

in breaking out of the old-fashioned jail at Newcastle, afterwards, as easily as they had broken into the bank; but the whipping rankled in their minds; and they left on record their determination never again to enter the State where "gentlemen, in their line of business, were whipped like slaves." Whereat all Delaware chuckled!

(3) The State has no penitentiary—only county jails. There is no hard labor (except for tramps, who break stone for the roads), no solitary confinement, no system of reformatory or graded punishments. Delaware is conservative; she holds to the old system. And until the agitation for a State penitentiary is successful, to give up the whipping-post would be a mistake. When the new system supersedes the old, corporal punishment may or may not be retained; but no one objects to it now, for it fills a present need.

As to the cruelty of the punishment there is only one opinion. It is generally too lenient rather than too severe. I have handled the cat-o'-nine-tails myself in visiting the jail at Newcastle. It is a clean, well-kept instrument, with nine cylindrical thongs of black leather as thick as a lead-pencil and over a foot long. The wooden handle is perhaps two feet long and about the size of that of a broom. The thongs looked almost new, though the whip had been used for two years, so the punishments could not have been gory ones. The sheriff, I have heard eye-witnesses say, swings the cat with just enough force to make the thongs spread out flat on the bare back as he draws them across. One stroke of this kind is hardly felt; twenty-one, of course, become irritating; even sixty, however, rarely draw blood. The warden says he has seen blood drawn only once in two years, and then only a drop or so. The whippings are in the jail-yard, and the public are admitted at the discretion of the sheriff. Children are generally kept out. There is never any crowd, the only exception to this being at the whipping of the aforesaid bank burglars in 1873, when, to accommodate their friends in Philadelphia, a special train and extra steamboat were run, with the result that the attendance was large. The Philadelphia sympathizers on this occasion brought salves and bandages with them to soothe the wounds that might be inflicted, and the sheriff, they say, in order not to disappoint their expectations, laid on harder than usual.

Women never attend the whippings—that is, Delaware women. A reporter from the New York "World"—"Nellie Bly," I believe—has been the only woman present at a whipping for many years, and her presence was freely commented on. "She was a stranger," said one native, mildly, "or she wouldn't 'a' done it." Her sensational description of the scene, which was, to put it leniently, exaggerated, is preserved in the jail office for the instruction and amusement of the public.

In conclusion, Delaware is neither proud of her whipping-post nor ashamed of it. When she reads of Elbridge Gerry's attempt to introduce it in New York, she cannot feel that it is such a bit of barbarism, since so eminent a philanthropist recommends its use. When she views the New York policemen using their heavy clubs impartially upon disorderly and inoffensive citizens alike, and finds that even in model reformatories like Elmira "paddling" is regarded as a necessary evil, she can look at her comparatively mild cat-o'-nine-tails without a shudder. When she builds her penitentiary she may tear down her whipping-post, but until then she uses it, does not abuse it, and has no apologies to make.

## The Measure of Strength

By Mary Willis

An amusing story has been going the rounds of the newspapers lately. A gentleman saw at the opera one night his barber. The next time he was in the barber-shop he asked the barber if he enjoyed the opera. "Not at all," was the response. "My whole evening was a failure, for from where I sat in the gallery I could see that your hair was not parted straight."

This man is fairly representative of a large proportion of

people in this world. With them one defect blots out every possibility of enjoyment and happiness. It is the same in their estimate and enjoyment of people. The one defect of character obliterates the ninety-nine virtues; the one act of which they disapprove blots out the memory of the many of which they do approve.

It is wisdom to count the pleasures, the inspirations, the possibilities, the virtues, which are a part of our life, and to let them blot out, as they surely outnumber, the sorrows, the weights, the defeats, the sins, of our lives.

Is there greater folly than to go through life watching the crooked past? It takes strength of mind, and philosophy, which is but another name for intelligence, to master the defeats, the disagreeable things, that come to us. And it cannot be disputed that the positive evidence of weakness in any character is that of counting only the things that subtract from the joy of living. There are people who think that the measure of righteousness is the inability to laugh. There is no relation between dyspepsia and righteousness. God made this world beautiful to make his children happy. The trials of life, great and small, should be accepted like the hills and mountains met in a journey—difficult of ascent, but presenting greater beauty and bringing the climber nearer heaven in proportion to the strength called for in the upward journey.

That man does not go far nor high who sits down to look at the difficulties that lie below him. His intelligence and power of reaching the full measure of the image in which he was created depend on his ability to forget the past and live in the present of triumph.

## A Summer Outing in Kentucky

By J. Cleveland Cady

The midnight train dropped us at Berea, where hospitality and slumber were most welcome until the sights and sounds of "Commencement Day" called us to the College campus.

In its grounds the College has an enviable possession—a grove of noble oaks some twelve acres in extent. The great trees give ample shade, though their trunks are so separated that one can drive about under them in any direction—an advantage fully availed of on Commencement Day. As we drew near we saw the horses—mainly saddle-horses—tied or tethered under the shade in every direction, their color contrasting prettily with that of the greenwood, while the riders, rambling about or chatting in groups, added life to the scene.

The occasion was one of rare interest—the survival of a kind of public gathering now seldom witnessed in our country, "Commencement Day" at Berea being the great annual holiday of that region for thirty or even forty miles around. On this day five thousand were present, coming mostly on horseback, some in large "ox-wagons"—drawn, however, by mules—and a few in buggies and antiquated carriages. Over twenty-five hundred horses were tied or tethered in the grove. Perhaps one's first thought would be that an interest in education had drawn together these pilgrims. Observation, however, soon dispels that idea, and it is seen to be a grand social function, an occasion for the meeting of friends, the renewal of old acquaintance, the swapping of horses, planning politics, courtship, seeing and being seen, and the most abandoned indulgence in bananas, watermelon, lemonade, and peanuts.

As one watches the arrivals he becomes impressed by the clean, shapely limbs and the easy gait of the horses. Even the poorest and most indifferent beasts seem to have these characteristics. The riders are invariably erect and graceful, and doubtless the veriest backwoodsman could give many points to our "park riders."

As we watch the visitors the grotesque appearance of many of them adds great zest to the occasion.

Here comes a "Hardshell" minister, a portly person mounted on a small mule. He sits erect, with solemn mien, while his feet and the long tails of his frock-coat easily touch the ground. He is, as it happens, the fore-

runner (in the procession) of an aged colored brother, who is decked out in "antiques," a bell-crowned beaver, a scarlet necktie, and a swallowtail coat many sizes too large for him. He is followed by his wife and grown-up daughter on one small horse. They wear enormous calashes, or balloon-like sunbonnets, that give them a very droll appearance.

Several groups of riders follow, and then an "ox-wagon" drawn by two mules. The wagon is seated with six or eight chairs, and an entire family sitting in them ride in state, as in a Barnum pageant.

As the hour for the Commencement exercises has now arrived, we leave for a time these outside scenes, and join the throng in the Tabernacle. On entering, a legend in great clear letters is seen extending across and above the platform; the words are: "God hath made of one blood all the nations of the earth;" and as one glances over the large audience and sees the great number of respectable and neatly attired colored people, deeply and intelligently interested in all the exercises, the legend seems far more than a mere decoration or fine sentiment—an earnest expression of the spirit of the College.

The Tabernacle is a great building of temporary character, like those erected for political conventions, and entirely without architectural pretensions, but on this day one could not fail to see much of charm in it.

The platform was decorated with shrubs and flowering plants, while a fountain cleverly placed among them added not a little to the beauty. The officers, trustees, and members of the graduating class, more than a hundred in all, occupied the platform. Music of a creditable character was furnished by the vocal and instrumental societies of the College. As the last notes of the introductory piece died away, President Frost came forward and made the opening address, an address characteristic of the man as we have learned to know him in the "East"—to the point, simple, and in the best feeling.

He welcomed first the old graduates who had returned to their Alma Mater, then the war veterans, many of whom were present, and to whom the contrast of Berea of to-day, with its nearly five hundred students, with Berea of war times—when its small numbers were almost stamped out by the fierce passions of the day—seemed a remarkable thing; to these veterans he gave a stirring greeting; next the mountain people, whose homes he had personally visited, and who were present in large numbers, were made to feel that they were the welcome guests of the interesting stranger who had eaten and lodged with them in their cabins. All were visibly moved by the heartiness, tenderness, and sincerity of the speaker, and the keynote for the day was most happily given.

The exercises which followed compared favorably with those of the most of our Eastern colleges. The speakers were partly white and partly colored, and from both sexes. The impression this made was not a strange one, but rather that it was a broad, generous school, opening its doors to all seeking its aid—that it could not be true to its principles and refuse the most humble.

As we glance over the Commencement platform, we observe particularly the "faculty"—a very intelligent and sensible-looking body, people evidently accustomed to "plain living and high thinking" (and no doubt as to the high thinking).

Conspicuous among them is the snowy head of the venerable John G. Fee, one of the founders of the College, and a man with a wonderful history. He was one who "counted his life not dear to himself" in championing the cause of the oppressed. Seven times he was borne from home by angry mobs and threatened with torture and death, but, though frail in body and of a delicate, sensitive nature, he never for a moment flinched, or in any way compromised the cause he had at heart. He was carried safely through these perils by most singular providences, and at an advanced age lives to witness the success of the work for which his life has been spent.

Of the twenty Trustees of the College, hardly any are absent, although they come from places as widely scattered as Boston, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago. Sitting

among them is a visitor who watches with keen interest all that goes on. His face indicates a large experience and an active participation in the great struggles of life; his keen, deep-set eyes seem to take in everything and look through everything. This is Dr. Pearsons, of Chicago, who in the afternoon creates the sensation of the day. At the close of a capital address, in which he tells of his early ambitions and struggles, and stirs both hope and enthusiasm in the students before him, he turns to the President and Trustees, and offers to the College for a perpetual endowment the sum of \$50,000, provided they will raise for the same purpose \$150,000; and he assures them, from his knowledge of such affairs, that with the lever he now puts in their hands they can do it. The feeling is intense. Soon a slip is handed to the President. It is the first subscription, \$2,500. It comes from one hundred students, who pledge themselves for \$25 each. What this will mean in the way of self-denial and exertion, on the part of those who are already struggling to support themselves in college, can hardly be understood by an outsider. Probably no other gifts will cost the donors so dearly.

As much the largest part of the gathering is without the Tabernacle, we yield to the strong attraction to mingle with the "outsiders."

They are free to talk, and by no means resent the intrusion of the "stranger" into their groups and confabs. To a knot of mountain boys, a young man who rejoices in the name of "Gordy" is setting forth his ability to get on in the world. "Ye see, I swap my hog for a gun, and the gun I swap for a hog with a litter, and nex' I swap them off for a hoss, and lart I swap him off for a hog and twenty dollar." General approbation is expressed at these thrifty speculations, and we turn from "Gordy" to a couple of old fellows in homespun.

"Howdy! How's yer wife, Elias?"

"Oh, she's running, puling around. She keeps a-grunt-in'."

This doubtless indicated a state of nervous prostration that in many localities would have caused a cessation of the wife's activities, but in the mountains of Kentucky involved only a mild and almost unconscious remonstrance against the duties of life.

Not far distant a man with a deep voice has the attention of quite a group, and we feel a desire to be included with them. As we draw near he is seen to be a "Hard-shell preacher."

"My bretheren," he is saying, "hit allers is my practis to unfold the Scripters—ah—to unfold the Scripters—to unfold the Scripters. I begins clar back—ah—in Geneses—ah—and I goes on down—ah—thru the profits, and 'postles—ah—David and Abraham—ah—unfoldin' the Scripters—ah—mind you, bretheren—ah—unfoldin' the Scripters—ah. A preacher should do this—ah—'cos how is the sheep to be fed—ah—if hit isn't done—ah? So I goes on unfoldin' until I come into the New Testament—ah—an' that I unfold from the Old—ah—right into the New—ah—clar down, clar down to Revylations—ah—and this, bretheren, is a preacher's bounden duty—ah—to un—" At this point I solemnly interrupted: "I have noticed, as this Commencement Day crowd unfolded itself here, that they came on a very interesting lot of horses. I have hardly seen one that was not clean-limbed and had not a delightful gait." The preacher turned to me, a vivacious and enthusiastic manner replacing his former unctuous one, and exclaimed:

"See here, stranger, you're right. You az got it jess about perzacly right; thar ain't nothin' like um, and, stranger, w'at's more, I've got the likeliest colt in the hull place. I brought hit down with me jess to show what a raall good hoss was like. It's as purty as a picter. There ain't nothin' like hit on the groun's, an', stranger, yer couldn't hev a better hoss ter tak home with yer than my little Ad-jo-ni-ja. Say, stranger, there isn't but one beast in this yer place fer you to look at a minit, and sense yer want it ter tak up tu the Norther part of our kentry, I'll let yer hev it reasonable. I wouldn't impose on a stranger. I may tak jess a leetle advantig of our home folks, but not



with a stranger, oh no! I wouldn't tak advantig of a stranger. The Scriptor says we should entertain strangers unawares, and tak the side of the widders and orfin, an' I allers like to du my shar. Say, stranger, won't yer come with me and see the colt? It's a refreshing walk right over the other side of the grove—"

Nothing but the most emphatic protests that I could not possibly take a horse home relieved me from the eager importunities of the preacher-jockey.

As the time for midday refreshment approached, the large booths for the sale of bananas, peanuts, lemonade, and the luscious watermelon were thronged by crowds who fairly reveled in these delicacies. No provision, however, seemed to be made for the twenty-five hundred horses scattered about the grove, and I said to a rustic whose face was almost buried in a huge watermelon:

"You have no difficulty in getting enough to eat here, but how about your horse? where will he get his dinner?" Withdrawing his face and dripping beard from the ruby mass, he replied:

"His dinner! Why, stranger, he had *that* yisterday."

Later in the day, when a severe thunder-storm came up, I asked another what they would do with their horses, exposed as they were to the drenching rain.

"Well, stranger," he replied, "I reckon they are used to the in-e-kal-i-ties of the Kentucky climate."

"Don't you want to see the homes of some of the mountain people?" said the Enthusiast the morning after Commencement. "Let us go up the Knob and get an idea of the topography of this part of Kentucky." The ride to the "Knob" was through a valley with winding road, pretty streams, and the picturesque cabins of mountain people "who had overflowed from the mountains," as the Enthusiast explained. The "Knob" itself was reached by a wooded road of steep ascent. Once at its summit a beautiful panoramic view burst upon the vision. At the northeast were range upon range of mountains with sunny valleys and beautiful peaks, while at the west and south, as far as the eye could reach, lay the great plains of the "Blue Grass" region. Between the mountains and the plains are a series of little hills, as though the forces that elevated the mountains were not entirely spent with the uplift of the last range, but had had several minor spasms. These are called the "foot-hills," and such is the sight of Berea—a fine plateau on these little hills between the mountains and the plains.

Kentucky is thus strikingly divided; the grand mountain region of the northeast, and the fertile plains on the southwest—the latter called the "Blue Grass" on account of the peculiarly thrifty, high-growing grass that blossoms with a little blue flower in early June. The inhabitants of each region are as characteristic as the soil. The dwellers of the mountains, cultivating their small gardens, raising a few "razor-back" hogs, and obtaining the rest of their support by hunting and fishing, live in poverty, yet they are willing to share all they have with the "stranger," and are possessed (the young men especially) of some manly traits that make them very attractive, and that made their fathers an irresistible force in the war for the Union.

On the other hand, the people of the fertile plains, as is well known, are large and prosperous stock-raisers, their "Kentucky thoroughbreds" being famous the country over. Their farms are large, their circumstances affluent, and their hospitality generous, though without the sacrifice involved in that of the mountaineers.

One does not have to go far from Berea before coming upon the log cabins of mountaineers—small, low buildings with a large chimney of stone at one end. These are the homes of those who have "overflowed" and settled in the "foot-hills." Now and then one shows unmistakable signs of prosperity which the nearer approach to civilization has rendered possible. Sometimes a family has settled near Berea, that the children may be educated; occasionally the sense of the value of money has become so sharpened that the father will expend almost nothing upon the family. One of this class, entreated by his daughter to give her an education, stubbornly declined. Her strong

desire, however, was not to be baffled, and she took apparently the only way open to her to secure the needful funds. She bought with the little means she possessed a litter of "razor-back" pigs, raised them on the wild free mountain land, and at length *marketed* them herself, receiving money sufficient to carry her through a part of the year at the school. This she repeated, and declared she would continue to do until she graduated!

The writer met her at Commencement time—a large, sensible-looking young woman, with pleasant address and manners, a person likely to be a valuable member of society wherever her lot might be cast.

In most cases, however, the families are really very poor, and the son or daughter sent to school or college occasions, for the first year or two, most pinching sacrifices on the part of those remaining at home, even though a portion of the expense is defrayed by the labor of the pupil in work which the College furnishes through its farm, printing-office, or its various industries and housekeeping.

The poverty of those at home was illustrated by the remark of a mountain girl who had been so fortunate as to secure a place in the family of one of the Professors to assist in household work and so defray her expenses. The Professor's wife, aware that poverty often arises from a lack of carefulness and economy in little things, determined to train her carefully in this respect.

Among other things, she taught her to gather up and assort the scraps of food after meals, and one day said to her:

"When you were at home, what became of what you had left over?"

"We never had any," was the reply.

As we ride along, the beauties of the scenery, the changing effects of the lofty peaks, the mountain lakes skirted by the luxuriant elder in cream-white bloom, mirrored in the water blue with sky reflections, the dark background of hemlock or cedars, all evoke the heartiest enthusiasm. The sight of a cool, bubbling spring among the rocks, a little distance from a roadside cabin, makes us all feel a thirst we had scarce suspected before, and we stop "Boniface" to enjoy the refreshment of the spring. Somewhat puzzled how to proceed from lack of a drinking-cup, we pause a few moments for reflection. While thus waiting a young fellow comes down from the cabin with cup in hand. He had divined our need, and with kindness of heart came to our relief. His attire consisted of trousers and shirt, so ragged that they hardly kept together—a mass of tatters. Yet he had an attractive face; one could not but feel drawn to him—a young American of sound body, kind heart, and a certain native manliness.

Two or three years at "the school," could he have them, would make him a boy to be proud of, as it had numbers whom we saw there whose origin was quite as humble.

One of the rides took us to the "Sulphur Springs." This region, as well as the neighboring portions of Virginia, is prolific in sulphur springs; "Red," "White," "Blue," and, indeed, probably all the colors of the rainbow, are used in the nomenclature. On this occasion the place proved more of an attraction than the spring—a grove of several acres wooded by giant trees that made people seem as pygmies, and a large cleared space in the center—a natural amphitheater. Under the trees in the background were rows of whitewashed cabins for visitors in case of storm, or for refreshments, as this was a "summer resort" for political and other gatherings.

One could easily imagine an old-time assemblage—perhaps a barbecue; the surrounding woods filled with horses; crowds of people listening to fervid "oratory" under the lofty trees, and jolly feasting later on. Our praises of this place did not greatly move the proprietor, and at length we found that his particular pride was his little garden, which he took great pains to have us see, dwelling upon its thriftiness, and his persevering labor therein.

There was, unfortunately, little that a fair regard for truthfulness could permit us to praise; but finally it was remarked of some rows of backward and belated beets that "probably their tops would make excellent greens."

"Yis, that they would, stranger; but I don't care much.

for greens unless I can have seldom with 'um, and I haven't seen none of that fur a long time."

"Seldom? What is that?" we inquired.

"Why, hit's good cured bacon. I calls hit 'seldom' because hit's only once in a great while we get it."

The picnic supper, taken at a rude table under the trees, was simp'le and charming. The isolation, the quiet, solemn grandeur of nature about us, was deeply impressive, and only as evening drew on did we reluctantly turn our faces homeward. Here we found waiting an old mountaineer, who had some business with the Enthusiast. After it was finished he entered into general conversation, quite to our gratification. He had served through "the war" in the Union army, and was one of those who raised the flag on Lookout Mountain.

Since the war he had been a hard-working man, slowly but steadily bettering his condition. Though entitled to a handsome pension, he had never taken it—"thought it would be lowering his service to his country," and spoke with strong feeling on the demoralizing influence of pensions upon people of his acquaintance. The spur to activity was gone, he said, and the tendency to settle down into useless and then criminal laziness was irresistible. He had reared a large family, nearly if not quite all of whom had been educated at Berea. Those that the writer saw were young people of whom any father might be proud—fine specimens of manhood and womanhood, with frank and engaging manners. It was difficult to realize that they were the children of a man whose lot had been so hard and circumscribed, and whose appearance was so in contrast with theirs. As the reader probably knows, the "mountain people" are descended mainly from English and Scotch ancestry. One is impressed everywhere with the excellence of the stock, as seen in the young people before the repressive conditions of mountain life have dwarfed or disfigured it. When, instead of the latter, education and development have shaped the character, the results are surprising.

A few students from the North are found in the College, attracted by the economy possible. To a young man whose home was but a few miles from one of our Eastern universities (and who came down to Berea on his bicycle) the writer asked:

"What led you to come here? Why did you pass by colleges so near home?"

"Because," was the reply, "it was my only hope of getting a college education. Look at my clothes [a very cheap and well-worn suit]: do you think I should be well thought of at the great colleges in such clothing? But it's all right here; no one thinks of such things. I am just as well liked. And how could I maintain myself at an Eastern college? To be sure, those who have been well prepared often get work as tutors and teachers, but my life has been spent in business—not a favorable preparation for such work. I simply could not support myself there. Here I get some work from the college, and in vacation time I go to one of the nearest cities and get employment that helps a good deal. So, with the very small expense for board and tuition, I shall just manage to pull through—a thing I could do in no other place I am acquainted with."

The mingling of such youth with the mountain boys is very favorably regarded; it is clearly to the advantage of both classes.

One beautiful morning, after a refreshing shower, the Enthusiast proposed an excursion into the other portion of Kentucky, "the Blue Grass."

It was a delightful ride, over good roads and amid farms and estates abounding in prosperity. Here and there are manor-houses dating back to Revolutionary times—houses that invariably possess character and dignity, and, located usually on some slightly knoll, are the crowning beauty of the estate. It is only as we draw near the towns and see the splurgy, barbarous work of their modern architects, that a feeling of faintness comes over us.

The slightly location of the old houses not only emphasized the point of control and ownership, but commanded also a view of a large part of the property which was both pleasant and convenient. Most of the buildings were

of brick, in a simple, dignified, classic style. One of a Tudor character was noticed, possessing several large gables, all of which were completely covered with English ivy; the whole was framed in by lofty trees, and as a burst of sunlight suddenly illumined one portion it was strikingly beautiful, an object not to be forgotten.

Such were the closing scenes of the outing in Kentucky—scenes most pleasing to recall, yet not touching the heart as does the memory of the mountain cabin, the young American, ruddy of countenance and ragged as to attire, offering his "cup of cold water" and unconsciously offering the opportunity for a good investment to those who would help him to education and usefulness.



## The Science of Not

By Alice Wellington Rollins

"I am determined to do nothing else till I find those scissors!"

There was no necessity for her immediate use of the scissors. She was simply, as women are wont to say, "punishing herself" for not being able to find them. Moreover, it was an irritating thing; the scissors must be somewhere within a radius of three feet; yet apparently they were not, and the animate thirsted for vengeance over the inanimate, but, as usual, could not conquer it. Having finally been forced to break her word to herself, and driven to do something else if she proposed to accomplish anything, she reluctantly sank into a chair at her writing-table and took up a little book waiting to be read or reviewed after the scissors should be found.

The scissors were under the book.

As nearly as I can find out, they always are. If you want to find something and cannot, stop trying and you will find it. I fear I am revolutionary, and like to upset accepted theories of behavior. Certainly I love paradoxes. Truly I love the woman who, in giving advice to one of the insane people who imagine they can thrive by advice provided they ask for it—gratuitous advice she ignored, like everybody else—added, as her recipe for the right conduct of a household, "And a little wholesome neglect, please."

"Not" is such a preposterous and generally disagreeable little adverb that it is worth while to try to discover any good quality that it may possess. Concentration of purpose has been so lauded for generations that one hardly dares to look opposition in the face, and remember that Napoleon's purpose was supremely concentrated and that, after all, he came to grief—to a grief mammoth in proportion to the concentration of his energy. Nothing is easier than to write an essay with innumerable illustrations on either side of a question. Diffusion of interest is, in its way, every bit as valuable as concentration. If you quote to me Goodyear's absolute devotion to a single idea for years and years of disappointment and failure, I shall tell you that if he had occasionally thought about something besides india-rubber, perhaps he would have succeeded sooner. I shall cite "The Middleman" as an example, for although "The Middleman" is a bit of dramatic literature, its force lies in its application to real life. The man who spent years and fortunes in buying coal to keep up his furnaces, and who was in despair when his money gave out and the furnaces became cold, at the time when he thought that just a little *more* heat would have perfected his pottery, found that the accident had saved him: what the china had needed was less heat instead of more. Absorbed in a "St. Nicholas" puzzle about trees, I had solved it all except one name: "We all looked very —," the puzzle being to fill in the blank with the name of some tree. Tired at last, I threw down the magazine and took up Weir Mitchell's new novel. I had turned but a few pages when I came to the heroine and her father, rowing up the stream "under the spicy *spruce* trees." "Spruce"! the puzzle was solved simply by laying aside the "St. Nicholas" and thinking of something else. How often, in nesting and flying time, have I seen a young bird take refuge in a bush from which I knew it could not make