

# OLD FAVORITES

**The Village Blacksmith.**  
Under a spreading chestnut tree  
The village smithy stands;  
The smith, a mighty man is he,  
With large, and sinewy hands;  
And the muscles of his brawny arms  
Are strong as iron bands.  
His hair is crisp and black and long;  
His face is like the tan;  
His brow is wet with honest sweat—  
He earns what'er he can,  
And looks the whole world in the face,  
For he owes not any man.  
Week in, week out, from morn till night,  
You can hear his bellows blow;  
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,  
With measured beat and slow,  
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,  
When the evening sun is low.  
And children coming home from school,  
Look in at the open door;  
They love to see the flaming forge,  
And hear the bellows roar,  
And catch the burning sparks that fly  
Like chaff from the threshing floor.  
He goes on Sunday to the church,  
And sits among his boys;  
He hears the parson pray and preach;  
He hears his daughter's voice  
Singing in the village choir,  
And it makes his heart rejoice.  
It sounds to him like her mother's voice,  
Singing in Paradise;  
He needs must think of her once more,  
How in the grave she lies;  
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes  
A tear out of his eyes.  
Tolling, rejoicing, sorrowing,  
Onward through life he goes;  
Each morning sees some task begin,  
Each evening sees it close;  
Something attempted, something done,  
Has earned a night's repose.  
Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,  
For the lesson thou hast taught!  
Thus at the flaming forge of life  
Our fortunes must be wrought;  
Thus on our sounding anvil shaped  
Each burning deed and thought.  
—Henry W. Longfellow.

**The Gospel Train.**  
The gospel train is coming,  
I hear it just at hand,  
I hear the car wheels moving,  
And rumbling through the land.  
Get on board, children, get on board,  
Children, get on board, children,  
For there's room for many a more.  
Get on board, children, get on board,  
Children, get on board, children,  
For there's room for many a more.  
I hear the bell and whistle,  
A coming round the curve;  
She's playing all her steam and power,  
And straining every nerve.  
No signal from another train,  
To follow on the line,  
Oh, sinner, you're forever lost,  
If once you're left behind.  
This is a Christian banner,  
The mottoes new and old,  
Salvation and repentance  
Are burnished there in gold.  
She's nearing now the station,  
Oh! sinner, don't be vain,  
But come and get your ticket  
And be ready for the train.  
The fare is cheap, and all can go  
The rich and poor are there;  
No second class are on the train,  
No difference in the fare.  
There's Moses, Noah and Alvah,  
And all the prophets, too;  
Our friends in Christ are all on board,  
Oh, what a heavenly crew!  
We soon reach the station,  
Oh! how we then shall sing,  
With all the heavenly army,  
We'll make the welkin ring.  
We'll shout o'er all our sorrows  
And sing forevermore,  
With Christ and all his army  
On that celestial shore.

**"ADS" THAT ATTRACT.**  
Thousands of Suggestions Are Received by the Big Firms.  
Of the thousands who gaze idly every day at the glaring advertisements in the tops of the street cars, there are probably very few who realize the great amount of time and money spent on the designing, manufacture, and distribution of these many-colored placards.  
"Any fool can write a verse as good as that," Brown or Jones is apt to say to himself on his way home to dinner. And yet if a same critical person will only send a verse of his own composition to the people who are advertising some new breakfast food or cleaning composition the chances are ten to one that two days later he will get it back again and see written on the back of the sheet: "Declined with thanks."  
"I would be willing to wager," said a man at the head of a large advertising agency, "that I send back more manuscripts every month than any magazine in the United States. A large number of people who think they can write advertisements seems to be without end; those who really can write good ones are mighty hard to find."  
When advertisers once discover anybody who can do clever work either at making verses or drawing pictures, this person can command pay far out of proportion to the actual work that he does. But for every one who is able to sell his ideas at fancy prices there are hundreds of failures who do not make enough money to pay for the pens and ink with which they write. One man who does all the ad-

vertising for several large firms said to an inquiring visitor:  
"It's not always the sense we want. If something silly will attract people's attention, it suits us exactly. The more idiotic a verse is the better we like it, generally."

Often a couplet, in which the lack of meter is exceeded only by the lack of sense, brings to the writer \$40 or \$50. A ridiculous defect, the advertiser tells you, will often be paid for hand somely, while other verses with perfect meter are returned by the score. When passengers on a surface or elevated car notice a ludicrous lack of rhythm in a verse they nudge each other, point it out, and remember the name of the article mentioned long after all correctly measured lines are forgotten. The chief reason for the refusal of such a great number of verses is that they have too much sense in them, and therefore do not appeal to the passengers' sense of humor.

Manufacturers of the various breakfast foods, cleaning compositions, medicines and numberless other articles advertised in the cars receive every day dozens of drawings and rhymes proclaiming the perfection of this or that commodity. Out of these they usually choose those that they consider best and return all the rest. Occasionally, however, a particularly clever artist or rhymester is employed solely by one firm, and does no work for any other. Any one who has displayed such noticeable talent can almost name his own price, and is pretty sure of getting it. The famous Jim Dumps posters are the work of two young women, one drawing the ridiculous pictures of Sunny Jim and the other writing the catchy verses. They, as well as the author of the well-known Spotted Town placards are in salaried positions, and devote their entire time and energy to their specialty.—New York Times.

## THE WAGNERS IN BAYREUTH.

**A Marked Contract Between the Great Composer's Widow and His Son.**

A visitor to Bayreuth, who allows that, technically, the Wagner opera are as well given in New York as they are in that little German city where you go to the show as you would go to mass, with downcast eyes and bated breath, finds offsets in the turesqueness of the place, and in the fun you have in trying to get anything to eat and drink, and a place to crawl into at night. But he says it is especially worth while to see Frau Wagner striding about the opera house. She is a queen, he says; she has decision in every feature. Her father, old Liszt, was a man of decided countenance, even his warts giving a sort of distinction to him that was not shared by his neighbors, and Frau Cosima has inherited this dignity and force of mind. She is a keen business woman; Americans would regard her as grasping, but there is so little money in the Old World that the people who hustle for it cannot take the same view of getting and keeping that is taken in our prosperous land. She is rich, and she has the assurance of a continuance of fortune in the royalties from her husband's operas and the sale of his works. It is understood that she is opposed to the reproduction of "Parsifal" in America, at least in its complete and dramatic form, and that is the reason why, when it was given in Brooklyn it was only as a concert, with a scenic background, and the somber knights of the grail in spike-tailed coats and tin shirts. There is a remarkable contrast, says the visitor, between Wagner's widow and his son. Frau Cosima is big and bony and strenuous and commanding, while Siegfried is a pop-injy sort of boy, who tries to look bigger than he is by strutting, and who has an unimpressive face and a weak chin. Still, he has a certain musical gift. It would be remarkable if he hadn't, with Wagner for a father and Liszt for a grandfather, and he has conducted an orchestra with a measure of success.—Brooklyn Eagle.

**Fish Ejected by Volcanoes.**  
The stories of dead fish thrown out by volcanoes have been revived by the recent West India catastrophes. In particular, great quantities of them are reported to have been cast into the sea from the island of St. Vincent. It is pointed out by a French expert, M. Girardin, that these fish are simply the denizens of the lakes formed in the craters during their long period of inactivity. A crater first becomes clogged, then fills with water, and the water is in time peopled with fish that find access to it through subterranean channels. When volcanic activity is resumed, the first thing that occurs is an explosion that blows the lake-water, fish, and all—into the air, and distributes it over the neighboring land and water surface.

**Hypocrisy in Vegetarianism.**  
Now that some of the insurance companies are insuring vegetarians for less than they charge meat eaters, there will be carnivorous persons who will pose as vegetarians in order to get low rates. The companies may be driven to the employment of detectives to shadow their customers who lunch downtown and mix corned beef with cabbage.—Oklahoma State Capital.

**What He Proposed.**  
He—Miss Workman, I'm going to propose to you—  
She—Really, Mr. Phoxy, I'm sorry but—  
He—That we have some tea cream—  
She—Oh! I shall be delighted to—  
He—Some evening when the weather gets warmer.—Philadelphia Press.

**The Morals of Manners.**  
"Now, Aunt Margaret, it is a rainy afternoon, and I want to have it out with you about my 'bad manners,' as you call them. I've been here just a week, and you have spoken to me seven times about my behavior. Here's the list, as nearly as I can remember it."  
"You told me I mustn't whisper in church, even about something in the sermon. That was the first day I was here, and it wasn't a very good beginning, was it?"  
"Monday I talked too loudly on the street. Wednesday I was scolded for eating a chocolate bonbon in a street-car, though I was dreadfully hungry. Then I didn't put on my gloves to go over to Hattie's, and I didn't look up from my book or rise when you and grandma came into the room. You objected to me fixing my hair at the concert last night, and this morning you rebuked me eating my cream toast with a spoon instead of a fork."  
"Now it seems to me, Aunt Margaret, that if I am to put my mind on all these trifles I shall think about myself from morning till night, and presently be the most self-conscious prig in the world. That would be worse than these lapses from your code of manners. Don't you really think so?"  
"That was Helen's case, and it was not such a bad one. Her pretty face looked very grave over it. Let us try to deal with her trouble as the wise Aunt Margaret dealt with it."  
"To think of one's behavior all the time is a little like thinking of one's clothes or one's eyes or one's cleverness. But underneath most of these apparently arbitrary rules lies the general law that no one shall do anything in the public eye to attract attention to herself. Loud talking, eating, toilet-making are non-social acts; that is, they ignore the claim of society that no one person shall do what would be painful and confusing if all did it at the same time.  
Again, the mark of respect for age and position has a moral reason for its existence. The quick perception of the

# EDITORIALS

## OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

### Science and Disease.

THE warfare of science with disease is one of those ever-old and ever-new contests which have a fascination for many minds. While the training of specialists has doubtless done much to effect cures in individual cases, and while the experiments of investigators have certainly enlarged the boundaries of human knowledge respecting disease neither of these factors have contributed so much toward the control of the half-dozen more important maladies that annually slay their thousands as the gradual spread of elementary knowledge respecting disease among increasing numbers of the earth's inhabitants. The immortal Jenner has for more than a century had the credit of discovering the efficacy of vaccination and so of saving the lives of millions; yet it is probably true that he gained his knowledge of cow-pox, the method of disseminating it among human beings, and the protection it afforded against smallpox from the simple dairy folk of Gloucestershire, who had long observed it. The world owes him a debt of gratitude for spreading abroad the information he had gained, but hardly for a true discovery or generalization in science. Pasteur worked out from many contributing sources a consistent theory of germ diseases, and following his reasoning Behring and Roux perfected the anti-toxin treatment of diphtheria, probably the greatest contribution of pure science to the specific treatment of disease. In the case of typhoid fever, while science has done much in investigating the causes of its epidemics, only the gradual education of the public to the protection of its food and water supplies can ever put an end to its ravages. Fortunately, the public is growing more and more alive to the importance of such protection, and the death rate from typhus is decreasing. Only the co-operation of large numbers of widely scattered people can destroy the malaria-burdened mosquito; but in the case of yellow fever intelligent action by a single local health board, like that of Havana, will suffice practically to conquer the disease. Tuberculosis, again, is clearly preventable by the spread of knowledge that consumptive sputum must be disinfected; and the end of cholera infantum waits on the growth of the simple practice of sterilizing milk for infants.  
In all these various directions while science has been the pioneer it remains for the slow spread of elementary knowledge among the people to work the cure.—Current Literature.

### A Disappearing Race.

TWO decades ago the native population of the Esquimaux lands, Labrador, Greenland and Alaska, was 30,000. To-day the population of these countries is only 15,000—a decrease of 50 per cent. At this rate the Esquimaux will soon have vanished off the face of the earth. There is something about this evanescence of race as a totality which is more than dramatic—it is tragic. This in spite of the fact that the Eskimos are only one of the inferior divisions of the great human family. The disappearance of a distinct subdivision of humanity as a whole shows how dubious is the tenure of the earth when the question is considered with regard to the destiny of human beings in their relation to the great march of historic progress. One naturally thinks of the disappearance of the Indians in the United States as a parallel. But great as is the decline of their branch of the human commonwealth within recent years, it cannot relatively equal the losses sustained by the Esquimaux.—Buffalo Enquirer.

### How the New Law Hits Bankrupts.

A MEASURE of great importance to business men and lawyers—and, indeed, to the whole community—is the bill which was signed by the President recently, and by which the bankruptcy law of 1898 was materially amended. We observe, in the first place, that by the new law preferred creditors of a person who soon afterward becomes a bankrupt are not debarred from having their claims passed upon by a failure to surrender the amount received. In pursuance of a decision of the United States Supreme

Court, a preferred creditor may now retain the amount paid, provided, of course, the payment was not fraudulent, while at the same time, as regards debts unpaid, he will share the rights of other creditors. Another important amendment provides that the appointment of a receiver for an insolvent corporation shall be deemed an act of bankruptcy entitling the creditors to choose their own trustee. Among the objections to a discharge which are included in the new law is the giving of a false mercantile statement, or the proof that a voluntary bankrupt has sought to go through bankruptcy more than once in six years. The bill just enacted also adds to the list of debts from which a bankrupt cannot be relieved by a discharge in bankruptcy. Among these additions are debts to the wife and children, and alimony; also any sum due under a judicial decision to a seduced woman or for the support of an illegitimate child. We note, finally, that the list of corporations permitted to go into voluntary bankruptcy will hereafter include mining corporations, and that the fees of referees and trustees are to be increased on an average of about 50 per cent of the fees hitherto allowed by law.—Harper's Weekly.

### New Tendency in Immigration.

IN alluding to the fact that during the six months ending with the close of 1902, 323,641 aliens entered the United States, Commissioner Sargent, of the Immigration Bureau, points out that the great bulk of this army of newcomers promptly sought employment in the towns and cities, especially in the East, instead of spreading throughout the country and assisting to populate the farming regions of the West.

The change that has come about in this respect is marked. Formerly the majority of our immigrants came from Great Britain, Germany and Scandinavia. Those from the last two territorial divisions of Europe made their way in great numbers to the West and Northwest, where their energy and industry made them valuable factors in building up the prosperity of the agricultural Commonwealth which play such important parts in feeding the nation and producing the surplus food products which the United States send abroad to furnish means of subsistence for the masses of the Old World.

This general distribution of the immigrants was wholesome on every account, since it tended to equalize the national population. Now, however, the people who come to our shores are chiefly from Russia and the south of Europe, and their tendency to stay in the cities increases the congestion in industrial centers, while it leaves a marked scarcity of labor on the farms of the West, where, during most of the year, the demand for workers at good wages is keen and constant.

How this trend toward concentration is to be overcome is not apparent. But it is manifest that it is a much less healthful development than the former practice. It is far better that the immigrants who are now arriving in such multitudes should be distributed widely over areas where the population is comparatively scarce than that they should herd together on the Atlantic slope in "colonies" which tend to make the progress of Americanization slower and more difficult.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

### The Increase of Crime.

THE statistics of crime as set forth in a report made to Congress by Dr. Arthur MacDonal indicate that for thirty years past crime has been increasing in the world. In spite of the progress of education and the labors of philanthropy, mental and nervous diseases, suicide, insanity, juvenile crime, and pauperism are at present increasing faster than the population. This increase, due apparently to concentration of population and increased strain on the mental apparatus of mankind, does not necessarily imply that the world is growing worse, but merely that it is changing. An increase of crime may be an incident of a development that in the long run will be salutary. Dr. MacDonal's report accompanies a bill to provide a laboratory for the study of the criminal, pauper and defective classes, in the hope of discovering the microbe of crime and eliminating it.—Harper's Weekly.

## FAVORITE MODELS IN MILLINERY.



fitness of things is the mark of true breeding. Whatever the conventional demand is—and it is substantially the same the world over—it is based on a sense of proportion, on an unselfish wish to make life easy and pleasant for others, and on a just feeling of one's own place in the general order of the world. Gloves, forks, chairs, voice, gesture, are all to serve one end—the art of gentle living.  
To think about that art—not about one's self—for one year or five years is the time spent, if one may acquire it so that at the end of the time it "comes as natural as life."  
**Grain from Ancient Pompeii.**  
As Bosco Reale, a place not far from Pompeii, there were recently unearthed some jars of grain which are considered as among the most curious and interesting of the many thousands of antiquities exhumed. More than eighteen centuries, as all the world knows, have passed since unfortunate Pompeii and Herculaneum were overwhelmed and buried beneath ashes and lava from Vesuvius. During more than seventeen centuries the herdsmen wandered with their flocks above the buried cities which had disappeared from sight, and no one knew their ex-

act locality until some statues were exhumed by accident in 1748. In 1755 the great amphitheater was uncovered, and since then systematic exhumations have been carried on, revealing riches of which nobody had ever even dreamed. They are still going on, and not long ago a find of silverware jewelry was purchased by Baron Rothschild for four hundred thousand francs and presented to the Louvre in Paris. It was in a court attached to one of the buildings revealed by the excavations that the series of large earthen jars was found, arranged chess-board fashion and filled with grain, just as they had been left by those who had created this curious granary nearly nineteen hundred years ago.

**New Electric Road.**  
An Austrian engineer is working on plans for a railway from New York to Chicago upon which cars might be run at 125 miles an hour by electricity from Niagara.  
A love affair that is proper and sensible isn't very entertaining, either to the parties concerned, or to the gossip.  
A skunk is never really powerful until you kick it.

## CARE OF CUT GLASS.

### Ways to Avoid Breaking or Chipping Costly Pieces.

A housekeeper whose table furnishings are always beautifully clear and shining as if new gives the following hints for the care of cut glasses, especially of such pieces as are too valuable to be washed haphazard with the other tableware.

Use only tepid water and the purest castile or other good soap for the cleansing and rinsing of such articles and manipulate a small, stiff brush during the washing in order to get every particle of dust out of the cutting. Then submerge the piece in boxwood sawdust and allow it to remain some little time so that the sawdust shall absorb the moisture and clear the glass. The softest of clean cloth without any nap about it should be used for the final wiping and polishing.

Common white potato peelings should be used for cleansing the bottom of carafes, decanters, and vases. The shot frequently employed for this purpose is apt to scratch the glass and leave marks that show from the outside. The potato peelings should be left in the articles over night or for several hours and then be washed out with tepid water.

Experience proves that the short life of many articles of rich glassware is due to the abrupt changes of temperature to which they are commonly subjected. A tray or dish that has been used for ice cream, sherbet or any very cold substance, if plunged into hot water, is almost sure to crack. Likewise a pitcher or tumbler which has been filled with ice water if put suddenly into hot water or placed too near a fire or hot stove, will show the effects. There is no risk of breakage where tepid water is used for cleansing.

A piece of cut glass should never be taken from a china closet or closed cabinet where it has been in a protected atmosphere free from draughts and put immediately in contact with a marble table top or other cold substance. If the carafe and tumblers to be used for iced drinks be put into moderately cool water for a time before they are used their safety is insured.

Something of the same forethought must be taken in guarding cut glass objects from harm as is practiced with a delicate child or a pet animal. Under ordinary rough handling the glass will lose its luster and crack or chip. But with a few precautions regularly observed there is no reason why a piece of cut glass should not be preserved intact and brilliant for generations.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

## CAPTAIN PASSOW A JOKER.

The St. Louis Skipper Is Humorous and Long-Headed.

Capt. Passow of the St. Louis was being discussed at the Maritime exchange, says the Philadelphia Record. A skipper said:  
"I have known Passow for years. He is quiet and grave, but a joker at bottom—a long-headed chap, whom nobody can beat.  
"There's a story about Passow in his young days and a sailor who attempted to mauling under him. This sailor, as soon as the ship was out of sight of land, heaved a loud groan, began to limp and said, with tears in his eyes:  
"Captain, I must lie up for a spell. This old leg of mine is being wrenched and twisted cruel with rheumatism. I'd like to work, but it's an impossibility. I'll go to bed now."  
"Passow grunted and the sailor, kind of smiling around the lips, hopped off deck. He got in bed, lit his pipe, began to read a stack of old magazines and novels—had a high old time.  
"No, I can't move. I couldn't walk a step," he'd say, when anybody questioned him, and then he'd give a loud, deep groan. But as soon as he was alone again he'd resume his reading and puff away at his pipe comfortably.  
"Passow told the first officer he had once heard a funny story about a maulinger and his detection, and he said he'd put this story to the proof and see if it would work in real life.  
"So, at 11 o'clock that night, he had an alarm of fire sounded, and, by jove, the first man to come leaping and bounding up on deck like an acrobat was the sick man. The captain, after he had told everybody he was just trying the fire drill, said to the maulinger, with a hard look:  
"Sudden fright cured your rheumatism, didn't it? I'd often heard of such cures, but never believed in them till now."  
"It certainly cured me, sir," says the sailor. "Something's cured me. It must be that. I'm certainly all right again."  
"The men all gave a scornful laugh and even the captain sneered. That maulinger was worked double the balance of the voyage."

**Beyond Imagination.**  
"Don't you think," said the generous-minded man, "that you would feel more kindly toward your political rival if you could imagine yourself in his place?"  
"My dear sir," answered the energetic man, "mere imagination won't do. I'm going to put myself in his place if it can possibly be managed. He has one of the best places in the government service."—Washington Star.

As soon as a man gets rich, his wife begins to hire a girl to do the cooking, and he doesn't fare as well as when they were poor.

Those who love you: Have you any other proof than their words?