered the colored man walking about the grounds.

"I hope your master wasn't annoyed by the mosquitos," observed the head of the place. "I'm sorry to say they're pretty bad just now."

"Oh, no, sah!" cheerfully responded the servant. "Las' evenin' Marse John when he went to bed was so intoxicated he don't mind de skeeters at all, an' dis mornin' de skeeters is so intoxicated dey don't mind Marse John."—Sunday Magazine.

Work Without Hope. All nature seems at work. Slugs have their part—  
The bees are stirring—birds are on the wing—  
And winter slumbering in the open air,  
Wears on his smiling face a dream of spring—  
And I, the while, the sole unbusy thing,  
Nor honey make, nor pair, nor build, nor sing.

Yet well I ken the banks where amaranth bloom,  
Fave traced the fount whence streams of nectar flow,  
Ereom, O ye amaranths! bloom for whom ye may,  
For me ye bloom not! Glide, rich streams,  
With lips unbrightened, wretched brow,  
And I would you learn the spells that draw  
And drowse my soul!

Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve,  
And hope without an object cannot live.  
—Coleridge.

Looks After College Chums. Another of the class of '78, Yale, has been taken care of by Secretary Taft. Paul Charleton, who was a member of the graduating class at Old Eli in that year, has been made law officer of the bureau of insular affairs of the war department at a salary of \$4,500 a year, to succeed Judge Magoon, who is now a member of the Panama canal commission. "Nobody could be a member of the class of '78 at Yale without being a better man for his experience," remarked Secretary Taft as he announced the appointment of Charleton. "What was your class at Yale, Mr. Secretary?" someone asked. "Seventy-eight," proudly replied the rotund official.

Woman Teaches Agriculture. Mrs. Mary E. Lee of Glen Lee farm, New Plymouth, Ohio, is chairman of the committee under whose direction a large number of people in Ohio are studying agriculture and domestic science. The other members of the committee are President Thompson of the Ohio State university and Prof. Homer C. Pries, dean of the College of Agriculture.—Chicago Post.

Bell to Toll for Soldiers. Col. Frank Hume, a former Confederate army officer, is making an effort to get the Grand Army of the Republic to endorse his plan to have a bell cast, to be the largest in existence, to be hung in the Arlington cemetery, and to be tolled during the funeral rites of soldiers.

Promotes German Trade. A Hamburg paper states that the Association of Hamburg Exporters has recommended to the German government that it establish diplomatic relations with Abyssinia and appoint a consul there in order to promote German trade.