

A Perfect Poem.

Sheweth is printed a lyric, of which the greatest living poet, Algernon Charles Swinburne, has said that: "A most perfect piece of writing no man alive has ever turned out." The author of this poem is, however, not, as we should imagine, one of the great lyricists of the age, but a man whose reputation was acquired in the field of the novel—George Meredith:

We saw the swallows gathering in the sky,
And in the oster-isle we heard their noise,
We had not looked back on summer joys
Or forward to a summer of bright dye;
But in the largeness of the evening earth
Our spirits grew as we went side by side.
The hour became her husband and my bride,
Love that had robbed us so, thus blessed our dearth!

The pilgrims of the year waxed very loud
In multitudinous chattering, as the flood,
Full brown came from the West, and like pale blood
Expanded to the upper crimson cloud.

Love that had robbed us of immortal things,
This little moment mercifully gave,
There I had seen across the twilight wave
The swan sail with her young beneath her wings.



His Knowledge.

Returned Tourist—I was bitten by flies and mosquitoes in every country in Europe this summer except Russia.
The Stay-at-Home—Haven't they got flies or mosquitoes there?
Returned Tourist—Don't know. I did not go there.

The Silk Supply of Spiders.

The spider is able to secrete at least three colors of silk stuff—the white, which forms the web, and the enswathment of captives and the egg-cocoon; the brown mass that fills the cocoon interior; and the flossy yellow between that and the inside of the sac. The glands end in minute ducts which empty into spinning-spools regularly arranged along the sides and upon the tips of the six spinnerets, or "spinning-mammals," or "spinning-fingers," which are placed just beneath the apex of the abdomen. The spinnerets are movable and can be swung wide apart, or pushed closely together, and the spinning-spools can be managed in the same way. The silk-glands are enfolded in muscular tissue, pressure upon which, at the will of the spider, forces the liquid silk through the duct, into the spool, whence it issues as a minute filament, since it hardens upon contact with the air. One thread as seen in a web may be made up of a number of filaments, and is formed by putting the tips of the spools together as the liquid jets are forced out of the ducts. When the spinnerets are joined and a number of the spools are emptied at once their contents merge, and the sheets or ribbons are formed which one sees in the enswathment of a captive or the making of Arctope's central shield. This delicate machinery the owner operates with utmost skill, bringing in to play now one part and now another, and again the whole, with unflinching deftness and a mastery complete.—Dr. M. C. McCook, in Harper's Monthly.

Explained.

"Why is it that bombs are always thrown by Russians?"
"Because, fool Russia where angels fear to tread."



Farmer Hayrake—Cousin Josh writes from New York that he's paying \$50 a month for rent!
Mrs. Hayrake—Land sakes! He must be running a hotel!

We and Our Servants.

Josephine Daskam Bacon begins a series of articles on "The Servant Problem" in The American Magazine. She says that we can depend neither upon the rich nor the poor for a solution. She says that the problem must be worked out by the upper middle financial class (of which class Miss Bacon frankly admits she is.) This class is composed of those "who keep only a few servants."

After presenting a spirited description of the housekeeper's present predicament the author takes up some "grand and flighty theories" and proves their weakness. Incidentally she shows how much men think they know about the matter and how little they really do know. Mrs. Bacon's satire is always delightful. Then the author makes some remarkable revelations about women's ideas of loyalty and other things. She also produces and criticises some interesting letters of recommendation written by women.

Proceeding to practical suggestions, Mrs. Bacon makes several points that are really of great importance. Her discussion of the necessity for standardizing domestic service is certainly very able and interesting:

"Until every woman stops having different ways, until, in other words, we have effected the Standardization of Domestic Service in the upper middle classes, we shall have no hold on the situation as a whole.

"I mean by this, for instance, that every woman whose means warrant her in employing a waitress, as distinct from a cook, should have her table served in one way—the proper way. The duties of a chambermaid are as obvious as those of a salesclerk, a rubber in a Turkish bath or a stenographer. A woman has no more reason for making her bed in an individual and unusual way than for brushing her teeth in an individual and unusual way—either process should properly class her immediately as an invalid or a crank—and both these persons should pay extra for special services. The higher the class of service the more does this rule apply. The best hotels, the best clubs, the most elaborately appointed private establishments all resemble each other the most closely, and deviation from an accepted standard marks the lower grade at once. Of what possible advantage is it to any domestic employee to fit herself for her business if, in every place she may enter, she is confused and bullied into a different set of methods by the aggressive and meddling American housekeeper?"

"Does some woman say, 'but we cannot all afford first-class service?'"

"Very well, then, let her not pay for it without getting it, as she is probably doing now. Every man knows that an \$8 a week stenographer cannot be expected to equal one who commands \$20—but he also has a general idea of what he may expect for \$8, which is not true of the housekeeper. There is a perfectly justifiable market for untrained, clumsy but willing service—but it is third-class and should be employed and paid for as such.

Students Educate One Another.

It is a great thing for hundreds of splendid young men from all over the country to be thrown intimately together at the age of the greatest expectancy, when life promises so much, at an age when youths are full of hope and ambition, and feel strong and vigorous. There is an untold advantage in the growth and expansion which come from the constant measuring of mind with mind, the tuition of mentalities, the measuring of brain power, the comparing of ability, of experiences, the tempering, the constant drill in self-sacrifice, the constant prodding of ambition, the spurring of lagging energy. All these things are of untold advantage.

I believe that the advantages of mere book learning in college are overestimated. That is, I believe that a great deal of what is attributed to the studies themselves come from the association of the students.

We hear a great deal about the development of personal power in solitude; but, while a certain amount of this is necessary, yet there is no substitute for the growth and education which come from intimate association with human beings.

As a rule, the men who pay their own way through college are the most successful because they are the most practical men. On the other hand, every man who has to devote a great deal of his time to paying his way suffers an immense loss from the lack of larger association with the students.

Many of these men who work their way through college feel obliged to go directly from the classroom to their own room. They can not enter into many of the sports with the other students because they are obliged to remain in their rooms and study during evenings, Saturdays and holidays alike.

I believe that many college men owe more to what they get from their fellow students than from their studies. In saying this, I do not underestimate the great value of what comes from lectures and books; but I believe it is impossible to overestimate the value of the social intercourse of the college.—O. S. Marden in Success Magazine.

The Moravian Church was founded in this country by David Nitschmann, who at 64 years of age crossed the Atlantic to Bethlehem, Pa., and felled with his own hands the first tree that was used in the building of the colony. A somewhat Spartan custom introduced by the church of the United Brethren, as the Moravians are called, was that of taking all babies from their mothers when they were 18 months old and placing them in the care of the church, where the widows and unmarried women looked after them. A beautiful custom among the Moravians at Bethlehem is the sunrise service on Easter morning. A procession of musicians marches through the streets to awaken the inhabitants just before daybreak, and as the sun comes up a blare of trombones leads in a grand chorus of gladness. On March 1 the Moravians will celebrate the four hundred and fiftieth anniversary of their church.

Cancer not Hopeless.

The American Magazine contains an article on "Cancer, the Unconquered Plague," by Dr. Leonard Keene Hirshberg, of John Hopkins University.

Every year nearly 40,000 men and women die of cancer in this country. The disease is a dark and gloomy mystery. The facts about it are extraordinarily interesting, as Dr. Hirshberg presents them. There is no absolute cure for it yet. But there is always hope. On this point the author says:

"Nature, indeed, is the only doctor whose skill is capable of combating cancer. Ehrlich and others have observed that, of a given number of mice displaying symptoms of cancer, a certain portion recover. The same thing is true of human beings. Every community has a saved sufferer, and as a rule this same sufferer is a perambulating and very vociferous bellman for some sort of 'mental' treatment or quack medicine. It is the same with cancer as with other diseases. When Nature, by her mysterious processes, effects an eleventh-hour cure, the credit goes to the doctor in attendance.

"Luckily, there is no disease, no matter how virulent, that Nature herself cannot cure; and so even in the worst cases of cancer it is well not to abandon hope. I have myself seen several cases of such spontaneous cures. One patient was a wealthy Baltimorean, whose malady was diagnosed by an operation as cancer of the stomach three years or more ago. Three prominent American surgeons saw the cancer, which was inoperable because of its location. He submitted to a serum treatment, and last summer a second operation revealed the fact that his cancer had entirely disappeared, leaving a scar. Here was an undoubted case of cure, but did the serum do the work? Its advocates maintain that it did, but a great many very learned and scientific physicians hold that it did not. One cure, it is obvious, by no means establishes a specific's efficacy."

Starts in Right Direction.

Some years ago the Hon. Elijah Morse and Abner Upham witnessed the hanging of a man at Dedham. While they were driving home the subject of sin and its punishment came up. "Brother Upham," remarked Mr. Morse, who was a rigid orthodox in belief, "I suppose, according to your belief, that this man, who has been found guilty of murder by his fellow men, and hanged because he is not a fit person to be at large among his kind, has now gone straight to heaven?"

It is necessary to explain that the incident took place before the gallows was equipped with trap doors, and it was the duty of the executioner to give the rope, fastened about the victim's neck, a tug that actually jerked the doomed man into the air.

"It is not for me to judge a fellow man, Brother Morse," replied Deacon Upham, who was an ardent Universalist, gravely, although there was a twinkle in his eye, "but I must say that the last I saw of the unfortunate fellow he was headed that way."—Boston Herald.



Would it Be Egotism?

"Eve was Adam's rib, wasn't she, pa?"

"I believe so."

"Then if Adam loved Eve, could he be said to be stuck on himself?"

Submarine boats dive better than flying machines fly, but they don't come up any better.

Dictionary of Misinformation.

Collar—See cross-cut saw.

Canary—A popular cage bird, which spends its time between singing, dying and being eaten by the cat.

Why He Wanted a Lower.

Fred Prince has had a long experience in assigning berths to passengers and has become familiar with all possible excuses to avoid the second story.

"Give me a lower, 'is the usual request and thereupon the passenger uses some expressive simile to show his opinion of the 'sky chamber."

A hardened old miner came in yesterday on his way east and wanted a berth. All the lower ones had been allotted.

"Come, put me in the aisle," said the disgruntled treasure seeker. "Do you think I am a cliff dweller?"—San Francisco Chronicle.

Those Who Disappear.

What becomes of the persons who mysteriously disappear? There are hundreds of them. A few whose cases are striking or unusual are mentioned in the newspapers, but the majority in a routine way, for there is a routine of disappearances, go out of the world, and yet remain in it, without their mystery being mentioned. A disappearance is always a mystery. A criminal can not mysteriously disappear, for many of them try and fail, but an honest man can step out of his house take a car at the corner, and never be seen again. Accidental death is the solution of the mystery preferred by the friends and the family of the disappeared, for any other theory is less kind, and a broad charity treats the disappeared and the dead alike and of them only good.

Cost of City Government.

The price one pays for city government depends very much upon the city one elects to live in as a residence. While we pay \$31 in New York, in Philadelphia and also Chicago it costs only \$13 a head to be governed, and provided with police, fire, sanitary and other protections common to large cities. In Buffalo the figure is \$12; in Washington, Bridgeport, Schenectady, and cities of that sort, \$11 per capita pays the tax; in Houston, Texas, the charge is under \$10; in lively Los Angeles, \$7.50; Scranton and Seattle each collect \$6.50 and Nashville, Tenn., is at the bottom of the list of progressive cities with a taxation of about \$6 per capita, less than one-fifth of New York's rate. The average city tax throughout the country is probably between \$10 and \$11 per capita, or about exactly the amount by which New York has raised its per capita figure in only nine years.—Broadway Magazine.

Women Sold as Slaves.

It was this system that led to the sale of human liberty in the spring of 1903 on the steps of the Yorkville court house. More than twenty women had been held for nearly three days. They were frantic; their hang-ers-on were desperate. Finally the right man was allowed to bring a bondsman, and from the magistrate, who had pretended to be doing zealous work in the interests of morality, the lawyer got their release under bond. Then he went straight to the doorstep and called off the women's names.

"Who wants Rosy Goldstein?" he would ask.

"Here," would be the eager cry. "Fifty dollars quick and get out of the way."

So he went down the list before a crowd of nearly two hundred persons auctioneering off the liberty of these women, and standing off clamors for cheaper rates, all practically within earshot of the magistrate who is supposed to have profited by the revolting deal. Nearly \$1,500 was cleaned up in that morning's work.—Broadway Magazine.

The Quakers dress in plain gray, uncover the head to no one, and address all impartially with the familiar "thee" and "thou." These strange folks form a restful note in the busy work-a-day world. Their real title is Society of Friends. They believe in the plainest houses of worship because they say that God dwells in the heart and not in wood and stone. They are silent in their meetings in order to encourage "the frost of the mouth and thaw of the mind." They have founded many good schools and colleges, among them being Bryn Mawr. There are more Quakers in Indiana than in any other state. The leading Quaker that America has produced is generally conceded to have been the poet, John G. Whittier.

If assassination killed tyranny with the tyrant, it would be easier to justify.