

bring up children. The city man is sure he could make money on the farm. Every subscriber knows how to edit the paper better than the editor himself. And,—sole grain of wisdom in the sand heap,—almost any reader can write better than Jacques. Truly, great is knowledge.

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A baker in a little country town near Boston has asked for a license to sing in the streets. He is a Salvationist, peddles doughnuts, and a hymn goes with each one. Certainly he ought to be allowed to sing as much as he and his customers like. For his object is to evangelise the community, and when he is about to deliver a doughnut he delivers a short talk on the need of salvation and a stanza of some uplifting verse. It should go without saying that he is a conscientious baker, and gives full weight and plenty of vigor, that he does not fry his product in rancid lard, or dust it with whitewash, or put the fresh ones on top when he is to sell them by the peek, leaving the gnarly nubbins at the bottom of the measure. Therefore, he pre-disposes the recipient to thankfulness and sanctity, and nobody on his beat has any objection to mixing dough and religion. It might be well if this custom would extend itself. Now if the civil service executive would only shout gleeful hallelujahs as they visit Mr. Murphy and sing that well-known hymn, "Darling, I am Growing Old," as they approach Mr. Fielding to talk about superannuation, what a harmonizing influence it would have. Then the civil service commissioners after an arduous day's toil could softly murmur, "Will there be any stars in my Crown?" To which the candidate, disgusted at the hardness of the examination proper, might add the refrain, "No, Not One," and the political wirepuller, out of employment, put the chorus, "I Am So Glad." So also the employee who locks his office door when the halting money lender is skirmishing nearby, could

whistle "Knocking, Knocking, Who is There," and barricade it the tighter at the answer, "Faint, Yet Pursuing." If singing can be associated with doughnuts, once the symbol of dyspepsia, what can't it associate with?

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How frequently we have heard of the depravity of things inanimate, and how sadly we have agreed. A man rises at midnight with a thirst and starts for the water bottle; he has been over his bedroom a thousand times and knows every inch of it, but the door reaches out and hits him on the nose, the chair comes into collision with his toe, his hip hits the sharp corner of the bed, and—Oh, then, his wife wakes up and asks questions at a time when a man only wants to swear. A solemn student of psychology will tell you that this sort of inanimate depravity is perfectly natural. We heard one tell a man and tell him with an airy pity and condescension, that if a man rising in the night will keep perfectly calm and count six after he gets out of bed before he proceeds to do anything, everything will go along beautifully. Three days later we met the professor with a plastered jaw and a limp, and as he volunteered no information and his wife was a small, weak woman, our curiosity was piqued. The friend who had received the professor's advice ran into us later and he explained that the wise one got up hurriedly to answer the telephone after midnight, forgot to count six, stepped downstairs too fast, landed on his head and back in the umbrella rack, staggered to the phone to find Central wanted somebody else, and spent the rest of his night making repairs and remarks. Our friend had the pleasure of telling the professor that his "count six" theory did not amount to a hill of beans, while his idea of the depravity of inanimate things was the correct one, but the professor won't argue until he is repaired.