The landlord doth appear. "Tis love that makes the world go

round," to trust, a pleasing song, But often, as the facts do prove, It makes the world so wrong.

Sometimes the chap who got his choice For freedom stoutly prays. While he who sought her hand in vain Lives happy all his days.

"Tis love that makes the world go I would no cynic be:

Although we make some grave mistakes. The very plain to see

That love is still well worth the while Of mortals here below And life without some risks to run Would be a triffe slow.

-Birmingham Age-Herald.

Young Mr. Hopper

"Marry!" said old Tollevents Thompson, as he rocked lazily upon the veranda of his snug, but ill-shaped wooden cottage on the outskirts of Four Corners, "You've got me. What do you want to marry for? Ain't your home unlike everybody else's?" "That's true enough, Dad," said

Sars'prilla, the eldest of of Tollevents' ten daughters. "If you'd been a thoughtful man, you'd have built it at once, 'stead of doing it by inches as We came alone."

"How on airth"-Tollevents stopped whittling in almost speechless wrath, as he glared at his eldest girl-how on airth was I to know you was all comin'?'

"Don't seem to me with while talkin' about that," volunteered Semanda, the next girl. "We're here; and it looks 's if we're here to stay, unless we git married."

Wal, git married," said Tollevents, in desperation.

"How?" chorused seven more daughters, whilst dark-eyed, .black-browed Belina, the tenth, sang merrily in the

During the course of his married happiness, every two or three years as the house filled up with additional babies-all of them girls-Tollevents had added more room by the simple expedient of building on a fresh shack to the others. Lest the end one should tumble down, he had built an earthwork against it. Then leaning the others up against the outside, and securely roofing them, he considered that the architectural effect thus produced was worthy of unlimited admiration. That no one else in Four Corners imitated this rambling building, he considered due to the habitual lack of enterprise shown by his neigh-

There's only one young man in Four Corners worth ropin' in," said Sars'prilla, turning her sweet blue eyes upon her sire. "Every night he comes hoppin' down the road like a skeared hen, gits a look at us, and ducks back agin."

"S'lina!" called Tollevents.

The merry voice of the kirl in the kitchen suddenly ceased. She put out her gypsy face. (Selina was the only dark one of the ten; all the others were "Blue-eyed as is the morn"), and looked round composedly. "What's the fuss, Dad?"

"Bring me a bowl of water," said Tollevents, determinedly; "and some soft soap."

Selina affected to be thunderstruck. Don't be rash at your time of life,

Dad. "Taint Sunday." The innuendo that he never washed save on Sunday roused Tollevents to

his full height. "And a biled shirt," he added sternly, disdaining to bandy words with his youngest offspring. Selina hastily returned with a bowl

of water and some soap, put the bowl on the top of a stump, and threw her father a towel as rough as 'Esau's hand. "You did orter see Doc Higginson, Dad," she said, mirthfully. "What are you goin' to do?"

For a few minutes Tollevents disdained to answer Selina. Sars'prilla. slid into his chair and rocked herself to and fro, swaying her lissome body to an old camp-meeting tune. The eight other girls-Selina had retired to the kitchen again-sat in a row on the bench and giggled. They were all blue-eyed, all fair-haired, all beautiful, and all exactly alike, with the exception that Sars'prilla was a little stouter than her sisters.

Decorum prescribed the sudden re tirement of Tollevents into that part of the shack which was by courtesy called a bedroom (when the weather was fine, he usually had a shakedown on the veranda) in order that he might don his Sunday clothes. Meantime the girls waited, wondered and giguied every few moments at this sudden accession of energy on the part of their sire.

Looks though he is a deacon 'sif he wanted to git religion again," audibly suggested Semanda.

"Looks to me 'alf you'll git something you ain't bargainin' for," said Tollevents grimly, thrusting his head round the corner. "Thar ain't no buttons on this yer biled rag."

Selina, ever prompt, was on the spot in a moment, with shirt buttons.

"You ain't worn this white shirt since Christmas, dad, else I'd have put 'em on before. That long prayer of yours in meetin' made all your buttons fly. Old Deacon Harbro bust only one of his.

Chesred by Selina's tribute to his gifts as an exhorter, Tollevents tied a black handkerchief loosely round his collar and took down his gun. which he loaded with unusal care, the girls watching him apprehensively the while. When he put in an extra allowance of buckshot Selina remonstrated with him.

dad. Don't waste him.'

"This yer alleged marryin' man." this yer road 'sif it belonged to him. parental poesy. "Which one is it?" It b'longs to me; and I'm goin' to drive the truth into him."

"Not with buckshot," Implored Selins, turning a little pale.

Tollevents rested his gun in a fork of the lilacs which grew greenly around the veranda, brought out his wherein many Amalekites were slaughtered, and read it with gusto. Deacon.

"Does ser to me," he mused, keep-ing one eye on the road—"Does seem to me 'sif thar's more real wholesomeness in gittin' a man under the fifth rib 'stead of fillin' him up with buckshot; but we can't be choosers of what is set afore us. We must do the work in the way as somes handlest. I reckon young Hopper 'll! be along in an hour. If he ain't, I'll go and fetch him.

II.

Selina, noting that her sisters, obeying a hint from Tollevents, were all attired in their Sunday best, laughing mirthfully. "Dad 'Il scare the life out of him," she said, gaily. "That Hopper can't say boo to a goose."

She slipped round the back of the shanty, her dark face framed in a becoming sunbonnet, dived down to Ottawa shore, then up again through row. the pines, some quarter of a mile from her father's house.

Presently, young Mr. Hopper, picturesque yet shy, also blue-eyed, and with a flerce moustache, which belied his youth, sauntered irresolutely down the road. As he did so, he was aware of Selina coming towards him, the which. Tain't fair, Deacon." one person in the world whom he had hoped to see. "Snakes!" he murmured to himself. "My heart's pumpin', I can't run now.

Selina affected to pass him, then 'oad?" she asked; and took him with reiled eyelids.

"I've bin' down this yer blamed old road all the winter, and all the spring, and all the summer," declared Mr. Hopper, flercely; "an' thar's nine of ou never show up.' "Thinkin' of turnin' Mormon, Mr.

'N-no," declared Mr. Hopper, Irresolutely. "Not by no manner o



"WHAT'S THE FUSS, DAD?"

means. Me bein' a shy sort of man. I git lost in the crowd. It-it makes my head swim," he added, feebly. "Then if you tumble in the river you won't drown. But did I orter be gettin' on?"

"What's your hurry?" implored Mr. Hopper, then blushed crimson.

There was a twitch of Selina's pretty lips as she looked down the road. "Nothin'! Nothin'! Only, you don't know what you're lettin' yourself in for if you go down that road to-night." "Nothin' can be worse'n goin' on tike this," declared the pessimistic Mr. Hopper. "Old man on the warpath? Thinks he owns this road, don't he?" Selina nodded. "He's got his best clothes on, the old gun's filled up to

the brim with-buckshot!" "I'd like to fill him up to the brim with whisky, then turn him loose in meetin'," said Mr. Hopper, vindictively. "What's he want to take a hand

in this yer game for?" "He thinks it's time some of us got settled. If you go down there you'll find out what he means. Better go

"See here," Mr. Hopper looked into the charming face until she blushed most becomingly. "See here. I'm the man who's doin' the marryin', ain't

"Then blamed if I don't go and tell him so.

"But you've no gun," declared Se lina in terror. "He'll make you marry Sars'prilla 'cause she's the oldest." "If," said Mr. Hopper, with a dark meaning-"If I git out of this alive I'm going to marry the gal I darn please, if-if she'll have sne."

Selina held him back a moment, her radiant eyes flashing into his. Something he saw there filled Mr. Hopper with sudden courage. Blushing fiercely the while, he took her in his arms, kissed her fervently and marched valiantly down the road,

leaving Selina gazing after him. "And they call him shy!" she mused. "Shy! With a moustache like that!" Her cheeks flamed as she dived into the mysterious recesses of the pines, which stood in serried ranks upon the river shore.

"You, Hopper! Stop!" cried Tellevents, as young Mr. Hopper came rapidly abreast of the house.

Mr. Hopper caught the glint of a gun barrel. The sun set fair behind the gloomy hills. Ranged in a row on the veranda were nine fair girls At the end of the veranda stood Tol levents, tall, gaunt, thin, clad in his Sunday best, leaning carelessly on the

shot gun "Wishful to speak to me?" fauntily inquired young Mr. Hopper. "You

ain't turned road agent, Deacon?" The Deacon cleared his throat. "It's a sin and diagrace you ain't married. You're the oldest young man in Four Corners, and all the others is waitin' "Thar's only one young man with for you to give 'em a lead. Yet you

marryin' in Four Corners just now, I come sailing along this yer road night arter night, and shuffles by like a ground-hog, without raisin' your eyes said Tollevents, carefully resting the | to all these yer these yer fair young gun against the veranda, "comes down | flowers," he added, with a touch of

"Ain't you takin' it too much for settled?" asked young Mr. Hopper. "I'm a man of few words," Hollevents raised his gun carelessly to the

level. "Here's nine gals all of a row. Which is it?"

Mr. Hopper bowed gracefully to the Bible, turned to his favorite chapter young ladies on the veranda. "Any one of 'em? I ain't worthy of it

"Any one of 'em. You ain't worthy, but it's the best I can do for " said the Descon, firmly,

"Which?" They were girls whose beauty would have gladdened the hearts of an an chorite.

Young Mr. Hopper surveyed them carefully, then turned to Tollevents. "See here," he said, severely. "Ain't you 'shamed of yourself, Deacon, to go puttin' such a slight on 'em? If I married one, what will the eight oth-

ers do?" "You leave that to me. Which?" ominously repeated the deacon.

Tain't no business of yours." Young Mr. Hopper walked down the veranda, feeling that Tollevents' gun covered his manly back. "Can't I go home and think it over " he asked, when he had come to the end of the

"You can go home, and take a load of buckshot with you, if that 'ill help

you to think," said Tollevents. Young Mr. Hopper came back to the ton of the row, then shook his head, "They're all too much alike. I'd git mixed up and never know t'other from

"I don't want to shoot you in a hurry," said the Deacon. "No one can't say I ain't a just, reasonable, tender-hearted, God-fearing, help-myneighbor kind of man. 'Tain't my fault topped suddenly. "Goin' down the they're all alike; but you've got to

take one of 'em." Young Mr. Hopper shook his head. 'Can't be done. I don't mind marryin', but I can't get mixed up like this. It's wuss'n bigamy.

Tollevents took deliberate aim at you allers sittin' on the veranda and him, "I'm sorry to have to do it," he said, gently, "and your mother, bein" a widder, 'ill curse me for removing Hopper? Ain't nine of us enuit for my neighbor's landmark, so to speak; but I've got to make an example of

There was a wild shrick as Selina threw herself between them. "Guess you'll have to hit me first," she cried. choking with laughter and tears. "You -you can't go wastin' young men like this, Dad.'

"Stop a minute," sald Mr. Hopper, with affected deliberation. "How dare you try such a put-up job on me?" "I-I don't understand," faltered Tollevents, confused by this sudden at-

"Why you might ha' known that a shy man like me couldn't make up his mind with nine gals all 'zackly alike. This settles it. Here's a dark one. I'll take her."

There was a chorus of "Oh!" from the veranda. Tollevents looked irresolute, for Selina was his favorite. "It's beginnin' at the wrong end," he said, doubtfully.

Don't you worry about that. way, it's a beginning," urged young Mr. Hopper. "That's all you've got to do, 'cept put down that gun. It might go off; and the Coroner's a friend of mine. He'd say things. Now you can take off your store clothes, and make yourself comfortable, father-inlaw that is to be."

Tollevents put down the gun, and young Mr. Hopper, linking Selina's arm in his, strolled along with her to the pines. A bend in the road him them from the bouse.

Selina could feel him trembling as hey wandered along in the odorous dusk.

"You-you do mean it, Selina?" he quavered. "'Cause If you don't, he can shoot all he wants to: and I'll be glad of it. I ain't afraid of him; but am of you.

urned back. "Stop," she called after ilm in alarm.

"Well?" queried Mr. Hopper. knew how it 'ud be. Let him fill me up with-"Won't I do Instead?" queried Se-

"What! With buckshot?"

"N-no. K-kisses!" And in the blissful silence which ensued a man might have heard his microbes gnaw, so sweet, so pure the heavenly night, with the great stars shining out, the silent river flowing to the sea, their young hearts beating together.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

A Happy Compromise.

"What a beautiful little baby he is!" exclaimed the neighbor who had called. "He isn't six months old yet, either," said the proud young mother, and he weighs over twenty pounds."

"What have you named him?" "Well," hesitated the mother, "Henry and I differed a little about that, He wanted to give him one name, and I wanted to give him another; but we finally compromised and agreed to call him John Wesley."

"I see; you named him after the great founder of Meth-" "No. indeed," quickly interrupted the mother. "That name, as I said,

is a compromise." "The 'John' is for John Calvin, and the 'Wesley' is for John Wesley." "Oh, I see."

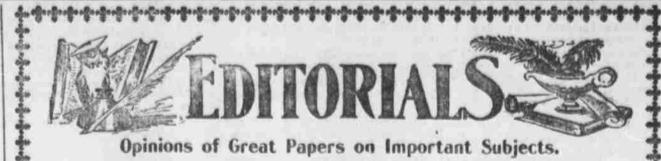
Why They're Disappointed. "Some men sit with folded hands

waiting for their ships to come in." remarked the Observer of Events and It is because of the peculiar charmove toward even raising a sail."-Yonkers Statesman.

that thing for? Second Farmer-Thet's th' thing they blow jes' before they run y'down!

First Farmer (pointing to the flar-

-Town and Country. An Explanation. He-People like the old jokes best great voyage of Columbus his sailors of South America, Central America, She-I suppose that is why the hu- mutinied because the compass needle | British America and Greenland, morists are always at a woman's age, failed to point to the North star. Such -Baltimore American.



AMERICAN FIRE WASTE.

OME impressively unpleasant figures, bearing upon the enormous annual fire waste in this country, are given in the report of the National Board of Underwriters, recently made public. The ordinary fire losses, apart from such exceptional and largely non-preventable disasters as that at San Francisco, are more than \$200,000,000 a year.

In the first three months of 1909 they were \$53,000,000 -an average of nearly three quarters of a million every day. The aggregate loss in five years is more than the amount of the national debt. American city fire departments are recognized as su-

perior to those of European cities; and although in this country a much larger proportion of the buildings consists of inflammable wooden structures than is the case in Europe, that does not account for the fact that our fire losses are from ten to thirty times greater than those of European countries. The National Board of Underwriters declares that

the real cause is "carelessness and recklessness here, as against the care, forethought and wise supervision in Europe." More disheartening still is the fact that American fire loss is steadily increasing year by year. It is annually nearly two and a half times as great as in 1880, and the rate of increase is almost twice that of the increase in population in the same period.

The widespread movement for the prevention of unnecessary waste in natural resources and in raw material is most commendable, but it is even more desirable to check waste by fire. When buildings are burned there is more lost than the actual money value of the buildings themselves, for business is usually interrupted and the communuities are deprived of taxable propcrty. The problem of preventing this waste, since so much of it is declared by experts to be preventable, is one which may well engage the serious attention of the American people,-Youth's Companion.

RECRUITS FOR THE MINISTRY.



OMPLAINT comes from various sources that a steadily decreasing number of young men are entering the ministry. The theological seminaries show a dwindling attendance, while the engineering colleges are overflowing with eager students,

There are, doubtless, a number of causes entering into the growing reluctance of young men to devote themselves to the pulpit work of the churches. One of them, we fancy, is the fact that the young minister is about the hardest-working, poorest paid cltizen in the average small town. He is called to a struggling church, and upon his young shoulders is laid the impossible burden of making that church a success and of living, meanwhile, on almost nothing. And yet the church members, individually, may be doing the best they can. The point is, that there are not enough of them; or, rather, that their religious energies are divided up among too many organizations. While they are holding fast to comparatively unimportant differences of creed, and are clinging desperately to denominationalism, the real work of the Master goes un-

The average small town is supporting in hand-tomouth fashion half a dozen struggling churches, where there ought to be but one or two. Pride of denomination alone stands in the way of setting up in such a town a single sacred shrine, where all may worship

be entrusted with the guidance of the flock, where personal differences of beilef as to minor things may give way to the general good. Consider what a strong and useful place in the community the pastor of such a church could take. Consider how, with a salary sure to be paid and large enough to relieve him of financial worryment, he could be one of the leaders in all good works.

together in peace and amity, where one shepherd may

The chasm of creed between some of the denominations is perhaps too wide to be bridged in this way. But those of the Protestant churches known as evangelical, are near enough together to make the plan practicable as, indeed, it has already been proved in some communities. If the denominations want to recruit their ministries with young zeal and new blood, they must do something of this sort. The world-wide success of the non-denominational Christian Endeavor movement shows that the time is ripe for it.-Minneapolis Journal.

MERCHANTS AND SOLDIERS.



IR EDWARD MOSS, on his way home to England from the far East, repeats the familiar statement that as business men the Chinese are thoroughly trustworthy, while the Japanese are so tricky that dealings with them are unsatisfactory and unprofitable. This comparison of the two

races has been made so often that it can be taken as having at least a foundation in fact, and yet, of the two, the Japanese are undoubtedly the nearer to our sympathies and comprehension, the readier to accept what is called civilization, and the likelier both to teach and to imitate the occidental world.

The apparent lack by the Japanese of commercial honesty has been well explained by the circumstance that until recently their trading class was a low and despised one, while the fighting man was highly honored and naturally developed the virtues that are as much the effect as the cause of general respect. In China the conditions were reversed, the merchant being there the noble and the soldier the pariah. Soon the Chinese soldier will learn that it is shameful to run away from the enemy, and the Japanese merchant that it does not pay to break contracts.-New York Times.

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY.



YOUNG Dartmouth graduate not long ago murdered a college girl because she would not marry him. Why then, should the murderer of the Sigel girl by an Oriental, whose passion for her had been aroused through an intimate association unwisely permitted by the girl's mother

for religious reasons, be regarded as exceptionally abtormal? The case does not prove that the Oriental is per se more dangerous than the Caucasian; it simply shows that he is subject to the same passions and

furie: as the white man. In France, or Germany, there could be no Sigel case, for the simple reason that only in America would a wife and daughter successfully defy the more worldly husband's and father's well-known wishes concerning the daughter's friendships among young men. To this extent the New York tragedy is perhaps peculiarly American, as the Berlin commentators avow, and there is good reason for the social shock which the affair causes.-Springfield Republican.

IRONLESS SHIP BUILT TO



Destined for a fifteen-year cruise to all accessible parts of the world, the Selina hesitated. Young Mr. Hopper non-magnetic yacht, Carnegie, recently launched in Brooklyn, N. Y., is expected to become a prominent figure in the

maritime hall of fame. Built for use in a magnetic survey of the earth, the Carnegie is expected to encounter experiences such as no other vessel has been through. She will wrestle, probably, with fee packs in the Arctic, and may meet terrific typhoons off the Asiatic coast. Her crew may shorten sail before the storm king of Cape Horn and whistle

for breezes in the sultry Sargasso sea. Even in her construction, the yacht differs from other vessels. No steel of iron has entered into her construction, except about 600 pounds necessary for certain parts of her machinery. She will be nearer all wood than

than any other modern craft affoat. It is boped that the voyage of the Carnegie will bring not only fame to herself, but lasting benefit to all the great multitude who go down to the sea in ships. The scientists to sail in her hope to discover, among other things, the location and characteristics

of the North magnetic pole. The Carnegle institution of Washwas organized a department of research in terrestrial magnetism, which was placed in charge of Dr. L. A. Baner, who was formerly in charge of the magnetic survey of the United States under the coast and geodetic survey. Since then valuable work has been done in the Pacific Ocean, the yacht Galilee making three voyages

aggregating 60,000 nautical miles and planks are held together with wooden treenails, and spikes and belts ing horn of an automobile)-What's other machinery are of brass and bronze, and even the propeller is of fining its magnetic survey work to the manganese bronze.

> Those of us who recall our early tions at work-two in Africa, one in history lessons remember, probably, Asia Minor and Persia and one in the statement that at one time on the China. It has also worked over part eccentricities of the compass have

bothered mariners ever since. Perhaps

they did before. It is a well-known fact that the compass in certain parts of the earth does not remain true to due north. On some localities the variation may be several degrees. Off the coast of Oregon and Washington the variation is as much as twenty to twenty-five degrees. This variation is found on

land as well as on the ocean. There are a number of lines along which the compass needle always points due north. One of these lines of "no variation" begins in the eastern part of Lake Superior, runs through Ohlo, about midway between Cincinnati and Columbus, through eastern Tennessee, cuts through South Carolina and strikes out into the At-

lantic near Beaufort. On the east side of this line the compass needle is drawn by some mysterious force to the westward; west of the line it is drawn to the east. On the upper coast of Maine

the needle gets as much as twenty-one degrees west of "true." The geographic north pole is not the magnetic pole; just where the latter is remains as much of a mystery as the pole Peary is seeking. And another strange thing about it, the magnetic pole is not stationary; it is continually moving, although very slowly. It has not been discovered in what direc-

tion the magnetic pole is moving. When the magnetic pole shall have been located and its various phenomena ascertained, many of the existing problems of navigation will disappear. To solve these riddles will be one of the tasks of the scientists aboard the

Carnegle. In building the ship some puzzling questions had to be solved. The boat had to be virtually non-magnetic. For that reason iron and steel could not enter into its construction. It was to be the first vessel in which such materials were not to be found. With ington, which built the vessel about the exception of thin cast-fron linings five years ago, undertook to make a in the engine cylinders and the steel series of systematic surveys. There cams necessary for operating the valves, magnetic materials were ex-

cluded altogether. White sails are to be relied upon mainly, auxiliary power is necessary for maneuvering in harbors or for use in calms at sea. For this power it was decided that steam would not do because the bollers and engines would be highly magnetic. It would not be practicable to use gasoline or oil, be cause of the danger of carrying such Things, "who never made a single actor of the work for which she is in large quantities as would be needed tended that the vessel was built with in exploring faraway waters. The difout the use of iron or steel. Her beams ficulty was solved by installing a specially constructed marine gas producer, using coal, in connection with of copper and bronze. Her engine and a bronze internal combustion engine. The Carnegie Institution is not con-

seas. It has had several land expedi-

What a lot there is to read!

CATS AND CHINA.

They Do Not Fit Together in the Same House. "Aunt Eunlee," said young Mrs. Billings, putting down her pen and per in front of her, "Aunt Eunice, why does a woman who loves china want

to marry a man who adores cats?" Aunt Eunice went on with her placid knitting, and deftly avoided a direct answer.

"Is that a convadrum?" she asked, I never guessed one in my life. And if it's the theme of a problem novel, Nan, you needn't tell me, because I don't like them."

Mrs. Billings laughed. "No, it isn't a conundrum," she said. "It's a catastrophe-almost, and it looks as if it might resolve itself into a problem novel at any moment. I'm the woman -I love china; Ned's the man-he adores cats; and the result is that three of my best soup-plates and four of my cherished oatmeal-saucers have been smashed to atoms in the last fortnight. You know, Hilma feeds the cats, but Ned is always sure that she never gives them enough, and so, as soon as he gets back from his recitations, he feeds them again. In the shed, of course, and with my best china, and then Hilma comes along

on her earnest Swedish feet and does the rest. I'm getting discouraged-Here the library door opened and Professor Billings stood on the threshold, a broken plate in his hand, Caste enforces rules and regulates

"Another victim, Nannie," he tried to say, cheerfully, "Hilma walked heavily again. Fortunately it's an old-" But Mrs. Billings had flown to his

chalance and anticipation.

side and was examining the frag-"Old! I should say it was! That's just the trouble!" she cried, with tragedy. "It's my best, my only piece of real pink luster. O Ned, how could

you take it?" There were tears in her voice and in her eyes, too. "Nan, I'm awfully sorry!" said her abject husband. "I promise I'll never take anything but a tin dipper after this," and his air of sudbued and sincere melancholy was so genuine that Mrs. Billings smiled in spite of her

'Very well," she scolded, "but don't ever let me hear you say again that The Ring and the Book' is your favorite poem, because it isn't. It's 'I prove her health she must wear her love little pussy!" "-Youth's Compan- clothes in a certain way she will fol-

The Way Out.

"Think, love!" said Mrs. Gobsa Golde. "I ordered a dinner gown, and that tiresome dressmaker has sent me traveling suit."

"Well, what are you going to do chout it?" Gobsa Golde demanded. The only thing is for us to go abroad again," she sighed."-Cincinnati Enquirer.

Politics and morality are seldom on speaking terms.

IN COLORFUL JAPAN.

Land of Ministere Parms That Are

Divided Into Tiny Fields. Land is so scarce in Japan and the people so numerous that a farm rarely consists of more than an acre or two. During the season of the year in which we made our journey, says George McAdam in Outing, one of these fields is filled with sprouting barley, light green in color; another field-perhaps the next-with vetch, a lavender-colored, cloverlike fodder; a neighboring field, with a dark green grass from the seed of which a lamp oil is manufactured; another, with the pale-yelow flowers of the mustard, and scattered here and there, fields filled with what looked like a variety of Hlysome white, some red, some yellow, but all equally brilliant.

Then to get the complete picture on must imagine patches of flowering azaleas dotting the roadside; towering, round-topped camellia trees breaking the skyline with frequent splashes of bright green; usually in the shade of these trees houses with white plastered walls and red-tiled roofs; about the more pretentious of these houses, white plastered walls above which apceared a profusion of palms, roses and trange native flowers, and in the loorways of the garden walls, kimonoclad Japanese girls—the kimonos as many and as gayly colored as the gar-

den that framed them. I have traveled in but one other country that is so gayly colored, and that was some few years ago when in the company of a number of other youngsters, and an evil-smelling magic lantern, I used to make frequent visits to the land of primary colors.

SHORT METER SERMONS.

www.www Every successiful man must have visions of high ideals.-Rev. C. A. Barbour, Baptist, Philadelphia.

Philosophy and theology have their place, but too often they obscure the Infinite.—Rev. A. K. Foster, Baptist, Brooklyn.

So long as the feelings are quick, and the conscience is sensitive, there are hope and life .- Rev. N. D. Hillis, Congregationalist, Brooklyn. It will pay anyone to learn the mental healthfulness and helpfulness of

prayer. It is good also to receive by

this means wisdom and submission .-Rev. F. D. Leete, Methodist, Detroit, To-day, more than ever, men need the influence of those things that make for spiritual life-the Bible-the church-the Sabbath.-Rev. Robert Johnson, Presbyterian, Montreal, Can-

They tell us that it is un-American to Interfere with individual freedom and logitimate business, but temperance legislation is a movement for race preservation.-Rev. H. W. Davis, Baptist, Palo Alto, Cal. It is exceedingly important that we

have the right kind of doctrine. If

a man is as he thinks in his heart, then assuredly he must think right to be right .- Rev. Murdoch McLeod, Presbyterian, Tacoma, Wash. Some of the sublimest acts of herodaily grind of life. To be faithful when

in the race of life .- Rev. J. M. Farrar, Presbyterian, Philadelphia. The young man should deny himself in the present and cultivate thrift, pushing back the pile of scribbling-pa- and thus acquire a competence for the years that lie beyond the first half century of his life.-Rev. J. E. Price,

no reward is promised counts for much

Methodist, New York City. The home evenings present a field rich with possibilities of lasting influence. It is one of the misfortunes of our times that neither men nor women spend many evenings at home. -Rev. M. C. Peters, Baptist, New York City.

Creeds and dogmas do not mean much in the religion of to-day. They set forth the particular principles in which the members firmly believe, but the larger religion is the same. We do not need a new gospel, but more gospel.-Rev. T. W. Young, Baptist, Detroit, Mich.

Christianity puts a man in the way of realizing the right kind of ambitions instead of the wrong kind. It warns us against seizing the shadow and letting go the substance. It gives us a scale of values which helps us against mistakes of judgment.-Dr. A. T. Hadley, Presbyterian, New Haven,

In Far-Off India,

In India a girl must be married before she reaches 12, or she, and often her whole family, suffers loss of caste, his manner wavering between non- marriages. A man may be infirm, insane, loathsome, diseased, cruel and utterly reprobate, yet he can receive into his power through marriage and deal with her as he will a little girl of any age under 12, if the caste relations between them are according to that system.

> worker, "of putting their babies in the middle of the table when the dinner isn't on. I can't get used to it. I never have been admitted to a dining room yet on the East Side that didn't

> have some child or other blooming

Bubles as Center Pieces.

"East Side women have the funniest

fashion," said the Settlement House

right in the middle of the tablecloth." -New York Press. In nine cases out of ten, says the Iowa health builettn, if a physician tells a woman that in order to im-

Women and Mountaincering.

low the advice of her dressmaker in

One of the chief difficulties in a woman's undertaking an expedition in mountain climbing is that, whatever her experience, every man believes that he knows better what should be done than she .- Harper's Magazine.

Walk up behind any boy, and say, quickly, "Hurry up!" and he will think of some duty unperformed, and hurry for a moment.