

Bellefonte, Pa., April 16, 1909.

SOME ONE.

I wonder why I toil away, My heart replies "For some one." Why think and work the livelong day ? or some one, just for some one

I pressed along the crowed street, hear the tramp of many feet

But over all I hear the sweet, Sweet little voice of some one.

For there is with me all the while The presence fair of someone. And thro' my cloud there shines the smile The cheering smile of some one.

Hard is the toil and stern the fight. But work is play and loads are light And darkest days within are bright When it is all for some on

For what is life if lived for self ? Without a thought for some one ? What zest in glee ? What gain in pelf? Without a share for some one

But there is wealth of countless price A joy supreme in sacrifice, And earth becomes a paradise When it is all for some one.

UNCATALOGUED.

Venn came ont from the doctor's log fountains, and all manner of designs from shanty, and sat down in the sunshine, face pale and his body shaking. Once he facades to keys and hinges. They had held up his thin right hand, and stared at done their level-best, those good fellows, it, as it wavered and shock before his eyes. Once he glanced across the road at his tent, as Tillotson shambled in his direction; and, had the man shown a disposition to were, deliberate simulations of indifference come nearer, Venn would have retreated to and had not noticed them. At last, becaus its thin shelter. But Tillotson, as aimless in his walk as in his talk, turned aside and out a protest sgainst being deprived of the shuffled down a ravine path ; and so Venn fellows' private views, the had done this shuffled down a ravine path; and so Venn sat, shaking, on his screened log, in the brilliant Colorado sunshine, and tried to make himself believe that he had heard aright, that the doctor had not been talk-ing blithering nonsense. His thin lips twitched and trembled, and his dull eyes stared straight ahead. Dr. Wolcott, stepping from his cabin

Dr. Wolcott, stepping from his cabin, making its leisurely way to him, he might and sbutting the door behind him, caught sight of the thin, unsteady figure on the half-hidden log, and before he crossed the ness of attitude toward their work, implorbeaten path toward the line of tents to vis-it Billy Marks, dying, poor lad, with his fifth hemorrhage, he swerved a little from his track, and came up behind Venn, to give his patient's shoulder a firm, gentle fects he might look for, he must lay it to

grasp. "It's not too much for you, man "" he the fact that on canvases limited in area from one to six inches square, some fine-

asked quietly. Venn looked up with blurred eyes. "I'm making a baby of myself, Wolcott," he said. "I think I could have stood the othsuch a canvas even a Monet must paint

"I want you to burry things along," re-plied Wolcott, with cheery brevity. "You came out here expecting to die, and a lung-Exhibit," and old Venn was to take it canne out here expecting to die, and a lung-er-camp is a bit depressing, I grant. And you were a pretty bad case to start with— by George ! I don't see how you've made it ! But you're getting well, irrefotably well. If you wanted to, you could be hard at work right now on some of your gaudy daubs. It'll do you good to start in again. You see, man, you're getting well.'' Exhibit,'' and old Venn was to take it and make it his. So this afternoon old Venn sat, humbled. Perhaps Jackson coming along the far, far road. Perhaps Jackson might be bearing to him even now the 'Midget Exhibit.'' He was wild.to see it, was all but fretful with exercises and impatience.

wife, and wanted her, and she wanted him, the objecting Jackson. "For Heaven's Yes, she had loved him once as devotedly it was worse than death if they couldn't sake ! move on. I want to open this thing hat bad loved her. Even though she hat open this thing hat bin now, she had loved him once.

He pushed it out of the road into a sunny He realized at last that he was still holding the black pocket-book from which he had taken the check which he had passed over to Wolcott ; that he had been staring at its leather sides till his eyes were watering, not from emotion, but from simple overstrain. He knew that be had been thinking of many, many things, but he put his crowding thoughts resolutely aside, and began to fues over the pocket-book before

he put it away. Aud suddenly his straying fingers, as idle as a child's, touched a tiny, two-hyfour inch pampblet, and the world, which for six long months had been for almost every moment dun and sordid and terrible.

lingering over one panel absurdly long be-fore he laid it aside to take up another. Harry Meier's greens and subdued blues somed at that magic touch into a beauty which was pain. Inspiration to live and work rushed on him from every shrub, were never so glancous; his faded roce been could perish so utterly? A memory tints and dead-yellow golds and dull vio- of that purple sea rose before him as vivid every massive rock, every cloud. A bird was poised in the brilliant blue above him, an embodied song, a miracle. Even Tillot-son's ungainly, plodding figure in the dis-tance seemed pure poetry, because it was life, life, life! He drew out the tiny book and opened it He drew out the tiny book and opened it

which the eye suck marvelouely to the hard substance ! Lannert's picture in white and ruddy copper tones, of a white-gowned, red-haired girl standing against "Star." after Fortuny, perbaps, but the coloring was Page's our parts of the set of He drew out the tiny book and opened it with fingers which trembled again. Cos-which the gre sunk marvelourly to the with fingers which trembled again. Cossets had sent it to him two days ago; the pictures it catalogued were to follow. They had proved good friends, fine comrades, those boys back yonder, all of them. They had faithfully written him all the gossip o the studios and the town happenings ; had him bits of sketches and scrawls of verse and rough-hewn blockings of figurines and

Venn picked up the last panel, just for a passing survey. He was surfeited now ly Mark's wife. His wife ! Venn's heart ways reiterated the fact of her tininess. with delights. He wanted to save a part throbbed quickly. To die that way, if she ifts a good thing somebody came with bet, "Venn reflected nervously. "It was for the next morning, when he was to waken to a glorious day, to life, instead of life-in-death. His wakings had been the hardest moments of his sodden existence driven him from his ruminative log, and those two, who had never known a cloud during these last six months. Just a quick he followed further impulse by dragging in their heaven, who had always loved.

He bent low, with a smothered cry. From out the centre of the panel an un- the light of the fast-dying day, that purple catalogued picture flashed up at him, an sea. Its message-its message ! It had unnumbered one. A landscape this ; a one. If it were not big with portent, it sweep of sea deeply purple, a sky stained with clouds hot and cold as only the even-ing knows how to blend them, and from

known instantly the distinctive handling of the medium, and if he had been blind ny canvas, fastened by thumb-nails and to the smothered boldness of execution, he small rings to the soft, light wood of the could never have ignored the subject-that purple sea, those clouds hot and cool, that plume of misty, scourging rain ; a sight on which his eyes and hers had feasted that summer night six years ago. And yet how had Cossett dared accept it,

or demand it-that contribution to this kindly gallery ! It could have been no accident ; no one would choose, save for a gift exhibition such as this, to paint such a canvas six inches square. He bent close and gazed broodingly at the texture of the canvas. It was the quality she loved, if that detail were needed to confirm indenti-faction absolute in subject and and text fication absolute in subject and and treat-ment. But why that subject, that one moment of all eternity-why had it been caught and prisoned here ! Staggered, blinded by the strange dis-covery, Venn looked no further, but me-

well." "It's too much for me yet awhile," said "The Model—in pastel—E. Reid." Reid wondered what the product would be like. of a protest. I don't deserve it, —I wasn't making a fight,—and there's that oursedly Parael into a langer's grave without making much making a fight,—and there's that oursedly Parael into a langer wasn't making a fight,—and there's that oursedly Parael into a langer wasn't making a fight,—and there's that oursedly Parael into a langer wasn't making a fight,—and there's that oursedly Parael into a langer wasn't making a fight,—and there's that oursedly Parael into a langer wasn't making a fight,—and there's that oursedly Parael into a langer wasn't making a fight,—and there's that oursedly Parael into a langer wasn't making a fight,—and there's that oursedly Parael into a langer wasn't making a fight,—and there's that oursedly Parael into a langer wasn't making a fight,—and there's that oursedly Parael into a langer wasn't making a fight, —and there's that oursedly Parael into a langer wasn't making a fight, —and there's that oursedly Parael into a langer wasn't Parael into a l Baster would make of such a subject, so where he spent many of his afternoons, "He's got a wife back East," said Wol-the "I've a fancy he's holding on to life" Whistlerian is sound. "From Cossett's close to camp, and yet soreened from it, Window-Harry Meier." That dear old and tried to think the thing out. But from the start he felt it to be unexplainable. Cossett should have written him something of it ; yet Cossett knew too well the seal of silence which Venn had placed on that part of his life to dare to break it carelessly -those two years which interrupted briefly their lives together, his and Cossett's. This all meant something to him now, after No, Cossett would not write, would not dare to write, of that shut chapter in Venn's life. And yet he had boldly dared to put in that uncatalogued painting; he was the only man, Venn would swear, who knew of its presence on the panel. The act seemed mysterious, full of subtle mean-ing ; and yet what meaning could there be, except that, hearing of his plight,-Venn knew they all expected him to die, and that right soon,—she had grown pitifal. His face flushed darkly. He would not His face finshed darkly. He would not take pity, or kindly feeling, even from her; of all things he would not accept pity or kindlinese. Not once during all these months while he was facing death night and day had he wished for her, cared for sight of her. He had been glad to know, We're sending you Where coyotes how! For their grub that's due Since you stick to The alkai dust, so finally, that he no longer missed her, nor desired her. It had been one of his Where the skies bend blue, And the gold doth rust greatest comforts in these six months to In the west-end pot Of that rainbow game tell himself that that chapter was indeed an ended thing, that at last she was less We all are chasing. If it's all the same than nothing to him, that memory no longer stabbed him fiercely. For it had been a bitter story of two To you, old man, We're sending it proud spirits brought together for a few months in primal love and yielding, and In size not mo From Meier's "Datch then mysteriously revolting for a space, one from the other, seeking peace in pride

Since the day she uttered those words, he the tiny catalogue which he still held. ""Paul Veno, to you, with a howdy-do !" " he muttered as he struggled with the wrappings and twine. The nonsense of it, and the delight, to see the living, vital work of these good friends on such a day in his life when all the earth and the such and the noise success to come to him. And it had come, quick and strong of step, and had stayed by him, until this dread disease had caught him and cast him down, and buried him out here, to empty contern the success to come to him. And it had stayed by him, until this dread disease had caught him and cast him down, and had stayed by him out here, to empty contern the success to come to him. And it had stayed by him and cast him down, and huried him out here, to empty contern the success the suc

which parted their spirits. But for a brief space they had loved.

How was it that such love as theirs had

call himself blessed.

He found himself in his tent at last, havglance, and he would lay this last one the box out again, and taking up the fourth aside for to-morrow's joyful pleasure. pauel, only one of the pictures of which he pauel, only one of the pictures of which he had seen. It stared up at him again, in would not have been sent to the dying man they all thought him. She was so proud, but she would bend in pity to a dying man. Venn's face flushed again, and his

Slowly his hand went out toward the ti ny canvas, fastened by thumb-nails and panel. He took out the nails and lifted it off and turned its back to him. When he saw the writing, he knew that he had ex-pected to find the message there. His breath came quickly as he bent to read :

I have eaten your bread and sait; I have drunk your water and wine; The deaths ye died I have watched beside; And the lives that ye led were mine.

of a quick voice near him. He was amazfind it was dark. Dusk came quickly here; it did not steal imperceptibly along, but he had not noticed it. The voice was Wolcott's.

"Stay in over night, Jackson, and con out in the morning with the answer. It's a hard trip to take twice; but when a man's got a wife who cares, he ought to

"How is he ?" he asked Wolcott, ner-

"The pluckiest beggar you ever saw," Wolcott said brusquely, as he always spoke when he was greatly moved. "He's hollow, and pried at the cratings until he wrenched them off from the flat, yard-square box. Beneath, in their safe wrap-pings, lay four oblong, grayish green, bur-Bat she bad loved him once, as he had fore the certain end. It's a sight like this,

vital work of these good friends on such a day in his life when all the earth and air was throbbing with life and the joy of liv-ing ! For a long hour he poured over them, so deep as the gulf of bitter resentment had come to be his haven, the dead log

sunk in the ravine along the road. By this time Mary should have come ; it was past the time for the Eastern express. By now she should be well started with Jackbetter to pass these final hours.

Venn passed them, too, in fear and sns-pense, sitting doggedly upon his log behind his screen of undergrowth. He was

still there when he heard the swift roll of walked up to his tent. It was all but wheels at last, and saw Jackson drive by "Star," after Fortuny, perhaps, but the coloring was Page's own ! Murray's land-time followed quickly. He saw Jackson already eating a quick supper before he stream and the moonlighted night. He saw before he should start back on his long return ride knew for Mary, for Billy had described to send the telegram and the money to Bil- her many times with great detail, and al-ly Mark's wife. His wife ! Venn's heart ways reiterated the fact of her tininess.

a cursed trip for her." He swore gently at the stinging wetness of his eyes over the

"I daresay Cossett couldn't write so soon," he reflected, with added gloom. "And if he did, Jackson wouldn't have waited to-day, of all days, for the mail to be sorted out."

His hand went down mechanically into his pooket, as it had gone many, many times, after the hundred and first painting, Muriel's band, every stroke of which he knew by now. But he turned it quickly over. as he always did, to read and re-read the firm inscription on its back :

I have eaten your bread and salt; I have drunk your water and wine:

The deaths ye died I have watched beside And the lives that ye led were mine. More and more was he feeling the grop

ing reaching of his spirit after hers. He and she had loved. False loves might die and be no more, but theirs had been love. It was right, after all their bitter pain and stiff necked pride, that both should donbt and be fearful; but it was right, too, that they should let the spiris of all love teach them at last ; that they should let their pain and their bitter pride melt away and be no more. This message must mean something, a brave, loyal something from her : he could not, would not, call it mere ly pity until he knew that he must call it that, in spite of Cossett's curt telegram, in spite of all the mystery.

The deaths ye died I have watched beside; And the lives that ye led were mine.

He looked up from the written message to see Muriel ! She was coming with Wolcott, down the th from Billy Mark' tent. He stared like a man gone drunk, with no power to move or to cry out. This was Cossett's answer-Muriel ! Her clear voice came to him, piercingly sweet, through the thin, fine air :

Church Socials

Two fads of the day supply basic ideas on which to build social affairs that may be easily and successfully managed as church gatherings for young people. They are especially adapted for such a purpose because, first, every one in the church be interested; second, every one can take part; and, third, in one of them, at least, every person present will be remembered UTILIZING POST-CARDS FOR A SOCIAL.

Send out post-cards bearing a picture of the church, and, printed beneath it, an invitation to be present at a Post-Card Social, stating the time and place, and that "one souvenir post-card other than this will be the admission fee."

The card required as an admission fee is returned at once to the person presenting it, with the instruction to address it to some person in the room and then drop it into the postoffice. Pen and ink are to be found at a table marked "Addressing-Table."

Have souvenir cards on sale so that persons desiring to send more cards than on may purchase them. At a given signal the office is closed to sort the mail and stamp each card with the words, "Souvenir Post-Card Social," with the date. A rubber stamp for this parpose will be inex-pensive. While this is being done a propensive. While this is being done a pro-gram of about thirty minutes in length may be given, and at its close every one is requested to call for his or her mail. If there proves to be no card in the mail for the inquirer, one from a stock provided for the purpose should be secretly and quickly addressed, stamped, and then delivered. This social may be given in another form for a smaller company by saying on the in-vitation, "This card with an unused card bearing some scene with which you are familiar will admit yon to our Souvenir

Post Card Social." Display about the rooms cards from as many States as possible, with titles hidden. Place schools, postoffices, parks, mountains, etc., in groups, and number each card. Number one of the evening's program may be a contest in recognizing these views, the prizes being souvenir cards saying, "First prize, awarded for recognition of the largest number of American post card views, at -Souvenir Post-Card Social."

Number two of the program may be a railroad luncheon, furnishing the refreshments usually served at a railroad restaurant in hasty, lunch-counter style, the men escorting the women assigned them by matching duplicate cards of invitation. This can be provided for when these cards are sent out. They are to be presented at the door and immediately returned when the guests enter.

Number three of the program consists in paying the luncheon bill-that is, trans-forming a blank card into a post-card by a penoil sketch of a given subject suited to some holiday or festal occasion. These are placed on exhibition for the amusement of the guests.

Another way of managing one of these socials is to have for admission fee a post-card upon which each woman places ber initials, and each man places his with an announcement of some current event. The cards are collected and judged for certain merits : the prettiest scenery. the funniest, the most interesting building, the best portrait, and so on. The judges may vary the qualities for which prizes are due accord-ing to the kinds of cards received. An elaborate prize might be a post-card album,

Venn raised his head at last at the sound

brave little Marks-"

in the bare hope that some miracle will window, every changing view of which somehow bring her to him, for there's no money for her to come ont on. I'd send Cossett had shared for the last four halffor her myself if I could, but I've done that twice lately to save life; and while I'm paid ten times over, I just can't do it so soon again simply for the comfort of a

Venn's hand went swiftly into his pock-Venn's hand went swiftly into his pock-et. "Here," he said roughly. "It's my month's income-my last, I said this morn-picayune. month's income—my last, I said this morn-ing, when I opened the letter. Cash it, and use what you need, and hand me what's left. I can scrape along. If he's got a wife, he ought to have ber with him, poor devil ! You could telegraph it to hit to her couldn's yop?'' At the end there was a poem. No need to tell him that Buster Wape wrote it; there was the very swing of Buster's rest-less legs in the meter; he could fairly hear Buster's beautiful clog to the *patpat* of the fellows' hands as he read for the second time in fact, but the first time in feeling.

"Jackson drove over to the station to-day," said Wolcott, "and he's not back yet. He'll have to use the same horse This Midget again, but there's no time to lose. This is decent of you, Venn. I'll seud Jackson back tonight, after he and his horse have had time to rest up a bit. This news ought to buoy Billy up for a few days-long enough for her to get here. 1'll wait to tell him till we hear from her-Jaokson

can wait over night for her telegram." He shook hands with Venn, and Venn blushed like a oriminal, after the fashion of men catching each other in the doing of good deeds ; and then Wolcost passed on, eaving Venn to his dizzy musings. Life, life ! His again ! He had given

up so completely to the thought of death's heing his swift-coming portion that, with Wolcott, he hardly saw how it was possible that his disease was conquered. Six months before he had goue out from the East, filled with reckless anger at the shought that his life must go out in such a way ; flinging impotent hatteries of ultimate questions at an implacable law. Somehow, in the melting sunshine of the West and the tingling air of this camp, he had lost most of his anger, and had ceased

West and the tingling air of this camp, he had lost most of his anger, and had ceased to ask any of his questions. He had sim-ply settled down to die ; coutent, as a dog might be content, with the sun while it shone, and with sleep and food. He had laughed in bitter mirth over a box which had followed him, holding his brushes, can-wases, tobes of paint, all his paraphernalia, which Cossett, thinking to be kind, had packed, regardless of Venn's angry refusal to take anything with him, and had sent after him. Venn had opened the box wide enough to see what it held, and then had pitched it under his cot, where it had re-mained. Sometimes the color out here in this wild place made his fingers tingle for a second, hnt the thrill passed with his onsciousness of it, and he sank back again into his dogred waiting for the end. For he had watched several men fight to the death as poor Billy Marks was fighting mow, and he had known it all for a losing mow, and he had known it all for a losing mow, and he had known it all for a losing mow, and he had known it all for a losing mow, and he had known it all for a losing mow, and he had known it all for a losing mow, and he had known it all for a losing mow, and he had known it all for a losing mow, and he had known it all for a losing mow, and he had known it all for a losing mow, and he had known it all for a losing mow, and he had known it all for a losing mow, and he had known it all for a losing mow, and he had known it all for a losing mow, and he had known it all for a losing mow, and he had known it all for a losing mow, and he had known it all for a losing mow, and he had known it all for a losing mow, and he had known it all for a losing mow, and has known it all for a losing mow, and he had known it all for a losing mow, and has known it all for a losing mow, and he had known it all for a losing mow, and has known it all for a losing mow, and has known it all for a losing mow, and has worthy waved his hast from had filterence and lassitude, he was getting well—he

Interior" To Thompson's "Lake Superior," To grace the den Of you, Paul Venn Paul Venn, to you

Exhibit

And a round hundred of them-one hun-

Venn wondered today, as he had wonder-ed many times in these four years, why neither of them had ever sought a divorce.

well—he was getting well ! And yonder, in that white tent with its flapping curtain, Billy Marks, who had fought for life like a maddened little hero, was going fast. Venn did not see how it was possible for Marks to hold on till the next train from the East, to say nothing of his laborions living out the days which must pass before his wife could came. And yet, if a fellow had a

Each had been generous enough to the oth-er there. They had talked that subject over with a surplus of common sense, which, if applied to other problems, might have straightened out the tangle. "Divorce is unutterably common," Mu-riel had said. "It seems to me now that one marriage is enough and to spare for any woman. If you ever wish the divorce, it is yours." "I never had much opinion of a man who gets his decree without full cause," he had told her. "As you say, one marriage holds ample experience for a lifetime. Since we cannot live together decently and in peace,

mutual consent to separation is enough, for the present at least."

So they had parted in outward friendli-ness, but with inward bitterness which rankled on each heart for many months.

"I did love you once." she told him, the last day they were together. "I some-times think I hate you now, but I did love you once. The memory of that is all that gives me back my self-respect, in the face of this wreck we have made of thinge. You may think more kindly of me sometimes, remembering that." Venn stared gloomily ahead of him.

her that two people who had loved once as they had loved were fools, fools, to let anything in all the mighty universe come between them, let alone the pettiest impuls es of their lower natures.

He stepped quickly to the door. "Wo cott !" he called sharply. "Have Jack-son wait. I want to send a telegram in by him."

He surped back and snatched up pend and paper. He could not send it to riel ; it must go to Cossett. Thank God for a good friend ! He wrote it with reckless disregard of words and rates. and he marked it "Rush !" instead of sending it knows-" as an unimportant night message.

"If it's pity because I'm dying, no matter If it's more, wire address."

Cossett would understand that, he knew. He handed it to Jackson, and watched him break into his favorite dash down the road; then he turned to hear patiently Wolcott's vivid comments on his nerve tension and slight fever. "I talked to you today to make yo

brace up in sweet peace," he said ourtly. "I'll send you your supper here, and want you to sleep like a dog tonight. Do you understand ?"

"I'll sleep," said Venn, obediently And in very truth he did.

money lay in the woman's favor, the inev-itable end had come in bitterness and scorn on both sides. Venn wondered today, as he had wonder-bard old father loosened up at the last minute. It doesn't matter; she's coming."

Another time Venn wandered in aimless ly, to be greeted with a wave of Billy's thin hand. "It's fifty-one hours yet," he said gaily. "After it gets below the fifty mark, sime 'll go like lightning-won't it? -till the last five or ten. I'm not countsteps off the train. My God ! how I want to tell her what she's done for me, to make me clean and decent enough to face death without too much whimpering ! We've been married six years, Venn, and over en, that not even in those Sta with never a cloud, never a quarrel. Ah,

but it's been sweet !" Venn's hands clenched and unclenched nervonsly. Cossett's telegram was ever before his mind, writ large against that nerve a Six years ! With never a quarrel ! The memory of a life well spent and wisely ! And this at its end—the swift coming of the loved one, both of them

too uplifted in the thought of meeting to think too bitterly of the parting which must be. He felt his eyes dimming, and he got up bastily, and stumbled soward

the flapping door. When Wednesday morning dawned he was almost the first one astir.

"You must not tell him, Dr. Wolcott. You must let me find him. Things have not gone well with us for a long time. I must be the first to see him when he knows. If he were dying, like poor Ma-ry's boy back there, I would yield. But you tell me it is life I have come to greet, not death ; that all the years lie before us. must be the first to see him when he

Her throat closed against all speech as she saw him sitting like a stone man upon his sanotuary log. He staggered to his feet, and for a space they stood, reading together the answer he had wrenched quivering from his life-in-death. And then, regardless of all things save love only, with the swiftness of a spirit, she came to him -By Edna Kenton, in Century Magazine him.

-Do you know where to get your garden seeds in packages or by measure, echler & Co.

And in very truth he did. Jackson came back the next morning with two telegrame. One was for Venn from Cossett. "Am writing," it read la-oonically, and Venn put it from him with disappointment. The other was from Bil-ly Mark's wife. She would be at the sta-tion twenty miles away on Wednesday af-ternoon.

then mysteriously revolute in pride rather than through patience and senstain-ed tenderuess. Added to that was the story of the man's passion for his art, and his devoted, pagan adherence to his prin-ciples, his firm resolve to avoid commer-cialism as he would some loathsome plague, opposed to the woman's passionate pride and longing for Success, as she spelled suc-cess. And when one added to all this the merguant fact that the bitter question of Englishmen, and all expressed amazement that women have not a municipal vote and without exception gave the highest testi-mony as to its excellent results in Great Britain.

During the recent campaign in Oregon for a woman-suffrage amendment, the women seeking votes for it appealed to the Norwegians, Swedes and Finns in the sal-mon fisheries. "You'd better convert your own men," was the answer; "in our station, because somehow it seems like she'll be right here by me the minute she steps off the train. My God the minute she when promising them his vote, said he could not understand why American men would not enfranchise their women. So determined is this country not to put en, that not even in those States where so-called school suffrage has been granted, do they have the full vote on all matters soned with the schools that is in pos neoted with the schools that is in possession of the most ignorant and depraved men. —Ida Husted Harper in the February De-

---- Do you know we have the old style sugar syrups, pure goods at 40 cents and 60 cents per gallon, Sechler & Co.

-There is a lighthouse on every 14 miles of coast in England, to every 34 miles in Ireland and to every 39 miles in Scotland.

Later in the evening the men call at the ostoffice and each receives a cord handed in by one of the women, and they are partners for refreshments. Afterward the women call at the postoffice, and then converse with the men whose cards they receive on

the current event indicated. WHY NOT A CHURCH "SHOWER 9" While the brides-to-be are reveling in "showers" of household atensils, why not use the same idea for the dining room of the church? The institutional church has need of many things, to be equipped for

its suppers and occasions when it is obliged to entertain conventions. The following rhyme appeared in a church bulletin, and the home of one of its members was opened for the guests. The members of the society giving it served fruit, ice oream, coffee and cake.

> Of all new pleasures under the 'sun, Since ever the cycle of time begun, A chance to do good and have some fun Is surely at a church shower

The (----- ) Ledies' Aid Of nothing on earth are they afraid, This delightfully happy plan have made Of holding a church shower.

So many things we need, you see, That quite a heavy expense 'twould be, So we'll give you a chance to help a wee, By coming to our church shower.

Then come with your presents large or small Tea and welcome await you all ;

Or give us your number, we'll gladly call, For the good of our church shower.

Any of the following articles will be

eptable : Salts and peppers, vinegar bottles, table saits aut peppers, vinegat observ, auto-cloths, tablespoons, oreamers and sugar-howls, pickle-dishes, butter-dishes, tron spoons, kettles, pans, dishpan, pails (large), silver kuives aud forks, curtains, tea-towels, towel-rack, boiler, kitober rauge, and disher teach of and size tombles salad-dishes, teapot of good size, tamblers,

pie-plates, dustpans. Another way to use the shower idea is particularly adapted for the removal of a particularly anapted for the removal of a email debt incurred by repairing a leaking roof. The people are invited to a social evening for which a program has been pre-pared, and asked to bring their drops of rain for the shower of money in a silk bag provided with the attractively worded and printed invitation. When the necessition

printed invitation. When the proper time on the program comes each hag is dropped into an inverted decorated umbrella suspended from the ceiling.-By Virginia Hunt.

-Do you know we have the old sivia sugar syrups, pure goods at 40 cents and 60 cents per gallon, Sechler & Co.

----- Whenever a critic wants to say something scathing about a play he calls melodrama.

-Do you know where to get the finest canned goods and dried fruits, Sechler &

----- The first English regatta took place upon the Thames, between London and Millbank, June 23rd, 1775.

-Do you know that you can get the finest oranges, banannas and grape fruit. and pine apples, Sechler & Co.