But even in this expression of emotional and religious humility, how smoothly flows the verse, how effortless is the rhythm. The excessive humility is out of style, and that which is out of style is grotesque in literature as well as in costumes. In spite of the difference in the styles of the twentieth and of the seventeenth century, in the last part of which Watts began to write, he is still the master of English hymnody, and congregations still sing his hymns far more than those of any other author. He died in 1748, and in the 154 years which have intervened since his death no other hymn writer has rivaled his popularity.

A stray hymn of great beauty and power occasionally finds a permanent place in the hymn books. But no other author is at once so versatile and so prolific. Watts has written hymns for all occasions presided over and administered by a priest; there are songs for weddings, funerals, baptisms, for all assemblies where people formally and ceremoniously worship God, as well as for the pious man in the moments when he withdraws himself from the world. Watts' hymns have been murmured by the dying; the puritan bride hums them as she prepares herself for the bridegroom, and the mothers of the race have chanted them over our cradles.

The English of the hymns is strong and plain. The short, tuneful lines do not flatter humanity, but like a good and undeceived preacher they straitly tell the truth about man and each singer confesses their pertinency, though he may smile at lines like: "Father, and shall we ever live at this poor dying rate?" or "Look how we grovel here below."

* * *

For Value Received

Business men lose a certain per cent of their invested capital in bad debts every year. They continually endeavor to make this loss smaller. They never reduce it altogether. The over cautious man defeats his own purpose. All business is a risk, and in order to make more than three or four per cent, the investor must have faith in the weather, in the integrity of his fellow men and in their future ability to pay what they borrow from him either in goods or money. Doctors and lawyers, of all professional men, lose the largest per cent of their investment of education, skill and labor. No one expects a shopkeeper to give away his goods for the sake of friendship. Lawyers are despoiled of their opinions for charity and for friendship every day. A good lawyer's opinions, founded on years of study and experience, are his stock in trade, yet a man who would feel insulted if a merchant prince or silk and cotton offered him a bolt of velvet, will nonchalantly request a lawyer or a doctor for opinions whose preparation has cost more than the manufacture of the velvet.

The codes of the doctor seem to the outside world peculiar. Merchants have a price list, publishers have a card of advertising rates more or less loosely adhered to, but it is at least a standard and is based on circulation; brokers charge a certain per cent for their services, bankers charge a varying rate for money, a laborer's fee is fixed by the union to which he belongs or by the current local standard. In all these cases it is comparatively easy to find out beforehand just what certain services will cost.

Doctors are called in emergencies, and as in the case of President McKinley there is often no stipulation as to the price of the services. When life is balanced against money, the latter is for the only time forgotten. Dr. W. C. Browning of Philadelphia is suing the estate of millionaire Magee for professional services during a long illness, for $190,070. The sum seems a very large one, but perhaps the doctor believes with Robin Hood that it is necessary to take from the rich in order to give to the poor. He may have been treating the poor for years without recompense except his conscience, and that will buy neither coal for his house nor new frocks for the baby. He therefore concluded that his rich patient's death was the opportunity to cancel the debts of a hundred or more poor patients. To be sure the heirs are disputing the bill, and it is a question of the charitably disposed physician can get his bills settled in this way. The heirs object to the amount of his bill, and if he has given away $190,070 of doctoring to the Philadelphia poor, they consider that he must stand the loss. I suppose the rich travelers whom Robin Hood ordered at the spear's point to stand and deliver, felt the same way. But Robin Hood was much more sure of his plunder than Dr. Browning is.

* * *

War Losses

Loquacious individuals announce that England has lost prestige by the war in South Africa. After a thing has been said a certain number of times it is accepted as truth; and if facts contradict the saying, it is true anyway, and the chatterers reiterate it more volubly.

It is true that the world is round, though it seems flat. It is just as true that the war in South Africa was not of England's seeking, that the Boers fired on English troops first and that previously to that time it was Kruger who cut short the deliberations and ordered the commandos into the field. All these facts do not make any impression upon the people who make up their minds upon subjects without investigation; and when contrary to their wishes a collection of facts is brought to their attention, they dismiss them as kings do unpopular courtiers, with a wave of the hand and a sentence of exile. England did not persecute the Boer farmers or drive them into war. Kruger got angry and ordered out his troops which he had been for years arming with the best guns bought with the money obtained from the outlanders. Kruger himself is a sly, untruthful, greedy and short-sighted old man whose obstinacy and lack of business foresight has deprived his country of autonomy.

It is not true that the English army has lost its prestige by means of the war and its terrible losses. If there is one supreme lesson of the war it is that the cost of final victory is too great for any nation to go to war over a trifle or even to right a great injustice. A small determined army, like the Boer army, can defeat an invading force many times its size by means of long range arms and a native's knowledge of topography.

We knew before the war that the Englishman was not facile or versatile or quick to change tactics which he had been taught are conventional and the best possible in a campaign. Defeat after defeat left the Englishmen who were not killed on the battlefield, still unconvinced that there was anything the matter with their way of meeting the enemy. The English soldiers in Africa fought with the same dogged bravery that Washington observed and admired. They fought, as they will fight again, without the inspiration of the moment and its indication. They fought as they would fight on a plain or in a hilly country.

To the Englishman, fighting is fighting, whether the opponents are North American Indians, or the French, or Boer sharpshooters hidden behind rocks six feet thick. The Englishman is the same yesterday, today and forever. Yet in spite of his slowness and inability to take suggestions from the topography or from the enemy as to the disposition of his forces, in spite of his invulnerability to any suggestion from whatever source, history records that the Englishman finally wins.

Victory has been won at a terrible cost of men and treasure in South Africa, but the Englishman has won in the interests of civilization and truth.

Americans began to study the English at the time of the Revolution. Washington's summary of the English officer's character, his predisposition to blundering, his haughtiness, and withal his bravery, is as characteristic of the English fighting men to-day as it was in 1776.

It is most likely that the rigors, if there are rigors, of English colonial government will be softened. It is a long time since the English people has had a colonial war with white folks. The Indian mutiny was an oriental explosion and was finished in the time of an explosion. The English have not had what sportsmen call a real fight since the American Revolution, until they met the Transvaal Dutchmen. One lesson of the war is that neither combatant will want to fight again for a century at least. Europe has ceased to scoff at the Czar's peace protocol.

The children of men ten years after a war, begin to think of its grandeurs and its glory. The sickening smell of spilt blood and of festering wounds has been taken up by the air of heaven, the veterans are telling the stories of the war and the buglers play the warlike notes at night to the children around the cottage door. The cruelty, the brutality, the vices of war are obscured by the ways of peace. All that is left is the memory of heroic deeds and the comradeship of the camp and battle-field.

Veterans' tales fire the hearts of the youngsters who listen to them, and they long for another war. But the object lesson in South Africa has strengthened the walls and the liberties of every small country which the powers covet. A good long distance rifle in the hands of one man in ambush who can hit what he aims at, is worth twenty men in the open. Rich little countries like Switzerland and Holland are no longer afraid of covetous neighbors like Germany since the demonstration in South Africa. Emperor William would like to absorb Holland, but not at such a cost. He would pay in men and money much more than Holland is worth to Germany if he went to war to get it. England has made a generous peace with the Boers as a result of the bravery and the magnanimity and the tenacity of the farmers. The world congratulates them both, and rejoices at the peace that Kitchener has concluded.

* * *

The Chime

The chime of bells which Lincoln has dedicated to the memory of President McKinley, has been set up in the tower of the Methodist church. Some complaints were made because the bells vibrated, and the vibrations of one bell or note continued and lapped over onto the sound of the next bell. They are not out of tune. When the scale from A to G is struck, each note rings true. Tested by ear or by a tuning fork or by a violin or by any instrument in tune itself, each bell sounds the note it was made to sound. The bell responds with a full, round, mellow tone and the musicians who say that the bells are out of tune need to have their ears tuned. Tested by other instruments the bells justify. To be sure they are bells and nothing more. When they ring the sound is not like an organ, neither is it like a brass band. The sound is made by the impact of an iron clapper against a cylinder, open at one end and closed at the other. The ridge of the open end is moulded to a fine edge. When the clapper strikes it the bell expands and contracts. You can feel the vibrations as well as hear them, if you are near enough, by placing your hand on the bell. If the bell should not vibrate when it is struck by the clapper it would not be a bell. The vibrations are the bell character. There may be delicately tuned individuals in Lincoln who do not like bells. There are people who do not like olives and can not be reasoned into a taste for them, but they can not prove to the rest of us that they are not a delicious food. There is no proving tastes. But the perfect tone of each bell may be tested by any musician who cares to listen while the bell-ringer plays the scale.

The bells are made of fine copper and tin, and when the musical ear of Lincoln grows accustomed to the vibrations and when we can intellectually admit that vibration is what happens when the clapper (or what answers for a clapper) strikes the bell, we will cease to complain and begin to enjoy the great mellow round tones that may be heard three and a half miles from Lincoln.

The chime is set in the round dome of the Methodist church. The bells are suspended from a great square made of thick beams. Three bells are suspended on one side of the square; the other three sides contain two bells apiece. The big bell is suspended above them. The bellist stands on the landing beneath before a polished oak case with the handles which move the clappers of the ten bells projecting from the case. When he plays he presses these handles down and the beautiful bells above respond to his nervous, delicate touch as the chords of the piano respond to the player's fingers. The sound is the sound of a bell. Remember that, all ye good people who have apparently expected a bell to be an organ or a wind instrument, and that it will not vibrate when the iron clapper strikes it a blow that would knock a piano string out of the case or a man off his horse. A bell rings, or vibrates, when it is struck, and there are no bell moulders on earth who can change this law of matter to accommodate the people who believe that it is the function of a bell to do something else, heaven knows what, when it is struck.

CONTENTED TO QUIT

Clara Bloodgood, the well known beautiful American society woman—actress, whose marriage to William Laimbeer, a wealthy New York clubman, was recently announced, is very happy in the change of her condition. Mr. Laimbeer is the famous beauty's third husband. Mrs. Laimbeer's success on the stage as Clara Bloodgood was so marked that Clyde Fitch had written for her a play called "The Grass Widow," in which she was to appear at the Savoy next year.

Jasper—I see that another society woman is going on the stage. I wonder what could induce her to do that?

Jumpuppe—Perhaps she was crowded out by women of the stage who have gone into society.

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Clara—Jack played a mean trick on May.

Belle—What did he do?

Clara—Led her into a dark corner and then said "April Fool!"

*

Blim—What is Speeder doing now?

Blum—He's interested in a get-rich-quick scheme.

Blim—You don't say so.

Blum—Yes; he is courting an heiress.

*

The Maid—In Shekaggy, I'm afther radin', the misthrusses trates their hilp as aquals.

The Cook—Och, the nerve av thim Shekaggyans!