

short-hand. Ten thousand ideas may be conveyed—vaguely it is true, but without a certain picturesqueness—by fifty street symbols. Think of the changes that can be rung on, "in it," "on to it," "no flies on," and similar slang phrases. At this tangle-footed and chaotic speech-epoch, slang seems a god-send; and one English writer of reputation goes to the extent of advocating the teaching of it in the schools, purely as a relief for the dumb-found period of adolescence.

Girls are much more likely than boys to be talkative and confidential during this period. The most ordinary occurrences furnish material for secrets which girls communicate successively to fifty companions adorning each one in turn "never to tell." Meanwhile, as if in contradiction to this communicativeness, a painful reticence and secretiveness grows up on matters of the most vital concern. Girls whose every thought has been confided to parents, now begin to hold back things that they will tell to no one, or tell only to companions, though it is often of the utmost importance that mothers should know them. Thus do we perceive the soul beginning its own individual life.

Adolescence is the age of dress and fads. Trust the young sprout in his trees to keep an eye open for the "latest" in whatever concerns personal appearance. No detail in the girl's toilet is too small for absorbing, soulful attention. Fluffs and spit-curis flourish luxuriantly. Cosmetics are drawn upon to emphasize or hide what mirrors reveal. Young men affect loud colors in shirts and cravats, and are not above the use of curling irons. Both boys and girls follow the fashion, unconsciously emphasize each innovation till it reaches the point of the ridiculous, where it collapses and a new fashion comes in to vogue.

This tendency to rebel against that which is staid and conservative and to overdo that which is transitional, marks the instinct for change. Nine tenths of the boys and girls in our land leave school on account of it, at an average of from 13 to 15 years of age. This is also the secret of truancy and running away. Wherever possible the instinct for change should be gratified. Out of it grows all our hopes of better things for the world.

In the period of opening adolescence are found the natural human gawks. Girls are relatively tall and ungainly. Boys are clumsy and loose-jointed, staggering against things and knocking them down. Often they are round-shouldered and their heads droop, out of a sheer desire to hide their inordinate length. This awkwardness results from unequal muscular development. The rage muscles which guide the greater movements are developed first and the small ones, which give grace and co-ordination of movement not till years later.

It is also an age of affectation, "putting on," or pretending what is foreign to real nature. Girls simpler and act meltingly sweet—with a species of saccharine sweetness. Whatever pleases them is "too awfully cute for anything." Boys affect a swaggering stolidism, an exaggerated manliness, a moon-eyed, wall-eyed sturdiness of front, that is really not so dangerous as it seems. All this is the first crude effort of ideals trying to take shape and form. Great things will grow out of them yet.

The soul flickers as yet. Its fitful beams are exhibited in fluctuating periods of elation and depression. Today lively and gay, tomorrow moping with a fit of the "blues;" one day amazingly good, the next amazingly bad. These changes mark the transition between pre-Adamic inheritance

and the altruism that has been grafted upon it.

Closely connected with this emotional fluctuation, is the period of calf-love which is so distinguishing a feature with ladies and gentlemen in their early teens. These passions are harmless and even beneficial if confided to the disposition of old Father Time; but dangerous when they lead to precipitate action. Lives are often ruined through impulses set in motion by this green and raw kind of infatuation. Another characteristic natural to this period, but not understood as widely as it should be, is the fluctuation of the bodily energies: Periods of great activity are succeeded by days of limpness and laziness, which too often find no charity among teachers and guardians.

Adolescence is also the birthday of phantasy, day-dreaming, and imagination. Who can picture what glorious, supernal visions come to a soul when its first vista of manhood or womanhood is opened to view? It is also the golden age of romance. Novels are devoured—not merely read.

It is a day of hyperbolication, assertion. Speech leaps the bounds of the positive and comparative. Nothing short of the superlative gives any relief to the over-charged feelings. Out of this tendency to exaggerate, comes the habit of falsehood; not deliberate lying, which is one of the worst vices of the soul; but a tendency to help things out by giving them qualities which they do not possess. The blemish will pass away with the sobering down of the emotions.

This intense emotionalism is necessary to proper mind development. It sends the blood coursing through all the neural tracts, and irrigates and invigorates the sources of sensation and will.

Closely related to the awakening of the imagination and the tendency to strong expression, is the passion for rhythm, which leads to dancing, singing, music, and many other harmonies of life. A certain proverb has it: "The mother of prose is poetry; of poetry, music; of music, rhythm; of rhythm, God."

Few people realize the part it plays in exciting the emotions. The most eloquent sermon I ever listened to, had nothing else than rhythm as a moving force. The preacher was an unlettered negro, and his text was: "Moses lead us into Jordan." This he repeated in slow, deep, rhythmic tones, till he had every one of his colored flock electrified. One good old woman caught me by the arm, urging: "Come, Massah, come and be saved. Now is de day ob de Lawd." After the meeting I asked the preacher how he prepared his sermons.

"Well, 'Fessah, I tole you, but I don't tell ebry body. You see dat big yallah dog, Caesar? Well, I fust chooses a text—one what's got music in it—music," and he dwelt rhythmically on the word—"an" I goes into a room with Caesar, an' if I can make dat dog howl, I know I'll fetch 'em."

This interesting lecture was concluded during the afternoon session of the second day. N. L. N.

SANTA FE RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

Kansas City, Sept. 8.—A special to the Times from Emporia, Kan., says: One of the worst wrecks in the history of the Santa Fe railroad occurred three miles east of here at about 7:30 o'clock tonight. Twelve to fifteen persons were killed and as many were badly hurt.

The fast mail train going east, and the Mexico-California express, west-bound, collided head-on. The Mexico and California express was pulled by

two locomotives, and when they struck the engine drawing the fast mail the boilers of all three engines exploded and tore a hole in the ground so deep that the smoking car of the westbound train went in on top of the three engines and two wrecked mail cars and balanced there without turning over. The passengers in the smoking car escaped through the windows. The front end of this car was enveloped in a volume of stifling smoke and steam belching up from the wreck below and the rear door was jammed right with the car behind. The wreck caught fire from the engines. The cars in the hole and the smoking car burned to ashes in no time. In climbing from the smoking car several men fell through the rifts in the wreck below, and it is impossible to tell whether they escaped or were burned to death.

The westbound train carried eight coaches and its passengers included many excursionists who had been to hear Hon. W. J. Bryan speak at the county fair at Burlingame.

Mr. Bryan himself was on the train but was riding in the rear Pullman some 400 feet from the cars which were wrecked. He states that nothing but a heavy jolt was experienced by the passengers in his coach.

Mr. Bryan was one of the noblest men in the crowd of rescuers. He helped to carry out the dead and wounded and gave the greatest attention to their care. One poor fellow who was badly maimed called to Mr. Bryan and said: "I went to hear you today; I am dying now, and want to shake your hand and say God bless you. If you possibly can, Mr. Bryan, get me a drink of water."

Mr. Bryan went into the fast mail car, one end of which was burning, and came out with the drink of water which he gave to the suffering passenger. He brought out cushions for others of the injured and was everywhere present to minister to the wants of the suffering.

It is feared that nearly all the seven mail clerks perished in the disaster, but so far only six bodies have been taken from the wreck. Those dead are: Jim Brennan, engineer, Topeka; Nate Hollister, fireman, Topeka; J. F. Sours, Kansas City, express messenger, body almost consumed by fire; William Frisbey, engineer; R. A. Doran, Emporia, postal clerk; — Gonzales, fireman, west-bound train; unknown man, tramp; — Brangman, Topeka.

Ben Walters, St. Joseph, Mo., a fireman on the west-bound train, is missing.

Among the seriously injured are: Claude Holliday, Lawrence, express messenger, both legs broken; D. C. Erter, Kansas City, express messenger, legs broken, will die; John Dagan, Topeka, face smashed; J. T. Butler, county attorney Chase county, hip broken, may die; William F. Jones, Kansas City, leg and arms broken; B. P. Metik, Atchison, badly bruised; Phil Schier, Kansas City, hip crushed; C. A. VanFleet, brakeman, Kansas City, badly bruised; William Patrick, Kansas City, leg and arm broken; C. D. Adams, City of Mexico, painfully bruised; Mike Sweeney, Gainesville, Tex., back hurt.

The engineers of the westbound train had received orders to meet the fast mail at Emporia and were making up lost time. The two are the fastest trains on the Santa Fe system, and the westbound train must have been running at a speed of at least forty miles an hour. The westbound express was going around a slight curve and met the fast mail probably within 200 feet.

Of the seven or eight cars making up the Mexico and California express, only the mail, baggage, express and smoking cars were destroyed. The