

FOUND.
He sought the road to happiness
Through weary, weary years,
And all the ways he traveled o'er
Were sprinkled with his tears.
And still the storms of life opposed
And sorrow gripped his heart.
The while he saw his hopes take wing
And one by one depart.
He sought the road to happiness,
The sunny, golden land,
But all in vain until one day
Love took him by the hand.
And led him on past frowning heights
Into a valley sweet,
Where joy at last revealed him for
The lessons of defeat.
—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Captain of the Ship

The barque Deliverance was almost ready for sea. The last few cases of cargo were being swung aboard, the riggers were busily bending the great sheets of canvas that, ere many hours were past, would be swelling to the thrust of the Biscay gales. Her decks were littered from stem to stern with ropes, provision cases, odds and ends of refuse, and in and between all this conglomeration the sweating stowaways moved and snored fluently, catching the swinging cases deftly, guiding them to the open hatches, bestowing them in orderly precision, ready to stand whatever the future might be pleased to show in the way of weather.

the velvet dome of heaven. The ship was thrusting herself gallantly through an almost fleecy sea, the straining of canvas, the gentle flap-flap of ropes, mingled soothingly with the plash and hiss of parted water under the advancing prow. Flaxman drew in deep draughts of the invigorating air, and squared his shoulders with the first sense of freedom that he had known for a month.

There was a shivering groan passed along the whole length of the Deliverance, a resounding crash, a sucking of angry water, another crash, and the thunder of falling yards. Then a wave broke over the ship's stern, another followed it; she stopped dead and heeled over at an ugly angle.

"All hands to the boats; abandon ship!" cried Flaxman, clearly, and now was to be seen the result of that constant training of the past. With beautiful precision the boats swung out, the men took their places, the steward brought food, water and arms. It was a calm night; the men were allowed to take the best of their possessions with them. Flaxman lowered himself into the stern of the last boat and gave the word to shove off just as the Deliverance gave that sick lurch which presages the inevitable end.

As Capt. Flaxman turned into the entrance of the building where the inquiry was to be held, he cannoned full into Sheerpole, his late mate. Sheerpole greeted him with a sinister smile.

Flaxman said nothing. He turned away to enter the fatal room, where the judges sat in authority. What would be his fate when the door closed on him again?

He stood up to give his account of the happening, but just as he did so Sheerpole forced his way into the room. "Who is this man?" asked the president of the board of inquiry, and Sheerpole answered, grimly: "First mate of the Deliverance, and I've come to tell the truth of the matter."

"Then, without waiting for permission, he told all he had to tell. Not a single detail was spared. Sheerpole licked his loose lips when the tale was told. "Is this true?" asked the president when he came to a close. His face was very grave, his lips were tightly compressed.

"True, sir, in every word," answered Flaxman, bravely. "The facts as stated are absolutely correct."
"Then this is a case for a criminal court, but before we commit Capt. Flaxman for trial I should like to hear his defense."

In a clear voice that never faltered, Flaxman told of his desperate temptation. "But, sir," he said, "I repeated in time. Though the ship was lost, I swear that I was innocent of evil intent. On that night when I altered the course, which, so Mr. Sheerpole says, was done with the intention of casting the ship on the rocks, I had fought a bitter fight with myself, but I had won. I altered the course to save the ship, not to lose her, and had the mate been a better navigator, he would have known that such was the case. It was an error of judgment on my part, not a criminal act." And then he waited, stiffening himself to meet whatever was coming.

A whispered conversation was held by the board. There was excitement in the very air.
"What was your position when you altered your course, captain?" asked one of the board.
"As near as I could judge, sir, it was in—" and he gave the exact spot on the sea's surface where the Deliverance lay at the moment he altered her course for safety.
There was a rustle of charts, and the parallel rulers were laid carefully on the parchment.
"And after that you steered what course?"
"South-west, sir. Allowing for variation and deviation, it was south-by-south-half-west true." A shuffling of the ruler, a bending of heads. Excited arguments amongst the grave and reverend seignors of the sea. Then the president spoke.
According to the admiralty chart, gentlemen, there is no reef or rock within 200 miles of this spot. An admiralty chart is supposed to be flawless. But there have been rumors of an uncharted rock in this vicinity, and if Capt. Flaxman's story be true, we have ample verification of the rumor. Unmarked, unguarded in any way, there exists a hidden rock, a menace to navigation, and this being the case, Capt. Flaxman is guilty of evil intent."
Flaxman heard, but did not understand. He had steeled himself to endure the fact that he was blameless had not penetrated to his understanding. But the voice of the president came to him at last.
"You are discharged, captain, with a clean certificate. You were severely tempted, perhaps none here knows how severely; but you came through the temptation bravely, and I pray that none of us may ever have to cope with a similar trial. I should like to shake hands with you, captain, if you don't mind." And so, with a sentiment that is rare amongst men who use the sea, he gripped Flaxman's hand hard.
"I have nothing to do with your owner's share, but I think you are fit for something better than his service, and so I shall make it my business to keep an eye on you, and I think I can promise you an early command. How would the Palace suit you?"
The Palace! Flaxman reeled un-

certainly. They paid their captain \$350 a year to commence with!
"Where are you going, captain?" asked the president, as Flaxman made a bolt for the door.
"Going to telegraph to Elsie," he stammered, with a blush.—Cassell's Saturday Journal.

SMUGGLING CHINAMEN.
A Business Which Is Profitable, but Not Without Its Dangers.
Smuggling Chinamen from Canada into the United States is a business which brings large profit but is attended by many dangers. Quite a number of men are engaged in it. Perhaps at no point along the international boundary is the business carried on more extensively than at and near Detroit. The Detroit and St. Clair rivers are not broad and all that is required at least for an attempt at smuggling an Oriental into Uncle Sam's territory, is a rowboat and a dark night. For 80 miles there is not a spot where an attempt at smuggling may not ensue—and from this it can readily be seen that Uncle Sam's agents must be perpetually on the job and wide awake all the time.

The smugglers make the Chinese pay handsomely—all the way from \$10 to \$100. But the risk is great enough to warrant the charge. Capture and conviction means fine and imprisonment for the smuggler and deportation for the Chinaman.
It costs anywhere from \$1,200 upward for a Chinaman to reach the United States by way of Canada. Steamer fare from China to Vancouver is about \$250. A like amount must be paid to the steamer company to protect it in the event of a man being caught and sent back. The Canadian head tax is \$90. Transportation to Windsor and the pay which the smuggler demands bring the total to the amount named.
One naturally wonders why the Chinamen, who once here will work in laundries at from \$10 to \$12 per week, should be willing to pay such sum to gain admission to the United States. But it is worth it to the wealthy men—Chinese—who put up the money. Once here, the immigrant is virtually their slave until he works out the sum expended, together with a handsome profit. Even with this handicap the Celestials are able in a few years to save enough money to enable them to return to China and live in comparative affluence the balance of their lives.
The restriction placed on their immigration to the United States is having its effect despite the activity of the smugglers. A few years ago one or more Chinamen could be found in almost every American village, conducting a laundry. Now they are rarely seen except in the large cities.

BOSTON HAS 3,000 LAWYERS.
Comparison of Law Offices of 35 Years Ago with Those of Today.
Thirty-five years ago there were 675 lawyers in Boston; to-day the roll of attorneys contains more than 3,000 names, says the Boston Post.

The old court house in Court square was at that time the theater of action, and the lawyers were concentrated in the immediate vicinity.
The India building, a gloomy four-story granite structure, on which still stands a portion of Young's Hotel, was headquarters for many eminent men, and Barrister's Hall, in Court square, since converted into hotel uses, also housed quite a contingent. The Niles block on School street and City Hall avenue, the Scollay building on Scollay square, where the subway station now stands, furnished quarters for many attorneys, and at a later period the abandoned dwellings in Pemberton square were invaded. Court street between Washington street and Scollay square was always a favorite situation for lawyers, and the Merchants' Bank building on State street the then eastern limit.

In the old days the offices even of the most celebrated lawyers were cheerless-looking places. A common plain table served as a desk, and a few inexpensive chairs completed the outfit, which with a bare floor added to the gloom. The judges of thirty-five years ago fared little better than their brethren at the bar. The accommodations for the judges were very meager, and the question of personal comfort was hardly considered. Plain but substantial furniture was the limit of expenditures for the courts, and the outlay as compared with present conditions was striking. The "mahogany" room of the justices of the Supreme Judicial Court in the new court house is as luxurious as the parlors of the large hotels. Every part of the building is in keeping with the appearance of the rooms assigned to the justices of the highest tribunal of the commonwealth, and no public building in its interior arrangements can excel the present court house of Suffolk County.

The evolution of law has also been shown in the growth of the Social Law library. Originally starting in a comparatively small room at the west end of the old court house with a few thousands of volumes, it now occupies nearly the entire front of the second floor of the new court house and contains 45,000 volumes. It has outgrown its present home, and when the court house is remodeled, additional room will be provided.

How It Happened.
Jack—How did Spynod get the bun eye—football?
Joke—No, sir. Sprained it last summer at der bathing peach.—Wisconsin Sphlux.
Quite Enlightening.
"I plugged on that problem till 5 o'clock this morning."
"And then did you get the idea?"
"Well, it began to dawn upon me."
—Harvard Lampoon.
It's a safe bet that the man who barely escapes being run over by a motor car does not call the driver a chauffeur.
Remember, girls, that the young man who writes the best love letters doesn't necessarily make the best husband.
This would be a brighter world if the people who can't sing wouldn't.

A HELPFUL CLERK.
An old lady with a shopping bag in her hand came into a drug store near the railway station of a good-sized New England city. It was a warm afternoon, and the clerk sat reading a novel behind the prescription counter. "Young man," said the old lady, "may I look at your directory?"
"Certainly, madam." The clerk politely moved the bulky volume along the counter and returned to his book. For a few minutes there was no sound in the drug store but the turning of the pages of the directory.
"Now that's funny," said the old lady, presently. "Young man, do you know John Smith?"
"Several times," replied the clerk, cheerfully looking up from his novel.
"Eh?"
The clerk got down from his stool. "I know several John Smiths," he explained. "Hasn't he any middle initial?"
"Well, he used to have," said the old lady. "I've clean forgot it. You see, I used to know his mother. She was a Martin. A right pretty girl, too. And so, being in this town, I thought I'd surprise John by dropping in to see him."
"I see," said the clerk. "And there are so many of him—"
"Eh?"
"I mean you didn't expect to find so many of the same name in the directory."
"That's it. Did you know, young man, that there's a baker's dozen of John Smiths right here in this directory?"
"I hadn't counted 'em," said the clerk, "but perhaps I can help you. What does your John Smith look like?"
"The last time I saw him he was a fat boy. Now let me think! Yes, he was a fat boy with freckles, and wore his hair pompadour. But that was ten years ago. I s'pose he's changed some since then."
"Very likely." The clerk pondered. He took the directory and looked at the names himself, backward and forward.
"Do you recall anything else about him?" asked the clerk.
"He used to be very fond of stick peppermint," added the old lady, thoughtfully. "And his mother had an awful time keeping him from going in swimming with his clothes on—"
"That was certainly a peculiarity," said the clerk. "But he has probably changed his habits, and I'm afraid it won't help us. You haven't any idea what his business is?"
"He used to be great at collecting things—toads and snakes and bugs and stamps and birds' eggs and—"
The clerk smiled. "So did I. What we need, madam, is that middle initial. How does a strike you John A. Smith? Sound natural?"
The old lady shook her head. The clerk again studied the directory.
"What was his grandfather's name?" he asked, presently.
"John. Just the same as his. He was named after his grandfather."
"Ah!" The clerk's eyes sparkled. "What was the rest of his grandfather's name? John what?"
"Martin."
"John M. Smith!" cried the clerk, triumphantly.
"That's it!" cried the old lady. And in the excess of her gratitude she bought two postage stamps.—Youth's Companion.

Hip Pocket No Place for Gun.
"I have just been reading one of these books of 'Texas life' so called," said a gentleman of this city, who is an ex-ranger and has had many dangerous experiences with "bad men." "The hero was a Texas cowboy, who wore a pistol in his hip pocket. Now anybody with a grain of sense would know that cowboys don't go into hip pockets for their shooting irons. It's clumsy and unsafe."
"When a man needs his gun, he needs it bad, and so he keeps it in handy reach. He isn't going to take any chances of throwing his coat back or having his pistol stick when he tries to pull it out. Besides, a pistol big enough to do the work, with a barrel long enough to insure accuracy of aim, wouldn't go into the hip pocket, anyway."
"Some fellows carry theirs in their holsters, fixed on the right side of their belts, and they let the belt swing loose, so that the pistol hangs well down on the hip. That's well enough; but I always preferred to carry mine in a holster under my left arm, suspended from the shoulder and a little to the front."
"In this way there is no vulgar display of the weapon; yet when you need it, all you have to do is to let your right hand fall carelessly, as if you were going to take lead pencil out of your vest pocket, and you are ready for any kind of argument."—San Antonio Express.

Cats and Fish.
A sea captain tells of his sailing in southern seas where flying fish abound. They would sometimes in their flight drop on the deck. He had three cats that, though they were lying asleep below, would hear the sound whenever a fish struck the deck and would rush up to get it. They distinguish this from all other sounds. The crew tried to imitate it in various ways, but could not deceive the cats.
Those at Last.
"I gossip very little," remarked Mr. Sponderino.
"Indeed?"
"Yes, I believe that motorists should be particularly careful not to run down their friends and neighbors."—Kansas City Times.
The man who has nothing to do isn't very well satisfied with a busy man. The idle man is always saying that the busy man works himself to death, and squeezes a dollar until the eagle screams.
Some men haven't sense enough to let well enough alone. When one girl refuses to marry them they ask another.

OUT OF THE STORM.
Sometimes when 'neath the cares of life
My shoulders seem to bend, and strife
Like some mad tempest rages 'round,
And nowhere is a haven found,
I think upon the great broad sea,
Plagued by the storm relentlessly,
Tossed by the winds, yet soon is seen
Peaceful, untroubled and serene.
Where yesterday the tempest raged,
To-day its grief is all assuaged,
And from the midst of stress and pain
Emerges succor and peace again.
—John Kendrick Bangs.

"How much is she going to pay you?" demanded Mrs. Warner.
The color flamed into Miss Aspasia's fair face. "Why, we couldn't let her pay anything," she said, gently. "Her mother was a distant cousin and we were playmates. And when the mother died and Victorine wrote that she would like to visit us after she finished school, of course we told her to come."
"Well, I think you were very foolish," said Mrs. Warner, unvarnishedly. "A big, strong girl like that! Why, she'll eat you out of house and home!"
Miss Aspasia looked anxious. She was as fat as Miss Aspasia was thin, and her longings were for the flesh-pots, while Miss Aspasia's were for the things of the spirit.
"I suppose she will have a pretty big appetite," she said.
"Of course," Mrs. Warner asserted, "and I can't see any reason why you two should be saddled with a boarder who doesn't pay anything."
"Oh, we are very glad to have her." It was Miss Emmeline who emphasized now. "It will be pleasant to have some one young in the house."
But after Mrs. Warner had gone, the sisters looked at each other doubtfully. "Suppose she shouldn't be—nice?" faltered Miss Aspasia.
"Suppose she should eat us out of house and home!"
And they stared at each other with startled eyes.
Their guest was due at half-past six. At six o'clock Miss Emmeline put some delicate linen squares on the mahogany table, and set forth a somewhat meager supper of thinly sliced bread, jam and dried beef.
As the preparations progressed, Josephus, the yellow cat, who had been asleep in his own chair, waked up and purred his appreciation.
Miss Emmeline smoothed his head with a nervous hand. "We can't cut down Josephus' cream," she said. "Whatever else we do, we can't cut down his cream."
"Of course not!" Miss Aspasia's tone was impatient. "I wish you wouldn't always think about things to eat, Emmy, and she trafiled upstairs to the room which they had prepared for Victorine.
It was a bare little place, although the furniture was of mahogany and the old prints on the walls of greater value than their owners guessed. But of girlish decoration there was none, and after Miss Aspasia had surveyed it with some disapprobation, she went across the hall and brought back a heart-shaped satin cushion of faded pink, that years ago had been made to grace her own wedding furniture. And when her romance had ended, the cushion had been laid away, to be brought out now for the first time.
Miss Emmeline puffed heavily up the stairway and stopped in front of the door. "I never supposed you would let any one use that cushion," she said, reprovingly.
"The dresser looked so bare," replied Miss Aspasia. "But I couldn't stand it to leave it there if she shouldn't be nice."
"Well, I would wait until she came," was Miss Emmeline's way of settling it. "You'd feel perfectly dreadful to have all kinds of pins stuck in it."
Miss Aspasia snatched the precions relic to her bosom. "I'll wait," she agreed, and fled to her room to wrap it in its tissue paper. As she went, Miss Emmeline announced, "I'm going down to make the tea. She ought to be here in a few minutes, and things will be all ready."
But she was not there in a few minutes; and when seven o'clock had come and half-past, the little ladies made fresh tea, and ate a little of the supper, reserving carefully the largest share for the expected guest. Eight o'clock struck, and Josephus curled himself up for the night on his cushion; nine o'clock, and Mrs. Warner rushed over with a telegram.
"I met the boy just outside," she explained.
"Something's happened," said Miss Aspasia, faintly; but the telegram merely announced that the train was late—five hours late.
"Now don't you sit up for her," Mrs. Warner advised. "She won't be here till midnight, and Mr. Warner can meet her."
But another telegram from the approaching guest came at ten:
"Train further delayed. Don't wait up. Will take a cab out."
"Victorine certainly must like to spend her money," was Mrs. Warner's comment. "Two telegrams and a cab! And yet not pay her board!"
And in the face of her withering sarcasm the sisters were alien.
But they did not go to bed. They nodded in their chairs, and at midnight Miss Emmeline said, wistfully, as she looked at Victorine's supper, still set forth on the silver tray, "I'm hungry."
Miss Aspasia shook her head. "I wouldn't eat any of it," she said. "Victorine may want it when she comes."
It was two o'clock when they heard the rattle of the cab on the empty street.

"What is it?" Miss Emmeline asked curiously.
"Har-lo-Duc," said Victorine. "It's a French preserve of curcates in honey, and it's fine with cream and cheese and crackers. Try it."
And Miss Emmeline did try it, and she ate curcates and chow-chow, and goose livers and shobern, and a lot of other things which she had read in cook-books, but had never seen.
"I never felt so Rebeccan in my life," she confided, at last. "I've heard of such things, but I never had a chance to try them. Well—I wonder what Mrs. Warner would say, Aspasia?"
Miss Aspasia did not answer. She was watching Victorine, who was feeding sardines to the ingratiating Josephus. As she fed her arns, her kimono fell back a little, showing about her neck a slender chain, from which hung a ring with a flashing jewel.
Victorine looked up, and caught the glance of the tender old eye.
"Oh," she said, and her hand went to her neck. "I—I want to show it to you—it's my engagement ring. Bob gave it to me and I wouldn't wear it at school—I wanted you to be the first to wish me happiness—you see, I haven't mother—"
Her voice broke, and she reached out her hands to them.
"And if you don't mind," she went on, "I want to be married for real. Just a little quiet wedding. But I am so alone—I haven't any near relatives—and I told Bob if you don't mind—"
Mind! It seemed to Miss Aspasia as if her cup of happiness was full. For years she had yearned for romance, and here, at last, it had come. Not for herself, but in the form of this lovely proxy!
"You see," Victorine went on, confidently, "I have so much money I don't just know what to do with it, and I knew you would enjoy seeing my pretty clothes, and I could have all the prettiest things, refreshments and all that, sent out from the city—but still it would be a home wedding, and—and Miss Emmeline could bake the cake—"
"I baked your mother's wedding cake," said Miss Emmeline, between smiles and tears.
"I know," said Victorine, and in the silence that followed, Miss Aspasia slipped away, to come back presently with her eyes shining like stars.
And when the gray dawn drove them at last to bed, Victorine found on the old mahogany dresser the heart-shaped cushion of faded pink.
"Mother made it for you!" she cried. "She told me—for your wedding—and—O, Miss Aspasia, your lover—died—"
"Yes," Miss Aspasia whispered; and for a moment the young woman with love for her future and the old one with love for her past clung together. Then Victorine straightened, with a tremulous laugh. "I—I shall never stick a pin in it," she said. "But if you don't mind, I'm going to snip off just a wee bit of faded ribbon from that cushion and send it to—Bob—"
Youth's Companion.

The Girl Who Came

"She's here!" they said, breathlessly, and ran to let her in.
She was paying the man, and her low laugh came to them.
"Oh! oh!" she said. "Did you sit up, you bad little ladies? I told you to go to bed."
Something in her voice made the sisters laugh in response. They had never been called "bad little ladies" in that affectionate way, and they liked it.
"Tell him where to put it," said the cabman was staggering under a flat trunk, and they made way for him.
And after the cabman came Victorine, radiant, glowing, exquisite. She kissed them, and hugged Josephus, and cried, "Oh, it's lovely to be here! It was perfectly ducky of you to let me come!"
Miss Aspasia held the girl's hand in a loving clasp, while Miss Emmeline beamed on her, and said, "And, now, my dear, are you hungry?"
"Hungry!" said Victorine. "I could eat a house!"
Miss Aspasia dropped her hand. "We—we saved a little supper," she said. "Perhaps we should get you something more."
Victorine's quick eyes caught the trouble in the old faces, and she remembered what her mother had told her of the careful management that had kept the two little ladies from extreme poverty.
"No, indeed!" she said, quickly. "If you'll just make a cup of tea while I get into something comfortable." Then



"OH, IT'S SO LOVELY TO BE HERE!"

her arms went round Miss Aspasia again. "I've been just pining to see you," she said. "Mother has told me of the time when you were girls together, and how Miss Emmeline liked tartar and you liked to write poetry. And now that she isn't—here—I felt that I just had to come to you and Miss Emmeline—"
"Precious child!" murmured Miss Aspasia, and wished that the pink cushion was in place on the mahogany dresser.
"Please don't plan anything but the tea," Victorine directed, as she went upstairs. "I have some things in the little trunk; my other trunks will come up in the morning."
Miss Aspasia followed, taking in, with fashion-starved eyes, the cut of the tailored gray suit, the bunch of violets and lilacs-of-the-valley that brightened the front of it, the trim hat with the gray veil.
Victorine, on her knees, lifted out the tray of the flat trunk. "I bought such things in New York—the shops were perfectly irresistible. I found this kimono for myself," and she displayed one of faint mauve crepe, with wistaria trailing over it, and Miss Aspasia, with her eyes shining like a girl's, ran down to Emmeline.
"Oh, the lovely, lovely child, Emmeline!" she said, with a break in her voice. "She has brought us these!"
They put on the kimono, surveying themselves almost stealthily in the mirror in the sitting-room.
"What would Mrs. Warner say?" Miss Aspasia remarked, almost guiltily, as she blushed at her charming reflection.
"I don't care what she'd say," said Miss Emmeline, recklessly. "I've never been so comfortable in my life," and she swept into the dining-room to make the tea.
There she found Victorine in the midst of a picturesque array of parcels with brilliant wrappings and gay labels. There were boxes of wonderful biscuits, and tins of sardines and jars of ginger, and little cream cheeses wrapped in tin-foil, and some delectable little glasses whose contents caught the light and glowed crimson.

EUROPEAN WOMEN AHEAD.
Nearer the Suffrage than Their American Sisters, Says Mrs. Catt.
"In proportion to the population the sentiment for woman suffrage is stronger in Europe than in America," said Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, who returned a few days ago from Europe, to a New York Sun writer. "The reason is, I think, that all over Europe agitation of various kinds is going on for further extension of suffrage to men, and the women come in on this movement."
"For instance, the Hungarian Diet for many centuries was made up of certain owners of great estates. A woman landholder of this class did not sit in the body, but she was represented by a male proxy.
"She appointed this proxy; she could remove him if he did not vote to suit her and she was not obliged to appoint her husband. Louis Kossuth began his public career as a proxy for a woman in this parliament.
"With the granting of popular suffrage to men in Hungary two years ago this ancient right of woman was swept away, and that fact is the most potent argument in the present agitation for woman suffrage in Hungary."
"The reports made to the International Suffrage convention by the women from New Zealand and the six Australian states of work done in education reform and every line of progress was so superior to any others that astonishment was marked. And in each case the delegate closed her report by saying: 'We could not have done this if we had not had suffrage.'
"I think the Dutch women gave us the most telling example of Dutch thrift and generosity combined," said Mrs. Catt with a smile. "They entertained us royally; all the arrangements were perfect, all the social functions most splendid. And after it was all over and they had balanced their books they found they had \$1,000 left over.
"It is curious to an outsider to find that the queen and her husband and mother do not seem to count for anything. No one seems to pay any attention to them or think anything about them. No one seeps of them."
"Holland is at the other extreme from England, where the indorsement of royalty is so immensely valuable to any movement. Holland is essentially republican.
"The ever-present horror in Holland is that Germany will swallow them up. They seem to think that this could be done more easily if they were a republic and this seems to be their only reason for maintaining a monarchy. I met only one woman who seemed to have any opinions about Queen Wilhelmina. She said: 'It is beautiful the way the queen effaces herself. That seems to be their idea of a good monarch, one who will efface himself and let them run the country without him.'

Neighbor—Bertie, your mother is calling you. Bertie—Yes, I know it, but I fancy she don't want me very badly. Neighbor—But she has called you seven times already. Bertie—Yes, I know, but she hasn't called "Albert" yet.—Philadelphia Inquirer.