Democratic Matchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., April 30, 1909.

A BOY'S CALENDAR

Down on their knees in the schoolyard, mark ing a ring in the ground, Poising the prizes of battle each on its little en mound. Breathing, for luck, on the shooter, playing by

time-honored laws, Silently eyeing the glassies and moving ward to taws;

Slick'ries and cloudies and agates, all in geons array,

sters all nicked up with half-moons-Arpil. and soon to be May.

Bringing up mud from the bottom, holding one arm up with pride. Floating and diving 'way under, coming up

the far side: Clothes on the bank quite forgotien, spring board all slippery and we,

Cries from the door of the kitche right soon but not yet.

Trousers and waists wet and muddy-ho the woodpile so high,

Silence-and suspense-and supper-June, in the dining room. along to July. asked abruptly. She raised her eyebrows with a hint

Game of the Terrors and Tigers; blue shirts, white pants and red socks, Hearts almost stilled in their beating, eyes

the man in the box; Swish of the swift-wielded willow, thud of ball in the mitt,

Cries from the bleachers, "Oh, Reddy! Bring in that run with a hit!"

Crack! Where the bat meets the baseball, swells such a turbulent cheer,

Reddy's the hero of Sahdlots - midsu August ouite near.

Nut stains and berry-brown fingers, freekle and stone bruise and tan.

My! How the time has flown from us sin vacation began!

Oh, but the summer was splendid | Oh, but th June-tine was glad!

Wish it could be that way always-what a vaca tion we had!

Legs lagging on to the schoolhouse-whistle no birdcall nor cheer-

Comes melancholy September, sorrowful end of -J. W. Foley. the year

THE VERDICT.

I had always thought Jack Gisburn rather a cheap genius-though a good fellow enough-so it was no great surprise to me to hear that, in the height of his glory, he had dropped his painting, married a rich widow, and established himself in a villa on the Riviera. (Though I rather thought it would have been Rome or Florence.)

"The height of his glory"-that what the women called it. I can hear Mrs. Gideon Thwing-his last Chicago sitter- guished objects, hung one of the familiar deploring his unaccountable abdication. "Of course it's going to send the value of my picture 'way up ; but I don't think of that, Mr. Rickham-the loss to Arrt is all I shink of. lips, multiplied its rs as though they were reflected in an endless vista of mirrors. And it was not only the Mrs. Thwings who mourned. Had not the exquisite Hermia Croft, at the last Grafton Gallery show, Croft, at the last Grafton Gallery show, Yes-I could just manage to see it-the stopped me before Gisburn's "Moou-dan-first portrait of Jack's I had ever had to to say, with tears in her eyes : shall not look upon its like again ?'

mia's tears I felt able to face the fact with equanimity. Poor Jack Gisborn ! The that it took the light through curtains of

"Or water-colour-or etching ?" ment : "Jack is so morbidly sensitive to His confident eyes grew dim, and his every form of heauty." Poor Jack ! It had always been his fate cheeks paled a little under their handsome

to have women say such things of him : the fact should be set down in extenuation. What struck me now was that, for the first more than if I'd never touched a brush. time, he resented the tone. I had seen

time, he resented the tone. I had seen him, so often, basking under similar trib-utes—was it the ocajugal note robbed them of their savour? No-for, oddly enough, it became apparent that he was fond of Mrs. Gisburn -fond enough not to see her character. It may him own abarratity he I moved away, instinctively embarrassed by my unexpected discovery ; and as I turned, my eye fell on a small picture

absurdity. It was his own absurdity he seemed to be wincing under-his own attitude as an object for garlands and incense. "Oh, by Jove !" I said.

It was a sketch of a donkey-an old tired "My dear, since I've chucked painting people don't say that stuff about me-they donkey, standing in the rain under a wall. say it atont Victor Grindle," was his only "By Jove-a Stroud !" I oried. protest, as he rose from the table and stroll-

out onto the scalit terrace. I glanced after him, struck by his last word. Victor Grindle was, in fact, becom-ing the man of the moment—as Jack him-self, one might put it, had been the man of the hour. e, breathing a little quickly. "What a wonder ! Made with a dozen

lines—but on everlasting foundations. You lucky chap, where did you get it ?" He answered slowly : "Mrs. Stroud gave the hour. The younger artist was said to have formed himself at my friend's feet, t to me.

"Ab-I didn't know you even knew the and I wondered if a tinge of jealonsy under-lay the latter's mysterious abdication. But no-for is was not till after that event that Strouds. He was such an inflexible hermit."

me to paint him when he was dead." "When he was dead ? You ?"

I must have let a little too much amaze-ment escape through my surprise, for he answered with a deprecating laugh : "Yes -she's an awful simpleton, you know, Mrs. Stroud. Her only idea was to have him done by a fashionable painter—ah, poor Stroud 1 She thought is the surest

good-humoured surprise. "Oh, he doesn't have to now, you know ; and I want him to enjoy himself," she said quite simply. I looked about the spacious white-par "Ab, poor Strond -as you say. Was that his history ?"

elled room, with its famille-verte vases re-peating the tones of the pale damask our-tains, and its eighteenth century pastels in delicate faded frames. "Has he chucked his pictures too? But she couldn't bear not to have all the haven't seen a single one in the house. could always get near enough to see his pictures. Poor woman ! She's just a frag-A slight shade of constraint crossed Mrs. Gisburn's open countenance. "It's his ri-diculous modesty, you know. He says they're not fit to have about ; he's sent

"You ever knew ? But you just said-"

them all away except one-my portrait-and that I have to keep upstairs." His ridionlous modesty-Jack's modesty about his pictures? My curiceity was only it happened after he was dead."

growing like the bean stalk. I said persua-sively to my hostess : "I must really see your portrait, you know." She glanced out almost timorously at the terrace where her husband, lounging in a booded chair, had lit a cigar and drawn the Russian deerhound's head between his

kev. knees. "Well, come while he's not looking,' she said, with a laugh that tried to hide her pervousness ; and I followed her between the mathle Emperors of the hall, and up the wide stairs with terra-cotta nymphs poised among flowers at each land-

"Why has be chucked painting ?"

In the dimmest corner of her boudoir, amid a profusion of delicate and distinoval canvases, in the inevitable garlanded frame. The mere outline of the frame

called up all Gisburn's past ! Mrs. Gisburn drew back the window-" The word, on Mrs. Thwing's ourtains, moved aside a jardiniere full of

> 'We strain my eyes over ! Usually they had the place of honour-say the central panel

> > was tired of being painted

he was.

saw Jack himself on the threshold.

oulders, still smiling.

with your work !"

nosis suffered an unexpected che

"This is my own lair," he said, leadin

"Never think of it, my dear fellow-any And his tone told me in a flash that he ever thought of anything else.

above the mantel-piece-the only object breaking the plain oak panelling of the

He was silent ; but I felt him close behind

"I didn't-till after. . . . She sent for

I must have let a little too much amaze-

the rose Dubarry drawing-rooms had begun to display their "Grindles." I turned to Mrs. Gisburn, who had ling-ered to give a lump of sugar to her spaniel

way of proclaiming his greatness—of foro-ing it on a purblind public. And at the moment I was the fashionable painter."

"That was his history. She believed in bim, gloried in him-or thought she did.

drawing-rooms with her. She couldn't bear the fact that, on varnishing days, one

ment groping for other fragments. Stroud is the only whole I ever knew."

Gisburn had a curious smile in his eyes. "Oh I knew him, and he knew me-

I dropped my voice instinctively. "When the sent for you ?" "Yes-quite insensible to the irony.

She wanted him vindicated-and by me !" out. He laughed again, and threw back his head to look up at the sketch of the donto leave off?"

key. "There were days when I couldn't look at that thing-couldn't face it. But I forced myself to put it here ; and now oured me-oured me. That's the reason I don't dabble any more, my dear Rickham; or rather Stroud himself is the reason." For the first time my idle onriosity Wharton, in Scribner's Magazine

about my companion turned into a serious desire to understand him better.

"I wish you'd tell me how it happen ed." I said

He stood looking up at the sketch, and twirling between his fingers a cigarette he had forgotten to light. Suddenly he turned toward me.

"I'd rather like to tell you-because I've always suspected you of loathing my work

I made a deprecating gesture, which he uegatived with a good-humoured shrug. "Oh, I didn't care a straw when I be-

lieved in myself-and now it's an added tie hetween us !" He laughed slightly, without bitterness

and pushed one of the deep arm-chairs for-Well !-even through the prism of Her- in a pale yellow or rose Dubarry drawing- ward. "There : make yourself comfort room, or a monumental easel placed so able-and here are the cigars you like." He placed them at my elbow and con-

"Hang it, Rickham, with that face watching me I couldn't do another stroke. The plain truth was, I didn't know where

to put it-I had never known. Only, with my sitters and my public, a showy splash of colour covered up the fact--1 just threw paint into their eyes. . . . Well, paint was the one medium those dead eyes could see through -see straight to the tottering foundations underneath. Don't you know magazine. how, in talking a foreign language, even fluently, one says half the time not what one wants to but what one can? Wellthat was the way I painted ; and as he lay shere and watched me, the thing they call

ed my 'technique' collapsed like a honse of cards. He didn't sneer, you understand, poor Stroud-he just lay there quietly watching, and on his lips, through the gray beard, I seemed to hear the question : 'Are you sure you know where you're com-

ing out ?' "If I could have painted that face, with that question on it, I should have doue a great thing. The next greatest thing was to see that I couldn't-and that grace was given me. But, ob, at that minute, Rickham, was there anything on earth I wouldn't have given to have Strond alive before me, and to hear him say : 'Is's not too late-I'll show you how?

"It was too late-it would have been, even if he'd been alive. I packed up my traps, and went down and told Mrs. Strond. Of course I didn't tell her that-It would have been Greek to her. I simply said I couldn' paint him, that I was too moved. She rather liked the idea-the's so roman-tic ! It was that that made her give me the donkey. But she was terribly upset at not getting the portrait-she did so want him 'done' by some one showy ! At first I was afraid she wouldn't let me off-and at my wits' end I suggested Grindle. Yes, it was I who started Grindle. I told Mrs. Strond

he was the 'coming' man, and she told somebody else, and so it got to be true. . . And he painted Strond without wincing ; and she hung the picture among her husband's things. . . ." He flung himself down in the arm-chair near mine, laid back his head, and clasp-ing his arms beneath it, looked up at the

picture above the chimney-piece. "I like to fancy that Strong himself

would have given it to me, if he'd been able to say what he thought that day.' And, in answer to a question I put half-mechanically-"Begin again ?" he flashed

"When the one thing that brings me anywhere near him is that I knew enough

He stood up and laid his hand on my boulder with a laugh. "Only the irony of it is that I am still painting-since Grin-dle's doing it for me ! The Strouds stand alone, and happen once-but there's no ex-terminating our kind of art."-By Edith

To Redeem Many Acres

More than 100,000 acres of land, exclu sive of Government projects, will be add ed to the irrigated areas in eastern and porth central Washington this year, according to statistics compiled by the publicity committee of the Spokane Chamber of Cor merce, and arrangements are also under way to put water on thousands of acres of land in northern Idaho and Oregon, western Montana and southeastern Brittish

Columbia. As most of these lands will be devoted to apples, peaches, pears and plums, it is estimated that from 7,000,000 to 10,000,-000 trees will be planted during the next 14 months, giving emloyment to hundreds of men in various parts of the inland emAn Answer to Roovevelt.

As one of the half a million citizens of this country who are proud to style them-selves "Socialist," I ask you to give me space for a few brief observations suggested by Mr. Roosevelt's recent arraignment of ialism in the editorial columns of your

We. Socialists, realize that our philesophy is not the final word of wisdom, and that our movement is not perfect in its makeup or infallible in its methods. know that both are capable of improve-ment, and as a rule we rather court than reseat criticism. But the criticism, in or der to be fruisful, must be directed against Socialism, good or bad, but such as it really is, and not against a mere phantom.

And, contrary to the assertion of distinguished contributing editor that cialism is a wide and a loose term, and self. styled Socialists are of many and different types," we contend that the Socialist phil-osophy is quite definite, that the Socialist movement is practically nuiform, and that the true nature of both can be readily ascertained and clearly defined.

There are approximately thirty to forty million adherents of Socialism in the world, and the Socialist literature in all languages comprises several thousand books and pamphlets. The Socialist movement is composed of persons of all conceivable types, and the writers on Socialism represents all shades of thought connected or unconnected with Socialism proper

It is, therefore, hardly just to hase judgment of the obaracter and aims of the Socialist movement upon the private con-duct of a few individual Socialists, or on the obiter dicta of a few writers ou Socialism of doubtful authoritativeness.

When we discuss Socialism we generally have in mind the Socialization Socialist movement and not the insignificant individual variations of it. That move-ment is represented in each country by an organized party with a definite and ex-plicit platform and program, and these many indentical in all the United States, having a greater area than even Long Island. Socialist movement.

The Susquehanna below the configurate of its north and south branches is remark-able for the directness of its course as rivers To avoid all possible misconceptions the Socialist party of the United States has formally summarized the objects of the Socialist movement in the following terse go. This is all the more noteworthy when it is taken into account that the river flows through a mountainous region for many miles and that its banks are marked with definition

"Socalism is the modern movement of high hills for the remainder of its course, the working class to abolish the private except for the last mile, where it enters the flat country boidering upon the Chesapeake wnership in the scoial means of produc tion and distribution, and to substitute for bay. it a system of industry collectively owned Another remarkable feature is that the and democratically managed for the benefit river passes through at least four distinct rock regions. The upper reaches of both branches are generally bordered by sand-

of the whole people." This is the Socialism of the Socialist party and of the Socialist movement. Socialism is chargeable with all that is ex- stone. The latter extends to a considerable pressly affirmed in or can be legitimately distance south of Columbia where the river inferred from this statement. It is not responsible for anything else.

And this definition is a complete refuta tion of the main counts in Mr. Roosevelt's indictment of Socialism, namely :

tion and just before reaching Mason and Dixon's line, near which the granite ledges that continue almost to the mouth of the 1. That Socialiste "must necessarilly b river begin, occur the famons slate deposit hitterly hostile to religion and morality." at Peach Bottom. The slate quarries are Socialism is primarily a movement for in-dustrial reform, and is not concerned with spreads out to a breadth of two miles over a eligioas beliefs or domestic relations. Mr. rocky bottom. The quarries in the Lan-Roosevelt cites the case of a prominent Socaster county side, or eastern bank, have been abaudoned many years, while those cialist (as it happens, a man of absolute purity of character), who obtained a decree divorce from his first wife and married second time. Such occurrences have been

system which permits the social means of

production, upon which the very life of the population depends, to be owned and man-

aged by private individuals for private

should manage its main industries for the

comes which represent the tolls levied by

stock of national wealth differ in degree

remain limited, its distribution will of ne-

be handed over every day to the laborer"

was born in the inventive minds of anti-

never had any place in the philosophy of

3. That Socialism is "blind to every-

of education and culture in his masterly

and Marx was all his life long an active organizer and promoter of study clubs for workers. The Socialist movement is large-

ly educational in its character, and the So

ialists value the social, moral, and spiritual

improvement of the race very highly. But they attach the more immediate importance

o economic reform because they realize

time. Nor was the Commune of 1781 a

book on "Science and the Working Class,

and quality. The Socialists fully realize

profit.

locialism

It demands that the nation itself

on the York county, or western bank are no longer large factors in the state market. Another peculiarity of the river is that after leaving Harrisburg it becomes a very known to happen even to some prominent Republicans and Democrats and, on the rocky stream while above the state capitol whole, the conjugal lives of the Socialists its cour-e is comparatively open. The are at least as happy and conventionally rocks obstruct the channel until within moral as those of the average man and about one mile north of Port Deposit, the

nihilists." The former had no part in the Paris Commune, the latter were not yet in existence.

Socialism was not "tried" in 1792 or in 1781 or at any other time. Socialism is so far only a movement. As an ideal of social organization it represents a future phase of civilization. It can no more be said that Socialism has been tried than it can be said that the twenty-first century has been tried .- By Morris Hillquit, in the New York Evening Call.

Penneylvania's Big Island

The vagaries of certain streams are fruit-

ful sources of discussion. The obaracter-istics of many rivers, creeks and other wa-

ter courses of Pennsylvania frequently fur-

uish material for a good deal of more or less interesting analysis. One of the most re-

markable of the smaller streams of the State is Baid Eagle creek, which curiously

finds its way to the Susquehanna by two routes. The Bald Eagle rises in the Aile-

ghenics and flows in a southeasterly direc-tion to a point near Bald Eagle station on the Bald Eagle branch of the Pennsylvania

railroad. Here the oreek splits, the larger

portion of the water running in a southerly direction and reaching the Little Juniata

at Tyrone. At its mouth it is a very con-

siderable stream. The smaller portion flows

northwest and reaches the West Branch of the Susquehanna below Look Haven, but

in its course it accumulates a large supply

of water and is a stream of much greater

volume at its mouth than the Tyrone arm. The result of the division of the stream

s to oreate an island in the center of the

State embracing parts of Blair, Hunting-don, Mifflin, Juniata, Perry, Centre, Clin-ton and Lycoming counties and all of Union

and Soyder, this extensive island bifurca-

stone deposits which are succeeded by lime-

At the southern boundary of this forma

traverses a region of trappe and greiss.

men had made him-it was fitting that old Venetian point. The more modest they should mourn him. Among his own sex fewer regrets were heard, and in his own trade bardly a murmur. Professional jealousy ? Perhaps. If it were, the honour of the craft was vindicated by little Clande Nutley, who, in all good faith, brought out in the Burlington a very hand- to divert attention from the real business "obituary" on Jack-one of those of the picture to some pretty irrelevance of showy articles stocked with random techshowy articles stocked with random tech-nicalities that I have heard (I won't say by whom) compared to Gisburn's painting. detail. Mrs. Gisburn, presenting a neu-tral surface to work on-forming, as it were, so inevitably the background of her And so-his resolve being apparently irrevocable-the discussion died out, and, a Mrs. Thwing had predicted, the price of "Gisburns" went up.

It was not till three years later that, in the course of a few weeks' idling on the Riviera, it suddenly occurred to me to wonder why Gisburn had given up his painting. On reflection, it really was a tempting problem. To accuse his wife would have been too easy-his fair sitters an to be had been denied the solace of saving that Mrs. Gisburn had "dragged him down." For Mrs. Gisburn-as such-had not existed till nearly a year after Jack's resolve had been taken. It might be that he had married her-since he liked his ease-hecause he didn't want to go on painting : destroyed it.' but it would be hard to prove that he had given up his painting because he had man

Of course, if she had not dragged him down, she had equally, as Miss Croft contended, failed to "lift him np"-she had not led him back to the easel. To put the brush into his hand again-what a voca-tion for a wife ! But Mrs. Gisburn appeared to have disdained it-and I felt it might be interesting to find out why.

The desultory life of the Riviera lends itself to such purely academic speculations ; and having, on my way to Monte Carlo, caught a glimpse of Jack's balustraded terraces between the pipes, I had myself borue thither the next day.

I found the couple at tea beneath their palm-trees ; and Mrs. Gisburn's welcome was so genial that, in the ensuing weeks, I through mine : claimed it frequently. It was not that my hostess was "interesting :" on that point I could have given Miss Croft the fullest rethe house." assurance. It was just because she was not interesting—if I may be pardoned the ball —that I found her so. For Jack, all his life, had been surrounded by interesting whenever my wonder paid the expected women ; they had fostered his art, it had been reared in the hot-house of their adula-And it was therefore instructive to ple manage to live without that." note what effect the "deadening atmosmbere of mediocrity" (I quote Miss Croft)

bere of mediocrity" (I quote Miss Croft) was having on him. I have mentioned that Mrs. Gisburn was rich; and it was immediately perceptible that ber busband was extracting from this circonnestance a delicate but substantial sat isfaction. It is, as a role, the people who isfaction. It is, as a role, the people who scorn money who get most out of it; and Jack's elegant disdain of his wife's big bal-ance enabled him, with an appearance of perfect good-breeding, to transmute it into percest good-orecaing, to transmute it into objects of art and luxury. To the latter, I must add, he remained relatively indiffer-ent; but he was buying Renaissance bronz-es and eighteenth-century pictures with a disarimination that hereache the amplicat discrimination that bespoke the amplest

"Money's only excuse is to put beauty into circulation," was one of the axioms he laid down across the Sevres and silver of life. an exquisitely appointed luncheon-table, when, on a later day. I had again run over from Monte Carlo; and Mrs. Gisburn, beaming on him, added for my enlighten-

tinued to wander up and down the room, place became the picture better ; yet, as stopping now and then beneath the picture. my eyes grew accustomed to the balf-light, all the characteristic qualities came How it happened ? I can tell you in

five minutes-and it didn't take much out-all the besitations disguised as audaclonger to happen. . . . I can remember now how surprised and pleased I was when ities, the tricks of pre-tidigitation by I got Mrs. Strond's note. Of course, deep down, I had always felt there was no one which, such consummate skill, he managed like him-only I had gone with the stream, echoed the usual platitudes about him, till I half got to think he was a failure, one of the kind that are left behind. By Jove, and he was left behind-because he had owu picture-bad lent berself in an unusucome to stay ! The rest of us had to let al degree to the display of this false virtuosity. The picture was one of Jack's "strongest," as his admirers would have ourselves be swept along or go under, but he was high above the onrrent-on everput it-it represented, on his part, a swelllasting foundations, as you say.

ing of muscles, a congesting of veins, a balancing, straddling and straining, that "Well, I went off to the house in most egregious mood-rather moved, Lord forgive me, at the pathos of poor Stroud's reminded one of the circus-clown's ironic efforts to lift a feather. It met, in short, career of failure being crowned by the glory of my painting him ! O! course at every point the demand of lovely wompaintel "strongly" because she meant to do the picture for nothing-I told "sweetly"-and Mrs. Strond so when she began to stammer yet not to lose an antom of the sweetness. something about her poverty. I remember getting off a prodigious phrase about the bonour being mine-ob. I was princely, my dear Rickham ! I was posing to myself "It's the last he painted, you know, Mrs. Gisburn said with pardonable pride The last but one," she corrected herself-"but the other doesn't count, because he like one of my own sitters.

"Then I was taken up and left alon "Destroyed it ?" I was about to follow with him. I had sent all my traps in advance, and I had only to set up the easel and get to work. He had been dead only up this clue when I heard a footstep and As he stood there, his hands in the pock twenty-four hours, and he died suddenly, of heart disease, so that there had been no

ets of his velveteen coat, the thin brown waves of hair pushed back from his white preliminary work of destruction-bis face forehead, his lean sunburnt cheeks furwas clear and untouched. I had met him rowed by a smile that lifted the tips of a self-confident moustache, I felt to what a once or twice, years before, and thought him insignificant and dingy. Now I saw degree he had the same quality as his pictthat he was a superb. "I was glad at first, with a merely æsres-the quality of looking cleverer than

thetic satisfaction : glad to have my hand on such a 'subject.' Then his strange life-His wife glanced at him deprecatingly, but his eyes travelled past her to the por likeness began to affect me queerly—as I blocked the bead in I felt as if he were trait. "Mr. Rickham wanted to see it," she watching me do it. The sensation was followed by the thought : if he were watchbegan, as if excusing herself. He shrugged

ing me, what would he say to my way of "Oh. Rickham found me out long ago," working? My strokes began to go a little wild-I felt nervous and uncertain. "Once, when I looked up, I seemed to

he said lightly ; then, passing his arm through mine : "Come and see the rest of see a smile behind his close grayish beard He showed it to me with a kind of paive -as if he had the secret, and were amus-ing himself by holding it back from me. suburban pride : the bath-rooms, the speaking-tubes, the dress-closets, the trouser-That exasperated me still more. The seoret? Why, I had a secret worth twenty of his! I dashed at the canvas furiously, and tried some of my bravura tricks. Bu tribute he said, throwing out his chest a they failed me, they crambled. I saw that he wasn't watching the showy bits-I little : "Yes, I really don't see how peo couldn't distract his attention ; he just Well-it was just the end one migh kept his eyes on the hard passages between. Those were the ones I had always shirked.

or covered up with some lying paint. And how he saw through my lies ! how he saw through my nest "I looked up again, and caught sight of that sketch of the donkey hanging on the wall near his bed. His wife told me after-ward it was the last thing he had done--just a note taken with a shaking hand, when he was down in Devonshire recover-ing from a previous heart attack. Just a note ! But it tells his whole history. There are years of nationt scornful persistence in But with the cry on my lips, my diag are years of patient scornful persistenc in every line. A man who had swum with me into a dark plain room at the end of the

florid vista. It was square and brown and leathery : no "effects"; no brio-a-brao, none of the air of posing for reproduction in a picture weekly-above all, no least sign of ever having been used as a studio. the current could never have learned that mighty up-stream stroke. "I turned back to my work, and went groping and muddling ; then I looked at the donkey again. I saw that, when Stroud The fact brought home to me the abso-lute finality of Jack's break with his old

laid in the first stroke, he knew just what the end would be. He had possessed his subject, absorbed it, recreated it. When had I done that with any of my things? "Don't you ever dabble with paint any more?" I asked, still looking about for a trace of such activity. "Never," he said briefly. They hadn't been born of me-I had just adopted them. woman.

1910. Reports are also current that the Federal fovernment will take up the Benton and Kittitas projects, 877,800 acres in Yakima, Klickitat and Benton counties, already re-ported upon by the reclamation service, and it is believed that the Palouse project, about 100,000 acres, abandoned by the reclamation service some time ago because of the lack of funds, will receive attention this year.

The Government will, in time, have te laimed 1.500,000 acres of wholly or partbenefit of the whole people, and it s'ands for the elimination of the buge workless inly waste lands in the state of Washington, at an estimated cost of \$50,000,000, prothe idle classes upon the labor of the in-dustrious. But Socialism recognizes that rated among the owners of the land.

the wealth of the nation is created by men--Do you know that you can get the tal as well as by manual labor, that or-ganization and direction are important fac-tors in industry, and that the individual finest, oranges, banannas and grape fruit, and piue apples, Sechler & Co. contributions of the workers to the general

Homestek Indiana Die

One of the most pathetic instances nomesickness is that of which the Modoc Indians are said to be the victims. After tore than thirty years of waiting the Modocs, who, because of their warring upon white settlers in Oregon, were exiled to Indian Territory and placed upon the Quapaw Reservation, are hoping to be sent back to their native home. At that time there were 217 of the tribe and today they number only 49. Senator Curtis, of Kansas, himself an Indian, in his plea for the re turn of the remnant of the tribe, gives it as his opinion that the mental anxiety brought about by their enforced separatio from family and friends is the cause of this

thing except the merely material side of life." Of the three principal "propound-ers" of the grossly materialistic brand of rapid decrease in their numbers. - Voque -Do you know where you can get a

fine fat mess mackerel, bone out, Sechler & Co.

Divorce in Ohto.

There were 7,500 divorces granted in the State of Obio last year. Women who are unbealthy and unhappy often look to divorce as the one way of relief from a life of suffering. There is another way, and a hetter. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cores the diseases which are commonly behine the irritation, unrest and misery of so many women. Ulceration, inflammation, bearing down pains and other diseas es of the delicate womanly organs, yield promptly to this wonderful medicine. It ontains no alcohol, no opiam, cocaine or ther narcoaic and cannot disagree the weakest constitution.

In the Tower of London the crown jew els are kept in a orystal case, watched by guards day and night. Your health is more precious than all the jewels in the world. Do you protect it? Do you watch it? Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery or disorder in near or heart, stomach or lungs, blood or nerves, the prompt use of "Golden Medical Discovery" will obeok the disease. It will do more; it will do more; it will so build up the body that dis-ease in future shall find no weak point to estend. stack.

Pellets, the most effective oure for this ggravating malady.

-Do you know where to get the finest teas, coffees and spices, Sechler & Co.

head of navigation and also the head o 2. That Socialism advocates a system wherein "each man shall have equal remuneration with every other map, no matte what work is done." Socialism advocate Socialism advocates

tidewater. The volume of water discharged into the Chesapeake bay is such that the waters of the bay are comparatively fresh for several miles south of Perryville and Havre-de Grace where the Susquehanna nothing of the kind. It is opposed to the empties.

> -Au almost forgotten profession, or industry, is that of ship carving. For many centuries, down to the beginning of the nineteenth, the ornamentation of vessels, especially men-of-war, was profuse, intricate and florid. A description of the carving on the United States line of battle ship America, launched in 1782 and presented to France, will give some idea of the extent to which this was carried. It appears in Brewster's "History of Portsmouth.

The figurehead was a female figure crowned with lanrel, representing America The right arm was raised pointing to heaven. On the left arm was a buckler with a blue ground carrying thirteen silver stars. that so long as the national wealth shall On the stern of the ship under the cabin windows appeared two large figures in bascessity be unequal, and the remuneration of each worker will be determined by his merit. The doctrine that "all wealth is ground. On the back of the star board quarter was a large figure of "Mars." On the highest part of the stern appeared "Wisproduced by manual labor" and "should dom," and above her head an owl.

Socialist critics of the Mallock type, and In the latter part of the eighteenth century, according to the "Autobiography of Captain Zachary G. Lamson," Philadelphia had not only the greatest ship designer in the United States, but also the best shipcarver in the world, William Rush. In this field he was without a rival, and to a wonderful technical skill he added an artis-Socialism mentioned by Mr. Roosevelt, Proudhon, Lassalle, and Marx, the former tion.

was an irreconcilable opponent of Social-ism, Lassalle was the first man to preach to life and motion to a ship's figurehead. Each the working classes of Germany the value of his figureheads was either the life like representation of a person, or some sym-bolic conception expressed in exquisite carving. His most noted productions were "Nature" for the Constellation, the "Genins of the United States" for the frigate of that name, and the "River God" for the East India ship Ganges. These figureheads were nine feet high, and could be removed for repair or in action .- Youth's Companion

that purely ethical sermons must fall in a -Do you know that you can get the society based on blind competitive war be-tween man and man ; in a society in which finest oranges, banannas and grape fruit, and pine apples, Sechler & Co. the rich are entirely engressed in the mad race for greater wealth, and the poor are too much absorbed in the daily struggle for

-----It is estimated that a fence post food and shelter to cultivate the finer sides which under ordinary circumstances last for perhaps two years, will, if given preservative treatment costing about 10 cents, last eighteen years. The service of other timbers, such as railroad ties, telephone poles, and mine props, can be doub-led and often trebled by inexpensive pre-servative treatment. To day, when the cost of wood is a big item to every farmer, every stockman, every railroad manager-to everyone, in fact, who must use timber where it is likely to decay-this is a fact excesses of 1792 were but a phase of the struggle of the young capitalist class of France against the feudal aristocracy of that which should be carefully considered. Scientific American.

> Many laxative medicines do nothing more than remove the immediate obstruc-tion or discomfort. The use of such medcines makes constipated people more con-stipated. Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellet cure the causes of constipation, and so cure billiousness, sick headache, and other ail-ments resulting from constipated babit.

-Keep the colt's feet level by rasping

4. That Socialism, "when it is tried, leads to "immorality, licentiousness and murderous violence." The French Revolution of the end of the eighteenth central, to which Mr. Roosevelt refers, had nothing to do with Socialism. As a matter of fact, the Socialist movement had not yet ap-the term "Socialism" bad lution of the end of the eighteenth century,

peared and even the term "Socialism" bad not yet been coined at that period. The is one of the greatest of known safeguards of health. When first there are symptoms of disorder in head or heart, stoma

Socialist experiment in any sense. It was the result of a spontaneous rising of the population of Paris against the reactionary national government of France. Toward the end of its brief career a few Socialist Billious people should use Dr. Pierce's were intrusted with responsible positions in the administration of the Commune and

their official careers were marked by great efficiency, courage and honesty. They did not "act together with the anarchists and