## BOOST THAT WAS A KNOCK

**Critic Knew Well That His Praise of Novel Would Inevitably Decrease Its Sales.**

In a discussion of the popular literary taste Theodore Dreiser said at the Century club in New York:

"Here is an illuminating episode: A preacher was talking to a critic. The preacher said:

"'I thought you didn't like the work of Potts, the novelist?'

"'Neither do I,' the critic answered.

"'Yet in your review the other day you declared that Potts' last novel was remarkable for its purity, that its high moral tone was a splendid change from the tainted fiction of the day, and that you advised the public to turn to the moral Potts, from the debasing white slave fiction so much in vogue. Why, now, my friend, if you dislike Potts, did you talk like that about him?'

"'I did it,' the critic answered, 'to spoil his sales.'"

**Birthdays of Prominent Men.**

Andrew Jackson, seventh president of the United States, was born in Union county, N. C., March 15, 1761. Grover Cleveland, our twenty-second and twenty-fourth president, was born in Essex county, N. J., March 18, 1837. William J. Bryan was born at Salem, Ill., March 19, 1860.

**At the Show.**

"Here's my boy. Don't you think I ought to be proud of such a fine little youngster?"

"Ah, but you ought to see my fine little roadster!"

A girl should make the most of her birthdays. The time will come when she won't have any.


# MRS. WILLIAMS' LONG SICKNESS

**Yields To Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.**

Elkhart, Ind.:—"I suffered for fourteen years from organic inflammation, female weakness, pain and irregularities. The pains in my sides were increased by walking or standing on my feet and I had such awful bearing down feelings, was depressed in spirits and became thin and pale with dull, heavy eyes. I had six doctors from whom I received only temporary relief. I decided to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial and also the Sanative Wash. I have now used the remedies for four months and cannot express my thanks for what they have done for me.

"If these lines will be of any benefit you have my permission to publish them."—Mrs. SADIE WILLIAMS, 455 James Street, Elkhart, Indiana.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotic or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record of being the most successful remedy for female ills we know of, and thousands of voluntary testimonials on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., seem to prove this fact.

**If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.**

# The Army of Constipation

**Is Growing Smaller Every Day.**

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

*Brent Good*

# W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES

Men's $2.00 $2.50 $3.00 $3.50 $4 & $4.50
Women's $2 $2.50 $3 $3.50 & $4
Misses, Boys, Children $1.50 $1.75 $2 $2.50 $3

Began Business in 1876; now the largest maker of $3, $3.50, $4, and $4.50 shoes in the world.

$1,006,279 INCREASE in the sales of W. L. Douglas shoes in 1913 over 1912.

This is the reason we give you the same values for $3.00, $3.50, $4.00 and $4.50 notwithstanding the enormous increase in the cost of leather. Our standards have not been lowered and the price to you remains the same.

Ask your dealer to show you the kind of W. L. Douglas shoes he is selling for $3.00, $3.50, $4.00 and $4.50. You will then be convinced that W. L. Douglas shoes are absolutely as good as other makes sold at higher prices. The only difference is in the price.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.

None genuine without W. L. Douglas' name stamped on the bottom. If W. L. Douglas shoes are not for sale in your vicinity, order direct from factory. Shoes for every member of the family at all prices, postage free. Write for illustrated catalog showing how to order by mail. W. L. DOUGLAS, 216 Spark Street, Brockton, Mass.


## CORN CAN BE GROWN ON CANADIAN PRAIRIES

Manitoba is now commencing to produce considerable corn, chiefly for feeding purposes. In some cases, where the crop can be matured into the dough stage, silos could be used and would be a profitable investment. According to the Farm and Ranch Review, a correspondent visited a field of corn in southern Manitoba on September 28. The corn then was untouched by frost and it stood on an average eight and nine feet in height. The corn had developed into the dough stage, and the crop would easily exceed 20 tons to the acre. At many experimental farms, the same favorable showing of the corn crop has manifested itself. At the Brandon experimental farm this year several varieties, all very good yielders, matured into good silo corn.

Considering the success with which corn can be produced, and the advantages to be gained by so producing it, should not it receive the serious attention of the western agriculturist?

Corn is successfully grown in the northern part of Minnesota in similar soil and under the same climatic condition, and there does not appear to be any reason why like results should not be secured in western Canada. It is the opinion of many American farmers of experience that the corn belt is extending northward. The prairie provinces must gradually take up with mixed farming. More stock on the farms must be raised, and in consequence farming must to some extent be diverted from grain growing to other necessary crops. If crops suitable for wintering cattle and especially dairy stock are to be grown, why should not corn be one of these crops? In Ontario and in the United States we find it forms the main bulky food for wintering beef and dairy cattle. They would not be without this profitable plant. In fact, since its introduction almost twice as much stock can be retained on the same amount of land, besides considering its great value for keeping the land clean. Some may say that many crops that can be grown in Ontario and the States cannot be grown here, but not so with corn, even now we find scattered fields of corn in Alberta and Saskatchewan.—Advertisement.

## BROUGHT HER BACK TO LIFE

**Remarkable Cure That Was Effected by the Administration of Ardent Spirits.**

On his return to his native heath a year or two ago, P. J. O'Keefe found Nellie, the oldest woman in the parish, was dying.

Her friends, arriving at her home, found her lying back in her easy chair, apparently about to pass over the last threshold. Nellie, being a good housewife, carried a bunch of keys at her girdle and, thinking that she was now gone, one of the neighbors reached under the folds of her dress to find the key that would unlock the closet where her shroud was kept. As the good woman was fumbling at the girdle she felt a sly pinch of her hand and knew by that that there was still a spark of life remaining.

"Perhaps," she suggested, "a wee drop of brandy would revive her."

A teaspoonful of brandy was administered, but with only a flickering response. So the friends departed sorrowfully, forgetting, however, to remove the bottle from her side. On their return a few hours later they discovered that the brandy had vanished and that Nellie had completely recovered. She lived to be more than one hundred years old. "But that," says Mr. O'Keefe, "was the story of Nellie's dying."

**The Movies in Italy.**

Mascagni is writing the music for a moving picture film representing the life of Garibaldi, composed by the Socialist Depupty Ferri. The librett is by D'Annunzio; it is one act and is entitled "The Children's Crusade." The poet vaguely defines his work as follows: "A pitiful and tragic medieval episode interwoven with a popular legend which in an age of violence and heroism ended with the misfortune of hundreds of poor children."


Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Do not gripe. Adv.


**Damned With Faint Praise.**

An estimate of the valiant Roderick Dhu as recorded by an elementary school student of "The Lady of the Lake" was this: "His character was pretty good because he always liked hunting, he looked pretty fair, he was useful in shooting and fight, and was a truthful man."


**Important to Mothers**

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

In Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria


**The Old, Old, Story.**

Belle—I hear Billy called on you last night.

Beulah—Yes, he did.

Belle—And did he tell you the "old, old story?"

Beulah—Yes, he talked about the weather the whole time.

**Charming Hostess.**

"Did she make you feel at home?"

"No, but she made me wish I was."—Brooklyn Life.

## *Wilson Says Some Day He Intends To See Washington*

**President in Intimate Talk With Newspaper Scribes Tells Them He Can't Get Used to His Job and Discusses Responsibility and Human Side of Himself.**

Washington. Special: Woodrow Wilson unbosomed himself to the members of the National Press club of Washington last night. He told them in a frank, conversational way, how he felt as president of the United States.

It was an intimate picture of Woodrow Wilson, the man, drawn by himself on the occasion of the "house warming" at the Press club's new quarters.

The president did not intend to have his remarks reported, but later, at the request of the club, the unusual speech was made public. It follows:

"I was just thinking of my sense of confusion of identity sometimes when I read articles about myself. I have never read an article about myself in which I recognize myself, and I have come to have the impression that I must be some kind of a fraud because I think a great many of these articles are written in absolute good faith. I tremble to think of the variety and falseness in the impressions I make—and it is being borne in on me so that it may change my very disposition—that I am a cold and removed person who has a thinking machine inside which he adjusts to the circumstances which he does not allow to be moved by any winds of affection or emotion of any kind, but turns like a cold searchlight on anything that is presented to his attention and makes it work. I am not aware of having any detachable apparatus inside of me. On the contrary, if I were to interpret myself I would say that my constant embarrassment is to restrain the emotions that are inside of me. You may not believe it, but I sometimes feel like a fire from a far distant volcano, and if the lava does not seem to spill over it is because you are not high enough to see into the basin and see the caldron boil. Because, truly, gentlemen, in the position which I occupy here is a sort of passionate sense of being connected with my fellowmen in a peculiar relationship of responsibility. Not merely the responsibility of office, but God knows there are enough things in this world that need to be corrected.

**Fear of Blundering.**

"I have mixed first and last with all sorts and conditions of men—there are mighty few kinds of men that have to be described to me, and there are mighty few kinds of experiences that have to be described to me—and when I think of the number of men who are looking to me as the representative of a party with the hope for all varieties of salvation from the things they are struggling in the midst of, it makes me tremble. It makes me tremble not only with a sense of my own inadequacy and weakness, but as if I were shaken by the very things that are shaking them, and if I seem circumspect it is because I am so diligently trying not to make any colossal blunder. If I just calculated the number of blunders a fellow can make in 24 hours if he is not careful and if he does not listen more than he talks, you would see something of the feeling that I have.

"I was amused the other day at a remark that Senator Newlands made. I had read him the trust message that I was to deliver to congress some 10 days before I delivered it, and I never stop doctoring things of that kind until the day I have to deliver them. When he heard it read to congress he said: 'I think it was better than it was when you read it to me.' I said: 'Senator, there is one thing which I do not think you understand. I do not only use the brains I have, but all I can borrow, and I have borrowed a lot since I read it to you first.' That, I dare say, is what gives the impression of circumspectness. I am listening; I am diligently trying to collect all the brains that are borrowable in order that I may not make more blunders than it is inevitable that a man should make who has great limitations of knowledge and capacity. And the emotion of the thing is so great that I suppose I must wear some kind of a mask to conceal it. I really feel sometimes as if I were masquerading when I catch a picture of myself in some printed description. In between things that I have to do as a public officer I never think of myself as the president of the United States, never had any sense of being identified with that office. I feel like a person appointed for a certain length of time to administer that office, and I feel just as much outside of it at this moment as I did before I was elected to it.

**How He Views Office.**

"No man could imagine himself the government of the United States; but he could understand that some part of his fellow citizens had told him to go and run a certain part of it the best he knew how. That would not make him the government itself, or the thing itself. It would just make him responsible for running it the best he knew how. The machine is so much greater than himself, the office is so much greater than he can ever be, and the best he can do is to look grave enough and self possessed enough to seem to fill it.

"For example, take matters of this sort:

"I will not say whether it is wise or unwise, simple or grave, but certain precedents have been established that in certain circumstances the president must leave the office first and the people may give way to him. They must not sit down if he is standing up. It is a very uncomfortable thing to have to think of all the other people every time I get up and sit down and all that sort of thing. So that when I have guests in my own house and the public is shut out, I adjourn being president and take leave to be a gentleman. If they draw back and insist upon my doing something first, I firmly decline.

"There are blessed intervals when I forget by one means and another that I am the president of the United States. One of the means by which I forget is a rattling good detective story, get after some imaginary offender and chase him all over, preferably any continent but this, because the various parts of this continent are becoming painfully suggestive to me. The postoffices and many other things which stir reminiscences, have 'sicklied them o'er with a pale cast of thought.' There are postoffices to which I wouldn't think of mailing a letter, which I can't think of without trembling with the knowledge of the heart burnings of the struggle there was in connection with getting somebody installed as postmaster.

"Now, if I were free, I would come to these rooms. You know I never was in Washington but a few times and but a very few hours until I came last year, and I never expect to see the inside of all the public buildings in Washington until my term is over. The minute I turn up anywhere, I am personally conducted to beat the band. The curator and the assistant curators, and every other blooming official turns up and they show me so much attention that I don't see the building. I would have to say, 'Stand aside and let me see what you are showing me.' Some day, when I am through with this office I am going to come back to Washington and see it. In the meantime I am in the same category as the national museum, the monument, the Smithsonian institution, or the congressional library, everybody that comes down here has to be shown the president.

**As a National Exhibit.**

"If I only knew an expression to assume—apparently I can assume other privileges that do not show what is going on inside—I would like to have it pointed out, so that I could practice it before the looking glass and see if I could not look like the monument. Being regarded as a national exhibit it would be much simpler than being shaken hands with by the whole United States.

"And yet, even that is interesting to me, simply because I like human beings. It is a pretty poor crowd that does not interest you. I think they would have to be all members of that class that devotes itself to 'expense regardless of pleasure' in order to be entirely uninteresting. These look so much alike—spend their time trying to look so much alike—and so relieve themselves of all responsibility of thought—that they are very monotonous, indeed, to look at; whereas, a crowd picked up off the street is just a jolly lot of human beings, pulsating with life, with all kinds of passions and desires.

"It would be a great pleasure if, unobserved and unattended, I could be knocked around as I have been accustomed to being knocked around all my life; if I could resort to any delightful quarter, to any place in Washington that I chose. I have sometimes thought of going to some costumer—some theatrical costumer—and buying an assortment of beards, rouge and coloring and all the known means of disguising myself, if it were not against the law. You see I have a scruple, as president, against breaking the law, and disguising one's self is against the law, but if I could disguise myself and not get caught, I would go out, be a free American citizen once more and have a jolly time. I might then meet some of you gentlemen and actually tell you what I really thought."

The president talked most informally. He wore a sack suit and stood with his hands in his pockets as he spoke. He was in a happy mood, and his remarks were constantly punctuated with laughter and applause. Mr. Wilson is a member of the Press club, having been elected as an author long before he became president. Members of the cabinet, Speaker Clark and many officials also were guests of the newspaper men.

**Fortune Telling in China.**

The "Annals and Memoirs of the Court of Peking," written by Edmund Backhouse and J. O. P. Bland, and covering Chinese history from the 16th to the 20th century, have a human interest quite apart from their historical value and may be read with pleasure for the many entertaining stories contained in them.

One amusing anecdote, is of a student who rushed into the crowd gathered about a fortune teller, seized the man, and shouted, "You have ruined my career for good and all. Either you or I shall die for it." When an attendant of the emperor, who was there incognito, had separated the men, the soothsayer explained:

"A few days ago this man came here to consult me with regard to his prospects in the impending examination, and I promised that he would win the first place. Now having failed to take his place in the examination hall, he comes here forsooth and blames me for his own unpunctuality. Much learning has made him mad."

At this, the scholar broke in and said, "Because you foretold that I should come out at the head of the list, my friends gave me a banquet at which I became very drunk. When at last my servant managed to arouse me, I got up and hurried to the examination hall, but the gates were already barred. Did you ever hear of a non-competitor coming out at the head of the list? Are you not, then, the sole cause of my undoing?"

The dispute continued till the emperor ended it by writing an order which would secure to the tardy student admission to the examination hall. The fortune teller agreed to punishment if his prophecy was not fulfilled. The student went to his examination, the emperor returned to his court, and the fortune teller quietly disappeared. The emperor, in order to triumph over the fortune teller, had meant to give orders that the student should not be passed, but he forgot to do so, and the examiners, impressed by the student's apparent influence with the emperor, agreed that it would be disrespectful to place any one else above him. So the fortune teller's prediction came true, but when the emperor, impressed by his prophetic skill, sought his services for the court, the man had vanished and was never seen again.

**"New Occasions Teach New Duties."**

From the Washington Times.

Changed economic conditions not only play havoc with the traditional pursuits of women; they make sport of traditional systems of education.

Time was when children learned the major business of life in the home, on the farm, or in the workshop. Nowadays the home has surrendered to the factory its productive functions; the farm is outstripped by the agricultural school; apprenticeship in the workshop is restricted both by trades unions and by machinery.

We tend to seek in schools a substitute for the outworn teachers of the past. The burden of fitting a child for his environment is thrust upon paid specialists. Domestic science, vocational training and school gardening are crowded into the curriculum, together with a host of lesser subjects.

The expansion of the curriculum is not without danger. Fundamentals must not be slighted. If the school is to supervise play as well as work, health as well as intellect—if it is to perform its original tasks and also the abandoned tasks of other educational agencies, it must command the resources formerly held by all combined. It cannot force into 166 short days the activities of more than 300 full days.

That is the chief reason why the school day should be lengthened and vacations curtailed. Another reason is that it is uneconomic to let valuable equipment lie idle. A very successful automobile plant runs 7,300 hours a year and has profits to burn; school plants run about 1,000 hours a year and are jeered at for inefficiency.

A part-time system does not meet the emergency in education as it does in manufacture. Each child needs school of some sort morning and afternoon, winter and summer; and the school must respond to the demand.

## BERLIN, ASHAMED OF GAY NIGHT LIFE, IS NOW URGING REFORM

**Claimed Cabarets, Dance Halls and Drinking Places Are Corrupting Young Men and Women of Germany.**

Berlin. Special: For years Berlin strove to become the greatest all night city in the world. Now when it boasts that distinction there are widespread appeals for putting on the brakes.

Out of the 443 members of the Prussian diet 370 have backed the assertion that the city is a den of vice, and have petitioned the minister of the interior to "ward off the dangers to which the bodies and souls of youths are exposed."

The 40 members of the progressive party in the diet have not joined in the petition, but their spokesman declared that in a general way it expressed their desires.

Baron Schenck zu Schweinsberg, speaking for the conservatives, made a bitter attack upon conditions in Berlin. The number of dissolute women, he said, was increasing tremendously, with all the evils that follow in their train. "Berlin by night" had become an advertising slogan, known throughout the world. As a matter of fact, Berlin by night was "the darkest spot in Prussia and in the German empire." Cabarets, dance halls and dangerous drinking places were destroying the youth, and when a move was made against them the cry went up that the police were threatening business. The baron also attacked the cinematograph as a factor in demoralization.

A free conservative representative, Herr Voster seconded Baron Baron zu Schweinberg's statements. The city's night program, he said, is made up as follows: From 8 to 11, theatre; 11 to 2, wine restaurants or dance halls, 2 to 4, bars, and 4 to 6, "night resorts." The advocates of all night revelry, he said, defended their attitude by declaring that Berlin is one of the world's great cities and must cater to visitors from abroad. They overlooked the fact that the public places in London close at midnight and on Paris boulevards at 1 o'clock.

"He who knows our night life knows what demoralization it causes among our youth," said the deputy.

Representatives of the clerical and national liberal parties also attacked existing conditions. Dr. Schroeder of the national liberals deplored that fact that these conditions were not confined to Berlin. The smaller cities, too, are becoming infected, he said.

Johann von Dallwitz, minister of the interior, declared that there were great obstacles in the way of a successful campaign against the dangers of present conditions. He said the government was trying to reduce the number of doubtful resorts and had actually effected a considerable reduction in the number of places holding all night licenses. It was hoped eventually to abolish entirely the so called "animation bars," where female waitresses urge the guests to drink as much and as often as possible, and he expected much from the new measure about to be laid before the reichstag for the regulation of the liquor traffic throughout the empire.

No earnest defender of the night life of German cities in all its phrases has as yet replied to the attacks in the diet, but one apologist has directed attention to a reason justifying later hours for restaurants and cafes in Germany than in other countries. This is the manner in which the working day is divided. The average business house suspends operations for from one and one-half to two and one-half hours at noon, when the big meal of the day is taken, and close only at 8. This forces the employes to work into the evening, and if they wish to visit a theater, moving picture show or concert, they must go directly from their place of business without pausing for supper. The after-theater supper is not a luxury for them but a necessity, and they make up a big part of the crowd that fills the public eating and drinking places from 11 until 2 o'clock.

**Is Golf Too Easy?**

From the New York Tribune.

Mr. Herbert Fowler, who designs golf courses in England, has started a howl of dismay by calmly asserting in print that "golf has become too easy." The rubber-cored ball is, of course, the cause to which he lays this calamity. And all the lengthening of holes and invention of diabolical pot bunkers he considers quite inadequate to keep the game in its pristine arduousness. Better guarded greens—trapped to test the approach shot not only as to distance, but also as to direction—and more cross bunkers of the old and now unfashionable type are his chief demands.

"Not for me," has been the prompt chorus in England in reply to Mr. Fowler's assertion of golf's easiness. And we think there will be a heartful echo here. Golf is, after all, a game—a pleasure game, we are moyd to add, having in mind bridge and other sports which require a scientific education to qualify a player. The backbone of the game is the duffer, when all is said and done. And a golf course should be designed not for the perfect golfer (who, by the way, doesn't exist), but for fallible human nature struggling manfully against insuperable odds.

Make golf too easy? Frankly, in our present despondent mood, the idea is unthinkable.

**Greediest Hogs Profitable.**

The following interesting facts about hogs are taken from the Farm and Fireside:

"The Oregon station has found out by actual feeding tests that the hog which eats most greedily is the most profitable. Thirty hogs were divided into three lots, the heaviest eaters in one lot, and the others graded according to their capacity for consuming feed.

"A hundred hogs like the heaviest eaters, at the rate of gain made and recent prices, would make a profit of $297.65, or almost exactly $3 a head. A hundred like the poorest feeders would have made a profit of $115.65, or only a little more than $1 a head. They were evenly graded as to size and sex. If there is this great difference between the heavy eating hogs and the light eaters—and most hog growers will agree with the general proposition—it would seem that breeders might well devote themselves to breeding appetite in hogs, instead of color or fancy points. If the appetite makes the profits, breed appetite."

**Said of John Hay.**

Joseph Bucklin Bishop.

He lived his own life with patience, charity, fairmindedness, candor, modesty and indefatigable industry. A more conscientious man never lived. To him as to the sternest Puritans the line which divides right and wrong was narrow as a hair, as high as heaven, as eternal as the stars. He drew it for himself, but never insisted upon drawing it for others. He was an individual conscience, not one for the regulation of the human race.

## OLD ESTATE SWINDLE REVIVED IN ENGLAND

**Truth About Fake Chancery Court Claims Is Made Public.**

London. Special: The missing estate swindle is evidently again being worked extensively in the United States. The embassy here is overwhelmed with letters from American "heirs" asking how best to secure estates due them. Some letters indicate that victims were induced to part with all their property to pay expenses of pseudo representatives of the chancery court.

Ten years ago the state department at Washington received so many requests about missing estates in chancery that a special investigation was made by Henry White, then first secretary of the American embassy here. He reported that it would be practically impossible for any American to secure an estate from the court of chancery. The report showed that the large estates constantly spoken of as "dormant in chancery" or "awaiting claimants in the Bank of England" were purely imaginary, and usually the invention of swindlers, who obtain money for the prosecution of claims to fictitious fortunes.

The funds in chancery open to claim are few, averaging less than $1,800 each, two only approaching $75,000, and most of them inevitably would consume their value in the expenses of recovery. The fullest proofs of genealogy are demanded, and in the case of Americans such proofs are almost impossible. Even the clearest claims are usually barred by the statute of limitations. About the time of this report the inquiries became so heavy that they overloaded the correspondence of the embassy, and a printed form of reply was adopted and this is in use today.

Last year when one of these swindlers persuaded a number of alleged descendants in America that the estate of their ancestor Sir Francis Drake was ready for distribution by the court of chancery, the swindle was widely exposed by the American newspapers, with the result that the inquiries practically ceased until within the past few weeks.

**MODERATION.**

Feltham.

The boundary of man is moderation. When once we pass that pale, our guardian angel quits his charge of us.

**The Sawdust Trail and Reverence.**

From the Philadelphia Public-Ledger.

Billy Sunday, the evangelist, offends the ears of cultivated people by his slang, his manners and by words which come unwashed from the vernacular of the crowd. He is not the only offender against reverence and good taste. Many evangelists, and not a few preachers who imitate them, lower the standards of propriety by indulging in expressions more adapted to the barroom than the pulpit. Sam Jones was a pioneer in slang. He spoiled more than one young minister who imitated his way of putting things. Gipsy Smith is an exception. His words, selected with the greatest care, would satisfy Addison, and his oratory would match the refined standards of Burke.

A good thought deserves a clean, well fitting dress. When the two are combined the result is a work of art.

Sunday stamps all he says with a personality which excuses much that he does say. In this sensationalism is not a little of his power. Many folk unfortunately like that sort of thing, just as they prefer ragtime to the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven. Did Billy Sunday deliver from memory sermons by Robertson, of Brighton, he would fail. He is sincere and natural, and sincerity and naturalness in a strong individuality make a winning combination. Twenty-five thousand converts in Pittsburgh and a $50,000 testimonial are worth thinking about. Better Billy Sunday and his slang than some things much worse. Religion is more than rhetoric, the spirit more than the letter. If the sawdust trail is a path of light, well and good. It does not mean the decadence of organized Christianity.

**Do You Keep Books?**

In a recent issue of Farm and Fireside Clifford E. Davis says that farming is always a business but that the average farmer keeps no books. He pays a bill, makes no record of it, loses the receipt or keeps it in one of a dozen cluttered boxes where it can not be found. Mr. Davis goes on as follows:

"In order to protect themselves in case of sudden death the wife and children should be made familiar with every detail of the business. There is recorded the case of a rich man who deposited his mony in several banks, was killed in an accident, and his family are living in absolute want because they cannot ascertain where the money was banked. Another instance is that of a man who placed $30,000 in a bank for the assistance of his family, died far away, and his folks cannot find where the money is placed. One of my most valued books is a large blank book in which I record every detail of farm work with date of day, month, and year.

**Cricket for the Parson.**

The tale of the curate who, in a moment of forgetfulness, said: "Here endeth the first innings," has recalled many stories. "Should a parson be a cricketer?" asks a contemporary. The question is discussed by Dean Hole in his book of "Memories." And the dean says "Yes."

"If I were a bishop," he writes, "and a young priest asked me the question, I should at once give an affirmative answer, with these restrictions: Your cricket must never interrupt or abridge your duty. You should not leave your parish, unless you have a curate, for a match of two or three days' duration, because fatal sickness may come suddenly, to the babe unbaptized, and to those who most desire or most need your help. You must be satisfied with the ordinary costume of clean white flannel (none so becoming), and not array yourself in gorgeous or fantastic raiment. You must despise the habit of 'going in for a b. and s.' and let your moderation be known unto men in tobacco, as in all things else. When you have made a good innings you will deserve your pipe."

**With An Eye Toward Economy.**

From the National Magazine.

Mr. Perry had been out for a day's fishing, as he proudly displayed the contents of his basket to his wife, she exclaimed:

"Oh, Alva, aren't they beauties! But I've been so anxious for the past hour, dear."

"Foolish little one!" said Alva caressingly; "why, what could have happened to me?"

"Oh, I didn't worry about you, dear," said the woman; "but it grew so late I was afraid that before you got back to town the fish markets would all be closed."

Marie Schwabacher, a pretty Antwerp milliner, who was courted by two brothers, promised to marry the winner of a game at cards, but eventually eloped with the one who was beaten.