

TRUE PYTHIANISM.

A correspondent of the "Pythian Knight," of Rochester, N. Y., in a letter from Buffalo, tells the following story which is well worth repeating:

A splendid example of Pythianism was witnessed here during the past month. Several years ago Bro. John P. Findler, of Harmony Lodge, No. 110, of Pullman, Ill., came to Buffalo with the Pullman Company. He had been in poor health for some time, and thus never found his way out among the lodges here, and was practically a stranger. He spent all of his hard-earned money with doctors who kept him in ignorance of his true malady, consumption. Last Summer he went to California for his health, where he rapidly grew worse, and was sent home to die. On his way home he visited the brethren at Pullman, Ill., and they sent regular remittances to the afflicted brother. Finally, fearing the worst, he asked to be placed in the care of some lodge here, and Harmony Lodge thereupon placed the brother under the care of Christopher Columbus Lodge, No. 323, the members of which visited him and watched over him. Dr. Frank A. Mendlin, a member of the lodge, gave his services free, and did everything possible for the now dying brother. Bro. Findler died on January 2nd, and Christopher Columbus Lodge buried him, according to Pythian rites at Concordia Cemetery, Walden Avenue, within sight of his former home. Money was advanced the widow who, with her three-year-old child, was now utterly alone. She had but a slight knowledge of the English language, and all her relatives, with the exception of a brother living at Houston, Texas, were in far-off Sweden. Chancellor Commander G. A. Kayser and Past Chancellor J. L. Hornberger took up a donation of \$20 from the lodge, Chancellor Commander Smith and "Incl. Joe" Kalmroth, of Selkirk Lodge, added \$3 more, and this was handed the bereaved widow. Harmony Lodge paid \$50 as a funeral benefit, but upon the appeal of Bro. Hornberger added \$40 more for the widow and orphan. All bills were met and \$77 was left over for the widow to help her along through the Winter. When I called at the home, 712 Walden Avenue, on January 18th, I found her with tears streaming from her eyes, but they were not tears of sorrow. She had received notice from the landlord that thereafter her house rent was reduced \$2 per month, all bills had been paid, fuel had been provided for the Winter, and she had a balance on hand and enough boarders, she thought, so that she could support herself and child. "Oh, it was all the lodge," she cried, as she wrung my hands again and again. I promised to call frequently, and left her in tears of gratitude. This was Pythianism, pure and true, not of the kind that makes long-winded speeches about the beauties of fraternity, and refuses even a dime to the widow and orphan, nor like the man who preaches Fraternity so that he may fatten on the crumbs thereof, as many charlatans do.

Stubb—"Wonder why old man Stokes sleeps in a red nightcap?"

Penn—"Guess it's to flag his train of thoughts."

THE GYMNASTIC GIRL.

There were foils on the wall
And the rules of basket ball
Done in red!
There were dumbbells on the floor
And a strength-weight closed the door—
Overhead!

There was some blue trophy flag
And there swung a punching bag
Near her seat!
She could box like any man
And his photo formed a fan—
Athlete!

There were books—a heaping stack—
And I read across one back—
"How to Fence!"
And a hundred other rules—
From the athletic schools
"That teach sense!"

Every volume headed "How!"
And she said: "I know them now—
Like a book!"
But she in a passion flew
When I asked her if she knew
How to cook!

TAKING WAYS.

"I," began the man who looked like Depew,
"have been to Rome and taken everything in."
"And I," said the youth in a red vest, "have
been to Romeo and have been taken in."

FEMININE DIPLOMACY.

She—"Don't you feel a draught over there
by that window?"

He (timidly)—"Yes, I be-believe I do. Shall
I p-pull down the b-blind or c-come over and
s-sit by you?"

She—"Well, I would advise you to pull down
the blind first."

A CHEAP MAN.

"Where have you been, my pretty maid?"
"I've been hunting bargains, sir," she said.
"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"I've too many cheap things now," she said.

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