

Bellefonte, Pa., March 20, 1908.

OPEN THE DOOR.

Open the door, let in the sun . He hath a smile for every one : He hath made of the raindrops gold and gems, He may change our tears to diadem Open the door !

Open the door of the soul : let in Strong, pure thoughts which will banish sin They will grow and bloom with a grace divine, And their fruit shall be sweeter than that o the vine-

Open the door;

Open the door of the heart ; let in Spmpathy sweet for stranger and kin : It will make the halls of the heart so fair That angels may enter unaware-Open the door !

-British Weekly.

## YOUR PLACE.

Where duty calls in life's conflict, There is your place! Where you may think you are useless. Hide not your face. God placed you here for a purpose, Whate'er it be :

Know He has chosen you for it; Work loyally. Gird on your armor! Be faithful

At toil, or rest, Whiche'er it be never doubting, God's way is best. Whether waiting or working, Stand firm and true;

Do the work well that your Master Gives you to do. -Helen M. Richardson, in The Churchman

### THE AUTOCRAT OF THE SWIVEL CHAIR.

The chair itself had an opulent and consequential air. It was far more obtrusive than the large mahogany desk that occupied the centre of the room and before which it was placed. Indeed, it seemed that the desk was merely an adjunct of the chair, so thoroughly had the latter become imbued with the personality of the man

who sat in it every day. Other chairs there were, of course. Some soft and luxurious, for favored visitors; others, for unwelcome suppliants, tightly upholstered in red leather and presenting slippery surfaces that made the bodies of the occupants appear as ill at ease as their minds. There was also another, humbly retreating behind the desk in a manner befitting a paid dependent. This was the stenographer's chair, and it seemed to shrink from its large and prosperous neighbor in much the same manner the stenog-rapher herself shrauk from the man who owned them all.

For he did own them, body and soul, and they knew and resented it accordingly.

The Autocrat was aware he employed certain number of clerks; he used them until they were worn-out, then replaced them by others. They, in turn, knew they were cogs in the wheels of a great corpora tion and necessary for its proper manipulation, but the knowledge brought them no personal benefit.

The junior bookkeeper used to sit upon bis high stool and calculate how well be could live if he had one eighth of one per cent. of the annual profits of the corporation, until, after a while, he decided come a part of the corporation itself. It was an easy transition from junior book. keeper to junior partner, and he made it at

one fell swoop.

Or he would imagine himself rushing between the Autocrat and a would-be assas sin and modestly disclaiming the ensuing reward. He went so far sometimes as to fill in checks for large sums payable to himself and signed by Peter R. Rutherford. until the latter geatleman himself would have hesitated to deny the signature.

"My boy"—he could even hear the tremor of the Autocrat's voice—"you have saved my life. Allow me to offer you this slight token of my gratitude." Meanwhile, his books refused to balance.

and gradually each day he lived a little more in excess of his salary. "Hang it all," he would protest, "a

man must live like a gentleman; what can you expect on fifteen dollars per?" And fifteen dollars it remained, for ad

vancement was earned only by assidnous application, and, though the junior book-keeper's manners were irreproachable, application was not his strong point. The stenographer liked him. He would open the door or pick up a paper for her

with as much alacrity as though they were in a parlor, and, being a woman as well motive power of a machine, these things helped to sofren existence.

One day, after filling in a check for small amount, he cashed it, instead of tearine it apart as usual. It was all ridiou-

lously easy and helped to tide over an emergency. When the next emergency arose, however, the check he cashed was much larger. 'For," be argued, "one might as well

be bung for a sheep as a lamb, and, anyhow, he'll never know the difference."

But the Autocrat had formed the habit of comparing returned checks with the stubs in his book. Consequently, one morning, the junior bookkeeper's high stool was empty, and his ill-kept ledger

"But," remarked the clerk just above him, when the first flurry of excitement had subsided, "how did Arnold know just when to make himself scarce? Who warned him not to show up here to-day? That's what I want to know.

His eyes questioned the stenographer, ut she shook her head. "I didn't know about it," she said : "the letter to the bank was only written this

'Otherwise, you would have told him, eh, Miss Emory?"
"Yes," she returned, "I'd have given

bim a chance. He was always nice She placed a sheet of paper in her ma-

chine and struck the keys mechanically. "I'm glad he got away—very, very glad." she said. "But he has ruined his life, of cousre—nothing can alter that. Why did he do it, Mr. Carter?"

Mr. Carter, who always saved a third of his earnings, smiled the smile of conscious

"Dabbling in stocks, theatres, supper and—things you don't understand, Miss Emory. Oh, he's ruined his life, all right! Old Peter R. won't rest easy till the law grips him good and hard. And serve him right, too; a man should live within his in-

Thus spoke Mr. Carter, whose books always balanced to a cent, and whose income was not subject to emergency calls.

Meanwhile, the Autocrat looked over

his morning's mail, a task he never trusted to his secretary. Before him lay the usual pile of terse, typewritten communications, and in his hand he held a sheet of paper closely covered with the fine, delicate handwriting belonging to the old school. Perhaps, be found the shaded, sloping capitals and long S's of the old-fashioned chirography hard to decipher, for he scowled as he read, and swore audibly as he returned it to its envelope and put it in his

Late that afternoon he drew it forth and dictated a reply:

Mu dear Madam:

Referring to your letter of the 8th instant in regard to your son, Richard Arnold, lately employed by me.

I regret to inform you that I am unable to comply with your request not to insti-tute legal proceedings in the matter of the forged checks. In my opinion, to condone a felony is to put a premium upon dishonesty and encourage vice. The young man deliberately chose to commit the crime and

must endure the penalty.

I beg to assure you that further appeal in the premises will be useless. The law must take its course.

I am, my dear Madam,

Yours very truly, PETER R. RUTHERFORD

The Autocrat swung his swivel-chair around, and faced his desk.
"That's all, Miss Emory. There's no

burry; it can wait till to-morrow. The clerks had gone when Miss Emory returned to the outer room, and as she paused at her own desk she glanced toward the corner once occupied by the junior hookkeeper. Was it imagination to cause her to see a figure in a well-known gray coat upon the high stool? She rubbed her eyes and went closer; it was Arnold him self. His arms were crossed upon the desk and his head was bowed on them in a characteristically picturesque abandon of

Miss Emory glanced fearfully at the room she had just quitted, as she advanced and touched his shoulder.

"Mr. Arnold"-she spoke in a whisper -"is this prudent?" The boy raised his head in response. Youth had deserted him during the night, and he looked at her out of hollow, des

pairing eyes.
"Hush!" she said, and immediately supelemented the warning by a question:

'What are you doing here?' "I don't know." He spoke dully and vithout intelligence.

You don't know?" "I think I came for something in my lesk, and"-he paused uncertainly-"and -well, to see you. It was awfully good o you to send that telegram; I don't know to thank you."

"I sent no telegram." He drew a crumpled bit of yellow paper from his pocket and stared at it incredu

"Then, who-" "I don't know"-Miss Emory's voice was rather breathless—"but you mustn't stay bere. Mr. Rutherford is in his office." "My mother wrote to him," Arnold spoke with an effort; "she thinks, perhaps, he won't prosecute if we promise to make

"Oh, but he will. He has just written to her-a cruel letter. You must go at

A gleam of hope that had sprung to his eyes died away as he got off the stool.

"I'm going." "Where? "I don't know "

The girl came a step closer. "I'm sorry I didn't send the telegram," she said. "I would have liked to be the one to help von, Mr. Arnold

A movement in the inner room caused her to pause. "Oh, go-go!" she exclaimed "I'll stay here and stop him with somn question if he comes out. But be guick."

He disappeared through the door leading to the street and Mise Emory noticed the droop of his shoulders and heaviness of his step. She looked toward the inner room, and thought of the man in the swivel-chair who held the boy's destiny in the hollow of his hand. A man, hard, implacable, and relentless in his demand for the poun of flesh. His stenographer knew him well.

"A few paltry dollars," she murmured; "what are they to him?" Then suddenly the girl rebelled against the irony of Fate, and her heart was filled with the bitter helplessness that sometimes

vewbelms those who toil. and we so little."

The Autocrat stepped from his motor a the door of his club, and told the chauffeur not to wait. He watched the machine disappear around the corner, then bailed a passing bansom and gave an address.

The winter's day was closing in and the street lamps gleamed through the early dusk as the cab rattled over cobblestones and turned many corners. Little by little he left the haunts of the wealthy and pene trated into the region where prosperity had perhaps begun to dawn, but life is still strengous. Another turn or two and he reached a waste of genteel poverty where the very cleanliness of front steps and windows seemed to protest mutely against the price of soap.

Before the six-story apartment in the centre of the block the cab stopped. The last apartment on the top floor consisted of three rooms : a kitchen, a bedroom, and an indefinite room where a couch against the wall suggested the idea that at night its shabby cover was removed and it stood

On the wall, strangely incongruous, hung portraits of a richly-dressed man and wom in who seemed contemptuous of their surroundings, even as the woman by the window was oblivious to them. She was pre-maturely aged and careworn, but had once been of the Dresden-china type, and recall-ed rose leaves and lavender, in spite of the fact that, like everything the room contained, she was worn and faded. Her delicate, blue veined hands were folded in her lap, and she gazed with unseeing eyes out into the forest of chimneys stretching into the horizon. She was so absorbed, indeed, that a knock was twice repeated before she heard it, and her eyes were filled with fear

when she responded. The Autocrat entered uninvited, and

"Your bell is out of order," he remark ed, rather as though it were a personal

She did not reply, but stood tense and upright, waiting until he should disclose his errand.

"It is Peter Rutherford," he said. "I thought so," she replied, "but I ot sure. Won't you sit down?" not sure. He complied, with caution, for he was a large man and the chair creaked a warning. She lapsed into silence and again he took the initiative.

"I got your letter."

by slowly dawning hope. The Autocrat rose and felt for his hat. "I think that is all," he remarked.

"And you came instead of writing?

as she spoke.
"Then I will detain you no longer. I

He knew himself dismissed, but contin-ued his calm survey of the room and its contents. His eyes traveled from floor to ceiling and from wall to wall, appreciating the sordid details and aware of each pitiful

'You have many friends, of course?" "I had at one time; they grow fewer 'No.

every day." The Autocrat moved uneasily and the chair instantly announced his indiscretion. He glanced toward the bedroom and also into the little kitchen, whose door stood hospitably open.

"So it is you," he said at last- "you-

"Mrs. Arnold," she corrected; only m

friends need remember Sallie Dangerfield

That was very kind.

makeshift.

Sallie Dangerfield."

am sorry to have troubled you.

'Where is he?" "I would not tell you if I knew." "I could hardly expect you to do so,"
He paused a moment, then resumed re-

flectively,
"It is unlucky the boy should inherit
his father's tendencies. I believe Mr. Ar-

nold also \_\_\_\_\_''
"The dead," she interrupted, "are be vond criticism "They are fortunate, Mrs. Arnold, and

often to be envied." For some minutes they sat in silence then the man spoke as though the words broke from him against his will. "The young fool," be cried-"the young fool! How could be be so stupid?'

"He was poor, you know," the mother made the statement calmly; "he saw things and wanted them. And he was headstrong and self-willed; he would not be advised. The Autocrat smiled rather grimly.

"A Dangerfield characteristic," he said I once knew a girl who would not be adised. Well, she made her own bed." "And has lain in it without complaint, supplemented Mrs. Arnold.

He was looking at the portraits now. "They are both dead," he said; "had vou heard ?" "I know." "Your brother"-he besitated a momen -"Your brother Richard lives on the old

place. He never married. "I know," she said again. "He wants you to come home-he told me so. He is willing to forget. He said he had looked for you."

"I did not want to be found. We managed to live-the boy and I." 'Yes, with his salary. But now ?" He rose and approached her, but she shrank instinctively.

'Ob, I know you don't like me," be said; "you never did, for that matter; and, to do you justice, you never concealed how you felt. Many other people seem to feel the same way. Believe me, I sympathize with you—that letter yesterday was probably the bitterest moment of your life. understood."

"One of them," she said. "I have had many bitter moments, Peter."

Not many people called the Autocrat by his Christian name, but it fell quite simply from her lips; she was, indeed, unaware she had used it.

The room had grown dark, and he took a silver case from his pocket, selected a match, and struck it with the precision that characterized his smallest act 'Allow

the gas. Mrs. Arnold turned her head aside, as though preferring the shadow, and spoke the secretary of agriculture has been made

"You are married?" "Yes.

"You have a son, perhaps?" "No ; he died in childhood." "Tuen I am, after all, richer than you, for my boy lived."

She spoke as though this son were still an enviable possession, and he looked at her with incredulous wonder. Even a great financier can scarcely comprehend the depth of mother-love.

"I wrote to you and asked you to be merciful," she said, "although he told me you never forgave an injury. But still I wrote, because, you see, he did not know very much about the past. I pever told him how well we knew each other years "Oh," she cried aloud, "it isn't fair—it isn't fair that he should have so much and he was my son—all I have left to make life

endurable—you might——''

For the first time her voice trembled. and she paused abruptly.
"Mr. Rutherford," she resumed with quiet dignity, "since you have chosen to listegard my appeal, may I ask why you

are here tonight? The Autocrat took an envelope from his pocket and laid it on the table. "I came to bring the boy his ticket

West," he said. "His-ticket-West?" "Certainly. I know he is still in town, ecause"—the corners of his mouth twitched a little-"the young idiot came back to the office this afternoon. I saw him talk

ing to my stenographer : no doubt they re-

viled me together. "I don't understand." "I will try and explain. I did not know he was your son until I got your letter; but I had noticed him at his desk. He was an abominably poor clerk, and I have often been on the point of having him dis missed. I did not understand why I kept

him, but now I know.' She was listening intently, her hands clasped until the veins stood out like cords. 'After this, of course, he must go; I annot keep him longer in my office. You

ould not expect it." "No," she sequiesced, "I could not." "So I wrote to you as an object-lesson to the rest of the force. I knew they would bear of the letter."

"But," she began, "why should "Wait," he interrupted, "there are certain conditions to be met. If, as seems to be the case, the boy has inherited his father's propensity—I am sorry, but I must speak plainly."

"Go on."

"Then the city is no place for him. But if, having stumbled once, he will be careful to walk straight in future—well, I have a ranch in Dakota, and he may go there and begin again. There is room to breathe and promotion for honest work, and this story will not shadow him. I have written to my foreman ; his ticket with full directions and something to begin on are in this envelope. He shall have a chance, but the rest depends upon himself. I should advise him to start at once."

She sat speechless, staring at him with eyes now misty with tears, but brightened

"Peter !" The word was scarcely andi-

"Yes?"

"And it says?"

"That I can do nothing. The law must take its course."

Her face went a shade paler and there was an involuntary flutter of her hand to her breast, but her voice did not tremble as she spoke.

"Yes?"

"Don't go; I want to talk to you. I'd like to thank you, but I can't. It's too big—too vital a thing for me to talk about. I had steeled myself to hear it all as I had done once before—the disgrace, the poverty, the blighting of his life. Ab, he is so young, so pitifully young! I think I young, so pitifully young! I think I went down into hell last night before I wrote to you, and drained the dregs of hitterness, as you realized. And now—Ob, Peter, I'd like to thank you. I'd like to thank you. I'd like to ask you to for-give me for the injustice I've done you --

the past! the past! And the days and cudless nights!
"Don't" he interrupted, "don't." But Mrs. Arnold had more to say. "It was you who sent that unsigned telegram yesterday?

"Did you know then who he was?"

"Then why did you send it?" He fingered his bat-brim with a guilty

air, obviously ill at ease.
"I don't know," he said; "do you?"
She laid her hand in his. It was a little hand, finely shaped and delicate, though it was wrinkled now, and showed its years of usefulness. It trembled a little as it lay there, and his heavy eyebrows met with the contraction of his forehead as he watch-

"Ah, yes." she said. "I know. After sixty years, at last I know you, Peter Rutherford. You sent that telegram be-

'Sallie," be interrupted, "you'd better begin to pack up. Your brother will be here tonight; I talked to him over the longdistance today. This is no sort of a place for a Dangerfield to live."

Miss Emory laid her finished letters upon the desk and touched the top one in mute interrogation.

'Well ?" inquired the Autocrat. "This one," she said, "this letter to Mrs. Arnold. Will you send it?" 'Why not ?"

"I thought, perhaps"-she hesitated, uncertain how to proceed-"perhaps after thinking it over, you might decide not to send it. "I think my letters over before I write

them Miss Emory." He dipped his pen in the ink and she watched the formation of the firm, legible signature in silence. It almost seemed to her as though she, too, were in some way at fault-as though she were responsible for the words she had written with such unwilling fingers. The muscles of her throat tightened and a sense of her own impotence clutched her like a vice. The Autocrat, glancing at her, read her opin-

"I have no sympathy for criminals," he remarked, as he blotted the paper. "Please see that this is mailed at once."—By Ella Middleton Tybout in Saturday Evening

## Making of National Forests.

There will be one measure before the Sixtieth Congress providing for an expenliture that will not be an expense, for nationalization that will have in it no element of political danger, for the doing by the Nation of a profitable business without a bint of socialism. We refer, of course, to the project for creating National in the Southern Appalachians and White mountains. The new bill has been carefully prepared by officers of the Government, in consultation with those best ininformed of the real conditions in the two sections. It calls for an expenditure of \$1,500,000 in New Hampshire and Maine. An able and comprehensive report from to Congress and justifies every phase of the measure as a well-defined public need. This expenditure will not be an expense because experience has shown that government holdings of forest lands, managed by an efficient forest service, such as the Unit ed States now has, soon become paying propositions. Moreover, the property this bill aims to preserve is a valuable which is rapidly deteriorating because there is no one in a position to maintain it. We build hattleships and fortifications at enormous expense, which is a real burden upon the people, to guard against loss in a problematical war. Why should we not spend freely to protect our valuable property against the heavy losses to our National domain incident to "the savage wars of peace?" There is in this no trespass upon State or personal rights. The laws and rules governing the National forests

quately protect the State in its inrisdiction and even in its taxing interest. The great issue before this country fo the next quarter century, although external political indications may not show it, is to be the conservation of natural resources. This is true because our natural resources have been shamefully wasted and we are now feeling this and beginning to realize the unhappy possibilities which the future may have in store for us if waste is not checked. Upon these resources and their wise management the prosperity of a people absolutely depends. No amount of economic science can finance a desert.

Therefore if our country is to remain great and strong we must husband and perpetuate the sources of our prosperity, and among the chief of these are the forests.

In Autumn there is a gradual withdrawing of the vital forces of nature. The sap ceases to flow, the leaves wither and fall, the grass dies. In man's physical nature there is a corresponding loss of vitality in the autumn of life. At about fifty years, man's vitality is low and there is need re-inforce Nature if health and strength are to be retained. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medi-cal Discovery is to the body what sap is to the tree; it contains and combines the vital elements out of which Nature builds her fabric of beauty. Strengthened by this great medicine, their blood increased in quantity and in richness, men will pass across life's autumn landscape with bealthy step and keen enjoyment of a season which is in itself beautiful to the healthy man or

Whenever a laxative is needed, use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They are sure

How to Protect Seeds

All seeds that rate, mice or birds esteem can be effectually protected by coating them with red lead. Place the seed in a vessel considerably larger than is needed to contain it, add to

it a few drops of paraffin or water, just enough (not more) to moisten every seed, and stir it well then add a small quantity of red lead and stir again until each seed is thoroughly coated and separate. Vermin will sometimes attack seeds thus treated, but disgusted with the result soon

Last Stand for Game Birds Dying Breeds to be Defended Throughout the Land

NEW YORK, March 18 .- Until all the nating birds of spring may fly from their winter homes to the north to rear their young, safe from the pot shots of unsportsmanlike and market hunters, a national campaign against spring shooting will be carried from state to state, it was announced here today. Acting on the protests o sportsmen and the warning of the Department of Agriculture, the National Associa tion of Audubon Societies has undertaken to make a last stand for the existence of for the past as well as the present. On, the dying races of American game birds in the past! And the days and every state in which shooting during the breeding season is not forbidden by In Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New Jersey and Oklahoma a determined fight is today being carried on against the com-mercial interests which are organized to

fight the movement.

That the most desperate measures have been taken by the men who butcher birds for the market to prevent protective legislation in these states as well as the twenty others in which the law still leaves the game birds easy prey while breeding, is known today. Although this market lobby has always been active in opposing laws which threatened to curtail their gains in any particular state, the possibility of such a general protection throughout the country has aroused them to finance a widespread and unscrupulous fight. To pit against this rich and selfish interest, the Audubon workers have simply the moral support of sportsmen and the general unselfish desire of the people to save the game birds from

extinction. From January first on to a reasonable open season in the fall is the period in which protection is to be asked for the mating birds and their young. In fifteen states and nine Canadian provinces the game birds are already shielded by law during this crucial time. Unless such measures are taken at once by the remaining states the government authorities have agreed that game shooting in this country will soon cease to exist and every species

become extinct. On the legislatures in the Dakotas, Wyoming, Iowa, Nebraska, New Mexico, Illinois, Indiana, Pennsylvania, Texas, Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas and all the southern states will depend the life or death of American game when this matter is brought before them this year or next. In each of these states all the money and influence of the commercial bird killers is already at work for their short-sighted policy of exterminating slaughter for to-

morrow's table.
"Every real true sportsman is behind us in the fight for the dying game birds of this country," said William Dutcher, president of the association at its headquarters, 141 Broadway, to day. "We will make our stand for these game species just as faithfully as we have worked for the protection of the non-game birds. If every petriotic citizen will take his place with us to defend the birds against rapid extinction, we shall be equipped to oppose all the selfish interest that money and the gruesome story of the wild pigeon, the heath hen, the Eskimo curlew and the Carolina paroquet species, exterminated by the wasteful greed of man, will not be repeated."

Pits of Death. In the last seventeen years 22,840 men have given up their lives in the mines of this country, and one half of these deaths have occurred in the last six years. number of fatal accidents each year is now double that of the year 1895. In 1906, mines, the killed being 2,061. The number of accidents caused directly or indirectly by mine explosions has been steadily increasing. A statement made up by Joseph A. Holmes, Chief of the Techno-logical Branch of the Interior Department gives the foregoing facts in a bulletin issued December 18, on 'Coal Mine Accidents; Their Causes and Preventions.' He says the increase of accidents caused by mine explosions is in part due to the lack of plosives and how they can be used safely n the presence of the gas and dust; in part because the number of miners increases and many areas from which coal is taken are either deeper or further from the entrance, where good ventilation is more lifficult, and dangerous accumulations of

explosive gas are more frequent. In all European coal-producing localities the output of coal has moreased greatly in the last ten years, but the number of deaths per thousand miners has greatly decreased. This is due to mining legislation made possible by government action in establishing testing stations for the study of problems relative to safety in mining and the use of explosives. Where every other country is showing a decrease the United States is showing an increase in regard to the num-ber of deaths per thousand men employed in regard to deaths per million tons of coal mined. A most awful illustration of this terrible situation has tortured the sensibilities of the country during several weeks. Since the last sentence was written two hundred more have been blown out of the world leaving broken bearted parents, wives widowed, and children dazed.

—Christian Advocate Jan. 16th.

# The Old Lady was Willing.

The delinquent subscriber who had been 'dunned' beyond all endurance wrote the assistant editor : "Do let me know when I kin ketch yer editor-in-chief in his office. Every time I stop thar they tell me he's out. What I want to do is to heat hell outen him !"

The assistant editor replied : "Come right away. His wife says he's got both the devil and the other place in him, and she wants you to keep your word and beat 'em out of him. Come on."

Helped Him.

A physician out west was sent for to at tend a small boy who was ill. He left a prescription and went away. Returning a few days later, he found the

boy better.
"Yes, doctor," said the boy's mother "the prescription did him a world of good. I lets it beside him, where he could hold it in his hand most of the time, and he can almost read it now. You didn't mean for him to swallow the paper, did you, doo-

How it was Done.

Mother (examining school report)—How did you come to have such good marks in arithmetic this week?

Tommy-Well, you see, it was this wa We had ten examples a day, and I got the teacher to help me to do five, and Erio Jones got her to help him on the other five. Then we swapped helps, see?

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. DAILY THOUGHT.

Man fails to make his place good in the world unless he adds something to common wealth .-

It is not difficult to select a blood making diet, but it must be closely followed. Certain medicines are helpful in this diection, iron being probably the most valuable, but this must be prescribed by a physician.

Among the foods recommended are underdone meats, beef blood and raw beef sand wiches. To make the sand wiches grate the round steak. This makes a paste which is seasoned only with salt. This mixture may then be spread either on very thin bread or on salted crackers, as one chooses. They may be eaten at any time

during the day.

Beef blood is extracted from the round A piece is put into a frying pan and seared for about three seconds, first on one side and then on the other. The object is merely to heat the meat, not to cook. It is then moved from the pan and put into a squeezer of some sort, treating it then as you would a lemon when extracting the juice. The blood thus fixed is salted and drunk clear, or on bread if one wishes. Two tablespoonfuls of this blood might be taken twice a day.
Underdone mutton, lamb, roast beef and

steak should be eaten freely. Claret, even the inexpensive domestic brands, is full of iron and so is highly

beneficial in blood making. It may be taken with luncheon and dinner.
Raw eggs are blood makers and may be taken in any way one wishes. The simplest method of getting them down is to take a shallow wine glass, put in a drop of clear lemon juice and then break the egg in this, taking care not to injure the yolk. Over this put about four drops of lemon, scattered, to make the egg go down easily with one swallow. This is readily accomplished if the head is held back and the contents of the glass tossed into the back of the mouth. Eight eggs a day are none too much when one is trying to recuperate.

Better than anything I have told you of is fresh beef blood. This may be secured from a slaughter house. Two or three cup-fuls should be taken every day. Few persons are willing to do this, how-

Certain green vegetables have properties that are valuable. For instance, spinach, squash, string beans, onions, cauliflower, egg plant and others having no starch and little or no sugar will suit a blood making regimen.

The occupation you are taking up is one of the most healthful, and by selecting the diet given I think you will find that the strength will come to you.

Do You Know .- That our finest white bread contains little else but starch, so does not deserve the name of "staff of life." That flour of good quality clings to the hand, and when pressed lightly remains in shape ; it is of a cream tint.

That a warm cupboard and damp pantry are equally bad places in which to keep That a large earthenware crock with a

lid is best for that purpose.

That bread loses one-sixth of its weight in the baking. That if bread is covered when bot the crust will not be crisp.

A woman whose trade is to keep the woman of social affairs bright and fresh for The her evening functions has a rigid set of rules which she requires her patrons to

> "I require my patrons to take a warm bath at night, after coming home," she says, "and to drink a cup of cool but not iced water. That will insure sound repose, and we all know that a good night's sleep is necessary to bright eyes.
> "I have a special bath prescription for

the woman who comes home at 4 p. m., tired to death with dancing and all dazed with the lights. It is a clover and lavender bath." "A little bag containing a bandful of proper and enforceable mine regulation; in dried clover tops and lavander flowers is part to want of information about the exturned on. As the water cools the scent of the lavander and clover comes out and the bath becomes medicated and perfumed.

It is a sure oure for insomnia. Lemon and Fish .- Lemon juice will bring out the flavor of fish better than any-

thing else can. The new hat has a high, high crown and narrow brim.

This brim is drooping, perkey, straight, Marcelled—anything.

The crown suggests the hat of a highvayman of 1820. It is known officially as a "jampot." It is very chic, provided you look well

But not one woman in a hundred does. One of the new effects on straw hats is a ongee covering.

For example, the brim may be straw, the the crown of tightly drawn pongee and

vice versa.

scarfs are also introduced. They may be trimmed otherwise with feathers, wings or flowers. If a mass of aigrette, lyre or rare feather is used the "jampot" can be made to cost

Pongee covered buckles and pongee

hundred or so. The newest and most becoming sleeve of the present season is that set in deep tucks from shoulder to wrist, or from shoulder to just below the elbow. These tucks are quite wide at the shoulder-two and a half or three inches-but they graduate slightly as they go down the arm. In fine cream or corn lace sleeves of this kind are exceedingly effective when worn under a little pinafore, sleeveless, bodice of black crepe de chine, or other soft material. Naturally the sleeves would have to be attached to a lace guimpe, but the latter should be left plain; that is to say, not tucked, and inset with motifs of handsome

It is necessary that these tucked sleeves which are of the novelties of the season, should be made of very thin material, otherwise they will make the arm look clumsy. In spotted net, mounted on a tight lining of chiffon, they are entirely satisfactory, and when made three-quarter length they should be finished off with a cuff to match the lace with which the guimpe is inset.

Conversation Party.-Unless a hostess Conversation Party.—Unless a nostess falls back on dancing or cards she is often at her wits' end to know just what to do to amuse her guests, especially if the majority of them are strangers to one another. The first hour is usually dreaded, when a penalty of silence seems to be imposed on everyone, and the feat of "breaking the ice" is indeed a most difficult thing.