LESSONS OF THE PAST YEAR

You Can Open New Furrows and Sow New Harvest of Happiness.

Forgetting the things which are behind and reaching forth to those things which are before.—Philippians iii. 13.

Gone the old year with its joys and work and victory and defeat, its mistakes and its shame and its glory. In retrospect, how short the old year seems! Scarcely larger, indeed, than one of those golden beads strung about the neck of a child. But large or small, full or scant, the year's record has been made up and its work is done. Gone all the sowing of the seed—but, thank God, not the harvest. Gone all the temptations that, like fire, have put temper into the sword! Gone all the fears and worries that were unworthy and harmless as summer lightnings. The golden chain that bound our feet to God did not break and in retrospect we smile over things that once disturbed beyond measure in anticipation.

Gone, too, the broken plans, the unwise ambition, the mistaken efforts! They have fallen away as chaff falls from the wheat that remains. The wise man will let what is unworthy go. The farmer is foolish who wants to carry forward the straw, the wastes of the harvest. The husbandman's life is not in last summer. His life lies beyond the winter in the furrow that is to be opened and the seed that is to be sown. The prudent man, therefore, will remember only that which is good and carry it forward as need for tomorrow's sowing—save as the bad lends caution and guidance. He will gather up also all that is vile and unworthy—his hatreds, his memories of ingratitude, every enmity that poisons his life, every form of sin, and heave all together into the gulf of oblivion. For, when the year is gone, wisdom lets it go. All hail! therefore, and farewell! to the old year. Henceforth its mistakes are with God and His mercy; its seeds sown with the

ANGELS OF THE HARVEST.

No great man lives one day or one year at a time. Many odd notes make up a great symphony; many organized stones make up a great cathedral; many planets gripped by a central sun make up a cosmic system, and years, many and rich, lend majesty and volume to a truly great life. When a great soul compels life to march forward in one solid column of days, you have a great career.

The ideal life is like the tree whose trunk has assembled the treasures of a hundred summers, and a hundred winters. The root of the charter oak stands in the soil of to-day; its boughs stretch backward over the past, its branches stretch forward over the future, for to-morrow's sun and rain.

Not otherwise is it with the man, earnest, great, true and fruitful. His life is rooted in to-day, with its work, but a thousand yesterdays lend momentum and a thousand to-morrows offer opportunity. Yesterday holds the seed that to-day is sown; to-morrow holds the sheaf and the harvest. Yesterday fashioned the sword that the leader unsheaths to-day in the name of a great reform, to-morrow holds the onset, the battle and the victory.

Without his old years the man would remain a perpetual infant. The true man, therefore, lives a triple life. Standing in the to-day he looks backward and memory waves her wonder-working wand and lo! all knowledges, all friendships, all victories, everything that represents truth or beauty or goodness at memory's behest comes forward, like a well-trained regiment. Then man turns toward the future and Hope waves her wand, and he beholds the far-off hills waving with harvests, while the seed that was sown in the April days of youth is turned to the golden treasure poured out at the feet of those October days named sixty.

But a rich and successful old year dictates new labor, larger plans, more arduous work to-day. Strictly speaking, man has nothing, save

THE PRESENT MOMENT.

To-day is the crest of the wave that slopes down into the furrow named yesterday and forward into a furrow named to-morrow.

Life's greatest word is this: "Now is the accepted time." Every moment is a golden drop, freighted with destiny. The world is full of gifted men whose careers will end this year but who have never fulfilled their own hopes or the ambitions of their friends. On their tombs should be written one epitaph: "He neglected to-day; therefore he failed."

Cervantes has a picture of a youth who lived in a house named "To-morrow"; the house was built on a street named "By and By," and the name of the city was "Never." The greatest enemy of to-day is to-morrow. To-morrow the young man will begin to save money for old age; to-morrow he will lay out a course of reading and become a scholar. To-morrow the miser will unloose the money and pour out his golden treasure.

Nay, that resolution that is postponed till to-morrow is postponed forever and forever! It is now, or it is never. There is only one thing that will happen to-morrow—to-morrow you will turn sharply round the corner and lo! a grave digged in the grass, and for your feet, not for another's. Therefore there is not a moment to lose. What you do, do quickly. On this new year's morning, turn your resolutions into action. Remember that you have but one business—to grow, to work and to serve.

But if memory gives us the past and work uses the present, our real life is in the future. Three hundred and sixty-five golden days lying before us—think of it! One hour sufficed for Burns to baptize a daisy with immortality. One hour was enough for Wordsworth's "Ode to Duty." One evening sufficed for Whitney to sketch his cotton gin. One winter's night gave the hours for Jefferson to take from the Gospels his scheme of ideal ethics.

For the youth the first duty is to grow. Growth means planning; planning means something definite; definiteness appoints certain duties for each hour. Every day next year read one page or poem; every day meet one man

GREATER THAN YOURSELF,

from whom you can learn, and help one less than yourself. Every day do some one stroke of good work that will stand, and cross one threshold to carry sunshine with you. Every day plan to do some one thing that will help men, not hurt them; make men, and not mar them.

You can so order your life as to grow in health and in enjoyment of God's out-of-door world. You can grow new friendships and keep the old ones in good repair. You can so choose the music, the great paintings that you see and the architecture that you study that music and eloquence and art and worship will enrich your life. You can make your daily work, however humble it be, to take on the culture of a full college course. No matter how old you are or how much you have done for society, you can open new furrows and sow new harvests of happiness for generations as yet unborn.

Are you young? Take Paul's ideal: "Whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are of good report—think on these things." Are you old, with all your life behind you? Remember Gladstone, who in his dying weeks wanted to do one more good deed, and translated Horace. Remember Tennyson, who in his last moments tried to write one more song. Remember that English hero who went out and planted just one more tree on the day that he died. Remember that sacred apostle who had sown the world with happiness, but whose dying word was "I will forget the victories and glories of yesterday, write one more golden page, stretching my hands out unto the things that are before." This will turn the new year into a great opportunity. This will crowd all the days with duties and delights. Life will be worth the living. Work will bring rich reward.

Farewell, then, to the old, poor life and the old year. All hail to the new year and the "best that is to be!"

NOT DIFFICULT.

"Pa!" said Tommy.

"Yes, dear," replied his fond parent.

"I can't do this sum, pa," continued the bright hopeful.

"Let me look at it," said pa, taking the book in his hand.

"Why, Tommy, that's not difficult," he went on, after reading the problem his offspring pointed out. "A cistern has two supply pipes and one waste pipe. One of the supply pipes can fill it in twenty minutes, the other can fill it in fifteen minutes, and the waste pipe can empty it in forty minutes. If all three pipes are in operation at once, how long will it take for the cistern to fill?

"Ah-hum! Let me see, now. One pipe fills it in twenty minutes, the other in fifteen. Naturally then, the two together will do it in thirty-five minutes. No, stay; that's not right. One in fifteen, the other in twenty. Then, together they'll do it in seventeen and a half. No! By Jove, they won't, though!

"Ah, of course"—brightening up—"if one can do it in fifteen, the two together can do it in less than fifteen. I thought you were wrong somewhere. Let's start again. Fifteen from twenty leaves five."

"But, stay; that can't be right, for two at fifteen would only give seven and a half, and one of these is at twenty. Wait a moment! I've got it! Simply a matter of proportion. As fifteen is to twenty, so is—"

"My word, Thomas, do you see the time? Half-past eight sir! Off to bed at once! How often must I tell you that eight o'clock's your bedtime? The sum? Oh, never mind the sum. Do it in the morning before breakfast. It's easy enough."

PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN NESTS.

Travellers who have returned from the heart of Africa and the Australasian continent tell wonderful stories of nest-building people who inhabit the wilds of those countries. In the bushpien of Australia we find, perhaps, the lowest order of men that is known. They are so primitive that they do not know enough to build even the simplest form of hut for shelter. The nearest they can approach to it is to gather a lot of twigs and grass and, taking them into a thicket or jungle, build a nest for a home. The nest is usually built large enough for the family, and if the latter be very numerous then the nests are of a very large size. Sometimes the foliage above will form a natural covering, but there is never any attempt at constructing a protection from the rain and storms.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

Some Good Stories About His Imperial Majesty.

Princes will be Princes, it seems, and there have been times when the Kaiser has had to talk like a father to his offspring. There is a delicious story of one wigging which he administered to them which the Court is still chuckling over.

"Never forget," he said solemnly, as they stood in attention before him, "that you are Hohenzollerns and sons of the Kaiser of Germany. But you," he added, turning upon one who shall not be particularized—"you remember that I have my eye upon you."

In person the Kaiser is a florid man of barely middle height, with a full face, fleshy neck and a noticeable general plumpness. On foot, especially when in one of his two score uniforms, he is less regal than engaging; on horseback he is quite a fine figure of a man. Although his horses are especially broken and trained for his use, he has a good working seat in the saddle. To see him go past a saluting base at the rocking chair canter the German cavalry affects is to see a good type of a military looking man; he could pass in a crowd for a well-to-do Major without ambitions. In spite of his growing stoutness, he takes a good deal of exercise. In particular he shoots, and he issues to the chase with not much less circumstance than the Duke in Browning's "Flight of the Duchess."

He wrote a poem once, which he submitted to a great literary man who dined at the castle for that purpose particularly. Knowing the man, I believe him no less dutiful to his ruler than to the craft he knows so thoroughly. He read the effort and found his dual duties in conflict. One has the tenderest sympathy for the critic; he had to advise an amateur poet with an exceptional power for resenting hostile comment. He yielded only a very little to the exigencies of the situation.

"This verse, your Majesty," he began, "seems to require alteration in certain respects."

The author took the manuscript and conned it thoughtfully. Then his brow cleared.

"Why," he cried, as one seeing a sudden light, "I have actually not signed the poem. Give me a pen."

And the only fault in the work was forthwith remedied.

Half the stories that are current about him could never have come into circulation had the man been accessible to criticism. But this Hohenzollern is an Emperor from morn to dewy eve; his suite only speak when they are spoken to. But now and again he overhears a word.

When he was younger and less used to be "go and he goeth" system, he contracted a habit especially irritating to his troops. He used to sound alarms at odd hours, and turn up all available army corps to march past or manoeuvre when they least expected it—at night, or in the gray of a winter morning. On one such occasion the garrison included a detachment of submarine crews and the Emperor came along just before dawn, accoutred as an Admiral.

He was standing among a group of shivering officers, when one veteran, approaching him from the rear, took him for some other worthy sailor. He slapped him vehemently on the back.

"I see that Gondola Willy has fished up the aquarium this morning," he observed pleasantly.

They attribute the cessation of sudden alarms to that incident. The army, and have all but cashiered that dazed veteran.

A fortnight ago he was after elk in North Germany, and, of course, shot an elk. In this great empire loyalty extends also to elks. The elk killed, the next thing was a blast on the horn, the feudal call announcing that the quarry has become meat. The plumed and costumed chief huntsman lifted the slug horn and blew. "Hirsch todt" (stag dead).

The Kaiser demurred at once.

"This isn't a stag," he said. "It's an elk."

Mit Erlaub," the huntsman agreed, deferentially, "but there isn't such a class as 'elk dead.'"

"See to it, then," directed the Kaiser, "that one is composed."

Next year the elk's last moments will be mitigated by appropriate music. But the elk will be less critical than the Kaiser.

There is one tale of him which dates from the time when he was a mere princely Guards subaltern, which will do for my last. He was at some military function, wearing among others, an English order. A fussy general officer, who did not know him, called him up.

"You appear to be ignorant of the rule against the wearing of foreign orders by officers," he snapped.

"Where did you get that star?"

"My grandmother gave it to me," explained Wilhelm.

"Your what?"

"My grandmother—the Queen of England."

INVISIBLE ARTILLERY.

The French army appears to be on the eve of an important advance in field gunnery. The new powder effectually does away with the smoke which formerly betrayed the presence of a battery, but there still remains the flash, which rises to a height of 13 feet from the mouth of the gun. Major Froissart, of the 27th Artillery, has perfected an apparatus for obviating this disadvantage and thereby rendering a battery invisible.

RAILWAY FATALITIES.

On all the railroads in the United States there were 43,266 employes injured and 3,367 killed during the past year. Of passengers, 420 were killed, being 99 more than in 1903. There were 6,000 collisions and 1,800 derailments of trains.

The Home

SELECTED RECIPES.

Orange Frosting—Grate into a bowl the thin yellow rind of an orange. Squeeze the juice over it, add a tablespoonful of lemon juice and let stand half an hour. Then beat into it, gradually, powdered sugar enough to make it spread evenly. Beat between each addition of sugar, as this thickens the frosting.

Suet Pudding—Chop a cup of suet very fine and free it from strings. Add to it a cup of molasses, and warm the mixture slightly. Add two well-beaten eggs, cinnamon and mace to taste, and a pint of flour that has been sifted twice with a saltspoonful of salt and a scant teaspoonful of baking soda. Last of all, stir in a cupful of seeded and minced raisins, lightly dredged with flour. Pour into a buttered mold and steam for three hours. Serve with liquid sauce.

Orange Custard—Take the juice of six large sweet oranges; strain and sweeten to taste, stirring over the fire until the sugar is dissolved, remove from the fire and when nearly cold add the well-beaten yolks of six eggs and a pint of cold boiled milk. Return to fire and stir and cook when cold heap the beaten whites, sweetened with powdered sugar, over the top of each.

Orange Pie—Beat the yolks of three eggs light with a cup of granulated sugar and a tablespoonful of butter. Add the pulp and juice of two oranges and the grated rind of half of one. Then add a cup of cold milk. Mix well and turn into a deep pie dish lined with pastry well baked. Put in a moderately hot oven and bake until custard is firm or set in the middle. Cool and cover with a meringue made of the beaten whites and three large tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Brown slightly in oven and serve cold.

White Mountain Cake.—Take two cups sugar, one cup butter, three cups flour, one cup milk, two eggs, two teaspoonfuls baking powder. After the sugar and butter have been creamed, add the rest and stir all together. Bake in three layers and put together with icing or jelly.

Fruit Layer Cake—Sift together two cupfuls of flour, one-third cupful of sweet milk, three cupfuls of sifted flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder. When mixed divide into two parts and to one portion add beaten whites of five eggs and to the second part the yolks. This latter may be put in layers and put together in alternate layers of white and yellow with any fanciful filling made into two separate layers with different fillings and icing; it may be laid into a loaf cake, adding to the yellow part one and a half cupfuls of seeded raisins, one teaspoonful cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of allspice, one-quarter pound citron, sliced thin, one cupful chopped raisins and one cupful of flour. Put one batter in the pan in alternate spoonfuls so that it will have a marbled appearance when done. Bake in moderately hot oven about forty-five minutes.

Chocolate Cookies.—Take a cupful of light brown sugar, one-half cupful melted butter, one whole egg and the yolk of another, one-half cupful sweet milk, two tablespoonfuls melted chocolate, one cupful raisins finely chopped, one and one-half cupful flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder. Mix well together and drop from a spoon on a greased tin, far enough apart so they will not touch as they spread. Bake a rich brown and brush over with melted chocolate sweetened.

Cream Cookies.—Two cupfuls sugar, one cupful butter, one cupful sour cream, two eggs, one teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful lemon, or mix soft as you can roll.

Ginger Cookies.—One cupful molasses, one-half cupful shortening, three one-half teaspoonfuls ginger, one teaspoonful salt, one tablespoonful soda, one tablespoonful ginger, one and one-half teaspoonful salt. Heat molasses to boiling point, pour over shortening. Add ingredients mixed and sifted. Chill thoroughly. Toss one-fourth mixture on a floured board and roll as thinly as possible; shape with a small round cutter, first dipped in flour, place near together on a buttered sheet and bake in as moderate oven. Gather up the trimmings and roll with another portion of dough. During rolling the bowl containing mixture should be kept in a cool place, or it will be necessary to add more flour to dough, which makes cookies hard rather than crisp and short.

USEFUL HINTS.

A salad dressing warranted to keep better than mayonnaise comes from England. Stir together in a small saucepan a teaspoonful of sugar, a little salt and dry mustard three tablespoonfuls of vinegar and three of cream. Stir well and add two beaten egg yolks. Place in a double boiler and stir until the mixture is like cream.

Young children, as soon as the first teeth appear should be given little toothbrushes with very soft bristles, and should be taught to use them, and then watched to see that they always do use them. But as to infants, the toilet of the mouth must be performed for them and should never be neglected. For this purpose a little wad of sterilized absorbent cotton should be used, and then thrown away or rather burned. When the baby has its bath, the mouth should as a matter of routine be washed very gently with a pledget of cotton wet in a solution of boracic acid or any other mild antiseptic liquid. If the little gums are soft and spongy and bleeding, dabbing them with tincture of myrrh will help them.

Any cold whitefish may be made into an acceptable entree by being treated a la Newburg. A little white wine, in which cloves and allspice have been steeped, may be added just before the sauce is poured over the fish. It should then simmer till warmed without being boiled.

On a long railway journey a woman can keep the dust and dirt from her hat by placing it in a large paper bag and hanging it up. A useful bag for a wet wash cloth or sponge can be made of rubber, the outside being covered with plain or fancy silk.

The following recipe for cough medicine comes from a New England housewife and was handed down to her from an old-time sea-captain, who considered it valuable: Blend one ounce of senna, one ounce of whole flaxseed, one ounce of crushed licorice and half an ounce of anise seed, and cook in boiling water (about three or four pints) until reduced to a quart. This housewife always uses an iron kettle to boil the mixture in. Strain, add one cupful of molasses and boil a few minutes longer. Then cool, and when cold add a little whiskey or alcohol, to prevent fermentation. Keep the medicine in air-tight bottles. Use a teaspoonful or two when needed. This is really an effective remedy for the severe hacking colds and coughs that are contracted in winter.

DO YOU KNOW

That a tagless shoestring wet in mucilage is ready for service when dry?

That equal parts of glycerin and witch hazel is a cheap and effective lotion for chapped hands, when hands are damp?

That bread is nearly perfect when kneaded hard at night, left to rise, then worked ready for pans by greasing hands, and adding no more flour, all flour being then raised the same length of time?

That the best way to train your child in the way you want it to go is to persistently walk that way yourself?

That the best way to keep your own hearth and home bright and happy is constantly to put self aside and with love and charity work righteousness?

KEEP YOUR PROMISE.

Many a woman who would not think lightly of breaking a promise made to a grown up person is utterly careless about keeping her word with her children. She promises whatever is convenient at the moment, and apparently thinks that the breaking or keeping of those promises is a matter in which she can please herself, and that her children have no right to consider themselves aggrieved if she does not do so.

THE WASH BOILER.

So many people complain that the boiler rusts and iron rusts the clothes. This may be entirely prevented by rubbing the boiler well with any kind of kitchen soap immediately after emptying it and whilst it is warm. Give it a liberal coating. Remembering the soap is not wasted as it all goes into and helps the first filling of the boiler next washing day.

EMPEROR IN TRADE.

Kaiser Wilhelm's Ventures Not Pleasing the Germans.

There are loud complaints about the Kaiser's participation in industrial enterprises.

In addition to all his other interests, the Emperor is also proprietor of a brick-making works at Culmen, West Prussia. A new building of the Danzig branch of the German Imperial Bank has been constructed of bricks from these works, and the greater part of the internal decorations in Majolika wares has been supplied by a factory belonging to the Emperor.

Besides finding the materials, his Majesty co-operated with the architects in completing the plans, particularly with regard to the ornamental features of the building.

The "Frankfurter Zeitung" discusses the monarch's participation in competitive industry and points out that his brick-making works and factories are exempt both from national and municipal taxation of all kinds. His Majesty is, in consequence, in a position to undersell private competitors.

Other newspapers profess to regard royal participation in trade as inconsistent with Prussian traditions, and suggest that the Emperor should comply with the restriction imposed on all Prussian State officials, who are not allowed to concern themselves with trade.

JAPANESE PRISONERS.

Prisons in Japan resemble large country houses with many outbuildings, and do not, either in the solidity or details of their construction, wear a penitentiary aspect. The prisoners get food in proportion to their conduct and industry. The labor is compulsory, but not severe, and the prisoner gets part of his earnings. Serving a term in prison does not impose an indelible stigma. All youths under nineteen years pass two hours each day in school. Even when their term of sentence is over they cannot be released till a surety is found for their subsequent good behaviour.

SILENT JAPANESE WOMEN.

Japan has its communities of silent female recluses. There is a convent at a place called Yunokawa, about seven miles from Hakodate. A matron of some fifty years presides, whose instructions are implicitly obeyed. The women are all young, ranging from sixteen to twenty-seven, and some of them are described as very beautiful. The building stands in a farm of some 250 acres, but the women do not engage in any agricultural work. They spend most of their time indoors, and they observe a strict rule of silence.

THE S. S. LESSON

INTERNATIONAL LESSON JAN. 22.

"The First Miracle in Cana." Golden Text, John 2, 5.

THE LESSON ILLUSTRATED.

Verse 11. "This beginning of miracles." This lesson is notable as the first record of our Lord's working a miracle. And the presence of the miracle in the gospel records gives great offense to certain people who believe only in the "natural." It is related that in order to put a stop to the fraudulent miracles in connection with the tomb of the Abbe Paris, practiced by the Jesuits, the King had the part of the cemetery where the remains of the saint were walled up. Shortly after some one put a paper on the wall with this inscription, "By command of the king, God is forbidden to work any more miracles here!" So an unbelieving material Science has put up a notice over the whole earth, which in effect is this: "By resolution of the Academy of Science, God is forbidden to work any more miracles in the world!"

Verse 7. "And then filled them up to the brim." The servants filled the waterpots with water. That was the limit of their ability. But that got them ready for a power beyond them. There is a point where human preparation stops and God does the rest. We prepare the ground and plant the seed, and there stops. Then something happens we cannot bring about—than we could turn water into wine—the seed bursts its shell and begins to grow. The miner drills a hole into the solid rock, puts in it a stick of dynamite, lights the fuse, and retreats to a place of safety. Then something he could not do happens. The drill stick of dynamite suddenly becomes almost resistless power and rends the rock into fragments. We can do nothing but get things ready for God. But when we make the best preparation God always does the rest.

Verse 9. "The water that was made wine." The Rev. S. H. Jeffery, the well-known rescue worker of New York, was dressing a large convention of Christian workers at Winona, Indiana, said: "I heard of an old man in London who found a jewel in the mud. A man named Rush picked up a handful of mud from the gutter and said: 'In this mud there is sand, and from sand we have the opal; a second element in the clay, which goes to make porcelain; still a third element in the mud, and so it goes to make a contrast that is all there is to it except water. Simply you would find fault with water? Now, that is just what we (reformed drunkards) are—analyzed mud." But Mr. Rush might have added—and I wonder he would have been equally right—that God had of this analyzed mud made regenerated men, and born again into a new life and to say, by the power in the shed blood, followed the words we have just read was the Christ and the substance of which he spoke had been changed by the grace of God "from water to tobacco and everything else bad." Their lives had been changed over, they had been lifted into a new and a loftier sphere of existence.

Verse 10. "Thou hast kept the good wine till now." The ruler of the feast. The wine was otherwise. But Jesus's wine was the best. One day we will, and it starts in Christ an experience and a philosophy and a promise for the whole history. Not the green grape, but the ripe, is the best. Not the bud, but maturity, is the type of fullness in happiness. Not the man who starts on the armor, but he who puts on the armor, and he who has victory lays it off is most to be envied. Not the joy of the young Christian, but that of the ripened saint is the sweetest. Not the past, but the future, holds the noblest and best. The present life may be good, but the best part are to be with Christ in glory. God puts the best last. The world should not wish to change this order.

MUNICIPAL DENTISTS.

Municipal dentists are employed and paid for by many of the towns and cities of Germany. At Strasburg, for example, 2,906 children were examined last year, 2,912 teeth were filled, and 2,902 teeth extracted. The method of working is simple. The teacher brings the children to the dentist, who examines each mouth quickly and marks on a card each child has brought where treatment is necessary. If so, the child must come again on a certain day. Russia is also joining in the movement, and has already established nine such institutions in St. Petersburg alone. And why not, we ask, why so late in coming, we ask. It is true that, generally speaking, good teeth are a sign of good health and long life, but it is also, a large and growing proportion of citizens have not good teeth, then it follows that their children, of public concern. Is it not a fact instance, of as much importance to the community that working people have good masticating and digestive powers as that there should be expensive city halls, public parks, public positions, etc?

UNIQUE PUBLIC-HOUSE.

In a busy thoroughfare in Glasgow there is a fully-licensed public-house which is probably the smallest establishment of its kind in the kingdom. When full it can just accommodate eight customers. It is quaintly named the "Coffin," and the peculiar habitues give the various drinks etc., names to correspond. A whisky is a "nail," a pint of beer is a "shroud," and a brandy and soda is a "tombstone." The sandwiches are described as "grave-stones" and the cigarettes "worms."

JAPAN'S WAR EXPENSES

THE MANY SACRIFICES OF HER PEOPLE.

Economy and Honesty Enable Her to Bear the Great Burden.

At the beginning of the war European financiers in the far East confidently that Japan would repudiate her national debt in six months, writes F. A. McKenzie in The London Daily Mail. Those who professed to have inside information were equally sure that the Government had accumulated only enough secret reserves to meet the expenses of the war for at least six months (without outside assistance). Both were entirely wrong. Japan has so far shown a surprising ability to bear the monetary burden of the war, and this burden is proving itself very heavy. The task undertaken by the country was summed by Count Okuma, the famous Japanese statesman, as follows: Japan's population, said he, "is two and a half times more than ours, our revenue and army eight times." At the beginning of the war the imperial bank of Russia possessed specie reserve of eight hundred million roubles ($400,000,000), a note issue of six hundred million roubles, while the bank of Japan possessed one hundred million ($25,000,000) of specie against a note issue of two hundred and seventy-five millions.

PEOPLE'S SACRIFICE.

In the spring the position of Japan was this: It required, it is said, a million and a quarter a week to carry on the war. It had a very small national debt, and some of its most public expenses, such as the cost of the Government, had accumulated during peace times to meet the expenses of the war for at least six months (without outside assistance). Both were entirely wrong. Japan has so far shown a surprising ability to bear the monetary burden of the war, and this burden is proving itself very heavy. The task undertaken by the country was summed by Count Okuma, the famous Japanese statesman, as follows: Japan's population, said he, "is two and a half times more than ours, our revenue and army eight times." At the beginning of the war the imperial bank of Russia possessed specie reserve of eight hundred million roubles ($400,000,000), a note issue of six hundred million roubles, while the bank of Japan possessed one hundred million ($25,000,000) of specie against a note issue of two hundred and seventy-five millions.

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BIG CLOCK.

What is claimed to be one of the largest clocks in the world is being placed in a new tower at Lakewood, New Jersey. It is 32 feet in diameter, with 18 ft. hands. The tower, which is 330 ft. high, was built especially for the clock, which will be illuminated at night, and will be visible for many miles around.