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Union Men and Friends

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International Union Made (REGISTERED)

THE PEOPLE ARE FOLLOWING JESUS.

(By a Workingman.)

In the November issue of the Westminster Magazine there is an article by Rev. Canon Cody entitled "Can We Follow Jesus?" The writer goes on to say: "Men occupying positions in political and commercial circles have often said or implied that the Ten Commandments and their wisdom in practical interpretation in the more specific of the New Testament are quite out of date so far as practical application to present-day conditions is concerned. Our Lord's Commandments, His Golden Rule, they urge, simply will not work. Like John D. Robinson in the 'Bigelow Papers' they state that people 'didn't know everything down in Judea.' Most of us feel at times that some of Christ's commands are far removed from the moral (or immoral) principles by which the world of men is actually governed. Even as a moral teacher, the heart sometimes whispers, is too impractical to be trusted."

When Jesus came to this world He passed by the great military power of Rome and all the learned and wealthy men of his time, and came and dwelt in a humble toiler's home, and for years is the carpenter's shop, and when He decided to establish the kingdom of heaven in this world, he gathered round Him a few fishermen and gave them his own thoughts, first, that God was their Father, second, that every man was their brother.

In Matthew 22nd chapter and verses 37 to 40 we read the following words: "Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment, and the second is like unto it. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." The church up to the present time has preached the first commandment so forcibly and eloquently that to-day we find there are very few men who doubt the Fatherhood of God, but the church has been remarkably backward in preaching the brotherhood of man except in the spiritual sense; and in most cases where men have tried to apply the manhood standard, they have had to go outside the church to do so.

To-day we allow men to enjoy "liberty of conscience" because they are men, and from a religious standpoint as a people we have adopted the manhood standard of Christ, "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

We are all familiar with the tremendous efforts put forth by our forefathers to secure to a man a voice in the government of his country because he is a man. For years our forefathers used the property or money standard in the government of their country, but to-day we are governed by Christ's standard of "Love thy neighbor as thyself," as witnessed by the great posters placarded all over this city entitled "Manhood Suffrage."

There was a time in our history when men believed that only those who could afford to pay for an education had the right to be educated, but humanity was dissatisfied until we applied the manhood standard of Christ, educationally, as witnessed by our Public Schools.

And now men are once more dissatisfied, not religiously, politically or educationally, but industrially, and it is in our industrial affairs that we have not as yet applied the principles of Christ's manhood standard, "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

There was a time in our industrial affairs when credit (or property) was the standard which was almost universally used, but to-day we are more and more every day giving a preference to the money standard.

Humanity to-day prefers the money standard because it gives equal privilege and opportunity to all men, providing they have the money, and it is because we find a few men here and there that have a large abundance of wealth, but the majority of humanity find it a very difficult task to exist in this land of plenty, without daring to dream about living, that humanity is dissatisfied.

It is because of this inequality of distributing that which sustains the lives of men that we find them everywhere industrially dissatisfied.

The great problem that humanity has to solve to-day is, How shall we apply the manhood standard of Christ to our industrial affairs? This can only be done by establishing industries governed by the principle of "the products of the labor of the toilers for the toilers, or Love thy neighbor as thyself." This is Christian economy. But to-day our industrial affairs are governed by the principle of "The products of the toilers for the capitalist, and as small a wage as possible for the toilers." This is our present-day political economy.

In a Christian country it certainly should not be asking too much to have our industrial affairs governed by a Christian economy.

This brings us to the question, How can we apply Christ's manhood standard to our industrial affairs, and by whom shall it be done?

When the manhood standard was applied as the principle by which the church, state and school should be governed, they did not abolish the old institutions, but they did establish new ones governed by this new principle, and those who desired to do so had the privilege of using them, and those who preferred the old methods were allowed the liberty to continue to use them.

To-day it is the toilers that are dissatisfied with the principles that govern our industrial affairs, and it is for them to establish new industrial institutions governed by "the principle of the products of the toilers for the toilers, or Love thy neighbor as thyself." The coming larger vision of Christianity for humanity in this the twentieth century is the application of Christ's manhood standard to our industrial affairs.

When farms shall be established to grow food for humanity; when factories make clothes for humanity; when we build houses for humanity and use our stores and warehouses to supply the needs of humanity; when our railways, ocean steamers, telegraph, telephone, postal system, press and other public necessities are run in the interest of humanity instead of to make a profit, as they are to-day, we will then have made as great progress economically by men cooperating with men in the next 25 years as we have done in the last 50 years mechanically by men cooperating with the powers of nature.

Competition, which has been and is largely today, the keynote of our industrial institutions, is the very essence of selfishness; but cooperation economically is the very essence of unselfishness, or Christ's manhood standard of "Love thy neighbor as thyself" practically applied to our industrial affairs.

Any further extension of Christ's kingdom will be a very difficult matter until we establish industrial institutions governed by Christian economy instead of political economy.

The next great victory to be won for Christ in this country is the writing of the word Christian in the place of the word political before the economy to which humanity are governed to-day in all.

It is useless to ask men on Sunday to adopt the principles of Jesus which Christ taught when they have to go on Monday and work in industrial institutions governed absolutely by the principles of selfishness.

If the people have followed Jesus in applying His manhood standard, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," in the following economic and political fields of conflict: Against Slavery, by allowing every man to have a voice in the government of his country because he is a man (there is room for women suffrage here), and also compelling every man and woman to be workers, and giving to them equal opportunities, we could not have farms, factories, mines, shops, warehouses and public utilities run on the principle of the products of the toilers for the toilers, and not as it is to-day, "the products of the toilers for the capitalists and as small a wage as possible for the toilers."

We will always have industrial unrest while we have two classes, the one to receive a wage and the other to receive the profits of the workers.

We will not have industrial peace and humanity contented until men see that wage slavery is as morally wrong as chattel slavery was in the days of the great emancipator of humanity, Abraham Lincoln.

It would be wise for members of Christian churches to ask themselves why organized labor is coming to the front in this, the dawn of the twentieth century, with its Labor Cabinet in Australia, with its great cooperative movement in England doing business at the rate of £400,000,000 per annum, besides organizing an influential Labor party, and here in this country we are building Labor Temples that stand for universal Brotherhood of man and universal peace, two of the cardinal principles of Christianity. It is not the first time Christ has gone outside the church in order to extend His kingdom, and it may be that He is going to use the toilers to further extend His kingdom as He used them to establish it on this earth of ours.

OF LETTING GO AND GIVING UP.

Now that the time has come in the history of labor organizations to take a stand in the political arena, it is to be hoped that they will not get discouraged at any of the trivial obstacles they may have to contend with.

The Canadian Labor League has a platform and a principle that no workingman need be ashamed of—the principle of the brotherhood of man.

Workingmen, union and non-union, the time has come for you to join hands and make, as it were, one strong chain around your rights—a chain of honesty that no dishonest opposition can break asunder.

Then again, you are building up a principle—the Christ-like principle—one which our Lord commands each and every one of us to do, Love thy neighbor as thyself. If these principles are carried out they surely will prosper.

It has been told by a friend of Abraham Lincoln's: "I spent three weeks in the White House as the guest of Mr. Lincoln. One night, as I was quite restless and could not sleep, the hour was past midnight when I heard low tones proceeding from a private room near where the President slept. The door was partly open, and there I could see the President, with light turned low, kneeling beside an open Bible; and I heard him crying out in tones so pleading and sorrowful: 'O thou God that heard Solomon in the night when he prayed for wisdom, hear me. I cannot lead this people, I cannot guide the affairs of this nation, without Thy help. I am poor and weak and sinful. O God, who didst hear Solomon when he cried for wisdom, hear me and save this nation.'"

So should the members of the Canadian Labor League follow the good example set forth by Abraham Lincoln.

One step and then another,
And the longest walk is ended;
One stitch and then another,
And the largest rent is mended.

One brick upon another,
And the highest wall is made;
One flake upon another,
And the deepest snow is laid.

Then do not look disheartened
On the work you have to do,
And say that such a mighty task
You never can get through.

But just endeavor day by day
Another point to gain,
And soon the mountain that you feared
Will prove to be a plain.

Rab.

The difference between a fiddler and a violinist consists largely in the charges they make for their services.

He—Dearest, I want you to know that I hold you tenderly in my heart of hearts.

She—But what are you doing with your arms?

BABBIT
WITH
THE CANADA METAL CO'S METALS
William St., TORONTO, ONT.

The Mission of the Tomato Bisque

By RUTH SANTELLE

Copyright, 1905, by Ruth Santelle

Major Blackburn was possessed of a temperament no more irritable than that of the average gentleman of his age. Moreover, the dignity of that age might have gone unsuspected by virtue of his boyish face and genial if somewhat pompous manner had it not been for the telltale spontaneities of a veteran's tongue and a great grown-up son of the modern, broad shouldered type.

But the major was inclined to take it good naturedly. Aspiring to youthfulness in old age was not one of his hobbies. He was guilty, nevertheless, of two—a pet steak and a pet aversion. The first was an imaginary picture he had conjured up of an old time girl who scorned "higher education" and devoted herself to the acquisition of an endless array of housewifely accomplishments. The second was tomatoes. Utterly unfit to eat! He furthermore, they crowded him out—death upon his word as a gentleman and soldier.

His thoughts were neither of the visionary maid nor the detested vegetable as he strode up and down the aisle of the dining car. They had been fighting snow and wind since 4 p. m., and now it was in and the drifts piled higher. Something had happened to the steam pipes and comfortable warmth was fast becoming a more and more distant memory. Worst of all, they had not yet succeeded in reaching the place where the dinner was taken on, and, dinnerless, the major was unhappy.

"Where in the world are we, and what are we stopping for this time?" he growled as a blue nosed brakeman swung through.

"Stopping because we can't go no further," was the answer. "This here's Graves Station, and we're telegraphing for relief. Let you know directly," as he disappeared.

"Comforting, to say the least! Windows so frosted you can't see out. Probably nothing to see if you could. How a cup of coffee now would cheer a man's soul!"

The major's dismal reflections were interrupted by a clear, ringing laugh. Irresistibly he stopped by the seat of the fresh cheeked, tailored girl in the wide hat who had been variously ministering to the hungry, cold, tired and full. Now, she had a youngster in her lap, stifling his fretting with bites of juicy orange. It looked inviting.

"I am sorry to say," came the conductor's voice from the doorway, "that the drifts make it impossible for us to go on. We have sent for the plow to release us, and it can probably get here in two hours. As all trains after 8 o'clock are through expresses, the station is closed for the night, so I am afraid"—

A chorus of groans drowned the rest of the announcement. Helplessly and hopelessly they looked at each other. The tailored girl alone, slipping the child from her knees, held a moment's consultation with the conductor. Then she called cheerfully:

"I am organizing a foraging expedition. May I count for volunteers, please? Four men, I think—young ones. We'll let the rest of you help when we see what's to be done."

The response was instantaneous. She had to be firm in accepting the four who reached her first. Like a captain, she marshaled her crew in fluttered array, and before the now interested crowd could grow impatient they found themselves filing through hastily shoveled paths into the station's single building, almost warm already with a huge fire in the stove.

"It wasn't a bit hard to get in," warbled the captain, now playing hostess. "We found quantities of wood, and if you're all very good and don't hinder we may find you something eatable in due time. Now, you," to the flattered major, "keep everybody else amused some way while we get supper."

"That girl is—a—a brick!" he ponderedly admitting and proceeded to obey orders to the best of his ability.

The merry cries from the kitchen end of the establishment helped him in his efforts.

"Crackers!" carrolled the captain encouragingly. "Half a barrel full. And a can of cream frozen almost solid. I'll have to sweeten some for dessert."

A few moments of laughter and apparent investigation.

"Now, a girl like that!" the major was pondering, unable to keep his jealous glance from wandering.

Then a burst of triumph from the kitchen: "Oh, see what I've found! Cans and cans of them! Now for a feast!"

Then a period of busy silence and strengthening odors.

In less time than the famished travelers had dared hope they were ranged before bowls brimming with a steaming and savory concoction, the very sight of which increased their faith in a sheltering Providence.

"Fall to, fall to!" urged the apparently untired girl, waving a long ladle like a magician's wand. "There are gallons and gallons, and I don't want to see a motionless spoon till every drop has vanished."

They needed no second invitation. As the major leaned back after a fourth polishing of his bowl the girl came up with a platter. "Take this," she whispered, "and gather the biggest sort of a collection to leave in payment for our entertainment."

And the plate grew heavy as he went the rounds, supported by the voice of the girl from her stool pedestal.

Then came the dish washing—("Is there anything that girl won't think of?" wondered the major)—and a round of lively games, upon which broke the welcoming shriek of the snowplow.

And how the winter night was rent with cheer upon cheer for the captain as once again they boarded the train with a fair passage ahead!

The major by force captured the seat beside her.

"We can't begin to thank you, of course. It was a case of salvation pure and simple. And that stew—perfectly delicious! If I might ask you to accept my card"—

As she took the bit of pasteboard she started and flushed, then, with a fluttering apology, was off to adjust the wraps of an old lady who was trying to get a nap. And when at the first stop she left the train, escorted by a bodyguard six or eight strong, with a musical "Goodby, everybody, and bon voyage" over her shoulder, the major felt that his advances had not been warmly received.

During the two days which the major and his son, who had gone ahead, spent over the business which had called them from home the younger man found his patience tried by the incessant allusions to "the girl who saved our lives."

"A girl like that, Warren, would make a wife worth having! Capable to the last degree! None of your aesthetic ethics about her. What you can see in that college creation you're so determined to"—

"If you please, father, remember that I am engaged to marry Miss Berkeley and cannot countenance slighting remarks even from you. If you would only consent to see her you would not feel so, I know."

"Well, well, never mind! But a girl like that I could welcome as a daughter," was the regretful response.

On the return trip, by daylight, the major grew visibly excited as they neared the town where the girl had stopped.

"I'll watch closely, Warren. If she should happen to be at the train I could point her out."

"Yes-es," drawled Warren absently; then he started forward as the train pulled in. "Marcia! Why, what in the world"—

But his father was peering through the window. "By Jove, there she is! And she's no—yes—she's getting out! Don't be excited, Warren, if you can help it."

And the major turned to see his dignified son dashing down the aisle; then he held his breath as he saw him warmly greet the angel of the midnight feast.

"Father, this is Miss Berkeley—Marcia," began Warren persuasively, when, to his surprise, the maiden said:

"I have met your father before, though Major Blackburn did not at the time know me."

Father and son gazed from each other to the girl. Comprehension dawned simultaneously. Then the major put out both hands, with laughter in his eyes.

"But, Marcia," questioned Warren, as they seated themselves, "I don't understand yet. Why are you away from the university?"

"Three days' leave of absence for experimental sociology."

"Marcia," said the major, admiration and wonder controlling his voice, "that stew! I didn't know college girls ever did such things."

"My tomato bisque?" she laughed. "I am famous for that in my chafing dish and found just the right things."

"Tomato!" gasped the major, sinking back weakly. "That wasn't tomato? I—I—guess I never tried any before. It was very nice."

Seed Armor.

Plant seeds are housed in a hard covering upon which the gastric juice of animals takes no effect, and it is this natural protection which preserves what is so necessary to reproduce the support of animal life. It is only when a seed is crushed and its vital principal in consequence destroyed that the gastric juice acts upon it, and it is soon dissolved.

It is for this reason that birds are provided with gizzards to break the protecting coats of the grain, and animals that feed on seeds and nuts strip them of their shells and husks.

In succulent fruit, such as the strawberry, raspberry, currant, apple, orange and melon, which from their nature are attractive to the taste, the seeds, which are often likely to be swallowed, are fortified by a doubly protective coating so that they pass unharmed through the digestive organs, and their germinating powers may even be improved by the warmth and trituration of the stomach.—London Standard.

Swedish Women.

Reverence for women is one of the immemorial Scandinavian characteristics. The women themselves are emulous of masculine achievement and are keen for obtaining the same civil rights. The woman of the south dominates by her charm, the woman of the north by her force of mind. Each has a love of physical activity and a thirst for knowledge. Coeducation prevails everywhere in the schools. In no other country is the woman who is obliged to earn her own living better cared for. All positions and all the professions are open to her. She may be doctor, professor, journalist, manufacturer, without losing her woman's position in the world. The first transportation company of Stockholm was founded by a woman and by her directed with success. Many printing shops employ women exclusively. There has, of course, been the unpreventable consequence of this, that Swedish women have grown indifferent toward marriage, and the number of independent women has increased.—Re-

Unto the Third Generation

By CICELY ALLEN

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Francesca climbed the stairs with dragging steps. Dick caught up with her and supported her slow. With his strong, firm hand. It was good to feel his support, his presence, even though she had grown somewhat accustomed to it, and she turned to him with a wan smile.

At the head of the first flight of stairs they turned into Mrs. Miller's little sitting room, and Francesca dropped wearily into the low rocker by the window. Dick sat on the window ledge swinging his feet. His hall bedroom was on the floor above. Francesca had the room next to Mrs. Miller's, but since their engagement had been announced the good natured landlady had rather twitched her little sitting room over to their use.

"In my days young folks didn't have to do their courting in the park, and I don't think it's right and proper," she had said in explanation to her oldest boarder, a crusty bachelor.

And now the two young people sat in the twilight, typifying the two sections of the country from which they had come—Francesca, gentle, clinging and drooping in the fierce struggle for existence in the great northern city, shrinking from the clamor of trains overhead, the clang of surface cars at her side and longing for the mellow moonlight and the voice of the nightingale in her old southern home; Dick, alert, quick, fascinated by the opportunities which had drawn him from a midwest farm. He had brought nervous energy and strong, vigorous blood, and New York loves to sap and live off them both. They had met on the commercial highway and loved. At least Dick was quite sure of it on his side. Tonight well, Francesca hardly knew what was wrong tonight.

"A whole day to ourselves tomorrow, sweetheart," he was saying.

"Yes," replied Francesca bitterly. "That's what all the girls were saying today. You'd think we were slaves—and—well, we are!"

Dick looked at her in surprise. Then he spoke cheerily.

"Well, we shan't be always. Do you know, Francesca, that little venture in real estate is coming out all right. I could have sold my share today at a net gain of a thousand. But I think I'll hang on until we're married, and we'll build on the corner lot."

"And you'll be a commuter, and I'll die of loneliness through the day."

Dick eyed her anxiously.

"Things go wrong at the shop? Well, never mind. Tomorrow we'll have the whole day"—

"Don't say that again," she commanded, then corrected herself quickly. "I mean, where shall we go?"

"If you don't mind, I'd like to take a few flowers out to one of the cemeteries." Then, seeing the surprise in her face, he added hastily: "Not that I've any one buried around here, only at home on Memorial day we always put flowers on the soldiers' graves, and I guess we can find plenty of 'em around here. Then we'll go down to one of the beaches on the boat. We won't get off. Just take the water ride."

Francesca's hands were clasped tightly over her crossed knees.

"You can do as you like. I'll never decorate a Federal soldier's grave, Dick Merrill, never! If it hadn't been for that war I'd not be in this dreadful, dreadful city working—working like a slave for $15 a week, with girls who don't know how to dress, to talk, to act. My people always had money, but my grandfather was killed in your war. My father could not regain what the war had swept away. He died struggling with the problem, and my mother followed him with a broken heart. I hate the north, even though I had to come and ask it for bread. And you ask me to decorate the graves of men who devastated my home!"

"I didn't think, Francesca, dear, honestly I didn't. You see, we've always kept the day. My folks fought on the other side, and then I guess I'm a bit old fashioned. It seems natural to go to the cemetery, and I didn't think of how you might feel."

"That's it. You didn't think. You'll never understand me," the girl said in low, passionate tones. "There's the Mason and Dixon line between us. You northern men are so different. You're all business and dollars. You get us southern girls up here and grind our lives out."

Dick looked serious now, but he forced a smile.

"If the north had not claimed your talents, dear, we would never have met," he said, and it was her cue to soften, but she did not take it.

"Oh, I hate it! I hate it—the air, the noise, the rush! It has no compensations."

She did not mean it just that way, but Dick took the words literally. He stood up suddenly and very straight.

"I am sorry, Francesca, that you think I cannot make you happy."

And when she looked up he had left the room so quietly that she could hardly believe the move had been taken by vigorous, stalwart Dick Merrill.

* * * * * *

She did not come down to breakfast the next morning, and when Mrs. Miller appeared at her bedside with a cup of coffee and some golden brown toast the sound of muffled drums in the distance told her that the parade was in motion.

"Dear me, sus, but the house seems quiet! It's funny how all New York does make the most of a holiday. Mr. Merrill said you weren't feeling well, but I think it would have done you good to go out."

Francesca sipped at her coffee without replying.

"Seems as if I just must go myself, but Lizzie she was set on taking the day off, and she's such a good help I didn't want to cross her, but I do hate to miss going to the cemetery. Isn't it funny, Mr. Merrill and I coming from the same town? I knew just how he felt this morning when he said he'd go out and decorate some graves. We always did it at home, with the G. A. R. at the head of the procession and the children carrying the flowers and wreaths. It didn't lose anybody close in the war, as near as I can remember, but it meant a lot to Dick Merrill's folks."

Francesca looked up suddenly.

"Ain't he ever told you?" Mrs. Miller said in surprise. "Well, mebbe he thought the war was a tender subject with you southerners. Why, his grandfather enlisted and took his three boys with him. All four of 'em are buried among the unknown dead somewhere south of the Mason and Dixon line. Mary Ann Merrill—that's Dick's mother—she somehow couldn't make things go, and she wound up in the poor farm. Yes, there were plenty of folks that took to the poor farms after the war. But Dick, he wasn't the kind to stay there. Blood will tell, and he had more of his father's blood than his mother's in him. When I see him, so straight and good looking, so well dressed and carrying himself as if he expected to own New York before he got done, I say that blood will tell every time. There's some folks that even having their whole family wiped out by the war won't down, and that's the sort Dick is. My laws, there's that bell again! Don't you want any more toast? Well, you'd better come down after awhile and we'll have a little lunch. None of the boarders will be home before dinner time."

But one of the boarders did come in very soon. He had a florist's box in his hand, and he walked quietly into Mrs. Miller's sitting room, where Francesca, looking a bit pale from her headache, but very sweet and gentle, rose at his entrance.

"Oh, Dick, have you come back for me? Is it too late to go?"

"I guess we won't go, Francesca. You see, I didn't understand—and these are violets for you instead."

"Oh, but we will go, you and I together, dear. It was I who didn't understand, and we must have common interests, dear heart. We can't afford to let the old feud come between us of the third generation. We'll scatter those violets over the graves of the unknown dead."

And so they went forth into the beautiful spring sunlight, and Mrs. Miller, peeping from behind the curtains of the basement, smiled as if sight of them had made the whole day glad for her.

The English Face.

It was an American who, meeting an Englishman in a country hotel in the States, opened conversation sympathetically with the words: "Cheer up! It may not be true, and if it is true it may be all for the best." And he was surprised to find that the Briton's look of acute gloom was normal and not the result of any more than ordinarily bad news. The prevailing notion of the American with regard to the Englishman is that he looks "as if his only friend on earth was a yellow dog, and he had lost the dog." For years the inhabitants of the States have been scrutinizing the faces of British visitors to try to ascertain whether their resigned expression is due to a recent bereavement, confirmed misanthropy or simply to superciliousness. According to a weekly paper, some Americans attribute the English face to the English climate. "They did not look actually sad," said an American lady to the writer, "or happy or preoccupied, but they one and all had an expression of resignation—the only state of mind possible with an English climate." This is an ingenious explanation. Centuries of rain and years of fog may have had their effect on our looks. There is, indeed, a certain dignity in the idea.—London Globe.

One of Tyndall's Heroic Experiments.

In 1864 Tyndall performed the experiment of separating light from heat. In the course of the investigations which enabled him to do this he made one of the most daring experiments that ever a scientific man ventured on.

Knowing a layer of iodine placed before the eye intercepted the light, he determined to place his own eye in the focus of strong invisible rays. He knew that if in doing so the dark rays were absorbed in a high degree by the humors of the eyes the albumen of the humors might congulate, and, on the other hand, if there was no high absorption the rays might strike upon the retina with a force sufficient to destroy it. When he first brought his eye undefended near the dark focus the heat on the parts surrounding the pupil was too intense to be endured. He therefore made an aperture in the plate of the metal and, placing his eye behind this aperture, he gradually approached the point of convergence of the invisible rays. First the pupil and next the retina were placed in the focus without any sensible damage. Immediately afterward a sheet of platinum foil placed in the position which the retina had occupied became red hot.

Fatalism.

"Pa, what's a fatalist?"

"A fatalist, my boy, is a man who thinks that if it is his fate to get rich he will become so without trying."

"Well, pa, do fatalists ever get rich?"

"Never, my boy."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.