

Bellefonte, Pa., April 23, 1909.

THE ROBIN SONG.

The robins are coming early this spring. They're singing the song so sweet and so gay. And building their nest for their new summer lay.

THE EVER CONSTANT TIDE.

In the late afternoon Mrs. Penrose came in from the garden with her arms full of brilliant peonies, and stood in the doorway of her cottage, momentarily held on that neutral ground by the conflicting appeals of the summer afternoon without and her duty in the dining room within.

On this particular June afternoon there was much to draw her back to the easy, pretty luxury of the piazza. On the opposite side of the road that ran before the cottage was a narrow strip of woods where in the chestnut trees, big sisters to the Indian corn of later summer, reared proudly crested heads and tasseled arms.

Mrs. Penrose was keenly aware of the beauty before her, and an inward impulse was strongly urging her again to pass down the steps to the garden, and even to wander farther afield to meet the golden wealth of the afternoon; but something else reminded her that Max was coming home that day.

The new maid had put on the centerpiece wrong side up, and had forgotten the salt-cellar. Mrs. Penrose could find nothing else away, so she arranged her bowl of flowers very carefully, readjusting one or two, knowing that Hildegard was sure to say something about them.

Hildegard waited an appreciable moment before replying; then she made an apparent change of subject.

"I promised to go over to the Mayers' to watch the boys at tennis this afternoon." She gathered up her ruffled skirts—she was not yet quite accustomed to their length—and started toward the garden steps.

"No, I am not going to wait here to receive Mr. Hughlett—goose!" she said, and trailed away with chin tip tilted.

Mrs. Penrose followed the girl's graceful figure with fond eyes. Yes, the young life was untroubled, felt no taint of its inherited shame. And Max, her boy, who was presently coming home to her after their first long separation, he, too, held his head proudly, knew no necessity of feeling any disgrace in bearing his father's name.

Her thoughts went further afield, traveling back over the years of her life to her girlhood, her marriage, the terrible time when the world seemed to shut her within walls of shame, the determination born of her fond motherhood to break through their black restraint for the sake of her children, and to shield them from all knowledge of what had been.

Now Hildegard, the tiny baby of that dreadful time, was seventeen, and the passing years had so changed them all that the children might, from their attitude toward their mother, have been her elders and protectors.

Hughlett leaned back in his chair and roared. "Oh, you need n't be afraid of Hildegard!" He misquoted his usual phrase, and Mrs. Penrose blushed again, and tried to look scandalized.

"Ob, the idea," she protested. Again Hughlett leaned forward, and this time he spoke with all earnestness. "Catherine," he said, "you know as well as I do what's happened to the children, they have grown up, beyond their old need of you. But my need of you has n't changed."

"Ob, please don't talk about that, John," she cried. "I must," he said. "I must talk about it, because I think this is my time to talk."

"But the children do need me; they will always need me. How could I desert them now?" "Desert them? Who's talking about desertion? You know I love them as if they were my own; but they do not fill my life any more than they fill yours."

"No, they ought to fill mine," she said. "No," he replied—"no." He arose, and walked the length of the piazza and back, coming at last to stand in front of her.

"I have tried to do everything for them; so far I have done it. You know what my first care has been—to keep from them the knowledge of what poor Ned did. Well, I know just how much I could do, and just what I could not do. I could bring them up in ignorance of their father's having died in the penitentiary; but I could not talk to them about him. In that much I have failed. At first I could n't talk about him because my own hurt was too keen, and because I would not share the children with him ever in that way. Oh, I was right as first, however sorry for him I was later. Then, after he died, I felt that it would be a sort of hypocrisy to talk to the children about him, even if I could have found some good things to say.

stored from the day's beneficence of light and warmth; the voice of the season was no less sweet than it had been earlier in the afternoon, though now it was calling in a softer key.

"He killed my youth." Still Hughlett did not reply; she looked into his face somewhat questioningly. "And you want something that belongs to youth," she whispered.

His heart leaped when he saw the dewy traces of tears in her eyes; he summoned all his self-control, and spoke quietly. "I want what did not belong to your youth, nor to mine," he said. The day and the season and the beauty around them seemed to have given him inspiration. "I do not want spring flowers in late June, Catherine. I do not want the green of young wheat when I see the grain ready for harvest; I do not want the coolness of April when it is time for the warmth of mid-summer. I remember you as you were when you were married; but I do not love the delicate prettiness that was yours then, my dear, as I love the beauty of your face now. I do not love the girl you were; I love the woman you are."

She was by no means past the age where his praise of her beauty would cause her to blush. A still-girlish impulse of flying from the compliment made her heart beat quickly. She was accustomed to his admiration, but no woman receives its like unprepared. She was about to turn away from him, but kept her face turned away from him.

"I know you do, I know you do," she said. "It has made everything easier for me, your loving me; I am more grateful for it than for anything else in the world. But—do you love me in return? Oh, if I could have that moment had come for his strongest plea, and that nothing might be wanting he put his arms firmly about her. "Catherine," he said, "with his face close to hers, "there is a tide in human emotions as constant in its ebb and flow as the tide of the sea. There are seasons of life as recurrent and as faithful to the ages as the seasons of spring and summer, autumn and winter. I had no place in the springtime of your life, but I mean to have it now; I have watched the ebb of your love and of your need of love, and now I mean to take it on my return, and go with it to its flood. For I tell you there is a return of the tide as surely as the harvest follows the sowing of the grain."

He could feel the beating of her heart, and his own leaped to meet it. She stirred in his arms, turned toward him—and with a cry repulsed him. They had forgotten the existence of her children; but she, who had been at the steps of the piazza, before their mother saw them.

Des Moines as Another Man Sees It.

[Written especially for the WATCHMAN.] Under the belief that this is a free country, where one may differ in opinion from another without being branded as "soured" or "disgruntled," I wrote an article some time ago, which you kindly published, giving my observations in part, about Des Moines.

I have not now, and never have had, any real or imaginary grievance against anybody or anything in or about the city, for I have always been very well treated, but that ought not to keep me from telling what came under my observation.

As many of your readers know, there was a time a good many years ago, when a man did not have the freedom to express his opinions as now, and claim his rights as an American citizen. If he did not throw up his hat and bow with the crowd, he was hustled off to a bastille and kept there until he was well infected with vermin, when he was turned loose.

A self-constituted "blower and striker" for the Des Moines club, first divested himself of a great burden by sending you a three column article, and then jumped on the tail end of the band wagon, and then yelled to the whole State to rise up "in arms" against me and scare me to the woods.

But I am still doing business at the same old stand. In my former article above referred to, the greater portion were facts—a portion the observations of myself, and of others as told me, and a very small portion were my individual opinions. These latter I concede may be worth very little, but he that as it may, they are not on the market for sale.

Now to return to the starting point: I don't care any more nor any less about Des Moines than any other of more than a thousand towns or cities that I have visited in my forty or forty-five as a traveler, in every State except Florida only.

Since your monumental braggart correspondent has sought to rake me over the coals, I beg to go back to my former article and see how far I was "off."

First: I gave the initials of the Young Women's Christian, and not of the Young Men's Association, (as the compositor put it) in reference to the magnificent new building nearing completion.

Second: I did not use the word *much* at all. I helped my father *much* potatoes sixty-five years ago, and knew the meaning of the word then as well as now.

Third: I define the *met* law as selling whiskey and raising hell generally, as long as you pay your fare willingly.

Why don't they take the bull by the horns like they do in good old Democratic Missouri, and in Texas and Oklahoma and in Arkansas—yes Arkansas, "now laugh d—n you."

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

The demons are Worry and Danger and Fear, And Hate with its fiery blight, The angels are Courage, Faith, Love, and Kindness, like sunshine bright.

It is safe to say that plaited skirts will be widely worn this summer, although as yet few of them are seen on the gowns shown by the big shops.

The new plaited skirts rarely if ever carry the plaits to the waist line. They are either inserted in panel effect under a tunic or they are arranged under a princess hip yoke.

Don'tless later on the full plaited skirt with the plaits running to the waist line and stitched on the edges will be universally worn.

A touch of bright color will be added to the costume this coming season in parasol and long, flimsy scarf which is worn about the shoulders.

It is quite essential that the parasol should match some part of the costume, either frock, hat or pumps and stockings.

The many ribbed Japanese parasols will be popular this summer. They are of silk with quaint little Japanese characters embroidered or hand-painted on them.

A Clo Clo San sunshade of white silk was made with pale lavender and embroidered with irises in lavender and tall spike leaves in vivid green. With it was worn a scarf of lavender and white striped chiffon, with embroidered violets scattered over the entire surface. The scarf was finished at the ends with long white silk knotted fringe.

The flat effect on the top of the head, so much in vogue at present, should not be adopted by the girl or woman of round, full-faced type. She should be faithful to the pompadour raised well above the forehead and the hair puffed slightly at the sides, no matter what fashion demands.

A woman with a full, fat face will only emphasize its breadth by flattening the hair at the top and broadening the arrangement at the sides of the face. In fact, the result will be a "squat" look that will be far from pleasing.

Prettier and more serviceable material than challis for simple house gowns would be difficult to find.

Those with white backgrounds and conventional designs in the soft shades of pink, blue or green are particularly effective.

Lincoln, Neb., April 1, '09.

DANIEL McBRIDE.