Bellefonte, Pa., September 2, 1910.

## A LITTLE BOY'S LULLABY.

Little groping hands that must learn the weight

Little eyes of wonder that must learn to weep-Mother is thy life now; that shall be tomorrow. Time enough for trouble—time enough for sorrow. Now-sleep!

Little dumb lips that shall wake and make a Little blind heart that shall know the worst and

Mother is thy love now; that shall be hereafter.

Time enough for joy, and time enough for laugh-

Little rosy body, new-born of pain and beauty, Little lonely soul, new-risen from the deep-Mother is thy world now, whole and satisfying. Time enough for living—time enough for dying.

—Brian Hooker, in McClure's Magazine.

THE CURSE OF THE CASHMERE SHAWL.

Rupert Beasley was a machine-made Englishman who, having played Rugby for his university and satisfactorily passed his examinations, had been sent out by the British government, at the age of twenty-three, to help govern India.

He had been in the country ten years, with no great advantage to himself and no very perceptible profit to India, when he received news that his father was dead and that he was left heir to Headless Croft. These tidings reached him at the beginning of the hot season, when he was stationed at Kardar, a hundred miles north of Mooltan, on the Punjab plains.

At first he gave the matter no more thought than was decent. But as the heat increased, his fancy turned westward to the cool leisure of Fnglish summers, with their long twilights and dewy dawns; and then it was he realized that his new possessions spelled release. Down in Herefordshire, in the Valley of the Wye, stood the home from which he had set forth, tenantless and prepared to receive him. This was the reason for his sudden discovery that his health was underminded, and for the handing in of his notice of immediate resignation.

He had to wait a month until a man could be recalled from Simla to take up his abandoned task of maintaining peace between the Hindus and Mohammedans of Kardar. By the time the scapegoat arrived, it was the month of May, and the temperature had soared to one hundred and fifteen degrees in the shade. Beasley was getting restless and anxious to be gone. His preparations were quickly made. He rid himself of his bungalow, with all it accessories, at a figure absurdly low, to the man who had come to relieve him. He arranged to take his orderly, Durga Jang, with him so far as Bombay-but no farther. When once he was on shipboard he intended to obliterate the better attune his thoughts to those

so far as was humanly possible, to banish it forever from his remembrance.

city in his gaze, with its jealously grated windows, behind which lamps were flickering, and its crumbling, red, surrounding walls. Through the heart of the city ran the Chenab River to join the Ghara and ends of business were settled and at Bhawulpoor. The sound of its flowing his steamer sailed. seemed to him like the tinkle of silver anklets on the feet of innumerable secret woman who peered out from behind those guarded casements-it had always seemed so to him. On a neighboring housetop a sitar was struck; a woman's voice rose upon the night, singing a Persian love-song. For a moment the passion of the Eeat gripped him by the throat and held him silent. Then he shook himself free and laughed; he had tasted and experienced its worth-he knew it all.

As he passed from his garden, going toward the Mohammedan quarter, a woman stepped out from the shadow and

"My lord had forgotten me," she murmured; "but I had heard that he was leaving to-morrow. I will not trouble my lord; let him not be fearful. I have come lord; let him not be fearful. I have come only to make the last of all my presents

—the present of this shawl—whereby he

and terrified, as a man will who discovmay sometimes remember. It may chance that across the black water he will choose He was angry with Durga Jang that he from among the *mem-log* one whom he can love always. Then this shawl shall he had not destroyed it before leaving be a gift from Athira to the memsahib." Beasley was now as eager to be rid of her as he had once been to hold her in his arms—two years back in Cashmere, when he had lifted her into his saddle and galloped with her away across the bridges, out of the wood-built town of Srinagar. He took the shawl from her hastily, and, leaving her kneeling, returning with it to the bungalow, tossed it into his sleeping-apartment. When he came

out again the woman was gone.

That night he gave the matter no further thought; but the next morning, as he was getting out of bed, he trod upon something soft. Looking down, he saw that it was the shawl. He picked it up and examined it carefully. It was of a wonderfully fine web, with texts and symbols worked all over it. When he gazed closer, he discovered that the texts and symbols were all the same, but so woven into the pattern as to look different. Even to his inexpert knowledge, it was a gift of considerable value; yet, because Athira was the giver, he threw it from him. As he sponged himself in his bath, he smiled, remembering her naive he went down stairs. That afternoon he bath, he smiled, remembering her naive suggestion that he should bestow it on returned to London and in a week he memsahib, across the black water,

who should become his wife. When he had dressed himself, Durga Jang brought him his coffee. When he had set it on the table before him, he did had set it on the table before him, he did himself to a new and intimate personalinot withdraw as usual, but stood hehind ty, he had ample opportunity for the his master's chair with his head bowed and his hands folded. Beasley attributed his action to loyalty and sorrow for the approaching parting. "What's the matter, Durga Jang?" he asked, without turning,

man. "My lord will be grieved to hear that the woman, Athira, drowned herself in the Chenab last night, just below the

He said Hindu with a sneer, for Durga Jang was a Mohammedan. Beasley finished his cup of coffee and motioned for a second before he answered. He had learned at least one lesson in the Orient-the wisdom of disguising

'Drowned herself? Why was that? What

do they say in the bazar?" "As for the reason, my lord knows best; and as for what they say in the

go with him across the black water. "And how go with him across the black

the Ghara flows into the Indus, and the Indus flows down to the black water; and the black water is the pathway which my lord must travel to get to the lane of the

sahibs. Is the meaning plain?"
"It is plain, Durga Jang—she would float beside me across the face of the black What does she say? water. Is not that thy thought?" The man nodded in affirmation.

those last night who saw."

"What was it that they saw?" the temple. She came slowly. There were marigolds in her hands and hair. She was weeping as she advanced. When she had reached the lowest stair, which sufficient light; but Beasley had insisted O protector of the poor, to leave thy ex-cellent presence? There are shirts to be packed before we depart."

When Beasley was left alone he swore softly to himself. He was more put out by this occurrence than he cared to acknowledge. His first emotion was one of annoyance with Athira for her inconsiderateness; to have drowned herself on the night before his departure was in the worst of taste-surely she could have waited. His next was one of eagerness to escape—to get back among people whom he understood, to forget India and all its devious paths. His last was one of pity, approaching remorse. He rose up and went to his bedroom to hurry Durga voice.

"Can't you see for yourself?" she replied, with a catch of laughter in her voice.

ing freely.

"You're hot, Durga Jang," he remark-The man shivered and his teeth chattered. He passed the strap through the buckle and turned to his master a face which was blue with suffering. "Nay, As she bent toward him he became which was blue with suffering. "Nay, my lord," he muttered. "I am cold." Beasley guessed that he had got an at-

tack of fever and gave him a bottle of quinine with which to dose himself.

India, with the memory of all his indiscretions, from his mind, that so he might expected, for he was lucky in acquiring much inconvenience as might have been | fled back to where he was. the services of a Hindu bearer who was French window, seating himself opposite of an English country gentleman.

The night before his departure he set out from his bungalow to make one last tour of inspection of Kardar, and then The night before his departure he set out from his bungalow to make one last tour of inspection of Kardar, and then, rains, and in stepping out on the track out from his bungalow to make one last tour of inspection of Kardar, and then, rains, and in stepping out on the track out from his bungalow to make one last tour of inspection of Kardar, and then, rains, and in stepping out on the track out from his bungalow to make one last tour of inspection of Kardar, and then, rains, and in stepping out on the track out from his bungalow to make one last tour of inspection of Kardar, and then, rains, and in stepping out on the track out from his bungalow to make one last tour of inspection of Kardar, and then, rains, and in stepping out on the track out from his bungalow to make one last tour of inspection of Kardar, and then, rains, and in stepping out on the track out from his bungalow to make one last tour of inspection of Kardar, and then, rains, and in stepping out on the track of the last tour of inspection of Kardar, and then, rains, and in stepping out on the track of the last tour of the last unwarily, at a place where they had haltpened when they were distant four hours from Bombay, so Beasley made no further attempt to engage a servant, but waited at a hotel till his odds

The first novelty and gladness of his reception in England blotted her out from his mind; it was completely not until he was alone again that she was watching him with a growing he became conscious of her shadow across his life. He had gone down into Herefordshire to visit Headless Croft. light-headed. He strove to pull himself He had become engaged in London to a cousin several years younger than him-his words; but a haunting fragrance, self, with whom he had corresponded from time to time; the purpose of his disconcerting him and crowding his memvisit was to see what alterations were ory with visions of the past. necessary before he married and brought home his wife. He was in his bed-room, which had been his father's, unpacking his boxes, when at the bottom of a trunk he came across the shawl. It was care-

ers a poisonous snake in the long grass. he had not destroyed it before leaving Kardar. Then, as he knelt beside the trunk, all consciousness of the English room and the wholesome English sunlight died out for him.

The shawl sent forth a subtle fragrance of spices, of incense, of the women of India and he was back in Srinagar again. It was night and the moon crouched low in the sky. A slow wind passed through the poplars and plane trees, causing their leaves to shake; on every hand as he listened he could hear the flowing of water and the rustling of the rice. Now it was the Ihelum which he sailed: now he walked beneath the chinar groves of dead Mogul emperors or beside the margin of their lakes, on whose surface drift-ed floating-gardens; now he halted in the shadow of one of the seven log bridges which span the Jhelum; but always watched and waited. And it was for the

coming of Athira that he watched. He was aroused prosaically by the clamor of the gong announcing that lunch

was married. He consumed nearly a year over his honeymoon, touring the Continent. During that period, in taking pains to adjust it was. studying of his own character. fore he had been brutally individualistic; India, by reason of the exalted position which she allots to the Anglo-Saxon, had encouraged this trait of selfishness in his keeping his back toward him. character. Selfishness is one form of "My lord will not be angry," said the provincialism. The rapid panorama of new cities and alien lands, the inhabitants of which were equally proud with himself, aroused within him a new force for his regeneration-self-distrust; he belor his regeneration—self-distrust; he became a cosmopolitan. He no longer condemned; he judged. Being very much in love with the world; so even his judgments were tempered with kindness. This helped him in squaring his present with his past when he recollected his treatment of Athira. In being lenient to leave the leave the

When he had lighted a cheroot, he said, others, he held himself justified in being lenient to himself.

When his travel was ended he brought home his bride to Headless Croft. best; and as for what they say in the bazar, it matters not."

"Nevertheless Durga Jang, I command thee to speak out. What is it that they and still she failed to put in an appearsay?"

"They say that she slew herself for the Sahib Beasley's love, because he was going away without her. And they say that she drowned herself that she might tribling across the black water."

and self she failed to put in an appearance. He began to grow nervous lest some mishap had overtaken her. Fearful of appearing absurd in his butler's eyes by making a fuss over a matter so tribling, he strove to pretend that her absurded the put in an appearance. He began to grow nervous lest some mishap had overtaken her. Fearful of appearing absurd in his butler's eyes by making a fuss over a matter so tribling, he strove to pretend that her absurded to put in an appearance. He began to grow nervous lest some mishap had overtaken her. Fearful of appearing absurd in his butler's eyes by making a fuss over a matter so tribling, he strove to pretend that her absurded to put in an appearance. He began to grow nervous lest some mishap had overtaken her. Fearful of appearing absurd in his butler's eyes by making a fuss over a matter so tribling, he strove to pretend that her absurded to put in an appearance. He began to grow nervous lest some mishap had overtaken her. Fearful of appearing absurd in his butler's eyes by making a fuss over a matter so tribling the properties and the properties are also appeared to put in an appearance. He began to grow nervous lest some mishap had overtaken her. Fearful of appearing absurd in his butler's eyes by making a fuss over a matter so tribling appearance. sence was quite natural. At last, when ten minutes had gone by, addressing the

water? Explain thyself, Durga Jang, for thou art a wise man and learned in thy people's thoughts."

"The Chenab flows into the Ghara, and "While the butler was gone he lit a ci-Hearing the man's footsteps descending the stairway, he went out into the hall to meet him that he might curtail his sus-

"Well, Williams, what's the matter? "Mrs. Beasley says that she will be down in a few minutes.

occupied almost all one side, opening out on to a lawn at the foot of which flowed the Wye. Here a small table had been "They saw her come down the steps of drawn up and spread, illumined with

the waves of the Chenac wash, she leand far out—and was lost. The moon was their meal, they enabled him the better to watch her face. He was never tired of all.... Have I thy illustrious permission, doing that; it was so girlish and peace-ful, so ignorant of the baser side of life, that it had become for him the symbol of his altered and new hope. He could nev-er exhaust the marvel of his change.

He went outside, and seated himself on the steps to finish his cigarette while he waited her arrival. Presently he heard the door of the dining-room opened and closed, and the swish of skirts behind him. He jumped up hurriedly and entered, going to meet

her.
"What's been keeping you so long?" he asked.

her wedding attire.

Coming near to him so that Williams might not hear what was said, she exclaimed, "This is our first real night at home together, so I put it on as a sur-

aware of a fragrance that was familiar, of spices, of incense-of the women of ling of the cowbells in the meadows be-That evening, when the sun hung red above the cotton fields, they left Kardar. That night Durga Jang died upon the journey.

His death did not cause his master so the least did not cau

He took his place at the table in the

"What's troubling you, Rupert?" she pleased with me because I kept you waiting?"

He disowned any irritation on that score, and did his best to make conversation, taking as his topic the improvements he wss planning for the home-farm. It was not a lover's talk. He knew that concern and that his remarks were at random-that he was talking like a man reminiscent of India, was in his nostrils,

At length the meal was ended and coffee was served. Williams inquired whether they would have it there or in the li-brary. Beasley told him, "In the librabut when he rose to his feet his head reeled and he sat down again. He countermanded his order angrily in Pun-jabi: then recollecting himself, "Serve it

here," he said. The shadows had lengthened and the night had fallen. The air had grown chilly; a river mist which hung low above the pastures drifted in at the window causing the candles to gutter and to shed

less light. He gazed bewildered across at his wife. He wondered what she thought of his be-havior. Did she think he had been drinking? He wished he could tell her his trouble. Then he laughed harshly. How could he explain to her a thing the cause which he did not know himself; the effect alone of which he realized?

She looked up at the sound of laughter.
He nodded and waved his hand toward her; she seemed immensely distant from

She opened her lips as if she were about to address him; but she thought better of it. There were tears in her

Then he noticed that her throat and shoulders were bare; he supposed that she must be cold. When Williams returned with the coffee he said to him. "Fetch your mistress a wrap." But she shook her head, muttering, "I have one." Williams, before he left, picked it up

from the floor beside her and threw it over her. Beasley was snipping off the end of a cigar at the time. He was meditating on whether it would be wise to tell her all, and whether this was the proper occasion for such confession. He determined that

Drawing a candle toward him, his hand trembling, he lit his cigar. The secret would all come out sooner or later; it would be best to get it over and out of the way. He had a superstitious feeling that only by clearing his conscience of its burden could he swing to the doors of

memory. "Muriel, I have something to tell you," he said, keeping his eyes away from her; "something which is neither proper nor refined."

"I'm not sure that you will like me."

He hesitated a moment; his voice sounded far away and strange, and her hand felt very cold. Then he added in a whisper, "You must remember that I was very lonely out in India, and a good deal

though he were drifting back into the past. A nightingale was singing in a fir near by and across the river a fellow answered its call; but it seemed to Beasley as may be picked up by the roadside.

He wandered the streets like a beggar; a muezzin who, from his minar, cried to God in the night, "Allah ho Akbar," "Allah ho Akbar," "La ilaha Illallan." And While the butler was gone he lit a ci. lah ho Akbar," "La ilaha Illallan." And garette and walked restlessly to and fro. the song of the answering bird was multiplied for him into the rumor of count-less wakeful men who made response.

The hand which he grasped so firmly in his own appeared very small and odd-ly dusky in the candles' light. His com-panion was so silent that he began to to converse with him his foolishness was take courage and slowly to raise his eyes.

Before he had reached her face, he saw He co

overswept the candles, putting out the stern ruler over their fathers' father. So plied in a narrow line effect on the side light. He rose in his place, striving to for five days he was the sport of Kardar, pacify her, holding her fast again.

The data is applied in a narrow line effect on the side panels of the skirt, each end being caught down with a small button. As his eyes met hers through the dark-

mouth, making no reply.

As he realized what she had come to perform, he went upon his knees and im- girl who went to meet her lover.

Turning quickly, as though he had struck her, she fled out across the lawn. When she turned to escape he was holding her, and his hand tore from her

shoulders the Cashmere shawl. Jang with the packing.

When he got there he found it was all completed. Durga Jang was hauling on the last strap as he entered, and perspir
Woice.

He could not see very distinctly, for the rose from his knees and ran out into the night to see which way she would depart. Already he was too late. The mist had settled down on the valley, observed in white, and guessed that it was He rose from his knees and ran out inscuring the stars, making everything shadowy and dark. Yet, for a first few seconds while he gazed, he fancied he discerned the moving of something which was white, which flitted through the bashes toward the riverside. Overpowered by curiosity, he followed.

Perhaps he heard footsteps; he could not be sure. It might only have been India. For the moment the distant tink- the dripping of water from leaves and branches on to fern and grass. The flowing of the Wye was like that of the Jhelum; he was bewildered by the sense that he was living in two sets of environments at one and the same time. High nightingale, and now a muezzin, lifted high above an Eastern city, who greeted

He had not gone far before he missed

asked. "You're very silent. Aren't you back. When he reached the house, he interlocking appliances. and the room was still dark. He struck a match, half expecting to see his wife huddled in a corner; but she was not there-all he saw was the overturned table, near to which lay the Cashmere shawl. He wondered where she had gone

-probably to bed. He closed the windows and then followed her. He tiptoed up the stairs and along the passage till he came to her door and knocked. He knocked again-louder this time; but there was no answer. He turned the handle, but refrained from

He must have made more noise than he thought, for just then he heard a footstep on the servants' landing and saw Williams, with a lamp in his hand, peering down from the banisters above him. "Anything the matter, sir?" he whis-

"No, nothing, thank you, Williams," replied; "you can go back to bed."

He decided to postpone interviewing his wife till morning. She would be better able to bear his explanation after a good night's rest. He went down to the library and lit a fire; he could not endure the room where the scene had occurred. Sitting alone in the silent house, all things seemed possible, and he thought he had now arrived at the solution of his mystery. Remembrance of Durga Jang's words afforded him the key to the situation. When asked why Athira should have drowned herself in the Chenab in order that she might go with him across the black water, Durga Jang had said, "The Chenab flows into the Ghara, and the Ghara flows into the Indus, and the Indus flows into the black water, and the black water is the pathway which my

"And the Wye flows into the black water," thought Beasley, thus complet-ing the argument. "The ghost of Athira can journey only by water.

lord must travel to get to the land of the

Sitting beside the fire, he fell asleep. Next morning he was awakened by the sound of heavy footsteps in the hall. He listened and heard gruff voices arguing in whispered tones, before he saw the scared white face of Williams looking in upon him. Catching sight of his master, he made as if he would have withdrawn apologetically; then said, speaking shakily," "Something bad has happened, sir; it's in the hall."

Beasley, glancing through the partly opened door, saw the figures of half a dozen of his laborers. "What has happened?" he cried, rising hurriedly, clutching at his collar because of the tightness which was about his

The butler hesitated. Then his ser-

vant's habit of instant obedience return-"Mrs. Beasley was found floating in the river this morning, sir, as the haymakers were going to their work.

would get away and he would lose her. that, "For some one, whose name need "When I've told you all," he continued, not be mentioned, the affair looked very fishy-mysterious and shady, in fact.'

Then the history of Athira leaked out, and Beasley was once and forever dis-credited. There was talk of arresting him, and he took the unwise course of

whisper, "You must remember that I was very lonely out in India, and a good deal younger at the time."

While he had been speaking a curious sensation had been repeing over him, as sensation had been cretain back into the was prematurely old and worn. His mind had broken down. His appearation has been designed back into the was prematurely old and worn. His mind had broken down. His appearation was not also as the was prematurely old and worn.

yet he never asked for alms. If spoken to he did not harken, but muttered continually something unintelligible about a woman, one Athira, the owner of a Cashmere shawl, which he was anxious to restore. There are many Athiras in Kardar and innumerable Cashmere shawls;

He carried a grim package in his hand. something which explained it all—drawn closely across her breast and shoulders, hiding her bridal dress from sight, was shawl as the one babbled of; and truly it shawl as the one babbled of and truly it "One more question," said Beasley, as his servant was moving away. "Have they found her body?"

"Nay, my lord. Her body hath set forth on its journey. But there were forth on its journey. But there were they lead to be a large old-fashioned room, narrow, oak-pannelled, and Jacobean in style. At the far end French windows forth on its journey. But there were the lead to be a large old-fashioned room, narrow, oak-pannelled, and Jacobean in style. At the far end French windows forth on its journey. But there were the last right who gave the foot of which flowed thrown it a year gone by. So Athira had once been of surpassing magnificence.

The man nodded in amination.

Something which explained it all—drawn closely across her breast and shoulders, hiding her bridal dress from sight, was shawl as the one babbled of; and truly it the Cashmere shawl. She must have found it in the cupboard where he had once been of surpassing magnificence.

The man nodded in amination.

The turned to the dining room to wait.

The turne thrown it a year gone by. So Athira had gained her desire, and her last gift to him had become a present to the memsa-hib across the black water, whom he could love always.

In his surprise he grasped her hand so There was no real need of candles, for In his surprise he grasped her hand so of the bazar spat upon him when the tightly that she cried out with pain. She native policemen were not watching; for is in serge, braided to tone, and trimmed wrenched herself free and in so doing, they had heard that he had once been a with tiny satin buttons. The braid is ap-

The last man to have sight of him was

plored her. Then, surmising the useless-ness of such appeal, he called upon his this assertion and to indicate which way Sahib Beasley had gone was a Cashmere shawl, old and faded, drenched with river water, which was found thrown up on the temple's lowest stair. Woven into its pattern was a secret writing, which, on being interpreted by a native scholar read somewhat as follows:

"As thou hast loved me May thy gods love thee; As is my fate May thy fate be: Measure for measure And grief for grief." -By Coningsby William Dawson, in Harper's Weekly

Signal Service School Instituted.

The increasing demand for greater safety and facility in railroad operation has caused the Pennsylvania Railroad to institute a new plan of training men to maintain and operate its signals. Accordingly, there have just been appointed overhead the nightingale continued to four signal apprentices; Jacob Bright, chant: and now for him it was only a graduate of Lehigh 1910, L. J. Philips, graduate of Sheffield Scientific school, Yale, 1910, A. W. Fisher, 1910 graduate of Pennsylvania State College, and A. H. About the "Hobble Skirt."—It is really Tesker, graduate of Yale, 1910, Sheffield becoming to one woman in a thousand.

The different divisions of the lines east which would account for his strange hal- his servants, who had probably retired, of Pittsburg have started signal schools looks well in it. it forever from his remembrance.

From the little hill on which his house was established he could compass all the city in his gaze, with its jealously grated.

Which would account for his strange nailucination; but he saw her sitting opposite to him, pleasant and quiet, dressed where experienced signal schools looks well in it.

To the woman of full age and figure struction to the division signal employees it is a tragedy.

Which would account for his strange nailucination; but he saw her sitting opposite to him, pleasant and quiet, dressed in it.

Which would account for his strange nailucination; but he saw her sitting opposite to him, pleasant and quiet, dressed in regard to the proper operation and in which his house in regard to the proper operation and looks well in it.

Not the least objection to the frock plant and probably retired, and cause alarm. They would expect an explanation, and what was there to explanation and probably retired, and cause alarm. They would expect an explanation, and what was there to explanation. The would account for his strange nail. It took him an hour to fumble his way maintenance of the different signal and with the yard-and-a-half band around the

felt his way round by the clammy, ivycovered walls till he came to the window cated by the fact that whereas, in 1902 creet four looks like a seven at least, and whence he had set out. It was still open, there were but 7,891 interlocking func- the woman with really large extremities tions in operation on the lines east of Pittsburg, in 1908 this number was 20,725 —having just about tripled in a period of six years. These 20,755 functions are straight and scanty, and on the "little operated by 8,792 levers. A total of 12,- girl" order, it is sometimes becoming to 408 signals are in service, covering 3,385 miles of road, or over 70 per cent of mileage

years course. The first year will be spent sort of neckwear at all suited to such on the mechanical end of the work with dresses. the repair and construction gangs, the second year in the office of the supervisor entering; he felt himself an intruder after of signals, and the third year on outside what had happened. appliances. They will report to the supervisor of signals while taking this

course. The next place open to these men is the position of assistant signal inspector in the signal engineer's office. After attaining this they will be considered in ine of appointment to the following positions: assistant supervisor of signals, supervisor of signals, inspector, assistant signal engineer, and signal engineer.

---Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

Training Nurses-Free Scholarships.

The Philadelphia school for nurses, 2219 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, announces that enrollment for the fall classes will shortly begin. This institution is recognized and endorsed by leading physicians everywhere. Free scholarships in the two year course are available and provide room, board, laundering, incidental expenses and railroad fare home on completion of the course. A home study course and a resident short course are also provided. The school provides full instruction under safe and wholesome conditions and opens the way to almost immediate financial betterment for those who need to increase their earn-

ing power. A special short course class opens October 5th. This class is formed at the or make a substantial for a little supper, request of leading physicians who are anxious that some provision be made to meet the increasing demand for nurses in all sections. This is an opening which will be appreciated by those who need to quickly prepare themselves for self-sup-port and nursing duty. An illustrated number of the school bulletin, which is sent free to interested persons, gives all the details.

It Really Happened.

"Jimmy," said the teacher, "what is the shape of the earth?'

"I dunno, teacher."
"Well, what is the shape of the cuff buttons your father wears to church on "Dey are square, teacher." "How about the ones he

"Dey are round, teacher."
"Weil, then, what is the shape of the "Square on Sundays, and round on

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week-days."

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

Though human, thou didst not deceive me Though woman, though didst not forsake. Thou lov'd, thou forborest to grieve me, Thou slandr'd, thou never couldst shake Though trusted, thou didst not disclaim me Though parted, it was not to fly, Though watchful, it was not to defame me Nor mute, that the world might belie.

Divided Skirts for Sports.—The Eng-lish women are ahead of their American sisters in this respect.

According to an English magazine, they have adopted a cleverly invented divided skirt for golfing, mountain-climbing tramping and tennis.

It is so fashioned that the division is not discernible, sufficient fulness being let in at the seams below the hip line.

It gives freedom of movement, however, unequaled by any other skirt, no, matter how generous its width.

When in violent motion during a set of

tennis, the skirt does not fly upward or wrap around the legs, as does an ordinary skirt, and at the same time it does away with petticoats that hamper vigorous movement.

Made of homespun, tweed or khaki, it may be used for horseback riding as well as for other kinds of sports.

One of the smartest of the new suits down with a small button.

The coat, coming a little way below the waist line, is semi-fitting, and lines of the ness, he gazed into the face not of his an old Sikh soldier, whose brother had waist line, is semi-fitting, and lines of the wife, but of the Woman of India.

once been his orderly. He had spoken to braid are used on the sides to match the Speaking to her rapidly in Punjabi. he besought her to go away. She threw back her head and mocked him with her about the hour of midnight, and the mad companying bath the braid, and the acsahib held marigolds in his hands and back fold shaped something after the was imagining himself to be a native style of a Dutch bonnet, faced with rows

of the silk braid. Black velvet is used effectively as a trimming on some of the tailored suits this season. It is used for the waistbelt, for the sailor collar, for facing the revers, and for covering the buttons

White hats trimmed with black are having it all their own way just now, and some very effective examples of millinery of this kind have been designed to wear with coat and skirt costumes in black

finely striped with white. Exceedingly distinguished in effect is a large hat, with a fairly high crown and very wide brim made in white felt and lined underneath with black velvet. A broad band of black velvet encircles the crown, and on one side, toward the front, there is a large bow of old ivory, very deftly tied, and ingeniously arranged with invisible wires which stiffen the loops of

lace and keep them in position. Some of the newest black picture hats have quaint little frilled caps of white lace peeping out from under the brims, and resting lightly upon the hair. This is a very pretty fashion and one of which we shall probably see more later on in the year.

About the "Hobble Skirt."-It is really The slender slip of a girl, with a figure of almost boyish straightness, occasion

bottom of the skirt is the effect it has of

-we shudder to go farther. Nevertheless, if the frock is kept with-

young girls and the younger and more slender matrons. Remember that with it must be worn Signal apprentices will serve a three the turned-down collar, which is the only

> When pieces of felt are pasted to the bottom of ornaments that are to stand on a polished surface care must be taken that the surface is not damp or the varnish fresh, or the lint from the felt will stick to the wood and be worse than the

scratch. This happens quite often in the slides of old mahogany desks. The unsightly mark on the top can only be removed by scraping gently with a piece of fine sand-paper and then rubbing up with sweet oil and vinegar.

Do not scrape hard, or the varnish will be scored and the surface of the mahogany be ruined.

In length the coats are all short of the knees and of an exceeding shapeliness, although just free of the figure. As things go at present, we are content to display that obsession the transparent ninon blouse over some extravagant lace or lingerie slip when occasion arises to throw open the fronts of the coat. But vests are merely abiding their hour, and vests of an extravagantly beautiful character, moreover, and an exhaustive range, from toile de jouy to embroideries of rare and beautiful silks.

For the Housekeeper-Luncheon cheese mixed with minced green peppers or olives, moistened with salad dressing and spread on crackers for the salad course or on hot crisp toast to precede the soup is another of the demonstrator's prize

Lace collarettes and muslins can be stiffened without starch; instead, put a lump or two of sugar in the rinse water.

Curried Eggs.-Fry an onion in butter and over it put milk and flour and a teaspoonful of curry powder. Cut hard boiled eggs into halves, arrange them on a deep dish, pour the curry mixtures over them and arrange a circle of boiled rice around them. Garnish with parsley.

To Make Windows Opaque.—If you want to shut off the view from any window you can do it very cheaply by dis-solving in a little hot water as much Epsom salts as the water will absorb. Paint over the window while hot, and when dry you will have a very good imitation of ground glass.

Quaint scarfs in shades of gray and mauve are picturesquely swathed round straws in purple and gray.