

PHILOSOPHICAL OBSERVATIONS

By BYRON WILLIAMS.

"More water gildeth by the mill Than wots the miller of."

A wise king sought a satisfied man. To this end he advertised a prize of gold. It was a "free-for-all" a colosseum in which the contented poor and the favored rich might participate. Having set his trap the hoary old wretch titled his crown, a la Lillian Russell, and "smoked up." Many came to claim the reward, their faces wreathed in happiness and with songs on their lips; but each was turned away with the question, "If satisfied with your lot in life why seek ye this prize?" And they went away crest-fallen, while the jolly old king burst the buttons off his royal vest laughing.

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The babe at its young and buxom mother's breast wants the moon. When the infant has grown to manhood's estate he wants not only the moon, but the world with a barbed wire fence around it. He seems unmindful of the truth that the earth would be as much "an elephant on his hands" as would the moon have been in his adolescent days. As a babe he was not satisfied with that sweet mother's breast; as a man the blessings innumerable are not sufficient. He sees not the glories about him and the water runs away, past his mill while he sees it not.

A young man walking along a sinuous path of nature with beauties at every step, discovered a coin of gold in his path. Every afterward he bent his eyes earthward to the rude path beneath his feet in search of pelf, for getful of the glorious world about him and the sun setting in golden aureoles upon the mountain peaks of life. He died a miser and the water that gurgled by his cabin door laughed onward in derisive requiem.

Amid the flowers of the country, the anemones that burst in the spring-time and are called by the children "dew-drops," the forget-me-nots of advancing sunshine in shaded nooks, the wild roses that tincture of a rare perfume, the apple blossoms and the lilacs, the lilies of the valley and the violets—amid all these god-like, heart throbbings of nature, the pastoral people long for the unnatural city. The glad cry of the water as it sings past the miller is not heard—there is sighing for coal smoke and turmoil and struggle. Thus it is with us ever, the water of life plunges by us unheeded—long for the sandy desert and the artificial things of life.

Yesterday the miller beheld his wife, his children and that dear old mother's face. In a non-committal sort of way he noticed them as he hurried home to sleep. The next day he was blind. Instantly the mind, springing to supremacy, upbraids him. Never again may he see the waters at his very feet. In a vague, weird, rhythm he hears the plashing nectar. He knows that millions of prism-like drops are flashing rainbows in the sun, but he cannot see. The disregarded brook has become a river of life he cannot lave in—the beauty about him is no more and there is nothing left but darkness, longing and despair.

In life we sully our sight with things which do not satisfy and from the busy mart and strenuous brawl of existence, yearn to reach back with innocence to that brook which rippled past our early youth. Alas! It has grown muddy and commonplace, humid and fishy—the glass is shattered and the golden bowl lies in cutting fragments at our heart.

"More water gildeth by the mill Than wots the miller of."

Happy the man who sees the glory of the rainbow, the iridescent scintillations of a vari-hued joy, in the things that are true and simple. The mill will never grind With the water that is past."



A luckless editor recently advised his constituency to kill their dogs and buy pigs. He was a practical publisher and he knew many people could better afford to feed their waste food to hogs than to canines. A storm of protest followed the editor's suggestion. One writer says in reply: "Yes, kill your dear old faithful, mindful, thankful, trustful dog and buy a pig. But when you come home after a hard day's toil don't expect that same pig to meet you two blocks away with a joyful little cry of welcome at every jump. Sometimes when you feel unusually blue and it seems that the whole world is knocking against you, don't expect it to nuzzle up to your side and laying its head within your lap, wag out its unalloyed sympathy."

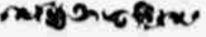
Pig vs. dog? That is the question. Whether 'tis better to suffer the stings and arrows of poverty with the friendship of a dog, or to eat spare-ribs and brown gravy with no dog at the corner of the tablecloth waiting for the bones. This is a momentous question when one looks the faithful old dog in the eye as it were. On the other hand, it is equally as great a proposition when one hears the contented grunt of the rotund porker sloughing in his swill. It is, however, merely a battle between friendship and plutocracy, and there is yet the problem to consider from the standpoint of domestication. The young woman in her holly-toity, glad clothes, cavorting down the boulevard with a squealing little pig under her arm would undoubtedly create quite an impression as she progressed. Besides making a spectacle of herself she did raise by the young leather-lung would completely drown that very desirable little "frou-frou" every woman loves to hear her silken petticoats make.

No, this wouldn't do at all. The pig as a pet is simply impossible. The proposition is a cold-blooded one: Shall we kill Towser, our faithful, wag-tailed friend, for filthy lucre in the form of a little bunch of pork? That is the question. But what about folks who are too poor to own either a dog or a pig? That is also the question.



Keep the mind healthy if you don't lay up a cent. The slough of despond has nothing for sale that will benefit any one. Be joyous most of the time despite your troubles. Don't be discouraged. Remember the man who had a good light hold on the gentleman cow's tail, and hang on for dear life. The weakest thing any man can do is to give up. Keep trying and burnish brightly your hopes and expectations. Build air castles and live for their realization. There is gratification in contemplation. We knew a well-educated man who was superintendent of city schools. He had a misunderstanding with a pompous member of the board. He lost his position and failed to secure another. One night he gave up; got a revolver and shot himself. On the morning mail, when his body was cold in death, came a letter offering him a better position than the one he lost.

Don't give up to-day; wait until to-morrow. The sun will shine through your cypress trees in time. Be of good cheer. All the world loves a laugh. Don't take this life so seriously that you must be miserable throughout it. Sip the honey from the chalice of existence and avoid the thorns. Keep your mind filled with roses and the perfume of flowers, the love of children and the patriotism of a nation. Be a man. If you cannot be happy yourself—help others. This is a key which has unlocked many a rusty heart and set it to palpitating with rich, pure blood. Take an interest in things about you and life will soon be worth the living. There was never a night so black but that the glorious sun broke through the clouds illuminating and sanctifying humanity.



When God saw how wicked the primal men of this earth were he destroyed them, leaving only Noah and his family to perpetuate us. Just how wicked a world has to become before we have Noah and his ark upon us is merely a matter of conjecture, but from hearsay it would seem that Noah's second voyage is not being delayed by Chicago. Wonder what kind of a Noah Billy Mason would make!

Seven has been a lucky number ever since Noah was ordered by the Lord to take on board the ark every clean beast to the number of seven. Just where eleven comes in is not clear, unless there was a poet on board.

By the way, do you really believe that story about Noah being 950 years old? It was terribly wet on the bottoms that season. Noah's dove was the first homing pigeon known to history, no doubt. She came home with an olive branch and Noah knew that fishing was not good on the entire face of the earth. The water was receding and already chinch bugs were claiming the wheat.

What do you suppose became of that dove, anyhow? "She never came back"—that is, the third time she was sent away. It must have been a great year for ducks!



Jones tried to please his wife, ate her biscuits and got dyspepsia. Jones endeavored to please his employer and said employer used him for a hobby horse and a door mat. Jones, the editor, sought to please every faction and they said he was "all things to all men." Jones traded all over town to keep each merchant satisfied, and they said his trade didn't amount to anything. Jones went to no church for fear of offending his patrons in other churches, and the preachers dubbed him an enemy to religion. Jones did other things and had a device of a time, pleasing none. Finally the doctors criticized him because he did not patronize them and he pondered. But when the undertaker refused to speak to him because he didn't die and patronize him he got mad and resolved to please only himself.

Moral—He lived happily ever afterward.

LARGEST PROTESTANT CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES

The largest Protestant church in the United States, so far as numbers go is "The Baptist Temple," of Philadelphia.

The Temple's present membership is 2,728, and its congregations twice each Sunday in the year—excepting in the summer months—average over 5,000 with many clamoring in vain for entrance.

Its Sunday school has a membership of nearly 2,000, its fourteen Christian Endeavor societies have 3,000 names on their rolls, and the aggregate membership of the dozen other minor societies is close on 600. It has 1,000 members actively interested in missionary work, it supports a half dozen foreign missionaries, and it has given half a hundred ministers to the Baptist church.

It supports three city missions, located in the slums, besides a Chinese mission, and it has been the parent of three prosperous Baptist churches

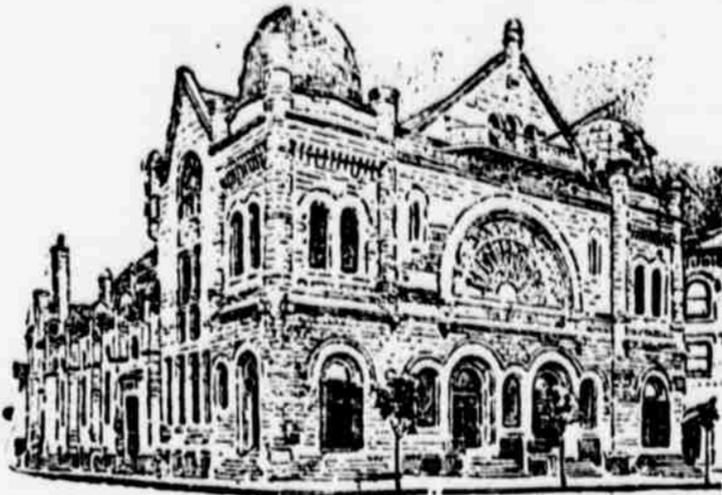
pensary 313 persons who made 1,282 visits. The staff now consists of ten physicians, three resident physicians and sixteen nurses. The Temple congregation has raised \$100,000 for the hospital's support. The state, recognizing the good work of the institution, last year appropriated \$45,000 towards its maintenance.

For the support of all these various charitable and religious enterprises Dr. Conwell and his congregation, in almost twenty years of their joint labors have raised nearly \$800,000. The greater portion of this money has come in voluntarily, without the least solicitation.

BIBLE IN FOUR TONGUES.

Gospel Going to Tribes Hitherto Unacquainted with it.

Four hitherto unknown tongues—so far as print is concerned—are now being added to the list of languages



THE TEMPLE

which were once Temple missions—the Tioga church, with a membership of 1,000; the Philmont, with a membership of 600, and the Logan, which has about 400 communicants.

It is the most earnest and largest contributor to the Baptist Home for Old Ladies and Baptist Orphanage. The Sunday Breakfast association, a unique Philadelphia organization, which feeds thousands of poor every year; the Life Line League and the Point Breeze Mission, whose object is to look after sailors, and the Open Door Mission, for the aid of fallen women—each a large charity in itself—are largely supported by Temple funds and workers.

The Temple has a chorus of 200 voices for ten months in the year. It gives an annual fair, preparations for which are begun months in advance, and which is attended by at least 20,000 persons.

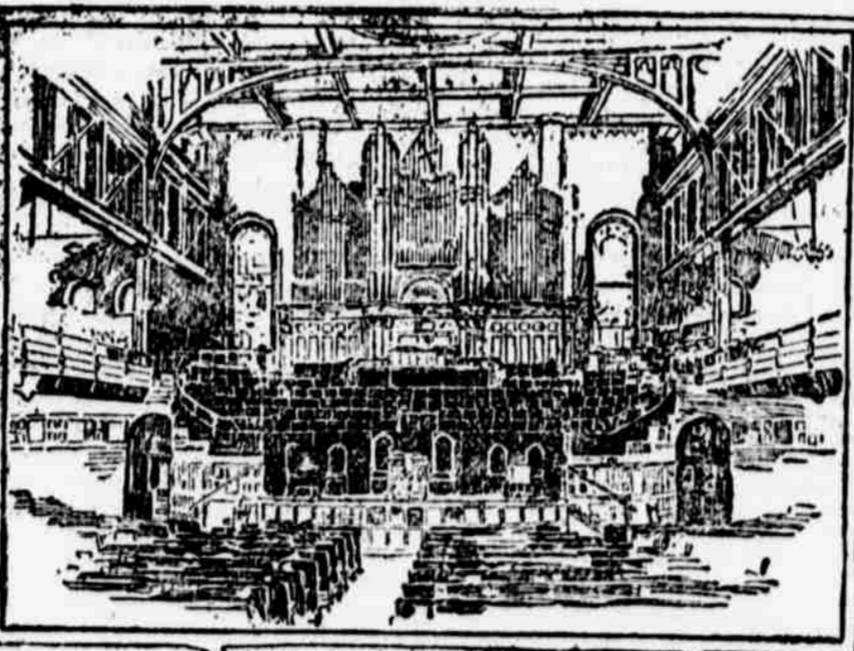
On an average twenty-five religious meetings of various kinds are held in the Temple weekly. This does not include meetings of trustees and business meetings of the various societies. "There's something going on in the Temple all the time." It is a church that is never closed. It contains reading and lounging rooms, which are open to any one, whether a member or not, and on winter evenings hundreds of persons may sometimes be found enjoying themselves socially.

Then there is the Temple college, a unique church annex, which Temple church money has largely supported.

in which the British and Foreign Bible Society prints the Gospels, and of these three are for the benefit of subjects of his Majesty. The New Testament is to be turned into Nyauja, for the tribes of the Shire river bank, Nyassaland, and in this work the Livingstonia Mission of the United Free Church of Scotland, the Bantyre Mission of the Established Church of Scotland, and the Myra Mission of the Dutch Reformed Church are collaborating. A version in Yalunka is nearly ready for natives of the Falaba district of Sierra Leone, and in Bugotu for the inhabitants of Ysabel Island—one of the Solomon group. Lastly, a translation into Vksayan, spoken by some two million persons in the Philippine archipelago, is being undertaken. All are enterprises of great interest to philologists. —London Telegraph.

Loud Call for Women.

Now that the reconstruction period has begun in South Africa, it has been discovered that there is little or no employment for unskilled laborers, while barmaids, dressmakers, milliners and hairdressers are scarce and in good demand at excellent wages. Wives, however, are in greatest demand, and the supply is far below the needs of the hour. A London, England, correspondent of the Brooklyn Times, says: "The scarcity of women in South Africa is astonishing. In the Transvaal there are 43,000 more men than women; in Cape Town 15,000; in Na-



INTERIOR OF THE TEMPLE. THE SEATS ARE ARRANGED LIKE A THEATRE.

Since its inception in 1884 the college has taught 45,424 students, the total for 1901 being 4,238, while during the same year over 5,000 attended the lectures. There are sixty officers and instructors and thirty-nine courses of study, many of which are on a par with similar courses in the noted universities of the land.

When the college started its sessions were held in the basement of the Temple's predecessor, the Grace church building. Now the school occupies a building which cost \$100,000, standing next the church, and its equipment is worth \$60,000. It has been conferring college degrees since 1892.

Another big institution that is dependent upon the Temple for its existence is Samaritan hospital. It opened in 1893 with five patients, one doctor and one nurse. It occupied a private dwelling. To-day it occupies and owns not only the house where it started, but the adjoining one, and is erecting at a cost of \$35,000 an administration and a private ward building. During June of this year it received 122 cases, and at the dis-

tal, 5,000; in the Orange River Colony, 3,000, and in Rhodesia, 3,000. This excess of men over women makes the employment of females by men who have large business establishments in South Africa exceedingly troublesome, as the young women get married very fast."

Blindness is Decreasing.

The proportion of sightless to seeing persons has been watched with special interest in Great Britain and the latest statistics indicate that it has fallen in a half century from about 1,020 in the million to some 870, or more than 14 per cent. This decline has been so timed as to show pretty conclusively that it is the result of better conditions of living, improved surgery and doubtless a decrease in the ratio of perilous to non-perilous employments for the masses of the people.

Divorce in Switzerland.

One thousand and twenty-seven decrees of divorce were granted in Switzerland last year, which means 193 for every 1,000 marriage

SALLIES OF JESTERS

TWO COLUMNS OF THE BEST ANTIDOTE FOR THE BLUES.

Mr. Henry Peck Turns at Last—Ownership of the Dog Made Immense Difference—Retribution for Bicyclists.

So Different.

Jibbs—Why! What's the matter with you, old man? Jabbs (grinning)—I've just been bitten by a blankety-blank dog.

Jibbs—What an outrage! Why don't you shoot the infernal beast? He may be rabid. Anyhow, it is a duty you owe to society, and the dog's owner ought to be pros—

"But it was your own dog!" "Oh! Ah—er, why, old man, he was probably playing with you and bit deeper than he intended! He's such a playful dog!"

Retribution at Last.

"These racing automobiles ought to be suppressed," remarked the indignant man. "Oh, I don't know," replied the lowly citizen. "I get some enjoyment out of them."

"You! Why, you never rode in one in your life."

"Of course not, but think how interesting they are making things for the scorching bicyclists, who have heretofore monopolized the roads. I tell you, it looks to me like righteous retribution."

With Cuts.

"Your trouble probably arose from some forgotten contusion, whereby an irritation was caused which communicated itself to me—"

"O cut all that out!" interrupted the other, impatiently.

"But I was going to explain," said the surgeon, "what caused the cancerous growth—"

"Cut that out, too, doctor!" exclaimed the patient.

Not Impossible.

"You say the defendant then executed a backdown. Are those the words you used?" asked the lawyer, who was badgering the witness.

"Yes, sir," answered the witness. "I would like to have you inform me how a man can 'execute' a backdown."

"Well, sir, he could hang his head, couldn't he?" said the witness, feebly.

A Week's End Party.

Phamliman—You don't know how it feels to have half a dozen mouths to feed.

Batcheller—Perhaps not, but I'll bet you I realized last night what it meant to have at least a hundred to feed.

Phamliman—Surely, you didn't entertain that many.

Batcheller—Mosquitoes.

Logical.

Bridget—O! can't stay, ma'am, unless ye give me more wages.

Mrs. Hiram O'Brien—What! Why, you don't know how to cook or do housework at all.

Bridget—That's jist it, ma'am, an' not knowin' how, sure the work is all the harder for me, ma'am.

It Puzzled Him.

"We give the savage a rainy-day skirt for his wife.

"Tell me," he ventures, timidly, "does this indicate that we are gradually being brought up to your standard of dress or that you are gradually coming down to ours?"

Now, Be Good.



Book agent—This book, sir, will tell you how to keep bugs from your potatoes, how to rid your barn of rats— Uncle Eben—You ain't got no book that tells you how to rid a farm uv book agints, hev yer?

A Real Joke.

"I hope, Mr. Starrbarder," said the smiling landlady, "that you are satisfied with the table."

"Indeed, I am, Miss Scrippen. These prunes are delicious, and if you please, ma'am, I believe I'll take another of those luscious chicken wings."

Regret.

Mamma—Why, Willie, you asked for two pieces of candy, and you got them. Aren't you satisfied?"

Willie—No'm, I ain't. You gave up so easy I'm jest kickin' meself 'cause I didn't ast you for more.

Failed to Scare Him.

His Medical Adviser—You won't last long at this rate, young man. You are burning the candle at both ends. Gayboy—Very well, doctor. When the candle is burnt out I'll light the

Foiled Again.

Hunted and harried to his last stand, the desperate handit pouns shot after shot into the intrepid posse that has surrounded him.

Seeing that escape is out of the question, he mutters:

"At least the historical novelist of the future shall have no opportunity to marry me off in the last chapter to one of those impossible heroines."

So saying, with a last yell of defiance, he places the pistol to his head and pulls the trigger.

Exception.

"This talk about inventions being injurious to labor is all nonsense," said convict No. 151.

"Why so?" asked the guard. "Because it is. A patent burglar alarm wuz the cause of me gittin' five years at hard labor."

She Might.

"I wonder if she regrets her marriage?"

"Why should she?" "Well, you know they're both literary, and now her husband thinks himself entitled to every bright idea she has."

"Why Henry!"



Mrs. Henry Peck (3 a. m.)—Oh, Henry, I'm afraid if I go to sleep I shall never wake up again.

Mr. Peck—For heaven's sake, go to sleep!

One Result.

"I understand," says the well-read person, "that the witnesses of the coronation were limited to sixteen square inches of space. I cannot help wondering what was the effect of this restriction."

"Effect?" echoes the other man. "It will do more for the nobility than all the straight-front corsets that have been advertised in the last ten years."

She Was Willing.

"Mrs. Woods," said Mr. Binks, "I asked your daughter to marry me and she referred me to you."

"I'm sure that very kind of Susie, but then she always was a dutiful girl. Really, Mr. Binks, I hadn't nought of marrying again at my time of life, but since you insist suppose we make the wedding day the twentieth of this month."

Unwilling to Take Chances.

"So you have at last settled on a name for the baby?"

"Yes'm. First, we named him Hobson, then changed it to Dewey, an' afterward to Funston Selley Johnson. But now we've named him jes' plain Jim. Yo' nevah finds you've made a mistake when you calls 'em jes' nothin' but Jim."—Life.

Dazzling Opportunity.

The professional mountain climber's foot slipped when he was near the summit, and he started for the plain below by the shortest and most direct route.

"Gosh!" he exclaimed, as he went bumping from rock to rock. "If I live to reach the bottom what a story this will make for the magazines!"

The Doctor's Bill.

"I've come to pay my bill," said the patient. "One hundred and ten dollars, I believe."

"Yes," said Dr. Price Price, "making a total of \$112."

"I don't quite understand." "That brings it up to date, including to-day. My charge for office visits, you know, is \$2."

Classical Description.

Asked what he thought of the ocean on his return from the seashore, the Billville citizen replied:

"Well, sir, it went further than any mill pond I ever seen, an' 'peared to be ebout as rough an' quarrelsome as what the old woman is when I stays out late o' nights!"—Atlant. Constitution.

Comparison.

"Would you like to trade your mule for this automobile?" asked the facetious tourist.

"No, sub," answered Erastus Pinkley. "Ef a mule gits contrar, you kin allus depen' on him to move when he gits hungry. But when a automobile balks, de case is hopeless."

A Slight Confusion.

"I suppose you made it a point not to miss the Campanile when you were abroad last summer?"

"Oh, yes," answered Mr. Cumrox, uneasily conscious that his wife's eye was on him. "Mr. C. and I always make it a point not to miss any of the great opera singers."

Hard Luck.

"I hear your mother-in-law had a narrow escape from death yesterday. Yes, I seem to have been born under an evil star; my best dog was run over and killed at the same time."

Certainly a Clever Man. "Is he a good lawyer?" "A good lawyer! Why, say! I've known him to prove the truth of what