

OLD FAVORITES

The Landing of the Pilgrims.
The breaking waves dash'd high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches toss'd;

And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moor'd their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame.

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear—
They shook the depths of the desert
gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods
rang
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soar'd
From his nest by the white wave's
foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest
roar'd—
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst the pilgrim band;
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow, serenely
high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Aye, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod,
They have left unstained what there they
found—
Freedom to worship God,
—Mrs. Hemans.

John Anderson, My Jo.
John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquaint,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonny brow was bent;
But now your brow is bald, John,
Your locks are like the snow;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill together;
And monie a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane another.
Now we maun tatter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep together at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.
—Robert Burns.

THE OLD ENGLISH SUNDAY.

How the Day Was Observed Prior to the English Revolution.

For a considerable period prior to the English revolution Sunday was a day of great festivity and high revelry in the old country. Incredible though it may appear, its observance was governed and ordered by a paradoxical royal declaration, issued by King James I. This document is generally known as "The Book of Sports."

In its preamble it recites a royal rebuke, administered to "some puritans and precise people" for "prohibiting of unawful punishing of our good people for using their lawful Recreations and honest exercises upon Sundays and other holy days, after the afternoon sermon or service," and then it refers to "the general complaint of our people, that they were barred from all lawful Recreation and exercise upon the Sundayes afternoon, which cannot but produce two evils; the one, the hindering of the conversion of many, whom their priests will take occasion hereby to vex, persuading them that no honest mirth or recreation is lawfully or tolerable in our Religion, which cannot but breed a great discontentment in our people's hearts; the other inconvenience is, that this prohibition barreth the common and meaner sort of people from using such exercises as may make their bodies more able for Warre, when we or our successors shall have occasion to use them."

Then follows the royal mandate "that no lawful Recreation shall be barred to our good People," and "The Bishop and all other Inferior Churchmen and Churchwardens" are enjoined to "be careful and diligent, both to instruct the ignorant and convince and reforme them that are misled in religion." "Our pleasure likewise is, That the Bishop of the Diocese take the like straight order with all the Puritans and Precisions within the same, either constraining them to conform themselves, or to leave the country according to the Lawes of Our Kingdom and Canons of our Church."

The declaration proceeds to define "lawful Recreation" as "Dancing, either men or women. Archerie for men, leaping, vaulting, or any other such harmlesse Recreation, including May-games, Whitsun-Ales and Morris-dances, and the setting up of Maypoles and other sports therewith used. But withall we doe here account still as prohibited all unlawful games to be used upon Sundayes onely, as Beare and Bull-battings, Interludes and at all times in the meaner sort of People by Law prohibited, Bowling." A penalty was inflicted upon those who did not join in the Sunday sports, and no one could take part in them without first having attended divine service in the parish church, which was also enforced under pain of penalty!

In those days, says the New York Post, the clergyman would, in obedience to the royal decree, publicly recite the "Book of Sports" from the pulpit; after divine service, he, with his churchwardens, would proceed with the congregation on to the village green, there to indulge in all kinds of "lawful Recreation." While the sports were going on it was the custom for the parson and his churchwardens to retire to the adjoining inn.

INVENTION FOR THE PIANIST.

Leaf-Turning Device Is Operated by a Puff of the Breath.

Mechanical science has come to the relief of the perspiring pianist. Hereafter it will be unnecessary for them to make spasmodic passes at the music holder or to have standing by him an attendant whose only office is to turn the sheets.

A leaf-turner has been perfected which is set in operation by a single puff of the performer's breath, leaving his hands entirely free for the manipulation of his instrument, reports a writer in the Saturday Evening Post. When placed in position on an ordinary music rack of any kind the device is ready to perform its functions, turning successive pages of music at the will of the operator.

If a performer is both playing and singing all that is required of him in the mechanical manipulation of the music-leaf turner is to sing a note at the proper moment into a concave wing of the contrivance. The impact of air thus produced operates on a releasing device which in turn carries momentum to various small attachments including a series of pawls, the number of which is determined by the number of sheets to be turned, and the whole contrivance is set to work turning the leaf as dexterously as the deftest attendant.

It is claimed for the device that it works so rapidly, and holds the music sheets in such perfect alignment with the axis of the arms of the music holder, that the performer is enabled to observe the music down to the last note on one page, then with a puff of his breath cause the sheet to be turned and the note on the succeeding page to be brought instantly to view without the slightest break in the performance.

TO LIVE AMONG THE POOR.

Rich Mr. Stokes Will Devote His Life to Social Reform.

J. Graham Phelps Stokes, the wealthy young New Yorker who recently surprised his fashionable friends

by moving to the lower east side of the city to take up the work of bettering the conditions of the poor, is a son of A. S. Phelps Stokes, the millionaire. J. G. Phelps Stokes, although under 30 years of age, has had a business training. He was president of the Nevada Central Railroad and of the Nevada company and the Wood-bridge company, all of which have offices in New York. He is a member of several of New York's most exclusive clubs.

Mr. Stokes is unmarried and has always lived at his father's house until now. Last summer he abandoned any intention of spending the heated term yachting or idling on seashore or mountain and lived at the Settlement house, studying social questions. Previous to that he had gone through the full course at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, graduating in the class of '99, and, although he has not practiced medicine, he is qualified to do so, and in this respect possesses a technical education rarely to be found among Settlement workers. His brother, Anson Phelps Stokes, Jr., is secretary of Yale University. He has two other brothers and four sisters, and his father is reputed to be several times a millionaire.

Importance of the Comma.

Lately in a small town in Germany, the school inspector arrived on his tour of inspection too soon after his last visit to please the mayor, who was asked to accompany him.

"I should like to know why this ass has come again so soon?" muttered the mayor to himself, as he put on his hat. The inspector overheard the remark but pretended to ignore it, and was soon busy examining the pupils in punctuation. The mayor told him "We don't trouble about commas and such like here."

The inspector told one of the pupils to write on the blackboard: "The mayor of Ritzelbittel says the inspector is an ass."

"Now," he added, "put a comma after Ritzelbittel and another after inspector."

The pupil did so, and it is believed says the New York Mail and Express that the mayor has altered his opinion as to the value of commas.

Do Not Like Egyptian Cotton.

A report from Texas states that experiments for the eradication of the Mexican cotton boll worm have demonstrated that this disastrous insect will not touch Egyptian cotton. The department has been experimenting with Egyptian cotton for several years with marked success. If this last report proves to be true, it will undoubtedly result in the planting of Egyptian cotton in Texas in the future, for up to the present time no satisfactory method has been discovered of preventing the destruction of ordinary cotton by this pest.

It takes a strong corporation to throw a bridge across a river.

THE HAND IN WINTER.

How Chapping and Redness of the Skin May Be Avoided.

One of the minor ills to which human flesh is heir when winter's chilling blasts search out and discover weak spots is roughness of the skin, particularly of the hands.

The chief reason of this common, but annoying accompaniment of cold weather is that the skin, losing its elasticity because of a lack of natural secretion at a time that atmospheric conditions do not induce perspiration, becomes unduly dry and contracted, and so is liable to crack. It is a tender skin that will do this, because tender skins are thin and delicate and cannot stand what rougher ones will.

Another cause is carelessness in drying the skin after washing it, particularly if it is washed immediately before going out into the open air or directly after coming in.

Very many persons in cold weather dare not wash their hands either before going out or immediately after coming in, for if they do, even though the water they use be warm, their skin will burn so as to be painful, and it will look red besides.

They may avoid such an annoyance if they will rub on the hands a little cold cream or camphor ice, allow it to remain on a moment or so and then remove it with a soft, old handkerchief, either of silk or cambric.

Another delightful emollient for the hands, arms and neck is fine oatmeal. Put it into a flannel bag, boil it, and then place it in the water intended for ablution; or it may be kept dry in a jar on the toilet table and some rubbed on the hands whenever they are washed. Honey rubbed into the skin while still wet, drying it in as the skin is dried, is also a preventive of chapping.

If hands were dried more carefully there would be less roughness of the skin. A good plan is to dry the hands well after using the towel, with an old, soft, silk handkerchief, which will absorb any moisture left.

Glycerine is an old friend, but as alone it is irritating to most skins it should be diluted with rose water or pure water; one part of glycerine to three parts of rose water. If about one ounce of glycerine is used to one ounce of water it helps to remove stains from the hands.

If a woman is wise she will take the precaution to wear gloves when dusting a room or doing any kind of work that will soil her hands.—New York Sun.

KNOW HE COULD REACH IT.

Wonderful Nerve of a Player in a University Baseball Team.

Some five years ago a group of college men, in which were many members of the Yale and Princeton baseball teams, was discussing the game of the next day, which was to decide the championship, "Slinger" Kelly, the hardest hitter on the Jersey nine, predicted, in the course of the conversation, that he would get a home run in the coming game. The Yale pitcher turned toward him and asked how certain he was of that home run. Kelly replied that he was sure to the extent of \$5,000 and the Yale pitcher remarking that he was convinced of the opposite to a like degree the two players shook hands on the wager and went home to bed. During the first eight innings Kelly came to the bat five times and five times he got his base on balls, the Yale man taking care to send in no ball that Kelly could touch.

When the "slinger" came to the bat in the last half of the ninth there were two men out and an eager tiger was hovering off first base. Kelly knew that it was his last chance to hit the ball and as the first ball pitched came flying down far to one side of the plate the "slinger" stepped away across the rubber and his bat met the ball with a sharp crack. The next second the broken bat was lying on the ground and Kelly was flying around the diamond. He reached home with the winning run about a second before the ball landed in the catcher's hands and as he brushed the dust from his shirt he calmly remarked: "I knew I could do it."

Without entering into the question of the morality of betting, that sort of spirit is what is needed to-day by the man who wants to accomplish something. Not the conceit of the man who deludes himself with a magnified picture of his own abilities, but the calm certainty of the one who knows what he can do and intends to do it. The word trusts the man who trusts himself.—Albany Argus.

The Lesson of Experience.

"The shots that count are the shots that hit."

The knocks that hurt are the knocks that bruise;
The men who fail are the men who sit
While others are wearing out their shoes.

The thumb that aches is the thumb that's sore.

The eye that looks is the eye that sees;
The wisest men are the men whose lore
Is such as to make them prodigies.

The work that counts is the work that's done.

The men who rule are the men who lead;

The man who aims with an empty gun,
N'er causes the bounding stag to bleed.

The rain that soaks is the rain that's wet.

The night that's dark is the night that's black;

No train has ever arrived as yet
By just standing idle on the track.

One good thing about tobacco chewing:
A quid lacks that chewing gum
Which would fasten it to the
under side of chairs and tables.



EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

The Migration to Town.

THE increase of urban population at the expense of the rural population is commonly deplored, but a closer study of the character of the depletion of country districts is desirable. Statistics in the gross tell us very little about the real nature of the migration from country to town. There are as many farmers in the country as ever, the London Times contends, the persons that have gone from the rural districts to the cities being, in fact, not farmers or farm laborers, but mechanics who formerly produced locally what is now manufactured more cheaply at a few centers of industry. "Seventy years ago," says the Times, "country districts had to be self-sufficing to a far greater extent than at present. Communications were imperfect and many things had to be produced on the spot which are now more economically produced in urban centers and more cheaply delivered to the consumers. Therefore a large rural population which was never engaged in rural labor, but only in supplying those who were so engaged, is transferred to the towns. The transfer does not really argue any such general withdrawal of agricultural laborers from agricultural labor as is sometimes assumed and bewailed. To a considerable extent it argues only wholesale instead of retail production, and easy instead of difficult distribution. Machinery has invaded even agriculture, and by increasing the efficiency of the individual has enabled agricultural work to be done by a smaller number of hands."

There is another fact which militates against the common view that agriculture is restricted by the desertion of agriculturists. Where agriculture is a prosperous business and offers large rewards there seems to be no lack of men to carry it on. The rush for Oklahoma a few years ago, like the present influx of farmers and laborers into Canada, shows that agriculture still attracts. In the South the towns have grown rapidly, but not, it appears, at the expense of the rural population. The mechanics that served the local population may have left the country districts, but not a large proportion of the tillers of the soil. No doubt the high wages offered by municipalities and by some manufacturers, together with the attraction of easier city life, bring many to town, but this movement has, perhaps, been exaggerated.—Baltimore Sun.

Winning the Fight with Consumption.

THE decline in the death rate by consumption from 2.54 per 1,000 in 1890 to 1.87 in 1900 proves the surprising advance in the success with which the "white death" is now fought and conquered. Most of this change has been wrought by common sense methods of treating the disease. Yet the figures in detail seem to demolish the theory of some extremists that climate has little to do with cure. Damp Rhode Island is, so far as white population is concerned, the State where consumption most rages; "acclimated" natives suffer less than immigrants, and of the foreign born those are least susceptible who come from Eastern Europe, and who were there habituated to a "Continental climate" like our own in its variations of heat and cold.

The three hygienic specifics, rest, good food and outdoor air with a favorable climate is possible, and safeguards against infection, will yet rob consumption of most of its remaining terrors.—New York World.

Good Roads Movement.

PENNSYLVANIA is waking up to the importance of good roads also and is discussing a proposition to spend \$2,000,000 in highway improvement. The Pennsylvania farmers, like their brethren elsewhere, are realizing that they have a special interest in this matter, as it concerns them more directly than it does any one else. The Philadelphia Record puts the case concisely when it says: "Good roads facilitate intercourse among

the people, make access to the markets easier, increase business and enhance the value of farm lands." That this is the view which many if not most of the Pennsylvania farmers take is shown by the fact that the State Grange is urging the Legislature to pass a measure providing for the \$2,000,000 expenditure. There is some difference of opinion as to how the money is to be raised, and there are formidable obstacles in the way of creating an effective good roads system for the State. But with united sentiment as to the main question there should be no very serious difficulties to prevent inaugurating satisfactory action. Pennsylvania is well situated to carry out such a scheme. It is a wealthy State, it has ample sources from which the necessary money can be drawn without inflicting hardship or injustice on any one and it has a large surplus in its treasury which can be utilized for the public good. It is well placed to join the good roads procession.—Troy Times.

Stop the Handshaking.

ON New Year's Day, President Roosevelt was made to stand before a surging mass of men and women for three hours and a half and to shake the hands of 6,800 of his fellow-creatures. There are many ridiculous things in this world of ours, but is there anything more ridiculous than that? In its origin the custom of handshaking was reasonable and even necessary. Men were almost savage in those distant days, and when two of them wished to hold converse each gave the other his weapon-wielding hand as a pledge of a truce in their normal relations, which were hostile. But nowadays not even the timidest soul that ever shuddered over the thought of sudden death would suspect President Roosevelt of an intention to murder him, and if the President should find an assassin in the throng at a reception the avoided handshake, as was proved in the case of President McKinley, would not prepare him for his danger. Such an experience as the President was compelled to submit to on New Year's Day does nobody any good, and it is an imposition upon his good nature and a menace to his health.

Mark Twain says somewhere that the only reason people go up Pike's Peak is to say that they have been there, but as for himself, he could say that just as well without taking the trouble to make the ascent. Let the sentimental people who want to tell their neighbors that they have shaken the hand of the President of the United States go ahead and say so, but in the name of common sense let them spare the President the ordeal of gratifying their vanity.—Chicago Journal.

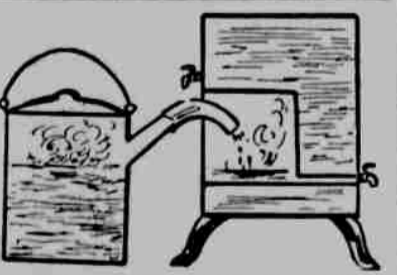
Money the Blood of Civilization.

MONEY is to civilization what blood is to the animal body, the carrier. Money is in portable and permanent form the equivalent of labor and usefulness. Where there is no money the farmer raises what he can, and that has to do him. If there is a shortage he suffers. If there is a surplus he saves it for the next year. But he can never get very far ahead, for he can never accumulate more than enough to keep him a few years. His crops will rot in his granaries after a short while, and having no wealth he has no leisure. Consequently he does not improve in either social or intellectual condition.

But if there is money in circulation the whole world becomes his neighbor. His surplus crop can be turned into coin which will bring him various commodities from other climes. His life becomes more varied, more elegant. He can travel, for he may carry with him what will pay his way. He can accumulate enough to educate his children and to give himself and them power. Money creates commerce and commerce goes into strange lands, develops new regions, carries ideas back and forth, enlarges the scope of every human being.—San Francisco Bulletin.

HOME DISTILLING PLANT.

There is no question but that a large proportion of the sickness with which mankind is afflicted is due to impure water, taken when the system is weakened from some cause and unable to exert its strength to fight the disease microbes with which the water abounds. It is common practice for the physician to recommend the use of distilled water for a patient ill with one disease in order to guard against the liability of other disease germs being taken into the stomach, and it is likely that distilled water would be prescribed for constant use were it not for the difficulty of securing it. It is to provide a constant supply of this pure water, with as little trouble as possible, that the household still shown in the illustration has been invented.



GIVES A CONSTANT SUPPLY OF PURE WATER.

by Edward Warren and George W. Healy of Fort Thomas, Ariz. The intention is to utilize the waste steam from the teakettle, and the invention, therefore, comprises a double reservoir, having a receiver for the steam and a cold water chamber surrounding the condenser. A curved tube is slipped over the spout of the kettle to conduct the steam into the condensing chamber, and as fast as the distilled water collects in this chamber it is drawn off for use or bottling. The cold water reservoir is filled from time to time, and has a faucet to feed the kettle through an opening in the tube which covers the spout. Thus the steam from the boiling water is constantly producing the distilled product, instead of wasting itself in the air.

CALIFORNIA PARTRIDGES.

Raised Under a Bantam Hen and Look Like Humblebees.

The little hen partridge was far too timid to be trusted with her own eggs, for whenever in the least disturbed she would go booming off the nest, the eggs to imminent danger of being crushed.

So they were placed under a clucking bantam hen, who proved to be a most excellent mother. Tinier birds could hardly be imagined than the little partridges, which hatched in three weeks. They were no larger than a good-sized bumblebee and just about the same color. Yet three hours after hatching they ran so fast that it was difficult to catch them, and when cornered they would crouch flat, with head and body pressed close to the sand, resembling a little dried leaf or a tiny clod of earth. Their wings grew with astonishing rapidity, while for a week or two their bodies remained as small as ever. The bantam hen was a particularly small one, yet she looked gigantic when compared with these tiny bundles of down. One of them died when about two weeks old, and its body slipped easily into a half-ounce vial. When about fifteen days old one escaped from its runway and went straight up into the air almost twenty feet. It was found necessary, in order to recapture the little bird, to let the hen loose and wait until the mites of a partridge crept under her.

One very amusing thing happened daily. The partridges would saunter under the bantam and gradually work up under her wings until close to her shoulders. When she stood up to feed she would naturally hold her wings more closely to her body than when brooding, and as a result the little birds would be held prisoners in the hollow under her wing. Their little feet would dangle down and kick vigorously as their owners tried to get out. The hen could hear their peeping and would look all around the runway for them, ignorant of their whereabouts. As she walked about or scratched she looked exactly as a person does who carries a bundle under each arm. Before long something would cause her to flap or stretch her wings, when the little fellows would drop out. They were comfortable enough in their unusual position, but the movements and clicks of the hen made them eager to get out.—Country Life in America.

STRANGED A LEOPARD.

A Fierce Fight in Which the Man Finally Emerges Victorious.

An inhabitant of the British East Africa protectorate tells the following interesting story in the London Field of an adventure with a leopard.

"I had a most extraordinary adventure with a leopard the other day at

Voi. I have long wished to shoot one, but not quite in the way I got this. One morning about 6 o'clock I heard a horrible noise, but thinking it was only some Indians fighting I took no notice. Shortly afterward the head of the Indian cock appeared at the sunlight over the door and he informed me there was a leopard.

"I got out of bed and put on some pumps, collared my rifle and some cartridges and was going out of the door, when the Indian told me the brute was on the other side, so I went out of another door, expecting to see the beast running off down the road. Like a fool, I had not loaded my rifle, and no sooner had I stepped out on the veranda than I saw the leopard about three yards away, behind a chair. She gave a snarl and came straight for me.

"Luckily, I took the first rush on my rifle, and swept her off, and we then set to on the floor with the weapons nature had provided us with. She got hold of one of my fingers, and I thought it was gone for good, but I got it free and kneeling on the top of her, proceeded to strangle her, shouting lustily for the cook to bring me a knife. He arrived, after what seemed ages, but was probably about half a minute, with a huge knife, but I then remembered that there was a revolver just behind me on a chair by my bed, and I told him to get it.

"I then put a bullet from below its jaw out of the top of its head. My hand was rather painful for about two days, but is all right now, except for a stray scab or two. I was a good deal scratched, and my pajamas badly torn. My leopard is not very big, but it is a full grown old female. Some one had hit it with a stone, which probably made it so fierce. Directly I got it by the throat it hardly moved again, but looked very nasty with all its front feet sticking out about six inches off my nose."

An Equal Safety.

An Irish clergyman during his first curacy found the ladies of the parish too helpful. He soon left the place. One day thereafter he met his successor.

"How are you getting on with the ladies?" asked the escaped curate.

"Oh, very well," was the answer.

"There's safety in numbers."

"I found it in Exodus," was the quick reply.