

**A GENTLE PROFESSOR.**

Two Anecdotes of an Old-Time Tale - Instructor.  
Dr. Wright, in his "Memories of Yale La's and Men," gives many a glimpse of the gracious men who made for themselves a good name at the same time that they built up the reputation of the university. College life half a century ago was as unlike the life of to-day as the instruction now given is unlike the work of the old recitation room. Dr. Dwight tells two stories of Professor Stillman, one of which illustrates the educational and the other the disciplinary spirit of the time.

I had presented myself before him, on a certain occasion near the end of my academic course, for an examination on studies in his department. He asked me to take a chair near him, and then, in a way peculiar to himself, - a way that was very helpful, rather than embarrassing to the student, - he questioned me on various points for half an hour.

Then, rising and going to his table he looked at some papers, and selecting one, said:

"I suppose you would like to have me give you a certificate that your examination has been satisfactory, which you may hand to the president."

I gave him, of course, an affirmative answer. He then handed me the paper, saying:

"Not doubting that you would pass I wrote the certificate before you came in."

The professor was requested to give the first vote in the decision of a matter of discipline. He took the college catalogue, which was lying on the table near him, and opening it, he said:

"What is the student's name, Mr. President?"

"Jones," the president replied.

"Ah," said he, after turning over the pages somewhat carefully, "Jones of the junior class?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"I notice that he is from Baltimore," the professor answered. "When I was lecturing in that city his father entertained me most hospitably at his house. I think I would treat the young man as leniently as possible."

**BRIDE WHO WAS THE IDEAL OF A NOVELIST.**

After the recent marriage in Chicago of Miss Carrie Woolfolk to Granville W. Browning, it was divulged that she had been the girl selected from all others by Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster as the living prototype of the ideal girl who is the heroine of her latest novel.



"Janet Ward." The frontispiece of the book, supposed to represent an ideal girl, was really a portrait of Miss Woolfolk, which had been used by her permission. In her book Mrs. Sangster describes the ideal of the day as one who is restless and who longs for a career, but in the end finds true happiness in a good man's true love and her career bounded by the four walls of home. The girl in real life has longed for the success of an actress, but like the girl in the book, she braced the sphere of a home-maker.

**A Lady of the Last Century.**  
George Meredith recently said of late brilliant and beautiful leader of English society, "She did not merely shuffle the cards; she was one of the pack."

An earlier leader, Lady Holland, was not one of the pack, to borrow the phrase, and she was inclined to shuffle her cards—which included princeps, politicians and poets—with more or less flourish.

She exacted homage; it pleased her to see distinguished men fetch and carry in her drawing-room. It was one of her little habits to drop her handkerchief for some one to pick up and return to her on bended knees.

One evening at a dinner at Hollan House, when she had dropped her handkerchief three times in close succession, Count D'Orsay returned it to her the third time, saying:

"Pray, my lady, had I not better take my seat under the table?"

**Nonsense About Sneezing.**  
When a man sneezes heartily, he may know himself to be healthy. A person in poor health even sneezes, says the eminent doctor, Sir Jonathan Hutchinson. This statement will be challenged by those familiar with the plague, who know that hearty sneezing is its first symptom. Everyone knows that a series of sneezes comes in its first stages of catching cold, and that the hay fever victim sneezes to his great discomfort.

**Water Rights Involved.**  
At the dinner of the Associate Press recently, Congressman Bede, of Minnesota, said that there was so much water in some of the present day trusts that he doubted if the stockholders could realize even the riparian right

**OLD FAVORITES**

**The Cotter's Saturday Night.**  
At length his lonely cot appears in view  
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;  
Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin'  
Stacher thro'  
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin' noise  
An' glee.  
His wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonnily,  
His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wife's  
Smile,  
The lispin' infant prattlin' on his knee,  
Does a' his weary, carkin' cares beguile,  
An' makes him quite forget his labor and  
his toil.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drappin'  
Up,  
At service out, among the farmers roun',  
Some ca' the plow, some herd, some  
tentie rin  
A cannie errand to a neebor town.

But now the supper-crowns their simple  
board,  
The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's  
food;  
The sowpie their only hawkie does afford,  
That 'bout the hallen snugly chows her  
codd;  
The dame brings forth in complimentary  
mood,  
To grace the lad, her well-hair'd kebbuck  
fell—  
An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guld;  
The frugal wife, garrulous, will tell,  
How 'twas a towmoud auld, sin' lint was  
't the boll.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious  
face,  
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;  
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,  
The big ha' Bible, ance his father's  
pride;

His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,  
His lyart haffets wearing thin sn' bare;  
Those strains that once did sweet in  
Zion glide,  
He wales a portion with judicious care;  
And "Let us worship God!" he says,  
with solemn air.

The priest-like father reads the sacred  
page,  
How Abram was the friend of God on  
high;  
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage  
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;  
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie  
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avengin'  
ire;

Or Job's path-tic plaint, and wailing cry;  
Or Rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;  
Or other holy scenes that tune the sacred  
lyre.

Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal  
King,  
The saint, the father, and the husband  
prays;  
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant  
wing,"  
That thus they all shall meet in future  
days;

There ever bask in uncreated rays,  
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,  
Together hymning their Creator's praise,  
In such society, yet still more dear;  
While circling time moves round in an  
eternal sphere.

Then homeward all take off their several  
way;  
The youngling cottagers retire to rest;  
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,  
And proffer up to Heaven the warm re-  
quest,  
That He, who stills the raven's clam-  
orous nest,  
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,  
Would, in the way his wisdom sees the  
best,

For them and for their little ones provide;  
But, chiefly, in their hearts with grace  
divine preside.

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!  
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven  
is sent!  
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil  
Be bless'd with health, and peace, and  
sweet content

And, O! may Heaven their simple lives  
prevent  
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!  
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be  
rent,  
A virtuous populace may rise the while,  
And stand a wall of fire around their  
much-lov'd isle.

O Thou! who poured the patriotic tide  
That stream'd thro' Wallace's undaunted  
heart,  
Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic pride,  
Or nobly die, the second glorious part;  
(The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,  
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and re-  
ward!)

O never, never, Scotia's realm desert;  
But still the patriot, and the patriot  
bard,  
In bright succession raise, her ornament  
and guard!

—Robert Burns.

**AMERICAN DIAMOND CUTTERS.**

**Gem Industry Is Now Fully Estab-  
lished in New York.**  
Gem cutting in America has ceased to be an experiment and become a recognized industry—recognized not merely at home as one more thing that Uncle Sam can do well, but recognized abroad as one more thing in which Yankee competition is to be feared, says the Brooklyn Eagle. Time was when the cutting of precious stones was admittedly one of the things that Europe could do better than America, and America made no attempt to dispute the supremacy. And for Europe one might almost read "Holland," for Holland had practically a world's monopoly of the industry. And all this not more than a generation ago.

It was in 1873 that the first rough or uncut diamonds were imported into this country—and then a few only, valued at only \$176,426. For five years the experiment continued with so little success that in 1878 the imports had dropped to \$63,270. It rather looked as if Uncle Sam, jack of all trades that he is, could not master this one. But that was the turning point. From then

on the importations of rough diamonds increased year by year, at first gradually, but finally by leaps and bounds, until at present they are running up in the neighborhood of \$10,000,000 a year and still increasing. And the importation of uncut diamonds is, needless to say, an exact measure of the growth of the industry.

Diamonds are quoted because diamonds are recognized as the most difficult of all the gems to cut. Not merely are they the hardest gem known, but they require a more complicated cutting and a greater skill in bringing out their beauties. And with diamonds, the importations in the rough represent absolutely the quality cut, for there is practically no home production, while almost every other known gem is produced in marketable quantities somewhere in the United States. So that the increase in the rough imports is a more than fair measure of the growth of the gem-cutting industry.

Fifteen or twenty years ago there was not a gem-cutting establishment of any importance in the city. One leading firm had a cutting department which was mainly engaged in recutting. It existed, that is about all, because it was necessary to the completeness of the establishment. But like all the other jewelers in the country they imported practically all their gems ready cut. And the two or three struggling lapidaries that did manage to keep their heads above water in some dingy, obscure corner of the jewelers' district were chiefly engaged in recutting. All of them together could not have made one establishment of any reputation for solvency, although there are many such to-day on Maiden Lane and Nassau and John streets.

**FEW DICKENS HOUSES LEFT.**

**March of Modern Improvement Responsible for Their Demolition.**  
Very few of Dickens' houses remain. One after another of the quaint old buildings described in his novels or in which their scenes were laid are being torn away to give room to modern office buildings. "The Old Curiosity Shop," the home of little Nell, can still be identified in an old paper and junk warehouse in Portsmouth street, near the courts, and near by, at No. 68, is the home of Mr. Tullingshorn, the lawyer in "Bleak House." It was occupied for a long time by John Forster, the biographer of Dickens. Oliver Goldsmith lived and died in No. 2 Brick court, Middle Temple Lane, up two flights of stairs, and is buried in the adjoining churchyard. Blackstone wrote his commentaries in the next building, and his room may be seen to-day. Thackeray and Tom Taylor lived at No. 10, and Milton spent several years in the same locality. Nearly every one of the old buildings is identified with historic characters.

Over on Holborn, one of the great arteries of trade, several of the Dickens houses may be easily found by the use of the Dickens Dictionary. Dombey & Son are real people and have a tailor shop in the city. Mr. Dombey's house, which Dickens says "stood on the shady side of a tall, dark, dreadfully gented street," may be one of a dozen or more answering that description. Admiral Lord Nelson, Lord Byron and Turner, the celebrated painter, lived in the same block. Sairy Gamp and Betsey Prigg lived in a shop in Kingsgate street which is now occupied by a barber; Furnivals' Inn, formerly one of the most picturesque buildings of old London, in which Dickens wrote "The Pickwick Papers," "Sketches by Boz," "Oliver Twist" and "Nicholas Nickleby," has been torn down within the last two years, and in its place now stands a magnificent structure of red brick and terra cotta belonging to the Prudential Life Insurance Company. St. Andrews' Church, across the street, is identified with Oliver Twist and Bill Sykes, who stopped and consorted under its shadow one night on their memorable burglary excursion.—W. E. Curtis, in Chicago Record-Herald.

**The Reasoning Child.**  
It was in a Philadelphia public school the other day that a class in spelling was going over a lesson in words of two syllables. One of the words was "mummy." "Children," said the teacher, "how many of you know the meaning of the word 'mummy'?" After a long silence one little girl raised her hand.

"Well, Maggie?"  
"It means yer mother."

The teacher pointed out her mistake, and explained fully the meaning of the word. Presently the word "poppy" had to be spelled.

"Who knows what 'poppy' means?" asked the teacher.

The same little girl raised her hand, this time brimful of confidence.

"Well, what's the answer, Maggie?"  
"It means a man mummy," replied the child.

**Short of Material.**

A successful merchant, whose bald head is like an ivory billiard ball, was lecturing his 14 year old son, whose tastes are becoming a little bit extravagant, according to his father's standard. "My boy," he said, "when I started out in life I did not have a penny to my name. I am a self-made man." The incorrigible youth whispered to his mother, who was sitting nearby: "Say ma, there must have been a corner in the hair market when pa was making himself."

The men lack one resource open to the women; they can't put a veil over their summer hat, and wear it all winter.

We object to the word "wineome" straying out of a novel to be applied to any real girl.

**EDITORIALS**  
Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

**Church Advertising.**  
**T**HERE is extremely doubtful propriety (in the moral and religious sense) in the practice of some ministers of using sensational advertising devices to "drum up" patronage and crowds. The preacher who feels the necessity of adopting the methods so long nearly monopolized by traveling medicine fakirs thereby confesses the lack in himself of those saintly personal qualities which are most effective in drawing sinners, agnostics and worldlings to the church.

We believe there is nothing in the narrative of Christ's ministry which would justify the faintest suspicion that he either used or indorsed such methods. His habits of speech and exhortation were anything but sensational. Only two of His disciples seemed to favor spectacular arts. We refer to Peter and Judas. Peter wanted his Master to call on the Celestial powers for a sensational rescue, and there is an uninspired legend which says Judas betrayed the Savior with two ends in view: First, he wanted to replenish the depleted treasury of the Twelve, and, next, he confidently expected to see the Master effect his own complete deliverance from the hands of the enemy by means of some astounding miracle. The tradition further states that it was Judas' bitter disappointment that drove him to the final act of desperation.

None of the great apostles, prophets, noted clergymen or renowned reformers deemed it necessary or justifiable on any conceivable grounds to resort to the auction block or the scenic artist's dab, or the harlequin's contortions, or the yellow journal trick, to stampede the broad road crowd or to touch the souls of intelligent doubters.

In short, there is a growing conviction among a very devout portion of intelligent churchmen that it is not in harmony with the eternal fitness of things to try to stock the Celestial fields with the kind of souls that find more to move them in a circus tent or a display "ad" than in the Word of Divine Inspiration.—Dayton (Ohio) Journal.

**Men and Material for Soldiers.**  
**G**ERMANY with about half our population has discovered that there is a weak point in her military system because fully 100,000 able-bodied men escape military training. With these included, her standing army would number nearly 650,000 men. Without them, the government says, "the empire will not be in a state of full preparedness," that is, it will actually have citizens who are not, or have not been, soldiers; men whose lives have been wholly those of peace.

In our country we should regard such a condition as promising only as the number of soldiers steadily decreased. We shy violently at the thought of a standing army of 100,000 men. We rightly regard every man taken into the service as so much lost to the productive interests of the country. Having regard, however, for Germany's political situation, and that France maintains a first reserve only a few thousand less than Germany, while the standing army of Russia, her ally, is over a million on a peace footing, and we arrive at the point of view of the German general staff in demanding the increase. It is a fact, too, that German military training reforms a large proportion of its human material to its positive betterment. The uncouth peasant becomes the more of a man and the better citizen for his term in the barracks. He is educated in more than strictly military affairs. So that, on the whole, there is some return other than that of national defense in a policy that regards every man as primarily material for a soldier only.—Detroit Journal.

**Co-Education and Marriage.**  
**P**RESIDENT G. STANLEY HALL, of Clark University, believes in early marriages, and regards with disfavor anything which tends to prevent. This is all very well, but when, in his address at the Boston gathering of educators, he charges to education an influence in that direction, he is probably in error. His argument is that the sexes in co-education see too much of each other, disillusionment ensues, and the motives for marriages are weakened; "and one of the results of co-education is per-

haps seen in the small and diminishing rate of marriage among college graduates of both sexes."

This same small and diminishing marriage rate is observable quite as markedly among the graduates of one-sex institutions as among those of co-educational colleges. It is furthermore observable to some extent—probably an equal extent—in society at large, where the average age of marriage is advancing and the rate of marriage is declining, as in Massachusetts, where the present yearly number of marriages per 1,000 of population is about 17, contrasting with a rate of 20 three decades ago, and from 22 to 24 fifty years ago. Education, of course, cannot be held responsible for this change. Its influence, if any at all, can only be very small, because of the comparatively small number in the population affected thereby. We must look for other causes, and those will prove to be of an economic rather than of an educational nature. There is, moreover, very little co-education of the higher sort in Massachusetts, and hence co-education would have to be relieved of the charge made by President Hall, if education in itself is held indictable.—Springfield Republican.

**Woman Suffrage.**  
**T**HE appearance of an article by Dr. Abbott on woman suffrage in the Atlantic calls attention rather to the disappearance of the claim than to the revival of it. The mannish woman who strode up and down our platforms twenty years ago, and in tiny tenor voices demanded the ballot in general elections, are apparently in other business. And probably it is because woman's business has widened into so many of the fields formerly monopolized by men that she is content, and has no time for disputations on political subjects. The struggle of women for "recognition" resulted in one interesting disclosure, and one which was a grievous setback for "the cause," and it was, that most of the women do not want to vote. They are no more interested in the petty squabbles of political parties and political persons than are half of the men, and they realize that because of this lacking interest they would as likely vote wrong as right. It is now eight years since an attempt was made in Massachusetts to muster the feminine vote. It was then found that only one woman in twenty-five desired the ballot. Massachusetts is probably not otherwise minded than the rest of the nation.

After all is said, the woman's domain is the home. It is her own choice. For those women who, unfortunately, refrain from marriage the professions are open, and in various callings they fill no less a place than they would as mothers of families and wives of good men. The proposition that they shall invade all industries and pursue all avocations is as absurd as if men were to propose themselves as candidates for feminine employments. A few women have shown an aggressive and even martial spirit; but we should choose for companionship the woman who was not a soldier. Even her sisters would prefer a womanly woman.—Brooklyn Eagle.

**The Growing of Insanity.**  
**N**OT until Jan. 1, 1850, was the number of lunatics officially registered in this country (Great Britain). At that date there were 36,762 insane persons—a proportion to the population of 1 to 536. To-day they number over 113,000—a proportion to the population of 1 in 233—and the tendency of much of the insanity which comes under treatment to-day is to end in dementia and to become incurable. Melancholia has shown in recent years a considerable rise among the educated and private classes of the insane, and recovery is rarely the happy issue of melancholia, more especially in men. \* \* \* But relief may be at hand nevertheless, and may come from the same direction as the evil. The increased intellectual activity, which is now reproached for bringing in its wake a train of psychological ills, will become more disciplined in its working, when the mental health of the people will improve, and the blessings of the fuller life which modern education and modern invention have brought within their reach will be enjoyed with impunity.—London Lancet.

**QUEEN OF OUTLAW BAND.**

**Something About the Career of Dora Fox of Oklahoma.**  
Dora Fox, the queen of the outlaws of Oklahoma, has been caught, says the Kansas City Journal. No woman ever led a stranger life than has Dora Fox. She is only 23 years old, but for eight years the slim, bronze-faced girl, with a mouth and features that not even her life in outlaw camps has relieved of their beauty, has been the leader of an outlaw band. She has escaped from jail under the eyes of her guards; she has led her band through a dozen fights with sheriffs; she has disguised herself and visited towns where the officers who were after her were resting and now at last she has been captured after a chase of years, which extended across three States and has been participated in by a dozen determined sheriffs. The story of this remarkable girl, told by herself, is as follows:

"My parents died when I was very little. They left nothing. I had lived all my life on the plains. I knew horses and cattle and I knew nothing else. Naturally, I turned to the cattle camps to earn a living. That was when I was 14. I cooked and sometimes I helped the cowboys. A year after this I commenced the life that brought me here. I was working on a range in Eastern Texas. There was a pretty hard crowd of boys on the ranch and at last I overheard a conversation which showed me that the three of the men on the ranch were Martin, Jack Simmons and Bert Casey, all notorious outlaws. They were planning a raid one evening when I overheard the whole thing. In my excitement I made a little noise and they discovered me. I was seized and in half an hour I was galloping over the range in the direction of the rendezvous with my arms bound behind me.

"When we reached the place Simmons told me on account of what I had overheard I would have to remain a prisoner in the camp or become one of the gang. 'Take your choice, little

**KING BABY.**

King baby on his throne  
Sits reigning O, sits reigning O!  
King baby on his throne  
Sits reigning all alone.

His throne is mother's knee,  
So tender O, so tender O!  
His throne is mother's knee,  
Where none may sit but he.

His crown it is of gold,  
So curly O, so curly O!  
His crown it is of gold,  
In shining tendrils rolled.

His kingdom is my heart,  
So loyal O, so loyal O!  
His kingdom is my heart,  
His own in every part.

Divine are all his laws,  
So simple O, so simple O!  
Divine are all his laws,  
With love for end and cause.

King baby on his throne  
Sits reigning O, sits reigning O!  
King baby on his throne  
Sits reigning all alone.

—Lawrence Alma-Tadema.

**Delicious Freedom.**

Dr. Hurd, bishop of Worcester, was a perfect type of the eighteenth century scholar and gentleman. He was devoted to the Church of England, and his habit of thought led him as far as possible from dissenters; yet one story told of him shows him in the light of a charity greater than creeds.

In the course of his preaching he had for a long time noticed a poor man who seemed very attentive to his sermons. The bishop had talked with him and made him little presents; but suddenly he missed his humble auditor. Then one day they chanced to meet, and the bishop said, "John, I don't see you at church as usual. How is that?"

John hesitated. Then he spoke out, "My lord," said he, "I'll tell you the truth, and I hope you won't be offended. I went one day to hear the Methodists, and I understand their plain words so well that I've attended there ever since."

The bishop pulled a sovereign out of his pocket, and bestowed it on his old friend.

"God bless you!" said he. "Go where you get the greatest profit to your soul."

When a man is in trouble, the women are apt to think it is love; but it is more apt to be money.