SO MANY JOYS.

I have so many joys. One joy, of lovely sights
That down my days delle and dream along my nights!
My soul is like a room with mirrors all set round,
Where Beauty, once beheld, hath infinite rebound.

I have so many joys. One joy, of movement free,
That makes me sister to the winds and to the sea.
Oh, verily, my hand hath pleasure all its own;
My feet that press the turf distinct delight have known!

I have so many joys. One joy, of hearts that speak—
That, ere a word can pass, will tell me what I seek:
Such joy there is in being loved, but vaster joy
In loving. These twain joys there's nothing can destroy

I have so many joys. In yielding homage, one.
Such glorious creatures God hath made beneath the sun!
For some of these, and their white faith, and deeds sublim
'Twas given me to meet as on toward God we climb.

I have so many joys. One, memory linked with hope;
For, even as those stars struck out in heaven's cope,
Are shining, still, these thousand years upon the earth,
So, all the loves I've lost, still shine upon my hearth.

I have so many joys. One joy of loneliness,
And one, unnamed, that bears me whither none may guess.
Nay, not myself. For out of self afar I wing;
And only know, returning, I my joys must sing.

—Edith M. Thomas, in the Century.

LITTLE JIM

The day was warm as Simon Tanner slouched on the shady side of the street on his way to the public house to have a "half-pint" for the fourth time that morning, and the hand of the church clock had yet recorded the hour of eleven. In apperance Simon was a compound of the broken-down petty tradesman, a carpenter long out of employment, and a man, who would not work at all; but, as a matter of fact, he was a jobbing carpenter, who worked a little when he was obliged, and idled whenever he felt he could do so without the fear of being deprived of the drink that was dearer to his heart than anything else on earth.

He had a home and a wife and children, all in sad harmony with a drunkard's life —the one bare of furniture, and the other half starved, dejected and utterly miserable.

"I want a pint of beer, Mr. Bouncer, and I'll pay you this afternoon, if you don't mind," said Simon to the publican.

"No go," said Mr. Bouncer, drawing a glass for himself and drinking before the very eyes of the thirsty Simon, thereby inflicting upon him unnecessary pain. "You can't have the beer, because you won't pay. And besides, better watch you ain't put on this 'ere Black List."

Hoping that somebody of a more amiable turn of mind than the landlord might come in and "stand him a drink," Simon ruefully took a seat on a tub at the back of the bar, and sought, with indifferent success, to ward off his thirst by reading the police reports.

The bar was empty at that time, but in a few minutes others came in—three men in the holland suits worn by painters and house-decorators. Simon was deep in a case of wife-beating arising from drink—in which he had a sort of sympathetic feeling, having occasionally given a few blows to Mrs. Tanner instead of bread when she asked for it—when a roar of laughter from the men caused him to look up to find what had given rise to the merriment.

It was a little child, a boy with a wan face that spoke volumes, standing just within the door. The few rags he had upon his poor, little, pinched frame were not worthy of the name of clothes, and his little feet were thrust into a pair of battered, dingy boots big enough for a man. It was the boots the painters were laughing at, and at first sight the appearence of the child was undoubtedly ludicrous.

But their laughter soon ceased. The boots might be absurd, but the little limbs almost lost in the huge proportions of the battered coverings to his feet were touching to look upon, and when the men lifted their eyes to the sad face they became silent. The child was mute too. He simply stood there with his eyes asking for bread.

The man nearest to him, a big, black-whiskered fellow with a kind face, broke the silence. "Halloo, little Jack," he said; "what do you want?"

"My name isn't Jack, it's Jim," replied the child; " and I want a bit of bread."

"Poor little fellow!" said the man. "Here, master, give us a biscuit for the boy. What a shame for a man to send his child about in his old boots!"

"Not old boots!" said the boy, with a shrewd look—"father's best Sunday boots."

This drew out another roar of langhter, and one of the men, hoisting the child up, cried out, "Look, mates! here's a pair of best Sunday boots for you. What a nice, respectable father he must be if the rest of his clothes are only like them!" they all laughed again.

"Father never gives me anything," said Jim, quickly, " 'cept knock 'bout my head. Stones in the hard road cut my feet, so I put his boots on."

"Well, little chap," said the man who had Jim in his arms, putting him upon his feet, "I see you've got hard lines of it. Go home and tell your father to knock off his drink for a week, and get you a proper pair of boots."

The child laughed now in his turn, but he did not explain why he did so, nor did anybody ask him why. They understood that laugh, for it was without merriment, and they knew as well as the child how improbable it was that a man given to drink would listen to any appeal but that of his awful craving. Little Jim, with the remains of one biscuit in his hand and the other hugged to his breast, went out of the public house, with his big boots slouching and swinging about his tender little feet, and the men went back to their beer.

And who is this that has listened with bitter shame to all that passed, cowering behind the newspaper to hide his burning cheeks? Simon Tanner, the idle, dissolute drunkard, the father of little Jim.

Yes, it was his own child who, unconscious of the full depth of the iniquity of the story he was telling, had laid bare his shame to strangers. The child, even with closed lips, was a silent witness against him; his tongue had given such confirmation that none could doubt. Even Mr. Bouncer, who was, of course, a sturdy defender of the theory of strong drinks being beneficial, was compelled to admit that in this case it would be better if the father, whoever he was, took a little less.

"All I can say is," said the man who had paid for the first biscuit, "that I would not stand in that man's shoes for a mint of money."

"And how do you know you won't one day?" cried Simon Tanner, springing to his feet and glaring at him with sudden fury. "Do you think I was always a drunkard? I was once as good a man as you, if not better, and it's the drink that's brought me down."

'So you are the father of that boy," said the man—"a nice fellow you must be."

'Yes, I am," replied Simon; "and don't you go calling me hard names, for your turn may come, and the turn of all of you, and if the drink does get hold of you, then you will understand why that poor little chap was driven to do what he did. That landlord there knows me, and he knows I spend every penny I earn in this house; and yet this morning when I wanted him to trust me one pint, he said 'No.' He even jeered at me and warned me not to get put on the Black List. My word, I'll take his advice in a way he won't like."

"You always had beer for your money," Mr. Bouncer interrupted, "and there's no reason why I should give it to you for nothing."

"I suppose not," replied Simon; you've got the law and prejudice on your side, and there's everything against me; but I'm not going to be beaten. My child has put a new spirit into me today, and I'll tell you what I'm going to do, and that is, by God's help I'll never touch drink again. Do you hear? Never touch it again! And when I'm a decent man I'll come again here and stand outside and tell the people my story."

'If you come here and make a disturbance," said Mr. Bouncer, loftily, "I'll have you locked up."

"I shan't make any disturbance," returned Simon, as he moved towards the door; "there'll be no need to do that. The very look of drunken Simon, as I'm called, in good clothes will be enough to set people thinking, and if any of them chose to ask me a question, I shall be at liberty to answer it, I suppose."

Strong in his resolve, Simon Tanner turned his back upon "The Sorcerer," leaving behind him in the bar a little knot of perturbed, astonished men.

Only his wife was at home in their miserable room, busy with some rough sewing she obtained from a shop in the town, by means of which she got the children the little food that fell to their lot, and she started up, hearing the noise he made, fearing from his haste he was coming home, as he often did, in a violent temper. She was thankful all the children were out playing about the street with other little sufferers. She was always anxious to spare them the misery of seeing their father at his worst.

But he was changed, and the change was startling. He rushed at her, it is true; but instead of the blow and the curse, he took her in his arms, and holding her tightly, sobbed like a child. "Pray God to help us, Polly," he said; "I'm going to try to be a better man." She heard him, and fell a-sobbing too.

Simon had been kind to her once. When first they married he promised well, and was gentle to her; but before their first child was born he had become a follower of Mr. Bouncer. From that time there was no peace or happiness; naught but quarreling, want and rapid ruin. None of the children had hitherto seen their father at his best. They had no notion he ever was, or could be, anything but what he had been to them since they were born. There were four of them, and the eldest, a girl, was just nine years of age. Coming in at this moment, she did not know whether to scream or be glad when her father caught her in his arms and kissed her.

While Simon Tanner was holding his child to his heart, the two next, a boy and girl, came in, and as soon as they could fairly comprehend what had passed, lent their gladness to the general joy.

The last to arrive was little Jim, who, with the sunning born of the street life he led, left the shoes he had borrowed for awhile on the landing outside. He had not seen his father at the public house because the paper hid him from view, and he had no suspicion of his little peccadillo having been discovered, or of the good it had effected. He was greatly astonished and frightened at first when his father raised him in his arms, and with a glad smile asked him for his shoes.

A few hours before and he might have denied having seen them, for for the dread of being cruelly treated will often lead a child to lie; but the smile disarmed him, and he told where they were. Simon Turner went out and fetched them, and bade his wife put them away.

"We will keep these," he said, "and I trust in God to led me aright, so that when Jim is a man he may be thankful for the day he put them on."

A few minutes afterwards Simon was out seeking work, and by night he had found a little job to do. On his return home he found Robert Brown, the painter who gave Jim the biscuit, waiting to see him.

"I thought I would find you out and have a talk with you," he said, "for it is a pity such good resolutions as you and I made to-day should ever grow cold. The lesson I had—and you taught it, though you didn't think so —I never can forget. I have a wife and children, too, and I don't think I need say more than that I shuddered as I thought of what drink might bring to them. I am going to sign the pledge. Will you come with me?

A ready affirmation was given, and with Simon Tanner carrying little Jim in his arms, as proud of him as if he had been a prince of royal blood, they went to a well-known temperance worker in the district and put down their names. On their way home Robert Brown unburdened his mind of something he had had upon it all day.

"Here's a boot-shop," he said, pulling up, "and I want you to let me buy Jim a pair that will fit him. It's a poor little gift for what he has done for me this day."

It was a generous offer not to be refused on any account, and they went into the shop where little Jim, in a dream of delight—he could hardly believe it was real—was fitted up with a pair of sound boots, with sufficient ornament about them to please his childish fancy, and strong enough to stand the tests of ordinary wear.

They did not cost much; but no king on gaining additional territory ever knew the unqualified delight the little fellow felt that night as he strutted from the shop in his new possessions.

Of all that followed it would require a little book to tell. Little by little Simon Tanner made his home full of simple delights and pure joy, such as no votaries of drink could ever know, let them say what they will; and if he did not actually carry out his threat to stand against the door of "The Sorcerer," a living proof of the benefits of temperance, to teach the men who squandered their earnings there, the change in his life was still sufficiently well known to do some unavailing animosity of Mr. Bouncer.

The children are growing up, little Jim among them, and the day is not far distant when the old shoes will be a better fit than they were in his infant days, and should he desire to put them on once more they are still preserved and at his service. He will never wear them again, but whatever he may think of the shoes of the past, he will never be ashamed to put on those his father wears at the present time. God's guidance is daily prayed for in Simon's family, and the blessing which "maketh rich" rests on his happy home.—Lincoln Magazine.

THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND.

Wonderful Sagacity Shown by Trained Dogs as Part of an Army.

For dogs to be enlisted in every great army of the world, either in the ambulance department or as scouts and dispatch bearers, is surely something of a novelty.

In the Franco-Prussian war out of 129,000 killed and wounded 13,000 were returned as "missing"; and who shall say what these men endured? Every war of the future, however, will see the dog lessening its horror. In Germany his education is at this moment being taken in hand by a voluntary society with nearly 2000 members, among them some of the most able officers in that country's great army. The war dog proper is used for sentry, messenger and scouting service, while the ambulance dog's training inclines him only to scour the battlefield in search of the wounded and missing.

The needs of modern warfare not only call for vast enlarging of the battlefield, but also compel the troops to take every advantage of natural cover. This and the fact that wounded men will use their last strength to seek protection from artillery fire, cavalry charges, and the wheels of guns by crawling into thick bushes, ditches, and natural holes, will show how difficult it is for the overworked stretcher-bearers of the Red Cross department to notice prostrate figures not readily seen. Moreover, modern warfare is carried on largely by night attack; and at night, too, the wounded have to be collected. The ambulance dog, however, is independennt of artificial light, and relies only on his power of scent. Recently during the great Austrian maneuvers, 200 men were left lying on the field to represent the wounded; and the stretcher-bearers, working against time, overlooked thirty-eight of these. Within twenty minutes the Viennese dogs had found them all! Each dog had about his neck a flask of brandy or soup and a roll of bandages. The wounded man, having made what use he can of this relief, gives the dog his cap or belt and the animal races off with it to the ambulance attendants, whom he then conducts to the spot.—From W. G. Fitz-gerald's " Dogs on the Battlefield" in St. Nicholas.

An average man, living for the average period of human life, may be calculated to get through about 250 miles of reading.

A Censor of the Press

By Agnes Repplier.

THE Nineteenth Century and After, that most genial of British dictators, has expressed its opinions—more in sorrow than in anger—on the subject of the American Sunday newspaper. This amazing product of our civilization strikes the English critic with something akin to awe. Its vast bulk, the enuormous figures which represent its real or fictitious circulation; its wide grasp of material, from literary novelties like "The Wandering Jew," to the range at which Master Archie Roosevelt shot a rabbit; its determination to provide entertainment for every grade of intelligence and senility; its advertisements, its illustrations, and the generous breadth with which it defines that pleasant word "society," are all equally bewildering to an alien. He pauses to speculate upon the "gifted prophetess,' who for twenty-five cents "and upwards" provides "gypsy sympathy," fortune telling, palmistry andspirit communications." He is pleased and surprised to see that the seven royal children of an unpronounceable German principality are as dear to our hearts, and our press, as the lady who sings "Seven Lumps of Sugar, Sweetie," in advanced vaudeville, and whose portrait flanks that of the Germanic nurslings. He asks on what principle of selection this mass of heterogeneous rubbish is collected and distributed weekly.

Above all, the colored comic supplement of the Sunday newspaper is a stumbling-block to the critic's path. For whom, he wonders, and for whom, we wonder, too, can these pictures be intended? Do grown-up people trace the disastrous consequences of Sammy's Sneeze, or follow Faithful Fritz through his ever-repeated ducking and tumblings? Has American humor reverted to the simple anvestral type which regarded an accident of any kind as mirthful? Are the supplements designed for the exclusive refresnment of the feeble-minded, or as a blight upon the intelligence of youth? Or can it be possible that we are all, without knowing it, at the "Slovenly Peter" stage of mental development? These are questions which the Nineteenth Century lacks the spirit and intelligence to answer. It merely observes that "a family which has saturated itself with the Sunday newspaper is in no mood for church-going, nor for any serious occupation"—a statement too obvious for regard. A family "saturated" with the Sunday newspaper would probably be tottering on the verge of idiocy, but the American mind is not of a porous quality. It was the wise Marcus Aurelius who—tormented with the superfluities of Rome—advised his readers to save themselves by inattention from the knowledge of useless things.—From Life.

Six Hundred Millions Worth of Floods Yearly

By Walter J. Ballard.

IT is estimated by the United State geological survey that floods cost the American people $100,000,000 a year in loss of property, while the mere menace of these floods prevents the development of thousands of square miles of otherwise valuable property and limits the usefulness of a far greater area. Great as is the annual destruction of property, greater still is the loss by the waste of the water itself. A conservative estimate places the water loss at five times the value of the property loss. If the flood water of the United States could be stored for future use it would be worth $500,000,000 a year to us. Therefore, it is safe to say that, directly and indirectly, floods cost the American people a total of $600,000,000 a year.

To prevent or minimize this great loss the engineers of the water resources branch of the geological survey have been for a number of years making systematic studies of flood conditions on many streasms throughout the country, and several of their reports have been published. Attention is now drawn to Water Supply Papers Nos. 88, 92, 96, 147 and 162. Renewed impetus was given to the work by the great flood in the Ohio river basin in March, 1907, which was one of the two greatest in a hundred years, the other having occurred in 1884.

The ideal remedy for floods, according to the engineers of the survey, is the keeping of the earth's surface in a porous condition, so that the water will be absorbed and held as by a sponge, and allowed to pass slowly into the streams. Vegetation is the great agent that produces porosity of soil, and the most effective form of vegetation for the retardation of surface flow is forest cover. Forestation, therefore, is the prime requisite for the prevention of the needless waste caused by floods.

The next requisite is the construction of reservoirs to hold the waters so that they may be made useful during seasons of low water. Nearly all American rivers can be readily controlled by the construction of storage reservoirs on the headwater streams. The cost of such work, though heavy, would be as nothing compared with the enormous benefits to water power and irrigation, as well as to flood prevention and navigation.

The Orient Watching the Filipinos

By Major George P. Ahern, Director of Forestry in the Philippines.

JUST now the English, French, and Germans in the Far East sneer at the American idea of establishing an ideal republic in the Philippines. They say we are making a grave mistake in giving the natives too much leeway. The English in India give a few selected natives a little power, but the great majority of natives in the English colonies have no voice in the government and earn little social recognition. The American experiment, which probably is the most remarkable the world has ever seen, gives the poorest native the same chance as the wealthiest, education being free to all. At Manila, instead of climbing up a tree to see what is going on, the Filipino citizen can go to a reception of the governor-general and shake his hand and leave feeling of considerable importance. While the representatives of European civilization sneer, the eyes of the entire Orient are turned seriously on this great American experiment. If it succeeds, there will be startling developments in Java, China, and India, not to mention other countries. The natives of India will say to themselves: "If such great freedom can be given to the Filipinos, why cannot it be given to us?" Manila today is swarming with Orientals from all Eastern countries, for it is one of the cosmopolitan cities of the world.

The New Patriotism

By A. J. Haynes.

THE old patriotism was much concerned with guns and flags and all the paraphernalia of war. The new patriotism is to be a thing of schools, hospitals and churches and mission halls for all who feel the extraordinary burdens of life. The new patriotism will concern itself with clean streets and well built houses; it will demand that the rich be satisfied with less and that the poor have more; it will not be so spectacular, but it will be more real, more vitally related with the raw needs of human life. The day of the hero on horseback is past; the day of the hero in the bonds of civic self-sacrifice has come.

Indian Babies Don't Cry.

"Affection for children is an Indian characteristic," says Dr. Charles S. Moody of Idaho. "I have never seen an Indian mother or father punish a child, nor have I ever seen an Indian child cry. An Indian child never sobs when hurt. Just an extra snap of the bright black eyes and a slight frown is all to indicate to the observer that the little fellow is suffering. I have never heard even an Indian baby cry."—London Evening Standard.

Not the Kind He Wanted.

"Little Willie ran away to hunt red skins."

"Yes?"

"But he didn't find any until his father had finished with him."—Harper's Weekly.

A German technical journal has gone to the trouble of estimating that the water of the whole ocean contains in solution over 2,000,000 tons of pure silver.

Fashion Notes

New York City.—The over waist in all its variations continues to be a favorite of the fashionable world and it allows of so many different effects and such charming treatment that the fact is easy to understand. This one is novel and graceful and can be utilized either for plain material or for banding, while the blouse beneath can be made of anything thin and soft that may be liked. As illustrated, however, the overwaist is made of embroidered banding, while the blouse itself is of crepe ninon with the chemisette of tucked mousseline.

The sleeves that extend just to the elbows and are finished with narrow frills are pretty and attractive, but they can be cut a little longer, covering the elbows, if liked, in which case they would be made with cuffs to match the chemisette, as shown in the small view. When the blouse is made with banding, as in this instance, the sections are cut separately and joined one to the other over the shoulders, but when it is cut from plain material there is no need of such joinings. In either case the over waist and the blouse are joined at their lower edges and are attached to a foundation girdle over which the draped one is arranged.

The blouse is made with front and backs and is faced to form the chemisette, the material beneath being cut away when a transparent effect is desired. The larger portions of the over blouse are cut in one piece each with the centre front portion separate, and are arranged over the blouse, which is gathered at the lower edge and joined to the girdle. The sleeves are moderately full and are arranged over fitted linings which are faced to form the cuffs of the three-quarter sleeves or trimmed with frills of lace in the case of the elbow sleeves.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is, for the blouse, two and a half yards twenty-one, two and a quarter yards twenty-seven, or one and a half yards forty-four inches wide, with three-quarter yard of tucking for chemisette; one and one-eighth yards eighteen or twenty-one inches wide or four and three-quarter yards of banding two and a half inches wide for the over waist and sleeve bands; five-eighth yard of silk for the girdle.

New Neckwear.

Often there is a scarf or jabot of fine muslin and lace, hand made, worn below the brooch. Again plain velvet ribbon is arranged into many loops and ends, the latter finished with tiny silk tassels. No one could complain of this not being old-fashioned enough, and yet it is distinctively new and smart. They are wearing them in Paris on the most expensive frocks.

Waist Drapery.

The drapery on the waist is a logical development of the surplice and fichu effects and of the kimono sleeve.

Newest Colors.

The newest colors are strong in tone, and are either becoming or quite the opposite. Lines of black serve to tone down the vividness of many of the new materials.

Black Velvet Dots.

In making up a black spangled robe over a ruffle of pleated chiffon it is a clever idea to connect the two by sewing to the ruffle at regular intervals big disks of black velvet.

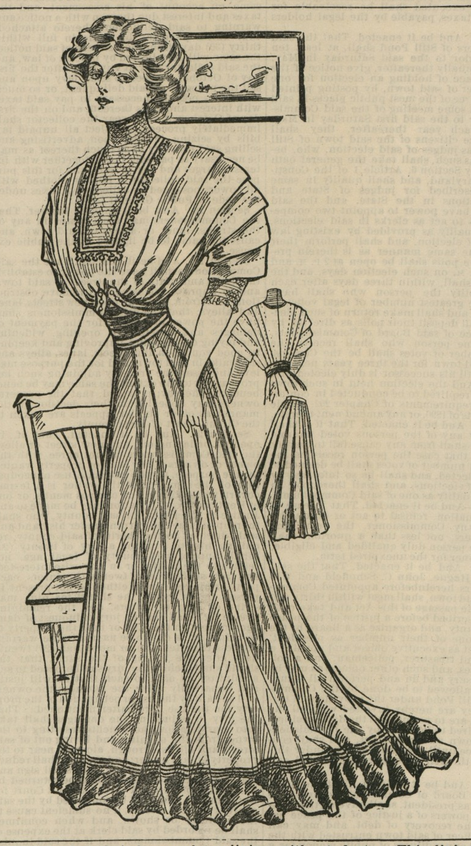
Waistcoats For Suits.

Some vests for suits are made of knife-pleated taffeta, one shade lighter than the suit, sewn like a ruffle inside the jacket. These silk vests are more becoming to some figures than the stiff, tight-fitting vest of embroidery and braid, but they detract greatly from the tailored appearance, and are, therefore, not likely to take the place of the latter.

Fancy Blouse Waist.

The pretty fancy blouse waist is the one most in demand at the moment both for the entire gown and for the odd blouse. This one is adapted to both purposes and would be exceedingly charming made from any of the fashionable thin materials. In the illustration crepe de Chine is combined with chemisette of lace and is trimmed with heavy applique, while the sleeves are finished with dainty little bands and frills of Valenciennes lace. The blouse, however, would be charming in louisine, in voile, in marquisette, in chiffon and all similar materials and also in the fashionable filet and embroidered nets. The soft folds produced by the fullness at the shoulders render it peculiarly well adapted to these last and the model is altogether a most satisfactory one There are the big arm-holes suggestive of Mandarin styles, yet which are by no means clumsy or exaggerated, while the sleeves can be made either in the pretty three-quarter or full length. Altogether the blouse gives an effect of extreme dressiness and charm, while it is simple, involving very little labor in the making.

The blouse is made over a plain



lining without darts. This lining is faced to form the chemisette and the sleeves are attached to it. The blouse proper consists of the fronts and the backs and is arranged over the lining the two being closed invisibly at the back. The sleeves are faced to form the deep cuffs when long sleeves are used to form the V-shaped portions for those of three-quarter length. The collar can be made either curved up back of the ears or straight as found more becoming.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is three and three-eighth yards twenty-one, two and seven-eighth yards twenty-seven

or one and seven-eighth yards forty four inches wide, with one-half yard of all-over lace for the chemisette four yards of applique, one yard of insertion and one yard of edging to make as illustrated, one and one-half yards of all-over lace when the deep cuffs are used.

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