

browed and long-armed but gallant specimen of masculinity responded from a distance and rapidly swung himself through the trees until his family was reached. There he performed similar antics to those that Mr. London dreamed about, ending by dealing the hyena a neat and powerful blow with a branch that he wrenched from the tree. The resemblance between Mr. London's ancestors (which were also my own, if he will forgive this claim to consanguinity) and Ab's immediate parents is so great in appearance, behavior and surrounding incidents that the latter's story came completely to mind as I read the first installment of 'Before Adam.' I am sure that Jack London's wonderful perception, imagination and knowledge, as evidenced in the excellent products of his pen, are ample to produce this noteworthy contribution, to say nothing of personal characteristics that prevent any thought of plagiarism. The error you make in your note and the remarkable resemblances between persons and incidents depicted seem to warrant this friendly notice of a matter which I must presume will interest you and Mr. London."

REPRESENTATIVE JENKINS, chairman of the house committee on judiciary, is quoted as saying: "Primarily it might be said the entire school question is under the absolute control of the state by virtue of police power unless interfered with by the treaty-making power. Unquestionably a treaty can be made covering and including the question but it is not for me to say whether the treaty does or does not cover and include it. That is for the administration to determine until the courts decide. There is no sense of justification in talking war. It is worse than silly. It is cruel and un-American. We do not know enough about it even to express an opinion. All the facts are not before the public and I apprehend that but few have carefully considered the law."

MINISTERS HAVE often resorted to unusual methods in order to arouse their parishioners, and the advertising which fills theatres and circus tents has often been used to advantage. Among the many peculiar devices used to arouse an interest in church work the one used by a Methodist minister at Bluffton, Ind., is not without its unique features. Discouraged by the lack of interest in church work in his community, and having exhausted the usual means of bringing the unheeding ones to a realization of their duty, the minister went to the church at an early hour one Sunday evening and began tolling the bell. Immediately the people gathered to learn who had passed into the great beyond. Then the minister remarked that while he knew of no one who had physically died recently, he knew of a great many who were morally and spiritually dead, and it was for these that he tolled the bell. A number of those who gathered to learn the news admitted that they belonged on the roster of the deceased and expressed a desire for a resurrection.

MANY NEWSPAPER editors and other public men have recently shed many crocodile tears because of New York's "misrepresentation" in the United States senate. But the New York Press, republican, and wonderfully frank these days, gives this interesting reminder: "The shame of New York is not in the miserable plight in which the senior senator from the state finds himself at this moment. The shame is not more than when the election of both him and Depew was tolerated. Nothing is known about either of them now by those who were responsible for their election and for their other prominence in public affairs that was not known years ago. The fact that one of them becomes self-revealed to all the world as he was revealed to those who were willing to give him public honors to dishonor and the fact that a Mr. Hughes, in the insurance investigation, disclosed the other as doing what all his intimates and his political backers knew he was doing—these facts add nothing to the shame which has always been New York's since this state has been represented in the United States senate by Thomas C. Platt and Chauncey M. Depew."

WITHIN THE MEMORY of men who are yet but little past middle age the vast plains lying between the Missouri river and the Rocky Mountains fairly teemed with buffalo. Less than twenty years ago the "bone industry" was flourish-

In The Children's Room

Since she had always been a child among
Her children, speaking with their tongue,
And telling o'er their tales, and making seem
More true to life each little childish dream,
She at the last had murmured, "You must take
My place with them, now, for the old time's sake."

So he, that empty Christmas morning, went
Up to the Children's Room, where she had spent
Such joyous hours, such evenings intimate,
Where still, it seemed, some ghost of her must
wait.

Then suddenly upon his spirit weighed
A sense of want that left him half afraid
Of all the vast house and its emptiness,
Of all the ache his heart could not express.

He, otherwise, unreconciled, austere,
Combating all his grim world year by year,
Had grown more cold, more scornful of his kind,
And so, in toil, life's solace sought to find,—
A man who would not think, and could not wait,
A lonely heart that built on work and hate,
That sought the last but not the best of creeds,
And in engulfing effort drugged its needs.

But in the Children's Room he stooped above
The childish heads life gave scant time to love.
Wide-eyed they studied him, and bravely then
He struggled with the tears that iron men
Must seldom know, for, turning to the wall,
There on three simple pictures chanced to fall
His gaze, embittered with the ache
Of all his unilluminated life's mistake.

They were the simple pictures She had told
Strange stories of, above each head of gold,
In angel evening hours and days of rain,
Crooning the same tale o'er and o'er again,
Until each listening child that 'round her knelt
With her the beauty of the story felt—
The simple history that day by day
She softly told, and while she lulled away

Some passing tear, some momentary grief,
She left them richer with a new belief,—
While he, torn with his century's disease
Of restless doubt, sought never dreams like these!

One picture was but a shepherd boy
With gazing eyes and brow illumed with joy.
His sheep he saw not, nor the wide gray waste
Of mild Judean midnight, for he faced

ishing in central and western Nebraska where prosperous cities are now located. Huge stacks of buffalo bones were piled along the railroad tracks in the then new country, and were shipped by trainloads to eastern mills to be ground into fertilizer, while almost countless horns were utilized in the button industry. A statistician has recently submitted figures to prove that fifty years ago not less than 50,000,000 head of buffalo ranged the plains of Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming and the Dakotas. In less than half a century the buffalo has all but disappeared, a very few being reared in captivity and a few wild ones still roaming the National Park under the protection of the government. Renewed interest in the story of the buffalo has been aroused by the fact that H. T. Martin, of the Kansas State University has just succeeded, through large patience and research, in reconstructing the skeleton of a prehistoric buffalo. The bones were found in Logan county in 1895 and shipped to the university, and Mr. Martin at once set to work reconstructing a skeleton. He asserts that the buffalo lived 20,000 years ago. A peculiar feature is that an arrowhead was imbedded in one shoulderblade, and Mr. Martin asserts that this proves the existence of Indians in Kansas 200 centuries ago. The skeleton reveals a buffalo considerably larger than those which roamed the plains a few years ago. It is a foot taller and nearly two feet longer, and the horns have a length of four feet.

STATISTICS ARE exhibited to show a great increase in crime in the United States—especially crimes of violence. A writer in the Philadelphia Record says these statistics are anything but favorable when compared with those of other civilized nations. The Record writer adds: "Thus it is seen that while the average number of murders and manslaughters in Canada is 15 per cent, or three for 1,000,000 inhabitants,

A star, a strange star in the Eastern sky;
And like a little wind there wandered by
A breath of Peace, and o'er the troubled earth
A new tranquillity sighed into birth.

The second picture showed a mother bent
Above a new-born Child. She was not spent
Nor worn, but gazed with ever wistful love
Down on the Child. The lowly roof above
Their heads was but a stable, yet the face
Of him called Jesus filled that humble place
With mystic glory, and the serried wings
Of angels drooped to guard his slumberings.

The last scene was that of the wise men low
Before the Child. A wonder seemed to grow
Upon them as they watched, and they fell prone
Before the Infant as before a throne;
And as the mother marveled, lo, on her
They heaped their frankincense and gold and
myrrh.
(The wise men these, he mused, who saw afar
And knew and understood their better star!)

With what was half self-hate and half regret
The man on whom the fever and the fret
Of life had left its ashes, slowly turned
Back to his little children who had learned
What he had lost. * * * Then to his vision
came
A picture like the first, yet not the same.

It showed the Child of old with sorrows crowned:
It showed a dusty cavalcade that wound
By pool and rock and path, until, behold,
From one high plain there suddenly unrolled
The sun-bleached slopes, and on their heaving
breast,

In all its thousand-roofed and walled unrest,
Jerusalem flashed back from tower and dome,
Judea's pride, the pomp that still was Rome!
One dust-stained Man, with troubled eyes stood
long

And gazed on tower and wall and heard the song
Of swarming street and life too feverish grown;
And as he watched, in silence, and alone,
Up o'er his brooding face a sorrow crept,
And Christ, its Savior, o'er the city wept!

And strangely then the man who knew
No childlike faith, his little children drew
About his knee—"For surely on this day
Christ is re-born," he murmured, "as you say!"
—Arthur Stringer in Good Housekeeping.

the number in the United States is 9,829, or 129 to 1,000,000 inhabitants. In Germany the average annual number of these crimes is 224, or nearly five to 1,000,000 inhabitants; in England 322, or ten per 1,000,000; in France 520, or 14 per 1,000,000; and in Belgium 94, or 16 per 1,000,000 inhabitants. These data, if correct, reveal a great disparity as to this class of crimes among the nations having the highest claims to civilization. But, assuming the correctness of the data in regard to these crimes in the United States, they would lead to erroneous conclusions as to the law-abiding character of the American without a careful analysis. While the average annual number of murders and manslaughters is 254 in New England, or 4.68 to 100,000 inhabitants, in the Middle States 8.60 to 100,000 and in the Central West ten to 100,000, it rises to 22.30 to 100,000 in the southern states, and to 29.42 in the Pacific coast states. Statistics of Mississippi and Louisiana indicate at the same time that most of the crimes of violence in the south are committed by the blacks on each other or are the processes of lynch law for shameless assaults upon women. A review of the statistics of the lower orders of crime in the United States would take us too far afield, but they unquestionably indicate an increase in spite of the spread of popular education. As to the increase of the crimes of manslaughter and murder the chief explanation is in the uncertainties and delays in the execution of the laws. This condition is due for the most part to the legislative extensions of the power of carrying appeals and writs of error to the higher courts for almost all offenses. Whoever has the means of employing skillful counsel can postpone his punishment for years or finally defeat the ends of justice.

As long as the "bad trusts" can keep the administration worrying over dangers that threaten the "good trusts" the "bad trusts" will continue to pile up their millions of extortionate profits.