

gations are with them, and very short on much greater evils which their congregations happen to approve of. I do not suppose that preachers are any worse, or any better, than the congregations they preach to. Doubtless they are all unconscious enough that there is anything in sight worse than a prize fight, against which they may direct their guns. Assuming that the idea has never occurred to them, it might be well to state, that to some of us they appear very much in the lights of men who strain at a gnat and swallow a camel.—Rev. H. S. Bigelow, of Cincinnati.

HOW THE FIFTEEN CENTS A DAY PLAN FAILED TO WORK.

Julius Filmor's board is costing the citizens of Cook county 17 cents more each day than the sum he had allotted for the maintenance of his wife, two children and himself. Filmor was the first member of the Ghetto colony to practice the innovation in domestic economics promulgated in the walls of the University of Chicago, and the finale of his experiment is the occupancy of a cell in the county jail.

The prisoner is a mattress maker, and formerly resided at 188 Mather street. Three months ago Filmor announced to his wife that the great minds of his adopted country had evolved the theory that one dollar a week was sufficient money to expend for ordinary household expenses. He informed her that that amount would be tendered her each week, and that in addition to the fare that had been set before him he in the future would expect delicacies and fancy desserts. He would keep the remainder of his salary to entertain his friends and indulge in unlimited pinochle during his leisure hours.

The first week of the experiment proved a flat failure, and sympathetic female neighbors who were watching the experiment with deep foreboding contributed enough viands to quiet the wails of the Filmor progeny. The next week the unfortunate wife, by doing the family washing for other residents, was enabled to fill the family board. Several times the police of the Maxwell street station were called in to allay the arguments aroused by the discussion of the sociological problem that was so warmly advocated by the men friends of Filmor and usually rebutted by brooms or flatirons in the hands of their wives.

It was decided by the women that the experiment must be proved a failure and no more help extended to Mrs.

Filmor. The following week ended the experiment. Although all edibles are retailed at microscopic prices in the Ghetto, the amount of money given the woman was not sufficient. Filmor reproached his wife for her extravagance, and, when she remonstrated, struck her. He was arrested and held under peace bonds. On his release he disappeared, and was not seen until arrested by Detectives Keefe and Hageman.

"I thought he was an anarchist when we arrested him," said Detective Keefe. "I asked him why he didn't support his wife, and he jabbered something and waved a paper at me, and pointed to a column that was smeared with thumb marks. It was some kind of a table fixed up by some university women and showed how a family ought to live on one dollar a week and gain weight every day."—Chicago Tribune.

FOR THOSE WHO ARE LEFT.

In a decent world, nothing which is universal and inevitable can be hideous. Its settings may be cruel; but Death itself is not hard—as probably all know who have often faced the grey Change. Nor have I ever seen one die afraid. The swift pat of a bullet, the sweet drowsiness of mortal cold, the queer, weak content of an unstanching bleeding, the mechanical halt of breath in a peaceful bed—none of that is hard. It is easy to die. It is not even an effort.

To live is work. Inside us, but without our mandate, our ceaseless navvies of heart and lungs toil over their unbroken tread-mill. That two-pound valve—the only muscle which is independent of its landlord's will—lifts more in a lifetime than its 200-pound owner could. And all this strange, involuntary, tremendous engineery travails without rest that we may be things that beyond it all shall, for ourselves, toil and hope, win and lose, love bitter-sweet, and be bereaved even as we love; that we shall have our faiths and our doubtings, our ideals and our disillusionings, our joys and our agonies. If it were as cruel to die as to be left, the world would be a madhouse. But it is no trouble to die.

But we who must now stay this side that impenetrable door our hopes have passed—how shall we do? Shall we beat upon its unechoing panel, and cry aloud? Shall we lie dumb beside it, useless to them that are still unshowered as to him who has passed through? Shall we treat it as a special trap laid by Providence to pinch Us? Is it an affront and robbery? A personal spite of heaven upon our marked head? Shall we be broken, or bitter, or hardened?

Or shall we go on the more like men, for having now all man's burdens, in the ranks that need us? Shall we envy them that are spared our pain, or find new sympathy for the innumerable company that have tasted the cup before us, and the greater hosts that shall taste it after? Shall we "won't play" because the game is against us? Or play the more steadily and the more worthily for very love and honor of the dead?

They who have lived and suffered should be able to understand the springs of human action. I can comprehend how men lie, steal, murder. Even how men, for a child's death, curse God—and accurse all in His image that are bounden to them. They see it that way—and man always justifies himself somehow for whatever he does. But, from another point of view, that all seems impudent and cowardly. If a man cared really more for his child than for himself, should it not occur to him that the only thing he can do now for that promoted soul is to be worthier to have begotten it? To be a wiser man, a juster man, a tenderer man; a little gentler to the weak, a little less timorous of "advantage," a little more unswerving in duty as I see it, a little more self-searching to be sure I see it straight—what else can I do for my little boy? It is good to remember; but the vitality of remembering is to Do for its sake.—Charles F. Lummis, in Land of Sunshine for January.

ROOSEVELT IN COLORADO.

There was peace within the borders of Colorado. From the square corners of the centennial state to the rock-ribbed center thereof nothing out of the ordinary was taking place. The inhabitants, who had recently voted with some unanimity and enthusiasm for free silver, were industriously engaged in mining and prospecting for gold worth 100 cents on the dollar.

The higher mountain peaks, covered with snow 50 feet in depth, severely majestic, towered above the verdant and sleepy valleys. On the continental divide the mercury sank out of sight in the bulbs of glistening thermometers. In the benignant valleys the jocund silver thread climbed nimbly to the top of the tube.

As men went merrily but methodically to and fro they discussed the singular fate of two brothers, encountered on the same day, one of whom had fallen a victim to some sort of tropical distemper in one of the valleys and the other of whom had frozen to death at about the same hour at an elevation of 10,000 feet, a mile or more above the timber line.