

choruses of the patriotic songs Mr. Barton and Miss Bishop sang.

The beautiful home and art gallery of Mr. Lininger were generously thrown open on the afternoon of Washington's birthday for the benefit of the Visiting Nurses' association. The reception which they gave was one of the pleasant social events of a very gay week. From the birthday money brought by each guest the sum of \$300 was raised for this worthy cause. The art gallery was arranged as a concert room and a little musicale was given there.

Aside from the cotillion, dances have not been many this winter and there was a general feeling of regret among the younger members of society when the night of Shrove Tuesday merged itself into Ash Wednesday morning in spite of the stopped clocks, and the dancing which was going on merrily at "Hilledale" was brought to an end not to be resumed until the forty days of Lent are over. Certainly the fresh face of the girls and the gay spirits of every one showed little physical need for the rest and quiet of Lenten days. It was ten o'clock before the guests began to arrive at Mr. and Mrs. Yates for the dance which followed the dinners given by six hostesses, but, inspired by the music of Dimmick's orchestra of five pieces, the ball was soon in motion and the dances crowded rapidly together for the next two hours. The supper room, where coffee, sandwiches, ices and cake could be found all during the evening, was left almost deserted until the dancing was over and the eager dancers had time to feel hungry after the dinners of many courses earlier in the evening. Mrs. Arthur C. Smith was hostess of the largest of the dinners, exquisitely served, covers for twenty-three being laid at small tables, each of which had its bowl or vase of red carnations and was lighted by candles under red shades. Her guests were Dr. and Mrs. Anderson, Messrs. and Mesdames Clement Chase, Cudaby, Modjeska, Robinson; Miss Elizabeth Allen; Dr. Bridges, Messrs. Darling, Paxton, Macbeth, Fred Hamilton, Robert Patrick and Morsman. At Miss Kountze's Mr. and Mrs. McCormick, Miss Webster, Miss Carita Curtis, Miss Anne Lee, Miss Doane, Mr. Dodge, Mr. Gannett, Mr. Lee, Mr. Montgomery and Mr. Dick Stewart. A round table seated the guests and large bunches of California violets were at the women's places. The center of the table was entirely filled by a bank of delicate ferns, flanked by four silver candlesticks, shaded by green flower shades. Mr. and Mrs. Learned entertained Mr. and Mrs. Hull, Mr. and Mrs. Montmorency, Miss Platt, Miss Sherwood, Miss Allen, Mrs. Dixon, Mr. Ezra Millard, Mr. Henry Clark, Mr. Sam Caldwell, Mr. Lynn Sherwood. Gay yellow jonquils were the decorations used at this dinner and to the plate cards were fastened bunches of violets. Mr. and Mrs. Luther Kountze gave a delightful dinner, the table being in pink and white, a mass of pink roses and a number white shaded candles giving a dainty effect. Mr. and Mrs. George Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. Welch, Miss Helen Smith and Mr. Brewster of New York were their guests. Mr. and Mrs. Lindsey and Miss Lindsey had as their guests Mrs. Crofoot, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Nash, Miss Montgomery, Mr. Parker of New York, Mr. Drake and Mr. Harry Lindsey. Red carnations were used in profusion on a well appointed table which was lighted by candles with shades matching the flowers. Mr. and Mrs. Warren Rogers, Miss Moore, Miss Peck, Miss Lomax, Miss Fowle, Mr. Creigh, Mr. Cooley, Mr. Shiverick, Mr. Day and Mr. Sam Burns dined with Miss Edith Smith, whose table was charmingly pretty in two shades of pink carnations, the chandelier lights being

subdued by shades of the same colors, which were most effective in the result. The success of the dinner dance has revived the popularity of that form of entertainment again and it is to be hoped that next season there may be a series of them as in years past.

The Lynching Mania.

Apart from the almost incredible depravity shown by these people of Kansas in allowing the school children to flock about and watch the burning of a negro at the stake, their lawlessness in the taking of human life is not peculiar. There is a lynching almost every day, on the average, in some part of the United States. The lynching statistics of several years past, fortunately, do not indicate that the annual average is at present increasing; but the bad effects upon the country are of a cumulative nature, and the tendency to resort to lynch-law is more deeply seated throughout the nation as a whole than it was ten years ago. At about the same time as this Leavenworth affair, a negro was lynched in Florida for attempting to wreck a train. Last November, Colorado was disgraced by the burning alive of a brutal negro boy sixteen years old, whom the authorities had duly traced and arrested as the perpetrator of a horrible crime. The sorrow and suffering caused by such a crime as this negro was guilty of can not be lessened by torturing the criminal. Vengeance of that kind is wholly illogical and serves no useful purpose. It does not deter other men of like impulses from deeds of violence, because such men, as a rule, are neither morally nor intellectually responsible, but are the victims of mad impulse. The law should provide for some very direct and summary mode of trial for such cases, to be followed, when guilt is proved, by immediate execution—never, of course, in public. Lynching is absolutely inadmissible. It makes the mob more and more intolerant, and less and less regardful of the sacredness of human life. Thus the Florida lynching of the middle of January on the charge of attempting to wreck a train is an illustration of the ease with which mob-law passes from the punishment of actual murderers to that of men believed to have planned or plotted a deed that might have resulted in murder. Some lynchings within the past year have been for causes rather frivolous than serious. The whole tendency is deeply deplorable. It does not stop crime, but breeds it.—Review of Reviews for March.

A Prehistoric Elopement.

Faster and faster sweeps the glistening cave-man to and fro; lower and tenser grows the cooing song. Dazed with the motion of her head from side to side to watch the ever-changing love-play, she does not heed the player's gradual approach, when with a sudden spring he dashes in upon her, seizes her with his strong arms, and drags her screaming, struggling down the sloping path.

But the glamour is dispelled, and, alive to the instinct of self defence, the woman bites and struggles, and in her young strength proves no easy conquest. Driven to desperate measures, the cave-man seizes from the ground a stone, stuns her with a sudden stroke, and as she throws up her arms to fall, seizes her about the waist, and, casting her lightly across his shoulder, hastens down the path.

Down through the leafy, sunlit glades he strides, bearing the warm and yielding burden of senseless flesh, the nerveless arms adown his back, and the yellow hair streaming to the ground; and the forest, with its green depths, closes about them.—Dr. Merrick Whitcomb, in March Lippincott.

THE TRANSPORTS COMING HOME

KATHARINE MELICK.
(For The Courier.)

Not my boys that are coming
from the west
With every hour less ocean
stretched between?
Not my boys?
Have you never heard how all
The lads that wear
God's blue and Uncle Sam's,
The lads that are their country's
are mine? How
The lads that keep their country
kept me?

Far
Far down in Dixie land
it was, and far
Before the trampling
of the wine press there
And farthest in
the first beginnings; at
The very start of things.
I must have had
A birthday there:
but whether when the bolls
Of cotton covered all the fields,
or when
The warm magnolias
filled the Southern nights
To brimming dawns,
I know not. Only this
That seems the first,
we awakened in the night
To see our father
with his musket stand
Beside our bed,
and kiss us, every one,
And kiss my mother,
and he went away
Leaving us,
four scared faces in the dark,
Until the mother hushed us
all to sleep.

Four of us, and our mother.
We had need
To have been older.
Every day, it seems,
And yet it might have been
but once, we went
Hurrying through
between the cotton stalks
We two close folded
in my mother's arms,
My sister,
for I had a sister then,
Stumbling and hurrying
with the baby, till
We crouched, and lay, and listened;
and we heard
The shouts and hoof beats
of the Rebels there
Burning the ricks behind us.
Not a face
Looks out from all that home land
with a smile,
For war had rocked our cradle.

Then there came
At last a peace
upon our mother's face.
We saw it in the whiteness
of the moon
As one by one she dressed us
in the night
And carried us across
the trampled fields
For miles and weary miles.
The colder dews
Fell in our faces,
but the sunrise still
Would warm us when we slept.
We woke, and cried
For hunger, and our mother
whispered still
"Father is just ahead."
And so we came
Where lines of soldiers
lay along a ridge,
And jagged furrows
seamed the trodden earth,
Where heaps of horses
lay unburied yet,
And far within,
dark walls stood towering.

But when we wandered
over ridge and steep
To many a blue clad,
dark faced, watching line
At last we found
a white haired sentinel
Who heard our quest,
and waited, stammering,
Until my mother whispered,
"He is dead,"
And then they carried her
within the walls.

So we were left,
when they had taken us
With strange and heavy
music, solemnly
To see the mounds,

with flags at head and foot,
Two mounds, beside
the Corinth battle field.

And the rough faces,
tear wet all around
And the long waiting,
till our mother came,
Faded into a dream
of bearded men,
With smiles and songs,
and stories marvellous.
We awakened to the
morning reveille,
And glided from the old
black mammy's tent
To watch the long lines
straggle from the fort
And find our white haired soldier.

Not the day
When Baby,—even when
my sister, died
Was drowned in tears
as when we went away
With black faced Mammy
to the far, far North,
And left our Soldiers.
In the tattered frock
My mother's hands
had fastened on that night,
Now grown so small and faded,
so I came
To the dear Father
of my college,—mine
As soldier boys are mine.

And when we went,
We two that are all,
all alone of kin
Save for our Regiment,
to find the graves,
We found them marked
by hands that cradled us
When we were Children
of the Regiment.

You have your boy,
but father, mother, all
Of mine is in the flag
that wrapped me round
On many a day,
by Corinth battle field.
And scarce that laddie
with my father's eyes
Is dearer than the boys
that wear the blue.

ICONOCLASM.

I'm in a state of deep disgust,
When people tell me that I must
Unlearn some things that are to me
Important facts in history.
They say there was no hatchet small
That Washington ever owned at all.
Which told the tale that in his youth
He was a champion of the truth.
Why do reformers of today
The lovely story sweep away,
Where George did father's wrath defy,
Because he would not tell a lie?
This grand example is too rare
To from our country's annals spare.

Another case is brought to mind,
Where skill and bravery are maligned.
I hear that it is boldly said
There was no apple on the head
Of that young boy of ancient lore,
Nor any William Tell who bore,
With arrow swift into mid air,
The apple from his son's fair hair.
Sure I've been shown where sire and son
Each stood when the famed deed was done.
—S. E. A.

Mexico and Its Red Men.

The Mexicans have threatened their indian problem much more broadly and generously than we have done. Notwithstanding all the cruelty of the conquerors, who reduced the natives to peonage in order to work their mines, the church made many heroic efforts to better their condition. One of the masterpieces of modern art treasured at the Mexican capital is entitled "Las Casas protecting the Indians." It was painted by a student of the Mexican School of Art. There are but three figures, of life size—Las Casas is standing over the prostrate form of an Indian who has been slain; an Indian woman is clinging to his knees for protection. The priest, who stands in front of an Aztec temple, is menacing the assailants with the cross.—Henry S. Brooks, in March Lippincott.