# AUTUMN ARBOR DAY ANNOUNCE

- A boy strolled through a dusty road, "What can I do?" said he, "What little errand for the world?
- "I know-I'il plant a tree." The nursling was taken by mother earth, Who fed it with all things good:
- Sparkling water from mountain springs, And many a subtle food. Drawn from her own wide-reaching veins,
- From the treasuries of the sky; Far spread its branches in affluent grace, So the steady years went by. The boy who planted the little tree,
- By a kindly purpose led, One desolate, dreadful winter day In the brother-war fell dead.
- But the gentle thought at the great elm's root Burst forth with the spring's warm breath, And softly the fluttering foliage sang; "Love cannot suffer death.
- The elm's vast shadow far and cool Fell o'er the dusty way, Blessing the toilers at their rest, The children at their play.
- And the panting horses felt the air Grow sudden full of balm; Great oxen with their weary loads Caught there a sudden calm.
- So little acts of kindness Spread every branch and root, And never guesses he who plants The wonders of the fruit.
- I often think of blessed eyes The old home scenes can see, That Heaven's joy is heightened by

The planting of the tree. -Anonymous.

#### THE HIRED MAN.

The smoking compartment of the Pullman car—being paneled in coffin woods, upholstered in black leather, with mirrors innumerable and shining mokel fittingslooked as much as anything like an under-taker's parlor. And in the ineffectual, sad light of the lamp overhead, the three men sat as silent as mourners, staring solemnly, with that expression of decent dejection which the Anglo-Saxon wears when he has to listen to music in silence or smoke among strangers who do not force him to speak. Outside the windows a noisy black-

that rocked and roared unendingly.

There entered a middle-aged man in a peaked outing cap that looked absurdly boyish above his big, sunburnt face. The trio watched him blow into the stem of a briar pipe, his cheeks puffed out, his eyes shifting from one to the other of the company keenly. When the pipe whistled on a high clear note, he nodded his satisfaction to the whole party and eat down among them. "The frost plays the devil with the roadbeds in this country," he said in a burly voice that filled the whole compart-"I traveled over this line in the summer, and we rode on plush."

The young man beside him was the first to clear his throat and reply. He was pre-maturely bald and spectacled; he had the brain worker; the veins on the back of his right hand were swollen from much labor with the pen. It was plain, before the conversation went very far, that he was learned in the law. The others, one by one, like instruments tuning up, added their voices to the discussion as the newcomer drew them out with a question or a remark which his eyes directed. In ten minutes they were all in conversational attitudes, talking or listening; and the compartment looked like the smoking-room of a club.

Railroad legislation, "trust-busting," overcapitalization, the labor problem—these were the topics which they discussed. The bald young man defended the Constitution and the Supreme Court, and deplored the lack of respect for the law in a re public where the law was the only king. In a wicker chair confronting him, a heavy shouldered autocrat, speaking with a cigar in his mouth and frowning at the signet ring which he turned and turned on his fat finger, voiced the exasperation of the business man, persecuted by lawyers and politicians, and unable to get employees who were "worth their salt." The third man lolled back with an ankle on his knee, his stogie uptilted almost to the brim of the derby that was slanted down over his eyes; he interjected into the argument the good stories of a "drummer," each prefaced with a curt laugh and continued nonchalantly

between puffs. The newcomer defended "Labor." He spoke with the sympathy and understanding of one who worked among laborers, in the open air, without gloves. He confessed himself a civil engineer. And to make a point in his discussion he asked permission to tell a story-a lengthy one-about

The drummer said : "Go ahead." The business man glanced at his watch, instinctively. The lawyer lit a cigar, with at air of exceeding his prescribed allowance of them and nodded like a judge.

The engineer relit his pipe. "I had a man named Larsen working under me once," he said. "He was foreman of one of the shifts of laborers—and a laborer

"We were building an intake tunnel for the waterworks of a town on Lake Erie. "I don't want to be more explicit than that-for reasons. For one thing, there's a suit about it, between the contractors and the city, still on in the courts." He

looked at the lawyer over his pipe.
"I had to sink a shaft just inside the island that protected the harbor from the waves of the lake. Then from the foot of that shaft I was to tunnel in one direction out under the island to the lake, and in the opposite direction back under the harbon to the city, so as to connect the lake with the pumping station. They had been using, before this, a big steel intake pipe laid along the bottom of the harbor, but it kept leaking at the joints, taking in the sewage from the bay and keeping the peo-ple boiling their drinking water.

"Never mind that.
"The point is: we'd been having a much trouble putting down that shaft as if it had been another Simplon tunnel There'd been an error in the City Engineer's specifications. There generally is."
"Municipal ownership!" said the busi-

ness man, contemptuously.
"His blue-prints, furnished us when w were bidding on the contract, showed a bottom of clay and gravel. We found quicksand when we got to work. And that makes all the difference to an engineer that it does to a builder.

"You know what a cofferdam is?—a four were no longer either calm or inscrutable; and I could see that it was no personal feeling of loyalty to Nolan that had kept Larsen so faithful to his duty.

"It was my first lesson in that particular variety of hired man. I still had to find out

sided dam. You sink your shaft inside it, after you have pumped out the water en-closed by the dam. Well, an ordinary offerdam made of wooden piles and timber sheeting, packed with clay, will not hold out water over a quicksand, because it comes in under the piling as fast as you pump it out. We had built an ordinary cofferdam; and when that didd't hold, we strengthened it with another outside of it. Then we put on extra pumps and kept them going until the quicksand shifted under the piling and wrecked our three months' work. After that we decided to

use a caisson.
"A caisson"—he illustrated it with his hands-"is properly a steel tube that is sunk in sections to make a metal well for the men to dig in. It is usually fitted with an air-lock and supplied with compressed air. And, as if the caisson were a diving bell sunken in the earth—don't you know? -the air in it keeps out the water and the

"I couldn't use compressed air on the job. The company wouldn't stand for the

"I want to hurry over these professional details, you understand, but I can't very well tell the story without them." "Go ahead. Go ahead."

"Well, we got this caisson, bolted some of the sections together, placed the tube in position and began to sink it in the soft sand of its own weight. It went down thirty feet, and there the suction held it. We loaded it with a deck of heavy timbers and a hundred tons of iron; and it sank four feet farther before it stopped again. Then we pumped the water out of it, and began to dig out the sand to see if we could lower the caisson by relieving the suction on the inside at least. But when the men had gone down twenty feet, the quicksand rose like a rush of water on them, and they had to flee up the ladders for their lives. Anyone could see that if we continued to take out the sand as it rose, we might cause another shifting under the foundations of the cofferdam and wreck the whole work again. Besides, Larsen reported that his men were afraid to go below to dig, because two of them had been caught in the quicksand and nearly lost their lives. So we decided that we'd try dynamite in the toe of the caisson. The explosion breaks the suctien and lets the tube drop a little. We did that, and were succeeding, when—

did that, and were succeeding, when—well, when my story began.

"You see by that time we had been working for five months—with all the energy of a besieging army. We had been two months building our first cofferdam and another month strengthening it with our second. It had taken us three weeks to get the caisson placed, and we had been five weeks sinking it. We had driven our first piles through floe ice—dancing on the decks of our trust to keep our feet warm decks of our tugs to keep our feet warmand now it was August. We had worked in sleet, in driving rain, in the drizzle of spring and the head splitting heat of mid summer. We had fought the northeast storms that battered the walls of our dam and the quicksand that shifted and undermined them. More than once, working all day and all night, I had seen the dawn sioken the pale sky and looked back on my work as a nightmare. One of my men had fallen into the shaft and broken his neck. Another had had his foot orushed under a steel plate. One of the boilers in the power house had blown out; my pumps had ologged with sand; my steam pipes had burst; my firemen had come to work drunk; our needed materials had been delayed even my little bedroom, in the shack that served as an office on an angle of the cofferdam, had taken fire, and my oilskins and

ch had been burned. "And Larsen had been sharing all these anxieties—all these disappointments—all these delays—with a sympathy that you couldn't help smiling at. sat with me, of an evening, in my hedroom over the office, he would take his chair to the window and keep one eye on the work ontside. He arrived in the morning in the ows of the company's tog and left at night on the stern of it. He seemed to be living with his back to the outer world, his face

to the shaft. "I said to the company's superintendent ne day : 'Larsen watches that shaft as if he thought some one was trying to steal

"The superintendent had risen from the ranks of the 'saudhogs' himself, and he had the sort of practical mind that isn't interested in character study. He said That's what Larsen's paid for !'
"I wondered, even then, whether that

was the whole explanation of Larsen's fidelity. It wasn't easy to decide any thing about him. He had been a sailor, and he had all that patience, and resource fulness, and sort of mute endurance-don' you know ?-that the sea teaches. He was nabitually silent; his eyes were as blue as open water, but as inscrutable—in the

"Well, we were still sinking the caisso with dynamite—a foot or so at a time—when old Nolan, the head of the company, came to see for himself what was delaying us. He looked over the situation impa tiently, cursed the City Engineer for report-ing clay and gravel where there was quick sand-and cursed our own men, who had made the borings, for not discovering the mistake. He chafed at the slowness and difficulty of the operations and the conse quent loss of profits on the contract. And he ended by ordering more dynamite used. "I objected, of course, that the dynamite

might split the caisson. "Nolan was a black little man with an under jaw-in a stubble of beard and mustache—an under jaw that closed on a

"The box went down, in sticks. The explosion wrecked the two lower sections

of the caisson.

"My fault, boys,' he said, as cheerful as a gambler. 'Do it your own way.' And with apology he left us to repair his blunder the best way we could.

"Now, I understood this attitude of mind. It's the typical contractor's—the attitude of a man who sees in an engineering operation only the question of profit or loss, and who is willing to stake everything with a chance of losing all. But I'd seen Nolan succeed by means that most of your academic engineers would be afraid to use, and I wasn't contemptuous of this small failure with the dynamite. I looked around for Larsen.

"And shat was where I got my first light

"And that was where I got my first light on Larsen. I found him scowling after the tug that was carrying Nolan back to the city. His big, brown fists swung down at his hips, like knotted clubs. 'What does he want to come here for—buttin' into this?' he said. 'We near had her! We near had her! He thinks because he owns this business'—and ac forth. His average of the complete of the complet this business'—and so forth. His eyes were no longer either calm or inscrutable;

whether it was his wages-or the prospect dam. The men, ordered up from the shaft, of better wages—that inspired him.
"Are you interested? Does this bore

"They answered, with various degrees of politeness: "Not at all. Go on. Go

Abead anyway."

He refilled his pipe. "We went to work again. We got a lot of steel piling that would hold out quicksand, and we sank a fence of interlocking steel piles in a square inside the wooden coffer-dam and bolted to it. Then inside this square steel dam we sank another dam of the same sort of piles, fitting them, knuckle to hub, in a circle around the broken caisson; and by pumping out the water and digging out the sand inside the square dam, and sinking the circular one as we dug, we succeeded at last in driving the circular dam down to rock bottom. Understand? But the top of that circular dam was nineteen feet below the top of the square steel dam, and the pumps had to be worked night and day. I took the night shift, with Larsen under me.

"We had to dig out the broken caisson. "It was just about as ticklish a job as you'll meet with in the ordinary run of work. It was one of those bits that make big fence. an engineer's life so-so interesting to him. It wouldn't interest you any more than a der."

doctor's account of a surgical operation. "However, we got it done-or almost. And one morning, after the day shift had taken over the work, I congratulated Lar-

vages.

"He was sitting at my bedroom window, waiting for the tug to start back to the city. (He slept at home.) I had my boots off, sitting on the side of my bed, smoking.

"Nolan ought to give you a raise of wages on the strength of this," I said.
"Larsen replied: 'No. He won't raise no wages onto me." "I asked him whether he didn't think ne was worth more than he got. He opened his hands and looked at the palms of them. 'It's the brains that gets paid,' he said. 'I

got a boy. He goes to school. . . . No. Not me. "I can't give you the tone, or the words exactly. But they expressed the sort of tragedy of his own labor—don't you know?—and the hope that made him ambitious for the boy. He said he was making an engineer of him.

That was lesson number two for me. I got my next one next night." The business man interposed : "You wouldn't call him typical, would you?"
The commercial traveler laughed: "Hardly, eh?"

The engineer answered : "I don't know

Wait till I tell you the rest.
"I elept till ten o'clock that next morning, and then I dressed to go into the city to arrange for a supply of stone and cement that would soon be needed—and this business kept me on my feet all day. At nightfall I boarded the company's tug again, intending to have a look at the shaft and then turn the work over to Larsen and have a sleep. When I arrived I found Lar-sen struggling with a clogged pump at the

foot of the shaft.

"The water was rising. It rose so fast that the pump was drowned before it could be started again. We turned the steam on the big duplex, up above; but the duplex, waiting, idle, hadn't been kept in readiness. Some one had neglected it. It didn't answer the throttle. I threw off my coat and jumped down on the platform where it had been planted, at the foot of the square dam, fifteen feet below the level of the outer water-and found the suction lift it out with a derrick. And Larsen. running about in the half light, round-shouldered, like a gorilla with his long arms, slung the tackle and worked the winch and cleared the suction.
"The man at the shaft reported that th

water was rising in a steady flow.

"We threw the steam into the duplex again. It didn't lift. I saw there was something wrong in the cylinder When Larsen and I got the cylinder head off, we found the ring of the piston broken. It was the work of hours to mend it, and the water was rising at the rate of an inch and

a half a minute.
"Well—not to bore you with exciting details—before we had repaired that piston the water was up to our waiste. While we were replacing the cylinder head and set ting the valves, it came up to our armpits. We worked at the nuts and bolts until the water reached our obins. We couldn't finish. I had to trust what few nuts I could

get on to bold the head. And I had to fairly drag Laisen out by the collar.
"When we pulled the throttle on the pump, it couldn't make the stroke. It was choked with condensed steam, you see. And Larsen groaned as if he were watching

"However, it got to work after a little and began to lift beautifully. I felt mighty grateful to Larsen. I took it that if he hadn't been working this way out of any loyalty to Nolan-or with any hope of get-ting a raise of wages-it must be that he had some sort of affectionate interest in me and my success with the job. And when we were drying out our clothes together in front of one of the furnaces, I tried to ex-

press my gratitude, you know.
"He took it in silence. The red glare on
his face showed him merely worried and tight-lipped. He kept going out, every now and then, to look at the water in the shaft in a sort of angry bewilderment that shart in a sort of angry bewilderment that ignored me altogether. I tried to jolly him out of his bad mood, by telling him of an engineer who got his back up at things that way—and lost a leg before he regained his temper. Larsen didn't wait to hear thest it. cigar in a bulldog grip. 'Dynamite,' he said, 'is one of those things that either make you or break you. Go ahead. Put down a box of it.'

an engineer who got his back up at things that way—and lost a leg before he regained his temper. Larsen didn't wait to hear about it. He simply walked back to his pumps without paying any attention to me pumps without paying any attention to me whatever. And I was wise enough to see that he had no more personal loyalty for me than he had for Nolan.

"That was lesson number three.
"I'm nearly done now. Just wait a

minute. "When the day shift arrived, I was 'cross-eyed' with fatigue and loss of sleep, but the square dam was empty and the pumps were beginning to draw water from the shaft itself. I took a final look around, and warned the superintendent to watch the wooden cofferdam, because a strong wind had been blowing from the northeast and the waves were working at the outer sheeting. I told Larsen that he had better come along and get a snooze, but he looked up, like a sailor, at the storm in the sky, and shook his head. And I left him.

"As I was going into the office, I saw company tug coming up, with Nolan in the bows. I was too tired to meet him. I told one of the men to call me if anything went wrong—and climbed up to my bunkroom. I was seleep on the first sigh."

He looked for a long time at his pipe. It was black out. He had been holding it, forgotten, at his lips.

"I heard afterward how it happened. The waves caused a shifting of the sand on the eastern front of the dam and loosened. the piles and spread the sheeting—and the water began to pour in on the square steel

into the hole and brace the planking; and

Larsen and the shift worked like frantic seamen to save the shift. It was no use. The waves sucked out the clay faster than it could be shoveled in, and the dam seemed to sink under their feet. Larsen, they said worked like a madman, the cords standing out on his hands and the veins on his fore-head. When the inner sheeting of the dam began to give way, he shouted for timbers to reenforce it. And when the men ran for beams and planks he was just crazy enough to brace himself between the wooden sheet-ing and the steel dam—his feet against the one, his shoulders against the other-try ing to hold the planking until the men could come to his aid.

"I saw him there. The row had wakened me and I had to run to the window. A him and spurted over him. I screamed to him to get out of that. It was too late. The wooden dam seemed to open and sink as if there was an earthquake, and then that side of the steel dam-loosened with the piles it was latsened to-fell inward like a

"Larsen looked up at me as he went un-

He made a gesture of apology for the emotion that filmed his eyes and clouded his voice. "I swung over the sill and struck the water at the same time as one of wen on it. I said that Nolan ought to give him a raise of wages. Of course, I was trying to find out how he felt about the stand. His legs were all sort of twisted. He looked down at them as if he was surprised to see them there. . . . I beg your pardon. . . You see his back was broken. He had held bimself braced between the timbers and the steel until his spine cracked."

He blew his nose hastily. The others

did not look at him. "He didn't pay any attention to old Nolan's assurance that he and his family would be looked after.' Hedidn't pay any attention to me. All he said was—when they were carrying him aboard the tug: "She's all gone this time'—speaking of the dam, of the work."

The business man challenged him "Well ?"

"Well !" he oried. "We're all bired men, aren't we? Do I work the way do for money alone, or out of loyalty for anybody? Does a soldier, or a clergyman, or a doctor, or an artist? Does even a man like Larsen? Is the world really run by wages-by hire-or by any feudal-system sort of loyalty? Is it? Or is it the joy of the work, of the game, that makes us break our backs in it? You asked me whether thought Larsen typical. I tell you, 'Yes! Yes! A thousand times yes!' You could get employees 'worth their salt' if you had work to give them that was worth its salt. You appropriate all the joy of the work, all the interest of the achievement, and you leave them nothing but the tasteless la-

The lawyer interrupted : "Are you arguing for socialism or co-operation?"

The engineer turned to him, surprised. "Me? Socialism? What is it? I don't know. I never have time to read up about those things. I'm telling you what I've seen; that's all.—By Harvey J. O'Higgins, in Collier's Weekly.

### Why Cigarettes are Injurious

Those who denounce the cigarette as deadly, or merely object to it as unhealthful. author fears that medical men in particular are adopting cigarettes on account of the time and trouble by their use, and he points out what constitutes their

"All these sources of trouble are avoided in the cigarette. The cigarette is at once ready to smoke, it only requires lighting, and as a rule once alight it burns regularly. The smoker of the cigarette reaches his aim more quickly and with less trouble than does the smoker of the pipe, and if smoking is to be a soothing habit there must be nothing mentally irritating con-nected with it. It is thus that the cigarette habit is encouraged and eventually established among medical men just as much as among the public, and once that is so the babit becomes confirmed and both cigar and pipe are neglected. The worst of the cigarette habit is that the smoker consumes more tobacco in that form than he would

in any other.

The cigar and pipe soon satisfy the tobacco craving, the cigarette smoker is rarely warned in time of his excess. The cigarette appears as a mild form of smoking of which the smoker never tires and cigarette replaces cigarette with practically lit-tle intermission throughout the whole day. Few can deny that such a practice is very injurious to the health, and the slaves to it find it very hard to break the chain which binds them. The ready-made cigarette is largely responsible for the enormous growth of this servitude, and to those who are consoious of having acquired an injurious hab-it of indulgence, which they honestly are anxious to reduce, if not to abandon alto-gether, there is one piece of advice which we would urge upon them-we have hardly known it to fail. Let the inveterate cigarette smoker give up the ready-made cigarette; let him buy pure paper and good tobacco; let him make his cigarette just before he smokes it; and he will find that he will smoke consequently fewer oigarettes and be all the better for it. Such a methand be all the better for it. Such a meenod, if honestly adopted, would make an
end to the 'ohain' smoker who when he has
nearly finished a cigarette, immediately
proceeds to light another from the expiring
ember, and ends the day with an appalling consumption of 20 cigarettes or more.

## A Wedding Gift.

If you pay ten dollars for a wedding gift you cannot get anything so valuable or useful as the gift you may obtain free,—Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. It is a chart which marks for the newly married all the rocks and shoals where so many a matrimonial bark has found ship-wreek. It points the way to easy and happy maternity, and shows how mother-hood may be robbed of its pangs and health given to the child without the loss of health or beauty. This book contains 1008 pages and over 700 illustrations. It is free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps to defray the expense of mailing only. For 31 cents you can present a wedding gift of more real worth than all the jewels in the world. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo,

She-"It is said that cats have great dread of the water."

He—"Oh, I don't know; our cat see to drink that milk the milkman brings

-Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

Facts About Meerschaum.

Meerschaum is a hydrated silicate of magnesia appearing as an opaque earthly mineral, which, grayish or yellowish, compact in texture and breaking with a conchoidal or fine earthy fracture. Most of it comes from Asia Minor, especially from the plains of Eskisohehr, where it occurs in nodular masses of variable size and ir-regular shape, distributed through the allovial deposits of the plain, which are systematically worked for its extraction by means of pits and galleries. Meerschaum is found also but less abundantly in Greece and in some of the Grecian islands; at Hrubschitz, in Moravia, where it occurs in a serpentinons matrix, and in Morocco, where it is used when soft and fresh as a substitute for soap; while a coarse variety is found at Vallecas, near Madrid, and is employed as a building stone. Meer-schaum also occurs in South Carolina Almost the whole of the world's supply of meeischaum comes from the district of E-kischehr in A-ia Minor.

Mining is done in a primitive fashion and precautions for safety are unknown, al-though accidents occur from time to time. A group of three to 15 workmen work together to dig a shaft about one meter in dia-meter and no props are fixed until they reach, at a depth of 20, 40 or even 60 meters, the bed of red clay under which the meerschaum is found mixed with serpentine in the form of irregular pieces from the size of a bazel nut to that of an apple. These pieces are often extracted with great difficulty after making long galleries in the red clay. In many places the earth is mined in such a way that the galleries of several different excavations are confused. The work is carried on day and night, the workings being lighted by means of oil

The meerschaum is not sold by weight, but by the case or box. After the purchase the meerschaum, which is damp, heavy and of a yellowish color, is set to dry in the sun in summer time and in the winter for about nine days in a drying oven heated day and night. The product loses about two thirds of its weight in the drying and becomes snow white. Afterward it is rubbed with flannel, moistened with warm water, any roughness is removed with a knife, the bollows are cleaned with sand and finally the pieces are polished with wax. In this condition the meerschaum is sent to market.

#### Cap Visors.

There is one man in the business who in 1909 will have been making cap visors for haif a century, and he isn't such an old man either. He started at the trade as a hoy in 1859, working for a concern of which now he is the head, which, says the New York Sun, was then established in a building at Broadway and Rector street, where the Empire building now stands. He recalls the fact that when the war broke

He recalls the fact that when the war broke out they worked night and day turning out for soldiers' caps.

The manufacture of cap visors is a business by itself. Only about 15 concerns are engaged in it, of which number all are in this city, save two or three, located in Philadelphia and Boston. New York sup-plies visors for cap manufacturers all over

the country, producing in the aggregate millions of them annually.

For the very cheapest cloth caps visors are made of cardboard paper or of imitation leather covered with the cloth of which do not always explain clearly in what its the cap body is made, for other grades of use differs from that of tobacco in any other of light leather, and for some cloth caps of fight leather, and for some cloth caps of fight leather, and for some cloth caps of fine quality there are now used, because it bit of linen and lace? is lighter than leather, visors are made from a heavy specially woven and waterproof canvass.

For visors there is now made an imita danger. After enumerating some of the tion leather composed of bookbinders' difficulties of the pipe-smoker, he goes on board and what is called moleskin, the two being cemented together under pres sure. In a made up cap, where its edge could be seen, this material might pass even an expert for leather. The best leather specially tauned and prepared. Take the country at large and caps are

> wear so much as they were 50 years ago, but caps are still worn in great numbers by younger people and by sportsmen and travelers and golf players, and of uniform caps of one sort and another there are now worn 300 per cent. more than 20 years ago. A very simple little thing a cap visor might seem, but great numbers of them are used, and in a factory where they make them you would find around rolls and sides of leather or other materials, and hundreds of dies and moulds for the outting and the shaping of the visors, and men busily at work following making just as they might any other trade. - Pittsburg Sun.

## Every Inch a King.

In the latest instalment of her Memoirs, in the February McClure's, Ellen Terry writes with much feeling of her friend Oscar Wilde. It is when recalling Irving and his successes, however, that she is at her best. She writes:

"Henry Irving could not at first keep away from melancholy pieces. Henrietta Maria was another sad part for me, but I used to play it well except when I cried too much in the last act. The play had been one of the Bateman productions, and I had seen Miss Isabel Bateman as Henrietta Maria and liked her, although I could not find it possible to follow her example

and play the part with a French accent.
"I constantly catch myself saying of
Henry: 'That is by far the best thing he
ever did.' I could say it of some things in 'Charles I.'-of the way he gave up his sword to Cromwell, of the way he came into the room in the last act and shut the door behind him. It was not a man coming on to a stage to meet some one. It was a man going to the scaffold, unobtrusively, and courageously. However often I played that scene with him, I knew that when he first came on he was not

aware of my presence.

'Much has been said of his 'makeup' as "Much has been said of his 'makeup' as Charles I. Edwin Long painted him a triptych of Vandyke heads which he always had in his dressing-room, and which is now in my possession. He used to come on to the stage looking precisely like the Vandyke portraits, but not because he had been busy building up his face with wigpaste and such-like atrouities. His makeup in this, as in other parts, was the process of assisting subtly and surely the expression from within. It was elastic, and never hampered him. It changed with the expression. As Charles he was assisted by Nature, who had given him the most beautiful Stuart hands; but his clothes most actors would have consigned to the dust-bin! Before we had done with 'Charles I.'—we played it together for the last time in —we played it together for the last time in 1902—these clothes were really threadbare. Yet be looked in them every inch a king."

-Truck crops suffer least from fungi in seasons that open with a cool spring and end with a very hot summer, with rainfall below the average.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

DAILY THOUGHT. Men grow old more quickly from having nothing to do than from overwork. A running machine will keep bright for years. An idle one

will soon rust out .-- Anon.

Few modes have taken a greater hold upon popular fancy than the jumper, and this is because it is becoming to the majority of women. Possibly it is not a decided favorite in its strictly conventional form, but it is so easily modified that the figure would indeed be difficult to suit that could not be made attractive in one of these

styles. The jumpers designed for this spring must match in color the skirt with which it is worn. This decree of fashion is an advantage to the average figure, and a

positive kindness to the short type.

In constructing such a garment it should be borne in mind that all jumper models are not becoming to every figure, and that the success of a jumper depends almost en-

tirely upon its finish at the top.

There are some women who are long from neck to bust and short from this point to the waist line, though not necessarily short-waisted. For such figures the jumper, if cut according to the pattern, will probably be disappointing when finished, for there seems to be a lack of balauce; the waist appears to be all yoke; still, if the jumper is cut higher over the bust the idea

A band, either self or contrasting, does not seem to remedy this defect, but if the band is made of a fairly transparent fabrio of the same color as the goods the change

will be pretty.

As an instance, take a gown of red, blue, brown, etc., dark and perhaps heavy looking, and head the jumper with a four-inch band formed from the soutache braid arranged diamond or lattice fashion to overlap the light yoke, and it will be seen that a pretty, harmonious effect has been created by this simple addition.

This band must be shaped, of course, and should first be cut from strong paper. The thin goods should then be sewed to this design and the basting stitches ripped away

when the work is complete.

Other appropriate materials such as baby ribbon, velvet or strappings of silk may be used as a decoration. For the figure that is long from bust to belt the average jumper suggests a yoke topping a waist. To correct this effect the top of the jumper may be cut out more, or a wide girdle instead of a parrow one can be used. stead of a parrow one can be used.

The short-waisted figure must content herself with a lesser display of guimpe than the longer waisted type, for she needs

length. Her jumper should be cut out in a long, narrow "V," and the material on the shoulders should meet the collar band, perferably tucked or folded, the lines oe-ing preserved until they lose themselves in the belt.

For the stout or broad shoulders as well as short wasted women, it will be an im-provement if "V's" are taken out from each shoulder, back and front, displaying the guimpe between.

The innovation of the jumper and guimpe dress was foretold as the end of the lingerie blouse, but the false prophet knows not the ways of women and her constrney to that peculiar article of dress which has taken her fancy. Then how couly there be a really correct tailored suit if blouses were to be disregarded? What could even

for the variety in arrangement and trimming and, although a blouse from every standpoint, there are ugly blouses, and the models of the year are classed under the latter heading.

The combination of a half dozen bits of

different laces is considered smart this season, while hand embroidery is employed as connecting link to hold the samples together. Irish filet, olumy, valenciennes— these are the oftenest used, although duchess and applique come in for their share.

A tendency to the small yoke is evidencnot used by people in general for ordinary ed, especially on the shoulders, while tai-lored waists are usually made with long

sleeves, as during last year. The new small yokes are made with an arrangement of tucks and insertion, while the linen blouses are inlaid with English eyelet work. Still others are provided with ruffles and ouffs whose scallops have been hand-embroidered.

Irish crochet is "let in" a great many of

the Parisian models, and, of course, em-broidered filet is both effective and becom-The blonse has been growing for the past few seasons, always more elaborate and more dressy. The stiff tucked but

untrimmed shirtwaists of a semi-decade past have been relegated to the trunks con-taining grandmother's finery and grandfather's uniforms. Striped madras is a favorite material in

the suits of the small boy.

The Russian blouse suits are nearly all made with the yoke, sailor collar and general finish of the Peter Thompson.

appear as frequently as last year. There is a host of pretty reefers on the

The stiff Buster Brown collar does not

Some of the smartest of these are in checks and stripes and conform to models

The passion for pockets has invaded these tiny spring overcoats.

For the boy with the Lord Fauntleroy emperament white reefers are offered. Black and white and navy blue and

white stripes will form correct hoisery for the small boys. The wide-brimmed straw sailor is inflect

ed variously for his wear. A bag of hot sand relieves neuralgia. Warm borax water will remove dan-

Tight clothes and indigestion cause red

A hot bath taken at night affords refreshing sleep.

For a runaround on the finger thicken

the yolk of an egg with salt and apply. Persons of defective sight, when threading a needle, should hold it over something white, by which the sight will be assist-