# Aemocratic Matchman

#### Bellefonte, Pa., March 4, 1910.

#### A BOY'S CALENDAR.

ate six caramels. Down on their knees in the schoolyard, marking a ring in the ground. Poising the prizes of battle each on its little

Breathing, for luck, on the shooter, playing by

time-honored laws. Silently eyeing the glassies and moving backremember?

West

She smiled.

Phoebe?

careers.

had once been like me themselves!

"Oh, far too general," I admitted. "I should not have made it," she went

Well, what do you think about it, Un-

dear, that they were like you once?

ward to taws; Slick'ries and cloudies and agates, all in a gorgeous array.

Shooters all nicked up with half-moons-April, and soon to be May.

Bringing up mud from the bottom, holding one arm up with pride.

Floating and diving 'way under, coming up on the far side:

Clothes on the bank quite forgotten, spring

board all slippery and wet, Cries from the door of the kitch right soon, but not yet.

Trousers and waists wet and muddy the woodpile so high.

Silence-and suspense-and supper-June, and along to July

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

me, Uncle Jimmy!" "And why not?" I asked. She laughed wickedly. the man in the box; Swish of the swift-wielded willow, thud of the

ball in the mitt. Cries from the bleachers, "Oh, Reddy! Bring in

that run with a hit!" Crack! Where the bat meets the

swells such a turbulent cheer, Reddy's the hero of Sandlots-

August quite near.

Nut stains and berry-brown fingers, freckle and stone bruise and tan My! How the time has flown from us since the

vacation began?

Oh, but the summer was splendid! Oh, but the June-time was glad!

Wish it could be that way alway cation we had?

Legs lagging on to the scl nor birdcall nor cheer-

Comes melancholy September, sorrowful end of the year!

-f. W. Foley.

### THE WICKEDNESS OF PHOEBE.

In the first place it should be understood that I am old enough to be Phoebe's father. I dandled her upon my knee when she wore bits of blue bows, one on each temple, to keep the elf-locks out of her eyes. Once, indeed, I held her by the heels and shook a button from her throat, though, womanlike, even at two and a half or thereabout, she turned her offended little back upon me, her preserv-er, as soon as I set her to rights again in her chair. Were I to rescue her now, grown up as she is,—were I to find her drowning, for example, and thereupon, as before, seize her incontinently by the heels and drag her back to the bank and life again,—would not the eternal woman in her rise, drenched, blurred, gasping, pulling at her skirts, and cry: "Wretch! pulling at her skirts, and cry:

How dare you! Go away! How dare you! Go away!" No; on second thought I feel that Phœbe would do otherwise. I believe that she would throw herself into my arms, so into any man's arms that seemed near and strong enough, with an "Oh, oh, oh, Whatever-your-name-is!" I believe this because I fond that I feel that lightedly, but would say no more. because I find that I must always think guess what Phœbe would do in a given instance. Her eyes were blue when she wore blue e times, to bows. They are gray now, and wide and brimming with such endless wonder that should have been ready for anything. Ah, brimming with such endless wonder that I rub my own, short-sighted as they are, to make out what in the world the dear child is looking at. You would think, to gaze at her, that something marvelous was happening, perhaps behind you, or in the air; whereas the vision, I fancy, is in her own fair soul. Or she sees, it may be, something in life that you and I used to see once but have forcenten Teady for anything. Ah, but you don't know Phœbe! "I tell you," said the broker's clerk, speaking to me privately as man to man, "we at an't half good enough for these dear innocents of ours. I would do any-thing in the world for Phœbe. I offered to give up smoking but she wouldn't let me." be, something in life that you and I used to see, once, but have forgotten. To Phoebe, this old earth is scarcely twenty. To have her glance fall and dwell upon you is to feel yourself part and parcel of her blessed springtime, the roseate airs of which enable her to gaze smilingly upon the wintriest things. Her cangdences are the suid this ruefully, as if he could im-agine no greater proof of a man's devo-tion than dashing amber and brierwood into a thousand pieces at his lady's feet. "She says she likes it," he went on rather less mournfully, I thought, as his pipe drew better. "She says that if she the sweetest flattery that I know of; they were a man, or some women even, she seem to make you—poor, harmless, mar-ried, gray-growing fellow that she deems you—an elder brother to all manner of would smoke herself." "Little devil, eh?" I murmured, for the brother to all manner of cub amuses me. I draw at him, sometimes, as he draws his brier. ',Oh," he assured me in some young, sunlit blossomings and dreams. She does not guess that in those eyes of hers I have read far more than she ever "she didn't mean anything by that, you tells me. I have descried in their mists know. Oh, no." ane shinings more, I swear, than her precious broker's clerk can find in them, I laughed. He is a nice, clean, gentle-manly fellow, Armstead is, and a college man. He is so impeccable—the very word! I have been waiting moons for it. and sninnings with all his rapt gazing. He is only with all his rapt gazing. He is only twenty-three. What, pray, do such cal-low youngsters know of their own love-stories? Whar kind of romance would *he* stories? Otherway 2 Some maudiin nonsense make of Phoebe? Some maudiin nonsense about violets or stars. I am not her Uncle Jimmy, but she calls me so. We are unrelated save by those early ties that I have mentioned, a kinship not of blood, but of our own sweet will, and of that propinquity which no mere garden-hedge like ours, however thorny, can divide. The lives next door. We all worship her—my wife, my chil-dren, and the stranger within our gates, I refer to that estimable young man, the brokers with us—till June. that Armstead himself would dote upon: impeccable —impeccable in the way he holds and fondles his brown pipe; impec-cable in his way of speaking only when he is quite confident that no indiscretion —no split infinitive, for example—will creep in unawares; no undue emotion, either, but just a little sly-dog epigram-matic observation now and then. To be impeccable in speech, or to do nothing, is, I believe, another axiom of his, and might lead one almost to infer that to be im-peccable in thought, or not think at all brokers with us—till June. She is not all eyes, their seeming pre-ferment among her charms being due to those little blue bows that I chanced to think of. She is, I confess a little lower than the angels and year user is not all eyes, their seeming pre-tion of the seeming the seeming the second secon than the angels, and yet, were it not for these fair, fresh, flower-like girls, how these fair, fresh, flower-like girls, how would men ever have dreamed of such heavenly things? Phoebe, in summer, for example, in her sprigged muslins, or whatever the fluffy things are, gives one the impression of a being that might float away upon the rosy bosom of a cloud, with a harp in her fingers. Not that the child isn't solid, you understand. She is, in fact, inclined to—that is to say, she is as plump as a partridge, an es-chews potatoes, milk, butter, sweets—all foods, indeed, that are conducive to— whatever it is that she seems to fear. The poor broker's clerk is at his wit's end to find favors for her, for she "only just is there left to lay at her feet but flowers, flowers, flowers from one years end to flowers, flowers from one years end to the other?-flowers and theatre-tickets, Phœbe was in town, shopping I be lieve, and met me at the statio neither of which, fortunately are consid-ered fattening. She will dance till midsix days out of every seven, I take the 5.45 express. We missed it, and by the night, and she walks the pale youth, Sun, days, to the fag-end of Jone's woodsexasperating tail-end of a minute, a thing which had not happened to me in months though he assures her, I have reason to believe, at every breathing-spot, that she is not as forbidding—not half as forbid-ding, I suppose the cub puts it—as she seems to think. Personally, a little round-ness is very attractive in mure used "Goody!" said Phoebe. "Goody!" I repeated. "There won't be another for an hour, young lady!" "All the better," she said. "Now, Un-cle Jimmy"—her eyes danced—"now, Uncle Jimmy, we can see *life!*" ness is very attractive in my eyes, and speaking artistically, you never saw love-lier lines in your life than Phœbe's. It is not the present, I suppose, but the future that alarms her; for aside from Well as I had known the girl, I almost

her mincing at table, there is not in her demeanor the slighest suggestion of self-dissatisfaction or regret. It is better so. broke that rule of mine. You remember: never, upon a charming occasion-"See w-what?" I demanded. "'Sh!" whispered Phœbe. "Come on, I am perfectly willing that she should be aware of the pink in her cheeks and the

"Sh? whispered Phoebe. "Come on, Uncle Jimmy; let's be real gay! Come on!"—her cheeks were flushed with—no! —anticipation!—"Come on, Uncle Jimmy. Stop laughing, and come on. You take me to dinner somewhere. Take me to dinner in one of those nice, sporty little French restaurants—you know—where you used to go before you were married. Come on." rich, brown hair in her tresses, for I have observed that a woman is never so pretty as when she knows it. On Easter, in her new spring suit, we all remarked that she "Oh, dear !" she said, "I never How could she, having so many other pleasanter things on her mind and back Come on.

"Look here," said I, "it strikes me that you are assuming a good deal, Phœbe." "Why," she replied, "I 'll pay for the dinner, Uncle Jimmy, if that 's what you

We live, you must know, in an old-fashioned town not far from the city. In earlier days, I infer, the young men went west, and the Phœbes whom they so thoughtlessly left behind them are still here, but have given up waiting for their return. On Barberry Lane there are five pairs of spinsters, and one sired are and mear

"You've been casting aspersions on my premarital existence, and I won't stand "Nonsense!" was her answer. "Do

pairs of spinsters, and one single spin-ster, who all love Phœbe, and so gently, so wistfully, in fact, that I think it troub-led her a little, musing of her own par-ticular future, till the broker's clerk solhurry, please, Uncle Jimmy, or we may not get a table, you know. Such places are apt to be crowded at the dinning-

emnly assured her that he would never any circumstances-save one-go Why, they look at me just as if they

Phœbe informed me. "And isn't it," I said, "just possible, my

answer, "I assume that you are a man, "What, the Misses Caraway ever like Uncle Jimmy." "True;" 1 replied meekly; "I am, Phœbe. But it has been so many years,

"What nice, proper girls they must have been!" she said. "And are you not a nice, proper girl,

"Oh, of course," she assured me; "but -now don't you go and ever tell any-body that I said it, Uncle Jimmy-cross your heart-but I simply adore wicked-"You 'll have to hurry," she said tap-

ping her foot, "or the fun will be over." "There used to be a place," I began reflectively.

"What was the name of it?"

It is a rule of mine never, upon a "That 's what I 'm trying to think Phœbe.'

charming occasion, to appear astounded. A little delicate surprise at the unexpec-ted is at times permissible; but if the "Oh, you old slow-poke!" she exclaimed, half-laughing, half-frowning at me. "Was it the Blue Rabbit?" confession is a woman's, astonishment is inhuman, monstrous. Besides, it fright ens the dear bird away. "So you adore wickedness?" I repeated "No, it was n't ths Blue Rabbit."

She caught my arm. "Do be careful where you take me, won't you? I only wanted to see a little -but you will be careful, won't you?gravely, after a long, tranquilizing pull at

my cigar. "In other people, Uncle Jimmy." "Oh, of course, "Other people, of course. Surely. Still, you do adore it?" "Well—" She hesitated. "Of course, won't you, Uncle Jimmy?" "Of course," I said. "I wouldn't like to be the means of getting you arrested,

Uncle Jimmy, that is not a statement "Oh, don't, Uncle Jimmy! Why, you 'll

which one-one would want to get out." scare the life out of me, if you go on using such dreadful language." "Well," I said, mollified by the apparent "Oh, no, of course not." "It's a little too—don't you know?—too general, Uncle Jimmy."

success of my rebuke, and by what I was inclined to consider a rather skilfully virtuous conduct of a-a delicate situa-

tion, "I do know a place, Phœbe." "Oh, do you, Uncle Jimmy?" She seemed rather astonished, I thought, and relieved.

on, "if I had not have made it," she went on, "if I had not known, of course, that you would understand. You always do." "That's very kind of you, Phœbe," I replied; "very trustful of you, I'm sure." "It is not all men that I would trust "It is not all men that I would trust so," she assured me. "Heavens, no!" I should hope not," I replied. "Now, you seem to think," I went on speculatively, "that the Misses Caraway, for example, did *not* adore wickedness at an early period in their

"Yes," I assured her; "and it is called or used to be—is still, I think—that is, if I remember correctly-"Called what Uncle Jimmy?"

"The-the Gay Paree, I believe." "Don't you know, Uncle Jimmy?" "Yes, I-I believe that I know it is call-

ed the Gay Paree."

"It sounds promising, does n't it?" she replied. "Let's go. Come on. How do

we get there?" "This car," I explained, helping her

into it, "will take us to the very door. "Side door?" she whispered. "No, front," I replied.

"Front did you say, Jimmy?" There

"Astonished!" I repeated. "Astonished! at what? Astonished at whom? "At you, Uncle Jimmy." "At me!"

'At you! To think-Her lip quivered. It did positively. "To think that you would *dare* even to offer to take me such a place!" But, my dear child, I understood-

"You understood nothing--nothing." "But the place is perfectly respectable," I protested, "only, as I explained to you, ioke-' There is no joke, I assure you, Uncle

limmy. This may be humonous to you,

me the truth of it.

me, I don't see-"Of course you don't see. Of course you don't see. When does a man ever

"Well, I guess you 're right there," I replied gloomily.

"I oh, mercy, no! What do I know about such dreadful places!" "You seem to think that I do," I re-torted as indignantly as possible. "Well," was her calm, even scornful anguer "I assume that the few other passengers might not observe her source for the tract the few other passengers might not observe her swotch of the subsection of the subsection "I traction of the subsection of the subsection of the subsection "I traction of the subsection of the subsection of the subsection "I traction of the subsection of t

Uncle Jimmy." "True," I replied meekly; "I am, Phoebe. But it has been so many years, you know, since—" "Nonsense!" she interposed. "You talk like Methusalah." "Really," I assured her "I 'm trying to think." "You 'll have to hurry" che said trop a part of it, you know-to other peo-

> "Can't you?" It was a meek little "Can't you?" "I 'm afraid—oh, I 'm afraid I 've been cross,

Uncle Jimmy." "Not a bit of it," I essured her. "You 're hungry, that 's all. We 'll get a bite done here opposite the station, at the Pelham, before the train goes. Oh, it's perfectly respectable—perfectly, I assure you. There is no life there—none whatare under way again.

ever, my dear Phœbe." "Sure, Uncle Jimmy?" "Sure pop." And seated in the Pelham, her famish-

ed spirits revived most charmingly. "You 're sure you don't think any the less of me, Uncle Jmmy? "Oh, my dear!

"Or that I 'm foolish?" 'My dear child! "Promise me," she said-"promise me,

Uncle Jimmy, faithfully-cross your heart and hope to die--that you 'll never, never, mention our-escapade!"-By Roy Rolfe Gibson, in *Century Magazine*.

## A Hymn that Sung Itself.

Darkly rose the guilty morning.

Raged the fierce Jerusalem:

The thorn-plaited diadem

In the sad Gethsemane

For our sins, of glory emptied,

He was slain on Calvary;

In our wealth and tribulation.

He was fasting, lone, and tempted,

Yet He for His murderers pleaded;

Lord, by us that prayer is needed.

By Thy precious cross and passion, By Thy blood and agony,

By Thy glorious resurrection, By Thy Holy Ghost's protection,

Make us thine eternal

We have pierced, yet trust in Thee.

When the King of glory scorning.

See the Christ, His cross uplifting.

See Him stricken, spit on, wearing

Slew Him on the cursed tree;

Not the crowd whose cries assailed Him

Nor lhe hands that rudely nailed Him,

Ours the sins from heaven that called him

Ours the sin whose burden galled Him

An interesting story of how Dudley Buck was seized by the divine power of a hymn, and produced fitting music for its one and only performance, is told in The Westminister. The relator of the incident is the Rev. George B. Spalding, who was a pastor in Hartford, Conn., in the early days of Dudley Buck's career there as an organist. In Dr. Spalding's church was "a most notable group of singing men and women," and "he was their master, their very soul, and ours also." The writer will surely come. 2. Two or three slices of lemon in a calls this "an instance of his surpassing genius," and writes:

3. A teaspoonful of lemon juice in a "From my study window I heard the organ as Buck was practicing in the small (black) cup of coffee will relieve a idache.

## FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Chinese Wax-Farming.

known to Western science, has many

One of the less-known industries of China is wax-farming. A certain tiny in-sect is cultivated with great skill by the Chinese of a certain district, because of the fine white wax which it produces. This little insect, which is hardly yet DAILY THOUGHT. Twilight and evening bell. And after that the dark!

And may there be no sadness of farewell When I embark

The newest coiffure is flat in front and piled heavily over the ears. It is called the Brittany.

Baked Milk .- Put the milk in a jar, covering the opening with white paper, and bake in a moderate oven until thick as cream. May be taken by the most delifirst part of its existence. In May it is cate stomach.

time to remove the colonies of wax-work-ers to the lower altitude of Szechwan province, where is found another tree, feeding upon which the insect makes its Maple Cream .- Take one cup of maple sugar, one and a half cups of butter and half a cup of cream and boil together wax. This removal is one of the most pic-turesque features of the industry. Thou-sands of porters are enveloped in it. The sands of porters are enveloped in it. The

colonies of insects removed from the trees are wrapped in leaves of the wood-oil tree. Packed carefully in baskets, they George Bernard Shaw on American Women.-The formation of a young lady's mind and character usually consists in telling her lies. A lady who is invariably exceedingly

disagreeable is in consequence held to exceedingly good.

The ordinary woman's business is to get married.

No longer do a ring, a thimble, and a piece of money answer for a fortune-telling cake for girls. No, indeed! The day is long past when marriage, spinster-hood, and rich inheritance were the only careers open to our sex. A twentiethfrom their shoulders, the porters run in weird procession at their top speed from century cake must have a tiny glass bot-dark till daylight. Clad almost invari-ably in rain-proof straw, they carry pic-turesque lanterns which swing as they run, throwing the fantastic shadows of the ingenuity of the hostess may devise.

shade for their burdens, prepare their meals, and go to sleep. At nightfall they are under mer being so to sleep. At nightfall they At daybreak the men find some dense new petticoat is in two sections, the up-At the farms where the wax is to be formed the leaves containing insects are tind to the limbs of trace where the heat

At the farms where the formed the leaves containing insects are tied to the limbs of trees, where the heat of the sun develops them. Crawling out the males proceed to form cocoons and these are the source of the way. In a short time the entire tree is covered with the shining white, so that, but for the heat, one would believe the tree was hid-iden in frost. This white covering is some-iden in frost. This white covering is some-iden in frost. This white cover most

and from it are made candles for the household, objects for the temples, ahe many other things, and an annual tribute of the best quality is sent to the royal More and more the neck is loosed from the long time thraldom of stiff bindin collars and boned tortures. With th of the best quality is sent to the royal family at Peking. The Useful Lemon. I helped two sufferers from rheumatism in back and leg to regain good health by this formula: Collars and boned tortures. With the head sunken inside deep toques, or with the outlines of the shoulders hidden under wide brims, the cult of "line" demands the elongation of the figure by baring the throat. The fancy quite accepted, it is no uncommon thing to see in fashionable tea rooms, at five o'clock, where with neak near one of the timeter (as here) women, with neck piece and coat thrown

1. Put into a cup of hot water (as hot as a person can drink) the juice of a back, showing throats uncovered an inch whole lemon; also a teaspoonful of Ep- or two, sometimes more, below the base whole temon; also a teaspoontul of Ep-som salts, and drink that the first thing in the morning, when the stomach is emp-ty. Keep up with the same, and relief will surely come.

The soft hair covers the temples, the ears, cup of tea (no milk) will cure a nervous headache.

> For the Linen Weddi tieth anniversary. All the decorations should be pure white with a touch of blue for flax Use blue Canton or Japanese china with your finest linen dollies. Beautiful blue linen dollies may be pur chased at any of the Chinese shops. The spinning wheel should be con-spicuous in the decoration scheme. If there is an heir-loom it should be given a prominent place in the room It may also be successfully inscribed at the top of the invitations. Lay a sprig of forget-me-nots at each place and serve the ice cream in blue Chicken salad with hot wafers, stuffed olives and coffee are sufficient for the first course. Cake and cream may very properly form the second course. The Correct Luncheon .- If it is a formal affair, the invitations are sent out 10 days In writing the notes the third person may be used, although the first is prefer-

known to Western science, has many pe-culiarities, one of which is that, for the successful production of wax, two stages of its life must be passed in very differ-ent regions. The earlier stage, in which the females develop until almost ready to deposit their eggs, is in the Chien-chang Valley in the western part of China, where grows on tree at an altitude of five them anner, Uncle Jimmy, if that 's what you ean." "You should not have told me the truth of it. You should not have *dared* to tell grows on tree at an altitude of five thous-and feet, on which the insect passes the "But," said I, "Phœbe, for the life of

nderstand a woman?"

"Such places," I repeated vaguely— "well—er—what—which—have you any special one in mind?" "You were perfectly willing," Phœbe went on, speaking low but tensely, and looking straight before her that the few

emotion—"perfectly willing to expose a young girl—" She swallowed hard—" "It was your own proposition. Phœbe." "Why, it was n't either! I told you that I wanted to see life. I did n't say—" She swallowed hard again, and tears actually

r from this converwas, I fancied, a "Front," I assurred her. "Oh, it 's all

quite open and aboveboard at the Gay Paree. You may rest easy." "And do they have little stalls with

curtains, Uncle Jimmy? "Gracioue, no!" I said, my rule, as I have remarked before, being shattered utterly. "What in the world would they want curtains for in a public cafe?" "That 's so," she replied. "It never occurred to me. But they serve wine ginning to the close. He had never be-fore met with it. Not many of your read-ers have ever seen it. It runs thus: there

"Wine? Oh, yes—wine. Lots of wine. Two colors. And soup—beautiful soup— very nourishing—natural-history soup." "Natural-history soup!"

"Yet. Contains specimens of all the flora and fauna of the Eastern States." "It does!"

"You 'll see."

"And does it-does it taste nice, Uncle Jimmy?

"De-licious! It's a bowlful of educa-

"And do they have music, too?" Music? Oh, yes-music: three fiddles

and a jigamaree." "A w-what, Uncle Jimmy?"

"Why, a piano-thingamabob that you play with drumsticks." "How interesting!" she cried. "And everybody sits around little tables—" "Yes; oh, yes. Everybody sits, close up, around little tables, you know—" "Use that idul!" murgured Phene "Is n't that jolly!" murmured Phœbe.

"And watches—" "Exactly!" I assured her. "Everybody

watches everybody else, you know, and thinks how awfully wicked everybody

else must be." "They do" said Phœbe.

"Why, of course. That 's what they go

"Add will they think me wicked, Uncle Jimmy!'

"As Buck read on, his face gathered into a very agony. The tears rained down upon the book. Neither of us spoke for a time. There is no tune,' I said, 'for such a hymn.' 'No,' he replied, 'but I will have one.' 'And the choir?' I asked. 'They will be all ready,' he answered. "The Sunday morning came. The holy sacrament was observed. Then I read the hymn slowly to the congregation. The Jimmy!" "Sure," I replied. "They 'll look over at you and me, laughing and drinking wine, and some nice, respectable person out seeing life, you know, will say, 'Now just look over there.' And if the nice person is a men he "law" there took at the hymn slowly to the congregation. The first breath of the great organ under its master's touch was like the prelude of an person is a man, he'll say, 'Just look at that old fellow over there running away with that pretty, young, innocent thing!" But if the nice person is a woman, *sha* 'll awful tragedy, and as the choir caught the hymn inspired by the full meaning of every word, the whole scene of the fierce Jerusalem, and the sad Gethsemane, and

say, 'Just look at that shameless little

"Uncle Jimmy!" "Eh?"

"Uncle Jimmy, I want you to stop this

"What?"

where

"Missed it, confound it!" I exclaimed

"I want you to stop this dreadful car, of God. If ever pastor and people Nou

"But what fore?"

"I want to get out. I want to get out

right here."

"But, my dear Phœbe-

"'Sh! Not so loud. Somebody 'll hear you. Conductor! the next corner, please. Uncle Jimmy, we 're going strright

"But, my dear Phoebe

"Don't be silly. I 'm not your dear Phœbe. Come. There 's a car going back. We 'll catch it if we hurry."

It was not, however, until we were seated again in the other car that I could induce her to listen to my remonstrance. "But why," I asked, "this sudden alternation of our plans, Phoebe?" "I'm astonished. Use to ""

"I 'm astonished, Uncle Jimmy."

church just across the street. I went in 4. A teaspoonful of lemon juice or the half of a lemon squeezed into a cup of hot for the purpose of getting his choice of music for a hymn which I wished sung water in the morning is an excellent liver on the next day, at which there was to be the sacramently service. The hymn was set to no tune in the book. It had stircorrective.

5. Lemon juice in plain water makes red me greatly as I came upon it in my a cleansing tooth wash, not only removpreparation for the Sunday. I handed it to the organist; I watched his face as he read it over. Its tremendous dramatic power seized and held him from the being the tartar, but sweetening the breath. 5. A lotion of lemon juice and rosewater will remove tan and whiten the skin.

Lemon juice with olive oil is far 7. superior to vinegar for salad dressing; equal parts for blending. 8. Lemon juice with loaf sugar is good

of a tree. It is scraped off and refined.

for hoarseness 9. Outward applications of the juice

allay irritation caused by insect bites. 10. An old-fashioned remedy for croup is honey, alum and lemon juice.

11. Tough meat may be made tender by adding a teaspoonful of lemon juice to the water in which it is boiled. 12. A refreshing drink is made by ad-ding a freshly beaten egg into a glass of lemonade. It is delicious.

NICHOLAS G., Chicago,

#### Olive Trees Centuries Old.

The longevity of forest trees has been discussed frequently by scientists, but only in rare instances have cases been cited as examples of extraordinarily long life among cultivated fruit trees. How-ever, from Syria comes stories of olivetrees that are centuries old, and these ages are established without any ques-

There is in existence a trust deed that was issued 499 years ago and relates to an orchard of 490 olive-trees located near and 1:30 o'clock. Tripoli, Syria. At the present day these trees still bear fruit of an excellent quality and in abundance, though the trunks and branches are gnarled and carry the marks of age. There is every reason to believe, however, that their productive-ness may continue for many more years eons, such functions being limited mostly believe, however, that their productiveto come

The fruit-growers of Syria are recognizing the value of their orchards and much new planting is being done. A sin-gle block of 300,000 olive-trees was set gie block of 300,000 olive-trees was set out recently near Beirut, one of the cen-tres of the industry. Formerly the na-tives were satisfied with one crop of fruit every three years, and believed that to be all the trees could produce, but the intro-duction of European methods of culture have made the groves yield handsomely the cruel Calvary burst upon the great congregation, filling them with the clos-ing stanza, organ and choir surged into have made the groves yield handsomely every season. The old practice of thrash-ing the fruit from the branches probably one wailing cry of penitence and besecch-ing, as the sobbing, pleading voice of the soprano soared upward and still upward, was the cause of the intermittent crops

breaking at last as against the very throne The people who harvest the olives and prepare the oil do not receive regular syrian custom. The pickers are given five per cent. of the actual fruit gathered, while the grinders receive ten per cent. of the olives ground.

The invitation should be answered at once, the answer in the same form as the invitation.

Guests may be invited to a smaller more informal luncheon by word of mouth, although notes are better, as they serve to remind busy or forgetful people of the date, time, etc.

A week before the affair is a sufficient time for the invitation.

The correct hours for the affair are 1

The formal luncheon bears a close resemblance to a dinner, except for the hour and the fact that the dishes are slightly less substantial in character. Although there is nothing to prevent it,

to women.

Wooden Wedding.—For your wooden wedding decorate the rooms with daffodils and shavings. Light your house with candles only, and have wooden candle-sticks if you can get enough of them for the purpose. For entertainment have the gentlemen dese clother ain data gentlemen dress clothes pin dolls, supply-ing each one with the required materiel. The ladies can whitle different pieces of doll furniture for the dolls. Can you not have some one come in and give a clog dance in wooden shoes?

dance in wooden shoes? Have a supply of moist kindergarten clay and distribute subjects to each pair of guests for sculpture. Supply them with a pair of wooden paddles, such as are used for making butter balls, and wooden toothpicks. The subjects may be historical or pure fiction. They may be taken from the titles of books, from the names of nictures or from the scene

—"I just have heard of the arrival of the third child in the Jones family," remarked the woman. "The announcement of the first born was made by beautifully engraved cards tied with tiny white ribbon, the second was by telegraph, and this third one, though a much wished for boy, was made merely by a postal card."
—"How did Harkins act when heard he had triplets in his family?"
"He could hardly believe his own census."
—Our wealth is often a snare to ourselves and always a temptation to others."
be taken from the titles of books, from the names of pictures, or from the pieces of old and new sculpture. The sculptors must not touch the clay with their fingers, but must do everything with the wooden padles and toothpicks. Serve the refreshments in wooden bowls and upon wooden plates, with paper napkins. Having chicken patties; pickle sandwiches; endive salad; ices and little cakes; coffee and punch. If you do not wish to have the refreshments quite so elaborate, you can omit the salad. The invitations may be sent out either on birch bark or on little pieces of wood. You can get envelopes made of paper initiating birch bark to enclose them.

sition of that music. He promised

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and prayed and won forgiveness, it was and prayed and won forgiveness, it was then and there. We were transported and transfigured under the power of music which is sovereign when out of its soul it pours itself into the souls of hear-"Then it is that music is neither science

eternity begins. "I asked Buck, as others did, for the

worshiped, if ever human souls con

nor art, but a spirit which is the breath of the Almighty. Then it is that heaven moves down into the souls of men and