Bellefonte, Pa., November 26, 1909.

#### THE LION-HEARTED KID.

Have you heard of the kid with a lion's hear How he stood on the roof one day And difiantly railed at a grim gray wolf, Who was passing by chance that way!

The incident happened in Esop's time, And the old man wrote it down, So that young and old ever afterwards

The kid fairly pelted the old gray wolf, With epithets fierce and strong: Called him renegade, murderer, thiel

knave, Then vauntingly cried "Begone!" "You are wise," said the wolf, "that you cho

your time, And a place that is high and dry. Fare you well, valiant kid we will meet again, Wten you fall from your eminence high." A. Fable Retold.

## THE PONY PARADE.

It was not a circus that was encamped upon the driveway of Fairview, Elsie Ches-ton's home, although from the number of animals present a stranger might have thought it a very promising show indeed. There were a couple of sturdy Hangarian ponies, a span of Shetlands, a goat-carriage, four dogs, and an Angora cat that eat on the roof of Elsie's striped play-tent and kept a watchful eye upon the non-resident dogs. But the performers in a circus are not usually a group of little girls, and any one who lived in the neighborhood would have explained that it was only Elsie Cheston and some of her friends, who were having a pleasant chat together. The big grounds of Fairview were a favorite meeting-place for young and old, for there was always plenty of room for everybody and everybody's animals.

The girls were listening to Elsie, who stood in the doorway of her tent and was

talking with some excitement.
"The fete is to be here," she said, "and "The fete is to be here," she said, "and our procession is to form in the big open place in front of the stables and to come down in front of the house, where the judges are to sit, and then go down this way and up that,"—her finger followed the curves of the broad driveway,—"and past the house again, and then the judges will decide who has the pretriest turnout, and give the prizes."

and give the prizes."
"Are we all to be in it?" asked one lit-

tle girl. Every one who has a pony or a goat or any animal that can draw things, or that she can ride," answered Elsie. "And because it is for the Orphanage, the managers thought it would be nice just to have children in the parade, though of course there will be lots of grown-up people in the booths to sell candy, ice-cream and fancy things. Mother said they could have the

group.

"Just a procession, I think," said Elsie,
"for the ponies and carts are going to be decorated with flowers and we're all to "It's awfully good of her, and I'll never

wear pretty dresses and bats."
"Priscilla, who was sitting on her pony, pressed her finger on a certain spot on his back, and the animal gave a rapid little

"That's what Jerry thinks of flowers and pretty dresses and hats," said Priscilla. "He'd rather run races and jump over things. He bates being driven in the cart!"

"Has it got to be just ponies?" asked Betty, who owned the goat-carriage.

'Oh, no! I'm sure goats are welcome,

"If goats are welcome I gness donkeys are. I'll borrow the haby's donkey-cart," said Barbara, whose little sister took her

airing in that vehicle. "What will you May Olivant, who was sitting on the grass pulling her dog's ears, shook her head with a comical little smile. "I'll have to look on," she said. "I've nothing

to drive but Gulliver and the phaeton."

They all laughed; no one could have helped it who thought of Gulliver in a procession of ponies. He was a tall, elderly animal, with a brownish black coat that no amount of grooming could make glossy, and a set of ribs that no amount of fat could quite conceal. His legs were long, and he had a long, sober face. He was a sedate, reliable horse, which was the rea-son the Olivants owned him for the doctor

son the Olivants owned him for the doctor had ordered Mrs. Olivant to spend most of the day in the open air, and she usually spent it jogging about the village with Gulliver, who loomed up like a mountain in front of the old phaeton, but who was perfectly competent to avoid other vehicles, whether Mrs. Olivant oo'ld see to guide The girls, including May berself, were in the babit of making fun of Gulliver, so it was no wonder that they laughed at the

picture of this giant towering above the Lilliputian ponies. But May, in spite of her amusement, was sore at heart, for it was rather hard to be left out of her friends' good times. Elsie, who was a sympathetic little soul, divined something of "But you are going to drive with me, are'nt you, May?" she said. "My cousins, Dorothy and Maude, are coming to visit us and mother said she would ask them

to stay over for the fete, but the big pony-cart holds four, and I'd love to have you be the fourth.' The other girls who had seats to spare protested that they had intended to ask May, and then all fell to talking about the colors they would choose for decorations. May joined in with a warm heart in place of a sore one, and full of an affectionate, though speechless, gratitude to her friends. especially to Elsie, who constantly asked for her opinion and talked about "our"

when the sun dropped behind the hills, the informal meeting broke up. The goats pattered off in one direction and the Shetlands clattered off in another, with May wedged on the seat between Rose and Ruth, the twin owners, while Priscilla and Barbara cautered along beside on Jerry, who did not kick very much when he was obliged to carry double.

May darked into the house full of excite-

May darted into the house full of excitement, and by dinner time her mother knew all about the pink ribbons that would be needed to match the pink roses that she and Elsie had chosen for their cart, and had promised to embroider pink flowers on

Every one was interested in the garden fete that was to be given for the benefit of the Orphanage, and especially in that part of it that was to be given "By the children for the children," as the announcement placards said. A prominent illustrator had designed a poster in which flowers, ponies and children were gaily mingled, and this poster was to be seen all over town—in the shop windows, nailed on trees and fences, everywhere it would attract attention. Each child felt that the pony in the poster was his or her pony (for the boys were to take part also,) and most of the little girls showed more interest in the grooming and decoration of their pets than in their own pretty coetumes. If yellow rosettes were becoming to a black pony, yellow he must have, and if his little mistress happened to be a brunette, too,—why, so much the better. With some of the more thoughtful children, anticipation was joined to a happer the feet was to be given for the benefit of the that you could "grab" after you had given the young lady in charge ten cente; and these baskets were emptied so quickly that you would have thought nobody had any you would have thought nobody ha

was his or her pony (for the boys were to take part also,) and most of the little girls showed more interest in the grooming and decoration of their pets than in their own pretty costumes. If yellow rosettes were becoming to a black pony, yellow he must have, and if his little mistress happened to he a brunette, too,—why, so much the better. With some of the more thoughful children, anticipation was joined to a happy feeling that they were helping those other girls and boys whose lines had not fallen in such pleasant places, and this feeling added the crowning point to the pleasure. Others of the girls who were to take part besides Elsie Cheston had been quick to share their carts with less fortunate schoolmates, so hardly any one of a suitable age was left out. There was no happer girl in town than May Olivant. She loved to be a part of things, and never grudged richer girls their handsomer belongings so long as she could share their good times. When, in her drives with her mother, she passed the homelike buildings and grounds of the new Orphanage, she mother, she passed the homelike buildings and grounds of the new Orphanage, she thought of the many homeless children who had come there to live and have good times, too, to judge from the noise on the playground, and she was glad that her fun would go a little way toward helping

The garden fete was to be held on Saturday, and on Friday, at recess, Elsie Ches-ton, who had been only just in time for school and who had looked very scher all the morning, gathered the girls around

"I've got something awful to tell you. she said, flinging her arm across May's shoulders. "Did any of you hear the fire bell last night? Well, it was Dolan's wagon shop; it burned down with everything in it, and my cart was there being

painted!"
She paused, and there was a chorus of "What a shame!" "What ever will you do?" "I'm terribly sorry, Elsie!" May said nothing; she felt as if something cold had touched ber.

"But you have your two-wheeled cart," said Ruth hopefully.
Elsie's arm tightened across May's shoulders. "Yes, I know, but—it only holds two, and there's Maud and—"

"But three of us have often squeezed

in," interrupted Barbara.
"There's Dorothy."

things. Mother said they could have the fete here because—because the drive is convenient for a procession," she finished has sily, afraid of seeming to brag about the size of the grounds.

"Are we just to walk our ponies in the procession or are there going to be races and hurdles and things?" asked Priscilla Parr, who, in spite of her prim name, was known as the most daring rider of the group.

forget it," said May with a little choke in her voice; "but she's your guest, Elsie, and of course she must drive with you. I'll just have to look on, that's all."

Miss Rodney, the English teacher, had overheard the whole conversation. She herself was to help at one of the and was as much interested in the fete as any one, and she was not yet too old to remember how very disappointed a disappointed little girl can be. She gave May as many chances as she fairly could to retrieve the confused blunders in her recitation, and even pretended not to bear when the little girl, unable to disentangle her thoughts from her feelings, made the as-tonishing statement that Evangeline was

a young Indian warrior. The school had only a morning session, and when it was over, May elipped away from the other girls and ran home as fast as she could, for she felt as though she oould not keep from crying another min-ute. She rushed through the gate, ignor-ing the boisterous welcome of her dog, and, into the room, where her mother was sit-

"Oh, Mother, Mother!" she sobbed "I'm not in it after all. I can only look on !" and hiding her face in her mother's lap, she oried as though her heart would break, while Mrs. Olivant tried to understand her broken exclamations.

There was a ring at the bell, and the maid said that Miss Rodney would like to speak to Mrs. Olivant; and a moment late Miss Rodney herself appeared, a little out

"I called and called you, May, but I couldn's make you hear so I burried after you. I am ever so sorry for your disap-pointment, but I believe I know a way in pointment, but I believe I know a way in which you can take part in the parade, if your mother approves. I'll explain when I get my breath," she added, laughing.

May wiped her eyes and Miss Rodney continued: "In the first place, can Gulliver be ridden? Safely, I mean."

"Why, yes, Miss Rodney," answered May: "I've ridden him lots of times, around the yard and in the field. Priscilla and I

the yard and in the field. Prisoilla and I played circus with him all one afternoon."
"Bareback? Excellent! Now in the sec-

ond place, would you object to being funny and having people smile at you? I don't mean ridioulous, but merely amusing; there is a great difference, you know."
"Why,—no; I don't think I would mind that. I don't think I would mind anything if I could only be in the procession with

"Well, then, this is my plan, and I hope the result will be rather pretty as well as amusing; but it must be an absolute secret. If you wish, you may tell the girls that you are going to join the procession, but you must not tell them anything else, for the success of my scheme depends a great deal upon its unexpectedness."

Fairview was gay with flags and bunt-Fairview was gay with flags and bunting and Chinese lanterns. Under the trees on the wide lawn were flower-decked booths where you could buy beribboned pinoushions or delicious home-made candy in fancy baskets, or, if you preferred more strictly useful articles, there were feather-stitched dusters and cretonne laundry-bags. Two large Chinese baskets, one for the boys and one for the girls, held mysterious,

ing on flowery yellow wheels with its bask-et body out-lined in yellow, and drawn by the placid donkey who seemed entirely un-conscious of his shining rosettes. Then Harry Cheston, in war-paint and feathers, Harry Cheston, in war-paint and feathers, came sidling by on a restless piebald pony, followed by a rough bay Shetland decorated in green and drawing a tiny jaunting-car in which sat the dearest little green-clad Paddy and Biddy ever seen. A small redshirted miner shouldering a pick and waggling a long white beard jerked along on a little burro, followed by Priscilla and a little friend, driving the kicking pony, who anorted and danced under his red decorations in a way that caused one of the marshals, riding down the line, to eve Priscilla shals, riding down the line, to eye Priscilla enspiciously. Betty's goats, their horns twined with for-get-me-nots to match the cart, alternately trotted and walked to keep their proper distance behind a cow-boy desperado who carelessly swong the loop of his lariat to and fro and wished he could venture to take Priscilla's "dare" to lasso her pony. There were other gay vehicles, and Elsie Cheston, driving her Hungarian tandem, with cart and barness covered with pink and white roses, was the last of the procession but one, and that one was—

Gulliver, tall, lanky, and sedate, a bunch of flowers under each waggling ear, his solemn face emerging from a huge wreath of red and yellow roses that jingled with hidden bells whenever he moved; and on his back, perched sidewise on a bell-trimmed saddle-blanket, was the gayest little med saddle-blanket, was the gayest little Folly imaginable! Bells from the tip of the peaked cap on her curly dark hair to her buckled shoes, bells daugling from red and black ribbons over her yellow dress; clusters of flowers dotting the halter rein in one hand and on the jingling wand in the other, and a dancing light in her dark eyes—she was the picture of "jest and youthful jollity," and the spectators shouted and clapped until it was a wonder that some of the ponies did not take fright and

run away. The procession wound up and down the shady driveway, looking more picturesque than ever against the distant background of green, and after passing in final review before the judges it broke ranks, and the children were free to receive the congratulations of their friends.

Of all the mothers and friends who had so successfully planned the decorations, none were more delighted than Mrs. Olivant and Miss Rodney; the former that her little girl had not been disappointed after all, and the latter at the triumphant suc-

all, and the latter and costs of her plan.

"It is just what was needed to give the parade a finishing touch," said Mrs. Cheston, cornically. "Everything is successful was were all so ton, cornically. "Everything is successful when it ends in a smile. We were all so glad that May could take part."

glad that May could take part."

"May, dear, I congratulate you," laughed Miss Rodney, looking up at Folly, perohed upon Gulliver, making a quaint contrast with the sober, sleepy old steed. A little later May came toward her as fast as Gulliver would condescend to walk.

"Oh, Miss Rodney, have you heard? Elsie has the driving-whip—it is the first prize for the carts, you know—and the judges have given me the first prize for the riders!" She held up a pretty little riding-whip. "But it isn't getting the prize that I'm gladdest about—it is that I could be in the parade. You were so dear to think in the parade. You were so dear to think of this funny costume—and it is so pretty, too—and to lend me things and to work so hard to lend me things and to work so hard to help me get ready. Gulliver and I are, oh, so much obliged to you !"

"I have my doubts about Gulliver,"
laughed Miss Rodney, patting the big horse, who was apparently going to sleep

from sheer boredo from sheer boredom.

"Well, he ought to be obliged, if he isn't," declared May. "People can make funny fun of him if they want to, but nobody can make ridiculous fun of him any more, for he has helped the orphans and has won a prize!"—By Eunice Ward.

When the clock has stopped you may have seen the wife or husband take it up and shake it to start it again. Sometimes they succeed. Some little clogging particle is removed by the shock and the clock starts again. But it does not go very long before it runs down. Another shock perhaps starts it, but the clock soon stops again, and presently has to be overhauled by the clock doctor. It's something the same way with the liver. It stops its useful and necessary offices, sometimes, and same way with the liver. It stops its useful and necessary offices, sometimes, and the man or woman affected tries to jar it into starting, with some powerful pill or potion. Perhaps they succeed. But the success does not last. The liver soon stops again, and finally they have to go to a doctor. The value of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in such cases, is that it carries off the ologging particles which interfere with the health of the body. It strengthens the liver, purifies the blood, and heals diseases of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition. There can be no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery."

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

-That the envious soul is never satoys — That the en

### THE ROAD TO LAUGHTERTOWN.

Oh, show me the road to Laughtertown, For I have lost the way! I wandered out the path one day.
When my heart was broken, my hair turn

Aud 1 can't remember how to play; I've quite forgotten how to be gay, it's all through sighing and weeping, they say Oh, show me the road to Laughtertown, For I have lost the way.

Would ye learn the road to Laughtertown Oh, ye who have lost the way? Would ye have heart though your hair be gray Go learn from a little child each day, Go serve his wants and play his play, And eatch the lilt of his laughter gay And follow his dancing feet as they stray, For he knows the road to Laughtertown, Oh, ye who have lost the way!

Katherine D. Blake

Bermuda's Wealth of Lilies. ward the stables to inform the parade that everybody was waiting.

Then the procession filed into view. First came the prancing bugler, followed by two of the older boys, also on horsebaok, whose soft hats turned up at the side with a green rosette, and short sticks attached to the waist by a green cord proclaimed them the marshals of the parade. Then came the children; and how the spectators did clap and exclaim and clap again!

The well-matched Shetland span, with white collars and fluffy manes and tails, drew their twin owners—who looked equally well-matched in their fluffy white dresses—in a low carriage that was a mass of white flowers. Barbara's village cart, overflowing with children, came next, rolling on flowery yellow wheels with its bask-Few people who see the multitude of lilies used on Easter Sunday in the adornplaced upon the altars of the churches on Easter, although the worshipers could look out through open doors and windows to whole fields white with lilies and to hedge-

rows showing a wealth of blossoms.

Many of the lilies used here have in former years come from Bermuda, the buds having been sent well packed in moss. When put in warm water, these bulbs will quickly open, and thus quantities of lilies are obtained with little trouble. Flowers raised in this country are grown from the bulbs. Even now, however, the greater number of the lilies seen in the churches of those cities which lie along the Atlantic Coast are shipped in bloom from the islands. The total area of the Bermudas is scarcely more than twenty-four squars miles, and yet because of the warm current passing by, things grow there to an aston-ishing extent. It is doubtful if anywhere else in the world there is another twentyfour square miles that produces balf so

Everything seems anxious to get out of the ground ahead of time. March has no sooner appeared on the calendar than the Bermuda hill slopes are covered with the richest green tones of spring time. While we in the North are suffering through the "winter of our discontent," the Bermuda planter looks forth, and feasts his eye over broad fields of blooming lilies. And a pretty picture they make. As far almost as the eye can see they stretch away like a sheet of pure alabaster, the surface of which sways lazily up and down in the breeze, wafting to you a perfume of heavy fragrance

at just the right moment these millions of flowers has been a costly one. Thousands of dollars and blasted blossoms beyond number have had to be sacrificed. Most of the responsibility, however, has to be shouldered nowadays by the grower in Bermuda, although the express companies must step up and settle if any unnecessary delay or any laok of proper care occurs while the flowers are in transit. In shipping their goods, the growers are called upon to carefully inspect each plant and bud, throwing out all those that are not in prime condition, and forwarding only the ones that are perfect in every respect.

Despite these precautionary measures there is still left more of the speculative element in the filly trade than in almost any other branch of business. Even the most experienced and skilled Bermuda planter will tell you that he has nursed his posies along this year exactly, so far as he knows, the same way he did last season, and yet against all explainable reasons they have refused to mature in time for the Easter trade, or have matured too soon. A few days one way or the other in bringing his lilies into condition means all the difference between profitable success and absolute failure with him. There are no half-way stages in his business. If his output is not ready at the very moment he wants it, he might as well have raised sourcerows in his fields as lilies.

Lily culture is third in importance in the list of Bermuda industries. For the most part only small patches are given over to their cultivation, such patches as would not work in handily for the other commodities. Surrounding them are walls of coral stone, as the owners do not take kindly to despoliation of their fields by visiting vandals. In these fields, which are virtually giant, ppen-air conservatories, the lily bulbs are planted in the months of July, August and september, so that different barvests will me along at different intervals during the next spring. The bulbs are set in rows six inches apart, each acre being counted upon to hold sixty thousand tubers. -- The

## Missed His Own Chance.

There once lived a woman who never There once lived a woman who never gave her bushaud a chance to say a word. The moment be opened his mouth she closed it with a torrent of words. It happened that he fell sick when his wife was out of town, and before she could get home death came and took him away.

"I would feel better about it," she is still saving between her sole. "if I could be the same and took him away. still saying between her sobs, "if I could have been with John when he died. There must have been some last words he wanted

And There Are Others, Like Onto

to say to me."

There was a man in our town who thought him He swore by all the fabled gods he'd never ad-

Alas, they advertised him soon, and thereby hangs a tale. His ad, was set in poppareil and hedged "Sheriff's Sale."

--- "Does he always speak the truth?"
"I guess not. All his friends praise his

-You miss a good thing if you don't take the WATCHMAN.

Legends of the Chinese Wall,

Before resuming our journey I asked the governor of the inn about the Long Wall. He made answer thus:

'Chin Shih Owang without doctrine compelled the people to build it. He walked his horse and examined the boundary. Afterward there was the bushand of the Meng Chiang woman. Because he was building the wall he was compelled to die in it. The Meng Chiang woman, weeping for her husband moved heaven and earth. The ten thousand li long wall, with one

The ten thousand li long wall, with one cry, was wept down."
In this village, untouched by civilization, ignorant of the camera, where a photograph of a beautiful young lady affrighted the beholders, many interesting legends about the wall were gathered. In brief some of them are as follows: Chin, borne triumphantly across the ampire on his horse of them are as follows: Chin, borne triumphantly across the empire on his horse of cloud, stamped thrice every li, and on each crushed spot sprang up a tower. Chin was a broken bad man. The wall was erected in one day, being 80,000 li long. It was ruined when one woman gave a scream, and it collapsed from the sea to Tibet. There were eighteen suns when Chin built; the men were kept working so long that grass had time to grow in the dust which lodged on their heads. The men worked so long that they fell asleep and woke up patriarohs.

Chin bad mammoth shovels that threw up a li of wall as a scoop; the men were twelve feet tall and broad in proportion; nowedays the men are small and could not build the wall. A god looked down from beaven and saw the people being thrown into the wall for not doing the work, so be came down and gave a thread to the workmen, who put it round their wrists to increase strength. When the king found out he took this magic thread and pleated it into a lash for a whip. With the magic

whip he could remove mountains or make Yellow River stop. \* \* \* Not far away we halted at a hamlet of four houses, known as the Water Cave

Here again we gathered a choice collection of local legends, showing many variants on a few themes of cruelty, love and magic. One is that the line of the wall was marked out not by Chin, but by Chin's White Magic Horse. A saddle was tied to its tail, and it was allowed to wander freely. Whither it strayed, the architect followed and pegged out the line for the builders. And to this day stand the abandoned forty it of wall to prove the story.—W. E. Geil, in Harper's Magazine.

## The First Atr-Ship

With the whole world watching th flights of the Wright Brothers, Zeppelin, Farman, and a host of other aeronauts, it is

Langley was the first to believe that a ma chine could, by purely mechanical means, resist gravitation, and without gas sustain an aerodrome above the ground. In connection with Prof. Langley's work another well known man was instrumental in fur-thering it. Through the efforts of Theodore Roosevelt, who, in 1898, was Assistant Sec-Roosevelt, who, in 1898, was Assistant Secretary of the Navy, the government voted fifty thousand dollars for Prof. Langley's experiments, conducted on the Potomac river, near the capital. These experiments proved a disappointment. The arcoplane flew for seventy feet and then fell, sinking of the Potomac Professor. Professor below the waves of the Potomac. Professor Laugley was so burt by the criticism that followed his exhibition, that he never did anything further with his invention, although he died secure in the belief that he was working along the right track and that he could have easily made his "craft" live up to his claims for it.

Today be is vindicated, and his machine, which for years has been neglected in an employees owed their jobs to competitive that a government clerk was the better for being fired before he grew a pig-tail in the service.

Then came the lamentable assassination of President Garfield by a disappointed office-seeker, and the country changed its mind. A civil service reform law was passed, and by 1884 almost fourteen thousand employees owed their jobs to competitude.

contrast to the ridicule and censure that was meted out to him only a few years ago.

pasture as usual. This pasture was near the edge of town. Of course, we saw nothing of her during the three days of fighting. Often one of us would say, 'I wonder what has become of the old cow.' The general opinion was that we had seen The general opinion was that we had seen the last of her. On the morning of the fourth day, father, my brother and I took a walk over the field to see if we could find any trace of her. We saw many terrible sights. Dead soldiers were lying around thick, dead horses, and many one skins and heads; from this last we soon came to the conclusion that our cow had been killed for food like the rest, so we gave her no.

up. As we were eating supper one evening week or more after the battle, we heard a familiar bellowing in the street. Everybody sprang from the table and rushed out. There stood our dear old cow looking as bappy as it is possible for a cow to look at being home again. We petted and bugged her in our pleasure at finding her alive, and soon had her in the stable in ber own familiar stall. Then we discovered that she had a bulllet-hole in her neck and one in her side. She was not severely burt, however, and both bullets came out eventually. We found out later that all the cows in that particular field had got out in some way the first day of the fight and had wandered off about ten miles from town, beyond the firing-line. After the they all found their way back to town."

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

### Poisonous Honey

Illness, and even death, are sometimes cauaed by eating natural honey, free from all adulterations. The writer is not aware that any fatal cases of poisoning have occurred in Europe. They are reported exclusively from America and Asia. Almost all cases are caused by the use of honey derived from the flowers of plants of the Alpine rose and heath families (Rhodoraseae and Ericaceoe) The matter is somewhat puzzling, because cases of severe poisoning are very rare. For example, the American cases, which are attributed to Kalmaia angustifolia and K. latifolia, are only two in number, although thes eplants are common in America. Even in Europe, illness is sometimes produced by eating honey. I have myself witnessed several mild cases, one of which appears to throw some light Illness, and even death, are sometime have myself witnessed several mild cases, one of which appears to throw some light upon the subject. Some children, who were watching their teacher cleaning honey-comb, asked him the nature of the dark and sorid paste with which some of the cells were filled. The teacher explained that this was bee bread. The children asked if it was fit to eat, and the teacher carelessly answered, "yes." The children ate the bee bread freely, despite its unpleasant taste, and all became extremely itl.

The reader doubtless knows that bees fill The reader doubtless knows that bees fill certain cells partly with pollen, which is necessary food for the development of the young bees, as it contains albumenoids, while honey contains only carbohydrates. This pollen is known as bee bread. It is usually stored in certain special groups of cells, which can be easily separated from the honey cells. Sometimes, however, the bee keeper, to his disgust, finds in the honeycomb, intermingled with the honey cells, many cells which contain pollen. Often the lower part of a cell is filled with pollen, and the upper part with honey. In the and the upper part with honey. In the case above cited, the poisoning was evidently due to the pollen, for persons who ate the honey from which the bee bread had been removed experienced no ill effects. I know, from personal experience, that the eating of honey comb which contains bee bread often produces unpleasant symptoms

bread often produces unpleasant symptoms and loss of appetite.

Several possibilities suggest themselves. The pollen may be naturally poisonous, for many pollen grains contain toxines, as was proved by Prof. Dunbar in his investigation of the cause of hay fever. It is possible, also, that the pollen stored in the cells may become decomposed and thus produce discounts. become decomposed, and thus produce dis-ease germs and poisonous substances. If the bees wish to preserve their stores of pollen, which are not usually protected by large additions of honey, they are obliged to add large quantities of a secretion con-taining formic acid, and it is not impossible that, in this operation, large doses of the alkaline poison of their stings may also

Farman, and a host of other aeronauts, it is interesting to turn back to a chapter in air navigation which has an almost tragic element in it. As long as twenty years ago, Professor Langley began, in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, his experiments to master the air. Like all those intrepid souls who dare to do what never has been done hefore, Prof. Langley, a man honored by the scientific bodies of Europe, was laughed at and harshly criticized for trying to do what Darius Green and so many others had tried to do and failed.

William Thaw, the father of Harry Thaw, William Thaw, the father of Harry Thaw, The work of the brood of the semi-domb, but is almost entirely extracted by gentrifugal separators, in which the semi-

Twenty five years ago, the civil service of the United States was a national dis-grace. To the victors belonged the spoils, and men were appointed to important offi-ces, not because of fitness, but for the bal-lot box stuffing and other political services. lieved that a government clerk was the bet-ter for being fired before he grew a pig-tail

up to his claims for it.

Today be is vindicated, and his machine, which for years has been neglected in an out of the way corner of the Smithsonian Institution, is regarded with serious consideration. Many view it scientifically, while many more, remembering its progenitor, regard it with a sentiment that is in sharp contrast to the ridicula and censure that itive examination. The law now works automatically, and with a final victory of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft over the jobgrabbers of the Senate and House, the census enumerators are now included in the

Albertus McCreary, who was a boy at Gettysburg when the great battle [was fought, contributes his recollections to the July number of McClure's Magazine. This is a specimen of what a boy remembers:

"We had an old cow that had been in the family for years, and the morning of the first day of the fight we had put her in pasture was near. This pasture was near arrive reform. servic reform.

# The Lady Policeman.

When Dr. Anna Howard Shaw recently proposed that the city of Minneapolis swear in a hundred women policemen, the Amer-ican continent broke into a broad grin. The spectacle of a hundred skirted and petti-oated "cops" rounding up a gang of bur-glars or gently conducting inebriated gen-tlemen on a Saturday night to the hospitable police station was too much for our sense of the ridioulous. Must the timid householder of the future, fearful of his silver, telephone for a brace of lady police-men, and the bruiser, who delights in do-ing up his fellow men, be kept in order by a delicate policeman in high-heeled slip-

And yet the idea is serious and wise. We should have women policemen, not on the beat, but in the stations, about the courts, beat, but in the stations, about the courts, and, if necessary, at the homes of men likely to commit orimes. We are learning something new about the oriminal, and we no longer regard him as a bad man, to start with, but rather as a young fellow without an education, or a training, or a chance. The man who holds you up on the public highway, or becomes attached to your watch in a crowd, may be a grown up ohild who never had a friendly word, and who was working in a factory when he should have been at play. Modern penologists agree that the average criminal is made, not born, and that what he needs is not the jail, which only makes him worse, but education and only makes him worse, but education and

inest, oranges, bananas and grape fruit, and pine apples, Seobler & Co.

That the sinner does not always bear will take the place of an educated, kindly, and motherly woman.