

Milk sherbet is taboo in New Orleans. This innocent frozen dainty has been put under a ban by the Commission Council of the City of New Orleans, by and with—it is whispered—the advice and consent of certain manufacturers of ice cream.

It may be that this banning of milk sherbet was wholly unintentional; it may have been a joke. In either case it evidences a capacity for stupid blundering, for muddled meddling, that would make the Commission Council of the City of New Orleans a fair mark for ridicule if one viewing its work could find the heart for the casting thereof—if Pity did not stand by to put Humor to shame.

If Pity would but show her handsome back instead of her disconcerting, sad face for a fleeting moment it might be pointed out that for nincompoopian provisions, inhibitions, inconsistencies, inclusions and exclusions this ordinance which renders milk sherbet taboo is the richest prize package yet put forth by any official body seeking to define ice cream and to regulate its manufacture and sale.

If Humor—impudent, lovable elf—would efface himself, instead of thrusting forward in the face of Pity to plead for a show for his white alley, the full text of this New Orleans ordinance, No. 2594 Commission Council series, adopted July 20, 1915, might not be here presented. But for Humor's sake, and because it has some slight value as a horrible example of mixed meddlesome interference and ineffectuality, here it is:

### To Make Hectograph Pads.

Hectograph mass that will not turn rancid is made by soaking 4 ounces of gelatine or best white glue in 15 fluid ounces of lukewarm water, until the mass is thoroughly softened. This will take place over night. Then heat the mass in a waterbath, stirring in slowly 15 fluid ounces of refined glycerine, maintaining the heat until most of the water has evaporated. Now remove the mass from the bath and carefully stir in one-half fluid ounce refined carbolic acid, before the mass sets by cooling and pour the mass into the form, which may be made of wood or tin to the proper size. The form or frame should be so shallow that the mass stands out above the edge at least one thirty-second of an inch. Set it on the level in a cool place for a day at least before using. Before taking the first copy, go over the face of the mass lightly with a wet sponge and let it nearly dry. If this precaution is neglected, the hectograph will be ruined because of the liability of the paper sticking to it. For ink, dissolve one ounce of aniline blue (2RB or 3B) in 7 ounces of hot water and add on cooling one ounce grain alcohol with one-quarter ounce glycerine and a few drops carbolic acid. For black ink, dissolve nigrosine black one ounce in fourteen ounces hot water, adding four ounces glycerine and two ounces sugar.

The writing or drawing should be done with a good new steel pen with either of the inks just described, and when the writing or drawing is dry, the copy is placed face down on the hectograph and rubbed gently on the back to insure perfect contact of every part. After remaining a minute or so remove the first copy (or original) and proceed to take copies by placing the paper on the hectograph, gently pressing and removing each by beginning at the lower left-hand corner. When it is desired to make new copies, the ink may be removed by washing the mass over with a sponge wet with cold water and letting it dry before using again. If the hectograph is not used for several days, washing is not required, as the gelatine will have absorbed the ink.

One day she was sitting thus, absently knitting herself some bleaching gloves. (Gabriella's hands were as if stained by all the mixed petals of the boughs.) The sun was going down beyond the low hills. In the orchard behind her she could hear the flutter of wings and the last calls of quieting birds.

She had dropped the threads of her handiwork into her lap, and with folded hands was knitting memories.

At twilights such as this in years gone by she, a little girl, had been used to drive out into the country with her grandmother—often choosing the routes herself and ordering the carriage to be stopped on the road as her fancy pleased. For in those aristocratic days, Southern children, like those of royal families, were encouraged early in life to learn how to give orders and to exact obedience and to rule: when they grew up they would have many under them: and not to reign was to be ruined. So that the infantile autocrat Gabriella was being instructed in this way and in that way by the powerful, strong-minded, efficient grandmother as a tender old lioness might train a cub for the mastering of its dangerous world.

After his long absence on the Continent, there was a great charm in the unrestrained and familiar intercourse with a number of young English girls as lively, innocent, and fearless as young fawns. But if he flirted, he flirted generally, dividing his attentions with perfect impartiality among the bridesmaids, and, with the assistance of Teddy Drake, keeping up a perpetual state of fun and laughter with them. Miss Drake and himself were great allies. After the first few days they had, by mutual consent, taken to call each other Frank and Sarah. With her cousin Frank never attempted a similar step, but addressed her as Miss O'Byrne, in a formal manner, and took excessive pleasure in teasing her in that and other small matters, especially in respect of her brogue, to her no small indignation. For Katie was a staid little person in her way, and stood rather on her dignity, and she chafed not a little under the feeling

Believing that the part taken in the settlement, foundation, and up-building of these United States by the Irish race has never received proper recognition from historians, and inspired by love for the republic, a pride in our blood and forefathers, and a desire for historic truth, this society has met and organized.

Its mission is to give a plain recital of facts, to correct errors, to supply omissions, to allay passions, to shame prejudice, and to labor for right and truth.

While we, as loyal citizens of this republic, are earnestly interested in all the various phases of its history, we feel that we should be false to its honor and greatness, and recreant to our own blood, if we did not make a serious effort to leave to those generations which follow us a clearer and better knowledge of the important work done by men and women of the Irish race on this continent. People of this race—men and women born on Irish soil—

# **MIRTH.**

Who has not felt his pulses gaily leap  
And throb and burn, the feeble step grow light  
And freer speed to scale life's fairest height  
As some sweet song, or merry jest or deep  
Toned humorous note lulls lagging care to sleep.  
Man may be mirthful built and yet contrite,  
May bear a buoyant heart through darkest night  
Whilst hope and love their angel vigil keep  
Twin foes of fear and gloom. Oh, loyal soul  
That dares to walk upright with dauntless tread;  
Amid the din of battle and the roll  
Of thunder-guns storm shattered o'er thy head,  
Press on, press ever onward, to the goal,  
And round thee joy-refulgent freely shed.

"Do!" cried the widow, rising with a brisk laugh, "get some powder into your hair, and some colour into those cheeks! And when Sir Jasper returns (he left you in tears, he will be sullen when he comes home; 'tis a mere matter of self-defence) let him find you gay, *distracte*; say a sharp thing or two if you can; tell him you do not need his company this afternoon. Ah, and if you could make him jealous! 'Tis a very, very old trick, but then, you see, love is a very old game, the oldest of all. Make him jealous, my dear, make him jealous and you'll win the rubber yet!"

"Jealous!" cried the three-months' wife, and all the blood of the innocent country girl leapt to her brow. "Oh, madam, how could that be?"

I said, I thought the three much laughed-at Quakers, who went to advise peace to the Czar Nicholas, were much nearer the truth than many of their mockers. War seemed to me so utterly opposed to Christianity that I did not see how any Christian man could ever become a soldier.

At this, Doctor Urquhart leant his elbow on the arm of the sofa, and looked me steadily in the face.

“Do you mean that a Christian man is not to defend his own life or liberty, or that of others, under any circumstances?—or is he to wear a red coat peacefully while peace lasts, and at his first battle throw down his musket, shoulder his Testament, and walk away?”

These words, though of a freer tone than I was used to, were not spoken in any irreverence. They puzzled me. I felt as if I had been playing the oracle upon a subject whereon I had not the least grounds to form an opinion at all. Yet I would not yield.

She turned, nodded her adieux; then, over her shoulder, casually: "If you haven't an appointment with the Sand-Man before dinner you may find me in the gun-room."

"I'll be there in about three minutes," he said; "and what about this dog?"—looking down at the Sagamore pup who stood before him, wagging, attentive, always the gentleman to the tips of his toes.

Miss Landis laughed. "Take him to your room if you like. Dogs have the run of the house."

So he followed a servant to the floor above, where a smiling and very ornamental maid preceded him through a corridor and into that heavy wing of the house which fronted the sea.

"Tea is served in the gun-room, sir," said the pretty maid and disappeared to give place to a melancholy and silent young man who turned on the bath, laid out fresh raiment, and whispering "Scotch or Irish, sir?" presently effaced himself.

Before he quenched his own thirst Siward filled a bowl and set it on the floor, and it seemed as though the dog would never finish gulping and slobbering in the limpid, icy water.

"It's the salt air, my boy," commented the young man, gravely refilling his own glass as though accepting the excuse on his own account.

Then man and beast completed ablutions and grooming and filed out through the wide corridor, around the gallery, and down the broad stairway to the gun-room—an oaken, vaulted place illuminated by the sun, where mellow lights sparkled on glass-cased rows of fowling-pieces and rifles, on the polished antlers of shaggy moose heads.

Miss Landis sat curled up in a cushioned corner under the open casement panes, offering herself a cup of tea. She looked up, nodding invitation; he found a place beside her. A servant whispered, "Scotch or Irish, sir?"—then set the crystal paraphernalia at his elbow.

He said something about the salt air, casually; the girl gazed meditatively at space.

The sound of wheels on the gravel outside aroused her from a silence which had become a brown study; and to Siward, presently, she said: "Here endeth our first rendezvous."

"Then let us arrange another immediately," he said, stirring the ice in his glass.

The girl considered him with speculative eyes: "I shouldn't exactly know what to do with you for the next hour if I didn't abandon you."

"Why bother to do anything with me? Why even give yourself the trouble of deserting me? That solves the problem."

"I really don't mean that you are a problem to me, Mr. Siward," she said, amused; "I mean that I am going to drive again."

"I see."

"No, you don't see at all. There's a telegram; I'm not driving for pleasure——"

She had not meant that either, and it annoyed her that she had expressed herself in such terms. As a matter of fact, at the telegraphed request of Mr. Quarrier, she was going to Black Fells Crossing to meet his train from the Lakes and drive him back to Shotover. The drive, therefore, was of course a drive for pleasure.

"I see," repeated Siward amiably.

"Perhaps you do," she observed, rising to her graceful height. He was on his feet at once, so carelessly, so good-humoredly acquiescent that without any reason at all she hesitated.

"I had meant to show you about—the cliffs—the kennels and stables; I'm sorry," she concluded, lingering.

"I'm awfully sorry," he rejoined, without meaning anything in particular. That was the trouble—whatever he said apparently meant so much.

I spoke strongly—more strongly, perhaps, than a young woman, whose opinions are more instincts and emotions than matured principles, ought to speak. If so, Doctor Urquhart gave me a fitting rebuke by his total silence.

Nor did he, for some time, even so much as look at me, but bent his head down till I could only catch the foreshortened profile of forehead, nose, and curly beard. Certainly, though a moustache is mean, puppyish, intolerable, and whiskers not much better, there is something fine and manly in a regular Oriental beard.

Doctor Urquhart spoke at last.

“So, as I overheard you say to Mrs. Granton, you ‘hate soldiers.’ ‘Hate’ is a strong word—for a Christian woman.”

My own weapons turned upon me.

“Yes, I hate soldiers because my principles, instincts, observations, confirm me in the justice of my dislike. In peace, they are idle, useless, extravagant, cumberers of the country—the mere butterflies of society. In war—you know what they are.”

The surgeon pointed to her children. "Take the poor things home," he said; "they have seen the last of their father."

Mrs. Westerfield obeyed in silence. She had her own reasons for being in a hurry to get home. Leaving the children under the servant's care, she locked herself up in the dead man's room, and emptied his trunk of the few clothes that had been left in it.

The lining which she was now to examine was of the customary material, and of the usual striped pattern in blue and white. Her fingers were not sufficiently sensitive to feel anything under the surface, when she tried it with her hand. Turning the empty trunk with the inner side of the lid toward the light, she discovered, on one of the blue stripes of the lining, a thin little shining stain which looked like a stain of dried gum. After a moment's consideration, she cut the gummed line with a penknife. Something of a white color appeared through the aperture. She drew out a folded sheet of paper.

The good-natured servant burst out laughing. "Have you got a large family, miss?" she inquired, humoring the joke.

Syd failed to see the joke. "Only two more," she answered as gravely as ever—and lifted up from the floor two miserable dolls, reduced to the last extremity of dirt and dilapidation. "My two eldest," this strange child resumed, setting up the dolls against one of the empty trunks. "The eldest is a girl, and her name is Syd. The other is a boy, untidy in his clothes, as you see. Their kind mamma forgives them when they are naughty, and buys ponies for them to ride on, and always has something nice for them to eat when they are hungry. Have you got a kind mamma, Lizzie? And are you very fond of her?"

Those innocent allusions to the neglect which was the one sad experience of Syd's young life touched the servant's heart. A bygone time was present to her memory, when she too had been left without a playfellow to keep her company or a fire to warm her, and she had not endured it patiently.

No argument can be brought to bear against oatmeal. If you believe what I say is true, why not put it to the test. I know it is a great problem to change the dietetic habits of a community—and much more so to change the habits of a nation. There are Scotchmen scattered everywhere, and no doubt they and their wives would supervise Oatmeal Clubs to teach the people how to make porridge properly and to overcome any prejudice they might have as to its use. No doubt it is an acquired taste, but when once learned it is for “keeps.”

When I first came to America I did not eat any tomatoes for years. I could not endure the taste, but gradually I took to them, and now I dearly enjoy them.

Many of my friends, through solicitation and my example, have adopted the oatmeal habit, and all of them are delighted with the result and intend to make it permanent.

Regarded, however, as a country for the Italian immigrant the prospects are certainly better, although not so dazzling as he is led to believe in his own country. Such popular phrases as "immense zones which merely await the strong arm of the colonist for their development" fall, unfortunately, rather short of the truth. The tendency is to lay all land possible under alfalfa, only such as is incapable of growing it being sold for agriculture. Large tracts, nevertheless, are being formed into colonies by land development companies, and in the past have been so divided by government, a system which gives good returns to the farmer. The latter, however, is rather inclined to work his land to death, often without rotation, and, though actual exhaustion is very remote, the rest afforded by a year's fallow and leguminous crops is rendered impossible for a variety of reasons.

Olive Schreiner, in her *Woman and Labour*, has eloquently set forth the tendency to parasitism which civilisation produces in women; they no longer exercise the arts and industries which were theirs in former ages, and so they become economically dependent on men, losing their energies and aptitudes, and becoming like those dull parasitic animals which live as blood-suckers of their host. That picture, which was of course never true of all women, is now ceasing to be true of any but a negligible minority; it presents, moreover, a parasitism limited to the economic side of life. For if the wife has often been a lazy gold-sucking parasite on her husband in the world, the husband has yet oftener been a helpless service-absorbing parasite on his wife in the home. There is, that is to say, not only an economic parasitism, with no adequate return for financial support, but a still more prevalent domestic parasitism, with an absorption of services for which no return would be adequate. There are

The evolution of society, however, tended to overlay and sometimes even to suppress those fundamental natural tendencies. The position of the man as the sole and uncontested head of the family, the insistence on paternity and male descent, the accompanying economic developments, and the tendency to view a woman less as a self-disposing individual than as an object of barter belonging to her father, the consequent rigidity of the marriage bond and the stern insistence on wifely fidelity—all these conditions of developing civilisation, while still leaving courtship possible, diminished its significance and even abolished its necessity. Moreover, on the basis of the social, economic, and legal developments thus established, new moral, spiritual, and religious forces were slowly generated, which worked on these rules of merely exterior order, and interiorised them, thus giving them power over the souls as well as over the bodies of women.

One of our young reformers in a public address lately pleaded for a wider recognition among the people of the good work of honest officials.

"There are enough among us to find fault when things are not done right," he said, "but there are few who will take the trouble to commend the man who does well. He keeps on with his efforts, whether he gets any praise for it or not, but he is often immensely cheered and refreshed by an appreciative word. If his morality is not of the heroic kind, he may fall away and cease to put forth any special effort to do his work well, just for lack of encouragement."

He illustrated his point with the story of the small boy who was sweeping the sidewalk when some ladies appeared to call upon his mother. One of them asked pleasantly, "Is your mother at home?"

This truth cannot be too early or too strongly impressed upon our children. There are enough men, like our distinguished capitalist, who do not believe in it. Their plausible arguments may undermine the convictions of our young people, unless we furnish them with solid reasons for our higher belief.

As Mr. Benjamin C. R. Low has recently written in a fine poem, "America is so new!"

We are new. We realize that we are an experiment. Whether this experiment, the greatest the world has ever seen, is to succeed, depends upon the kind of patriotism that is instilled into our children. They must be thoroughly inoculated with the truth that both peace and war make incessant, expensive and personally sacrificial demands upon every citizen, and that these demands must be met by them, or else America is lost.

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"It is a Painting on Wood; the figures are less than life, and represent Henry the Fifth and his relations. It measures four feet six inches long, by four feet four inches high, and was in the days of Catholic power the altarpiece of the church of Shene. An angel stands in the centre, holding in his hands the expanding coverings of two tents, out of which the king, with three princes, and the queen, with four princesses, are proceeding to kneel at two altars, where crosses, and sceptres, and books are lying. They wear long and flowing robes, with loose hair, and have crowns on their heads. In the background, St. George appears in the air, combating with the dragon, while Cleodelinda kneels in prayer beside a lamb. It is not, indeed, quite certain that this curious work was made during the reign of Henry the Fifth, but there can be little doubt of its being painted as early as that of his son."

The most delicate test objects for microscopes are the lines on the feathers of butterflies or moths' wings, of which there are many gradations; some easily demonstrated, and others only to be seen with the most powerful reflectors, and to the best advantage by the simple and uncondensed light of the lamp. The hair of a mouse is a very good test object: it is best seen by daylight; the most difficult parts of which are longitudinal lines in the transparent part of the hair, which require high powers. The hair of the bat and seal are also fine tests. The lines on the scales of the diamond beetle, &c. are excellent opaque proof objects. The feet of flies are likewise very interesting.

The general merit of nick-nacks is unquestioned. Ornaments, I admit, are ornamental; and works of art afford intellectual amusement of the highest order. But then perfection is their only merit; and a crack or a flaw destroys all the pleasure of a sensible beholder. Yet I have not a statue that is not a torso, nor a Chelsea china shepherdess with her full complement of fingers. I have not a vase with both its handles, a snuff-box that performs its waltz correctly, nor a volume of prints that is not dogs-eared, stained, and ink-spotted. These are serious evils; but they are the least that flow from a neglect of the maxim which stands at the head of my paper. Perpend it well, reader; and bear ever in mind that, in our desires, as in our corporeal structure, it is not given to man to add a cubit to his stature. I am very tired; so "dismiss me—enough."

perpetual imputations of awkwardness. Then, again, it is no easy matter to put on a smiling and indifferent countenance, whenever a friend, accustomed to some latitude of motion, runs, as is often the case, his devastating chair against a high-priced work of art, or overturns a table laden with an "infinite thing" in costly *bijouterie*. I have long made it a rule to exclude from my visiting-list, or at least not to let up stairs, ladies who pay their morning calls with a retinue of children: but the thing is not always possible; and one urchin with his whip will destroy more in half an hour, than the worth of a month's average domestic expenditure. Oh! how I hate the little fidgeting, fingering, dislocating imps! A bull in a china-shop is innocuous to the most orderly and amenable of them. Why did Providence make children? and why does not some wise Draconic law banish them for ever to the nursery?

"You didn't go in?"

"No. I went back up, and everything was quiet for a long time. Then I heard a lot of noise down below—a smashing—as if things were being broken. But I thought he was just destroying something he didn't need, and I didn't investigate: he hated to be disturbed. And then, a little later, I heard them shouting out here in the Square, and I looked out and saw. I saw him—just as I knew him—but a giant! Look at his face! Why, he has the face of—of a god! He's—as if he were looking down on us—and—pitying us...."

For a moment all were silent as they gazed, transfixed, at the vast form that towered two hundred feet above them. Almost as awe-inspiring as the astounding growth was the fine, dignified calmness of the face. The sergeant broke in:

"The explanation of this must be in his laboratory. We've got to have a look. You lead us there."

THE group of policemen and the janitor made a dash for the house from which the giant had come. They ascended the steps, went in, and found the door of the laboratory locked. They broke the door down. The sergeant looked in.

"Anyone in here?" he cried. Nothing disturbed the silence, and he entered, the others following.

A long, wide, dimly-lit room met their eyes, and in its middle the remains of a great mass of apparatus that had dominated it.

The apparatus was now completely destroyed. Its dozen rows of tubes were shattered, its intricate coils of wire and machinery hopelessly smashed. Fragments lay scattered all over the floor. No longer was there the least shape of meaning to anything in the room; there remained merely a litter of glass and stone and scrap metal.

In Rome men were anxious and excited, but not dismayed. There were two main parties among the people and among the soldiers, led by men of very differing type. On one side stood those who believed that the way to treat Hannibal was by a waiting game. If Rome stood fast they could wear him out as they had worn Pyrrhus out. He was far away from his base of supplies. His new troops could not be so good as his old. The Italians would not rise to help him in any great numbers. The centre of Italy was safe, anyhow. So long as he stayed in the north the south would not rise; if he moved south the Gauls would soon tire of fighting. The leader of this party was Quintus Fabius, a member of one of the proudest Roman families, and a man of what was already beginning to be called the old school. That the common people might suffer if the war dragged out for years did not disturb him much.

peevish and fretful. The little limbs are weary, and the mood is produced by weariness. So my friend with a harassing cough is in a melancholy mood, and my biliary friend is in a severe and savage mood, or in a dark and gloomy mood, or in a petulant mood, or in a fearful or foreboding mood. In truth, bile is the prolific mother of moods. The stream of life flows through the biliary duct. When that is obstructed, life is obstructed. When the golden tide sets back upon the liver, it is like backwater under a mill; it stops the driving-wheel. Bile spoils the peace of families, breaks off friendships, cuts off man from communion with his Maker, colors whole systems of theology, transforms brains into putty, and destroys the comfort of a jaundiced world. The famous Dr. Abernethy had his hobby, as most famous men have; and this hobby was "blue pill and ipecac," which he prescribed for every thing, with the supposition, I presume, that all disease has its origin in the liver. Most moods, I am sure, have their birth in the derangements of this important organ; and while the majority of them can be controlled, there are others for which their victims are not responsible. There are men who cannot insult me, because I will not take an insult from them any more than I would from a man intoxicated. When their bile starts, I am sure they will come to me and apologize.

I believe in the law of compensation. Human lot is, on the whole, well averaged. A man does not possess great gifts of person and of mind without drawbacks somewhere. Either great duties are imposed upon him, or great burdens are put upon his shoulders, or great temptations assail and harass him.

Something in his life, at some time in his life, takes it upon itself to reduce his advantages to the average standard. Nature gave Byron clubbed feet, but with those feet she gave him a genius whose numbers charmed the world—a genius which multitudes of commonplace or weak men would have been glad to purchase at the price of almost any humiliating eccentricity of person. But they were obliged to content themselves with excellent feet, and brains of the common kind and calibre. Providence had withered the little boy's leg, but the loudest song I have heard from a boy in a twelvemonth came from his lips, as he limped along alone in the open street. The cheerful heart in his bosom was a great compensation for the withered leg; and beyond this the boy had reason for singing over the fact that he was forever released from military duty, and firemen's duty, and all racing about in the service of other people. There are individual cases of misfortune in which it is hard to detect the compensating good, but these we must call the "exceptions" which "prove the rule."

"It's going to take a long, long time to make a complete job," sighed Alec, as Elsa noted down the weather. "I suppose I'll have to work at it for several summers."

"I suppose you'll have to work at it every summer," said Elsa, "if you intend to become a scientific oysterman. Don't you suppose conditions change from year to year in the oyster-beds? They must, for lots of times I've heard my father say he can't understand why the oysters in some given bed don't fatten some years. There must be changes from year to year. Whatever the reason was, I know his oysters have been poor enough this year. I heard him telling mother the other night that it had cost him hundreds of dollars because the oysters in some of his beds hadn't fattened as they usually do."

What speed may we expect of an improved soaring-machine? and upon how gentle a decline can we hope to see it maintain its initial velocity? First, note the fact that with a dirigible aeroplane or soaring machine the rate of speed is practically a matter of choice and depends at the start upon the length of the first swoop. The limit of speed will probably be decided by the strength of the machine and the breathing requirements of the aerial pilot. Let us consider a railroad train. Man has safely travelled at a rate of one hundred and twelve miles per hour. On May 11, 1893, the Empire State express on the N.Y.C. R.R. reached that speed in a mile run in thirty-two seconds, one mile westward from Crittenden. So we know that man can safely breathe when travelling at over one hundred miles per hour; yet for this, of course, he needs the same protection which a cab gives to the locomotive engineer.

~~A small balloon which can lift one~~  
hundred pounds of lead three hundred and thirty feet high in one minute exerts one-horse power.

The lead when lifted to this height has stored within itself thirty-three thousand foot-pounds of energy.

Now, if weights can be made to slide downhill upon aeroplanes at very gentle grades, then the balloon becomes a valuable motor which stores energy in its load by giving it altitude, and the weight lifted becomes a reservoir of the very power needed for its own transportation, and the name of Montgolfier, the inventor of the under-estimated balloon, takes its place as that of the real founder of the useful art of aerial transportation.

Whether or not it is possible to transport freight by sliding it down long and gentle inclines by means of aeroplanes will be considered further on; just here we must consider the soaring power of birds.

“Calc’late this gun ain’t much good.”

“Is it a reg’lar gun,” says he, “or jest a kind of a cap pistol?”

That made me mad, so I says, sarcastic: “Naw, this ain’t a gun. This is a pan of mush and milk.”

“Maybe,” says he, kind of slow and solemn, like he was thinking it over mighty careful—“maybe you could hit things better with it if it was mush and milk. It would spatter more.”

“Say,” says I, “who are you, anyhow?”

“I wa’n’t brung up to give anythin’ away free,” says he, “but I’ll trade you—my name for yourn.”

“It’s a trade,” says I. “Mine’s Moore. Mostly the kids call me Wee-wee.”

“Mine’s Atkins,” says he, “and folks call me Catty because I can climb like one.”

“One what?” says I.

“Mud turtle,” says he; “that’s plain. C-a-t-t-y—mud turtle. Spells it every time where I come from.”

She would have said something disagreeable, but that Madame, adjusting her yashmak, entered the room. She looked, so far as could be judged from her eyes, irritated and startled. "I wish Lady Branwin was at the bottom of the sea," she said crossly. "Zobeide, attend to your work. And what do you mean, Eddy, coming up to trouble my girls? You have no right in this room, and I won't have it."

"You never objected before," grumbled Eddy, crossly.

"Then I object now. Go away; I'm busy. Lady Branwin is in the house, and--and others." She hesitated and snapped savagely: "I wish you would go away."

"I want a fiver."

"Then you shan't get it. Come to-morrow, and I'll see what I can do. By the way, I want you to go to Brighton for me."

"I don't mind, if you pay."

"Do I ever object to pay when you go on my business?" asked his wife, crossly, for the heat seemed to have worn her nerves thin.

"What's the business?" asked Eddy, taking out a cigarette.

"I'll tell you to-morrow. Go away now."

"I can't see any public good concerned here, papa," said Catherine. "Why is it to be expected of any heiress that she should carry the property gained in trade into the hands of a certain class? That seems to be a ridiculous mishmash of superannuated customs and false ambition. I should call it a public evil. People had better make a new sort of public good by changing their ambitions."

"That is mere sophistry, Catherine," said Mrs. Arrowpoint. "Because you don't wish to marry a nobleman, you are not obliged to marry a mountebank or a charlatan."

"I cannot understand the application of such words, mamma."

"No, I dare say not," rejoined Mrs. Arrowpoint, with significant scorn. "You have got to a pitch at which we are not likely to understand each other."

"It can't be done, Cath," said Mr. Arrowpoint, wishing to substitute a better-humored reasoning for his wife's impetuosity. "A man like Klesmer can't marry such a property as yours. It can't be done."

## The Objectionable Latrine

PRECAUTIONS in the interest of sanitation leave no loophole that will destroy the value of any construction that might prove of utility. It is the prominence of a weakness, from a sanitary viewpoint, that has led to the condemnation of the latrine by all health organizations. They have been found convenient on account of their cheapness in some of the camps where a large number of soldiers have been congregated. In English camps, the precaution has been taken to house the latrines in buildings which, while well ventilated, have all of their openings tightly screened against the admission of flies. The fly is ever present, and always troublesome. The fly never discriminates to the point of any nicety in habits or manners. Naturally, it is impossible in camps of soldiers to screen both the cook house and the mess hall so that flies cannot find access to either, but it is less difficult to keep the fly from the access of those constructions which are arranged to dispose of human waste, and the latrine is only tolerated under such circumstances. With such precautions in military camps it seems almost too strange to believe that a board of education would even consider the use of a latrine for schoolhouse equipment. The school is a center for information, and those who are members of school boards should be in possession of all information that would enable them to judge wisely as to the schoolhouse equipment. The school-

I collared th' snake 'round th' neck with one hand, an' its tail with t' other, an' pulled it out of th' tree minus his pizenous weapon.

" Then I explored its mouth an' diskivered a liberal supply of small teeth. How wuz I ter get th' ferocious thing home? While I held on ter th' extremes I looked 'round fer th' means, an' finally bound th' snake ter my bundle with long blades of marsh grass. Our quiet an' orderly neighborhood wuz thrun inter a furror of excitement. My animate curio wuz th' talk of th' town. Yer see I put it in a box, an' my wife an' I thought we'd better keep th' box in our bedroom, fer the possesshun wuz valerble. In less than an hour after we closed our peepers we felt th' snake crawlin' over th' bedclothes. My wife spent th' rest of th' night standin' on th' mantle-piece, an' I hangin' on top of th' closet door.

" When daylight come, we looked for th' snake. Thar it wuz kivered up in bed, ' snug as a bug in a rug.'

" ' Josh,' sed my wife, ' a snake of such uncommon intelligence ought ter be of some use t' humanity.' Sez I, ' Yer right, Deborah, it had.'

" The first thing I done wuz ter call in th' dentist an' have th' snake's teeth filed. Then I christened it Whiz. In less 'n no time Whiz wuz up ter his old tricks agin, takin' 'imself fer a bowlin' ball an' th' members of my sedentary family fer nine-pins. Yer may wonder when I say that wuz jest what I wuz hopin' fer. I let th' blunt tail strike harmlessly agin my body, an' made my son familiar with th' snake's ways, an' then one day I tied his tail ter his neck an' set my son rollin' him with a stick bound with soft lamb's wool. Yes, sirree; an' would yer believe it? in less 'n a week that reptile

"Be guy, I know a fish from a bird," returned the Don, sticking his fork in his cup as one would a spear in an animated aquarium. "Yer fellows what sez my stories hain't true jist focus yer peepers on this young muscalonge," and he raised a good-sized minnow and handed it to the Professor, who scrutinized it critically.

"First time," said the latter, "that I ever knew cows to be piscivorous animals."

"No, no," corrected Mr. Willow, "you are laboring under a misapprehension, you've got things turned around. Scranton's milk supply comes from sea-cows."

"Oh, that explains it."

Suddenly, the Dude placed his hand on his stomach and leaned back in his chair. "B' Jove!" he exclaimed, "I feel funny. Doncher know, I hauve an ideah I swallowed a fish. I fauncy I feel it swimming; it makes me weal seasick."

The Doctor took the idiot away from the table and administered a dose of advice. But as he thought he heard several choking to death, he quickly returned and finished his coffee.

"I wonder if *it* is an only child?" queried the Drummer, alluding to the Dude.

"Must be," said the Journalist; "you know that 'nature, when she grants but one child, always compensates by making it a prodigy.'"

Soon the company had finished one of the most enjoyable repasts of their lives, and were again gayly chatting in the drawing-room.

"Come," said the Lawyer, "now for your story, Hero."

"I'll bet the Lackawanna Railroad against the New York Stock Exchange that Hero can outmatch the best of us at story-telling," added the banker.

People were running now from all directions and in a moment they were the centre of a milling press of excited humans—other policemen fought through the crowd, mounted and afoot, conferred with Dick's captor, cast malevolent glances at Dick and went on in pursuit of the flying car. The pandemonium made Dick's explanations to the skeptical policeman futile, but he gathered that a band of yeggs had looted the postoffice and were now in the process of escaping in a high-powered car. That is, all except Dick were escaping.

Three weeks later, a jury of salesmen, bookkeepers and clerks gazed at Dick's picturesque garb and unshaven face, heard the circumstances of his capture dwelt on by the district attorney, noted the amount of money taken from the postoffice, looked at Dick again, shuddered collectively and found him guilty.

Dick's defense was hampered somewhat by his exploits in Calveras, and points west. He felt that sending back for references might be in bad taste, so he kept silent and took his medicine. after the first outburst.

"It strikes me that there was an unusual amount of hand-washing," I here observed, "considering the hour of night. Had the household retired?"

"Why—yes, sir—we were supposed to have done so. But Mr. Maillot at once explained why his hands were wet. As he threw open the door, which he did in an angry manner, he asked me what the devil was the matter. I replied that I did n't know. He then stated that he thought the roof had caved in; that the tumult had awakened him, and that in springing out of bed he had nearly knocked an eye out by colliding with some piece of furniture. The pain was for a moment so intense, he said, that he had forgotten all about the noise; so he had lighted a candle and bathed the injured eye. It was already beginning to swell and show signs of discoloration. On my remarking that it was strange the noise hadn't roused Mr. Page, Mr. Maillot at once seized his candle and preceded me into the hall. He was the first to find Mr. Page's body.

A fresh comer entered the parlour who drew all the attention to himself, and Jonas relapsed into silence long and deep, till at length he rose and went home, although he was still somewhat dry. For the first time in his life there came over him a doubt as to the extent of Tom's sagacity—and with it the overpowering sense of loss—the vacuum, loneliness and mystery of death, for maybe Tom had ceased to know. The new-comer to the inn parlour had still more to tell of Tom, for he had heard the contents of the will, and therefore knew what would become of the farm and the other worldly property. But there were certain other things about Tom that only one person knew, and they came back to her mind when she stood by his open grave.

All the mourners were gone, and the crowd had vanished, leaving only the bruised turf to show where it had passed. She still lingered in the churchyard, though the diggers were rapidly shovelling the earth into the grave. The afternoon was closing in, and the sun was shining like a jewel behind the golden filigree of the wych-elms which flanked the graveyard on the west. She stood a little apart, by a long established grave, marked by a recumbent cross. Sometimes her eyes rested on the grave at her feet, where violets, half hidden by dead leaves, nestled between the arms of the cross, and then she looked again towards the grave-diggers. She stooped and picked a violet—one little touch of amethyst in a setting of rich old gold. It was a sentimental whim which suddenly touched her—to pick a flower from the grave of one, and drop it, when the diggers were not looking, into the grave of the other. Then, with a quick movement, she resumed her old position, watching the diggers and the sunset.

She was no longer young; but in some hearts sentiment never dies. She had passed her eightieth year, and her hair, that was as white as rime frost, was gathered loosely back from a countenance that the hand of time had touched lovingly, as though to ripen, rather than deface her youth. Though she was lovely in her old age, her lips were almost too thin for beauty, and suggested a soul that would "be still, and murmur not" through the storms and oppressions of this life. Just then the touch of sadness added to the charm of a certain resignation in her air, and yet her lips parted in a smile.

It was no longer the still open grave she saw, but a flower border, bright with June roses and a thousand summer flowers. A garden gate swung on its hinges, and shut again with a loud click, and a young man came towards her. What he said was not very fluently spoken, but he made his meaning clear enough, and put the question straightly. And she answered it as she felt,

## Maxims for a Young Man.

Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.

Always speak the truth.

Keep good company or none.

Make few promises.

Live up to your engagements.

Have no very intimate friends.

Keep your own secrets, if you have any.

When you speak to a person, look him in the face.

Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.

Good character is above all things else.

Never listen to loose or idle conversation.

You had better be poisoned in your blood than your principles.

Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.

If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be so virtuous that none will believe him.

Drink no intoxicating liquors.

Ever live, misfortunes excepted, within your income.

When you retire to bed, think over what you have done during the day.

Never speak lightly of religion.

Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper.

Small and heavy gains give competency with tranquility of mind.

Avoid temptation through fear that you may not withstand it.

Earn your money before you spend it.

Never run in debt unless you see a way to get out again.

FROUGH.	Brittle, applied to wood.
FULL TO THE HORN	Dead drunk.
FUNK.	To cause a bad smell, a stench.
FUNNELS.	An outport word for both stove pipes, and lamp chimneys.
FUST.	To mould, as bread kept a long time.
FUTTER.	Evidently Chaucer's and Spenser's <i>faitour</i> , an idle fellow, a wastrel.
GAD.	A withered to carry trout or flippers; also, as a verb, to run about, stay away from home.
GAFFER.	A boy, between ten and fifteen, able to help at the fishery.
GALL.	A sore place.
GALLIVANTIN'.	Running around the streets when expected to be at home.
GALLUSES.	Suspenders; braces.
GALLY.	To tire, to frighten; to exhaust one's strength on a work or a journey.
GAMMOR or GAMMAR	Grandmother.
GANDIES.	Pancakes, served up with bits of fat pork and molasses.
GANG BOARDS.	The movable covering boards of the compartments ("rooms") of a fishing boat.
GANSEY.	A heavy woolen knitted man's garment with no opening back or front, pulled on over the head and reaching just below the waist. Thought to be a corruption of <i>Guernsey</i> . Home knitted ones used by fishermen were of various colours.
GARAGY.	Fun. A scramble to be first to pick up coins.
GAUCHES	Similar to the word <i>gags</i> on the modern stage; funny words and tricks.

## Some Expressive Terms

Make the kettle boil: STORM THE KETTLE.

State of dire poverty: NEITHER MEAL NOR MALT.

Describing a row at a house: "There was rings around at Blank's last night."

To avoid nasty extremes and be coolly tolerant in dealing with the daily issues of life. Motto: "Take a flaw, split a flaw and let a flaw pass."

Ironic philosophy: "If you lose your grapple you'll find it in the Fall (Autumn)," meaning on the Summer's account that you get from the merchant's office.

A pork and cabbage day: SOLOMON GOSSE'S BIRTHDAY.

Going the limit in any conduct that nearly possibly involves punishment or injury. Motto: "It is as well to be hung for a sheep as a lamb."

Indefinite promise, but intended to be definite, as to when one will do something or go somewhere in the future: "Tomorrow nextday." Bank Managers, who hold promissory notes, would appreciate this.

Grace notes in conversation: "Lo and behold you." "Be the same token." "And as God would have it." "I declare to man." "As fine a man as ever hove a gallus over his shoulder." "As tough as a gad." "As good as ever water wet." "As slow as molasses in February." "As slow as the St. Barbe count." "As cold as a dog's nose." "As salt as Lot's wife." "As straight as a gun barrel." "Still and all." "Drinks like a fish." "As black as your hat" (dark flour). "As scarce as a black fox." "He smokes like a Winter tilt." "As red as a boiled lobster." "A Gobawn Seer," for an ingenuous man. "As welcome as the flowers of May." "An honest man when there's only anchors on the shore." "As good as ever water wet," applied to lines, twines, nets and men. "As plentiful as beach rocks." "As foolish as a mazed caplin." "As easy as fallin' off a log." "As proud as a top-sawyer." "As quick as you'd say trapsticks." "As hard to tell as the mind of a gull." "The death of a horse is the life of a crow."

DON'T MAKE  
STRANGE.

An encouraging phrase of advice to a guest or stranger sitting down to the table to partake of a meal.

GOD BLESS  
YOUR WORK.

If a visitor happened to come in, especially a friendly neighbour, while the family was at dinner he would enter without the formal knocking at the door and say "God bless your work." The response would be "Come and make one amongst us."

LOST MY SPRING. A sealer applied for a job in a factory and gave the boss as his reason for coming from Newfoundland to look for work that he had lost his Spring. For a long time he could not be understood. The boss asked him had he a contraption for rupture; finally he

THE outlook wasn't brilliant for a young girl's hopes that day. In fact, it was most discouraging. The young girl in question, Miss Emily Keys, had the misfortune to be the only daughter—indeed, the only surviving relative—of a certain cantankerous and elderly electrical manufacturer, who, for good and sufficient reasons, had become popularly known as "old Pat Keys, the telegraph king."

At the moment under discussion, she was engaged in a spirited quarrel with her father. We do not mean to imply that a quarrel with Pat Keys was an unknown incident or a difficult thing to accomplish; but this was a special quarrel. It was a quarrel over a young man—a subject in which Pat was eminently able to uphold the negative. He was an ancient and moneyed autocrat who constantly gave interviews to the newspapers on the subject of the glaring faults of young men. Also, it was late in the afternoon, and old Pat's dyspepsia was in full swing, so that he was fuming like a reawakened volcano.

"A hundred million!" Pat roared. "A hundred million people in the country, and you select this one to marry!"

Daughter Emily directed a steady gaze upon her father as he paced the floor before her chair.

"Yes," she murmured, in faint defiance.  
"Yes—this one!"

She felt shivery, and her lips had a strange taut sensation, but she was resolved to stand her ground—for the first time in her life. It was a brave thing the small unfortunate had undertaken. Pat Keys had ruled all of her twenty-two years. Every lesson she had learned, everything she knew, everything about her, from Pat's aggressive and stubbly white mustache to the very room itself, urged the danger of resistance.

'Look about you, Clarke. You see the mountain, and hill following after hill, as wave on wave, you see the woods and orchards, the fields of ripe corn, and the meadows reaching to the reed-beds by the river. You see me standing here beside you, and hear my voice; but I tell you that all these things—yes, from that star that has just shone out in the sky to the solid ground beneath our feet—I say that all these are but dreams and shadows: the shadows that hide the real world from our eyes. There *is* a real world, but it is beyond this glamour and this vision, beyond these "chases in Arras, dreams in a career," beyond them all as beyond a veil. I do not know whether any human being has ever lifted that veil; but I do know, Clarke, that you and I shall see it lifted this very night from before another's eyes. You may think all this strange nonsense; it may be strange, but it is true, and the ancients knew what lifting the veil means. They called it seeing the god Pan.'

Clarke shivered; the white mist gathering over the river was chilly.

"Right, father. You could do no less. I am glad, though, you kept the rings he wore, and this necklace. What does this thing mean on the catch? It's just like the picture on the ring; and here again it's worked on the purse."

"That's wot they call a frock—no, a coat-o'-arms. All the big bugs over in England have 'em pictered out on their kerridges and on their silver-ware. I seed lots on 'em when I went to Liverpool in the *Sairy Ann*, fifteen year ago come next July."

"That proves again that he was a gentleman," said Saul to himself, while his face flushed with gratification.

"In course he was, an' so be you, Saul—a gentleman born, leastways—if only we could prove it out."

"With God's help I will prove it, old man—prove it by behaving like a gentleman, at least," said Saul, proudly, as, gathering up his treasures, he carried them away with him to the little loft where he had always slept.

The next morning "Fishing Pete," rising before the dawn, that he might take advantage of the morning tide for his fishing, left the cabin some hours before Saul appeared. Nor was the young man sorry to be thus prevented from meeting his reputed father.

The more he became accustomed to his new ideas of birth and parentage, the more distasteful grew his former life and all connected with it. Between him and Pete there had always been much kindness and indulgence on the one side, filial respect and obedience on the other; but as for great affection, sympathy, or community of feeling, these were rendered impossible by the very opposite natures of the two men; and already Saul had determined that, although Pete's welfare should always be his first care, it would be best for both that in future they should live apart.

Still the young man could not but feel that this determination, however wise, savored of ingratitude to the kind old friend who had protected his infancy, and through whom, indeed, had arisen all his new hopes and schemes; and he was well pleased with an opportunity of arranging his thoughts in solitude before encountering the unconscious object of them.

The speculative mania which swept over this country some 30 or 40 years ago, concerning the production of raw silk, had its origin in Northampton. The motive, however, of the one who suggested it, was not of a speculative nature, but had its foundation in a desire to do a great public good. The originator of it has had remarkable experience, and his history is of more than ordinary interest. Mr. Samuel Whitmarsh, the gentleman referred to, was formerly a dry goods merchant in New York. In 1830 he went to Northampton to reside. It occurring to him that the production of raw silk might be successfully achieved in this country, he traveled through the silk regions of the Old World to make investigations. He returned home with full belief in its practicability, and at once made arrangements to commence the business in Northampton. Mulberry trees were planted and cocooneries established. The subject was then discussed in the public prints, and thousands rushed into the business without any knowledge of it. Speculators seized upon it and fanned the flame, and it became a mania, running