

spirit droops. I can see only the intermediate sorrow, the shame, the rejection, the concealment, the rejection, the passionate torment of men and women, born to neither one race nor the other, scorned by both; innocent exiles; broken, for the sins of others, upon the wheels of the world! I feel like battling against that which threatens to undermine the integrity of my own race.

But my friend says the shame is here and that it can not be ignored. She says that facts must be accepted as they are found. I am sure the clubs must face the situation. And I wonder if they dare say: "It is the men among you who have sinned; it is you, the women, who must pay the penalty!"

I could not say it; but there may be those who can. It is certain that the clubs must face the question at the next biennial.

OBSERVATIONS.

Arbor Day.

"The groves were God's first temples," and in ancient times they were often considered sacred. During the progress of the centuries, and especially in these later years, this spirit of simplicity and veneration of natural objects has rapidly been eliminated. The next step in this process of demolition is the appropriation of once-revered objects to personal use. In the case of forest-destruction this tendency is especially deplorable. The consumption of timber in the United States is estimated at no less than 25,000 acres of groves every twenty-four hours. To the credit of Nebraska must be placed the first definite effort to counteract this wholesale destruction of forests. At the annual meeting of the State Board of Agriculture on January 4, 1872, an Arbor Day resolution was adopted, and at the first celebration over a million trees were planted in Nebraska. Hon. J. Sterling Morton, Secretary of Agriculture in the Cleveland cabinet, instituted the first American Arbor day, which is now recognized as one of the most helpful and patriotic events of the year. The popularity of this celebration is due largely to the fact that it was welcomed by the teachers and made part of the education of pupils in the common schools of the United States. About a hundred trees have been planted on the Lincoln school grounds during the present month, and Arbor Day programs were given in most of the school buildings.

An appropriation has recently been made by the California legislature for the protection of the sequoia trees of Calaveras. The diameter of twenty of these trees exceeds 25 feet and are therefore about 75 feet in circumference. One tree which has been cut down by the American lumberman was 302 feet in height and 96 feet in circumference. It was sound to the core and had been growing for three thousand years. The Indians spared these trees, they revered them, but the people who have superseded the natives cut down the trees to make sideboards, bedsteads, and tables. The Egyptians would commit a lesser crime if they pulled down the pyramids to get building stones. Think of it! here in the new world are trees which have been growing organisms for 3000 years. They are older than the beginning of Persian history. Grecian history is mere guess work till the Olympiads in 776 B. C. and the Sequoias had then been growing 724 years. The little green stalk had pushed its head out of the ground and was a slender young tree four hundred years old when the warriors from the Pelop-

nesus camped down around Troy for the long siege. Egyptian history is said to begin about 5000 years ago. The savants are not agreed and we might as well leave them discussing whether the authentic remains be long to the period 2000 or 3000 B. C. The age of the oldest Sequoia trees is certificated in the tree and connects us indubitably with the early morning of history. Yet we would cut them down for the profit of a furniture company. Before the heroic age of Greece began these majestic trees held the nests of extinct birds. Primeval men gazed at the straight, strong boles in awe. To the aborigines the trees were mysterious ancestors. To the American phillistine the biggest tree was only 500,000 cubic feet of lumber and he cut it down.

A Poseur.

The Congregational church will not try Mr. Herron for heresy, but for conduct unbecoming a gentleman and a Christian. The Congregational church is singularly vague about heresy. Each church is a law unto itself. Occasionally but not frequently a Congregational church asks for the advice of other ministers of the same denomination, but there is no synod or convocation of bishops that has any power either mandatory or advisory over any Congregational church. Mr. Herron has been expecting a summons to a heresy trial for years. But not one minister of the Congregational church was willing to assist Mr. Herron in his search for notoriety and his desire for a martyr's pose. Lately Dr. Hillis, one of the manliest of ministers, refused to speak on the same occasion with Mr. Herron, not because of Herron's views, not because of any heresy but "because," Dr. Hillis said, "I am a plain common man." Mr. Herron is to be tried for charges of immorality and if it be found that his conduct measures up to the standard of the common layman, who but promises at the altar to forsake all others and cleave only unto one, he will be acquitted of the charges.

There are deep pitfalls dug for the feet of reformers.

From Wolfenbarger to Herron the constant temptation to strike a highly moral, haloed attitude in public, and yield to temptation while people are looking the other way, has gained many victims. Unless a man has extra-human strength, it is not given to him to stand in a bright light and on high places as an example to humanity. The effect of worship upon a man is to make him think himself superior to the moral law his worshipers observe. Man can not be elevated above his fellowmen without getting dizzy then the devil tips him over with a touch. He was made to walk on the earth. His head is not strong, in spite of the declamation of the man's-rights man. His flesh is weak and when he elevates himself he misses the supporting shoulders of the crowd. The list of reformers is a long one and some of them, by the grace of God, have not fallen below the standard set and conformed to by the plain men. A reformer makes up his mind that the plain men and women of his day and church or state are wrong, and that he knows better than all the rest of his contemporaries. He must be somewhat of a fanatic to get inspiration enough to overcome the inertia or current of custom and habit and to get even a small part of the world to follow him. Convinced that he is right and all the world is wrong it is not difficult for him to convince himself that whatever he likes is right for him. Mr. Herron has a small following and it has made him

dizzy. It has made him a law unto himself, and whatever wickedness he is responsible for, with the true fanatic spirit, he sincerely believes that he has done right.

"Jack-a-Boy."

Miss Willa Cather's story Jack-a-boy, published in a recent number of the Saturday Evening Post, is a charming story of a little boy, who fulfilled his mission to his neighbors, as the little legendary Christ-kind used to do in the old German stories. Miss Cather's love of children and the memory of her own childhood combined with a remarkable knowledge of words and their articulation enables her to write exceedingly well, of children. Jack-a-Boy is one who might have become a composer, a poet, an artist or a writer. He had the wide, gray eyes that hold the light and reflect it back augmented, the eyes of a Stevenson, a Keats, or a Chatterton. He takes an interest in the neighborhood he moves into and by his lovely and loving sympathy with all his neighbors he destroys malice and uncharitable gossip. But like Mrs. Burnett's parodied little Lord Fauntleroy, and all the Sunday-school-book boys little Jack-a-Boy dies. When all the good little boys of literature die young it is discouragement to the "would-be-good" little boys who read about them. If all the good little boys die, a conversion must take place somewhere in the lives of a large number of bad boys. For although the extraordinarily good men are not frequent enough to be tiresome, there are enough men who go about dispelling the darkness, comforting the broken-hearted, feeding the poor and shedding sweetness and light, to make us believe they must have been pretty good when they were lads and to make us thankful that they escaped the story-tellers who are more fatal to good children than the scarlet fever microbe.

Except for this yielding to the natural impulse of the short story writer to make his story complete by a pathetic death, this story of Miss Cather's is admirable. Letting the boy die is not a fault. I protest against it only because I know that many of the good and interesting boys live to be tolerably, humanly good and fascinating men and this tendency of story-writers is discouraging to imaginative boys who wish to be good and still wish to live.

The Influence of the Stage.

Americans are an imaginative people. The faces of an audience watching clever actors work out the roles of an interesting play reflect the emotions in the order they are produced on the stage. Entirely forgetting place and occasion by far the larger part of the audience gasp, or weep or laugh as the situation is thrilling, pathetic or droll. Everybody knows that the play is but a *tour de force* and that the actors are not really in love or in pain or dying or dead, that nobody's heart is really broken, that nobody's daughter is shamefully wandering at night with a bit of an old shawl instead of a hat on her head. Everybody knows the actors of the drama are a company of well-dressed well-drilled, well set-up men and women, who travel in Pullman cars and stop at the best hotels. But nevertheless the faces that watch good actors are wet with tears or convulsed with laughter, or righteously set in confirmatory approval of the hero's virtuous declamation. Some people are even profoundly moved by theatrical performances. Yet the theatre which is so powerful an agent of the

emotions, is neglected and frowned upon by the very people who are devoted to the saving of souls. The best ministerial orator who can move his people to tears or smiles is seldom able to keep the absorbed attention of an audience from the beginning to the end of his sermon. The theatre might be converted into the most effective means of teaching truth, chastity, honesty etc, because people are but children and the drama is a picture, a concrete example of the good and evil of a whole life compressed into a short story or a play and enacted in an evening before absorbed eyes.

Pigeon-Shooting.

Harper's Weekly last week printed a cartoon of a pigeon as large as a bull being shot from a trap and catching the trap-shooter by the throat. Bull-baiting is really a less cruel sport than shooting at pigeons thrown from a trap, though we consider it so because the pigeon is too small to hurt the man with the gun if his aim is poor. Columns have been written by the superior Anglo-Saxon about the brutality of the Latin bull-baiting amusement. Of the two the bull-fighter is more civilized. The bull is not fettered, he has horns, and hoofs, he is swift, he is cunning, and he sometimes kills the toreador. The doves are defenseless. Shut into a dark box, they are suddenly thrown, by a strong spring, into the air. Blinded they are as apt to fly in one direction as another. The man who shoots them has the sporting instincts of the gunner who fires at birds before they are flushed. The wounded birds that get away die after days of fevered suffering. Birds of the field, that legitimate hunters shoot, occasionally get away, but hidden in the woods or fields they have a chance for their lives, and the birds that are killed are cooked and eaten.

A Horseless Age.

Judge—What's your occupation?
Prisoner—I'm a horse thief out of a job, your honor.
Judge—How's that?
Prisoner—The automobile has ruined my business. See?

"I'd like to be a printer,
And with the printers stand;
Green ink upon my forehead,
And benzine on my hand;
And if a mad subscriber
Came in to kick and roar,
I'd stab him with the towel
That leans against the door."

J. F. HARRIS,

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