Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., May 27, 1910.

AS A LITTLE CHILD.

As a little child they are leading him,
For his hair is white and his eyes are dim;
As a little child he is whispering low
To the phantom friends of long ago;
As a little child he is wondering back
In fancy over the golden track;
In the years that were and the days that fled
He is dreaming the dream of the dreamless dead!

As a little child they must humor him,
When the hair is white and the eyes are dim.
Ah, do not jeer at his peevish ways
That try one's patience through dreary days—
He's living over the life that he knew
In boyhood's valley of gold and blue;
As a little child on a mother's breast,
His heart is weary; he wants to rest!

As a little child he must have his way,
In thought of youth and his dream of play;
He has forgotten his time and place
And lives in the joy of an olden grace;
As a little child in the childheart spell
He hears the chime of the fairy bell.
And thinks he is young as a boy again
In the rosy weather and country lane!

As a little child with his hand in theirs
They lead him forth as his fancy fares;
His hair is white and his form is bent,
And his voice is soft as a sacrament
When he calls the names that are on the tomb
As if they were sweet in the living bloom;
He has forgotten, he does not know
He isn't a child in the long ago!

Second childhood they call it: Yea!
Old heart grown young in the dream of play.
Feeble footstep and palsied hand
Are lost in the vision of childhood land!
He hardly sees and he seldom hears,
But even the voices of vanished years
Are singing sweet as they sang of old
In the gates of youth and the fields of gold!

As a little child he is roming now
With friends who slumber beneath the bough;
He calls their names and he hears them laugh
And he talks to them in his childhood chaff—
So sweet, so good, that he does not know
They are dust of bloom where the roses grow,
And only the shadows of life are there
In the violet vales and the country air.

Worn and weary and weak and old,
He is wandering back to the days of gold.
He thinks he is holding the little hand
He held in that morning of Other Land;
He thinks he is wading the little stream
Of silver ripple and golden gleam—
With hair grown white and with eyes grown dim,
As a little child they are leading him!

—*Baltimore Sun.*

JACKSON'S RACE FOR THE YELLOWSTONE.

In those days—it was the year 1840—whiskey was the great factor in the Indian trade, in spite of the Act passed by Congress making its use, or even its importation into the Indian country, illegal. In one way or another it was smuggled past the inspectors to the various posts, where it was doled out to the trappers, red or white, at fabulous prices.

Silas Jackson was a fur-trapper of the better sort. He never touched liquor or spent his earnings in any of the many ways which kept his associates penniless, if not in debt. He was ambitious and frugal, and he carried in his mind a picture of a "blue grass" farm in a certain Kentucky county, where some day he meant to raise blooded horses and to go to church on a Sunday in blue broadcloth with silver buttons.

Since he lived straight, he was a man of vigor, and the swallow-tailed kite was not much keener of sight. The other trappers called him lucky because he went and came without losing a pelt or a pack, and had never had a brush with the Indians. It was not luck, however, that served him so well, but sound judgment, clear eyes and an unimpaired body.

Even when the Blackfeet, a hostile enough tribe when they were supposed to be at peace with the whites, openly waved the hatchet, Jackson managed to cross the country twice without being seen. On the third time however, as he was returning from Fort Union for the spring trapping, an incident happened which had an important bearing on the most thrilling adventure of his life.

He was in a region thickly studded with buttes. Three or four thin columns of smoke had warned him that there were Blackfeet near, so he traveled with the greatest caution. He stepped so noiselessly that he almost ran into a Blackfoot scout, who was stretched on the ground at the foot of a tall, streaked butte, drinking from a tiny spring-hole.

The Indian had not heard him. He lay drinking greedily, with his bow by his side, completely at Jackson's mercy. The trapper stood motionless, thinking hard. He knew that ninety-nine men out of a hundred would have killed the Blackfoot as he lay. The relentless ethics of Indian warfare did not recognize indecision or compassion. It was a case of kill or fly at sight on both sides, and it was too late for Jackson to fly.

Somehow he could not bring himself to slay the scout in cold blood, well as he knew the Indian would not have hesitated to shoot him in the back if the chance had offered. But it was necessary to insure his own safety in some way.

So, drawing a full breath, he suddenly sprang upon the prostrate figure, and seizing the Blackfoot's right arm, drew it forcibly backward. At the same time he struck him a powerful blow in the neck.

The Blackfoot let out a cry that was smothered by the water at his lips. The breath was knocked out of him by the force with which Jackson's knees landed in the small of his back, and the violent blow on his neck further dazed him. Probably he did not know at first what had attacked him, whether it was a man or some wild animal; but he was not long in doubt. Rallying his scattered senses, he began to heave and struggle frantically; but Jackson was much more the powerful of the two, and he had the frightened Indian at a disadvantage, besides. In a few minutes he had the scout's hands drawn behind his back and bound with a spare bowstring from his own quiver.

Then Jackson let him up, and the two faced each other, panting. Although his legs were free, the Blackfoot made no attempt to run away. His respect for the trapper's long rifle kept him motionless, but he glared through his war-paint at Jackson, ready to meet death as became a Blackfoot warrior.

Jackson guessed his thought and shook his head.

"No," he said, in the other's tongue, "I'm not going to kill you. Perhaps I'm a fool, but trapping beaver and not shooting people is my business. You let me alone and I'll let you alone. Understand?"

The Blackfoot apparently could not. That this solitary white man should show mercy to a scout in the enemy's country seemed against all the rules of warfare and common sense. It was some trick. His eye gleamed scornfully.

Jackson walked up to him and put a finger on his bare chest.

"I'm not going to kill you," he repeated, "or any of your people—if you let me alone. I'm going way off, out of your country." He pointed toward the north. "Will you let me go?"

The Blackfoot stared at him, and the grim lines in his face gradually relaxed.

"You go!" he grunted.

"All right," said Jackson. "I'll trust to the word of a chief," and he walked away without a backward look.

He had plenty of backward-flying thoughts, however. Would the Blackfoot repay good with evil? How near was the band for which he had been scouting? Would they be down on his trail the next day? Worried by these thoughts, Jackson travelled fast all that night, and spent the next day hidden in a cup-like hollow on the summit of a small butte, a position which, defended by his long rifle, would have cost the Blackfeet dear to take.

No Indians came in sight, and the following night Jackson took up the trail again with new courage. He did not change his mode of travelling, however, until he had put sixty miles behind him. A few more days saw him out of the Blackfoot territory and in a comparatively safe country.

When spring was over and the pelts had begun to grow poor, Jackson began his long march back to Fort Union. His pack of prime beaver made him especially anxious to avoid an encounter with the Blackfeet, but in spite of every precaution, he met a band of them just as he had begun to think the danger was past.

Fortunately the Blackfeet were not mounted. They were a canoeing party that had stopped to rest and eat in the shade of a bluff on the Yellowstone River. Jackson and the scout posted on top of the bank saw each other at the same instant, and the trapper halted just long enough to make sure that the odds against him were too big to warrant any show of resistance. Then he took to his heels, running, quartering away from the river.

The Blackfeet, fifteen strong, burst through the buffalo bushes that edged the bluff, and swept after him, howling like wolves.

Jackson knew himself well enough to be sure that no matter how swift the Blackfeet, he could make a stern chase a long one. He had never met a trapper who could outrun him, and he entered many a foot-race during the wild spring and fall gatherings at the fort. So, instead of breaking into a frantic pace at the outset, he settled down to a long, calculated stride that could eat up distance without greatly tiring him. He knew that he would have to run with his head as well as his feet.

The Indians, on the contrary, came on at first at full speed, hoping to run the trapper down with a few hundred yards. To frighten him into breaking his stride, they let out volleys of whoops and discharged a number of arrows as they ran, but naturally their aim was poor, and presently they began to save both their breath and their weapons. They saw that they had no timid greenhorn to deal with.

The ground was good for running, with only an occasional low, wave-like swell to break its level. The summer sun had burned the short grass so that it was like a wiry mat underfoot. But racing for one's life is different from doing it for sport. Fear will lend one wings for awhile, but it is a great destroyer of wind and judgment.

At the end of the first hundred yards Jackson was forced to drop his precious pack. Soon after that he threw away his rifle and his deer-skin jacket.

The prairie ahead of him was as smooth as a floor. Jackson could see no ravine or butte to give him a moment of refuge. He looked back over his shoulder. The Blackfeet were strung out in a line behind him, some evidently out classed, but half a dozen were running strongly, and had speed to spare. It was apparent that they were confident of their ability to tire him out.

Now the real race began. With his hands clenched and head back, Jackson gradually increased his speed. The grass spun under his feet, and where it was long, parted with a swish, tearing sound against his ankles. Ahead of him, suddenly, a prairie dog popped into his burrow; then he saw a number of little tails whisk out of sight, and his heart swelled with fear.

A stumble would mean his death-warrant, but he did not dare to make a detour and round the "town." It was too wide.

He dashed into it. The prairie ground roughen under his feet, and swaying unsteadily as he ran over the little mounds. The sweat of fright poured down his lean brown face, and at every step his muscles cringed lest his foot should strike one of the burrows.

The "town" was a quarter of a mile wide, and Jackson was jarred and alarmingly fatigued when he struck smooth ground again.

A backward look showed him that some of the Blackfeet were out of the race, but that those in the lead were nearer to him than before. The leading Indian halted at that instant, and discharged an arrow, which sang over Jackson's shoulder, but it was almost spent. At least he was practically out of range.

He began to fear, however, that he was losing ground at every stride. His strength, too, was going. There was a pain like that of a knife-thrust under his ribs and his lungs were hot and seared. The buoyancy of his body had gone. Every step jarred him and racked his aching head. A light, salty foam gathered on his lips, yet his mouth was burning dry.

There was no refuge on the mercilessly bare prairie, and desperately he changed his course toward the Yellowstone. If he could reach it, he was resolved to drown himself rather than fall into the hands of the Blackfeet. But could he reach it? His eyes were so glazed and congested that he could not distinguish the buffalo bushes along the bank; but he knew in which direction the river lay, and he toiled, sobbing for breath, his nose clogged with trickling blood.

He was swaying like a drunken man when he felt the stiff bushes around his knees. Beneath him rolled the brown river dimpled by the breeze, and sucking and swirling round a great jam of driftwood wedged between a sand-bar and the shore.

Jackson fell headlong down the sloping bank, his face striking among the wet stones.

The chill of the water revived him. He scrambled forward on his hands and knees into the river. The jam offered him a last haven, and fortunately the water did not reach above his waist. He was too spent to swim a stroke, but staggering and slipping, he managed to wade the gap, and crawl under the jumbled mass of timber like a wounded muskrat.

Stooping so that only his head was above water, he wormed his way toward the heart of the jam just as the leading Blackfoot leaped down the bank. For a few moments they stood there, talking in low tones; then Jackson heard the water ripple and splash as they waded out toward the jam.

Soon they were joined by others and the whole band began to walk round and over the mass of interlaced timbers, thrusting down a log here, and lifting others, and peering through the interstices. Sick with dread, Jackson crouched up to his neck in the water, waiting for the discovery he felt sure must come.

Suddenly the light that filtered down from above was cut off. Jackson was too firmly wedged in to move anything but his head. He looked up and met the gaze of a Blackfoot across whose face a savage look of triumph and whose parted lips seemed about to utter a parting whoop. But instead he glared silently at Jackson, and a conflicting series of expressions passed across his face. Then, as noiselessly as he had come, he glided away.

It was the Blackfoot Jackson had captured and set free that spring. The recognition was mutual, but Jackson hardly dared to hope for the same mercy that he had shown the warrior. In an agony of apprehension he waited and listened.

By and by he heard voices and could even distinguish a few words. Some one was saying that the river must have drunk up the white man.

To this the others apparently agreed. There was a short parley, followed by the sound of bodies moving through the water, and then silence except for the light lapping of the current against the jam.

Still Jackson did not dare to move. For an hour he listened fearfully; but only the natural noises of the river were to be heard. Unable to stand the chill of the water any longer, he worked his way to the edge of the jam and looked out. The bank was deserted, and wading ashore, he climbed the little bluff. The Blackfeet had disappeared.—*The Youth's Companion.*

The Press of Japan.

Japanese newspapers are now, in essential respects, like those of America and Europe. They have staffs of editors, reporters, and correspondents, and are the organs of parties and interests. They publish illustration, and pride themselves on promptness, enterprise, and accuracy. They are, however, a new thing, comparatively speaking. The first Japanese newspaper was established in 1863, and for a long time that and its successors were small and primitive affairs. In those days the early "morning papers" were printed about noon, and the carriers took all the afternoon to deliver them. Today, too, the newspaper carriers did not run off unceremoniously after throwing the paper at the door, but often stepped round to the kitchen to leave the paper and take a cup of tea.

In 1874 a certain newspaper met with such unexpected success that enough boys could not be found to deliver the greatly increased edition. To meet this emergency, all the members of the staff were put to delivering. Conspicuous among them was the treasurer, who turned out in full official uniform, with two swords, carrying two hundred copies of the paper in his sleeves for delivery!

Advertisements were deemed rather a nuisance in those days, as interrupting the strict business of the paper. Publishers declined to receive them unless they were handed in a week beforehand and paid for in advance. They have now recovered from their scruples in this respect.

The names of Japanese newspapers generally end in the word shimbun, which means news. The paper of the largest circulation, for instance, is the *Nichi-Nichi-shimbun*, which means *Daily News*, while the *Bankokushimbun* is the *International News*, and the *Shimbunzasshi* is the *News Miscellanies.*

Henry Clay and Lew Wallace.

A really remarkable description of the appearance of Henry Clay is given by Lew Wallace in his autobiography. Wallace was a young man when he saw Clay, but the impression that the great orator made remained vivid and ineradicable:

"Mr. Clay was of a personality once seen never to be forgotten. Tall, slender, graceful, he had besides the air majestic which kings effect, imagining it exclusive property. Yet he was not a handsome man. The largeness of his lower features was a serious detraction. His forehead was retreating, the skull narrowed in its rise to the crown, his ears were lobey, his eyes heavily overshaded his cheek-bones of almost aboriginal prominence.

"Throughout Mr. Clay's performance my eyes scarcely left his countenance, which, as he proceeded, sank from sight until, by the familiar optical illusion, nothing of it remained but the mouth, and that kept enlarging and widening until it seemed an elastic link holding the ears together. Indeed, at this writing, my one distinct recollection of the man and his speech is the mouth and its capacity for infinite distension."

Christian Endeavor Thoughts.

How vast a part of what is worst in modern society is due to lack of moral courage.

Where true love is kindled every faculty brightens.

Religion is to put heart and courage into us, both to work and to pray.

It's no use trying to irrigate a desert with tears.

Some piety aspires so much it cannot perspire.

The faith that can be hidden never stays healthy.

If you are a saint you will want to be something better.

Habitual regret simply puts the headlight on the tail end.

The only way to keep faith sweet is to keep it in service.

——"Poetry," said the literary girl, "is the art of expressing intense feeling in figurative speech."

"In that case," replied Miss Cayenne, "the man who writes baseball news is sure a poet."

——The enterprising citizen deserves the praise of his neighbors.

Rats and Petroleum.

The treatment of stagnant water with petroleum, which is effected against mosquitoes, operates also in an indirect manner on rats. Mr. Mandoul has made investigation on board "L'Imerethie" during September, 1907. These are abstracted in the archives de Parasitologie. One of the holds of the ship, which contained silk cocoons, had been almost entirely devastated by rats. Their presence there was probably due to the saccharine water from the fruits and ice placed near the hold in question. To this body of water, which it had been impossible to remove, petroleum was added. Two weeks later, on arriving at Marseilles, it was found that not one cocoon had been damaged by the rodents. Mr. Mandoul sought to find out how the petroleum had been so efficacious; he endeavored to determine the sensitiveness of the rat to petroleum. A sewer rat was subjected, during about forty-five minutes, to the action of the vapor of about 100 grammes of commercial petroleum in a closed atmosphere (a bell communicating with the exterior by a narrow orifice). The animal began to exhibit labored breathing and, during the last quarter hour, a lassitude in its movements. After these manifestations the animal licked the hairs of its beard; it was depressed and ate little. Three days afterwards it was found dead in its cage. The autopsy showed that its viscera was very congested, and that the intestines contained some petroleum. Another rat was subjected to a diet of petroleum. It refused bread treated with petroleum, but accepted meats. It died after about a quarter of an hour. The author made inquiries in petroleum refineries, and upon boats which transport this produet. Rats do not exist there or are very rare. Mr. Mandoul concludes that rats have a peculiar aversion for petroleum, which drives them away rather than poisons them, the aversion with which they are inspired resulting from their desire to seek shelter from its toxic action. In addition, the petroleum, thanks to its insecticidal effect, rids the rats of their parasites and of the infectious germs which they are able to transmit.—*Scientific American.*

Facts About Brooms.

Nearly all the high grade brooms of the world are made in the United States, where, too, they are for the most part sold, though some of the inferior grades are sent abroad. It is a peculiar fact that Europeans generally cling to the old style broom of twigs and do not look with favor upon the modern American broom.

Illinois furnishes the finest brooms, by reason of the high grade brushes grown in that State. Kansas produces the cheaper brush, most of which is shipped in bales elsewhere to be made up in the broom manufactories.

The broom corn district in Illinois is confined principally to the central section, three counties turning out nine-tenths of the total crop. Last year the crop in the United States aggregated material for fifty million brooms, valued at fully ten million dollars. The brooms manufactured in Illinois are the ornate kind that retail for from twenty-five to forty cents.

In Oklahoma there is raised a coarser grade of brush in sufficient quantities to turn out about twenty-five million brooms of the kind that cost from fifteen to twenty-five cents each.

Kansas is also a broom State of no mean proportions, having to its credit sbout five million annually, and there is some brush grown in Missouri, Tennessee and Arkansas. Kansas has a dwarf variety of broom corn, specially adapted for the making of whisk brooms. Indeed, Kansas is probably responsible for ninety per cent. of all the whisk brooms in the United States.

American Toys.

Despite the fact that the manufacturers of the United States have increased their investments of capital in toymaking from less than one million dollars in 1880 to four and three quarter millions in 1905, and increased the value of their output of toys from one and one quarter million dollars iu 1905 to five and one half millions in 1906, the importations of this class of merchandise have grown steadily meantime. The high-water mark was reached in 1908, when the value of toys imported was seven and one half millions of dollars; in 1909 the imports dropped to about five million dollars' worth. In the exports of toys the highest point was reached in the fiscal year just ended, the total value exceeding for the first time $1,000,000.

Germany is the world's leading purveyor of toys. At least, it is by far the largest source of supply for the United States. One city in that country alone is estimated to produce twenty-four million articles annually, valued at about four million dollars. American toys are especially popular among those of English birth or ancestry. Of the three-fourths of a million dollars' worth exported in 1908 from this country, $231,000 went to the United Kingdom, $113,000 worth to Australia and New Zealand. Germany was the second largest consumer of American toys, importing $56,000 worth.—*Van Norden Magazine.*

How Long Will the World's Supply of Iron Last.

Less than two million tons of iron ore was mined in 1800, less than 11 million tons in 1901, Some day the world's supply of iron will be exhausted, and the question, when this day will come, has already been discussed. According to Prof. Binz, the total quantity of iron ore contained in known and workable deposits amounts to about 8,000 million tons, distributed as follows: Germany, 2,200; Russia, 1,500; France, 1,500; United States, 1,100; Sweden, 1,000; Spain, 500; England, 250 million tons. As an annual production of 50 million tons of iron means an annual consumption of from 100 to 150 million tons of ore, the entire available supply of iron ore, as estimated above, will be exhausted before tha close of the twentieth century. Apart from the fact that vast regions of the earth have not yet been explored in search of mineral deposits, this conclusion appears far too pessimistic for the reason that ores very poor in iron, which are not now worked but could be worked in case of necessity, exist in great abundance. Hence an exact answer to the question appears to be neither necessary nor possible, at present.—*Scientific American.*

——That the child who has his own way will have a bitter life.

——Most persons are glad for a little recognition now and then.

Little Prince Luitpold.

Pretty Tales of a Seven-Year-Old German Princeling.

Four persons stand between little Prince Luitpold and the Bavarian throne. If he lives to be a man, he must inevitably one day become king. Yet, before that can take place, death must first have claimed his unfortunate great-uncle, poor, mad King Otto; his great-grandfather (at eighty-nine years of age reigning regent of the kingdom); his grandfather, Ludwig, and his young father, Prince Ruprecht.

Meanwhile he is the happiest of princelings. Luitpold has a small Shetland pony, with a basket-cart, in which he drives himself and his English governess about the broad, clean streets of Munich. Every time he passes one of the many palaces already spoken of, two sentinels, standing before the entrance, are seen to present arms as solemnly as if a major-general were passing by instead of a tiny boy in a sailor suit.

Many pretty tales are told of Luitpold's interest in other children. One day in driving along Ludwig strasse he perceived two little American boys emerging from the Maximilian gymnasium, a famous school for boys. German lads are taught to be dignified, even to solemnity, on the streets. For this reason, doubtless, the jolly American faces turned in animated scrutiny of his own pony attracted the royal child. On the following day he met the same children again. These—having been enlightened meanwhile as to the identity of the driver of the pony-cart—raised their caps politely. The young prince seemed delighted at this attention, and instead of returning the military salute (a stiff little raising of the hand to the cap) which is customary, smiled, nodded and waved his hand as merrily as if he and the little Americans had been old-time comrades.

Of the several languages which the seven-year-old prince speaks fluently it is English in which he is most proficient. One day in the Englischer garten, as the Munich park is called (because originally laid out by an Englishman), an elderly American lady seated on a bench amused herself by watching a dear little dark-eyed boy playing ring-toss with his governess.

"Your turn next, Miss F—," he called.

"An English child!" thought the lonely old lady—her heart full of a far-away grandson—"I must speak to him if he comes in this direction."

Ten minutes later a runaway hoop brought its small owner panting to her side.

"And who may you be, my lad?" she asked pleasantly.

With the friendliest little nod imaginable the child replied:

"Oh, I'm Prince Luitpold Karl Joseph Wilhelm Ludwig of Bavaria. Entschuldigen Sie, Gnadigste (Pardon me, most gracious one); I must go now."

And away he ran.—In June *St. Nicholas.*

Saving the Animals from Extermination.

The people of Australia are becoming greatly interested in the movement to protect their native game from danger of extinction. The establishment, on both private and public lands, of reserves for the preservation of birds and animals is commanding much attention in the province of Victoria, and since October of last year no fewer than eight sanctuaries in various parts of the country have been proclaimed by the government. This legislation is distinct from the ordinary protection extended to kangaroos, platypus, magpies, giant kingfishers, and similar animals and birds, the killing of which entails a heavy penalty, as a private owner or municipality may set apart a tract of land upon which all animal and bird life may be secure from molestation.

The department of lands of the State encourages the formation of these sanctuaries, particularly in the vicinity of towns, and it is sufficient for a private owner or town clerk in the case of municipal land, to apply to that department in order to have a reserve proclaimed as a sanctuary in the government *Gazette*, and in order to avoid confusion or doubt and to make prosecutions for a breach of the law more practicable the proclamation not only defines the legal boundaries of the area, but gives a precise description of the natural ones as well.

In addition to the proclamation of many public reserves, private landowners in increasing numbers are setting apart portions of their property as a harbor for birds and animals which would otherwise become extinct in the locality. The movement, though comparatively new in Victoria, began some years ago at Holmforth, South Australia, where an enthusiast established the first sanctuary on private land without asking the aid of a government proclamation.

Homes of Wild Creatures.

When the long Artic night approaches the polar bear retires to some sheltered spot, such as the cleft of a rock or the foot of some precipitious bank. In a very short time he is effectually concealed by the heavy snowdrifts.

Sometimes the bear waits until after a heavy fall of snow, says *St. Nicholas*, and then digs a white cavern of the requisite form and size. Such is his home for six long months.

The common little cottontail, or so-called rabbit, does not live in a burrow, as does the English rabbit, but makes a slight depression in the ground, in which she lies so flatly pressed to the earth as to be scarcely distinguishable from the soil and the dried herbage in which her abode is situated. The rabbit is strongly attached to its home wherever it may be placed, and even if driven to a great distance from it contrives to regain its little domicile at the earliest opportunity.

One of the most gruesome among animal homes is the wolf's den. This is simply a hole dug in the side of a bank or a small natural cave generally situated on the sunny side of a ridge and almost hidden by bushes and loose boulders. Here the wolf lies snug; in and about his doorway lie the remains of past feasts, which, coupled with his own odor, make the wolf's den a not very inviting place.

The Bad Man Explains.

"Takes four men to handle me when I git started."

"I saw one man handle ye yesterday over on the next ranch."

"Well, they happened to be shorthanded over there."

——Hotel Clerk—Let me see. You're the Mr. Barne who acts Romeo, aren't you? I think I've seen you climb down from Juliet's balcony. Barne—I am that famous actor, sir. Hotel Clerk—Cash in advance, please. You climb too well for any other terms.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

Under no circumstances, whether of pain, or grief, or disappointment, or irreparable mistake, can it be true that there is not something to be done, as well as something to be suffered.—F. W. Robertson.

It is a long while since the change of fashion in veilings has been so complete. Until this season, indeed, fashions in veilings came and went, but certain standard lines, fine Russian nets and medium-meshed veilings, with large or small chenille spots, were in perpetual demand, and novelties in veilings only appealed to the comparatively few.

Women are spending more money on their veilings this season, especially for the new wide-meshed veilings, whether plain or patterned. Even the simplest of the new veilings costs two or three times the price per yard of the old fashioned Russian nets, etc. Fortunately, the hideous "eyesipelas" veil of the smart Parisienne has been dropped by well dressed women, the ugly fashion being happily killed by the cheap reproduction.

Double veilings, composed of a layer of fine mesh or of transparent chiffon under one of the large open meshes or lace patterns, have made their appearance. They are to be worn with the enormous hats of the day, and are on the whole becoming. These big hats demand the loose, flowing veil, and the veil is now allowed to hang free instead of being drawn in under the chin. The new arrangement suits the collarless neck as well as the large hat.

Tucks are highly in favor, from their broadest, including pleats, to their finest—the pin or hair tucks of long memory.

Fine underclothings rejoiced in quantities of these wonderful little tucks, which, on the better qualities, are made by hand, although it seems impossible that anything so large as human fingers should make anything so small as these tucks.

As a trimming to outer garments they afford quite the best method of ornamenting a blouse which is intended to be for morning wear. They take away from its plainness without making it elaborate. Not that they are confined to blouses—indeed, tucks trim every sort of garment from the plainest to the richest.

All the high feather trimmings are liked and some of the high flower trimmings are very attractive. Gladioli may be used quite like quills or aigrettes and are exquisite in their colorings. White stocks, wall flowers, hollyhocks, and sprays of fruit blossoms all have the proper height and stiffness, and many of the shorter stemmed flowers are made into high trimming by spraying and wiring them cleverly.

One of the latest and most novel frauds is the manufacture of antique furniture. It is hard for the connoisseur or the collector to tell the difference between the real and artificial articles, and practically impossible for the novice in that line to know what he is buying.

Various specimens of furniture from the eighteenth century have been sought by collectors, who pay good prices for the articles. The demand has exhausted the supply, therefore the imitations. In most cases furniture of this kind must have a pedigree, the absence of which might cause a suspicion of forgery. The forgeries are seldom made outright, but furniture is reconstructed and "faked" to bear the imprint of age.

In writing about "Veranda Furniture," in *Harper's Bazar*, Martha Cutler says:

"If one is fitting out a veranda for the children where they may be kept under a watchful eye a sand-box should not be forgotten. It may be made a never-ending source of amusement. The boxes are raised from the ground just far enough to allow the children to sit in little kindergarten chairs around them. They are from ten to twelve inches deep and may be found in all sizes from 2x4 feet up.

Dinner Etiquette.—Guests should make the effort to arrive five minutes before the hour set for the meal.

If they come just upon the hour they may have occasioned their hostess some nervousness, wondering whether they were going to get there by that time, and how long she may have to wait.

Ten or fifteen minutes before the hour is undesirable, because the hostess is frequently not ready to receive at that time. She may not be dressed, or she may wish to have a last conference with the waitress or cook.

Unless cards or other amusements are to follow, guests are not usually expected to stay long afterward.

A half hour is quite long enough for a luncheon.

At dinner one stays somewhat longer. The men must finish their smoke in dining room or smoking room, and departure is more leisurely, although it should never be too prolonged.

A call should be paid within 10 days after a luncheon or dinner.

Etiquette of Cards.—It is sometimes a bit awkward to present a note or card of introduction in person. For women, the best way is to stamp the envelope containing this introductory note, put in a card of her own which gives her address, and mail it to the person to whom it is intended. The recipient will then call in due time. When a man makes an afternoon or evening call with such a letter he gives it, along with his own card, to the maid at the door. If the people are not at home it is best to slip both cards into the envelope, seal it, and leave it with the maid or butler.

A card for an afternoon tea requires no immediate acknowledgment. If you are present leave your card as a sign of that fact to your hostess. If you cannot attend, mail the cards to reach her on the day of the tea.

If a death has occurred in the family friends should call promptly, leaving their cards, with some message of sympathy written upon them. Only very intimate friends ask or expect to see any of the family.

The sandwich is the picnic standby, of course, and unusually good ones can be made by baking a pan of little round rolls, cutting the tops nearly off when they are cold, scooping out some of the crumb, and filling them with chicken chopped and reduced to a stiff paste with cream. They may be seasoned highly with salt and black pepper, and celery salt if liked.

——The love of beauty is taste; the creation of beauty is art.