

## CASABIRANKA.

The girl sat on the baseball stand—All but her beau had fled, And he, poor chap, could not demand Relief from what she said. "Why does the pitcher throw it so?" She murmured in dismay. "Such actions violent, you know, His awkward moves display. Why does he so expectorate Upon the snow white ball?" Was he not taught until too late That that's not nice at all? Why does that fellow don a cage And let his voice resound In cries of "Strike" awak'ning rage In those upon the ground? Why do the runners always fall And slide upon their face, Or else—they do not care at all— Upon some other place? Why do the people murmur "Rank"? He has no rank, 'tis plain. Why does that player lean and lank, Seen in such awful pain? Why does the catcher wear that pad Close to his bosom pressed? And why has not the other hind His clothes cut like the rest? Why does that player swing the wood In such a reckless way? And question, as no good man should, What those behind him say? Why do the men such colors wear?—But here she turned her head, And then at last became aware Her escort had dropped dead. —Nebraska State Journal.

## THE KODAK'S EYE.

"It was just six years ago that I took my first walking tour with my kodak—dare say you remember. I had passed through Philey one glorious May morning, and on the outskirts I came across one of the prettiest cottages I ever saw in my life. Gables you know, and a porch framed in honeysuckle; and running up the hill behind the house, an old-fashioned garden—such a garden! A little boy was swinging on the gate." Thompson went on; "pretty little chap about 6, I should think. He was lashing the gate with a great bunch of whitehorne, and chirruping to his steed as he swung back and forth. He looked across the road at me and laughed. 'If you'll keep quite still while I count six, I'll give you a bright new shilling,' I said. He eyed me critically. I set the focus and sighted the child in the finder of my kodak. I saw that the hillside garden and the honeysuckle porch would come into the scope of the picture. But I wished the child hadn't grown so perpetually grave. 'What you got in the box?' he said. 'I'll show you in a minute, if you keep quiet,' I answered. Just as I put my finger to the button a cuckoo in the copse began to call. The child lifted his curly head and listened rapturously. 'It's my bird,' he said, but just before he spoke I had pressed the kodak button. Someone shouted 'Billy!' from the cottage, and the child scampered off with it.

"I had only a short holiday that year, and on my way home, going from Thorpe to Frentont, I took a wrong turning, and found myself near Philey again. I didn't really care, for I had made my forty-eight exposures, and wasn't looking for anything new. It was furiously hot the morning I saw the picture cottage for the second time. I came on it from behind the hill at the back, and saw that the place was in reality a small farm. I dare say they'd give me a glass of milk, I thought, and by way of making a short cut I climbed a wall and dropped on the other side. But I came down on a wobbly stone lying in a ditch, lost my balance, turned my ankle, and lay cursing dismally for some minutes. Then I hopped up to the house. There was no one about, and yet it wore an inhabited air. I knocked at a side door and leaned heavily against the lintel. No one came. I limped around to the front. My little friend wasn't hanging over the gate this time. I went into the porch and knocked again. The door was opened—a woman of about 35, looking very ill, I thought, stood there waiting to know my errand.

"Can I get some one here to go for a fly? I've sprained my ankle, and—

"There's nobody here," she said, and shook her head unsympathetically. I had a horrible fear that she was going to shut the door in my face.

"Can you let me have a glass of milk? I said. I wanted nothing in the world so much as an excuse to sit down.

"Yes, I suppose so," she said, indifferently. "Come this way."

I followed her into the kitchen. She gave me a chair and went out. I sat nursing the injured ankle until she came back with the milk.

"I passed here about ten days ago," I said, "on my way to Frentont."

"Did you?" said the woman in a stupid way. She turned to the window and sat down on a low stool by a market basket. I saw she had been shell-peas when I knocked.

"I noticed your garden particularly. I haven't seen a finer one this year."

"No, it ain't bad," she replied, dropping the fat peas into the pail at her side. They pattered down like hail-stones.

"How far shall I have to walk before I can get a trap? I said.

"Nothing this side of Tarver's, I should think."

"How far is that?"

"'Bout half a mile," I almost groaned aloud. I couldn't walk it. Somebody must be found who would go and treat with Tarver for me.

"I saw a little boy swinging on the gate when I passed some days ago—

"The woman turned her head so sharply in my direction that I stopped short. It was only an instant's interruption. The face was averted again and the peas began to hail against the door."

"Isn't he here now?" I asked.

"The woman shook her head. It was

very warm. The perspiration stood in beads on her forehead. She lifted her arm and passed the sleeve of her printed gown over her face. I set the empty glass on the table at my elbow, and took out my purse. I noticed the woman's quick hands were idle again, and her head bent down. "She is very ill," I thought. "She can't go to Tarver's, but—

"I'll be glad to pay somebody half a crown who will get me a fly," I said aloud. "Do you know of—

"She had lifted her head and looked at me.

"Was it you who gave him the shillin'?

"Gave who?

"Billy, my boy. You said you saw him swingin' on the gate. Was it you gave him a new shillin'?

"Oh, I believe I did," I said.

"The sunburnt face worked and dropped on her folded arms.

"What happened?" I said, after a pause.

"She sat up and stared vacantly through the window.

"I usedn't to let him go outside the gate to talk to people passin'," she said. "I called him in when I heard voices that day. He showed me the shillin'—". She broke off and wiped her eyes on the back of her hand.

"Yes?" I said.

"I didn't like him takin' money from strangers; I scolded him, an' he cried." Her own eyes were full of tears.

"I tried to make him say what the shillin' was for," she went on. "He said, 'Nothin'.' "Then you begged it," I said, "an' you're a disgrace," and he cried more an' said he hadn't—

"But that was quite true," I interrupted.

"Oh, I didn't know that. I didn't know that!" the woman moaned. I said I'd give him a beatin' if he didn't tell me why the strange gentleman gave him the shillin'. I might've done it, too, but he stopped cryin' all of a sudden, an' said: "Why, of course, mammy, I know why he did it—it was because my cuckoo sang for him, an' I keep quiet so he could hear." I knew that was just Billy's nonsense, but I didn't beat him—oh, I'm glad I didn't beat him!

"I waited till she found her voice again," Thompson said, after a pause, as an excuse for the sudden failure of his own.

"The woman explained," he went on, "that Billy had climbed up the laburnum tree that same afternoon. 'He lost his hold,' she said, an' the doctor says he musta' fell on his head—he died that night."

"I muttered something stupid about sympathy. She went on shelling the pens. Looking vaguely around I caught sight of a child's photograph in a frame on the opposite wall.

"Is that a picture of your boy?" I asked.

"No, no," said the woman; "that's my sister's child, and he ain't dead, neither! We never had a picture of Billy. That seems to make it worse somehow. I tell my husband I believe I could bear it better if I had a picture of him."

"Why, I took a picture of him?" In my excitement I started up, and wrenched my unhappy ankle. I sank back faint from pain.

"You took a picture of my Billy?" She was standing beside me when I opened my eyes.

"Yes—er—or the house. He was at the gate, you know."

"Thank God," the woman said, shaking her clinched hands pitifully. "Thank God! Thank God!"

"But it may not come out right," I said, cursing myself for having raised hopes that my kodak might not justify. "You see, it isn't developed. I can't tell how—

"Oh, you must make it come out right, sir. Where is it?" The hard, sunburnt face was quivering.

"It's here, in this," I motioned toward the kodak at my side. She kneeled down before it with clasped hands, like a penitent before a shrine.

"You'll show it to me, sir—just for a minute."

"I can't just now—it isn't developed."

"But just let me see if it's my Billy, Oh, please, sir! If you knew, if you knew—

"I'll let you have it as soon as it's ready," I said. "It would be spoiled if I took it out now."

"On this piece of paper," I mechanically laid down the third exposure and returned the reel to the case.

"The woman came nearer.

"Please, sir, turn it over," she said.

"What? I asked,

"The paper."

"This, do you mean? I picked up the scrap of film.

"It isn't there! It isn't there!" The woman staggered back in the darkness.

"Wait," I said. "We can't be certain for a few minutes. Don't go out. The door mustn't be opened." But I was almost glad that she was prepared now for the worst. I was as certain as I had seen it that Billy's picture would be a failure.

"Mrs. Shall was crying hoarsely in the corner. What a fool I'd been to say anything about that snap-shot! I poured the developer into a dish and submerged the film. I washed the liquid back and forth.

"Please bring the light nearer," I said, presently. Mrs. Shall got up and set the lamp on the edge of the table. I helped up the film.

"That one's turned dark," said the woman, hopelessly. I knocked down the scissors with my elbow. She came round, fumbled on the floor and picked them up. I returned the film to the bath, with a sense of infinite thankfulness and relief. Billy's picture was coming up all right! As I washed the stuff back and forth I could see his white-thorn whip coming out black and distinct, and above it!

"Mrs. Shall had laid down the scissors and was looking over my shoulder.

"You can buy anything at Frentont," she said. "Shall will go for you."

"Oh, I should have to send to London."

"Shall will go for you," she repeated.

"As to that, the Eastman Company would send it. But I have everything at home, and when I get back—

"Oh, if you please, sir, don't wait. Shall will take a telegram if you'll write it. I—I you'll think me very strange, but—she leaned over the foot of the bed and lowered her voice—the truth is, I think I'll go clear out of my mind if I go like this. It's all about Billy, sir. You won't speak about it to Shall, but I seem to be forgetting how Billy looks. I can't go to sleep o' nights for tryin' to make a picture of him in my mind, and it's gettin' harder an' harder. He's only been gone twelve days, last night I couldn't seem to remember anything but his hair. You see, I must be goin' out of my mind. But if I had a picture! Oh, sir, let Shall take a telegraph an' get the—the—whatever it is."

"She left the foot of the bed and came to the side. I looked up at the poor face and didn't last long.

"Get some paper and a pencil," I said.

"Shall was dispatched with the telegraph, and the next afternoon a packet came from the Eastman Company.

"My foot was very painful. Mrs. Shall begged me not to stand on it.

"I'll get you everything you want," she said.

"Well, where is the kodak?" I looked about at I undid Eastman's package.

"Oh, it's in my room," she said, tooling a little guilty; and she hurried out.

"I hope it hasn't been tampered with," I observed, when she came back again.

"No; it was the angels," said the woman, very low.—Pall Mall Gazette.

"Look here!" I cried, holding the dish nearer the lamp. "What do you see there in front?"

"She leaned over the table and stared into the dish.

"Yes. I see a fence and a shrubbery, an' a gate, an' a wide collar, an' a face, an'—Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord—it's my Billy swinging on the gate!"

Thomson broke off at this point in his story and began to walk up and down the room.

"They send me a hamper full of flowers every year, on the anniversary of the day I saw Billy swinging on the gate. I haven't seen them since one day in that same year, when I went to see Mrs. Shall an enlarged photograph of my snap-shot. It came out splendidly!" Thomson said, with professional pride. "Best child's photo I ever saw, the pretty background, the branch of whitethorn hanging over the gate, the uplifted face, intent smiling—just as if he heard his mother callin' him," said Mrs. Shall.

"No; it was the angels," said the woman, very low.—Pall Mall Gazette.

## The Marriageable Age.

In many ways the girls of 18 are more fit to marry than they were in our grandmother's time, and yet observation tells us without question that the age at which girls marry now is advanced by several years beyond that of one hundred years ago.

The early marriages of the past have been of no benefit to the present race, and we are showing wisdom in our generation in setting the clock of time back a few years.

For one thing only are early marriages desirable, and even this result does not always accrue by any means. We mean the possibility of the couple growing more closely together in tastes and fancies if these are matured after marriage.

It is not considered desirable than the woman should be the elder of the parties to the contract. But even this objection is being lessened as years go by, for the woman of 40 now is no older than the woman of 25 was fifty years ago. Nevertheless it is well that there should be the advantage of age upon the husband's side. If a man does not marry until after he is 35 it is better that there should be a decided disparity of age between them, as will be so set in his ways that the wife will be obliged to yield deference to his wishes at every point. A woman who is also set in her ways will not be likely to do this.

"His Majesty," "His Royal Highness," "His Excellency," and the like, all indicate that the persons to whom they are applied possess power; but in this commercially democratic age and country, the one appellation of undisputed autocracy is "The Old Man."

Applied to the head of a concern, or the responsible executive officer of a great corporation, whether my age were 27 or 72, I should want all of my employees or subordinates to call me "The Old Man." Not, of course, to my face, or when they were addressing me, but among themselves, or when they spoke of me to their friends.

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"The Old Man" says a thing, that settles it; there are no questions to be asked; there is no comment to be made. When "The Old Man" does something, or fails to do something, there is no criticism to be indulged in.

"The Old man" is the one person about the establishment who is absolutely his own master; whose coming in and going out are unhampered; whose encouraging word carries real weight, and whose reprimand indicates real danger; to whom "sir" is a right and not a courtesy.

Long live "The Old Man!" And when, through his half closed private office door, he hears the boys term him thus kindly, let him congratulate himself that loyalty is in his service and that he has attained the acme of dignity.—Truth.

## Literature and Pedagogy.

There are really only two things the successful teacher needs to have—knowledge of his subject-matter and knowledge of his pupils. The first of these can be gained only by study, the second only by experience. The man who has never been a real child himself cannot effectively teach children; and he who does not know by experience the warm-hearted, exuberant gaiety of school and college boys cannot successfully teach them.

Furthermore, the teacher who spends more time on the method of teaching literature than on literature itself is sure to come to grief. Greatest of all forces is the personality of the instructor; nothing in the teaching is so effective as this; nothing is so instantly recognized and responded to by pupils; and nothing is more neglected by those who insist that teaching is a science rather than an art. After hearing a convention of very serious pedagogues discuss educational methods, in which they use all sorts of technical phraseology, one feels like applying Gladstone's cablegram, "Only common sense required."—The Century.

## Told by the Hotel Clerk.

Nearly every one now knows how the incandescent lamp is operated, but still we meet with some funny instances of ignorance. Not long ago a woman came to the house who was in the habit of sleeping with a dim light in her room, and the electric light bothered her. She either had to let it burn brightly, or else turn it off altogether. Finally she hit upon the idea of wrapping a towel around it. Then she began to question whether the towel would catch fire. Then she adopted the happy expedient of wetting the towel. That was the worst thing that she could do. She soon dropped asleep and of course the towel began to burn. A blazing piece dropped on the curtains, and soon the whole room was afire. She was very much frightened, and the contents of the chamber were ruined. The building is fire-proof, so we escaped a conflagration.

## Where Our Duty Lies.

If we do not wring our happiness out of the fair, peaceful, humble duties of the present, however great its trials, we shall never find it in the weakened forces, in the darkened rays of the future. Our duty lies, not in regrets, not in resolutions, but in thoughts followed by resolves and resolves carried out in actions. Our life lies not in retrospect of a vanished past, not in hopes of an ambitious future; our life is here, today; in our prayers, in our beliefs, in our daily, hourly conduct.

## Most of the "emeralds" girls wear