OLD FAVORITES

Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord,
He is tramping out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightnings of his terrible, swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps.
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel;
As you deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat;
O, be swift, my soul, to answer him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom, that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.
—Julia Ward Howe.

Highland Mary.

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry!
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasped her to my bosom!
The golden hours on angel wings
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow and locked embrace
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder;
But O! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipped my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary.

O pale, pale now those rosy lips
I aft hae kissed sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mould'ring now in silent dust
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.
—Robert Burns.

TRAINING COLLEGE CREWS.

"A fellow doesn't care to do much but lie around and rest when he rows sixteen miles every day," said the oarsman. "You see, the 'varsity rows eight miles in the morning and eight miles in the afternoon. It's pretty hard work. When the morning work is over we are glad to loaf a while, and after the row at night we are ready to sleep."

Nevertheless, every precaution was taken that there be no violation of discipline. After "taps" the captain regularly made the rounds of the bedrooms to see that all his men were there. It was well understood that if a man broke training he would be taken from the crew, reduced from a position which he had worked hard to attain, be forever disgraced, and another man put in his place. But the college pride of the men, their loyalty to their friends, their determination to win, were stronger forces than all the threats in the world in urging them to do their best.

"I give them all they want to eat," said Ellis Ward, the famous old coach of Pennsylvania. "They get plain, substantial food—meat three times a day if they want it—chops, steak, roast beef, and plenty of good vegetables, but no pastry, pies, or the like, and not too much sweet stuff. We aren't troubled with sickness. Last year one of our boys had a sprained ankle. He was in too much of a hurry, and jumped out of the wagon before it stopped when we reached training quarters. But he rowed in the race just the same, and did his work. The best way to keep them from breaking training is to give them plenty to do."—Leslie's weekly.

BRITISH INDUSTRIES DECLINE.

Trade Victories of Americans Due to Slowness of the English.

It is shown by Col. M. R. Jefferds in the London Financial News that from 1870 to 1890 the New York Central Railroad reduced its working expenses per ton mile by more than 52 per cent, while wages were increasing, and since 1890 by 40 per cent, while the English companies have made practically no reduction in the thirty years.

The cost, for instance, of moving a ton of freight one mile on the London and Northwestern Road is 1.38 cents as against .235 of a cent on the New York Central, and only .485 of a cent on the Great Northern Road, which runs through the thinly settled Northwest. The New York Central freight charge per ton mile in 1870 was 1.88 cents, and in 1900 only .76 of a cent. In other words, the rate to the public on the New York Central is only about half the cost to the English company moving a ton one mile. The rate charged on the London and Northwestern in 1900 was 2.34 cents per ton per mile.

Inasmuch as the wages are much higher on the American roads, the comparative charges and expenses are a significant commentary on the difference in effectiveness of management. This condition is duplicated to greater or less extent in a very large number of English manufacturing industries.

There are many morals to a tale of this kind, says Gunton's Magazine, but the present purpose is to suggest only one. It ill becomes English manufacturers and theoretical economists to charge upon trade unions a decline which is so obviously the result of antiquated industrial management. The trade union movement is almost as thoroughly established in the United States as in England, yet we are outstripping them at nearly every point. The trouble is in the failure of English manufacturers and industrial managers to keep up with the march of economic progress. No sympathy need be wasted on their complaints of trade-union hampering until British capitalists can do something better to justify their own economic function in the community.

ART OF KEEPING COOL.

Common Sense Gives Immunity from Heat Exhaustion.

With the summer comes the annually recurring warning from health boards, cold-blooded scientific societies and independent order of never-sweats against the folly of courting heat prostration. Reduced to its elements, the advice of these wise men as to the conduct of life during the heated term is simple and intelligible. Keep cool; don't get excited; don't eat anything that is heating; don't drink anything that is cooling; wear chiefly a broad smile and a wet sponge on the head; don't move nor breathe except when absolutely necessary—such are a few of the minor maxims of hot air philosophy dished up from year to year for the consumption of sweltering masses in the great cities. Of all cants that are canted during the silly season, surely the cant of keeping cool is the most aggravating.

There is really no mystery in the matter, little occasion for promulgation of wise saws and modern instances, no consuming public desire for dependence upon anything but native horse sense for immunity from heat exhaustion and sunstroke. A reasonable degree of precaution, such as would occur naturally to every citizen oppressed by undue excess of temperature, may be depended upon to tide over the brief emergency without intermission of accustomed physical nourishment and solace. The life-giving sun is humanity's greatest boon and most faithful sustainer, even when pouring a superabundance of heat rays from the zenith.

Dealing with estival temperature is, after all, largely an affair of temperament and locality, to be adjusted from day to day in accordance with ever-changing and rarely repeated conditions. A simple and sane philosophy of common sense is the surest refuge when the mercury mounts into the nineties, no less than in graver exigencies on this mundane sphere.—Philadelphia Record.

She Knew Better.

"Here is a man," said the defendant's counsel, with a tremulous voice, "here is a man handicapped at the very beginning of his life. From the time he lay a helpless infant in the cradle to this day, when he sits helpless under the pressure of years and affliction, he has labored under the name of Ishmael Abinadab Watts."

He was about to say more when the plaintiff rose from her seat and shook a work-worn finger in his direction.

"I expected I was going to hear strange things in this courtroom," she cried, with shrill indignation, "but I didn't cal'late on sech foolish talk as that! There never's been a day in his life that Abinadab's labored, nor thought of laborin'. He's the most shif'less, lazy—"

But here she resumed her seat, owing to sudden pressure from her relatives in the rear, and the counsel, a little flushed, went on in a somewhat different strain.—Youth's Companion.

Ruined by Aeronautics.

Count Von Zeppelin, who has the distinction of having built the largest of all airships, has been financially ruined by his aeronautical experiments. Unable to obtain means for carrying out his new projects, he is now breaking up the old framework of his airships in order to sell the aluminum of which they are composed. Zeppelin is 67 years of age. He was a military attache of the German embassy in the United States during the civil war, and made several balloon ascensions from battlefields of the South in 1863. He was the leader of the famous cavalry raid in France in 1870 which marked the commencement of hostilities of the great Franco-Prussian war.

The Sexton's Retort.

The village sexton, in addition to being grave-digger, acted as a stone-cutter, house-repairer, and furniture-remover. The local doctor, having obtained a more lucrative appointment in another county, employed the sexton to assist in his removal. When it came to settling up accounts, the doctor deducted an old contra account due by the sexton. He wrote at the same time, objecting to the charge made for removing his furniture—"If this was steady, it would pay much better than grave-digging?" The sexton replied: "Indade, Oi wud be glad ave a steady job; grave-diggin' is very slack since you left!"

The Farm Hand Is Disappearing.

The farm hand's finish is in plain sight and the farm horse is headed down the same pike, says a man who has just returned from the West. In their stead is coming the traction engine.

Out in the prairie region the tendency is all toward big farms. The agricultural unit out there has been the quarter section, or 160 acres.

Few of the farmers are satisfied now with such a small bunch of land, and they are reaching out all the time for more. Wheat and corn have been topping the market at such prices that nearly every fellow is crazy to go into raising them on a big scale. And they have the money and the intelligence to do it, and do it profitably.

Right here is where invention comes in. On the ordinary farm, where two or three men with the same number of teams of horses can do all the work, it isn't really necessary to call on the machine man for artificial aid, but when the farming is done on a big scale it pays better to buy a traction engine. These are not the ordinary big, clumsy attachments to thrashing outfits, but compactly built little fellows, with gasoline as the motive power.

With them there is no need of getting out at ungodly hours in the morning to feed and water a lot of animals. Five minutes' work fills the tank and makes the machine ready to do your plowing, harrowing, or cultivating.

The first cost of these engines is pretty steep, from $1,000 up, but it costs less to run them than it does to feed horses, and they never get balky. They last longer than the average work horse and they do ten times as much work in a day.

Out in Nebraska I ran across a fellow with a gang plow, five in a row, hitched to one of these little engines, and it was steadily moving across the 100-acre field and tearing up the sod at a lively rate. This same man told me that when it came to harrowing he tacked on two or three big ones and did the job in a fourth of the former time.

Potatoes are planted and dug up with these engines. In planting a large dropper is used, and in digging them a special kind of plow is employed.

When it comes time in the fall to thresh, the engine is coupled to a separator and the job is done in short order. If it is necessary during the winter to grind feed for the cattle it is the work of but a few minutes to fire it up and start the mill. When grain is to be hauled to market several farm wagons are attached and the procession moves off.

There is scarcely a thing about farm work that these machines will not do, and they are growing more popular every year. The average farmer thought the acme of comfort and perfection had been reached in the sulky plow and the riding cultivator, which saved him many weary steps, and it has not been without considerable trouble that he has been induced to take up the traction engine. Hundreds of these are now being manufactured and sold every year.

Sixty-cent wheat and 50-cent corn are making western farmers, where 30 bushels of wheat and 60 of corn is an average yield, independently rich. A hundred acres of wheat is an ordinary yield, and this alone is enough to net a good income on the investment.

A bunch of cattle will pay the expenses, and his other crops are velvet. The result has been to run up the price of land. Tracts that sold for $25 two years ago bring $40 and $45, and $30 land of past years is easily marketable at $50 and $60. The life is much easier, the work is not nearly so hard, nor the hours so long.

This has the good effect of making the farmers' sons more content with life on the farm, and many of them go down to the State Agricultural Schools and take a course in scientific agriculture, returning better farmers and better citizens.

A Gastronomic Feat.

At a little schoolhouse in the north of Scotland the schoolmaster keeps his boys grinding steadily at their desks, but gives them permission to nibble from their lunch baskets sometimes as they work.

One day, while the master was instructing a class in the rule of three, he noticed that one of his pupils was paying more attention to a small tart than to his lesson.

"Tom Bain," said the schoolmaster, "listen to the lesson, will ye?"

"I'm listening, sir," said the boy.

"Listening, are ye?" exclaimed the master; "then ye're listening wi' one ear an' eating pie wi' the other!"—London Tid-Bits.

Commonplace Names.

It is not uncommon for a Japanese girl to bear the name of a flower. On the other hand, however, many girls in Japan bear the name of some domestic utensil, as frying pan, or dust brush. This results probably from the custom common among some people of naming a child from the first object that strikes the eye after the little one has come into the world.

Not Original.

"I suppose you have selected an original subject for your graduating address," said the father.

"Not exactly original," replied the member of the high-school class, "but very interesting."

"What is it?"

"'Abraham Lincoln.'"—Ohio State Journal.

When a man goes at things head first he often gets there with both feet.

Scottish and York Rites of Masonry

The following will explain to many members of the symbolic lodges the distinction between the York and Scottish rites: The York rite consisted of but three degrees, Entered Apprentice, Fellow Craft, and Master Mason. The rite was practised until the latter part of the eighteenth century, when, according to Mackay, Dunckerley dismembered the third degree by eliminating the secrets of the Royal Arch. There is not now in existence anywhere any such rite as the York rite. The usually denominated such in this country is sometimes styled the "American rite," a name given to it by Mackey in all his writings. The American modification of the York rite consists of nine degrees, namely: 1, Entered Apprentice; 2, Fellow Craft; 3, Master Mason, given in symbolic lodges and under the control of Grand lodges; 4, Mark Masters; 5, Past Master; 6, Most Excellent Master; 7, Holy Royal Arch, given in chapters and under control of Grand chapters; 8, Royal Master; 9, Select Master, given in Councils, and under control of Grand councils. A tenth degree, called Super-Exalted Master, is conferred in some councils as honorary rather than as a regular degree; but even as such it is repudiated by many Grand councils. The degrees of the Commandery, which are known also as the Degree of Chivalry, can hardly be called a part of the American York rite. The possession of the eighth and ninth degrees is not considered a necessary qualification for receiving them. The true American York rite consists only of the nine degrees above enumerated. The Ancient and Accepted Scottish rite is the youngest of the Masonic rites, but is the most widely diffused and popular of all rites. Governing bodies of this rite, called Supreme Councils, are to be found in almost all civilized countries, and in many of them it is the only Masonry that is known.

JAPAN'S MERCANTILE MARINE

M. Duball, the French minister to Japan, publishes some interesting details in the Bulletin Economique of Indo-China concerning the Japanese mercantile marine. The statistics referred to are taken from a report issued by the Japanese minister of communications, and they deal with the steady increase in the number of steamers and sailing vessels in the Japanese merchant service during the last four years:

	Steamships.	Tonnage.	Sail'g ships.	Tonnage.
Jan., 1898	627	429,174	174	24,014
Jan., 1899	679	470,534	1,485	165,710
Jan., 1900	753	498,375	2,783	270,161
Sep. 16,'01	942	557,166	3,416	315,576

Thus it will be seen that the Japanese mercantile marine has increased in three and a half years by 315 steamers and 3,242 sailing vessels, the increase in tonnage in each class being respectively 127,392 and 294,562 tons. This is a striking rate of progress and one rarely met with in the case of other countries, especially if the increase in the number of large steamers is taken into account. In fact, in 1896 Japan possessed only one merchant steamer of a tonnage exceeding 5,000 tons, but at this moment it possesses twenty-one steamers whose individual tonnage is above 5,000 tons.

In proportion as the volume of shipping has grown so there has been an increase in the number of seamen available for manning the ships, and it is to be remarked that Japan can provide its own skippers and naval engineers. At the end of last June, says the London Globe, the number of ship's officers with captain's certificates and of engineers was 15,412, of whom 15,107 were Japanese and only 304 were foreigners. The number of engineers serving in the mercantile marine of Japan was 2,791.

ANDREW D. WHITE.

Ambassador to Germany Who Leaves the Diplomatic Service.

The American State Department loses the services of a highly esteemed diplomat by reason of the retirement from official life of Andrew D. White, ambassador to Berlin.

Dr. White has enjoyed the marked esteem of the German people, and has thus been in a position to smooth away many of the unpleasant controversies that are constantly springing up between the people of two great commercial nations. When he first went to Germany as minister in 1879 he bore with him the prestige of his educational work in the United States and the experience of his labors as a member of the New York Legislature. He reached a congenial atmosphere at once, and, while attending to the interests of his government, refreshed his memories of student life in Germany and made the acquaintance of many celebrities. Not only was he personally acceptable to the Germans, but his ministry fell on a time when the relations between the United States and Germany were unclouded.

Nearly two decades passed away, and Dr. White returned to Berlin, this time with the added privileges of an ambassador. It was the year before the Spanish war. The Berlin he knew was no more; the Berlin he found was far larger, cleaner, better paved and more vigorously policed. The greatest change of all was the attitude of press and public toward the United States. This had become embittered through commercial rivalry and the war of tariffs, and aggravated by a rising sympathy between England and the United States, so that the slightest pretext was enough to bring into sharp relief the underlying irritation. When the trouble with Spain broke out it was in the nature of things that the potent official class in Germany should believe in the people who had a large standing army and a more than respectable navy; it was expected that by land and sea the United States would suffer at first a number of serious disasters before she could set enough experienced soldiers and sailors on a war footing to defeat the Spaniards. The situation was one that required in the American ambassador the greatest experience, knowledge of the people and coolness. Irritated because in many respects our tariff works to the disadvantage of German exports, and enraged because German colonies remain uncolonized and emigration to America continues, the press and public of the fatherland seized on the Spanish war as the occa-

ANDREW D. WHITE.

sion to ventilate its spite and soothe its spleen. Ambassador White had hardly been a year in his place before he found himself confronted by Germany predicting the success of the Spanish arms and making no pretense of wishing the United States well. It was not a grateful office to stand between two nations apparently distrusting and disliking each other to the top of their bent. Fortunately he has been aided by the German government, which has always preserved a friendly attitude toward us. In 1899 he was appointed one of the delegates to represent the United States in the international disarmament conference at The Hague.

QUEER STORIES

Side-saddles were first introduced in 1388.

Lifeboats were invented by Lionel Lakin, a London coach builder.

There is a demand for gutta percha 600 times greater than the supply.

Accumulating snow upon the top of a balloon in England forced the aeronauts to throw out ballast.

An admiral displays his flag at the main truck, a vice admiral at the rear truck, a rear admiral at the mizzen truck.

Camel teams are now being used for the carriage and distribution of mining machinery on the North Coolgardie gold fields, Western Australia.

The census of the sexes in Canada shows that there are: Single males, 1,747,842; females, 1,563,450; married males, 929,915; females, 905,031.

The Lion bridge, near Sangang, in China, is the longest in the world, being 5¼ miles from end to end. The roadway is seventy feet above water.

Among a band of revolutionists which recently fought with Turkish troops near Monastir was a woman dressed as a man. She was killed in the fighting.

The urban council and school board of Kettering, England, being unable to agree upon a site for a building, played a game of golf to decide it. The councilors won.

Lightning statistics in the United States last year showed that nine-sixteenths of the persons struck recovered. Less than one-fourth were struck in open ground.

With the money they earned themselves two brothers, Jung-John and Jung-Fine, Chinese, have paid for a course of instruction in the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia. They presented themselves for enrollment in the class formed February 3, and since then have applied themselves diligently to their studies, making rapid progress.

The "Mandolin Quartet."

A Northern woman who has a winter home in one of the Southern States tells many amusing stories of her experiences with the negroes of that region.

Not long ago she wished to give a little entertainment to some New England guests, and bethought her of a mandolin quartette of which one of her servants had talked to her on many occasions. She therefore commissioned the maid to ask the quartette to come to the house and play for her guests.

The next evening three coal-black men bearing banjos appeared at her piazza, and one of them announced himself solemnly as "de leader ob de mand'lin quartette."

"But where is the fourth musician?" asked the lady.

"We's all dere is," said the leader, with pride. "We's de mand'lin quartette."

"But aren't those banjos you have in your hands?" feebly inquired the lady.

"Yas'm," said the man, patiently, "yasm. Dere's three ob us, an' we play de banjo, but we's de mand'lin quartette."—Youth's Companion.

Great Britain's Weather Bureau.

Great Britain is now running a weather bureau on American lines.

The Happy Long Ago.

They tell us of the good old times—
The happy long ago—
Alas! the world to-day is filled
With nothing much but woe!
Back in the blissful, lovely days,
When all things were so nice,
No icemen's wagons rumbled, and
The people had no ice.

Back in the happy, hapy days
When people were so blest,
When life was worth the living, as
The world was at its best,
Men didn't turn the faucets on
When they went home at night
And plunge as we plunge into tubs
All smooth and clean and white.

The good old days, the fair old days,
Ere awnings had been made,
How sweet it must have been, when it
Was ninety in the shade,
To sit beside a window where
The sun was shining through
While from unsprinkled streets the dust
In choking volumes blew!

How glad they must have been who lived
In those old, happy days,
When everything was done by hand
In good old-fashioned ways,
When smoky candles pierced the gloom
And babies yelled at night
Because there were no safety pins
To give their souls delight.

Ah! happy, happy days long past,
When all the world was gay,
Ere window screens had been devised
To keep the flies away,
When people slept on corded beds
And had their visions rare
While glad mosquitos took their fill—
What happiness was there!
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

CAVE DWELLERS IN CHINA.

A Large Number on Hill Slopes Along the Yellow River.

The fact has escaped attention until recently that there are many cave dwellers along a part of the Hoang Ho or Yellow river. It happens that they are found on that part of the river where the bridge on the railroad which is to connect Pekin with Hankow on the Yantse is to be built, and August Slosse, a Belgian engineer who lived among them for six months while making studies for the railroad in that region, has been telling some facts about the troglodytes.

Along the banks of the river the people live in clay huts, but higher up, among the hills, only a short distance from the stream, they make for themselves permanent habitations dug in the hillsides. There are many villages of these caves, not only the habitations, but also the temples, the shops and the storehouses for grain being nothing more than these dark artificial caves. Many of the caves are nearly as spacious as the smaller New York flats. They are about nine feet high, ten to twelve feet in width, and have a depth of fifty to sixty feet. They are dark and gloomy abodes, but the people who live in them think they are much preferable to the clay huts in which their neighbors live on the river bank. No adornment of the interior is attempted, excepting in the temples, whose walls are whitewashed and covered with rude paintings in lively colors, that under the bright light which is constantly burning gives these sacred rooms quite a gaudy appearance.

The only particular advantage the underground rooms seem to have is that they are cool in summer and warm in winter. The inhabitants are gentle and even timid, and Mr. Slosse said that, being unaccustomed to seeing whites, they almost invariably disappeared into their caves when they saw any of his party approaching. It was curious to see them at a distance working in their little fields above or below their dwellings, only to find not a soul in sight upon nearer approach. They would all mysteriously sink into the ground, and apparently there were no human beings for a mile around, though undoubtedly there were thousands of the troglodytes in their burrows listening at their doors for the footfalls of the intruding strangers.—New York Sun.

The President's Church.

The head of 80,000,000 of people worships in what is probably the smallest city church in the United States. The dimensions of the little building are 26x51 feet. It is a quaint miniature of a chapel, with a tiny, though orthodox, steeple. Otherwise it is bare of ornamentation, within or without. Save for their pine board backs, its cushionless pews are like the rough-hewn benches of frontier schools.

No carriages roll up to the President's church. He himself invariably walks. And there is no hint of half-heartedness nor backsliding in his tread, for his sturdy gait serves the President in his Sunday pilgrimages as well as his secular tramps to Cabin John's bridge.

The little German Reformed church has a membership of 200, with sittings for only 175. Before 10 o'clock Sunday mornings visitors begin to assemble and form in waiting line in front of the church. By dint of much crowding the regular congregation is enabled to give up one-third of the room. In the meantime, about fifty of the throng have been admitted to the church. Now comes the president, trailing no unnecessary glory, and hurrying as if to keep a tardy appointment. In reality he is always promptly on time. Sometimes he is accompanied by Miss Alice, occasionally by Mrs. Roosevelt, whose regular place of worship is St. John's, and almost always by his side or close in his wake skips little Archibald or Kermit, sturdily imitating his father's imperial pace. Not infrequently the President is accompanied by guests, and at times the eight places in his pew have been filled.

One Benevolent Man.

The prospector who hopes to strike oil is a well wisher.—Philadelphia Record.