

Bellefonte, Pa., August 19, 1910.

## THE LAND OF YESTERDAY.

Would you not seek the country town Amid green meadows nestled down
If you could only find the way Into the Land of Yesterday?

How you would thrust the miles aside, Rush up the dear old lane, and then, Just where her roses laughed in pride Find her among the flowers again You'd slip in quietly and wait. Until she saw you by the gate, · read through a blur of tear And then . Quick pardon for the selfish years.

This time, this time, you would not wait For that brief wire that said, "Too late!"-If you could only find the way Into the Land of Yesterday

You wonder if her roses yet Lift up their heads and laugh with pride. And if her phlox and mignonette Have heart to bloom there by their side; You wonder if the dear old lane Still chirps with robins after rain. And if the birds and banded bees Still rob her early cherry trees.

You wonder if you went back now How everything wood seem, and how-But no! not now; there is no way Back to the Land of Yesterday. -Don Marquis, in Putnam's Magazin

#### THE DEVELOPMENT OF AUGUSTUS.

Mr. Augustus Blair was the assistant secretary of the Paxson Paper Company. It is necessary to explain his position because when the office-boy suddenly appeared at the side of his desk Augustus was hardly employed in any sort of secre-tarial labors. On the contrary, he had just written "Lines to K. L. C." and under-neath this he had begun,

"Her hair is my delight—a shimmering gleam of glory-

Augustus covered the paper with a blotter and tried to give the boy a glance of much natural dignity. Mr. Paxson wants to see you," said

the boy. Augustus arose and passed at once through a door marked "President." At a desk within sat a man who would have looked more like Santa Claus if he hadn't

been scowling so much. Augustus sat down and blinked his eyes respectfully at this frowning old St. Nicholas. "Mr. Blair," said the president, "as I have twice told you, we do not keep our valuable men in the office here. Their work is on the firing-line and not at headquarters. When our Presque Isle mill was built I offered you the position of its general manager, but I understood that your personal affairs in the city here made it impossible for you to leave at that

'Yes, sir," said Augustus, and he blushed a little. When we built our mill on the Notre Dame we again offered you a position as mill manager and again you pleaded your

inability to get away." And as for the assistant secretary of the Paxson Paper Company, he blushed a

'We sent Drake up to run that Canada its capacity because of the difficulty in getting labor. There are plenty of French Canadians up there, but first they work a week and then lay off for two weeks, and instead of turning out one hundred tons of 'news' a day they are making less than fifty. Drake writes that he is hopelessthat he has tried everything he knows. He wants us to send him two hundred men from the States so he can depend on them. If we did that we would have to build houses and furnish them. We might very well get into trouble with the Canada government, too, to say nothing of the time it would take. So I'm going to send you up there, Blair. You under-

'Yes, sir." said poor Augustus. "You know how to talk to those people in their own language; Drake doesn't. I leave to-morrow to make a tour of our properties. I shall arrive at the Notre ne mill in a month, and when I get there I expect to find it on full time. Do anything you want, and spend anything you want. Build a gymnasium or showerbaths or-or anything. You have the fullest authority, and I expect you to act upon your own initiative entirely.' He drew a letter-head from his drawer

"Mr. Augustus Blair has full authority in the matter of keeping the Notre Dame "Any instructions that he may give are

to be followed without question.

SILAS J. PAXSON."

"You will start at once," said he. 'Yes, sir;" said Augustus.

But he spoke without enthusiasm and as one who is resigned to his fate. matters to finish up, let us say to-mor-

"Yes, sir!" said Augustus. And this time he spoke with an enthusiasm that was almost infectious, and he hurried back to his desk and took up again his interrupted work on those "Lines to K. L. C." with the air of a hasty poet who is not only fighting against

time, but against tempo as well. "I'll tell you the trouble, Blair," said the discouraged Mr. Drake. "There are plenty of able-bodied men within a few miles of here, but they won't work and that's all there is to it.

"I see," said Augustus.

"They work a week and they draw their wages. It's more money than most of them ever saw before. They don't come back till the money's gone, and they don't care much whether they come

"I see," said Augustus, beginning to think very hard.

"They got along before the mill came here and it doesn't seem to excite them a cent's worth. They've been trading around, anyhow, till they hardly have any use for money. When the shoe-maker mends a pair of shoes he gets paid in eggs and cheese. They raise what they ant to eat-or they go up in the woods for it—and they weave their own cloth. Can you beat it?"

"A regular Arcadia!" said Augustus

looked pleasantly at the young blue-eyed found her, and, arising when she heard there they found Augustus trimming the giant who was putting the logs in the door open, she flew straight to the window with rolls of silks and satins.

press.
"What is you name?" asked Augus-

"Jules Parfit, M'sieur."
"Jules, tell me. You will be paid on
Saturday. Will you return to work on
Monday?" "Ah no, M'sieur!"

"And why not, Jules?"
"But why should I, M'sieur? "To earn money and to save it."

"Ah no, M'sieur. There is the Notre
Dame—the forest and the falls—" He

made a grand gesture, embracing all outdoors. "Here there is nothing but the grindstone. In the forest are the deer and the moose; in the falls are the salmon and the trout. Here there is nothing but the pulp. It is good to be out in the woods, under the sky and the stars. So my fathers have lived and so will I."

"But yet you're here, Jules." "It is my gun, M'sieur. It is old and kicks too violently against my shoulder. On Saturday I shall buy me a new one and then—"

He looked out the window and over the distance to where St. Quentin lifted his snowy top. "If I could only make M'sieur understand," he gently said. M'sieur knows, said Augustus, patting his shoulder. "Good-by, Jules." "Good-by, M'sieur."

They stopped in the packing-room where an olive-complexioned cavalier was wheeling rolls of paper on and off

"What is your name?" said Augustus. "Leon Delagrange, M'sieur."
"And, Leon, why do you work?"
"There are no dances this week, M'ieur, and I wish a little money to buy

Pere Bouvet's guitar.' "And next week, Leon?" "Next week, M'sieur, there is a dance said Augustus, cunningly pleading St. Quentin."

"Who are the Therys?"

He flashed his black eyes at Augustus and hummed a snatch of a deux-temps. Very lightly and very delicately he hummed it, "La-la, la-la, la-la, la-la, la-la,"
"That is Les Trois Amis," said Augus-

'And M'sieur knows it!"

"M'sieur," sighed Augustus, "knows it somewhat too well." "What was he singing about?" demanded the discouraged Mr. Drake.
"He was singing," said Augustus, "because he isn't coming back to work next

Mr. Drake passionately threw a hand-

ful of pulp against the wall.

"In a way, you know," said Augustus, looking up at St Quentin, "its something lot of things—"

"Katherine!" Something of a shame!

"I mean, it's something of a shame to make them keep at work, For a minute Mr. Drake couldn't speak.

Mere Thery was knitting a pair of woolen stockings when Augustus rapped upon the door. Her three daughters-Suzanne, Celeste, and Louise—were making butter under their mother's directions. izanne was sixteen and had brown eyes. Celeste was seventeen and had a figure like Diana. Louise was nineteen and was blessed with blue eyes, a pug nose, and a complexion like lillies and

"It is evident," said Augustus," that I have come to the right place." "And why, M'sieur?" asked Mere Thery, answering his smile.

"Because I am a poet, and a poet al-Madame's daughters? I could tell it from looking at Madame.'

She told him their names and they curtsied in simple fashion, but Augustus saw that their eyes were fastened on the brocade of his waistcoat and the weave of his silk cravat.

"Suzanne," he said, "I shall write you a ballad. For Celeste I shall write a hunting-song. For Louise I shall write a chanson. We will sing it together, and when I return home I will sing it to my friends and tell them all about Suzanne and Celeste and Louise and make them insanely jealous!"

"M'sieur is from Quebec?" asked Mere. "From New York." "Mon Dieu, M'sieur! Tell us about

New York!" "It is," said Augustus, "a city filled with beautiful ladies. I will not say that they are more beautiful than those of Notre Dame, but their dresses—ah, their silk lace, and Celeste shall be the belle of the ball." with beautiful ladies. I will not say that

wagons—"
"No, no; tell us about their dresses M'sieur!

"They have, then," said Augustus, "grand feathers on their hats—feathers of the ostrich. White they are, and lavender and blue and other colors to match the dresses that are worn with them. Suzanne would look magnificent with a great black feather swaying in her hat. What is your favorite color, Celeste?"
"It is blue, M'sieur."

blue would most become you, and for Louise I would select a white and a charming shade of pink. Their and a Magical trunks were the six charming shade of pink. Their dresses," "Or, as you may have some important continued Augustus, "are of silk and are trimmed with ornaments, particularly with gold braid at the present time. Their stockings are of silk and their little shoes—ah, I wish you could see them!"

> him the most intently, Mlle. Suzanne, Mlle. Celeste, Mlle. Louise, or Madame Thery herself. "But soon you will be able to see for yourselves," said Augustus at last, "for this afternoon I leave for New York, and when I return I shall have a very beauti-

> ful lady with me. It is on that matter that I have called to see Madame. They say that sometimes Madame has a room or two to spare. Could she let me have two rooms upon my return?"
>
> And it is impossible to say who gave him the greatest welcome, Mlle. Suzanne, Mlle. Celeste, Mlle. Louise, or Madame

> Thery herself. "And Madame will have them aired and a great fire burning if the day is

cold? With what assuredness! "And I wish you'd have the show-windows of the company's store cleaned out while I am away," said Augustus to the more than ever discouraged Mr. Drake. "But it's a shame to do it, isn't it?" asked the embittered general manager.

"What's a shame? "Why, to do anything to make them "Drake, old man," said Augustus, slow ly, "I assure you that I never felt more

guilty in all my life!" "There ought to be two hundred men at work in this regular Arcadia to-day. There are hardly one hundred. Want to go through the mill?"

As was usual when her singing pupils had gone for the day, Miss Katherine L. Coplay was sitting in the twilight with her elbows on the window-sill looking They went through the mill. At one of the grindstones Augustus stopped and around her. It was here that Augustus

the door open, she flew straight to the arms of Augustus like an arrow let loose from the bow. They sat down together

and for a long time they talked.
"And think," said Augustus, "how romantic it will be. Kate, it's a perfectly wonderful country and you'll enjoy it every minute you are there. It's another

Eden, pure and simple."
"Serpent!" exclaimed Katherine.
"I thought of you," said Augustus, "the moment that I grasped the situation, and I knew that no one could do it just like

"If you will kindly give me room enough to look modest-' "And with such a carte blanche as Mr. Paxson has given me, 'Any instructions that he may give are to be followed without question.' Why, Kit, it wouldn't happen this way again in a hundred years!"
"Of course," said Katherine, thought fully, "if you were to give me instruc-

"That's it!" cried Augustus; "I do! instruct you to do this! "Then, of course, I couldn't begin to do it," said Katherine. "I should like to see

myself!"
"Any one would like to see you, dear. Besides, Mr. Paxson gave me to understand that I stand or fall by this. I have always held, as you know," he added, whimsically, "that a man should not marry until he has shown what he is worth. Well, here is a chance for me to show what I am worth, but in order to do so I must have your help; but if I cannot have your help until I have shown my worth—dear me! Katherine!"

'Augustus! "Why won't you go?"
"I haven't said I wouldn't, have I? But I don't think you have pleaded enough; do you?"
"And you will love the Therys, too,"

"That is where you would stay. There is Madame Thery and Suzanne and Celeste and Louise. Suzanne has soft brown eyes like a dove, and when she thinks to herself she draws deep sighs and her eyes look far away."
"And Celeste?"

"Celeste—oh, Celeste is magnificent! I believe she is stronger than a man, and she carries her head like a queen. Celeste has flashing eyes." "They seem to be rather accomplished

with their eyes." "Especially Louise. She has that saucy glance, you know. Dear Katherine! "Of course I would have to get a whole

'And it is romantic-rather." "Katherine!" She turned to him-a little unsteadily

perhaps—and though her head was bended low, she held him very tightly to her.
"I love you," she trembled, raising her face at last. "I love you," repeated Augustus, sober-

"Now and always." "Now and always." "Until death do us part." "Until death-do us part."

A bright fire was burning in Madame Thery's spare room, but brighter yet was the fire that burned in the eyes of Mesdemoiselles Suzanne, Celeste, and Louise as they helped Katherine unpack the six great trunks that had accompanied her to Notre Dame.

'Regardes-tu les bas de soie!" exclaimways needs his inspiration. These are ed Suzanne in an undertone to Celeste. "Do you like them?" asked Katherine She pulled one of them over her long white arm. Of a ravishing design they were-these bas de soie-and ravishing were the cries of delight of the three emoiselles.

"And the shoes!" cried Celeste. There were slippers of blue and of bronze and the darkest of green—there were slippers of kid and patent leather and suede-exquisite little shoes with the most coquettish little toes and heels imaginable. "These," said Katherine, picking up a pair of the blues, "are for dances and parties. Do you ever go to dances, Celeste? Would you like to wear

"There is," said Celeste, breathlessly, "a dance-tomorrow night-at St. Quen-

"I must find, then, for you," said Katherine, "that blue silk dress with the blue

tin-

Miles. Suzanne and Louise as the blue silk dress was unwrapped from the tissue

"We will try it on," said Katherine "and see what changes must be made, and then I think there is a white net dress that will fit Suzanne-oh, a treasure of a dress, Suzanne, with little silver spangles all over it!-and a peach-blossom silk for Louise. Quickly, now, and we will surprise your mother! Pins, needles, and thread and we will have a

trunks of Katherine, yielding such mys-terious stores of joy. Celeste trembled with pleasure when the blue silk was fitted on her, and two pink spots suddenly appeared on Suzanne's cheeks when she saw the white net dress with the little And it is difficult to say who looked at men the most intently. Mile. Suzanne, waist was taken in a little here; a seam was twas taken in a little here; a seam was lengthened there; snip, snip, snip, said the scissors; tat, tat, tat, said the needle to the thimble; eager tongues chattered; the art of the corsetiere appeared and was greeted with a chorus of wondering delight; slippers were found that matched the dresses and stockings that matched the slippers; coiffure were that matched the slippers; coiffures were arranged and rearranged; gloves were fitted; and when at last Louise saw herself in the glass—resplendent in her peach blossom silk, her pink slippers, pink stockings, and a peach blossom ornament in her hair-her lip quivered for a moment and she burst incontinently into tears.
"Why do you cry, Louise?" asked Kath-

"I do not know," said Louise. "I think —it is because—I have to take them off

"Listen, Louise. And listen, Suzanne and Celeste. While I am here I want you to give me much of your time, so that I shall not be lonely, and if the dresses please you I know of nothing that would give me greater pleasure than for you to

Later they went for a walk and each proudly wore a hat that had been selected from one of the magical six trunks, to say nothing of their gloves, their shoes, and their boas.

and their boas.

"Without a doubt," said Madame Thery, watching from a window, "they reflect more pride upon their mother than any other girls in Notre Dame."

They walked slowly to the company's store—the observed of every eye—and

"Tomorrow," said Mr. Drake to Auustus, as they walked from the store to the mill a fortnight later, "our esteemed

president calls upon us."

Madame Barthou came out of her gate and crossed the street. She wore a new hat and new gloves, and she had every appearance of a woman who is prodigi pleased with herself. "Our esteemed president," said Augustus, "will find his mill running on full

Madame Disiere aproached on the other side of the street. She, too, wore a new hat, and in her hand she carried a new hand-bag. She met Madame Barthou and they chatted for a moment, studying each other's millinery intently the while. As she talked Madame Barthou finished

buttoning her gloves and Madame Disiere swung her little hand-bag to and fro. "Full time and running over," said Mr. Drake. "We turned out one hundred and twelve tons of 'news' yesterday, and that,

I wish to say, is going some."

Mademoiselle Dupont smiled at them as they passed. Mademoiselle was dressed in a new plaid gown with gold buttons. Her shoes were the work of the local cob-bler and she tried to hide them with her "Do you notice," said Augustus, "that

Three little girls walked past. One wore a scarlet silk hair-ribbon and the other two were devouring it with hungry eyes. "A good reason why," said Mr. Drake; "they're all at work."

there is not a man in sight?

They turned in at the mill. Drake entered the office, but Augustus went to the finishing-room and smiled pleasantly at "At work again, Leon?" be asked.
"At work again, M'sieur. It is true."

"There are no dances this week? "It is not that, M'sieur, but I need the money-ah, so much money! "And why do you need so much money, "I need new clothes, M'sieur, and shirts with collars and those neckties of red. My Marie wishes that I have new clothes

to dance with her when she wears her new green dress.' "And you, Jules," said Augustus, stopping in the grinding-room by the side of the blue-eyed giant, "you are still at work?"

'Yes, M'sieur." "And your new gun—you have not used it?"

"I have not bought it."
"And why have you not bought it

"It is my wife, M'sieur-my Jeannette. She wishes a new cape and a new dress."
"But it is a pleasant day in the woods,
Jules, and the salmon, I hear, are leaping in the falls." "Ah!" sighed Jules. He looked out of

the window and over the woods. not today, M'sieur," he sighed again.
"Nor ever again, I fear," thought Augustus, sadly. He watched the pensive giant at the grindstone.

"I wonder—" said Jules, hesitating. Augustus waited. "-if tonight-" "Yes, Jules?"

"I wonder if tonight I might overtime, M'sieur.' Mr. Paxson had never looked so much

like Santa Claus as on the next day when he listened to his assistant secretary's re-"So you woke them up, Blair, did you?" "Yes, sir," said Augustus. He walked to the window and looked over to where St. Quentin's snowy top stood out in

majesty over the woods. "Introduced a few complexities into their simple life—what?"
"Yes, sir," said Augustus. "It was somewhat expensive, as my assistant had to buy a lot of things. There's a list on

the desk there." "Mmm!" read the president. "One blue silk dress, one white net ditto, one peach blossom ditto, one dozen pairs slippers, one travelling dress, two dozen pairs -Mimm!-one dozen assorted hats, one copper-colored velvet dress, one winecolored ditto-trust a woman to get up a list like this-one dozen pairs shoes, one

wedding-ring— Hello! One wedding-ring! What was that for?"
"That," said Augustus, "was a complexity that I have introduced into my own simple life."

"Married?" 'Married!" "Blair, I congratulate you. It was the one thing you needed."

They shook hands with a grasp that

was very near to affection.

"And what are your plans for the future? Back to the New York office again?" "Mr. Paxson," said Augustus, "I want the hardest post you can give me—and the most money," he added, shamelessly. He turned his back upon St. Quentin, and in his heart he gently, sternly strang-led a rhyme to death.—By George Weston, in Harper's Weekly.

-Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, head of the Chicago pulic schools, with a salary of \$10, 000 a year, is an example of what the clear-headed, practical, energetic woman may do. She has the distinction of being the first woman superintendent of schools in the country, and there are prospects that her ability as an educator recognized still further this month by her election as president of the National Educational Association. Mrs. Young has been superintendent of the Chicago schools for only a year, but she has made such modifications of methods there, her in-sight into the minds of children and her keen appreciation of their needs already have been praised highly. She believes firmly the course of study in the elementary schools should be free of all frills and complexities; that first of all, the children should receive a firm grounding in the three "R's," physiology, algebra, sewing and music. She has expelled complex fractions, cut out the memorizing of use-less dates and other deadwood from the courses. "What the children need, "says she, "is a really practical training, It is our business to give them a thorough education in the broadest and most practical sense of the word. We must put a check on the fads and frills and give the children things they need in everyday life, together with the training in the habit of doing things logically and thoroughly."

-As far as is known, no one ever lied of seasickness, alt'lough frequently this cause is asserted in reports of the death of travelers. In practically all such cases, however, some organic disease has been the real cause, and not the simple sea-sickness itself.

-"How did you enjoy her bohemian "It wasn't much. Both the epigram and the sandwhiches were stale.

A Tragedy at Oberammergua.

In the August McClure's Louise Parks Richards tells a touching anecdote of one of the Oberammergua players who had lost his part because he had grown too old to fill it adequately:

"Sad as was the duty of the committee, it was plain—and they so explained it to Mayr—that he was no longer young enough for the part; that the beard streaked with gray was no longer suited to the youthful Jesus; that the face which had hitherto borne the lofty, almost su-perhuman expression of the Divine had an egg. now become too seamed with the furrows of years to show the sacredness of sorrow without its scars in one whose earthly life measured only a span of 30 years.

"Mayr broke down and wept like a child

"'I know,' he said, 'that I am too old for the part; but I had so hoped that you might still have left me Christus.' "As some compensation he was given the role of Prologist, created expressly for him that year, and a little later he was made burgermeister of the village; but he never recovered the loss of his Christus. Three years later, when or-dered to Munich for a surgical operation, he spent his last hours before leaving home out at the theater building, alone. He never returned from Munich hospital. Into the beyond he carried the wound in

his heart still unhealed." The Judas of 1910 is now 69 years old, but he does not look, feel, or act his age. On account of his years, however, he had hardly expected to be chosen again; but his remarkable impersonation of the be-trayer decided the committee that none other than the painter Johann Zwinck should fill the role. As Judas his whole personality becomes that of the betrayer. An American woman once said to

"I wouldn't meet that man for anything! I don't ever want to see him again. That he is a Judas I am perfect-

sure. It is all so real!'
"Yet, this imitation Judas is one of the simplest, most ingenious creatures I have ever known. As a young man he filled the role of John, the beloved disciple. "In my heart I am not a Judas," he said to me, in the simplicity of perfect

Do You Know.

What the name of Ohio signifies?-Beautiful River. What the name of Missouri signifies?-

Muddy Water. What the name of Michigan signifies? Great Lake. What the mane of Florida signifies?-What the name of Iowa signifies?-

Drowsy Ones. What the name of Wisconsin signifies? -Gathering of Waters. What the name Minnesota signifies?-Cloudy Water. What the name Oregon signifies-Wild

Margoram.
What the name of Kansas signifies?-Smoky Water. What the name of Nebraska signifies? -Water Valley. What the name of Vermont signifies?

-Green Mountain. What the name of Kentucky signifies? -Dark and Bloody Ground.

tablish a world's record by soaring six ears. When the man finally sat down to inches higher than the cost of living. There is only one thing lacking to make

the summer of 1910 a lifelong memory, and that is an ice famine. While the high cost of living is not receiving much public attention just at plied. present, the man who pays the bills has not forgotten it.

-The Government estimates that rats this other cow." alone do damage to crops, grains, food and other things to the amount of \$100,-

000,000 a year.

A Weary Celebrity. When Mrs. Roger A. Pryor was a young woman living in Charlotteville. Va., visiting authors seldom reached the beautiful university town. "Thackeray, Dickens and Miss Martineau passed us by," says Mrs. Pryor in her Their way was a hundred years old, and book entitled "My Day-Reminiscences of a Long Life." But Frederika Bremer condescended to spend a night with her compatriot, Baron Schele de Vere of the university faculty, on her way

to the south. Schele de Vere invited a choice company to spend the one evening Miss Bremer granted him. Her works were extremely popular with the unversity circle, and every one was on tiptoe of pleased anticipation.

While the waiting company eagerly expected her the door opened-not for Miss Bremer, but for her companion. who announced: "Miss Bremer, she beg excuse. She

ver' tired and must sleep. If she come she gape in your noses."

Funerals In England. At the time of Queen Victoria's funeral a writer in the Undertakers' Journal complained that, while royal burals were still conducted in an impressive manner, a sad lack of ceremonial distinguished the funerals of the nobility. "Item after item has been abandoned, idea after idea has been dropped, each meaning a distinct loss to our business. An undertaker in the west end, referring to the recent death of a noble lord, confided to me: 'Forty years ago I buried a member of that family, and the funeral bill came to £1,250 (\$6,250). Ten years later I buried another, when it came to just over £700 (\$3,500). Fifteen years ago I buried a third, at a cost of £320 (\$1,600), but the bill for this one did not reach £75 (\$375)."

Origin of a Famous Saying, Euclid, who is sometimes called the father of mathematics, taught this subject in the famous school at Alexandria. Being asked one day by the king of Egypt (Ptolemy Soter) whether he could not teach him the science in a shorter way, Euclid answered in words that have been memorable ever since, "Sire, there is no royal road to learning." Not many scraps of conversation have lived, as this reply has, for

-Little Harry with his sister and brothers was being taught natural history by the governess through the instrumentality of a game. The game was called "Barn-yard." One child was a duck, another a turkey, and a third a calf, and so on-a

noisy, delightful game. But little Harry remained, in all the tu-mult, as still as death. Far off in a corner he crouched, silent and alone. The governess, spying him, approached, saying

indignantly:
"Come, Harry, and play with us."
"Hush," answered Harry, "I'm laying

#### Cleanliness of Ants.

No creature is more tidy than an ant, who cannot tolerate the presence of dirt on her body. These little creatures actually use a number of real toilet articles in keeping themselves clean. A wellknown authority says their toilet articles consist of coarse and fine-toothed combs, hair brushes, sponges, and even washes and soap. Their saliva is their liquid soap, and their soft tongues are the genuine article and differ from ours mainly in that they are fastened to their legs. The ants have no set time for their toilet operations, but stop and clean up whenever they get soiled.—St. Nicholas.

### Training of Dogs.

Whatever may be the merits of the spirited controversy between the fish and game commissioners on the one hand and the many hundred sportsmen and dog owners on the other over the proposed law to restrain dogs from running at large in this State, there are a few funda-mental facts which should not be ignored

in legislation relating to dogs.

In many persons the love of dogs is as strong and as ineradicable as the love of children. They are generally the persons who know dogs the best. If a dog is a nuisance it is the fault of his training. A dog quickly takes on the leading traits of his master's character. He is the most

mpressionable of creatures. impressionable of creatures.

He responds quickly to any treatment.

Treat him "like a dog" and he will act like one. Treat him like a human being and he will quickly develope human traits. Keep him under close restraint and the brute in him will be uppermost. Allow him reasonable liberty and discipline him sensibly and justly and the human in him. sibly and justly and the human in him will appear. For freedom is the soil, in which all virtues, both human and canine, thrive best.-Boston Globe.

The poor dog, in life the firmest friend. The first to welcome, the foremost to defend; Whose honest heart is still his master's own, Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone.

Milking in Porto Rico. An American civil engineer who had been for some time in Porto Rico tells a story of the way cows are milked on that island. The native cow is small, docile and humble, with very little spirit. The engineer computed that their was more mischief in one Porto Rican goat than in two dozen of the cows. His tale is re-

ported in the Chicago News." It was just as their great-grandfathers used to do. The cow was driven up to a post, and a rope thirty feet long was used to tie her head so that she could not move it an inch. Then each leg was poor cow was so hard and fast that she One of these days an aviator will es- could only switch her tail and flap her mik he used only one hand. After

observing the performance to the end I asked: "Does your cow kick?"

"Not that I know of, senor," he re-"Did you ever try 'to milk her without tying her up."
"Caramba, no!"

Well let me try the American way on The second cow was loose, and I sat down and milked two-handed and had her finished in seven or eight minutes. She stood like a rock. When I had fin-

ished there were a dozen people around,

and as I handed over the pail they raised

their voices and cried out in chorus: "Ha! Is it any wonder that the Americanos licked Spain! But as I passed the place again the next evening the cows were tied up as before.

# mine entirely new to them.

Wedding Superstitions. Though popular superstitions may lack reason or reasonable explanation, they ast have an origin, and this has formed the basis of quite an interesting book by T. Sharper Knowlson, says the London Daily Mail.

The question of the wedding ring and why it should be placed on the fourth finger of the left hand he traces back to a writer in the British Apollo (1708.) "There is nothing more in this," it is stated, "than that the custom was handed down to the present age from the practice of our ancestors, who found the left hand more convenient for such ornaments than the right, in that it is ever less employed; for the same reason they chose the fourth finger, which is not only less used than any of the rest, but is more capable of preserving a ring from bruises, having this one quality peculiar to itself, that it cannot be extended but in company with

some other finger, whereas the rest may be singly stretched to their full length and straightness."
The old-fashioned notion that a shoe should bring luck at a wedding is another superstition curious to explain. "It was in the sense of confirming a sale or exchange that the Jews under-

stood the removal and giving of a shoe or sandal. When the kinsman of Boaz consented to waive his claim upon the parcel of land which Naomi would sell in favor of Boaz he 'drew off his shoe,' for 'this was a testimony in Israel.' "In a different sense the removal of a shoe marks the winding up of negotiations among the laws and ordinances given in the book Deuteronomy, where the widow who is refused marriage by her husband's surviving brother is directed to 'come unto

her independence and heaping upon the blame for failure to comply with the "When the Emperor Vladimir proposed marriage to the daughter of Reginald she refused him with the words:

him in the presence of the elders, and loose his shoe from off his foot,' thus asserting

I will not take off my shoe to the son of a slave.'
In Angio-Saxon marriages the bride's father delivered her shoe to the bridegroom, who touched her on the head with it in token of his authority.'

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