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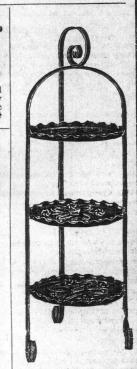
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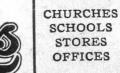


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Cha Kour with the Editor

REPUTATION AND CHARACTER

"My reputation is what men say of me; my character is what I am." So said Theodore Tilton in his ssay on "The Problem of Life," which he declared to be the development of character. The distinction between character and reputation is well taken, and ught not to be lost sight of. If the existence of the individual man is not confined to the present life, f when the door at the end of his corridor of years s opened and he steps out into the unknown region beyond, he takes with him the qualities which he has developed here, character is of immeasurably greater importance than reputation, for it is inconceivable that the latter can follow him through the portal which we call death. To a certain extent one's reputation is not of his own making. We are all too much given to "measuring other people's corn in our own half bushel." We are prone to judge of the acts of others, not as we ourselves would like to be judged, but according to our knowledge of how we ourselves would be likely to act or be influenced under similar circumstances. We see a man who is earnest in endeavoring to promote the public welfare as he understands it, and because we ourselves would not understanding to do as he is doing without being assured of some direct advantage, we suspect him of some hidden "graft" and refuse our assistance, although we know that what he is doing would be for our own advantage. We see a lady, who is always, bright, kindly and cheerful, one who refuses to notice petty slights, and we say of her that she is pushing herself forward for social notoriety. Many a man has had a reputation for a desire to forward his own ends, when he has only been endeavoring to promote the public welfare as he sees it; many a woman has had a reputation for callous forwardness, when she has only been full of kindness and possessed of a mind that refused to think evil of others. And so it comes about very often that "virtue is its own reward" for the very excellent reason that society refuses to recogit, and therefore permits it to go unrewarded As a matter of fact the world is always willing to reward virtue, when it thinks it has discovered it, and the result is that honors are often misplaced. The poseur gets in the limelight and the world applauds him, while the real man is hidden in the darkness of the wings. Half the fame which men have depends upon their reputation and their character has nothing whatever to do with it. Mankind is a god-creating race. It peoples the unseen with full-fledged gods and the seen with demi-gods. We are always on the look out for people whom we can set up on a pedestal and worship from near at hand. The desire of the Israelites for a Golden Calf was the most natural thing in the world. They wanted a god that they could see; and ever since their time, and doubtless long before, humans have been busy making demi-They are made out of reputations, and the reputations may or may not be a true indication of the character of the persons to whom we give them. Tilton, in his Essay, expressed his indifference to reputation, but he made a great mistake. When the Latin poet wrote:

> "The evil that men do lives after them; The good is often interred with them."

realized how true it is that we are always watchful for the wrong things a man does and are careful to remember them; while we are careless about their good acts and soon forget them. It follows from what has been said that we cannot wholly create our own eputations, for these depend very largely upon the nanner in which our acts are understood by others. The development of character is quite another This is wholly dependent upon ourselves. meone has written:

"My mind to me a kingdom is,"

and there is nothing more true than that our real selves may become a realm wherein we are supreme and in which we can live, serene and content, no matter what outside conditions may be. "Mens conscia sibi recti," at mind that knows itself to be right is the most valuable of all human possessions. The poet Horace told us that, when the arrows of misfortune hard to be borne, when poisonous Slander struck at him with her envenomed tongue, he could wrap himself in the cloak of his virtue, and seek ied. Reputation may be lost through fault of our own, for no man is strong enough at all times to be able to overcome his environment; but character need never be lost. We can always maintain it unimpaired, if we are honest with ourselves. Self-respect is a priceless possession. Perhaps if on should say that the preservation of self-respect should be our chief aim, he would not be very far astray, for our ideals would advance with our efforts to attain to them. Perfection must always be beyond us, but can always advance towards it, and as we ascend the heights of nobility of character the field of view broadens. As one who, emerging from the shadows at the base of a mountain peak and climbing upwards, ees his horizon growing wider and wider, until at length the summit being reached, the view is limited only by his powers of vision, so as we advance towards the development of character we see from day o day how much more it means. We may never hope reach the pinnacle of our aspirations and see Infinite Good as it really is, but there is a happiness in the expanding outlook as we ascend that those who live in the lower shadows cannot hope to know.

It is unfortunately not always true that if we are careful to build up our characters aright our reputations may be trusted to take care of themselves, for jealousy and malice rarely find difficulty in impugning the motives inspiring our actions; but as a general proposition it is true that a man's reputation is the reflection of his character. If the former has flaws in it, something corresponding to them can generally be discovered in the latter on careful inspection. This s not always true, because, as was said at the outset, our reputations are what others say about us, and the thoughts and utterances of others are beyond our Yet in the end character triumphs over rep utation, if it is of the kind that really rings true, so that if we value popular applause more than our honest approval of ourselves, we may even hope to gain that if we deal with real honesty and fairness ourselves. But at the best, our reputation is hemeral. An accident may destroy it. We may find ourselves compelled to bear the responsibility the wrongs of others because loyalty to our own ideals prevents us from laying blame where it belongs. Character, if it is built upon a good foundation, is so far as can be judged by our finite senses eternal. If the individuality of man extends beyond this life, it is an achievement worthy of effort to build up character which, when it drops the rags of reputation as the Veil is lifted, can stand serene and unashamed in the Presence beyond.

PHILIPPI

No matter how our sympathies may be aroused by the story of the murder of Julius Caesar, the fact cannot be disguised that Brutus was the leader of the Democratic party in Rome and that the fam-ous crime was committed as a measure of political reform. The deeds of men in those days cannot be judged by the standards which prevail now. Brutus was a reformer, but unfortunately for the future history of Rome the people were too much in love with their chains to appreciate his efforts to set them free. That he felt compelled to resort to murder in order to prevent the establishment of a tyranny shows to how low a plane popular sentiment in Rome. the other through the ballads of the minstrels. The

had fallen. After the historic events referred to confusion reigned in Rome. The ingenuity of Mark Antony restored order after a few days and a decree was passed by the Senate on his motion granting a general amnesty to all who had taken part in the murder. Shakespeare in his play has given the the murder. Shakespeare in his play has given the substance of what occurred, although he has not followed the exact sequence of events and has taken some liberties with them. Thus he represents Antony as exhibiting the body of Caesar at the climax of his funeral oration, whereas it was a wax figure that was exhibited. The effect of his oration was as represented by the dramatist, only even more intense. It left Antony master of Rome. Brutus and his fellow conspirators fled. Shortly after young Octavius appeared on the scene. There was a struggle between him and Antony for supremacy and the struggle extended over all Northern Italy, but in the end an agreement was reached and Antony, Octavius and Lepidus, the latter much the older of the three and at one time in supreme command of the army,

formed what is known as the Second Triumvirate.

Brutus and Cassius had left Italy not long after Caesar's death, that is in the autumn of 44 B.C., for the eastern provinces that had been a signed to them by the Senate. Antony sought to weaken their influence by authorizing Dolabella, Caesar's son-in-law, to take over the government of Syria, and his own brother Caius to assume control of Macedonfa but Brutus and Cassius prevailed over them and in the summer of 43 B.C. were supreme all over the East. They failed to realize that a conflict Antony must come about sooner or later and wasted that year and the next in petty raids and needles plunderings of the cities of Asia Minor. It was at this time that Brutus had his celebrated vision. Here is the story as Plutarch relates it:

"Brutus was on the point of transporting his army from Abydos to the opposite continent, and the night before he lay awake in his tent, according to he custom and in deep thought as to what he should do in the war; for it was natural for him to watch a good part of the night and no general ever required so little sleep. With his senses all about him, he heard a noise at the door of his tent, and looking towards the light, which now burned very low, he saw a terrible appearance in the human form, but of prodigious stature and the most hideous as-At first he was struck with astonishment, but when he saw it neither did nor spoke anything him but stood in silence by his bed, he asked who it was. The spectre answered, 'I am thy evil genius, Brutus; thou shalt see me again at Philippi.' Brutus answered boldly, 'I'll meet thee there,' and the spec-

re immediately vanished."

It was to meet an invasion of Thrace by the forces of Antony that Brutus returned from Asia Minor. The opposing armies met at Philippi. Brutus and Cassius had 80,000 infantry and 20,000 cavalry. Antony's forces were at first inferior in numbers but were reinforced so that they exceeded his opponents. Neither, force was well provided with food, and a battle was precipitated by Brutus against the advice of Cassius. The latter led the attack against the coops led by Octavius, the former that against An-

tony. The result of the day was indecisive, chiefly through the failure of Brutus and Cassius to keep informed of each other's movements. Lack of knowledge on this point led the former to send a detachment of cavalry to the latter's camp. When Cassius saw them coming he thought they were the enemy, and he retired to his tent, where he afterwards was found dead, pierced through the heart with the dagger with which he had stabbed Caesar. Whether his death was a suicide, or whether he was slain by his freedman Pindarus, who was alone with him at the ime, was never known. Pindarus disappeared utterly from sight.

The position of Antony and Octavius was now such that if Brutus had remained inactive, they would have been compelled to withdraw to Italy, but he failed to keep himself informed of the unfortunate condition of his opponents and twenty days after the death of Cassius led his troops out to a second attack. The fighting which ensued was simply an exhibition of brute force and when night came neither side had greatly the advantage, although Brutus was forced to retire. The next day he urged his troops to renew the attack, but they refused, and he thereupon retired to the depths of a little forest with close friends, whom he besought to slay him. They refused with horror, until at length his freedman Strabo held the sword for him and he threw himself upon it. Others of the party followed his example. Thus perished the man of whom Shakespeare has taught us to think as "the noblest Roman of them all," and with him fell the Roman Democracy as exemplified in the rule of the Senate. He was a man of many excellent parts, studious and affectionate. His ingratitude to Caesar is the one inexplicable act in his career. How he was esteemed his domestic relations is shown by the fact tha his wife refused to survive him. Closely watched so that she might do herself no harm, she took occasion, under the pretext of warming herself, to fill her mouth with burning charcoal, and died a horrible

In his description of the battle of Philippi, Plu-tarch speaks of remarkable incidents following the death of Caesar. Part of what he says is as follows: "The most signal phenomenon in the he that of a great comet, which shone very bright for seven nights ofter Caesar's death and then disap-peared; to which we may add the fading of the Sun's lustre; for his orb looked pale all that year; he rose not with a sparkling radiance, nor had the heat he afforded its usual strength. The air, of course, was dark and heavy for want of that vigorous heat which clears and rarifles it; and the fruits were so crude and unconcocted that they pined away and decayed through the chilliness of the atmosphere."

Such were the material conditions prevailing at this time of terrible political stress in Rome, and was little wonder that the people saw proof of the anger of the gods against those who had slain Caesar, and were ready to acclaim Octavius as "Augustus" and make him supreme in the state.

The Birth of the Nations IX

(N. de Bertrand Lugrin.)

THE PERUVIANS

One of the most eminent of Peruvian rulers, Tupac Inca Yupanqui, had a favorite maxim that ran as follows: "Science was not intended for the people, but for those of generous blood. Persons of low de-gree are only puffed up by it, and rendered vain and arrogant. Neither should such meddle with the affairs of government; for this would bring high offices into disrepute, and cause detriment to the state." This maxim fairly describes the attitude of the Peruvian monarchy towards the people. It watched over them zealously, and cared for their physical and moral welfare, displaying always towards them as children parental affection, but it treated them as children. They were the pupils, the Incas were the teachers, they expected implicit obedience at all times. Only members of the royal family were instructed by the wise men or "Aamautas." There was but one science which the people were required to master, and that was the science of husbandry.

To a certain extent the national history of the Peravians was handed down from one generation to

people were versed in dramatic art and the more talented among them performed plays, serious, tragic, and comic. In fact they were proficient in most of the gentler arts, rather neglecting the study of warfare. Indeed they battled only to spread the enlightenment of their own religion and civilization, feeling morally bound to do so. They had some little knowledge of astronomy and geography, and a certain rude equivalent to our alphabet, though they produced nothing as decipherable to us as the picturewriting of their contemporaries the Aztecs science of husbandry, however, was one in which all were proficient, from the Inca himself, who at a certain season of the year turned up the sods with a golden plough, down to the meanest of his subjects. In their knowledge of agriculture the Peruvians are said to have surpassed every other American race. The country in some places was very difficult to cultivate, but no obstacle proved insurmountable to the race of the Incas. When the soil was sandy and sterile, irrigation was accomplished through the aid of aqueducts or canals which brought the water from some elevated lake to the barren land, causing it to produce in abundance. In some cases these aqueducts were four or five hundred miles long and laid over almost impassable mountains. In parts where the country was too precipitous to be tilled, the land was cut into terraces faced with rock, which terraces decreased in width from being many acres in extent at the base of the mountain, to become a mere strip at the top. The Peruvians were skilled in all methods for enriching and working the soil, and the whole of the country may be said to have been a paradise of bloom from the smiling valleys to the terraced hills. Of mechanical arts they had some knowledge, and it is true of them, as it is true of the Mexicans, that they used tools of some metallic composition which were as strong as steel, though of what the composition was we are quite ignorant.

These people had a characteristic architecture which rose to its highest state of perfection in their temples. The most renowned of these religious edifices was in Cuzco, and of such rich workmanship was it and decorated in such a costly manner that it was known as the "Place of Gold." The outside walls of this temple were composed of porphyry and granite, with a broad belt of gold let into the stone and forming a sort of frieze encompassing the whole exterior. Within it was ablaze with precious metals and gems. On the western wall was an effigy representing the sun. Here the life-size figure of a man was engraved on an enormous plate of gold, and ornamented with gleaming jewels. From this golden plate emerged slender shafts of the same metal representing the sun's rays. The rising sun each morning fell upon the wonderful piece of workmanship, making it blaze most brilliantly and reflect back again the light of heaven upon the golden plate and studs and bornaments of every kind with which the interior of the temple was decorated. The Palace of the Moon adjoined the Temple of the Sun. It was similarly built without and within, except that instead of gold, silver was used as being more appropriate. There were temples to the Stars, to the Thunder, to the Lightning, and to the Rainbow, all decorated characteristically with gold, silver, and precious stones. "All of the utensis of every description appropriated to the use of religion were of gold and silver. Twelve immense vases of the latter metal stood on the floor of the great saloon in the temples filled with the grain of the Indian corn; the censors for the perfume, the ewers which held the water for sacrifices, the pipes which conducted it through subterranean pipes into the buildings, the reservoirs that received it, even the agricultural implements used in the gardens of the temples were all of the same rich materials. The gardens like those described belonging to the royal palaces, sparkled with flowers of gold and silver, and various imitations of the vegetable kingdom. Animals also were to be found there among which the llama with its golden fleece was most conspicuous—executed in the same style and with a degree of skill which, in this instance probably, did not surpass the excellence

The Incas and the great nobles of Peru were allowed appurality of wives, the humbler classes of men were content and probably happier with one. The brides of the Inca were chosen from among the "Virgins of the Sun." These were young maidens who as little children had been dedicated to the deity, placed in convents and tenderly cared for, and instructed in religious and household duties. They were allowed no communication with the outside world and if as sometimes harnened one of them was discovered in an "affaire d'amour," she was buried alive and her lover strangled the town or village to which he belonged was burned to the ground, and the spot whereon it stood declared unholy ground. At a marriageable age the most beautiful among the Virgins were chosen for the Inca. His concubines numbered hundreds, sometimes thousands

The marriage ceremony consisted of the joining of the couple's hands by the Inca or some one authority, and no marriage was lawful without the consent of the parents. At the conclusion of the ceremony the bride and bridegroom were conducted to their house with its allotment of land which the state had presented to them. All marriages took place on the same day of the year, and it was naturally a time of great feasting and joy throughout the entire kingdom

We are told by Spanish chroniclers that no better system of government could have been devised for the Peruvians than that of the Incas. Under their gentle yet dominant rule the people were content and free from vice, and pursuing a course which was constantly leading to their further enlightenment. "Had the love of conversion and not the love of gold animated the breasts of the conquerors," writes Prescott, "they would have found the Peruvians well fitted to receive the teachings of Christianity."

THREE MONTHS' NIGHT

A writer in the London Magazine describes a visit he paid last year to the Esquimaux of Baffin's

The winter "igloos" or snow houses, are much more pretentious erections than the summer "tupecs," or tents of skins, and are made to resist the extreme cold of the Arctic winter, and to serve as a comfortable hibernating place for the months during which the sun never rises above the horizon. The foundation is usually made of stones, upon which cleverly shaped blocks of snow are built up to form a dome-shaped hut. After these have frozen together the interior is lined with skins.

A long tunnel is then constructed to serve as a porch, this being built very low and narrow, necessitating an entrance being made on hands and knees, closing the first skin door before opening the second, so as to admit as little of the icy atmosphere as

Heat is supplied by an "ikomar," made from a kind of soapstone in the shape of an oval saucer. It is filled with seal or walrus oil, never very sweet-smelling, and usually very rank. In this floats the wick, which is made of moss. This stove not only serves for heating, but also for cooking purposes, though I believe the greater part of their food is eaten raw, or at any rate not more than warmed through

I saw one man eat quite four pounds of raw reat, which was frozen as hard as a rock, only waiting for a second for it to thaw in his capacious

At the back of the "igloo," at the end remote from the door, is a raised bench covered with skins, which serves as a sleeping chamber. Here the whole family turn in, taking off every vestige of clothing, finding quite sufficient warmth in the thick bear and deer skins which serve as blankets.

WITH THE POETS

Dear, though you wander over peace and passion,
Searching the days to prove yourself untrue,
You can not hide me. Still, in my own fashion. I shall come back to you.

In other eyes, on lips that bid you doubt me,
In music, in the little things we knew.
In your blind prayers for happiness without me— I shall come back to you.

God keep you safe through all the ache of learning Through all the wrong you need to be and do,
Till in the wise joy of unfearful yearning
I shall come back—I shall come back to you! -Brian Hooker, in Harper's Monthly.

Love

When the lamp is shatter'd
The light in the dust lies dead—
When the cloud is scatter'd,
The rainbow's glory is shed.
When the lute is broken,
Sweet tones are remember'd not;
When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot. Loved accents are soon forgot.

And music and splendor Survive not the lamp and the lute, The heart's echoes render No song when the spirit is mute— No song but sad dirges, Like the mind through a ruin'd cell, r the mournful surges
That ring the dead seaman's knell.

-Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Futurity My youth was to me like a lovely flower,
All flushed with crimson of its own delight,
Its flamelike petals poised as if for flight
Ethereal child of changing sun and shower,
Of misty dawn and night.

My age to me is like a golden fruit Whose quality and sweetness have been won From earth's rough use—from alternating sun And rain and that dark soil wherein my root Invisibly has run.

My soul to me is like a ripening seed Which holds the heart of all that went before— The flamelike flower and golden fruit in store, Close-sealed, secure, in larger love and deed To live and bloom once more. -Helen A. Saxon, in Appleton's for March.

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My soul to me is like a ripening seed
Which holds the heart of all that went before—
The flamelike flower and golden fruit in store,
Close-sealed, secure, in larger love and deed
To live and bloom once more.

-Helen A. Saxon in Appleton's.

Ranch Winter The icy saddle numbs each limb,
The dull horse hates the loping 'round'
Gaunt sun-dogs stare in silence grim,
Weak mothers nuzzle at the ground.

Our coulee springs are frozen dry, And hills are covered shoulder deep; For fresh green grass the yearlings cry, For cloud-blown days when rivers leap.

How long, how long shall Winter last? Its weariness, its smart, its curse? Each morning seems but like the past, And every day a little worse.

Still, in the evening fireside glow, Some magic weaves us softer themes; And eyes that knew us years ago Come back again in tender dreams. S. A. White, in The Canadian Magazine.

A Prayer I look with clearer, sadder eyes, Today upon the years Which cold and dead behind me lie,

Which cold and dead benind me lie,
Each filled with hopes and fears.

I see the meaning of each pain,
The wisdom of each blow,
And why the answer never came,
I prayed for, long ago.

The years have passed me many times
Since last I prayed that prayer—
Have seen me drain the bitter cup,
And drop it in despair.
Yet now I never ask to die,
For I have learned to live
For something better than the joy
Which human love can give:

And though those years have nothing brought As that bright dream of love and youth, Across its grave I see
That God knew best, and so, today,
I bless His tender care—
I thank Him for my life's one dream,

And that unanswered prayer. -Juliette McCearley, in New Orleans Times-Dem-

Bagdad

("The mails are now carried from Aleppo to Bagdad by automobiles.—Press Despatch.)

Far in the misty East there looms The city of supreme delight, With fairy rugs, enchanted rooms, And turbaned Arabs, all bedight In colored stuffs from magic looms.

The Tigris, on its sleepy way,
Creeps through this hoary Place of Dreams,
This solid ghost of yesterday.
Around its low foundation beams,
The ripples of the river play.

The camel kneels beside its gates, And sees across the yellow sands The glory of Departed States Of long-forgotten, deserted lands. He kneels and patiently he waits.

Here, through these narrow, twisted streets The good Haroun Al Raschid went, And even now the Kurd repeats Tales of the Caliph's many feats.

Here Ali Baba brought his wares,
The jars of oil, the sesame;
And here the Forty sowed their tares
And thought to reap prosperity,
But found instead a thousand cares.

But now the camel must depart, The asses disappear from view It brings such sorrow to my heart Where is the misty town I knew When motor cars for Bagdad start. -J. E. Middleton in Toronto News.

THE STORY TELLER

A young soubrette rushed to her dentist the other day in agony. One of her wisdom teeth was ulcerated. The denist, who, by the way, had supplied her with the most dazzling of her front teeth, told her that there was nothing for it but to pull the

"Very well, doctor," remarked the actress with a sigh, as she removed the plate; "I suppose I'd better take out my orchestra chair so that you can get at my back rows."

was in the hotel of a Western mining town that the New England guest, registering in the office, heard a succession of loud yells.
"What in the world is that?—a murder going on

up-stairs?" he demanded.
"No," said the clerk, as he slammed the books No, said the clerk, as he stained the books and lounged towards the stairs. "It's the spring bed up in Number Five. That tenderfoot up there don't get the hang of it, and every few days he gets one o' the spiral springs screwed into him like a shirt stud. I guess I'll have to go up, if there ain't anything I can do for you for a few minutes."

Two actors were in conversation the other day. "Hear about the peculiar accident that hap-pened to Maxine Elliott's press agent, A. Toxin Worm, up at Rye the other day?" asked Actor No. 1. "No. what was it?" demanded Actor No. 2. "Well, you see, Mr. Worm was visiting a friend of

his on a small poultry farm, and while strolling about the place he started a climb a fence, and—"
"And fell?"
"Yes; his foot slipped and he fell over with a crash into the poultry yard and "Yes!" eagerly. "What then?"
"A chicken pounced on his name and swallowed

In the Exeter days of Dr. Temple, when he was

suspected of heterodoxy, a young curate came to him one day, and said:

"My Lord, it is rumored that you are not able to

"My Lord, it is rumored that you are not able to believe in special interposition of Providence on behalf of certain persons."
"Well?" grunted the bishop. "Well, My Lord, here is the case of my aunt. My aunt journeys to Exeter every Wednesday by the same train and in the same compartment of the same carriage invariably. Last Wednesday she felt a disinclination to go, and that very day an accident occurred by which the carriage of the train was smashed to pieces. Now, was not that a direct interposition of Providence on behalf of my aunt?"

"Can't say," growled the bishop; "don't know your aunt."

The manager of the subscription-book department was telling of some of his experiences. "The funniest case I remember," he said, "was that of an applied ant for a job at book convassing from whom I expected great things. He made a careful study of the literature we supplied him with and was very enthusiastic. Judge of my surprise when the first morning he went out, back he came and handed in his resignation.

morning he went out, back he came and hanced in his resignation.

"But you should not be so easily discouraged,' I told him. 'Few make a success at the start, and you acknowledge that you went into only two places,'

"'Only two,' he said lugubriously. 'One was a real estate agent, who persuaded me to sign a contract for two lots in Fizzlehurst, and the other was a tailor, who sold me a suit of clothes I didn't want'; and, shaking his head mournfully, he mumbled 'Good-day,' and went out." and went out."

Herkimer James, the scientist, was talking in New York about the bill of twenty-five thousand dollars that Dr. Frank Billings presented to the Marshall Field estate for seven days' treatment of the dead millionaire.

"It seems a big fee," said Professor James. "It comes to more than thirty-five hundred dollars a day, doesn't it? At that rate Dr. Billing's income would be one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year."

"Yes, it was a big fee, but whenever physicians' fees seem extortionate, I think of a certain famous eye specialist. A patient of this specialist, coming to pay his bill, growled: 'Doctor, it seems to me that five hundred dollars is a big charge for that operation of mine. It didn't take you over half a minute."

"My dear sir,' the other answered, "in learning to perform that operation in half a minute, I have spoiled over eleven pecks of such eyes as yours."

Archbishop Magee was once present at a full-dress debate on the eastward position, when doubts were expressed as to the exact meaning of the words "before the table." After a speech or two, Dr. Magee seized a piece of paper and wrote:

"As to the phrase, "The piper that played before Moses, doubts have arisen. Some believe its meaning to be that the piper played "before" Moses—that is, at a period anterior to his birth. Others hold that the piper played before Moses in the sense of preceding the great law-giver when he danced; while others teach that the piper played (coram Moses) before, or in the presence of Moses, when the son of Amran dined. All these are wrong. The phrase is to be understood as implying that the phrase is to be understood as implying to piper played at the north end of Moses, south."

The document was handed up to Archbishop Tait, who looked grave.

While in the West not long ago, an Eastern newspaper man chanced to come upon a funny exchange of personalities in the columns of a paper published in a fair-sized town.

The first of these, both of which were ads. in the "Personal Column," ran as follows:

"By reason of many annoying mistakes, I, William Wilkins, the barber, beg to announce to all concerned that I am not the same person as William Wilkins, the grocer; and furthermore, that I am in

concerned that I am not the same person as William Wilkins, the grocer; and, furthermore, that I am in no way related to the said Wilkins, grocer."

The reply came along the next day in the same column, and the other Wilkins retaliated in this

wise:
"William Wilkins, the grocer, who was stated william witkins, the grocer, who was stated yesterday to be a different person from, and to be in no way related to, one William Wilkins, the barber, begs to announce to all concerned that it is his desire for the future to be known as Lucky William Wilkins." his desire for th William Wilkins.'

The old watchmaker of a town in New England recently retired, and the contract for maintaining the church and town-hall clocks in order was given to his successor. Unfortunately, from the start the an experienced a difficulty in getting the clocks to strike at the same time. At last the town council requested an interview with the watch-

"You are not so successful with the clocks as your predecessor," he was told. "It is very mis-leading to have one clock striking three or four minutes after the other. Why, before you took them in hand we could hardly tell that two were striking, so accurately were they adjusted. Surely you are as competent as Mr. Perkins."

"Every watchmaker has his own methods, gentle-men," replied the watchmaker, "and mine are not the same as Perkins'."

"I am of opinion that it would be better for the town convenience if they were," stiffly responded

one of the councillors.

"Very well, sir, in the future they shall be," came the reply. "I happened to write to Mr. Perkins last week about the trouble I was having with the clocks, and—but perhaps," he added, as he produced a letter and handed it to the council, "you'd like to see

what he wrote."
"Dear Sir" (ran the letter), "About them clocks. Thear sir' (ran the letter), About them clocks. When you get to know what a cranky bunch that old council are, you'll do the same as I did for twenty years—forget to wind up the striker of the town-hall clock. Then the old Rubes won't be able to tell that both clocks ain't striking together."