

The echoing sounds grow fainter, and then cease;
And, like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say
"Peace!"

Peace! And no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies!

But beautiful as songs of the immortals
The holy melodies of love arise.

—Henry W. Longfellow.

A SOURCE OF "UNEARNED INCREMENT."

Extract from a Private Letter from London.

It is very difficult for one to look around here without seeing the respectable element religiously putting their hands in other people's pockets.

For instance: Some smart Americans conceived the idea of constructing an underground railway (the "two-penny tube") from the Bank to Shepherds Bush, and making the fare twopence all the way or same for any part of the journey. This meant a saving to me of five pounds a year. My landlord recently informed me that upon the expiration of my lease the rent would be advanced five pounds. How lovely!

Now if we all became so good that it would not be necessary to employ police to watch us, and we could dispense with jails, "pubs" and all other institutions established to meet the requirements of civilized society, what a picnic the landlord would have. I don't by any means advocate the retention of objectionable places to thwart the greedy tendency of the landlord class, but would do my utmost to wipe off the blots and make every place an ideal spot even if I had to pay Paradise rates to the landlord, which, there isn't the slightest doubt I should. That is the way we (I suppose I can include myself) are all built.

THE REFORM OF THE CALENDAR.

For The Public.

At the annual dinner of the Benevolent Society of Amalgamated Landlords, the president, Mr. Selfmayde Mann delivered a most eloquent address on "Our Rights and Wrongs" which evoked the heartfelt plaudits of his hearers. He pointed out that the recent advances in two of the staple necessaries of life, beef and coal, had made living very precarious.

"When such advances," he said, "are gradual, we are able to protect ourselves, but when they come as in this

instance without justification or warning, our calculations are upset and our interests jeopardized.

"It has occupied much of my thought for days past, to figure out how we can recoup ourselves and I have come to the conclusion that it can only be done by undoing the crime of 55 B. C. My friends, we have been the unconscious victims of a fraud running back to the time of Julius Caesar. I refer as you will at once perceive to the fraudulent calendar under which we are now living. Most of us are aware that there are 52 weeks in the year and that there are supposed to be four weeks in each month. Yet in the face of these undeniable mathematical facts, we only have 12 months in each year. I have been unable to determine who is responsible for this reprehensible anomaly, but it was doubtless some crafty tenant of Caesarean days, who hoodwinked the immortal Julius, in order to get 13 months' accommodation for 12 months' rent.

"Words fail me, when I think of the billions of dollars due by tenants of the United States to their landlords; even since the foundation of this republic. I do not know that any of this gigantic sum is recoverable. In justice to its most valuable citizens, the government ought to do something. If the people cannot buy beef they can eat mutton or become vegetarians; if they cannot purchase coal, they can burn wood or go south; but if we did not furnish them land, what would they do? (Sensation.)

"I believe therefore that a committee should be appointed to draft a bill, for introduction into the next Congress, to reform the calendar by the introduction of a new month to be known as Primary, which would precede the month which now masquerades as the first division of the year. In this way, even if we cannot recover our past losses, we can prevent future frauds and incidentally increase our incomes sufficiently to withstand the onslaught of the trusts.

JOHN J. MURPHY.

A GENTLEMAN IN RAGS.

She was looking for Hull house, and had left the car at the wrong street. It was growing late in the afternoon, and when she realized her mistake she was alarmed, for, as anybody who has been over on Halsted street after nightfall knows, the locality is not one which gives confidence to a timid woman, and especially one who believes she has lost her way.

Down the street toward her reeled a

drunken man. She trembled when she saw him, and looked around for some sort of protection. A neighboring doorway was the most inviting thing in sight, and into this she edged and waited breathlessly until the man had staggered by and was well out of sight. Stepping out again, she encountered a little street urchin, ragged and dirty, but apparently harmless.

"Are there no policemen around here?" she asked of him, in a frightened tone.

"Yes," he answered, and then added, sarcastically, "when you don't want 'em."

"That's too bad," the woman said. "I don't know what I shall do. I wonder, little boy," she ventured, "if you could direct me to the Hull house?"

"Sure Mike," he said. "Come right along with me," he added, with a confidence that would do credit to a full-grown man.

"Oh, you needn't go with me. If you will tell me which way to go and how far it is, I can get there all right."

"It's only a block," he answered, "and I'd just as soon take you there as not. 'Sides, this ain't a very good neighborhood for ladies to be loose in."

They walked along, chatting together, she asking him questions about himself, which pleased him, and he answered them with a frankness and keenness which astounded her. When they reached the corner he tipped his hat politely, and, wishing her a good evening, started away. She called him back.

"Here is a dime for your trouble," she said, as she handed him a piece of money.

"I don't want that," he said, in a disgusted tone as he drew away from her. "Gee whiz, don't you think we have some gents out here who can show a lady around without bein' paid fer it?"—Chicago Evening Post.

A FEW FACTS ABOUT FINLAND.

From an article by Henry Norman, M. P., published in Scribner's Magazine for June, 1901.

The Finn has an enthusiastic admiration for the capital of his country, which could be pathetic if it had not so good a basis of justification. Indeed, I doubt if any of the capitals of the world which count their age by centuries and their inhabitants by millions, evoke such a patriotic appreciation as this little place of 85,000 people which only began to exist in its present form within the lifetime of some now living. In cer-