



I.  
A boy was born 'mid little things,  
Between a little world and sky—  
And dreamed not of the cosmic rings  
Round which the circling planets fly.

He lived in little works and thoughts,  
Where little ventures grow and plod,  
And paced and ploughed his little plots  
And prayed unto his little god.

But, as the mighty system grew,  
His faith grew faint with many scars;  
The Cosmos widened in his view—  
But God was lost among the stars.

II.

Another boy, in lowly days—  
As he—to little things was born,  
But gathered lore in woodland ways,  
And from the glory of the morn.

As wider skies broke on his view,  
God greated in his growing mind;  
Each year he dreamed his God anew,  
And left his older God behind.

He saw the boundless scheme dilate,  
In star and blossom, sky and clod,  
And as the universe grew great,  
He dreamed for it a greater God.

—Sam Walter Foss.



A Chronicle of the Sawdust.

BY FLORENCE KINGSTON HOFFMAN.

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Few people peeping within the quiet room where little Mrs. Cronin rocked her sick baby could have recognized her as the original of the flaming posters with which the town was literally plastered. These portrayed a highly colored female standing erect upon two ferocious lions with the Stars and Stripes waving above her head. Yet they were meant for her, and like the renowned Dr. Jeckyll and Mr. Hyde, Mrs. Cronin lived two different lives as widely antipodal as theirs. Plain Marie Blec, before her marriage, though known to the circus world as Mile. Terephine Bellefontaine, she had been as proud as a queen to become Mrs. Cronin, for though all of her colleagues voted Jim a slow one and a very poor match for the brilliant mademoiselle, it was just that very stolidly and tranquil affection which most endeared him to his little wife.

Jim was a keeper in Robinson's Gigantic Menagerie, and day after day he went patiently on with his work, cleaning the animals' cages and doling out their rations, without one single yearning in his honest soul for any more ambitious position, while he did it all so quietly that the savage brutes heeded his presence no more than that of the flies buzzing through their cages.

He and Marie were married in the spring and had been blissfully happy for a year on Jim's modest earnings, which, though not munificent, were amply sufficient for their simple needs, but when the blue-eyed baby came to



"Oh, Take Them Away!"  
The Original of the Flaming Posters, complete their happiness, Marie found in this new responsibility a stimulus for further activity, and when the little boy was five months old, she insisted in spite of Jim's protests on going back to her work.

Little Jimmy was a sturdy chap who never gave them a moment's anxiety; they got a good woman to take care of him, and with her mind thus relieved, Marie fell back naturally into her old lines, though Diabolo and Cerberus, her former charges, proved less tractable than of yore, having been used for a year and a half to the brutal ferocity of Signor Baratti, recently dismissed for drunkenness; but she got on pretty well after a time, the lions learned once more to obey her milder methods, and as she snatched little Jimmy to her breast each day after the performance, every kiss upon his rosy cheeks encouraged her to work on for his dear sake.

During her performances Jim was never very far away, for those were his off-duty moments, and though tw

big guards stood always at the gate of the lion cage, whose interference had never yet been necessary, it seemed to the honest fellow that his whole happiness hung by a single thread, and in his loving heart truly he died daily.

And now the baby had fallen ill and though his nurse assured them it was nothing serious and that spasms were quite common with teething children, Marie felt as she watched the little form lying quite still across her knees, or again twitching convulsively while her heart almost stopped beating, that she simply couldn't leave him.

But, alas! When she presented herself before Mr. McGrath, sole manager and proprietor of the show, one glance into his fishy little eyes convinced her in advance that any appeal to his sympathy would be useless. "Leave ye off from the matinee, is it? Now, I'm awful sorry, Mrs. Cronin, but it ain't to be thought of. 'Biz is biz,' that's my motto. You and them lions is my most drawin' card, and if 'twas to git about you wasn't goin' to perform, we might as well close the circus, for we shouldn't take in a fever—" here he spat copiously and conclusively. "I'm real sorry the kid is sick," he added, seeing her whiten and tremble before him, "but I guess he'll pull through, and you ain't in the ring over a half hour any way."

How could she explain to this man that her courage was all gone, that every nerve in her body seemed to quiver and snap,—he wouldn't understand, and with a sickly faintness stealing over her, she dragged herself round to the dressing tent and struggled to get into her gaudy tights.

Mother Meachin, who took charge of the wardrobes, eyed her pityingly. She'd had children herself long ago, and as she saw how Marie shook and trembled, and hearing the band, knew that in a few minutes more she would be called, she pressed a flat, black bottle upon her, saying, with real kindness:

"Take a swallow, dearie; it'll hearten ye up a bit; you are all shakin' like a leaf."

But Marie, after only a sip, thrust it from her, saying, faintly: "No, thank you, Mozzar Meachin; it make me but more seek," and then as the well-known music struck up and she knew that her hour had come, the old woman heard her whisper to herself: "Oh! bon Dieu des Miserables, protege-moi de ces betes feroces pour l'amour de ton Fils unique," thus she prayed.

As she bounded into the lion cage, with feet that felt heavy as lead, she noticed that, for the first time, both guards were absent, and once more the deadly nausea seemed to steal over her. But Jim was there, and he smiled encouragingly. She struggled to overcome this hitherto unknown fear, and prepared to put the lions through their paces.

Cerberus was tractable enough, but Diabolo, always uncertain in his temper, was unusually impatient this afternoon. But the performance went on as usual, and with heartfelt thankfulness Marie braced herself for the last feat,—a wild dance over and among the lions, ending in a final tableau as she unfurled the Stars and Stripes to the tune of "Hall Columbia."

She gave a cut with her whip to force the lions into recumbent positions, when just as she made her first pose between them, a huge mastiff, which, unnoticed by its owner, had been creeping nearer and nearer to the cage, now sprang at the bars, barking fiercely. If you have ever seen this happen as I have, you already foresee the result; if not, I can hardly picture to you the wild fear, panic and the fury of the lions.

Still and trembling for one brief instant, they rushed at each other and, before Marie could change her position, she lost her balance and fell heavily against the bars while the shock dislodged the tiny pistol always in her belt, and flung it far beyond her reach. Then the lions turned upon her, their eyes wild with fury.

"Cerberus, Diabolo," she shouted, as she struck at them with her whip, trying in vain to fix them with her eyes. But it was useless. Three times they chased her round the cage while the audience held their breath.

"The guards!" gasped the people, "Oh! God, the guards," their absence being now noticed for the first time. Ah! but the audience had forgotten Jim! Snatching the long-handled fork (kept for emergency), he dashed at the cage, jabbing and prodding the lions with its stinging prongs. Nothing but the knowledge that he must be outside the cage-door to open it for Marie, kept him from dashing in among the lions, whom he seemed to fear no more than ants.

Then, as for one instant driven to the end of the cage, they turned again upon Marie, Jim flung the door wide open—she dashed out—and the heavy iron swung to again, but not before Diabolo's claws had fastened upon Jim, ripping his arm open from shoulder to wrist, and almost tearing it from its socket. As he sank upon the ground a bleeding, unconscious mass, Mr. McGrath and the delinquent guards hurried to the spot.

The audience rose to a man, and for a moment panic seemed inevitable. But the thought in every mind that it was probably all over for Jim, did more to quiet them than the efforts of the manager, and as several doctors hurried from the crowd, and Jim on a hastily improvised litter, was borne from the tent, followed by Marie, herself bleeding from several wounds, the tinsel and gauze almost torn off her back, many women and even men sobbed aloud.

When the lacerated arm had been dressed and the fractured shoulder set, the doctors turned their attention to Marie, telling her that it might have been so much worse, for though Jim's left arm would be useless for many months (they feared, though they never hinted it, forever), his iron constitution and sober habits would hasten and insure his recovery.

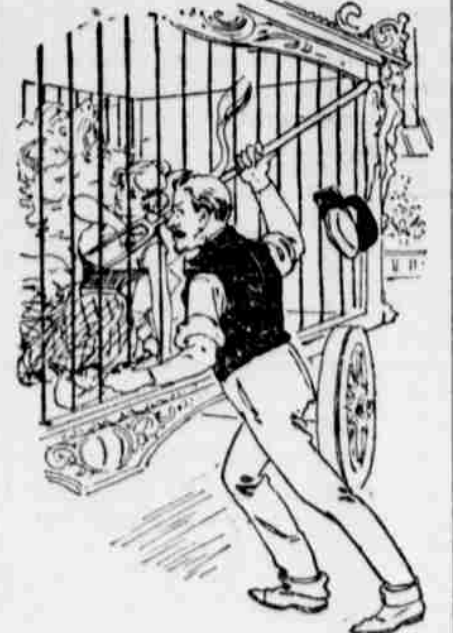
Marie's injuries were mere flesh wounds, painful, but in no wise dangerous, and though the doctors momentarily expected a total nervous collapse, she pulled herself together in a way marvelous to behold, seeming to have eyes, ears and thoughts for no one but Jim.

The next day, as Jim lay faint and weak but conscious upon his bed, with Marie sitting beside him and Jimmy's cradle close by, Marie said, bravely: "It is zat you are now to worry about nossing, my Jim, me, I will work for bobe while you and ze bebe get well."

Jim smiled faintly, as she leaned over him lovingly, but his well hand closed with astonishing strength over hers, as she said firmly: "That's as it may be, Marie, but you'll have to work at something else, for though I've lost one arm, maybe, I've still got the other, and you and me has got the circus business for good. No," as she seemed about to interrupt him, "I've said my say, and though I don't put my foot down often, it's down this time for keeps."

And it was just at this juncture that their good landlady handed Marie a letter addressed to Jim in a queer, unformed hand, and while Marie held it for him, Jim, with difficulty, read as follows:

I'm a plain feller and no saint, but I do admire a brave man when I meet him, and I never see a neater job than ye done yesterday. I hear the gal's yer wife, and if ye ever leave her do the lion act again I say ye don't deserve to keep her. As ye may be a bit short till ye git goin' again, I enclose a trifle which I shan't never miss from a pile I made on the trak last week. And ye



Jabbing and Prodding.  
needn't never try to thank me, fer I shall be miles away when ye git this letter from  
A FRIEND.

The letter held five clean bills of one hundred dollars each, and little Jimmy crowded with delight as the pretty green things fluttered down upon the counter-pane.

A Beauty Hint.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt regularly indulges in a sponge bath, which, she says, affords exquisite refreshment to tired muscles and jaded spirits. She finds it an excellent auxiliary in preserving her apparently perennial charm. It consists of half a pint of alcohol, two ounces of spirits of camphor, two ounces of spirits of ammonia, five ounces of sea salt, and enough boiling water to make one quart. The whole should be agitated thoroughly, then rubbed into the skin with the bare hands. It is excellent to bathe the neck and shoulders before donning evening dress.

A WAIF AMONG THE BIRDS.



A waif among the birds might be an appropriate name for the common yet strange creature I want to tell you about, says a writer for the Children's Column. Perhaps the word "tramp" would better express the idea than does the word founding, for we pity foundlings, babies left by their cruel parents to the care of a friendly world, or orphans whom death has cast upon charity for protection. But we have no love, pity nor respect for the human tramp, and this feathered fellow of whom I am writing does not deserve many of these things either.

The cowbird, or cow blackbird, is a wanderer upon the face of the earth. He has no home—he never had a home—and his parents never claimed him or knew him, but left him to the tender mercies of other birds that brought him up because they could not help themselves. But I will tell you all about that later. Let us tell you all about that later. Let us first get acquainted with this bird, and then we shall know him the next time we see him. The cowbird is a first cousin of the common blackbird that makes so much noise in our dooryards. For all his close kinship he has not inherited any of the common blackbird's better qualities. He has lost all the gloss of his plumage and now wears a coat as dusty and brown as any human wanderer you ever saw. He has lost the common blackbird's neighborly habits, and usually flocks "all by himself" out in the pastures. The only creatures that stir any interest in his being are cattle, and wherever you see a herd of those animals grazing over the pasture you are pretty likely to see a cowbird flying over their backs, dodging about their feet or even resting upon their backs.

That is why he is called "cowbird," because cattle seem to be the only animals he cares anything about. But I have not yet told you of the most unbirdlike trait of this relative of the blackbird, and I am sure you will say he does not deserve our respect when you hear all about him. His poor orphaned baby might call forth our pity if we were not positively certain that when it grows up it will do the same thing. The cowbird never builds a nest of its own, but the female lays her eggs in other birds' nests and leaves the other birds to care for her child. Worse than that, she selects some tiny little pair that build a dainty house, like the little yellow birds—and lays her egg in their nest—only one in a nest. You can imagine the dismay of the yellow birds when they come home to find a great egg of the cowbird there. They cannot roll the intruder out, the nest walls are too high, and they themselves are too small, so they lay their eggs and hatch them, together with the cowbird's egg. Then a sad thing happens, for the little cowbird is so much bigger and stronger

than the little yellow birds, and his appetite is so much more vigorous that he gets all the food the parent birds bring and leaves the little yellow birds to die. A pretty state of affairs, I should say!

But I must tell you a good joke on the cowbird that this same yellow bird plays sometimes. Often when the yellow birds come home and find their new nest occupied with a cowbird's egg they go to work and build the walls a little higher and then lay a false bottom, as it were, over the intruder. Then they lay their own eggs up in the second story of their house and hatch them, too. But the cowbird's egg, getting no heat from their tiny bodies, does not hatch at all, and one cowbird more has fallen to come forth to trouble these little feathered martyrs.



A TWO-STORIED NEST.

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Food Value of Sugar.

A striking paper on the "Dietetic Value of Sugar" appears in last week's issue of the British Medical Journal, by Dr. Willoughby Gardner. Roughly speaking, the world's consumption of sugar in the last fifteen years has doubled, while in Great Britain it has tripled per head in forty years. Another interesting point is that the Eng-

lish and Americans stand easily at the head of the list as the sugar-eating nations. Dr. Willoughby Gardner establishes the fact that sugar is a potent creator of energy and maintainer of stamina. This, he contends, is not only proved by laboratory experiments, but by the case of the date-eating Arabs, the fine health of the sugar-cane-eating negroes, and the result obtained by Alpine climbers, Arctic explorers, athletes and German soldiers fed on a special diet. Dr. Willoughby Gardner's general conclusion is that the increased height and weight and the improved health of the English people in the last half century are largely due to the increased consumption of sugar.

Philadelphia's Charitable Funds.

Philadelphia has no less than thirty-seven different funds that have been left to it for various charitable purposes. The largest of these is the Girard estate, which passed on the death of Steven Girard in 1831. It now amounts to nearly \$16,000,000. The income from it last year was \$478,876, which was devoted to Girard College. The next largest fund is the Delaware-avenue fund, which consists of the principal of Girard's legacy of \$500,000 and an accumulated income of nearly half as much. Most of this income will be devoted to improving the river front. The other thirty-five trusts amount to \$1,301,666, the income from which last year was \$57,431. There are twelve fuel funds, from the income on which 1,944 tons of coal were distributed. Some soup trusts yield \$765.

Necessity for a General Standard.

In the creation of a bureau of standards this country has taken a forward step. Up to the present we have had to verify our instruments in Germany, but now that we have a bureau of our own, we will be able to rely on ourselves. What would still further help things would be the national adoption of a reasonable system of weights and measures, such as the metric system. Until that is done we shall have great difficulty and confusion in the standardization of measures. Take, for instance, the bushel measure that is used for wheat. It differs in various states between points twenty pounds apart. There is a variation in other measures and until one standard is arranged for we shall always have trouble.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Liability of Medical Institutions.

Is a charitable medical institution liable for the negligence of one of its surgeons in operating on a patient gratuitously? The Supreme court, Appellate division, of New York, in a recent decision in the case of Collins vs. New York Post-Graduate Medical school and hospital (69 N. Y. Supp. 1,060), holds that such an institution is not liable for damages where the surgeon is employed has been selected with proper care, and with no reason to believe him to be negligent or incompetent. When the institution has exercised due care in the selection of its surgeons and other employees the court holds that it has then fulfilled its duty, and is not responsible for their negligence.

King and Tinker.

A quaint story attaches to an old ale-house at Enfield, which bears the remarkable sign of "King James and the Tinker." Hunting one day in the neighborhood, James I. got separated from his courtiers, and pulled up at this house, where he joined a tinker sitting in the porch. In the course of conversation the tinker said he would dearly love to see the king. "Mount behind me, then," said James, "and you shall have your wish," and the tinker taking him at his word, they rode away. "But how shall I know the king?" asked the tinker. "Oh, that is easy enough," said James, "for all the courtiers will be bareheaded." When they reached the party the man

Little Women of Mexico



In Mexico, as in many countries, the mothers of the working classes have very little time in which to care for and coddle their children. So the older sisters are always expected to play the part of "little mothers," and many of them take complete charge of the wee ones of the family. As the train passes every small village you will see these little girls with their charges, chattering and playing among themselves and watching expectantly for money. They are known as Centovita

of pots and pans looked round puzzled. Suddenly realizing that he and his companion were the only two people with their hats on, he slipped to the ground in consternation, and implored pardon for his great presumption. But the king, delighted with his joke, with royal recklessness, knighted him on the spot and gave him a pension of £500 a year.

Kindness Gives Satisfaction.

If we take a selfish view only of doing helpful things for others we find sufficient reason; for it is a fact that a kindly action, kindly received, leaves in its wake a feeling of satisfaction and content. It is true, unfortunately, that neighborly acts are not always received in quite the spirit in which they are offered, but you cannot afford to lose your pleasure in proffering such acts even if your neighbor does receive it rather stiffly. Perhaps you have waited a little too long. And it is not the gift itself more than the pleasure of being remembered—the kind thought that prompts the gift. So a call and chat with a sick neighbor, the loan of a paper or book or the new pattern, may all count as gifts, and they count up so fast, if we only watch out for opportunities that we are amazed that they have ever been neglected by us. An important question is "Who is thy neighbor?" Surely others besides your own intimate friends.

I hold him great who, for Love's sake,  
Can give with generous, earnest will;  
Yet he who takes for Love's sweet sake,  
I think I hold more generous still.