

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

WE NEED INTELLECTUAL ATHLETES.

By Prof. Woodrow Wilson.
I rejoice to see manual training recognized as part of the liberal education. No one can doubt that it has played a large part in placing this country in its present position. And America cannot afford to overemphasize any one feature of its education. It cannot attain its industrial supremacy unless its lads are taught skill in handicraft as well as in letters. Americans must not have the narrowness, the provincialism, of being able to do only one thing. They must be able to turn their hands to anything that comes into their natural workshops.

There is a lot of nonsensical talk about education. People too often ask of some branch of education: "Is it practical? Can it be used in business?" All education is practical. You want your boys to go into the gymnasium to build up their muscles, but you don't ask them if they intend to do the double trapeze with their business partners in their offices. What we need are schools where there is a complete system and no muscle of body or mind is laid idle at the expense of another.

THE ARISTOCRACY OF THE FUTURE.

By Andrew Carnegie.
These questions are always before us: "Is man retrograding or advancing? Is he becoming purer, nobler. Is he devoting more and more of his time and means for the benefit of his fellows and thinking less and less of himself? Is the idea of brotherhood increasing—the knowledge that we are all members of one great family, only playing with somewhat different toys?"
What a man was by birth used to be the ruling consideration and is so in some countries yet, but is constantly growing less important. Wherever our tongue is spoken it is rapidly vanishing. It was displaced for another test—that a man owned, and the millionaire was ennobled, for the rule of those that stood upon birth, the first test, has always been that enormous wealth should be drawn into their ranks. This alliance of birth and wealth is being displaced in

HAIL TO OUR COUNTRY.

Across the land from strand to strand
Loud ring the bugle notes,
And freedom's smile, from isle to isle,
Like freedom's banner floats.
One song—the nations hail the notes
From sounding sea to sea,
And answer from their thrilling throats
The song of liberty!

They answer and an echo comes
From chained and troubled isles,
And roars like ocean's thunder drums
Where glad Columbia smiles.

Hail to our country! Strong she stands,
Nor fears the war drum's beat;
The sword of freedom in her hands,
The tyrant at her feet.
—Frank L. Stanton.

WHEN HE GOT HOME

The lately acquired suit case actually belonging to Parkin Jones was lying on his glossy, bright, yellow side, just as it had been dropped, with the more familiar scuffed family valise, between the dining table and the wall, in defiance of all rules of order. Parkin Jones' new derby hat reposed on the tablecloth. Parkin Jones himself was crumpling all shape out of his smart new suit. Baby Jones was gnawing at the extended tip of his patent-leather shoe, unregarded by his fond mother, who, flushed with the glow of the recklessly flaring gas log, sat at Jones' feet with one plump hand on an unoccupied part of his knee.

"You looked so grand coming along we hardly knew you," said Mrs. Jones, with a loving little pat on the burdened knee.

Jones smiled complacently. "Pretty swell guy, ain't it?" he said. "Ouch! How many new teeth has that infant accumulated since I've been gone? Quit it, you skeeticks! What makes him so fond of shoes, I wonder."

"It's the blacking," explained young Jones. "It's got sweet in it. I tasted it."

"I knowed you, papa," said Lauretta, burrowing into his shoulder with her curly head. "I knowed you dese yo moment I saw you."

"Did you, sweetness?" asked Jones, hanging her. "Well, tell me what's been happening, mother."

"There's three new puppies over at—" began the boy.

"Hush!" said his mother, raising a warning finger. "Let your father talk. My! nobody can get a word in edge-ways. You've got to tell first, father. Tell us all about everything."

"Tell us!" begged the chorus.

"Aren't you going to give me time to get my breath?"

"No!" as the shouted reply.

"Very well, then," said Jones. "I started last Monday week, went away, away off to Pittsburg, and got safely back home five minutes ago. Now tell me about the puppies son."

"There's three of them—"

"Des se cute!" added Lauretta.

"Children!" said Mrs. Jones. "Wait now. We'll hear all about the puppies later on. I want to hear what your magnificent father has been doing with himself. I have my suspicions."

Jones pinched her cheek.

"Tell me, dear, did everything go all right?"

"Smooth as velvet," replied Jones. "There wasn't any work to it—hardly. It was just as a pleasure jaunt—regular junket the whole time. Private car going down."

"What!" ejaculated Mrs. Jones.

"That's what I'm telling you. Why did you think? Do you suppose that the great and only Burnerly was

our day by what a man knows, a fit successor in the march of progress, and an infinitely higher and juster standard than birth, rank or wealth.
It is not, however, that a man knows that is to be the final step; in the future the question is neither to be how a man was born, how great his wealth nor even what he knows, but how he serves his fellow men. Here is the final, aristocracy which never can be displaced—not what he does for himself, but what he does for others.

MISGUIDED MOTHER-LOVE.

By Dorothy Dix.
We talk about the unselfishness of mother-love. In reality it is the most selfish thing on earth. No mother ever stops to consider other people's rights when her children are concerned. There is probably no mother alive who doesn't think that it is an actual wrong to you to hear her baby squall with the cold, or her little Johnny shriek up and down the hall like a young Comanche. In making everything and everybody give way to their children women are not consciously trespassing on other people's rights. They are simply so besotted with affection that they cannot imagine any one not enjoying being trampled upon by their dear little Dickey.

Unconformable as this misguided mother-love makes the world for those of us who are forced to become unwilling and struggling victims to our friends' mother-love, the chief curse descends upon the child himself. He has been taught to be greedy, overbearing, selfish, and that he occupies the center of the stage, and it takes many a hard knock from experience to teach him what a very insignificant pebble he is on the beach.
More than that, it is a hard saying, but worthy of all acceptance, that misguided mother-love is at the bottom of most of the failures. A woman's idea of love is softness and ease. Her conception of the law to protect them from any hardships as long as she can, which is as sensible as it would be to train a prize fighter by having him roll around on silk cushions and eat chocolate creams. A mother washes and scrubs and cooks that her daughters may keep their hands soft and white, and she takes in boarders that her sons may play on football teams in colleges instead of doing some sort of honest work, and the net results are the trifling, useless women and the dissipated young men that cover the earth.

going to travel like ordinary mortals in just a common ordinary Pullman? Well, I guess not. I hardly think he would have requested Parkin Jones, esquire, to give him the pleasure of his company if he hadn't been prepared to do the thing in the style to which the Honorable Parkin Jones has been accustomed."

Jones chuckled at this joke, and Mrs. Jones joined in heartily. The children went into shouts of laughter, whereat Jones and Mrs. Jones laughed the more.

"Private car," resumed Jones; "private cook, private porter and Burnerly's own private valet."

"Was he nice to you?" asked Mrs. Jones, rather anxiously.

"The valet? Well, yes, considering his position. He unbended quite a little."

"Goose! I mean Mr. Burnerly."

"Treated me like a prince. I hadn't any idea he could be so nice. He's all right, for all that hang-you-don't-you-dare-to-promise way he's got. Once or twice he was almost jolly. Yes, it was anything you want, touch the button, and the meals we got on that trip! Who! Game, fish, steaks three inches thick and—say! I never knew there were such steaks. And I ate right with his imperial nibs."

"I should think you did!" said Mrs. Jones, with a flash in her pretty dark eyes. "The idea?"

"I didn't know but he'd give me a handout on the rear platform," said Jones, jealously. "And I met all manner of magnates."

"I'm so glad you got that suit," murmured Mrs. Jones.

"It did happen pretty well, didn't it? Made me feel good, too. Two hours

to get ready wasn't much notice, eh?"

"It should think not. Then you think he liked—"

"I know he did. As I say, there wasn't much work to do, take it all around; but once or twice I had to bustle. The old gentleman's a fiend for setting a pace, but when we got through he gave quite a successful imitation of a smile. We cleaned that up in pretty good shape," he says. "Jones, how long have you been with us? And when I told him he says, 'Hah!' and looked thoughtful. Another time he said: 'I don't seem to miss Ridgely at all.'"

"Really?"

"Honest. And when we met Gibbons at Hookerburg, he introduced me as if I had been an old friend of his and began to talk business right away. Gibbons raised his eyebrows and sort of looked at me and Burnerly said, 'You can talk before Mr. Jones.' You see I'm Burnerly's confidential man."

"You ought to have said, 'Yes, I'm paid well to be trusted—\$25 a week.'"

"I know that's what I should have said," said Jones, smiling. "But I have a foolish streak once in a while. I just kept my head closed. But I have what is known as a hunch."

"Papa," said Jones, junior, "those puppies—"

"Parkin!" said his mother.

"We stopped at the Gibbons mansion palace in Clyde—automobiled out there, and if you had seen my room! Such a magnificence! Bugs so thick and soft it was like walking on I don't know what. Furniture! Gorgeous bathroom with silver faucets and pier glasses. Servants and flunkies and tie cloths with lace edges and china that scared me to death. Man came up

occasionally a man puts his best foot forward for the purpose of registering a kick.

THE MAN WHO DOES THE WORK.

This life is a strain and a struggle; We are born to a world of care, And of all, the scurries and woes and sorrows I've had a bit more than my share.

It's idle to say that it's even, And there's no such thing as chance, Though one has trouble, another has double; One scrapes for the other to dance.

And some they whine and they whimper— That's the kind that will never be missed, For honest labor there's always a neighbor To lend him a helping fist.

This much I have learned for my comfort: It's never worth while to shirk; Slow east, blow west, the world was best. For the man who does his work, —Century.

Mrs. Small's Doctor

HERE was an assortment of widows at Mrs. Small's genteel boarding house. There were widows by the dispensation of Providence, and widows by the dispensation of the courts. The melancholy style was represented by Mrs. Florence—tall, willowy, deaaway, always in deepest black. There was Mrs. Ford, plump and comely; Mrs. Terry, black-eyed and handsome; a Dakota divorcee—Mrs. Small—dried up, elderly, cross as her own pug; Mrs. Von Glumma, a mountain of too solid flesh, addicted to white-haired, with patrician features. "Broken-down Virginia aristocracy, my dear," whispered Mrs. Twitty, the gossiping widow, who was acquainted with the skeleton in everybody's closet. "Her estate has all melted away, and



MARRIED QUETLY TWO WEEKS LATER.

she is living on the proceeds of the last mortgage, until the little child of a daughter gets a place as a teacher. Pity she isn't handsome like her mother; she might marry a lot of money if she was."

There were plenty of people who thought Ruth Mayne more attractive than her mother. A "dainty ariel" kind of girl was Ruth, with a wonderfully sweet voice, a wild rose complexion, and a gracious manner, touched, however, with reserve.

"A china saucer of ice cream—sweet but chilly," was what Harry Todd styled her after he had tried his fascinating powers upon her in vain.

One day Mrs. Small fell sick. Being a disagreeable old woman, with a wheezing cough, and fearfully stung, nobody bothered about her attack, which was said to be pneumonia. Nobody mounted to the little hall room where she occupied—because it was cheap—nobody but Ruth's mamma and Ruth.

Mrs. Mayne was benevolent on principle. It was the duty of a lady to be kind, she said. She went up to the hall room, which she seemed to fill with her stately presence, and asked Mrs. Small if she could be of any service to her. The sick woman answered sharply that she didn't want any services. She wished people would let her alone. Whereupon Mrs. Mayne bowed her fine gray head and went out.

Ruth was going, too; she looked back and saw the poor old creature make an effort to bring a glass of water to her lips and spill half its contents through the shaking of her fevered hand. The girl went to the bedside, wiped the coverlet dry with a towel and gave the old lady crushed ice with a spoon. She got no thanks, but she expected none. She moved about in a quiet way and straightened things in the disordered little room. She drew down the blinds, laid a cool cloth on the patient's head and sat by the bed. Mrs. Small fell asleep—something she had not done for twenty-four hours. After a while Ruth rose softly to go out.

"You're in a powerful hurry to get away," said a voice from the bed. Ruth understood that Mrs. Small wished her to stay, and stay she did.

Mrs. Small had for her doctor an old practitioner, solemn and gruff, who had been her family physician in the days when she had a family. But the day after Ruth was self-installed as nurse, Dr. Crosby sent his young partner to look after the case in the De Laney pension. Dr. Wilnot found Ruth Mayne on her knees dressing a blister with Mrs. Small weeping and declaring that the girl was just trying to hurt her. Ruth, half crying, looked up as the doctor entered, and caught the comprehending, sympathetic twinkle in his eye. She smiled and they understood each other at once.

The young doctor got into the good graces of the patient. He had the sympathetic yet commanding manner, the strong face, the magnetic touch and the wholesome physique of the born physician.

"Tell Crosby to stay and send you," said the blunt old woman after his first visit.

Wilnot must have delivered the message, for the case was turned over to him thereafter. He gave it a great deal of attention. He came twice a day, and he was not particular to cut his visits short. He continued to call after the old lady was sitting up and had an appetite that appalled the landlady. Then he found his way to Mrs. Mayne's little parlor, and soon all the house knew that Dr. Wilnot was Ruth Mayne's man.

"So this was the secret of Mrs. De Laney's kind nursing," said Mrs. Twitty spitefully. "I wondered how it was she was devoting herself to a cross old woman as poor as a church mouse. She was laying for the doctor."

One day Mrs. Small sent for Dr. Wilnot and paid her bill. As he was going away she asked, abruptly: "When are you and Ruth Mayne going to be married?"

"The young doctor blushed and said: 'Not just yet, Mrs. Small—in fact, not for a long time.'"

"Why a long time, pray? Long engagements are no good."

"Sometimes they are a necessity," he replied. "I have just started out in my profession. I must earn and save money before I marry. I would like to take my wife to a home of my own."

"Humph! You are sensible there," said the old lady. "But I'll tell you how it will end. You'll get on; you've got it in you, and you'll please the women. You'll come into a fashionable practice; then you'll marry a rich widow or a wealthy brewer's daughter, and Ruth Mayne will be left in the lurch."

"Ruth Mayne will never be left by me," answered the doctor, flushing indignantly. "We will keep faith with each other until the time when I can make her my wife."

"Hum! We'll see!" sniffed the old lady. "Come back to-morrow, Dr. Wilnot, and bring your stethoscope. I want you to examine my heart. You called out after him when he had stepped out and was closing the door behind him."

"As if she had a heart!" commented Mrs. Twitty, who accidentally (?) happened to be in the hall near Mrs. Small's door.

When Dr. Wilnot came the following day, Mrs. Small had Ruth Mayne with her. She had him sit down by his fiancée; then she took a legal looking paper from the table and addressed them.

"Since you two have been idiots enough to engage yourselves to marry, I don't want you to be still greater fools and go and stretch the engagement out until it's in danger of breaking. His excuse is he must earn a home to take his wife to. Well, I've got a house or two more than I need; so here's a deed to one of them—a snug little house in a good neighborhood. It's made out in your joint names. Take it and get married at once and go to housekeeping. No, don't thank me; I despise thanks; and don't fix your mouths to refuse. People of sense take all that comes. Take it, and good luck go with you! All I ask is that you'll keep your mouths shut about it. I don't want these women here to know I'm not a pauper. They'd be tending to me—'Twitty and the rest—and I'd have to leave."

One evening, two weeks later, Ruth Mayne was married quietly in her mother's little sitting room. Mrs. Small giving away the bride.

They went at once to housekeeping in the little house, which they found neatly furnished and ready for occupancy.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Gold Buttons Win the Day.

The flaxen-haired baby girl knelt beside his mother on the seat of a Sixth avenue elevated car, and while the mother read an evening paper, the youngster flattened its nose against the window and gazed in silent wonder at the houses flying by.

A freeman in uniform entered the car at 50th street and sat a few feet from the baby. Flaxenhair straightway deserted the joys of the passing show to climb on hands and knees over to the great wonders of the freeman's uniform. As the freeman put his arm around the child and began to talk baby talk to it the grin of pleasure on his face outshone the gleam of his necktie buttons. The mother saw that the baby was in good hands and with a smile turned again to her paper.

At 42d street a fat police sergeant entered and sat between Flaxenhair and his mother. The child with a crow of delight instantly deserted the freeman for the more splendid white and gold epaulet buttons of the sergeant and climbed aboard his knee. The humble freeman sat glumly with lowered head and scowled at the floor.—New York Sun.

Easy Answer.

A Liverpool paper tells the pathetic story of one A., who is compelled to grow a beard to ward off pneumonia and other ills. The woman with whom he has fallen in love, however, declines to marry him unless he will shave. "What," asks our contemporary, "should A. do?" The answer seems easy: Keep the beard and cut the woman.

Probably He Did.

This was the way a native physician in India filled out a death certificate: "I am of a mind that he died (or lost his life) for want of foodings or on account of starvation. Maybe also for other things for comfortables, and most probably he died by drowning."

Making Amends.

Mamma—Here comes your father. See how cross you've made him. Now, go and tell him you're sorry. — Tommy—Say, papa, I'm sorry you're so blamed cross.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Why She Took Him.

Mother—Why did you accept Charlie from among all the young men who have paid you attention? Daughter—Because he was the only one that had the good taste to propose.

A fool can talk without knowing what he ought to say, but a wise man's silence is due to his knowing what he ought not to say.

GOOD Short Stories

A Wall street man once suddenly evinced a great interest in nautical matters, and despite his inexperience was made the commodore of a yacht club in Maine. One day the newly fledged yachtsman shouted to an officer of a certain craft: "Have you weighed anchor?" "Yes, sir." "Then," thundered the new commodore, "why the deuce don't you announce the weight?"

Richard Mansfield contributes an allusion to the old question of the sanity of Hamlet, says the Chicago Chronicle. "One morning in the West," he said, "I met a young friend and asked him where he had been the night before. 'I went,' my young friend replied, 'to see So-and-So's Hamlet.' 'Aha, did you?' said I. 'Now, tell me—do you think Hamlet was mad?' 'I certainly do,' replied he. 'There wasn't \$100 in the house.'"

At a literary club in Boston one night, there was an encounter between a Bostonian, professing a love of art for art's sake, and F. Marion Crawford the novelist. In a slightly patronizing manner the Boston man asked, "Have you ever aspired to write anything, Mr. Crawford, that will live after you are gone?" "My dear sir," replied Crawford, with a broad smile, "my principal effort just now is to write something that will enable me to live while I am here."

There was once a funeral in Nebraska and the preacher who had been asked to deliver the eulogy was a stranger in town and did not know the departed sister. So, after he had said all that he could, he suggested that if anybody else could say a few words about the poor dead lady it would be well. Three or four made appropriate remarks. Then there was a pause. At last the old brother arose and said: "Well, if we're all through speaking about the departed sister, I will now make a few brief remarks on the tariff."

A thief broke into a millionaire's mansion early the other morning and found himself in the music room. Hearing footsteps approaching, he took refuge behind a screen. From 8 to 9 o'clock the eldest daughter had a singing lesson. From 9 to 10 o'clock the second daughter took a piano lesson. From 10 to 11 o'clock the eldest son had a violin lesson. From 11 to 12 o'clock the other son had a lesson on the flute. At 12:15 all the brothers and sisters assembled and studied an ear-splitting piece for voice, piano, violin, and flute. The thief staggered out from behind the screen at 12:45 and falling at their feet, cried: "For heaven's sake, have me arrested!"

FREAK POTATO.

Freightmen Farmers Who Thought It Was a Rattlesnake.

"Snakes!" shouted H. E. King, of Harbor Beach, as he dropped his spade and bent a hasty footstep out of his garden yesterday morning.

"Rattlesnake, sure enough!" exclaimed Harvey Basset, 12 years old, as he hastily mounted to the roof of the woods shed.

The squirming twisting object that dropped from the older man's spade lay quietly in the grass where it had rolled and showed no signs of life.

About that time several neighbors, attracted by the noise, arrived on the scene, and occupying various places of vantage on the fence and side lot, began to pass judgment on the queer thing that poked its nose so threateningly from the edge of the lettuce patch.

A scientific appearing gentleman from the east, from a safe distance, predicted it was a snake—he had seen many of them before of such size—but he modestly retired when asked to investigate.

A westerner was sure it was a rattler. "See," said he, "it is all curled up ready to strike—I know 'em."

"Will you kill it for us, please?" asked a fair maid with plaintive voice.

"Er, sure, with pleasure—um—but you see, I must go to town at once, and he decamped in a hurry to the fence and passed a moment.

After an hour a youth, braver than the rest, volunteered to kill the "beast."

Approaching cautiously with a rake he struck the intruder a violent blow, and then with a stifled laugh turned it over with a stick.

"What is it?" whispered the maid. "Potato!" cooed the youngster.

"Potato!" cooed all in chorus as they gathered around.

And it was a potato, sure enough— one of the most peculiar potatoes ever seen and a very freakish one—but still a potato.

The twisting object circling around it is a heavy wire spring about an eighth of an inch thick.

Evidently the seed sprouted between one of the spirals of the spring which lay upright in the ground, and as the potato grew it followed the wire around.

A remarkable feature of the freak is the pressure which it exerted on the spring on the second turn. A strong man cannot pull the spring out of shape, but the potato forced this part a lurch out of place.

The entire history of its growth is recorded on the spring, which shows by the force exerted on it which way the potato grew and where it started.

The foliage reached the surface of the ground through the top part of the spring.—Detroit Free Press.

A TABLE OF MEASURES.

She had visited for the first time the home of the merry-eyed Irishman who did odd jobs at her place. As she was leaving she tripped over a baby, and recovered her balance by clutching a boy's shoulder, while two little girls bumped heads over the privilege of restoring a fallen globe.

"How many children have you, Dennis?" she asked, laughing.

"Not so many as ye'd think, ma'am," answered Dennis, apologetically. "Tis the scrambling and tumbling of this day'ses the eye. There's no more av them than once around the table and a little telly or so left over atting on the drestup."

"But how many is that?" she persisted. Dennis smiled a wide, cheerful smile.

"Sivin, is it? No. I'm thinking it's livin. No, it can't be livin, because it's short we are yit of the Widdy Mahoney's number, and that's livin, according to the brag of her. Well, maybe 'tis nine, but anyways 'tis once around the table and two on the drestup."

"That's a new way to reckon," said the visitor.

"By no means, ma'am," asserted Dennis. "Twas me grandmother's before me. Me grandmother had twenty-one children before she died, and kape the count av them all as they came along, and which was dead and which living; and which wuz immigrated—she never cud do it, small blame to her, nor me grandfather, ayther. So they tuk to counting by tablefils. 'Twas by a rimnant of the family and rule lone-some-like they felt themselves with only once around; once wid a stool or two extra and the small childer in laps was better; twice around was fair; and wid three full settings and clearings, me grandmother wud smile across the taptop, and then sigh and say considering-like:

"If only them that's in Ameriky was wid us the day, it's a fohne family I'd be willing to satisfy me onny eyes. Ah, well, sorra an empty seat may there be in livin'!"

"She was a fohne woman, me grandmother; but I can't console meself she'd think me little family here anything to brag of till we can reckon ourselves beyant once around."—Youth's Companion.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Many Names Preserved to Posterity by Trivial Circumstances.

Many names, illustrious and otherwise, have been rescued from oblivion by comparatively trivial circumstances.

The story goes that Brougham, on being called by the Iron Duke as a man whose name would go down to posterity as a great lawyer, statesman, etc., but who would nevertheless be best known by the name of the carriage that had been christened after him, retorted that the duke's name would no doubt be handed down to posterity as that of a great general and the hero of a hundred battles, but that he would be best remembered by a particular kind of boot named after him.

The cobbler who, after the Wellington boot appeared, seized upon the idea of placing a Blucher boot upon the market, made a large fortune therefrom.

Sailors will never let die Admiral Vernon's nickname of "Old Grog" (so called by reason of the breeches he wore, made of grogham, a mixture of silk and mohair), the name given by them to the rum that he ordered to be diluted with water. The name of another drink—negus—has survived from the time of Queen Anne, when it was the favorite of one Col. Negus. More common than either, however, is the name "sandwich," in memory of Lord Sandwich, who invented it as a means of taking a hasty lunch while engaged in his duties at the admiralty office.

Certain towns and districts, too, such as Xeres, Oporto, Champagne and Burgundy, are probably best known through the productions named after them; in fact, the two latter provinces ceased to exist after the substitutions of departments for the old provinces before the days of the French revolution. Cayenne is undoubtedly known better outside France for the pepper it produces than for being a locality to which French convicts are transported; while the town of Cognac, in France, owes its celebrity solely to the brandy distilled from its grapes.

Feminine Anecdotes.

"Yes, dear, I was married last month. I'd like you to call on me and see the pretty little flat I have."

"I've seen him, my dear!"—Life.

Look on the bright side: If a woman is a poor cook, they are not bothered much at her house with people who come to stay to meals.

When you don't credit exactly what you want, don't demand credit for doing it.