

THE GIFT OF LOVE.

When crystal gleamed in pebbles by the sea,
Where you and I sought treasures in the sand—
Yours was the gem; the stones were left for me.

When golden rays through leafy darkness shone,
Where you and I went roaming hand in hand—
Yours was the light; I bore the gloom alone.

When blossom to that desolate bough is born,
Where you and I no more in spring shall stand—
Yours be the sweetness; I will take the thorn.

—Lawrence Alma Tadema.

IN THE INTEREST OF SCIENCE.

"Young man," said my host and employer as we sat together on his piazza the first evening of my arrival in Greenfield, "are you of an experimental turn of mind?"

"Why, I don't believe I understand," began in surprise. "A doctor, of course."

Dr. Leavitt shook the ashes out of his pipe and broke in: "Of course, I knew your record at the medical school."

"Which I wish now had been better, sir," I put in virtuously, but the doctor smiled quizzically as he returned: "Well, my young friend, it was just because you weren't honor man that got you here. Wilson, do you know there is such a thing as being too scientific?"

I modestly replied that was an aspect of the subject I had not yet seen. The old doctor did not answer right away, but a gleam of merriment shone from his eyes. We smoked for a few minutes in silence.

It was that time between the dark and the daylight when people who can afford it take their breathing spell. The doctor informed me that it was his custom to smoke a pipe just after dinner and I might hear him company.

As I sat on the porch I had my first opportunity of looking at my new surroundings, which were most attractive. A large white house with a porch faced ours across the street. As I looked a fat blonde woman of about thirty rose from her porch-chair, came out through her gate and walked up and down once or twice on her side of the street. She eyed the doctor stonily, but I felt that she was trying to get a view of me without seeming to do so.

Presently she went in and Dr. Leavitt looked very communicative. "That," he said, "is Miss Margaret Scott. She hasn't spoken to me for twelve years. She just had to come out this evening to survey the land. Mr. Wilson, that woman caused the biggest split-up in the annals of Rye County. It's because of her that the Prices and Snows aren't on bowing terms, and the Lords and the Sanborns are at 'outs.' It was your predecessor, Mr. Wilson, who brought about this state of affairs. I haven't had an assistant for twelve years now. All I ask of you, Mr. Wilson, is don't be too scientific." The doctor's eyes were smiling.

"I don't believe I could be accused of that, doctor," I modestly asserted. "Would you like to hear about it? It was this way. In the fall of '96 I wanted an assistant and I sent notice to the Baltimore College, as I did in your case. They recommended a James Stillman, who had done excellent work in college, won the European fellowship, and was willing to come to this little one-horse town to make a start."

"Your research work in tuberculosis," I interrupted.

"Had nothing to do with it," retorted Dr. Leavitt, irritably. "Anyway, to make a long story short, Jim Stillman came and had the goods to show. He was quick, bright, genial, and had a medical grounding that was surprising. My wife took to him from the first and he continued to improve. The girls were all crazy over him, for you may imagine that a young college man, good looking and smart, who had lived in Paris, London, and Vienna, was quite some in this town. The only thing about Jim was that he didn't care a rap about the girls. He'd refuse invitation after invitation to card parties, dinners and dances to stay home and smoke with me and talk over some of the late discoveries in the medical journals. He had some very original ideas, too. He came to live at our house, and if my wife wanted to go to some party or other he'd take her and call for her, but she used to tell me she scolded him both ways for not paying more attention to the girls. The Price girls, the Kennesby girl, and the Lords were all on his trail, and Bessie Price was the prettiest girl in town unless it was Susan Lord. But Jim was all for business, and he and I got to be better friends every day. Even when I was called down to Boston for a few days, my wife said he sat and talked with her a while every evening after dinner and then went up to his room and studied."

"When Jim had been living with me for about six months, and doing splendid work, Margaret Scott came home from school. She had always been fairly healthy and we were shocked when her mother brought her home before the end of the term. Her mother called me in and asked me what I thought was the trouble with her. I never saw a girl go off so. She was pale and languid and had lost in weight. I tried the tuberculosis test, but nothing there. I suggested every ailment in the almanac, but hers was a brand new disease. I called regularly for a month and Margaret was no better. One day at church—I always make it a point to take my assistants to church, Mr. Wilson—I saw Margaret Scott, whose mother made her go to church if she was able to walk, and the poor girl looked as if she could hardly hold her head up; bloodless, weak, shaky, and thin as a rail. I pointed her out to Stillman and he had a look at her across the aisle. Next Sunday she

was ill in bed and getting paler every day.

"One evening I was discussing the case with Stillman. I remember telling him I thought the girl was fading away before our eyes. He said in his quiet way that he had a theory regarding the case and that if I would let him put it in practice he thought he could cure her. He said he had been studying the external aspect of her case for some time. So I told him to sail right in, as I'd tried and failed. He asked that I would not interfere for two weeks. After that he said I might call every Monday and see how the patient was and if there was no marked progress at the end of three weeks he would turn the case back to me. I agreed and he took it up.

"He paid a lot of attention to it. At first he called once a day, but at the end of the week he was driving up to the Scotts twice a day. I supposed things were going pretty bad, but as I'd make a failure of the case, I didn't think I was the one to interfere.

"Monday I called and Margaret was sitting up in bed. 'I'm a little better, doctor,' she volunteered, and she certainly looked it.

"That afternoon I congratulated Stillman on her improvement. 'Oh, it's only begun,' he replied confidently.

"The next Monday when I called on Margaret Scott I never would have known her. She was sitting up at her window in a pretty dressing-gown. She chatted about the girls and things, and told me she had been out in the doctor's rig that morning.

"In the hall Mrs. Scott accosted me with: 'Oh, isn't it wonderful, doctor? No drugs, either. He tells her to eat and drink what she wants.'

"I confess I was rather sore over it. But Stillman had such a frank, nice way of putting things to me. He said it was just a little experiment of his and he hoped it would be successful as he had been working it out for about six years.

"I was called to Boston for three days and I dropped in to see how Margaret Scott was getting on Friday evening instead of Monday. She was positively blooming! In an evening gown of some kind of pink stuff with a bunch of violets at her belt. She smiled and looked positively charming. I say 'charming' because any young person who is the picture of health is more or less charming. I complimented her on her looks and it seemed to please her mightily.

"She's feeling as well as she looks, too, doctor," her mother smiled and purred up at me. The woman is a perfect cat. "Perhaps when you come back, doctor, she'll have something to tell you."

"I went straight to my train, but those words of Mrs. Scott's ran in my head all the way to Boston. If I hadn't had to fight death for three days and nights I'd have taken the time off to write Jim, but money now wasn't any too plentiful at our house and telegrams cost. I hooted the idea and dismissed it. She wasn't his kind.

"When I got home Jim wasn't there in the rig to meet me, but I saw a farmer I knew and he dropped me on his way home. The first thing he said was: 'I heard young Dr. Stillman's going to marry Widow Scott's daughter, Margie.'

"He seemed to be waiting for me to say something, but I never opened my mouth on that drive. So Jim Stillman had passed by Susan Lord and Bessie Price and had been roped in by Margaret Scott. My clever Jim's career ruined by a fool of a wife. I was silently haranguing on the villainies of designing females against my unsuspecting young friend when we arrived at our gate. Before I had reached the house Jim came out to meet me. 'Jim,' I said, holding up my hand to him, 'it's not true, is it?'

"For answer the poor boy picked up my valise and led the way to the arbor.

"'Doctor,' said the poor chap, 'I'm in a devil of a mess.'

"I know it."

"The doctor you do. It is already spread over seven counties."

"Sit down, Jim."

"It was this way, doctor. I always had since I entered college this theory that some people need a heart interest. One of my cons was that kind and a fellow who lived in our town, never happy unless he had some girl he was talking to parties, sending candy to and who was interested in him."

"I saw Miss Scott, who, between you and me, hasn't any too much sense, moping and pining and thought I'd try my experiment on her. I felt sorry for her case and thought the cure was worth the remedy. I tried for a week being very agreeable and attentive to her and she seemed to improve. Then I look to dropping in for

an afternoon chat also. And the way that girl sat up and took notice indicated that she needed the heart interest all right. Last week I got to the flower-sending stage.

"Yesterday I wanted to test her strength. I asked her to play tennis with me all morning, lunch with me at the clubhouse, and go on a tramp in the woods in the afternoon. And, by Jove! even after all that she was as fresh as a daisy! For a moment a gleam of professional pride lit up his gloomy face.

"'Look here,' said I, putting my hand on his shoulder and looking him square in the eye, 'if you made love to that girl—'

"'I suppose I was awfully nice to her,' he said, after a pause. 'But I never proposed. I never did do that, on my honor. Oh, it's an awful mix-up.'

"'Keep cool, Jim, and tell me this—are you in love with her?'

"'No.'

"'But you certainly were in love with her for the moment.'

"'No, I never was—not for one moment.'

"'This astounding statement from Jim Stillman fell like a thunderbolt. And I knew he spoke the truth.

"'Maybe you lost your head and proposed,' I suggested in a tone that will happen sometimes.

"'Nothing like that for me,' said Jim with fierce conviction.

"'I don't know how it was, doctor, but I felt from her manner at lunch-time that she wanted the people at the clubhouse to know I was interested. She was looking as well and healthy as possible and I determined to let her gently down. For, to tell the truth, I was about sick of spending two hours a day on giggles and gurgles. Her little air of proprietorship made me tired, but somehow I couldn't tell her. On our walk she ran on about things and seemed to take it so for granted that I just couldn't tell her just then, but I shut up like a clam and resolved to let it die a slow death so as not to hurt her feelings.'

"'That was so like Jim that I half smiled.

"'Well, we got through that walk and I was just shaking hands with her in her hall when her mother appeared and Margaret excused herself to take off her hat.

"'Mrs. Scott and I were alone. She made some remark about Margie and me being so suited to one another, or something like that. And the first thing I knew she was leaning on my shoulder dramatically beseeching, 'Oh, doctor, be good to my child—always, always.'

"'I don't remember what I said just then, but if I ever longed to strangle a human being, it was that purring, clinging old cat. I suppose it was brutal, but I came out and told her that I had never been in love with her daughter, was not now, and never would be.

"'But your attentions,' she hissed. 'She never had any other gentleman show her such attentions, buggy riding and violets. Your attentions—'

"'Were in the interest of science,' said I cold-bloodedly. 'I cured your daughter. From the sick girl she was less than a month ago she is now the picture of health. You will admit that.'

"'Yes,' she snapped, and I never saw a human being so bottled up with rage.

"'The case is dismissed, Mrs. Scott,' said I shortly. 'You forced me to this declaration. Good afternoon.'

"'Dr. Stillman,' she fairly screamed at me, 'you're a brute—a horrid brute. I shall ruin your reputation in Greenfield. I'll publish you as a trifler with my girl's affections and a murderer. I'll have this case taken up. Margie will die and you will be her murderer.'

"'Doctor, I was so furious I never thought what I said, and I retorted and left the house. This was my parting shot: 'She won't die. That's part of the theory. Pride will bolster her up.' I left the house and came home, and after dinner every one in Greenfield knew all about it and more too. Isn't it a mess, though?'

"'Romance versus science,' I remarked.

"'Don't joke, doctor,' begged the poor chap. 'This morning I made my calls and the Kenneds sent their maid down with a note from Mrs. Kennedy, saying she didn't need my services any longer. Half the people I bowed to cut me dead. The Joneses, the Wilcozes, and the Lords all passed me by—no, not all of them either, they finished. 'Miss Susan Lord came up and spoke in a very friendly way. The poor boy said it gratefully, without a hint of humor.'

"'Dr. Leavitt paused and puffed his pipe.

"'How did it turn out?' I inquired.

"'Well, Dr. Wilson, it's a queer world. Science isn't so popular as romance. Will you believe it, Stillman's practice fell off and people were cutting him on all sides. All Greenfield was lined up in one faction or another and things got so hot I advised him to leave—go somewhere else—and he did. I hated to lose him, for he was a medical genius, thoroughly scientific. I believed his story and do to this day. My wife sides with the Scotts.'

"'And the cure?' I asked. 'Was that permanent?'

"'As you see, Margaret Scott dropped for about ten days, then decided pride was the best shoulder brace, and has never been ill since. She has put on flesh steadily. Now you know the greatest event in Greenfield history. But,' concluded Dr. Leavitt, 'I always regretted that fellow Jim Stillman. He was, as I said, a medical genius. And now I must get to work.'

"'About a month later Doctor Leavitt came into the dining-room with a letter in his hand.

thought her capable, "she's a widow with a past, with ten children for him to support."

"Listen to this! There was triumph in the doctor's tone. "You may be interested to know that I was married last week to Miss Regina Elizabeth Quackenbush, head of the department of science at Wellesmere College. Miss Quackenbush recently secured her Ph. D. for her exhaustive treatise on "The Absorptive Spectrum of Chlorine and the Polybasic Acids of Mesitylene." She is a thoroughly scientific woman who—"

"and here followed three-quarters of a page expounding her virtues.

"Perhaps," observed Mrs. Leavitt acidly, "a real scientific woman can get along with Jim, but all the same I wish she had been a ballet dancer!"

—San Francisco Argonaut.

ROMANCE OF THE RING.

Hand Has Been Worn on the Finger from Earliest Times.

In many lands and through many ages a ring has been the symbol of marriage. Young folk are seldom much in love with antiquities, but here is an exception to the rule, for there are few things older than the wedding ring, and in it young people have not yet lost their interest. There has been much outcry against rings political, but here is the all-dominating, all-attractive, most influential, mergers, and of all combinations the hardest to break.

Finger rings have been used as ornaments from the earliest times, writes Dr. G. Chapman Jones in the Housekeeper. There is a Greek story of the origin of their use. Jupiter chained Prometheus to a rock in the Caucasus, where a vulture preyed on his liver, which grew again each night. After 2,500 years of this chronic liver trouble Jupiter released him, but ordered he should wear on his finger an iron ring, having attached to it a piece of the rock, so that the deity might keep his oath of perpetual imprisonment. Hence the use of rings of metal with jewels.

Rings seem to have been among the first trinkets given and prized. They were tokens of trust, insignia of command, rank and honor, pledges of faith and alliance. They have also been badges of servitude, illustrating the proverb that extremes meet.

Pharaoh gave his ring to Joseph in token of delegated authority. The oldest rings now in existence came from Egypt, having been originally placed on the fingers of the dead. The most interesting ring in the world, at least to antiquarians, is the ring of Cheops, who built the great pyramid. It is of fine gold, weighing about the same as three \$5 gold pieces.

In early Roman times the ring was worn on the fourth finger of the left hand, from a belief that a vein passed from it direct to the heart. An old Jewish legend tells us that Tubal Cain, the first of metal workers, made the first ring for his wife. The earliest marriage ring of which we have any authentic record is mentioned in scripture, where the shy and gentle Isaac placed a ring on the nose, probably the nose, of the incoherent, reluctant Rebekah. Isaac was always timid and he would surely have managed the delicate matter more appropriately himself.

SAMARITAN TOOK CHANCES.

When You Try to Save a Woman's Life Don't Disarrange Her Hair.

The Spectator knows a slangy young collegian who says the Good Samaritan was a confoundedly lucky fellow to have got off without having his head punched, according to the Outlook. This philistine state of mind dates from that particular collegian's impromptu entrance into the life-saving business. He was in Boston—he wears the Harvard crimson on his hat band—strolling up Tremont street, when there was an alarm of fire. The chief's wagon had dashed by and that hoarse-shouting, hatless fireman who clears the way for the ladder truck and already the peculiar rattling ring and rattle of engines could be heard as the department swung out of Mason street into Tremont, when a woman, with the desperate homing instinct of a distracted hen, started to cross the street. A hundred voices shrieked: "Look out!" Our collegian saved his breath. Dashing out, he seized that woman round the waist and hurled himself and her toward the curb. As they fell sprawling among the crowd the department thundered by.

Our hero picked himself up, expecting to be overwhelmed with thanks. Not a bit of it! The rescued lady wore a footbath for a hat, mounted upon an amazing erection of puffs and curls. The edifice had suffered in the fall. Wherefore she turned upon her preserver and linguistically rent him limb from limb. No lady? Oh, yes, she was. That's the curious part of it. But her nervous system and her vanity had had a sudden jolt and sputtering was the natural reaction. No doubt she remembers that Harvard man in her prayers. But not by name, for the abashed youth disappeared with what alacrity he could, convinced that you had better let a woman die a dozen deaths than disarrange her back hair.

Just as Described.

Excited Fisherman (to country hotelkeeper)—There isn't a bit of fishing about here! Every brook has a sign warning people off. What do you mean by juring anglers here with the promise of fine fishing?

Hotelkeeper—I didn't say anything about fine fishing. If you read my advertisement carefully you will see that what I said was "Fishing Unapproachable"—T.H.B.

Heard at Home.

Mrs. Fixen—I don't see what you men find in your club.

Mr. Fixen—It's what we don't find.

—Aly Sloper's.

Mildew.

An easy method of removing mildew is to place the article in a warm oven for a few moments and then brush it.

Don't bank on the veracity of any woman who tells a man he is handsome.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

WHY THE UNIVERSE WILL NEVER DIE.

By F. O. Henkel.

On philosophic grounds Herbert Spencer was convinced there must be cycles of growth and decay in the evolution of the universe. Moreover, it may be asked, how is it that the universe is not dead already? If it has existed from eternity there has been an infinite time for this dissipation to take place. On the other hand, we may say that nothing whatever can be postulated, as to an infinite universe at all, except that it be infinite, the dissipation of its energy must take an infinite time, and so the death of the universe will never come off at all.

Though it is true that the suns of the universe are growing colder by radiation, this radiant energy is absorbed and preserved by the dark stars, and the nebulae at low temperature. Of recent years it has been shown that the quantity of dark and faintly luminous matter in the part of the universe which alone we can reach with our telescopes is far greater than was formerly supposed to be the case. Photographs of regions of the sky taken after long exposures have revealed the existence of nebulous matter utterly unknown before.

Under the influence of gravitation matter tends to concentration in vast centers, but this is counteracted by the scattering action of the light pressure. This idea of the balancing of contrary tendencies is ancient, and we well remember being told of the two "forces, attraction and repulsion, by which the world is kept going." The philosophic notion is at least as old as Aristotle. "Solar systems are evolved from nebulae; nebulae in their turn are produced by the collision of suns."

DO YOU KNOW HOW TO SAVE MONEY?

By John A. Howland.

Almost universally the knowledge of how to save enters into the modern formula for success, and the question of method and ways and means to saving is open to discussion. If "keeping" every possible piece of money coming into one's possession may be miserliness, there must be some phase of saving that is reprehensible.

In my experience of men I have seen enough examples of arrested business development brought about by early savings to bring the point strongly home to me. Through hoarding earnings and perhaps making a few early ventures in speculative chances that proved successful, many a young man has acquired a bank account that was beyond his capacity to appreciate. His normal friends, looking on with both envy and admiration, have helped him to lose his head. His precocious pride has been pricked until the thought of chance of losing that which he has accumulated becomes impossible to him. The spirit of the miser is aroused in him. Whatever his business ability may have been, it is arrested in its development.

Everywhere, in every phase of life, the experienced, thoughtful person is confronted with the problem of saving. It isn't wholly the question, "Can I afford to

spend?" Quite as frequently it is the question, "Can I afford to save?" Wisdom is necessary to the answer.

"Wasting at the spigot and saving at the bung" is one of the old, old similes which approximate the meat of the whole question of saving. Each man must ask himself how much and when and where he shall save. But wisdom and experience must dictate the satisfactory answer.

WOMAN NOW COMING INTO HER OWN.

By Ada May Krecker.

This is woman's age in part because it is an age when the finer forces that women use and the sweeter ideals that they love are being valued by the world. In a word, the spiritual and the esthetic forces were latent in cruder ages, but now are beginning to operate.

Music has been a costly indulgence, a soft pleasure, with little, if any, hard work to do. Every girl has been expected to play the piano or to sing as a part of her education, which has been ornamental rather than useful. But music has a function of much grandeur and dignity to fulfill. The old Greeks knew this and used music to cure disease, to calm troubled spirits, to purify and uplift the mind. Their ideas are reviving. The therapeutic value of sweet sounds and harmonies is being appreciated. And the power of music to convey subtle and exalted thought is being realized. "Music begins where words leave off."

All the woman nature which lay dormant to a degree, unutilized, unrecognized, misunderstood through the base, brutish ages, is now awakening and beginning to energize in the gentler times when its subtle power and sweetness have a legitimate place.

MYSTERIOUS DISEASE AMONG CHILDREN.

By Dr. Howard L. Martin.

A mysterious new disease designated by the profession as "infantile paralysis" has lately been spreading among the very young children of Kansas, Iowa and Nebraska. The disease, though suggestive in some of its phases of meningitis, must not be confounded with that more malignant malady. Few of the babies that have been affected with paralysis have died, but in meningitis there is always a big percentage of mortality. This new ailment begins with a fever, is succeeded by vomiting and sharp pains of the stomach and completes its evil work by attacking the spinal cord, causing a paralysis of the legs and other muscle groups. The suffering, when death does not ensue, usually lasts for several weeks; then it goes away, but the paralysis continues. So far, it does not appear to be contagious, as frequently only one child in a large family will be attacked. There is hardly any doubt, though, of its being infectious. Up to this time no child has recovered the use of its limbs, and the doctors are at their wits' ends trying to find the cause of the disease and its cure.

DR. MOTHER.

A MAN WHO "MOVED ON."

A youth who, as early in life as he is a free man, decides to "work for himself" often lays the foundation of a fortune sooner than his comrade who is willing to occupy a more dependent position. One man, now a very rich cattleman of Texas, possessing lands which are more than sufficient in extent to make a German principality, owed his independent start in life to an uncomplimentary remark which his mistress made about him.

The man, who was a poor farmer's boy in Rhode Island before the Civil War, went to the Southwest to seek his fortune while he was still a callow youth. But although he was callow he was extremely long-legged, and this circumstance won him immediately the name of "Shanghai," by which he was almost exclusively known to his friends in that part of the world.

He himself now tells how, on his arrival in Texas, he went to work for a farmer who had several slaves. There was no one on the place except Shanghai and a negro named Pete who could ride a certain horse, and it often fell to Shanghai's lot to mount this fractious beast. But one day it happened that when Pete was on the horse, it threw him and then fell on him.

This happened near the planter's house. The planter and his wife and several attendants ran out to the assistance of the negro, who appeared to be dead. As soon as she saw the slave lying senseless, the woman cried out: "O dear, how unfortunate! There's an eight-hundred-dollar negro killed! Now if it had only been Shanghai, it wouldn't have made any difference."

Shanghai was in hearing of this eminently economic remark, and he at once said to himself, "If I'm not worth as much as a negro slave, I guess I'll move on to some place where I can make myself worth it."

He "moved on" to the plains, engaged at first in a small way in the cattle business, later furnished cattle in great quantities to the Confederate army during the war, and eventually grew very rich.

A Shocked Scot.

The London Chronicle says that two Englishmen recently touring in Scotland found that Sabbatarianism occasionally extends to the middle of the week. They were forced by the weather to take refuge in a small country hotel and after lunch adjourned to the billiard room to kill time until the rain stopped. The game had hardly started when the landlord entered in a very drunken condition, upbraided his visitors for their unseemly conduct and insisted on their leaving the billiard room. They received profuse apologies from the landlord. Her husband always got drunk on Sundays, he explained, but, mistaking the day, he had got drunk on Thursday instead, and from force of habit, believing it was Sunday, had been shocked at the click of the billiard balls.

Mildew.

An easy method of removing mildew is to place the article in a warm oven for a few moments and then brush it.

Don't bank on the veracity of any woman who tells a man he is handsome.



A little wound, a little ache,
A little blistered thumb to take
With touch of love and make it well—
Loved nursing best of skill and care,
But oh, behold the wonder there
When Dr. Mother, bearing sun,
From where the winding roses run,
Leans down with hungering love and
kiss!
There is no medicine like this!
In little child-heart's hour of woe,
Rah, ache or life-wound's throbbing
throes
The Dr. Mother knows so well
The weaving of love's wonder-spell—
Just what the little heart requires;
Just how to cool the fever fire;
Just how much tenderness and cheer
Will calm the little doubt, and fear;
How much of tenderness will ease—
Alone she knows such arts as these!
—Baltimore Sun.

ENGLISH SCHOOLS.

Quaint Customs That Are Maintained with Religious Care.

The head master of Manchester Grammar School, in a speech at Rochdale, referred to a custom at Rugby School which forbids a boy of less than three years' standing to turn up his trousers and insists on his doing so after that period.

The custom is only a minor instance of the quaint practices that exist at all the great public schools in England and are maintained with religious care, though in many cases their origin is obscure or unknown.

The Shrove Tuesday tossing of the pancake at Westminster School, with its ensuing scramble for the largest fragment, which gains for its possessor a guinea from the dean, is perhaps the best known among them. A curious custom at Marlborough requires every boy to bring to school with him a cushion, technically termed a "kish"—with the "i" long. This article is his inseparable companion in school time and, in addition to the ordinary functions of a cushion, is employed to carry books from one form room to another.

At Shrewsbury School, at the beginning of each term, "hall elections"

are held for the posts of hall crier, hall constable, hall postman and hall scavengers. The genial brutality of youth often selects for the position of hall crier either the most nervous boy in the school or one who is afflicted with a stammer.

The new boy in the schoolhouse at Rugby is early called upon to take his part in "house singing." At this function, which is held in one of the dormitories, he has to render a song to the satisfaction of his audience, the penalty being the swallowing of a mouthful of soapy water.

Another ancient school custom is the parade of the Christ's hospital bluecoat boys before the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House on St. Matthew's day, when the "Greclans," who correspond to "sixth formers" elsewhere, receive a guinea each and the rank and file of the school are presented with new shillings.—London Mail.

The Gossip.

Neil—She's an awful gossip. She tells everything she hears.

Belle—Oh, she tells more than that.—Philadelphia Record.

The youth who can afford a motor boat doesn't have to paddle his own canoe.