

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 diamonds—
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 of the vine—
Open the door!

Open the door of the heart; let in
Spartan sweet for stranger and kin;
It will make the halls of the heart so fair
That angels may enter unawares—
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,
Whatever it be;
Know He has chosen you for it;
Work loyally.

Gird on your armor! Be faithful
At toll, or rest,
Whichever it be, never doubting,
God's way is best.
Whether working or working,
Stand firm and true;
Do the will of 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 stenographer himself shrank from the man who owned them all.

The Autocrat was aware he employed a 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 corporation and necessary for its proper manipulation, but the knowledge brought them no personal benefit.

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

Or he would imagine himself rushing between the Autocrat and a would-be assassin and modestly declining 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 gentleman 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 soon day he lived a little more in excess of his salary.

"Haug is 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 advancement was barred by by assistance application, and through the junior bookkeeper'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 as the motive power of a machine, these things helped to win existence.
One day after filing in a check for a small amount, he cashed it, instead of tearing it apart as usual. It was all ridiculously easy and helped to tide over an emergency. When the next emergency arose, however, the check he cashed was much larger.

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, he found the shaded, sloping capitals and long S's of the old-fashioned orthography hard to decipher, for he scowled as he read, and swore audibly as he returned it to its envelope and put it in his pocket.

Late that afternoon he drew it forth and dictated a reply:
My 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 institute 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.
"Thats all, Miss Emory. There's no hurry; it can wait till to-morrow."
The clerk 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 bookkeeper. 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 himself. His arms were crossed upon the desk and his head was bowed on them in a characteristically picturesque abandon of misery.

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, despairing eyes.

"Hush!" she said, and immediately supplemented the warning by a question:
"Where are you going?"
"I don't know," he spoke dully and without intelligence.
"You don't know?"
"I think I came for something in my desk, and"—he paused uncertainly—"and well, to see you. It was awfully good in you to send that telegram; I don't know how to thank you."

"I sent no telegram."
He drew a crumpled bit of yellow paper from his pocket and stared at it incredulously.
"Then, who—"
"Miss Emory's voice was rather breathless—"but you mustn't stay here. Mr. Rutherford is in his office."
"Mr. Rutherford?"
"Ob, but he will. He has just written to her—a cruel letter. You must go at once."

A gleam of hope that had sprung to his eyes died away as he got off the stool.
"I'm going."
"Where?"
"Home."
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 you, Mr. Arnold."

A movement in the inner room caused her to pause.
"Ob, go—go!" she exclaimed. "I'll stay here and stop him with some question if he comes out. But be quick."
He disappeared through the door leading to the street and Miss Emory noticed the drop 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 pound 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 overwhelms those who toil.
"Ob," she cried aloud, "it isn't fair—it isn't fair that he should have so much and we so little."

The Autocrat stepped from his motor at the door of his club, and told the chauffeur not to wait. He watched the machine disappear around the corner, then hailed a passing hansom 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 penetrated into the region where prosperity had perhaps begun to dawn, but life is still strenuous. Another turn or two and he reached a waste of gutter and poverty where the very cleanliness of front steps and windows seemed to protest mutely against the price of soap.

"And you came instead of writing? That was very kind."
"Have written also; you will get the letter tomorrow afternoon."
"Is that so?"
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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 confessed a bed.

On the wall, strangely incongruous, hung portraits of a richly-dressed man and woman who seemed contemptuous of their surroundings, even as the woman by the window was disdainful to them. She was prematurely aged and careworn, but had once been of the Dresden-china type, and recalled 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 closed the door.
"Your bell is out of order," he remarked, rather as though it were a personal affront.
She did not reply, but stood tense and upright, waiting until he should disclose his errand.
"Is it Peter Rutherford," he said.
"I thought so," she replied, "but I was not sure. Won't you sit down?"
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."

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

NEW YORK, March 18.—Until all the mating birds of spring may fly from their winter homes to the north to rear their young, safe from the pot shots of sportsmanlike 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 of sportsmen and the warning of the Department of Agriculture, the National Association of Audubon Societies has undertaken to make a last stand for the existence of the dying races of American game birds in every state in which shooting during the breeding season is not forbidden by law.

In Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New Jersey and Oklahoma a determined fight is today being carried on against the commercial interests which are organized to fight the movement.

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, it 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 usefulness 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 of the American game birds 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 tomorrow's table.

"Every real true sportsman is behind us in the fight for the dying game birds of the 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 patriotic citizen will take his place with us to defend the birds against rapid extinction, we shall be equipped to oppose all the selfish interests that money can buy and the gruesome story of the wild pigeon, the heath hen, the Eskimo curlew and the Carolina parakeet 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. The number of fatal accidents each year is now double that of the year 1895. In 1906, 6,861 men were killed or injured in the 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 Technical Branch of the Interior Department gives the foregoing facts in a bulletin issued December 18, on "Coal Mine Accidents; Their Causes and Prevention." He says the increase of accidents caused by mine explosions is in part due to the lack of proper and enforceable mine regulation; in part to want of information about the explosives and how they can be used safely in 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 difficult, and dangerous accumulations of explosive gas are more frequent.

In all European coal-producing localities the output of coal has increased 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 number 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 hearted parents, wives widowed, and children dazed.

The Old Lady was Willing.

The delinquent subscriber who had been "blamed" beyond all endurance wrote the assistant editor:

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. DAILY THOUGHT.

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

It is not difficult to select a blood making diet, but it must be closely followed. Certain medicines are helpful in this direction, 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 sandwiches. To make the sandwiches grate the roast 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 trying 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 drank 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 into 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 cupfuls should be taken every day. Few persons are willing to do this, however.

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 "stiff 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 man's cupboard and damp pantry are equally bad places in which to keep bread.

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 hot the crust will not be crisp.

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

"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 handful of dried clover tops and lavender flowers is thrown into the tub and the hot water is scented. As the water cools the scent of the lavender and clover comes out and the bath becomes medicated and perfumed. It is a sure cure for insomnia."

Lemon and Fish.—Lemon juice will bring out the flavor of fish better than anything else can.

The new hat has a high, high crown and a narrow brim. This brim is drooping, perky, straight, Marcelled—anything.

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

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

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

Pongee covered buckles and pongee scarfs are also introduced. They may be trimmed otherwise with feathers, wigs or flowers.

If a mass of agrette, lyre or rare feather is used the "jampot" can be made to cost a 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 pinaflore, sleeveless, bodice of black crepe de chine, or other soft material. Naturally the sleeves would have to be attached to a lace gaiter, but the latter should be left plain; this is to say, not tucked, and inset with motifs of handsome lace.

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 neck mounted on a slight 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 gaiter is inset.

Conversation Party.—Unless a hostess 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.