

TAKING CHANCES

"The love that makes the world go round..."

marryin' in Four Corners just now, dad. Don't waste him."

come sailing along this yer road right arter night, and shuffles by like a ground-hog, without raisin' your eyes to all these yer—these yer fair young dowers."

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

AMERICAN FIRE WASTE. S 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.

together in peace and amity, where one shepherd may be entrusted with the guidance of the flock, where personal differences of belief as to minor things may give way to the general good.

AMERICAN CITY FIRE DEPARTMENTS are recognized as superior to those of European cities; and although in this country a much larger proportion of the buildings consists of inflammable wooden structures than in 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.

MERCHANTS AND SOLDIERS. SIR 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.

RECRUITS FOR THE MINISTRY. COMPLAINT 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.

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

IRONLESS SHIP BUILT TO SURVEY THE WORLD. Destined for a fifteen-year cruise to all accessible parts of the world, the non-magnetic yacht, Carnegie, recently launched in Brooklyn, N. Y., is expected to become a prominent figure in the maritime hall of fame.

CATS AND CHINA. They Do Not Fit Together in the Same House. "Aunt Eunice," said young Mrs. Billings, putting down her pen and pushing back the pile of scribbling-paper in front of her, "Aunt Eunice, why does a woman who loves china want to marry a man who adores cats?"



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.

Here the library door opened and Professor Billings stood on the threshold, a broken plate in his hand, his manner wavering between nonchalance and anticipation.

It is hoped 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.

But Mrs. Billings had flown to his side and was examining the fragments. "Oid! I should say it was! That's just the trouble!" she cried, with tragedy.

Why They're Disappointed. Some men sit with folded hands waiting for their ships to come in," remarked the Observer of Events and Things, "who never made a single move toward even raising a sail."

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

An Explanation. He—People like the old jokes best. She—I suppose that is why the humorists are always at a woman's age.

Politics and morality are seldom on speaking terms. "Walk up behind any boy, and say, quickly, 'Hurry up!' and he will think of some duty unperformed, and hurry for a moment."

IN COLORFUL JAPAN.

Land of Miniature Farms 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.

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.

Every successful man must have visions of high ideals.—Rev. C. A. Harbour, Baptist, Philadelphia.

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

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 heroism in the world may be found in the daily grind of life. To be faithful when no reward is promised counts for much in the race of life.—Rev. J. M. Farrar, Presbyterian, Philadelphia.

The young man should deny himself in the present and cultivate thrift, and thus acquire a competence for the years that lie beyond the first half century of his life.—Rev. J. E. Price, Methodist, 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.

In India a girl may be married before she reaches 12, or she, and often her whole family, suffers loss of caste. Caste enforces rules and regulates 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.

Babies as Center Pieces. "East Side women have the funniest fashion," said the Settlement House 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 right in the middle of the tablecloth."—New York Press.

Fashion, Not Health. In nine cases out of ten, says the Iowa health bulletin, if a physician tells a woman that in order to improve her health she must wear her clothes in a certain way she will follow the advice of her dressmaker instead.

Young Mr. Hopper

"Marry!" said old Tollevents Thompson, as he rocked lazily upon the veranda of his snug, bit-shaped wooden cottage on the outskirts of Four Corners.

Selina, noting that her sisters, were all attired in their Sunday best, laughing merrily. "Dad! I'll scare the life out of him," she said, gaily.

"You leave that to me, Which?" Tollevents repeated the deacon. "Tain't no business of yours."



"WHAT'S THE FUSS, DAD?"

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

"Don't seem to me wuth 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."

means. Me bein' a shy sort of man, I git lost in the crowd. It—it makes my head swim," he added, feebly.

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

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

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

"Nothin' can be worse'n goin' on like this," declared the pessimistic Mr. Hopper. "Old man on the warpath? Think he owns this road, don't he?"

Selina hastily returned with a bowl of water and some soap, put the bowl on the top of a stump, and threw her hands a towel as rough as Esau's father. "You did order see Doc Higginson, Dad," she said, mirthfully.

"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 I?"

"You ain't wuth this white shirt 'em on before. That long prayer of yours in meetin' made all your buttons fly. Old Deacon Harboe bust only one of 'em."

Wishful to speak to me?" jauntily inquired young Mr. Hopper. "You ain't turned road agent, Deacon?"