

AUTUMN ARBOR DAY ANNOUNCEMENT

A boy strolled through a dusty road, "What can I do?" said he, "What little errand for the world? "I know—I'll plant a tree."

The nursing was taken by mother earth, Who fed it with all things good; Sparkling water from mountain springs, And many a subtle food.

THE HIRED MAN.

The smoking compartment of the Pullman car—being paneled in coffin woods, upholstered in black leather, with mirrors unnumbered and shining nickel fittings—looked as much as anything like an undertaker's parlor.

The young man beside him was the first to clear his throat and reply. He was prematurely bald and spectacled; he had the loose-facet shoes and woolen socks of a brain worker; the veins on the back of his right hand were swollen from much labor with the pen.

The superintendent had risen from the ranks of the "sandhog" 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 anything about him. He had been a sailor, clerk, and sort of a miscellaneous hand."

"Well, we were still sinking the caisson with dynamite—a foot or so at a time—when old Nolan, the head of the company, came to see for himself what the situation was."

"You know what a cofferdam is?—a four-sided dam. You sink your shaft inside it, after you have pumped out the water enclosed by the dam."

whether it was his wages—or the prospect of better wages—that inspired him.

"Are you interested? Does this bore you?" "They answered, with various degrees of politeness: "Not at all. Go on. Go ahead anyway."

"I 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 an engineer's life so—so interesting to him."

"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."

"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 section lifted 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."

"Well—not to bore you with exciting details—before we had repaired that piston the water was up to our waists. While we were replacing the cylinder head and setting the valves, it came up to our armpits. We worked at the nuts and bolts until the water reached our chins. We couldn't finish. I had to trust what few nuts I could get to hold the head. And I had to carry Larsen out on my shoulder. He was as light as a feather. He was working in a tight-rope. He kept going out, every now and then, to look at the water in the shaft in a sort of agonized 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 composure. Larsen didn't wait to hear me pump 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."

"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 edge. 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 a 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 asleep on the first sign."

dam. The men, ordered up from the shaft, ran with timbers and shovels to throw clay into the hole and brace the planking; and Larsen and the shift worked like frantic seamen to save the shaft. 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 forehead. When the inner sheeting of the dam began to give way, he shouted for timbers to reinforce it. And when the men ran for beams and planks he was just crazy enough to brace himself between the wooden sheeting and the steel dam—his feet against the one, his shoulders against the other—trying 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 big wave struck over the breach behind 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 lashed to—fell inward like a big fence."

"Larsen looked up at me as he went under. He made a gesture of apology for the emotion that flamed his eyes and clouded his voice. "I swung over the sill and strook the water at the same time as one of the men. We caught him as he came up and dragged him out. I saw he couldn't 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 himself braced between the timbers and the steel until his spine cracked."

"He died of 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. He didn'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 engineer answered: "I don't know. Wait till I tell you the rest. "I slept 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 Larsen struggling with a clogged pump at the foot of the shaft."

"The man at the shaft reported that the water was rising in a steady flow. "We threw the suction on 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."

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Meerschmann is a hydrated silicate of magnesia appearing as an opaque earthy 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 Eskişehir, where it occurs in nodular masses of variable size and irregular shape, distributed through the alluvial deposits of the plain, which are systematically worked for its extraction by means of pits and galleries.

Meerschmann is not sold by weight, but by the case or box. After the purchase the meerschmann, which is damp, heavy and of a yellowish color, is set to dry in the sun in summer time and in the winter for several 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 hollows are cleaned with sand and finally the pieces are polished with wax. In this condition the meerschmann is sent to market.

There is one man in the business who in 1907 will have been making cap visors for half a century, and he isn't such an old man either. He started at the trade as a boy 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 out they worked night and day turning out for soldiers' caps.

Those who denounce the cigarette as deadly, or merely object to it as unwholesome, don't always explain clearly in what its use differs from that of tobacco in any other form. This is done by a writer on "The Cigarette Habit," in the "Lancet." The author fears that medical men in particular are adopting cigarettes on account of the saving of time and trouble by their use, and he points out what constitutes the danger. After enumerating some of the difficulties of the pipe-smoker, he goes on to say: "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 one 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 connected 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 habit 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 little interruption 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 conscious of having acquired an injurious habit of indulgence, which they honestly are anxious to reform, if not to abandon altogether, 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 it is all smoke consequently fewer cigarettes and be all the better for it. Such a method, if honestly adopted, would make an end to the 'chain' 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."

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 Compound. The worst of the cigarette habit is that the smoker consumes more tobacco in that form than he would in any other."

"She—"It is said that cats have a great dread of the water." "Oh, I don't know; our cat seems to drink that milk the milkman brings us."—Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

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 skirts with which it is worn. This degree 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 entirely 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 not according to the pattern, will probably be disappointing when finished, for there seems to be a lack of balance; the waist appears to be all yoke; still, if the jumper is cut higher over the bust the idea is lost.

A band, either self or contrasting, does not seem to remedy this defect, but if the band is made of a fairly transparent fabric 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 more, or a wide girde instead of a narrow one can be used.

The short-waisted figure must content herself with a lesser display of guimpe than the longer waisted type, for the needs length. Her jumper should be cut out in a long, narrow "V," and the material on the shoulders should meet the collar band, preferably tucked or folded, the lines being preserved until they lose themselves in the bust. For the stout or broad shoulders as well as short waisted women, it will be an improvement if "V's" are taken out from each shoulder, back and front, displaying the guimpe between.

Cap Visors.

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 contrivance to that peculiar article of dress which has taken her fancy, and she counts there to be a really correct tailored suit if blouse were to be disregarded? What could even Paris find to take the place of the exquisite bit of linen and lace?

The new blouses are chiefly interesting for the variety in arrangement and trimming and, although a blouse from every standpoint, there are ugly blouses, and the model 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 a connecting link to hold the samples together. Irish flit, cluny, valenciennes—these are the oftentimes used, although duchesse and applique come in for their share.

A tendency to the small yoke is evidenced, especially on the shoulders, while tailored waists are usually made with long sleeves, as during last year. The new small yokes are made with an arrangement of tucks and inversion, while the linen blouses are insid with English eyelet work. Still others are provided with ruffles and cuffs whose scallops have been hand-embroidered. Irish crochets "let in" a great many of the Parisian models, and, of course, embroidered flit is both effective and becoming.

The blouse has been growing for the past few seasons, always more elaborate and more dressy. The stiff tucked but untrimmed shirtrwaists of a semi-decade past have been relegated to the trunks containing grandmother's flannel 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. The stiff Buster Brown collar does not appear as frequently as last year. There is a host of pretty reefers on the market. Some of the smartest of these are in checks and stripes and conform to models of adult overcoats.

The passion for pockets has invaded these tiny spring overcoats. For the boy with the Lord Fannyler temperament 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 inflected variously for his wear. A bag of hot sand relieves neuralgia. Warm borax water will remove dandruff. Tight clothes and indigestion cause red noses. A hot bath taken at night affords refreshing sleep. For a ramronand 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 assisted.