

# THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW.



(Old Favorites Series.)  
The snow, the beautiful snow, filling the sky and the earth below.  
Over the housetops, over the street, over the heads of the people you meet.  
Dancing, flirting, skimming along, beautiful snow! it can do nothing wrong.  
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek; clinging to him in a frolicsome freak;  
Beautiful snow, from the heavens above, pure as an angel, and tickle as love!

O! the snow, the beautiful snow! How the flakes gather and laugh as they go!  
Whirling about in its maddening fun, it plays in its glee with everyone.  
Chasing, laughing, hurrying by, it lights up the face and its sparkles the eye;  
And even the dogs with a bark and a bound, snap at the crystals that eddy around.  
The town is alive and its heart is aglow, to welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

How the wild crowd go swaying along, hailing each other with humor and song;  
How the gay sledges like meteors flash by—bright for a moment, then lost to the eye.  
Ringing, swinging, dashing they go over the crest of the beautiful snow;  
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky, to be trampled in mud by the tramped and tracked by the thousands of feet, till it blends with the horrible filth in the street.

Once I was pure as the snow—but I fell; fell, like the snow-flakes, from heaven to hell;  
Fell, to be trampled as the filth in the street: fell, to be scoffed, to be spit on and beat.  
Pleading, cursing, dreading to die, selling my soul to whoever would buy;  
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread, hating the living and fearing the dead.  
Merciful God! have I fallen so low? And yet, I was once like this beautiful snow!

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow, with an eye like its crystals, a heart like its glow;  
Once I was loved for my innocent grace—flattered and sought for the charm of my face.  
Father, mother, sisters all, God, and myself, I have lost by my fall, it would be, when the night comes again, if the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain!  
Fainting, freezing, dying alone, too wicked for prayer, too weak for my moan.  
To be heard in the crash of the crazy town, gone mad in its joy at the snow's coming down;  
To lie and to die in my terrible woe, with a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow.

—J. W. Watson, 1852.



## Father O'Flaherty's Tactics.

BY ETHEL M. COLSON.

(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)  
It was a neat little house in a neat little street, Dennis Mullaney's residence, but it was not alone because of its neatness that Mrs. Mullaney was proud of it. She had bought that house—on the installment plan, mind you—out of her own earnings as a seamstress, aided by the little she could save out of her husband's wages of two dollars a day. And she had never, as she herself expressed it, had "less than eight children ter kape" while the house was in course of acquisition. For these beloved "children" the social ambitions were high. It was no part of her plans that Molly, her eldest and the flower of the flock, should marry a "common teamster," although young "Jamesy" Murphy owned a fine team.

It is doubtful if the young people would ever have had a chance to be happy—without making a run for it, which Molly would never have consented to do—but for Father O'Flaherty's assistance.

Father O'Flaherty was the boyish-faced priest at St. Michael's, a young man just out from Ireland, and, once more to quote Mrs. Mullaney, "wur-ekin' lakke the very divvie ter bate ther faver of homesickness," which was consuming him. Father O'Flaherty was fond of calling at the Mullaney cottage because Mrs. Mullaney reminded him of the good, hard-working, affectionate mother who had sacrificed her own joy in his presence for the sake of his future well-being. He was sorry, upon the occasion of the call which directly followed Mrs. Mullaney's flat against "Jamesy" Murphy to see that Molly looked pale and troubled and that her eyes showed traces of tears.

"It's hankerin' after Jamesy Murphy that she do be," the indignant mother



"It's hankerin' after Jamesy Murphy," burst forth in answer to the good priest's kindly inquiry. "But it's cry she'll have ter, unless Jamesy alters his ways."

"A good lad, Mrs. Mullaney," said Father O'Flaherty, "and very steady for his years."

Molly shot him a grateful glance, but Mrs. Mullaney grew more indignant.

"He may be steady as the church fer awl I care," she declared, roundly, "an' as handsome as Molly thinks him. But no young man that's willin' ter

drive team these days is good enough fer my Molly. It's education an' style that helps a man up in ther wurrid these days."

"It's love that makes people happy," ventured Molly, emboldened by the priest's evident sympathy.

"I believe you're right, my girl," Father O'Flaherty told her a few moments later, as she showed him out at the front door. "Keep up a good heart and a good courage, Molly, and you'll be a happy woman one of these days."

Straight home to the study where a committee of "solid" parishioners



"Heaven bless ye, father," waited to discuss plans for the building of the new church went Father O'Flaherty, thinking of Molly and "Jamesy" and Mrs. Mullaney as he went. And thinking a little, too, perhaps, of the bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked Irish girl for whose sake he had been hurried off to college a little earlier than he had expected, but of whose charms a man dedicated to the priesthood from his infancy had no right to think. She, too, had looked a little pale and troubled when last he saw her. The thin face of Father O'Flaherty looked thinner than ever as he faced his parishioners.

"I'll leave most of the details to you, gentlemen," he said, presently, "but I want young James Murphy to have the contract for the teaming. He's a good lad and the contract will help him. None of you will have any objection, I am sure."

"Jamesy isn't prepared for't," suggested one of the three contract teamsters in the room.

"I understand he soon will be," was Father O'Flaherty's quiet reply.

That night he had an interview with the young teamster.

"I'm thinking, James," was the substance of this conversation, "that you could borrow the money for a couple of new teams from your father if you had a good contract in sight, couldn't you? And I myself shall be glad to lend you the money for still another good team and wagon. With three or four teams you'd be in shape to undertake the teaming contract for the new church of St. Michael."

"Never mind thanks, lad," he concluded the interview by saying. "Go and talk to your father—and see if you can't overcome Mrs. Mullaney's prejudice against having a teamster for a son-in-law by telling her that you've got the church contract."  
"Heaven bless ye, Father," said

young "Jamesy," relapsing into the vernacular.

And, as Father O'Flaherty had expected, Mrs. Mullaney's social ambitions for her daughter recognized a wide difference between a "common" teamster who drove his own single team and the "contract teamster" who rejoiced in four teams and the church contract.

The neat little house was replaced by a tall flat building some time ago, and Mr. and Mrs. James Murphy, blissfully happy and successful, are joint owners with Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Mullaney of this new building. Father O'Flaherty, albeit that he never finds the new building quite so snug and homelike as the old one, calls there quite often and he is usually a little happier for every visit.

The sweet little Irish girl of whom Father O'Flaherty has no business to be thinking slipped out this life last winter, and it comforts the man who has no business to think of her to know that Molly Murphy, nee Molly Mullaney, was made happy for her sake.

## RESPECT FOR THE LAW.

A Blow at the President is a Menace to us All.

So far as the American people can protect the life of their chief magistrate against the common enemies of all governments, no effort will be spared to do so. A stricter enforcement of existing legislation, possibly new legislation looking to the closer supervision of the speech and action of suspicious elements in the community is likely to follow. A blow directed against our president is a menace to each one of us, and we have full right to take every precaution against the foes of established order. But in a democracy like ours, founded upon free opinion and free speech, choosing its rulers from the ranks, and desiring those rulers to mingle more or less freely, during their term of office, with their fellow-citizens, it becomes difficult and probably impossible to surround the life of an American president with those safeguards with which European sovereigns have grown sadly familiar. In witnessing the slaying of our chief magistrate by an anarchist, we are sharing in the evil inheritance of old world tyranny and absolutism, without being able to utilize those defensive measures which absolutism makes possible. The only permanently effective weapon against anarchy, in a self-governing republic, is respect for law. Fortunately, this weapon is within the reach of every citizen of the American Commonwealth, and we believe that the untimely death of the president has already resulted in a profound popular reaction against lawlessness in every form.—Atlantic Monthly.

## His Question of Faith.

A religious old darkey had his faith badly shaken not long ago. He is sexton for a white church in a Fayette county town, and one afternoon as he was in front sweeping the pavement a strong wind arose, tearing a piece of the cornice off and taking a few bricks out of the wall. Realizing that a good run was better than a bad stand, the old man sought shelter in the station house on the opposite side of the street. Several minutes later a member of the church of which Uncle Isham is sexton came by, and noticing him in his retreat, remarked that he thought the station house a strange place for a man of faith to seek shelter in a storm when a house of worship was near. "Dat's so, but whut's a man gwine ter do when de Lord begins to frow bricks at 'im?"—Memphis Scimitar.

## A New Fuel Gas.

Much interest is felt in England in the Mond fuel gas, which is made from the cheapest class of small coal and dust, known as "bituminous slack." This gas, which is intended for furnaces and gas engines, can, it is claimed, be supplied at a cost of four cents per thousand cubic feet. It is not a lighting gas, as it burns with a pale blue flame, and its heating value is lower than that of illuminating gas, but greater than most other "producer gases." In the process of manufacture a very large proportion of the nitrogen of the coal is recovered in the form of sulphate of ammonia, worth nearly two dollars for every ton of slack gasified.

## Artificial Ice in Arizona.

A company has just been formed at Phoenix for the unique purpose of making ice by electrical currents and storing it in artificial glaciers in high altitudes, for purposes of irrigation. The inventors claim that their scheme will not only solve the water problem, but will tend to greatly reduce the summer temperature in the arid regions. They declare that while, heretofore, only heat has been produced by electricity, they, by a simple process, reverse the method and secure the opposite results, producing intense cold.

## An Amluted Brother.

Brother Dickey was under the weather the other day. In describing his symptoms he said: "Yes, sub, hit's true dat I ain't feelin' half well. In de fust place, I 'flicted wid rattlin' er de bones; den I troubled wid battlin' er de eyelids, liftin' er de lef leg, wobblin' er de right foot, an crackin' er de top skull. All I needs now ter finish me complete is six months er de unf-janted rheumatism!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Some men will do for strangers what their relatives may ask in vain.

# Pictorial Humor

BY THE SAD SEA WAVES.



Dick—"You're the only woman I ever loved."  
Ethel—"You're joking."  
Dick—"No, truly. The others were all girls."

## As It Might Have Been.

Wederly—"I don't believe the average mother-in-law is half as black as she is painted."

Singleton—"Don't you, really?"  
Wederly—"No. My mother-in-law tried to do me a favor once that would probably have made me happy for life had she succeeded."

Singleton—"What did she do—attempt suicide?"

Wederly—"No. She refused her consent to my marriage with her daughter, but I like a blooming idiot, induced the girl to elope with me."

## The Professor.

It was early on the morning of Oct. 9, 1901, the thirtieth anniversary of the great fire.

The professor being unable to sleep, had gone out of doors to look at the stars.

Suddenly the glare of a tremendous conflagration down-town caught his eye, and he heard the rattle and rumble of fire engines hastening to the scene of danger.

"Well," he said, "it's quite evident that for the last thirty years Chicago has been between two fires."

## SUMMER KNOCKING.



Sister—"Mary received a box of lovely silk stockings from London yesterday."  
Brother—"I guess you'll see her on the street every rainy day after this."

## Kindly.

Miss Anteeck—She's very rude. She told me yesterday that I was "a homely old thing."

Miss Goodheart—Yes, I heard her, and I took her to task for it afterward.

Miss Anteeck—Did you really?  
Miss Goodheart—Yes; I told her she should think how sensitive you must be about it.—Philadelphia Press.

## Woman-Like.

Tess—She says she can't understand why people call him a flatterer.

Jeas—She does, eh?

Tess—Yes; I guess it's because he never said anything flattering to her.  
Jeas—More likely he did say something flattering and she's trying to make herself believe he was in earnest.—Philadelphia Press.

## Why He Escaped.

The Literary Editor: "That fellow Scribbler sent in a poem this morning entitled 'Why do I live?'"

The Editor: "What did you do with it?"

The Literary Editor: "Returned it with an enclosed slip saying: 'Because you mailed this instead of bringing it personally.'"

## A CINCH.



"If it wasn't for one thing, I bet that horse of mine could go a mile in a minute."  
"What's the one thing?"  
"The distance is too far for the time."

## At an Advantage.

"Binz is a bit of a bore, but he's very fond of children." "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "He can tell them all his stories without so much risk of their saying they have heard them before."—Washington Star.

## Worse Yet.

Mother—"If you marry him in haste you will repent at leisure."  
Daughter—"Well, I can't bear to think of any other girl repenting at leisure with him."—Puck.

The Lizzard—Why is Mrs. Spider crying?  
The Toad—She telegraphed her husband to kill her a house fly for dinner and he understood it horse fly and was killed in the combat.

## Unpractical Man.

Cooke—It's surprising how unpractical some men are.

Brooke—Why, how's that?

Cooke—Well, there's Prof. Linguist, for example. He spent the best part of his life acquiring fluency in nine or ten different languages, and then went and married a wife who never gives him a chance to get a word in edgeways.—Tit-Bits.

## An Earthly Angel.

Said he: "If you will be my wife you shall never know a care: With an angel for an earthly mate There is nothing I'd not dare."

"No doubt," she answered calmly, "But somewhere I have read That fools off rush in blindly Where angels fear to tread."

Father—"Tommy, this is a very bad report you bring from school." Tommy—"I know it, papa; but you said if I brought home a good report you would give me a quarter, and I wanted to save you that expense."

## An Acknowledgment.

A man sometimes attaches a great deal of importance to himself," remarked Mr. Meekton's wife. "Yes," answered Leonidas, with a Chesterfieldian air, "especially when he gets married."—Washington Star.

## Anatural Term.

"Papa, here's an expression I never heard before: 'That's the word with the barkon.' What does it mean?" "I suppose it means any word that's written in a ship's log."—Chicago Tribune.

Miss Cutting—I have a good joke on my cousin Clara. Without her glasses, you know, it is almost impossible for her to distinguish one person from another, and this morning she actually talked to a dummy in front of a clothing store for 10 minutes, thinking it was you.

Softleigh—Weally! And how did she—aw—discovah her mistake?  
Miss Cutting—She didn't; there's where the joke comes in.—Chicago News.