AN IMPROMPTU PRAYER.

Now I lay me down to sleep-Don't want to sleep; I want to think. I didn't mean to spill that ink; I only meant to softly creep Under the desk an' be a bear-

'Tain't 'bout the spanking that I care. 'F she'd only let me 'splain an' tell Just how it was an accident, An' that I never truly meant, An' never saw it till it fell.

I feel a whole lot worse'n her;

I'm sorry, an' I said I were.

I s'pose if l'd just cried a lot An' choked all up like sister does, An' acted sadder than I wuz, An' sobbed about the "naughty spot,"

She'd said, "He sha'n't be whipped, he sha'n't," An' kissed me, but somehow, I can't. But I don't think it's fair a hit

That when she talks an' talks at you. An' you wait patient till she's through, An' start to tell your side of 1t, She says, "Now that'll.do, my son; I've heard enough," 'fore you've begun,

'F I should die before I wake-Maybe I ain't got any soul; Maybe there's only just a hole Where't ought to be-there's such an

ache Down there somewhere! She seemed to

That I just loved to spill that ink. -Ethel M. Kelley, in the Century.

AS TOM SAW IT.

The wind whistled sharply round the corner and Tom's audience drew closer together. The ragged coats and frayed trousers flapped dismally against the shivering little figure, and the newspapers in half a dozen benumbed hands rustled noisily The speaker's voice drew more insis

"I tell ye what, fellers, it was just great. Fust, thar was the singin' that made ye feel creepy way down ter yer toes an' sent little shivers a-runnin' up yer backbone. Then thar was a big stillness, so's ye could most hear yerself think, an' in a minute the old chap on the platform, he got up an' said, "I wanter tell ye a story." jest his words, an' he hadn't said more'n that 'fore I felt's if he had walked right down an' picked me out o' the whole gang an' patted me on the shoulder and was

talkin' ter me-jest me, ye know.
"And-well," continued Tom, drawing a long breath, "I can't half tell ye what he said—I whist I could; but he told about a chap that was like us once—sellin' papers an' blackin' shoes an' all that, ye know an' how he got ter be an engineer or the pres'dent of the United States-I furgit which, but 'twas somethin' that was big. He said thar wa'n't no reeson why we couldn't be somebody, too; that all we'd got ter do was ter keep straight ahead an' go square ev'ry time au' stick it out an'

"Aw, Tom, what ye givin' us?" called a derisive voice Tom turned with fierce nods of his

we'd git thar.'

"Ye think it sounds usny, but does when I tell it, an' we're out here in the street an' down on our luck; but ye'd jest another heard him said it, Bill. Why "Ye think it sounds fishy, Bill-an' it n he talked, I felt's if I could black all the shoes in the city with jest a flip of my brush an' that 'twould be no time 'tall 'fore I was drivin' a team or runnin' a ho-

Could Dr. Cyrus Heminway have heard Tom's "speech" he would have felt well repaid for the evening's talk he had given at the Newsboys' Mission the week before; but could he, in addition to that, have followed Tom's forlorn little figure limping down the street, his heart would have warmed indeed. Tom was talking aloud to himself—a habit of his—and one that explained, perhaps, his ease as a "public

"Oh—if I only could!" and he gave a delighted little skip. The impulsive move-ment brought a shadow to his face, and he looked down at the twisted, misshapen foot that was not meant for skips and leaps. "Thar ain't no use of thinkin' of it, though -not for me, with that thing," he added, dolefully. "I jest got ter give it up, thats all. But there's Teddy an' Dot—thar ain't nothin' ails their legs—bless 'em!" Tom's face was visibly brightening—"thar ain't nothin' ter hinder them bein' somebody." And he limped hurriedly around the cor-ner and began to climb the long flights that

led to his garret home. Tom was nine when his father died, and he was not ten when his mother so quickly followed—that white-faced, tired mother, who yet always had a loving word and a smile for him, and for Teddy and Dot. These two were so little then: they were hardly larger now, though two years older. "Skimpy soups and scraps don't make tolks very big," Tom would say apologet-

ically.

But Tom blackened shoes, sold papers ran errands, held horses—all in a frenzy of haste, from early morning until the last "extra" had been sold at midnight. The old cracked sugar-bowl in the cupboard was Tom's bank, and his precious store of dimes and pennies was steadily growing larger.

One snowy December day, Tom was hurrying homeward, when a clanging engine almost ran him down. Shouting men and

boys pushed roughly by. The crowd in-creased and became almost impenetrable as he reached his own street.

Tom was thoroughly frightened. The fire must be very near-and there was Teddy,

Dot, and the sugar-bowl! He pushed and struggled and beat his tiny self against the surging human wall. A moment later be dashed into an alley

not so crowded, and, by a detour, came out close by his own door. Policemen were forcing the crowds back and roping off an open space, firemen were shouting, engines were hissing and throbbing, and over all was the red glare of the flames.

For a second Tom stood motionless; then deaf to warning shouts and heedless of outstretched hands, he rushed through the door and up the stairs. Stumbling, crawling—one flights, two flights, three, he passed; then choking and well-nigh breathless, he threw open the door of his

The children were asleep.

He shook them roughly.
"Come—come quick!" he gasped, catching up Dot with a sweep of his right arm, and dragging Teddy to the floor with his

The air was stifling now. Darting tongues of flame leaped from the cracks ov-er the doors, across the hall, and licked the dust from the walls. A crackling roar filled the children's ears, and a suffocating smoke burned their eyes and throats. Crouching

close to the floor, they gained the stairway and started, half sliding, half tumbling down the long flights. They had almost reached the street when there was a crash, "Oh, it is true!" murmured Tom eestata blinding glare, a scorching something across their faces — then oblivion for

Tom did not sell papers the next morning. If he had sold them, he might have

of Dr. Cyrus Heminway-the man who had talked at the Mission.

A glad flash of recognition came into Tom's eyes. "It's you, ain't it? Well, I leads to being "somebody."—Eleanor H. wanted ter tell yer," he began hurriedly, "I was goin' ter do what ye said, but I "I was goin' ter do what ye said, but I couldn't, ye know, on 'count o' my leg. But I'm goin' fer make somethin' of Dot an'—" he stop ped suddenly, his eyes widening in a frightened remembrance of the night before—"Whar is Dot an' Teddy?" he screamed his voice shrill with anxioty. Then he fell heak with tightened iety. Then he fell back with tightened

lips an' a stifled cry of pain.
"Steady, my lad, steady," soothed the big man gently; "the children are safe and

well-thanks to you.',
"Did I git 'em out all right? Somethin' happened, seems so, long at the last—I can't jest remember." The lips relaxed in a smile, then quivered pitifully, "I—I couldn't git the sugar-bowl, though, an' now I'll have ter begin all over." The voice ended in a sigh, then suddenly commenced again, with renewed vigor. "Say, whar am I, an' what am I here for?"

"You-well-you hurt yourself-a bit, my lad," explained the man, stammering "So they brought you to the confusedly. hospital for me to fix up."

The boy's face fell.
"Long job—is it?"
"Well, it will take a little while." A big tear rolled down Tom's cheek. "I know what that means, an' it's all up. I jest can't make nothin'of them now twill take furever to catch up!"

"Make nothin' of—"
"Dot an' Teddy, ye know," supplied
Tom. "I was goin' ter make them like what ye said I'd oughter be."

"What I said," repeated the doctor, more mystified than before. "Yes, down ter the Mission, ye know You told how we'd all oughter do some thin' big an' fine an' be somebody. Well, I was goin' ter be somebody myself, but my legs ain't alike—one of 'em wa'n't finished up right, an' so I'm counted out the

game-'taint no use ter me ter try. But Dot an' Teddy was diff'rent. They was all right, an' I'd got a bowlful of chink saved up ter push them along an' make somebody of them, an'—an' now it's all burnt up!" finished Tom, choking back a sob and winking fast and hard. Dr. Heminway did not speak. He walked over to the window and stood for a long time looking at a lone leaf fluttering in a

back his eyes were moist. "We won't count you out just yet, my boy. I've had a look at that foot of yours, and—I fancy I can 'finish' it so it will be like the other one." The doctor's lips twitched a little. "And, meanwhile, we'll

tree branch just outside. When he came

fix up those other breaks and bruises, you managed to accumulate last night. Now just drink this and go to sleep."

Tom's eyes were luminous. He drained the proffered glass, then handed

"Doctor ver don't mean ver can twist that foot o' mine straight-just like t'oth-

The man nodded. "Jimmy!" murmured Tom, nestling happily among the pillows. "It don't sound's if it could be true," he added, af-ter a long silence. "Then I'll be like oth-er fellers an' stand some show. My! won't We'll all be pres'dents-an it be great!" things. Dot an' Teddy—an'—me. We'll all—be—"the whole voice trailed off in-

to an inarticulate murmur. A week later, between two and three the hospital, and were conducted by a

white-capped nurse to Tom's side.

Tom gazed blankly at the two welldressed, happy-faced children. "Why, it's Dot an' Teddy," he gasp-

The children, mindful of urgent admonitions to be "quiet" choked back their

"We thought you wouldn't know us!" chuckled Teddy.
"An' this is Mis' Morton—Where we live," explained Dot eagerly, "an'-" "Yes, au' we eat three times a dayheaps o' things!" interrupted Teddy. "Meat, an' pertaters, an' oranges—"

"An' rasb'ry jam!" gurgled Dot, blinking her eyes costatically. "An' I've got stockings an shoes --both alike, an'--" "An' I've got a top an' a knife an'-' say, Tom, you're better, ain't you?" Teddy broke off suddenly, mindful of the pur-

pose of their visit.
"Yes, dear, he's better." said Mrs. Morton, laughing softly; "but he won't be if you two chatter-boxes stay much long-

This was but the first of many visits, which came more and more frequently as Tom got stronger. Not the least of his joys was the fact that Teddy and Dot were so

Miss Morton was a childless widow, and it was the newspaper picture of Tom carrying the children down the blazing stairway that had caught her eye and had caused her to open her doors and her arms to the little waifs. Long before Tom left the hospital the most precious things in the house, to Mrs. Morton's eyes, were Teddy and Dot, and the determination to keep them always

grew stronger daily. left the hospital, he turned toward the doc-

tor with troubled eyes.
"She likes 'em awful well, don't she, doctor? I'm glad she likes 'em so much-I am, truly I am,' he added hurriedly. "Mrs. Morton has a very kind heart,

Tom," returned the doctor, smiling.
"I—they—I shouldn't wonder—they'll
be somebody now, I guess," Tom went

"I shouldn't wonder," agreed the er. "I-I reckon they don't need me an' the

sugar-bowl no more-do they?" bugar-bowl no more—do they?"

Dr. Heminway threw a sharp glance at the quivering chin and overflowing eyes.

"Need you," he sputtered, "need you; why, my boy, 'need' is no name for it. They simply just can't get along without you. Just you wait and see."

At last the day came when Tom, a little weak, but straight-limbed and jubilant, walked with even, unlimping steps, down

ically. "It truly is true. See, I don't limp the littlest bit!"

In Dr. Heminway's office now is a rough face, strong-limbed boy, who answers the bell, runs errands and keeps the office fresh seen his name at the top of the first page of most of them. In big, black letters he was called a "hero," and his "daring rescue of Dot and Teddy "board" with Mrs. Morton sleeping children" was told, with many a and Mrs. Morton will tell you that she has laudatory adjective, beneath the picture of a boy carrying two children down a blazing stairway.

been forced—through Dr. Heminway's unyielding insistence—to accept each week a small portion of Tom's "office-boy" wages But all this Tom did not see. What he really did see was a long room, full of pret ty white beds, in one of which he was lying. He turned his head, and met the gaze spent. They are safely hoarded among Mrs. Morton's dearest treasures.

Tom is happy. Are not he and Dot and Teddy traveling the straight road that

Collars by the Million

Machines Will Turn out Marvelous Display at the Fair. Cloth To Finished Product. Will Form Striking Contrast to the Griginal Industry Started by Blacksmith's Wife Seventy-five Years Ago

When the wife of a blacksmith in Troy, N. Y., got tired washing and ironing her husband's shirts with collars attached, it started her to thinking; and she finally picked up her scissors and cut a paper pattern and then the linen for a collar. That was over 75 years ago, and it was the first separate collar ever made in the world.

This forgotten woman was the mother of invention that first conceived the idea from which has sprung the great industry that now provides this article of neckwear in artistic shapes for men and also mannish women. To-day the use of machines has supplanted hand labor in nearly every department of the industry, not only in the factory, but also in the laundry, and these machines will be seen in operation, turning out collars and ouffs ready to wear, in the Manufactures Palace at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

The collar and cuff display is to be one of the many working exhibits in this great building, and it will be quite interesting to all visitors. Comparatively few persons have seen collar and cuff machines. This is owing to the fact that the industry is still practically concentrated at Troy, N Y., and the immediate vicinity, where it originated over three-quarters of a century

CONSIDERED A GREAT REFORM

When the blacksmith's wife started the fad of detachable collars, it was soon looked upon as a great reform in men's wear in the little town of Troy. Old Ebenezer Brown who had retired from the Methodist pulpit and was devoting more time to saving dollars than souls, started a small dry goods store and was the first person to start a collar factory. The manufacture of collars soon become a paying business for Parson Brown, and history does not record

that he ever returned to the pulpit. This Yankee-witted parson was blessed with a large family of girls, and at first they made all the linen collars, the cloth being cut to shape with soissors, hand stitched, and starched and ironed upon the kitchen table. Soon the increasing demand for Brown's "store collars" became so great that he was compelled to secure the services of a large portion of the wives and daughters in the whole town. They flocked to his store, which was enlarged, where the cloth was cut on a wooden pat-tern, which was the forerunner of the modern cutting table. They then took the ready material to their homes and made, washed, starched and ironed the collars, and the shrewd parson paid them in merchandise from his store. He also knew how to drive a good bargain, as well as to preach a sermon on the sin of avarice, for each collar worker had to sign an agree-"In pay you buy my goods at my ment:

PERFECTION OF THE INDUSTRY.

In 1845 the collar business put the idea into some man's head to start a cuff and shirt factory in Troy. Then the invention of the sewing machine followed, and it was soon introduced into the manufacture of o'clock in the afternoon, a lady and two collars, cuffs and shirts, despite the cry of small children came up the broad steps of the workers against the labor-saving machine. Then the application of steam power later gave the industry a wonderful impetus by greatly decreasing the cost of production and causing a corresponding decrease in the price to the consumer. Then, from time to time various machines for this special line of work were invented, until the industry thereby was enabled to

reach its almost perfect stage of today.

In the manufacture of a standing collar he goods are sent to the cutter, who stretches the webs back and forth upon the table until the desired number of thicknesses is obtained, when iron weights are placed at intervals to keep the cloth in posi- thew. tion. The cutter then arranges the block patterns of the desired size and style, and, beginning at the edge of the cloth nearest required for the interlinings.

NINE MILLIONS IN TROY MILLS. The interlining in a four-ply collar is cut in one piece and doubled over. In a straight standing collar the facing is usually of cambric muslin, except in the case of an all-linen collar, and it must conform to the shape of the front of the collar. As soon as the seperate parts of a collar are ready to be put together the facings are sent to the girls known as "stampers" who stamp the name, brand, and size on the

facings. Then the "pasters" arrange the various parts of the collar with paste, and it is passed to the "runners." At this stage the interlining is without and the front and back are on the inside. The "runduct (vii, 1-12), dangers (vii, 13-23). 4 ners" stitch the top and sides, and the The great contrast. (Westcott's Introduccollar goes to the "turners." The reversgrew stronger daily.

Tom must have seen something of the and is generally done by "home workers," although some factories have machines for this work. The collar then goes to the stitching room proper, where the final sewing is done, and then the buttonholes

The making of a turn-down collar is somewhat more complicated than that of a standing collar, as it requires two parts, a top and a band, while the standing collar is generally all of one piece.

After the collars and cuffs are finished sorted and counted, they go to the laundry, and are then ready for the market. About \$9,000,000 are invested in this industry at Troy, N. Y.

Mrs. Helen Yockey.

Mrs. Helen Yockey is dead at her home at Craigsville, Armstrong county, Pa. Mrs. Yockey was one of the largest women in Western Pennsylvania, weighing 300 pounds, and being six feet tall.

Save for my daily range Among the pleasant fields of Holy Writ, I might despair —Tennyson.

THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON. First Quarter. Lesson Ix. Matt. vii, 21-29 Sunday February 28, 1904.

HEARERS AND DOERS OF THE WORD. Macaulay says of Pitt that he could pour forth a long succession of stately periods without premeditation, in a voice of silvery clearness. Perhaps he reached the zenith of oratorical fame in his speech on the abolition of the slave-trade. Fox, Gray, Windham, contemporaries and themselves adepts at the art of speaking, agreed that it was the most extraordinary display of eloquence ever heard. Where is that speech? A memory only!

We have an American analogue in Webster. There he stood before an entranced Congress, his very soul blazing in those deep caverns below his marble brow, as he poured forth his "Reply to Hayne." "His statement was argument, his inference was demonstration." Where is that speech? Just a memory, though only two generations have passed since its delivery.

Two millenniums ago a Galilean availed himself of one of nature's auditoriums, and, when the unsynagogued congregation gathered, he opened his mouth and taught them. That assembly dissolved; but in each successive generation a new and everincreasing throng has come together. As from the sounding-board of the open heavens, the old sermon has struck the ear of each new congregation. The sermon Jesus preached is no dream of ideal eloquence It lives in every dialect. It is the most potent composition in written speech. Millions know it by heart; millions live by

But some one will say, Jesus only borrowed the aphorisms of the rabbi, after all. They will put the Talmudio sayings in parallel column with those of the Messiah, and thus discount his originality. those rabbinical maxims back into their context, however, and you almost invariably find them on a lower plane, and often moving in a direction opposite to the teaching of Jesus. Again, if Jesus taught the same truth as the rabbis, why then were from making the attempt. Lack of skill they offended with him? He may have in drawing is not received as an excuse. used the modes of speech current in his day but it must be admitted also that he made them the vehicle of a diviner meaning.

Miss Martineau, in her "Life in East," a melange of happy description and Essene. But the merest tyro ought to know that the trend of Jesus' teaching is fundamentally opposed to that of the Essene. They were the most esoteric, unmissionary sect extant. How could be who said. "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," be an Essene. On purrfication, the Sabbath, the resurrection, Jesus was in diametric opposition to that strictest and tiniest of To affirm identity on finding a point or two of similarity is unphilosophical in the ex-

Apart from, infinitely above the rabbi on the one hand and the Essene on the other Jesus stands the original and nuceasing Teacher of the race. He speaks with iauthority to the universal human heart, lluminating, inspiring, empowering it. He is not a channel through which truth flows perturbed, perchauce, and corrupted with human prejudice and error in its

fountain, not a conduit! system of doctrine, not the formulator of a and stationers now keep in stock. ritual. He comes to inspire a life in the soul to set up a kingdom within, which consists not in the externalities and comparative trivialities of sacrifice and oblation but in that indispensable righteousness whose concomitants are peace and joy. So he could say also, "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

An all-night vigil of meditation and prayer was Jesus' preparation for two supremely important acts: First, the choice and ordination of his apostles; second, the delivery of his most extended discourse.

St. Augustine originated the theory of a twofold sermon: one on the mount, and the other on the plain: one to the Church, and the other to the masses. The theory signed to reconcile the accounts of Luke and Matthew, and to cover what seems to some a premature enunciation of doctrine to the people at large. o od hillinga

The theory seems a supererogation. No part of the sermon is esoteric or confiden-tial. It is the enunciation of a public program of doctrine and duty for the whol people. And there is a spiritually correct and true harmony between Luke and Matthe last two or three year

Edershime's analysis is excelent. "View ing it in the light of the time, we might to him, cuts away from him across the goods. The back and front of the collar are cut together, and a second cutting is most yet hidden meaning) and contrast to contemporary Jewish teaching. And here we would regard it as presenting the full delineation of the ideal man of God, of prayer and of righteousness—in short, of the inward and outward manifestation of disciplaching ("Life of Jayra"). discipleship. (Edersheim, "Life of Jesus,"

at touldt's stand the line in Westcott's analysis is equally good. The citizen of the kingdom (Matt.v. 1-16) their character absolutely (3-6), relatively (7-12), their influence (13-16). 2. The new law (17-48), as the fulfillment of the old generally (17-20), specially murder adultery, perjury, revenge, exclusiveness (21-48). 3. The new life (vi, vii, 27), acts of devotion (vi, 1-18), aims (19-34), contion, page 358.)

The excellent glory of Jesus' teaching is that he carries the law into the inmost part. He prescribes nothing external. He wants the spirit of the law infused' into the heart. Nothing short of this constitutes a disciple of Jesus.

* * * *

Objection has been raised against the Sermon on the Mount that it does not enunciate the doctrine of the new birth. True it does not do so categorically. It does so inferentially, however, and beyond question. The corrupt tree must be transformed, made entirely new, before it can bring forth good fruit. A man must be a new creature before he can begin to exemplify the Spirit Jesus enjoins. CHILD-STUDY AND SUNDAY-SCHOOL METH-

ODS. A series of questions were propounded to

their use of language. Successful teaching absolutely requires that the teacher shall bells and cherry sprays in the same delifind the children where they are; shall get cious edible. into the same world with them, and terms and symbols that are intelligible to them. And this is to be done without affectation, which children are quick to de-

In Honor of Washington.

Ye Hostesses, Here are Some New and Quaint Ways by Which to Entertain Your Guests on Saturday Evening-By the Hostess.

Such a fetching little idea has come out is called a Colonial Art Party, and is one a border of red, white and blue. Either that any hostess can prepare for so far as water paint or colored chalks can be used the game of the evening is concerned, in for the bordering. Number each card and fifteen minutes. To arrange for an affair on this new plan

out from white paper or cardboard as many little slips as you expect guests for the evening. On each slip write the name of What is the H ome event in early American history. Here are a few specimens to show the nature

of the events :-Braddock's defeat by the Indians.

The Boston Tea Party.
The First Congress at Philadelphia.
The Battle of Lexington. The Battle of Bunker Hill. Washington assumes command of the

These slips, twelve, twenty-five or thirty in number, as the case requires, are jumb-led together in a bag. Each person enter-ing the room draws one from the bag. He is requested to keep the name of the event written upon it strictly secret. He receives with a slip a white pasteboard card about eight by ten inches in size to which a blue ball room pencil is attached with red rib-

When all guests have arrived, the hostess asks each man or girl to draw upon the white card a picture of the event named upon the slip he or she has drawn. No one is excused for any reason whatever from making the attempt. Lack of skill

Half an hour is allotted for the art work. At the end of the appointed time a bell rings and the drawing stops. Cards are passed from hand to hand around the circle, each person writing down the name of the event as he supposes it to be marking unhappy theology, dismisses Jesus as an the event as he supposes it to be marking Essene. But the merest tyro ought to it with the number on the card for refer

When all have guessed each artist is called upon to say what event he portrayed, and the man or girl whose list numbers most correct answers receives a prize. A vote is next taken up to decide which sketch is cleverest, each person present voting for any sketch except his own, and structive work for spare moments now and signing his ballot with his name. The artist who carries the election wins an additional prize.

A good biography of Washington or a standard work on Colonial times in Amer-ica makes a suitable prize for the gentleman. The lady could receive a little bonbonniere in the shape of a Continental cocked hat filled with red, white and blue bonbons.

Colonial buff and blue form a most attractive color scheme for decorating the rooms. Yellow and blue hyacinths or passage. So he could say not only, "I speak the truth," but, "I am Truth." He is the original source, not the transmitter; a be readily and quickly draped in the useful prize and one that any busy man or ountain, not a conduit! chosen colors by employing the new tissue woman would appreciate.

Again, he is not the institutor of a paper bunting which all progressive dealers

A PATRIOTIC CARD PARTY.

Many fashionable women will entertain this year by patriotic card parties. The favorite game, whist, euchre, hearts---as the case may be---is chosen and a red, white and blue setting prepared for it. Chandeliers are decorated with broad bands of tri-color ribbon, terminating in

bowknots and supporting pompons of artificial flowers in the patriotic hues. Each card table has its bowl or vase of red, white and blue carnations intermingled

with bouquets of violets. The guest on entering the room is given a wee silk flag bearing the number of the table at which he or she is to sit.

Instead of score cards women are given opera glass bags of red, white and blue figured silk, while the men receive small sleeve link boxes in red leather tied with white and blue ribbon. On each table stands a cut glass dish fill-

ed with beans dyed in the tints required by the occasion. Whenever a point is gained, instead of a star to paste upon his tally, the player receives a bean to put into bag or box.

After the game is over the maids remove

the cards and cover each table with a dainty

tea cloth. Supper is served upon the tables instead of adjourning to the dining room. Red, white and blue should figure prominently in the menu. Ices can be had from your caterer in the form of little cherry trees, flags, layers of red, white and blue, etc. Sandwiches can be tied with United States color. Strawberries served on blue saucers when covered with cream give the desired combination. Little individual baskets containing white grapes, blue plums and rosy apples are fetching as souvenirs.

A RECEPTION INCOG.

A reception incog is a gay little plan for celebrating the natal day without great ex-pense to the hostess. For it each player is asked to come representing some character

of Washington's time.

It could be explained in the invitation notes that cheese cloth, calico and other cheap materials are preferred and that no expensive dresses should be worn. This will bring the party within the reach of those who might not be able to attend if

the party confide their chosen characters to the hostess, who writes down each name of grande, dame, belle or beau opposite the everyday name of the visitor.

Cards and pencils, tied with red, white and blue ribbon, are distributed to the invited entering the room. At a given signal from the hostess all present endeavor Americans represented. Polite questioning is perfectly allowable, but the person questioned is at liberty to parry the interrogation or answer it ambiguously if

A prize awaits the man or girl who is most successful in distinguishing between Martha Washington and Lydia Darrah; between Lafayette and Ben Franklin.

This incognito reception is a great improvement upon the former idea of a Martha Washington levee, as it keeps one's guests interested long after the mere novelthe children of the primary grades in the public schools of Boston some time since.

The questions related to the commonest Favors for this dance should, of course, be ty of the costumes has worn off. A cotillion

PLEASANT FIELDS OF HOLY WRIT

Save for my daily range

Save for My daily range
and night, rain. ice, snow, light, lightning and thunder. The answers to these quesand thunder. The answers to these questions are a study in psychology. They illustrate the crudity of the mental conceptions of little children and the oddity of bon, portraits of the Father of his Country

A UNITED STATES PARTY.

What could be more appropriate in the way of an entertainment for Washington's birthday than a contest founded on the States he did so much to unite and other States that followed as a result of his wise policy?

An excellent game for a merrymaking of this sort is called State Nicknames. play it buy a package of blank cards, carte for celebrating the 22nd of this month! It de visite size, and decorate each one with write upon it one of the following questions, omitting, of course, the answer, which are added here for the convenience

What is the Hoosier State? Indiana. The Nutmeg State? Connecticut. The Keystone State? Pennsylvania. The Buckeye State? Ohio. The Palmetto State? South Carolina. The Pine Tree State? Maine. The Prairie State? Illinois.

The Sucker State? Illinois. The Lone Star State? Texas. The Lumber State? Maine. The Mother of States? Virginia. The Mother of Presidents? Virginia. The Old Dominion? Virginia.
The Old North State? North Carolina.
The Hawkeye State? Iowa.

The Green Mountain State? Vermont. The Granite State? Vermont. The Freestone State? Connectiont. The Empire State? New York. The Diamond State? Delaware. The Creole State? Louisiana. The Corn Cracker State? Kentucky. The Blue Hen? Delaware.

The Bay State? Massachuetts. The Bayou State? Louisiana. The Bear State? Arkansas. The Badger State? Wisconsin. The cards asking these questions are passed from hand to hand. Pencils and paper are distributed and players asked to write down as many of the answers as occur to them. The prize winner receives a book of

photographic views showing the most beautiful scenes in our country.

MAP GUESSING. Again the States can be guessed by maps instead of nicknames, if the hostess so elects. An equally enjoyable game results. A little preparation is necessary but it is not of an expensive kind and makes in-

then in the days that precede the party. Take tracing paper and carefully copy the outlines of the various States from a geographical atlas. Reproduce them on colored cardboard and cut them out with sharp scissors. Have some of the States green, some yellow, some blue, etcetera, to give the effect of a map. Fit them together to see that each outline is correct and num-ber each with gold paint. Cards tied with tri-color cords are distributed when the game is about to begin and players are asked to identify each State, writing down

THE HOSTESS.

Overcrowded Java

Population Too Great for Prosperity of Island The Dutch and the leading natives in Java are of the opinion that the population is increasing too rapidly for th of the island, says the New York "Sun." The census, taken every five years, has long shown an increase of over 2,000,000

for each census peroid, and rate of growth

has consequently accelerated. The increase of population from the census of 1895 to that of 1900 was over 3.000,000. Java is only a little larger than New York State, and the central regions are too mountainous for a very dense population. The fact that the last census showed a total population of 28,745,698 indicates a frightful congestion of humanity over [all the coastal and interior plains and valleys. The density of population is 568 persons for every square mile of surface, which is greater than in any province of China, excepting in Shantung. If France had the same density of population its inhabitants would number 120,000,000; the United Snates at the same rate, would have 1.688,000,000 which is about 100,000,000

more than the estimated population of the Such packing of humanity as this at least illustrates the fact that when every acre of tillable land is stimulated to its productivity it will give sustenance to several times the number of persons who are now supplied with food from an acre of land in most countries. The Javanese are still able to raise all their raw food and to export the products of their plantations and forests to the amount of millions of dollars a year. But they are already talking about a time to come when they will no longer be able to produce on their

island all the food they require.

Kruger Hanged. Greensburg Murderer, Respited Last Month by the

Governor, Calmly Met His Fate. Charles E. Kruger, the murderer of Constable Bierer, who was respited by Governor Pennypacker until his sanity could be inquired into, was hanged Thursday morning in the county jail at Greensburg and went to his doom without a tremor.

those who might not be able to attend if great expense were involved by the costuming.

The players assembling on the night of The players as the night of The players as the night of The players as the night of Th asked the carpenter to permit him to drive a few pails into the instrument of death. but has request was refused. Kruger's mother came from East Liverpool, O., and they conversed for some time, and both seemed resigned to the fate awaiting the

murderer. Several months ago Kruger made a confession, in which he said he was John Blevins, the city treasurer of Newcastle, Pa., who was murdered five years ago. It was this and his record at several insane asylums in Ohio that led to an inquiry into his sanity, and, pending this, a respite by the Governor was granted. Dr. George MacLeod, of Philadelphia, secretary of the state board of lunacy, made the ex-amination and pronounced Kruger saue,

A conservative estimate is an excellent thing to have on hand when the as sessor calls

but a moral degenerate.

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