

in stature and competent to cope single-handed with an army of anarchists. One of these policemen undertook to guard a railway station where a dozen were required the day before; they searched single-handed for anarchists like ferrets for rats; the city was safe from that hour. The prestige born of that memorable achievement had been a complete education in courage.

Moral courage will always rank higher than physical. The one is a daily necessity, while the other may be required only in emergencies.

It cannot be doubted that the crime of embezzlement, unhappily becoming so common among employés who handle money, is mainly due to lack of moral courage. The history of the unfaithful cashier is always the same old story. He has incurred a debt through an extra bit of extravagance or taking a turn in the stock market, in the certain belief in success. If he had the moral courage

to tell his employer frankly of his pressing necessities, make a clean breast of it, and ask advice and assistance at the outset, he would, in nine cases out of ten, if a valuable employé, receive good counsel, be assisted to a loan, helped to bridge over the results of his indiscretion, and be saved from ultimate ruin. His moral cowardice leads him to steal money with which to silence pressing creditors or to gamble in the hope of freeing himself from debt, and, when matters go from bad to worse, carries him panic-stricken to Canada to end his days as a branded criminal and a fugitive from justice.

Morality cannot flourish without courage; criminality certainly thrives upon the lack of it. If we cannot go so far as to believe with the Frenchman that every mistake in life may be traced to fear, we can at least agree with the philosopher who said, "Great talents have been lost for want of a little courage."

Horace Porter.

BIRD MUSIC: THE ORIOLE AND THE THRUSH.



THE Baltimore oriole is the most beautiful of our spring visitors, has a rich and powerful voice, the rarest skill in nest-building, and is among the happiest, most jubilant of birds. The male generally arrives here

a few days in advance of the female — the first week in May.

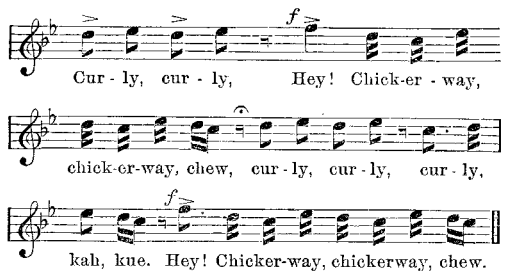


The melodic structure here is similar to that of the bluebird's strain, but the effect is very different. Hardly a songster, the oriole is rather a tuneful caller, a musical shouter; nevertheless, as will appear, he sometimes vents his high spirits in ingenious variations indicative of great melodic possibilities. Years ago I heard, from a large, tall elm standing in an open field, a strain the beauty of which so struck me that it is often wafted through my mind to this day. It was the oriole's voice, but could it be his song?



It proved to be so, and it became with me a favorite argument for the old form of the minor scale — the seventh sharp ascending, natural descending.

But a still greater deviation from the usual vocal delivery of orioles was noticed here on the 22d of May, 1884, the new song continuing through the season. A remarkable feature of the performance was the distinct utterance of words as plainly formed as the whippoorwill's name when he "tells" it "to all the hills."



While listening to this song I could not help thinking that the bird had been trained. He invariably attacked the *f* in the climax most artistically, taking it as if with a full sense of the exclamation Hey! We hoped the wandering minstrel would summer in our grove of maples, but he passed on, visiting the neighbors as he went, finally taking quarters about a fourth of a mile away. Nearly every day during the season, however, we