

Old Favorites

The Coming of Spring. I am coming, little maiden, With the pleasant sunshine laden, With the blossom for the tree, With the honey for the bee, With the flower and with the leaf— Till I come the time is brief.

Turn thy eyes to earth and heaven, God, for thee, the Spring hath given, Taught the birds their melodies, Clothed the earth and freed the skies, For thy pleasure or thy food, Pour thy soul in gratitude, So mayest thou 'mid blessings dwell, Little maiden, fare thee well.—Mary Howitt.

ONE DOLLAR A WEEK.

Wage-Earners and Salaried Men Can Provide for Old Age. To all men who work for wages or on salaries their only hope for a peaceful old age and for a life free from racking money cares is to provide beforehand for the future, says the New York World. They should take no risk. When they speculate they stake their family's future and their own peace of mind against a few dollars. Even were the chances equal—and in the case of a small man the odds are always against him—the risk which he takes is vastly disproportionate to any possible gain.

Every man ever heard of progressive compound interest and still fewer know what it does. One dollar deposited in a savings bank which pays 4 per cent will amount to \$2.10 in twenty years. This is simple compound interest. But how many men know that if they deposit \$1 every year the value in twenty years will be \$2.10, but \$39.97? Any man or woman who is earning wages at all can save \$1 a week. That money deposited in a savings bank for twenty years will amount to \$1,612. A deposit of \$5 a week will amount to over \$5,000. The annual interest on this at 4 per cent would be \$200.

Thus the man who deposits \$5 a week in a savings bank can, after twenty years, draw out \$6 a week and still leave to his wife and children at his death all the money that he deposited and more than half as much more. There is no paradox or catch in this. It is a plain, simple mathematical statement of what any savings bank will do.

LUCKY TOWN OF LUDLOW.

Millions in Store for It, but It Isn't Getting Excited. The little town of Ludlow, not far from Springfield, Mass., has a dazzling future before it. After a while \$10,000 is going to be distributed to certain of its citizens.

After another while \$317,268 will be passed around. And finally, after a third chance to get its breath, \$19,193, 196 will be bestowed on the Ludlow folks.

It is stupendous. There is only one trouble. It's going to be an uncommonly long time between chances to quaff this golden flood. Ludlow, in fact, is keeping quite calm.

town will come sixty-six years from next June. The first, \$1,000, invested at 3 1/2 per cent interest, compounded semi-annually, as is the custom with savings banks, will amount to \$3,875 on the next centennial day.

As Ludlow has only 3,881 inhabitants, according to the census of 1905, and the total number of registered voters last year was less than 500, this sum will provide adequately for the ambitious young men and the worthy poor, unless the town grows more rapidly than it has in the last 134 years.

The second \$1,000, invested under similar conditions, will yield \$317,268 at the following centennial, 166 years from now. With the knowledge of this fund which doubtless will be widespread at that time, the number of non-drinking and non-smoking young men in town ought to be large enough to give Ludlow a world-wide reputation for the conduct of its youth.

But the grand prize is still a century off. The third \$1,000 invested at 3 1/2 per cent will in June of the year 2174, when the time comes for its distribution, amount to the stupendous sum of \$10,193,196, increasing more than ten thousand fold from the original sum. The number of virtuous young men and worthy poor that can be provided for with this grand fund would be enough to make a respectably sized city.

More than this, the town's benefactor has provided for perpetual and annual prizes for the best pupils in the public schools, annual relief for the poor of the town, independently of the distributions of the large funds, annual assistance in the support, maintenance and repair of the First Congregational Church of Ludlow and the payment of the pastor's salary.

There will be also annual distributions of Bibles to baptized children who have reached the age of 7 years, and money prizes for Sunday school pupils who have had a perfect record of attendance for a year.

TOO TRUTHFUL. The placid gaze which Mrs. Asa Holmes bent on her cousin Maria, the only rich relative she possessed, was incomprehensible to the visitor. "Do you mean to tell me there isn't a thing in the world you'd like to have me give you for this house?" she demanded, incredulously.

WOMEN'S SENSE OF BEAUTY.

This is the Chief Cause of Their Extravagance in Dress. "Modern women are extravagant," says Mrs. Ellen H. Richards, "but it is the conditions of our modern life, with its loss of personal independence, which are to blame for this extravagance."

Mrs. Richards teaches in the Institute of Technology and is deeply interested in educational questions, particularly those which relate to economic and industrial training, but before everything else Mrs. Richards is a gracious, charming lady who moves among the glass flasks and Bunsen burners of her chemical laboratory with the same poise and dignity which her mother probably showed in the linen room fifty years ago, says the Boston Herald.

"Did you never hear of the Judge's wife in one of our Massachusetts towns," she asked, "who had only three gowns?" Her gray eyes smiled quietly as she watched the astonishment of her twentieth-century listener, and she continued in calm enjoyment.

"Yes, she had her morning gown, in which she did her housework—linsey woolsey, I suppose it was, spun by herself—and she had the gown which she wore for calls and at church, and then she had her beautiful, broad, heavy and rich and splendid—why, it would stand alone! And it cost a great deal, because it was such a lovely thing; but she wore it and wore it and handed it down to her daughter and even now it's the most precious dress of the daughter's daughter."

ORIENTAL RUGS.

Why Those That Are Made by Hand Work Cost So Much. The simple apparatus is still in use in outlying districts—home dye tubs filled with colors extracted from sheep's blood, larkspur, indigo, tumeric, saffron, mulberry, walnut husks, brass combs for carding and distaffs whirled by hand. Between two sticks held horizontally by supports at the ends are strung threads drawn taut, harp fashion. Then worsted yarn is passed over and under the strings twice. Songs are sung—songs transcribed from old to young, so ancient, some of them, that they are in a lost language—and the songs tell the weaver what colors to tie in as she progresses with the pattern.

In a close woven piece like a Kirman, measuring a mere 5x8 feet, there are 400 knots to the square inch. As the weaver's speed is about three knots a minute, four years of continuous labor would be required on such a rug. Within that time some fingers would stop weaving forever; others would go on with it. Was it any wonder, the rug hunter asked me, that no two old rugs, even from the same village and the same household, were ever just alike? A bereavement would induce a greater unconscious use of white; a bridal would turn the weaver's thought to scarlet and vicinities of war to yellow. Local environment, family happenings, removals from town to desert and desert to mountain, would each have effect. Gossip of harems, the tinkle of silver anklets, the alarms of brigands, the elations of religious, all would go into the rug.

Then, I interrupted the hunter, "If they still dye and weave as of old, rugs are being made now that eventually will be beautiful and valuable?" If the west were willing to say to the east, "We will give you five or ten years to make a rug," if it would say that, then age and gentle wear would do the rest. But the west won't. It has manias in increasing numbers to fit out at once. So it has introduced aniline dyes and machine carders and spinning jennies and collective weaving and is otherwise hustling production.—Franklin Clark in Everybody's Magazine.

SUGAR AS FOOD.

Used With Discrimination, It is an Aid to Good Health. "There is a prejudice against sugar which is not justified by physiological reasoning," says the London Lancet. "Sugar is one of the most powerful foods which we possess, as it is the cheapest or at any rate one of the cheapest. In muscular labor no food appears to be able to give the same powers of endurance as sugar, and comparative practical experiments have shown without the least doubt that the hard physical workers, the athlete or the soldier on the march is much more equal to the physical strain placed upon him when he has had included in his diet a liberal allowance of sugar than when sugar is denied to him."

ble constituent. It has even been said that sugar may decide a battle and that jam after all is something more than a mere sweetening to the soldier. The fact that sugar is a powerful "muscle food" accounts probably for the delectable food which it falls, for a comparatively small quantity amounts to an excess, and excess is always inimical to the easy working of the digestive processes.

"Sugar satiates; it is a concentrated food. Where sugar does harm, therefore, it is invariably due to excess. Taken in small quantities and distributed over the daily food intakes, sugar contributes most usefully in health to the supply of energy required by the body."

"And it is a curious fact that the man who practically abstains from sugar or reduces his diet to one almost free from carbohydrates in favor of protein foods, such as meat, often shows feeble muscular energy and an indifferent capacity for physical endurance."

HE TRIED A SUIT IN CHINA.

American Lawyer Successfully Conducted Case Against a Native. An American lawyer in a Chinese court, trying a case against a Chinaman charged with theft and winning it before a Chinese tribunal, was the experience of Winfield Freeman, a lawyer of Kansas City, Kan., and former probate judge of Wyandotte county. Judge Freeman and Mrs. Freeman arrived recently after a trip around the world. They were gone fifteen months, according to the Kansas City Times.

"Mrs. Freeman and I were in Fochang preparing to make a trip to Ku Cheng to visit the temples, when we came across an American consul, Samuel Gracey," Judge Freeman explained. "Mr. Gracey was preparing to make a three days' trip to Ku Cheng to prosecute a criminal case. He learned that I was a lawyer, and then he asked me to save him the trip by acting as prosecutor in his place. I was pleased with the novelty of the thing, and agreed to go in his stead. After a three days' trip we landed at Ku Cheng. I went to the courthouse and there met the mandarin of the province, who is also the judge. He was a well-educated man and spoke excellent English. I gave him a note from the consul, saying that I would prosecute the case. He read the note and then gave me a day to prepare for trial."

"I found on inquiring into the case that a Chinese doctor had stolen a set of surgical instruments from the surgeon in charge of the Methodist hospital at Ku Cheng. When the case came to trial I discovered that both the judge and myself had been provided with interpreters. I was surprised to know the judge should have an interpreter, since the mandarins are all highly educated, but I found that the thief was from another province and spoke a tongue quite different from that in Ku Cheng, as English is from Chinese."

"Well," Judge Freeman said, "the case dragged along for two days. I cross-examined the witnesses through an interpreter, but made my plea before the judge in English. I won the case. The fellow was convicted of the theft and sent to jail. After the trial the judge invited Mrs. Freeman and me to dine at his home. We had a very enjoyable dinner, except for the fact that Mrs. Freeman could not converse with the judge's wife. I think that was the worst thing that ever happened to Mrs. Freeman. After dinner the judge gave me a beautiful spectacle case as a compliment, as he said, for my handling of the case."

Wit of the Youngsters

Small Allen's father was quite bald. "Mamma," queried the little fellow one day, "when my hair gets ripe will it fall off like papa's did?" Neighbor—Do you think your sister is in love with Mr. Snupkins? Little Dora—Of course not. She allows us children to remain in the parlor when he calls.

Little Elsie (at theater)—Mamma, is that man on the stage crying in earnest? Mamma—No, dear. Little Elsie—Well, I don't see how he can cry for fun.

Little Lola—Mamma, I know why they say grandpa is in his second childhood? Mamma—Why, dear? Little Lola—Cause he's bald and has no teeth, just like the baby.

Small Bobby—Nurse, do you know where the doctor lives that brought the baby? Nurse—No, Bobby. Small Bobby—Well, if the kid gets an arm or leg or anything how'll they know where to get new parts?

Daisy, aged 5, did not want her favorite aunt to go to a distant city. "Never mind, Daisy," said the aunt. "I'll bring you a nice big doll when I return." "You needn't go so far," replied Daisy. "You can get one around the corner."

A MADRIGAL.

Before me, careless lying, Young Love his ware comes crying; Full soon of pain and misadventure, His pack of pains and pleasures— With roguish eye He bids me buy From out his pack of treasures.

His wallet's stuffed with blisses, With true-love-knots and kisses, With rings and rosy letters, And sugared vows and letters— He holds them out With boyish flout, And bids me try the letters.

Nay, Child (I cry), I know them: Their little need to show them! Too well for new believing I know their past deceiving— I am too old (I say), and cold To-day, for now believing!

But still the wanton presses, With honey-sweet carresses, And still to my undoing, He wins me with his wooing, To buy his ware With all its care, Its sorrow and undoing. —Austin Dobson.

"Dear sir," ran the letter, "owing to the fact that we are making considerable reductions in our office staff, we regret to inform you that we shall not require your services after this day month, the 27th prox. We shall of course be pleased to give you any testimonials you may desire in the future, and you have our best wishes for your subsequent career."

Kimber read the note three times before he was able to realize exactly what it meant. At first, he had believed that it was a sort of joke on the part of the correspondence clerk; the fellows were always having what they called a "game" with him, because he happened to be the oldest man in the office. He had reached the critical age of 45, and the inverted values of the twentieth century demand that the last thing on earth to be respected shall be the dignity of age.

But although, in the beginning, he had been inclined to regard the letter as a jest, further observation proved that he was quite wrong. The note bore the signature of "James Skinner," the head of the firm, and even Dixon, the correspondence clerk, would hardly have had the audacity to forge that august gentleman's name.

"So I'm to be kicked out," he murmured, and I can guess the reason. I'm too old. That's it. Too old! I'm punctual, I'm quick, I'm everything they want, but my hair is going gray, and people don't refer to me any longer as that 'young fellow'."

A feeling of violent resentment seized his soul, shutting out the milder sensation of sorrow. That would come later, of course, but just now he could only feel enraged. It was scandalous, brutal, altogether unjustifiable, he reflected. What right had they to use the best years of a man's life, and then fling him away out to the dust-heap when the whim seized them?

He glanced round the deserted office, whence the clerks had departed to their Saturday afternoon football or nautic-hall. Jove, how attached he had become to the place! The clock, the dingy desks, the rickety stools—all these things were part of his life, and had twined themselves into the routine of his days. Somehow, he could not imagine himself working in any other room. It was true that he had often disliked the monotony of his toil, but now that there was the prospect of something new and strange, he shrank back into the memory of that happy monotony with something like the gratified shiver which the disturbed sleeper returns to the warmth of the sheets.

It was Skinner's doing, of course. The manager had always liked him (Kimber), and would never have suggested his removal. Skinner, however, was prejudiced in favor of young men; doubtless that trip to New York last year had developed his prejudices. Often had he heard Skinner say that young blood was what the modern business man wanted. Yes, it was Skinner's doing, and a feeling of passionate resentment against the smooth-faced, brutal head of the firm rose in Kimber's soul. If Skinner had entered the office at that moment, he would not have been answerable for what happened.

Suddenly he conceived the idea of going round to his chief's private house and demanding an interview. On Monday, at the office, it would be impossible, for the stream of callers was incessant, and at most he would be able to snatch a few minutes only of the busy man's time. But if he went to the house, he could say his say undisturbed.

the key at last. That's what happened to poor Bennett." His companion acquiesced, and then attempted a feeble joke. This led the conversation into a lighter vein, and the subject of skeletons was dropped. On the brain of Kimber, however, the chance words had made an impression. A gleam came into his eyes, and a spot of color glowed in his cheek. His mind worked with feverish energy.

"The bus paused at Lancaster Gate. He alighted, and walked swiftly to Westbourne Terrace, where the great man lived. He hesitated for a moment at the door, asking himself whether he should knock or ring, for he was not used to visiting at 'swagger' houses. Eventually, with a touch of bravado, he resolved to do both. A man in quiet livery opened the door.

"Is Mr. Skinner at home?" he asked, boldly. "The servant stared at him, guessing that he was from the office, and accordingly favoring him with the contempt which all right-minded funkies feel for mere clerks. 'Don't know, I'm sure,' he replied, carelessly. "Then be good enough to inquire," said Kimber, sternly.

The tone was brutal, and produced the desired effect. The man asked him to step inside, and inquired his name. Kimber took out his card, and wrote on it: "May I see you, sir, for a few minutes on a very urgent matter?" "You will please give this to Mr. Skinner," he said, "I am sure he will consent to see me if he is at home."

The servant went away, and returned a moment later. "Just step in here and wait a bit," he observed, as he pointed to a room, the door of which was open. Kimber obeyed. There was a mirror on the mantelpiece. He walked to it and surveyed himself. Jove! how wonderfully young and well he looked. The years seemed to have rolled from him during the past ten minutes. The dominating impulse which had seized his brain had brightened his eyes, and brought a glow to his cheek. He felt that he was ready to achieve anything. Anything!

"Er—what do you want, Kimber?" asked a voice, rousing him from his reverie. Facing round abruptly, he saw that Skinner had entered the room. "I took the liberty of calling, sir, in reference to this letter," he replied, as he took the note from his pocket and handed it to his employer. Skinner read the letter as though he was not aware of the contents.

"Well!" he said, as he returned it, "Well! What about it?" "I have come here to ask you to reconsider your decision, sir," he answered, "and to tell you that I think you have no right to dismiss me after my long service." "Indeed! Such things are done every day. You must excuse my saying so, but—er—you are getting a little too old for us. We want younger men."

"Yes, that is what I thought. But, all the same, sir, I don't admit the justice of it. I can do everything that a younger person can do, and perhaps do it better. As to salary, I'm only getting five hundred dollars a year, and I don't think that even a man half my age would take much less."

"Thank you very much, sir," Kimber shuffled his feet impatiently. "My good fellow," he said, "I really can't waste time arguing with you about the ethics of commercial efficiency. I suppose I have a right to do as I choose in my own office. Now, be sensible and take your gruel like a man. Otherwise, I may change my mind about furnishing testimonials when you really want them."

Kimber reached for his hat and umbrella, and went toward the door. "One moment," murmured Mr. Skinner, "you told me just now that you were getting five hundred a year. That is certainly not an inflated salary. I think I shall give you the charge of an additional department, and raise the salary to \$750."

"And had you gone so, I should sent for a policeman," muttered Skinner. "Hardly, for if so, why don't you ring that bell now, and call in a policeman?" observed Kimber, triumphantly. "I can promise you that I shan't try to escape. But, really, Mr. Skinner, I doubt if you would have been foolish enough to ask for police assistance. There are cases where compromise is the best plan and the safest. This case is one of 'em."

The two men eyed each other, as though they were measuring their relative strengths. Kimber stood the gaze of his employer unflinchingly. Until that hour, he had never dreamed that he possessed so much courage. The hour had called it forth, and lo, it had come. "Now, look here," said Skinner, after a pause. "All this may be mere bluff. Where are your proofs of your absurd statements?"

"The proofs," replied Kimber, calmly, "lie in the mouth of the person who confided to me the story." Skinner swayed back, a slight foam on his lips. "Great heavens!" he gasped, "then she—"

"Yes, she is still alive, and very, very anxious to be kicking as well," returned Kimber, quickly, "but as it happens, she does not know exactly where to find you. I do. Now do you understand?" Skinner sat down, and buried his face in his hands. "Confound you," he said, thickly, "I thought it was all over and forgotten."

"Most men do comfort themselves with that belief," observed Kimber, "but they find out their mistake sooner or later. But, believe me, Mr. Skinner, I have no wish to cause you any distress. I have merely referred to the episode to show that I speak of what I know. The skeleton is locked in your cupboard, and I happen to have a key as well as you. That's all. But I don't want to use the key if I can help it."

A pause followed, during which various emotions thrashed through Skinner's poor, sordid little soul. Rage, fear, and surprise held the high place there, and it was easy to see that the words of his clerk had produced a terrible impression. The clock struck 4. "I'm afraid," said Kimber, "that I'm taking up too much of your time."

"No, no, wait a moment," Kimber smiled, and sat down again. Presently his employer looked at him intently. "Mr. Kimber," he said, and the fact that he used the word "Mr." struck the clerk as being significant. "I suppose that you are not a vindictive man?" "I hope not."

"You cannot really have any grudge against me except that you think you have received an unjust dismissal." "That is my only grievance." "Suppose that the dismissal were to be withdrawn, the grudge, I imagine, would be withdrawn also?" "Of course!"

A deep sigh of relief issued from Mr. Skinner's throat. He rose, and almost smiled. "Then," he said, "you may consider yourself reinstated." "Thank you very much, sir," Kimber reached for his hat and umbrella, and went toward the door. "One moment," murmured Mr. Skinner, "you told me just now that you were getting five hundred a year. That is certainly not an inflated salary. I think I shall give you the charge of an additional department, and raise the salary to \$750."

"Thank you very much, sir," he said again. The contemptuous-looking footman showed him out, wondering why the caller smiled so expansively as he went down the steps. "I should like to know," reflected Kimber, as he climbed on his bus, "what Skinner's skeleton really is!"—Black and White.

A Prophet Epithet.

The troubles which are brought to a parish priest for solution are almost infinite in their variety. In a certain Prussian village, says Friedrich August Dressler in "Molke in His Home," an old woman came to her spiritual adviser and proposed a separation from her husband. "If he would beat me," she said, "that would be all right; that would show that he was really my man. But he calls me worse names; he calls me a 'subject'! I will not stand for that!"

"So, 'subject,' eh?" said the priest. "Yes, that is bad. It is a bad word. I did not think he would say that. But are you sure you understand? Did he say 'subject' or 'object'?" The old woman shook her head. She was not certain. The priest smiled serenely.

"Ah, I thought so," he said. "Now, I am sure that is what he called you. 'Subject' would have been very bad. It would be hard to forgive that, but 'object,' pooh, it is nothing. If at all, it flatters one." The woman laughed happily. "And, then, I need not leave him? I can still keep him for my man?" she asked eagerly. "Certainly," said her mentor, "and rejoice. 'Object,' that is very fine, very! I was sure he did not say 'subject'."

A Martyr.

"Mamma, have I got to take a bath to-night?" "I'm afraid you have, my dear." "But I haven't done anything all the week to deserve it."—New York Life.