

a baby's coffin snatched from the woman who holds it in her arms outside a church in the dead of a night illuminated only by the flashes of a terrible storm, stands between you and a thousand dollars you can only rail at the author's insanity. But the Record wanted a mystery and Mr. Edwards, the author of "Sons and Fathers" has constructed one. The person who comes the nearest to the solution should be given a place in a mad house. He will have shown a rare sympathy with alienated minds that can not fail to be beneficial to the insane.

Was there a baby in the coffin? If so whose? Everybody the story mentions is alive until near the end when only four survive. Gerald's mother is Rita, Edward's Marion Evan, his father is the old violinist, but who is Gerald's father? The story is one of heredity and he resembles John Morgan more than anyone else. It may turn out his father was in the coffin foreshortened on account of the demands of art. This is no greater absurdity than the explanations Mr. Edwards is good enough to make throughout the story. When Edward Morgan comes into his inheritance he enters what he has some reason to suppose is his grandmother's room. She died after her son had graduated from college and returned from a long trip abroad and yet a boy's jacket, half repaired is described as resting on the table with a needle still sticking in it. This is a mystery almost as great as the paternity one. It can not be plausibly explained. If the last chapter reveals the reason for all the contradictions and impossibilities that the story contains, it should be done in shorthand—one issue of the Record has not columns enough to contain them. As a mystery monger the author is a success and evidently the Record did not want literature. He who rails reveals that he struggles against the impotence of sanity over insanity.

The statement is made in several papers that the Salvation army during the past five years has nearly doubled in size in the United States, while in England and Canada it has lost ground. This would seem to forebode ill for the future of the movement should the Volunteers attain to the proportions hoped for. It shows that Ballington Booth is a better manager than his father. As well as a better American, Patriotism and piety have been united in America since the "minute men" took their guns to church with them. General Booth struck a fatal blow at his supremacy in the American Salvation army when he tried to Anglicise it.

A Lincoln officer of the Salvation army, a woman, when asked if the small detachment here would go over to the Volunteers used violent language and gestures in denouncing Ballington and refused to credit him with honest motives in leaving the army. She said she was an officer. Her intemperate words and fierce gestures place her in the ranks. However the company here is a small one and it makes little difference what it decides to do. Their meetings are marred by a constant appeal for money, by the poisonous air and by a very dirty audience, nor are the band on the platform as much of an example of the really surprising effects of soap and water as the preachers in other demonstrations invariably are. A spotless soul will live in a clean body. A clean body will begin to desire a spotless character. The spiritual and the physical are full of instruction for each other.

The Salvation army meetings have always been interesting to other people—but only as an experiment. In Lincoln so far as cleanliness is concerned the army has failed. It is difficult to believe that it has succeeded in any partic-

ular failing in that, the obvious first step. A Baptist Salvation army might succeed better. The connection between water and the body, and the souls purity is emphasized by that congregation so strongly the salvationists might see it.

S. B. H.

Holding the Pass

What though at famed Thermopylae
Death grimly stalked, and King was he;
What though the Persian darts fell fast
As hailstones driven by the blast,
Still stood that royal Spartan few,
And still Leonidas was true.
Though red with gore drops was the
grass,

He held the pass.

When rank oppression damns the land,
And ruthless might bids progress stand;
When railroads feed the public cares
By "all the traffic (strained) will bear,"
Then doth some editorial wight
Stand voiceless as the voiceless night.
And, while the people cry "Alas!"
He holds the pass.

Sonnet

Ere baffled Winter, at fair Spring's first
nod,
His weakened forces northward home
hath led,
While remnant drifts about our path
are spread,
The crocus bursts the bondage of the
sod;
And, lo! where late among the snow we
trod,
The blossom sunward lifts its dainty
head,
White, purple, gold, along the garden
bed,
To catch the first warm glances of its
god.
Thus, in some gloomy season of the
heart,
When sorrow all our joy hath over-
spread,
And ev'ry voice seems but to make
us sad,
New hopes arise are pain can all depart;
We fling aside the discontent and
dread,
And go our way with faces bright
and glad.

—Mortimer Mensell.

A Sublime Appetite

They were seated at the restaurant
table, he looking over the menu, when
she said, gushingly,—

"Do you know, dear, I have always
longed for the society of a congenial soul,
one who loved the good, the true—

"Pig's feet, baked beans, cold tripe,
griddle-cakes,—which will you have?"
interrupted "dear" at this point.

"I'll take them all," was the soulful
answer.

Never Fails

"Where are you going?" said the ba-
nana-peel to the passer-by.

"Oh, just taking a little trip," replied
the passer-by, as he sat down upon the
sidewalk.—New York Tribune.

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