Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., February, 3, 1911.

UTOPIA.

There is a garden where lilies
And roses are side by side;
And alll day between them in silence
The silk butterflies glide.

I may not enter the garden,
Though I know the road thereto:
And morn by morn to the gateway
I see the children go.

They bring back light on their faces;
But they cannot bring back to me
What the lilies say to the roses,
Or the songs of the butterflies be.

—*Francis Turner Palgrave.*

A JUNGLE GRADUATE.

The moonlight fell upon Schreiber's bald head as he jerked his body out of the depths of the rough-hewn lounge chair. His eyes were turned to the blue-black smear of jungle, but his ears were absorbing the faint sounds that came from the interior of the bungalow. The narrow path, like a whitewashed strip, reached fearfully toward the wierd tree masses, and alongside it the coarse rirro grass stood up haughtily as if protesting against the man-made barrenness. The jungle resents a clear space; it speaks of the presence of human beings.

"What is it?" I asked softly.

"Nothing," murmured the naturalist, but his grip on the unplaned pine limbs which formed the frame upon which the Dyak mat was stretched did not relax. He gave one the impression of a man sifting the noises of the night with his whole body.

Suddenly his head came sharply down between his shoulders, and the chair groaned a protest as he left it with a spring. A black line appeared upon the moon-whitened path, and the heavy German pounced upon it with the agility of a cat.

"It is that damn vermilion snake," he grunted, holding the wriggling thing up by the tail as he shuffled toward the door. "This is the second time he has escaped."

When the chair had again received him with a long-drawn creaking sound, I put a question.

"Did you see him before he started across the path?" I asked.

"No," snapped Schreiber. "I just felt that things are not right. That is easy. When he escaped it caused a little silence and just a little change in the note of those that didn't keep altogether quiet. Listen, please, now."

From inside the darkened bungalow came a peculiar wasp-like buzzing, that filtered unceasing into the mysterious night. The surrounding jungle appeared to be listening to it. At first it defied the attempts of the ear when it sought to analyze the medley, then the different noises asserted themselves slowly. It was the inarticulate cry of the German's prisoners. There was the soft moaning of the wakeful gibbon, the *pat pat* of the civet, the whimper of the black monkey, the snuffling of caged small things, and the rustle of snakes that crawled wearily around their boxes. The sounds seemed to bring to the place a peculiar aura that put the bungalow apart from the untrammeled jungle that surrounded it on all sides.

"They are all right now," murmured the German cotentedly. "They are quiet so."

"But how did they know that the vermilion snake had escaped. They're in the dark."

The naturalist laughed, the pleasant laugh of the man to whom a question like mine brings the thrill of subtle flattery.

"How?" he repeated. "My friend, the gibbon in there felt it in his blood, *ja*. He whimper softly, oh, so softly, and the news run along the cages. The dark makes no difference to the wild people. Every little bit of their bodies is an eye. Every little hair listens and tells them something. That is as it should be. I felt the change in their notes. I was dreaming of Jan Wyck's place in Amsterdam just then, and I wake up mighty quick. The black monkey stopped quiet, for the black monkey is wise, but the tune of the others changed to pianissimo very, very sudden. A snake is a fellow that can get in anywhere. Listen to them now. I did not tell them that he was back, but they know."

A feeling of nauseation crept over me as the German spoke haltingly, groping for the words to express himself. To me the bungalow appeared as a leprous spot in the jungle of wild, waving tapang, pandanus, and sandalwood, laced together with riotous creepers. The whimpering, snuffling, and protesting rustling made me shiver, and I surprised myself by voicing my thoughts.

"It seems so infernally cruel," I stammered. "If you look at—"

The naturalist interrupted me with a quiet laugh, and I remained silent. The big meerschaum was being puffed vigorously.

"It is not cruel," he said, slowly. "Out there," he waved a hand at the blue-black smear of jungle that looked like a foundation upon which the pearly sky reared itself, "they are dining on each other. My prisoners are safe and have plenty. Did you not hear just now how it troubled them when the snake escaped? So! The black monkey has a little one and she was afraid. The jungle life is not a lengthy one for the weak. I was at Amsterdam five years ago—*Ach Gott!* it seems fifty years ago—and at Hagenbeck's I see a one-eared *mias* that I trapped years ago. She looked well. Would she be alive here? I do not know."

The irritating droning noise continued to pour out of the bungalow. It floated out into the night that appeared to be all ears in an effort to absorb it.

"No, captivity is not bad if they are treated right," continued the naturalist, and can you tell me where they are not treated well?"

I didn't answer. Confronted with a request for reasons to back up my stammered protest, I found myself without any. Schreiber's captives were well fed. The baby monkey was guarded from the snake.

The big German smoked silently for several minutes, his eyes fixed on the jungle belt in front.

"The zoological people treat their animals better than society treats human beings," he said, gently. "And the naturalists? Well, they treat them well. I never knew one who did not."

He stopped for a moment, and then gave a little throaty gurgle. Memory had pushed forward something that displeased him.

"I made a mistake," he remarked harshly. "I did know of one. The night is young, I will tell you of him. It happened a long while ago when I first came to the Samarahan River—Fogelberg and I came together. This man's name was Lesohn—Pierre Lesohn—and he was a naturalist of a kind. That is, his heart was not in his work. *Nein!* He was always thinking of other ways of making money, and no man who calls himself a naturalist can do that. This business calls for everything—heart, soul, brain, all. That is why I said Lesohn was not a naturalist. The devil of discontent was gnawing at him, and in this work there should be no discontent. No, my friend.

"One day I pulled down the river to Lesohn's place, and he pushed at me an illustrated paper from Paris. He laughed, too, very excitedly. He was nearly always excited; the discontented people always are.

"'What do you think of that?' he said.

"I read the piece in the paper, and I looked at the picture that went with it. It was the picture of an orang-outang, and it had under it the brute's name. He had two names, just like you and me. There he was sitting at a desk smoking a cigar and making a bluff that he was writing a letter. It turned me sick. It was not good to me. I handed the paper back to Lesohn and I said nothing.

"'Well?' he snapped, 'I asked you what you thought of it.'

"'Not much,' I said. 'It interests me not.'

"'You old fool! he cried out. 'That monkey is earning two hundred pounds a week at the Royal Music Hall in Piccadilly. He is making a fortune for his trainer.'

"'I do not care,' I said, 'I am not concerned one little bit.'

"'Ho, ho!" he sneered. 'You want to work in this stinking jungle till you die, eh? I have other things in my mind, Schreiber.' I knew he had, but I didn't interrupt him just then. 'Yes,' he cried out, 'I do not want to be buried out here with the wahwahs singing the "Dead March" over my grave. I want to die in Paris. And I want to have some fun before I die, Schreiber. There is a little girl whose father keeps the Cafe des Primroses— *Mon Dieu!* Why did I come to this wilderness?'

"'And how will that help you?' I asked, pointing to the paper that had the picture of the smart monkey in it.

"'How?' he screamed. 'How? Why, you old stupid, I, Pierre Lesohn, will train an orang-outang too.'

"'It is not good to make a brute into a human,' I said. 'I would not try if I were you.'

"Lesohn laughed himself nearly into convulsions when I said that. It was a great joke to him. He fell on the bed and laughed for ten minutes without undoing his face. He was a smart man, was Pierre Lesohn—too smart to come out of Paris. The smart men should always stay in the cities. The jungle is not for them. It agrees only with men who have made a proper assay of their faculties. Lesohn never had time to make an assay. He was too busy scheming."

Schreiber stopped and again leaned forward in the big chair. Something had gone astray in the buzzing noise from the prison-house, and like a maestro he listened for the jarring note. Softly he rose from his seat and slipped into the interior darkness.

When he returned he relit his pipe slowly—the jungle life makes a man's movements composed and deliberate—then he settled himself back in the seat of his own manufacture.

"The little one of the black monkey is ill," he explained. "If it was in the jungle it would die. Here it will live, I think. But we will get back to Lesohn, the smart Frenchman who should have stayed in Paris. He pasted that picture of the manape over his cot, and he looked at it every day. It got between him and his sleep.

"'Two hundred pounds a week,' he would cry out. 'Think of that, you old, squareheaded Dutchman. That is nearly five thousand francs! That is four thousand marks! Could we not train one too?'

"'Not me,' I said. 'I like the orang-outang just as he is. He suits me like that. If he got so elever that he could smoke my cigars and read my letters I would not like him one bit. He would be out of the place that God gave him in the animal kingdom."

"I annoyed Lesohn by telling him that. I annoyed him very much. Three days afterward a Dyak trapped an orang-outang that was just getting out of its babyhood, and the Frenchman bought it quick.

"'It is just the size I want,' he said to Fogelberg and me. 'I want to train it as quick as I can. Ho, ho! you two fools, just wait. There is a little girl whose father keeps the Cafe des Primroses—wait, Dutchman, and see things. Prof. Pierre Lesohn and his wonderful trained orang-outang! Five thousand francs a week! Is it not good?'

"But Fogelberg and I said nothing. We knew the status of the orang-outang in the animal kingdom, and we were content to leave him on his proper plane. Mother Nature fixes the grades, and she knows that the orang is not the fellow that shall send notes to his sweetheart or puff cigars when he is sitting in tight boots that squeeze his toes that have been made for swinging him through the palm trees. From the ant-eating manis with his horn armor, right up to Pierre Lesohn, Mother Nature has settled things very properly and very quietly

"Lesohn was not the man for the wilderness. No, my friend. He was all bubble, all nerves, and he wanted to feed on excitement ten times a day. And there is no excitement here. Not a bit. People in the cities think that there is, but they are mistaken. This is a cradle where you get a rest if you sit quiet. Do you understand? The Frenchman could not sit quiet. His imagination made him a millionaire after he had that orang-outang two days. It did so. It bought him a house at Passy, and a carriage and pair, and the smiles of the ballet-girls at the Grand Casino. Some men are like that. They make their imaginations into gas-wagons and ride to the devil. And Lesohn was taking something that didn't improve things. He kept a square bottle under his cot, and he toasted the monkey and the good times that he was going to have in Paris—toasted them much too often for my liking.

"That monkey learned things mighty fast. He was a great mimic, a very great mimic. Every time Fogelberg and I pulled down to Lesohn's place, the Frenchman trotted the damn hairy brute out to do things for our approval. Fogelberg didn't like it. I didn't like it. *Nein!* We told Lesohn and he laughed and made fun of us.

"'Oh, you two old Dutchmen!' he cried out. 'Oh, you two old monkey-snarers! You wait! Professor Pierre Lesohn and his trained orang-outang at five thousand francs a week! Five thousand francs! Think of it! In the Cafe des Primroses I will think sometimes of you two fools on the stinking mud banks of the Samarahan.'

"He was going mad thinking of the good times he would have on the boulevards. He drank—*Gott in Himmel!* how he drank. He saw himself strutting in Europe with the monkey bringing in the money. He was mad, all right. And I think that orang-outang began to think that he was mad. He would sit alongside Lesohn and puzzle his old head to know what the Frenchman was so excited about. The brute didn't know of the dreams of Monsieur Pierre Lesohn. No, my friend. He didn't know that the Frenchman was going to make a pedestal of his wisdom upon which he could climb and kiss his fingers to the Milky Way. Oh, no! He was only an orang-outang and he didn't know that people would pay four thousand marks a week to see him stick his blue nose into a stein and puff at a cigarette. *Ach!* it sickens me.

"Then one day the monkey got sulky and would not do a single thing. I think Lesohn was drunk that day. He must have been. The brute was sulky and the Frenchman was drunk. Pierre told me of it afterward. The *mias* knocked over the specimen-cases and went cranky. Lesohn went cranky, too. He saw the boulevards and the house at Passy and the ballet-girls and the Cafe des Primroses floating away on the monkey's tantrums, and he got sick. He got very sick. He swigged away at the flat bottle till he went nearly mad, and then he done something."

The bluey depths of the jungle appeared to pulsate as Schreiber halted in his story to listen again to the sounds that came from within. There was a witchery in the soft night. It touched one with mysterious fingers. It watched outside the lonely bungalow, wondering, inquisitive, wide-eyed.

"He must have been mad," continued the German, "mad or very drunk. The Samarahan flowed right by Lesohn's bungalow, and the Samarahan was alive at that place. Dirty, ugly, scaly-backed crocodiles slept in the mud there all day long. Ugh! I hate crocodiles. They turn me sick. The Frenchman he was mad, though—mad with drink and mad because he thought the orang-outang was turning stupid."

"Well?" I gasped, "what happened?" The night was listening to the story. The buzzing noise from the prisoners died down to the faintest murmur.

"Well," repeated the naturalist, "Pierre Lesohn taught that orang-outang a lesson in obedience. He tied the animal to the trunk of a tree near the mud banks—yes, near the stinking, slimy mud banks that smell like assafoetida and then he, Pierre, laid himself down on the veranda of his bungalow with his Winchester rifle in his lap.

"'The orang-outang whimpered, and Lesohn laughed. He told me of this afterward. The orang whimpered again and again. Then he cried out with fear. A bit of the mud started to move, and the big *mias* was afraid, very much afraid. You know the cold eye of the crocodile? It is the icicle eye. It is the eye of the monte sharp. No animal has such a cold eye. The shark? *Nein!* The shark has a fighting eye. The crocodile doesn't fight. He waits till all the cards are his way. He is a devil. That tied-up pet of Lesohn's attracted the dirty brute in the mud, and the orang-outang had been fool enough to tell him by that whimper that he was helpless. See?

"The crocodile watched him for one hour—for two hours—for three hours. He thought it might be a trap. Lesohn watched, too. He was teaching the monkey what mighty smart fellows come out of Paris.

"The crocodile knocked the mud off his back to get a better view, and the orang screamed out to Pierre to save him. He screamed mighty hard. He chattered of the things he would learn if Lesohn came to his aid quick, but Lesohn smiled to himself and sat quiet.

"The crocodile dug himself out of the mud and looked at the *mias*, and the *mias* shivered in every bit of his body. Lesohn told me all about it afterward. He said the monkey cursed him when the crocodile flicked the water out of his eye and moved a little farther up the bank. That icicle eye had the orang-outang fascinated. He lost his nerve. He shrieked and he prayed in monkey gibberish, and that gave the crocodile plenty heart. *Ach* yes! He thought that he held four aces in the little game with the orang, and he thinks it good to take a chance. He made a big rush at the tree, but Pierre was waiting for that rush. He threw the rifle forward quick, the bullet took the brute in the eye, and he flopped back into the stinking mud with a grunt of disgust.

"You see what Lesohn was? He was a madman. Next day when Fogelberg and I went down there he told us all about it, and he laughed a lot. The orang-outang was so mighty afraid that Lesohn would repeat the stunt that he was hopping round doing everything that he could. *Gott!* he was much afraid, was that monkey. I bet he dreamed of nights of that icicle eye of that crocodile. Every time Lesohn looked at him he shivered as if he was going to take a fit, and he whimpered like a baby. That crocodile had watched him for three hours. See?

"'Look at him!' screamed the Frenchman. 'No more sulks from him! I tamed him! Here!' he yelled to the orang, 'bring me my bottle!'

"Didn't that monkey rush to get it? You bet he did. He went as if it was a matter of life and death to him, and I suppose it was, to his thinking. And Lesohn shrieked with laughter till you could hear him at Brunei. He reckoned that the cold eye of a crocodile was the very best thing in the world to bring a monkey to his senses.

"'I will take him over to Singapore next week,' said Lesohn, 'and from there I will get a boat to Colombo, and then ship by the Messenger's Maritimes to Paris. Five thousand francs a week, Dutchman! You will read of me. *Mon Dieu!* Yes! You will read of Pietre Lesohn and his trained orang-outang.'"

Schreiber halted in his recital. A wind came out of the China Sea, charged down upon the jungle and slashed the fronds of the big palms like a regiment of cuirassiers thundering through space. It died away suddenly, leaving an atmosphere of wierd expectancy that put one's nerves on a tension. The night seemed to listen for something that it knew was coming.

"Go on!" I cried excitedly. "Tell me! Tell me what happened!"

"Four days after that night," said Schreiber, quietly, "I pulled down the Samarahan. When I came in front of Lesohn's bungalow I called out to him, but I got no answer. 'He is in the forest,' I said to myself; 'I will go up to the hut and get a drink.' It was a mighty hot day, and the Samarahan is not a summer resort. *Nein!* It is not.

"Did you ever feel that a silence can be too much silence? Sometimes in the jungle I feel a hush that is not nice. It was here tonight when the vermilion snake escaped. Often in the forest it chokes the whistle of the cicada and it seems to stop the little blades of grass from waving. *Jah!* It is strange. Whenever I feel that silence I am careful. I am not afraid, but I know that other things that can feel in a way that I cannot feel are much afraid.

"It was that kind of a silence that I feel when I was going up the path to Lesohn's bungalow. It was like ice upon my spine. It came around me and touched me like ten thousand cold hands. I am not imaginative, no, but in the jungle one gets a skin that feels and sees and hears. And my skin was working overtime just then. It was telling my brain something that my brain could not understand.

"I walked on my toes through the mangrove bushes at the top of that path. I know not why, but I did. I was near to making a discovery. I knew that. I stopped and peeped through the branches and I saw something. *Gott!* Yes! I saw something that made me reach out for the news that my skin was trying to tell me. I knew, and I did not know. Do you understand? I chased that thing all around in my brain and I was getting closer to it each minute. The things I thought of made it come closer, and my lips got dry. I thought of what Lesohn had done to that orang, how he had tied him to the tree and frightened him into a fit with the cold stare of that scaly-backed crocodile, and while I thought of that I watched the veranda of the bungalow. I seemed to see that monkey tied to the tree and that icicle eye looking at him from the mud, and then—why, I knew! It came on me like a flash. I felt as if I was hit with a sandbag.

"For three minutes I could not move, then I staggered toward the veranda. Do you know what was there? *That big ugly brute of a mias was fumbling with the Frenchman's rifle, and he was crying like a lyuman.*

"'Where is Lesohn?' I cried out. 'Where is he?' And then I laughed like a madman at my own question. My skin, that was all eyes and ears, had told me where Lesohn was. *Jah!* It was so.

"The big *mias* sprang up on his feet and he looked at me just as if he understood every word I said. My legs were as weak as two blades of grass. I had not seen the thing done. *Ach!* It was strange. I thought I had dreamed about it, but then I knew I hadn't. It was the silence, and the crying *mias*, and something inside me which told me it is not good to teach a brute too much. 'Where is he?' I cried out again. 'Show me where he is?'

"The orang wiped the tears from his ugly blue nose and touched me with his big, hairy arm, and then he started to shamble toward the mud banks where the Frenchman had tied him to give him that little lesson in obedience.

"I was sick then. That atmosphere turned me all upside down. I knew what had happened. Yes, I knew. My mind had pieced things together like the pieces of a picture puzzle. I knew what Lesohn had done to the brute, I knew the imitative ways of the *mias*, and I knew that Pierre was often drunk—very often drunk. And then there was the knowledge which my skin had strained out of the silence. A cold sweat ran from me as I followed the orang, and I clutched the rifle tight as I got near the mud bank and looked around for something to confirm the horror that my soul had sensed. And the proof was there. It was a coat sleeve tied to the tree where the Frenchman had tied the *mias* a week before, and the sleeve wasn't empty. *Nein!* The cords had been tied around the wrist of Pierre Lesohn, and the cords were very strong. They had stood the strain of the pull, and—and it was there as a proof of what had happened.

"It was all so plain to me. Lesohn must have been drunk, see? Well, while he was drunk it had come into the ugly head of that brute to let Pierre get a thrill from the icicle eye of the scaly-backed devils in the mud. He had tied Lesohn to the tree, and then he got the rifle and copied the Frenchman by sitting on the veranda to watch for the first one of those things that would find out that Pierre was helpless. It was plain—oh, so plain to me. But the Frenchman, in educating that orang, had forgotten to teach him how to load a rifle. It was unfortunate, was it not? The rifle was empty, and when the dirty brutes came out of the mud, the *mias* could do nothing. *Gott!* no! He just fumbled with the breech and cry like a human being till I came along, and then it was too late."

"What did you do then?" I cried, as the German's heavy bass tones were pursued and throttled by the palpitating silence.

"I did nothing," said Schreiber, quietly. "Lesohn had told me what he had done to that brute. Fate—Nemesis—call it what you will—has funny ways. I looked at the orang-outang, and he backed away from me, crying. And he looked back a dozen times, still crying, till the jungle swallowed him up. Somewhere out there"—the German waved a hand at the dark forest that was watching and listening—"there is an oranff-outang with a tragedy on his mind."—By James Francis Dwyer, in *Harper's Weekly.*

A Planter of Pearls.

We hear of poultry farms, and bee farms, of cattle farms, and dog farms, and even cat farms, but, so far as is known, there is only one pearl farm. It is a large farm, for it extends over some five thousand suqare miles and is covered by shallow water. The site of this farm is Torres Strait, at the northmost point of Australia.

It belongs to a capitalist known in that quarter of the world as "the king of pearl-fishers." He stocked it with one hundred and fifty thousand pearl oysters rather more than ten years ago. It takes one thousand five hundred men to gather in his crop, of whom two hundred are divers. Two hundred and fifty vessels are regularly employed.

In the shallow water that covers his great farm the shells grow very large, and the divers can operate well. The harvest is no mean one, for the pearls, when sold in London, fetch two hundred thousand dollars and upward every year.

Smart tailored stocks are now shown in shops, for wear with the linen and madras shirtwaists which are a special feature of spring apparel. One exceedingly smart stock has a linen collar quite high with a one-inch turnover divided front and back. With this collar a satin foulard stock tie with a bow is worn, and the white polka dot with black or navy blue is the most effective. This stock was seen early in the winter with the riding habit. It was especially remarked at the Horse Show. Ascot stocks in the new figured linens and madrases also look very attractive with the tailored street suit.

The Last English Wolf.

The wolf is a very hard animal to exterminate. It is practically absent from the eastern United States, but stray individuals are still found in the mountains even here, and probably will be found for centuries to come. There are wolves in every great country of the Continent of Europe, after many centuries of civilization. In France several hundred are killed every year. In Great Britain, however, there are no wolves. Tradition records that the last one was killed in the year 1700, and the story of how it was done has been told by many a fireside.

It is in Southerlandshire, Scotland, that the scene of the tradition is laid. A shepherd named Polson had discovered in the rocks near Flen-Loch the den of a wolf which had been ravaging the country.

Polson had with him his son and another young shepherd boy. The mouth of the den was very narrow. Discovering from certain signs that the old wolf was not at home, and being himself too large to enter the den, Polson sent the two boys in to see if there were any young wolves.

The boys crept in, and presently discovered a bed in which five lusty young wolves were lying. They called out; "Father! Father! We've found the little wolves!

"Then choke 'em quick!" Polson shouted into the hole.

The boys began to beat the young wolves with their sticks, whereupon the little animals set up a terrible yelping, which could be heard outside the den.

Suddenly the she-wolf jumped out of a bush close by and rushed past the shepherd and into the narrow hole that led to her nest.

She leaped so quickly that Polson could not stop her until she had partly got into the hole; but he managed to seize her by the tail.

"Father! Father! the boy called out from within, "what is it that stops the light?"

"You'll find out," exclaimed Polson, "if the tail breaks!"

He held manfully to the she-wolf's tail, however, his feet braced against the entrance to the cave. The young wolves yelped, the she-wolf struggled. It was a terrific tussle, with the she-wolf's mother-love pitted against the man's father-love.

Presently the shepherd, bracing himself anew, managed to whip out his hunting-knife, and stabbed the wolf repeatedly in the haunches and sides. She could not turn about, and the man had the advantage as long as he could cling to her tail.

She sank down dead at last, and, as the boys had already succeeded in killing the little wolves, she was the last wolf killed on British soil.

The Trick of Breathing Flames and Sparks From the Mouth.

Fire tricks were practiced in very ancient times. The first known fire breather was a Syrian slave named Eunus, a leader in the Servile war in Sicily, 130 B. C. He pretended to have immediate communication with the gods. When desirous of inspiring his followers with courage he breathed flames and sparks from his mouth.

In order to accomplish this feat Eunus pierced a nutshell at both ends, and, having filled it with some burning substance, he put it in his mouth and breathed through it. The same trick is performed today in a more approved manner. The performer rolls some flax or hemp into a ball about the size of a walnut, which he lets burn until it is nearly consumed. Then he rolls around it more flax while it is still burning. By this means the fire is retained in the ball for a long time. He slips this ball into his mouth unperceived and breathes through it. His breath revives the fire, and he sustains no injury so long as he inhales only through his nostrils.

Various theories have been advanced to account for other feats of this sort performed by the ancients. An old ordeal was the holding of a redhot iron by the accused, who was not burned if he were innocent. Probably some protective paste was used on the hands. The peculiar property of mineral salts, such as alum, in protecting articles of dress from fire has long been known. An old Milanese devised a costume consisting of a cloth covering for the body which had been steeped in alum. A metallic dress of wire gauze was added to this, and thus protected a man might walk on hot iron.—Harper's.

London's Dramatic Censors.

London has had its absurd dramatic censors even if it cannot quite come up to Vienna. Colley Cibber in his autobiography tells us of one master of the revels who was responsible for the licensing of plays in those days expunging the whole first act of "Richard III." on the ground that the distresses of Henry VI. would remind weak people of King James, then living in France. In fact, Shakespeare has more than once been censored, for "King Lear" was inhibited during the illness of George III. George Colman when reader of plays banned the use of such words as angel and heaven.—London Chronicle.

Dead Authors.

The society of dead authors has this advantage over that of living men—they never flatter us to our faces, or slander us behind our backs, or intrude upon our privacy, or quit their shelves until we take them down.—Colton.

What They're Not Doing.

When two women get their heads together in a parlor it's a safe bet that they're not discussing the weather.—Detroit Free Press.

This is the best day the world has ever seen. Tomorrow will be better.—R. A. Campbell.

The Announcement Followed.

She—They say there are germs in kisses. Now, what do you suppose a girl could catch that way?

He—A husband.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A pound of care will not pay an ounce of debt.—Dutch Proverb.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

Let us be of good cheer, remembering that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those which never come.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

The peasant features are being emphasized in most of the indoor frocks worn by small girls in this winter season, and some of them hang in a straight smock like a French workman's blouse, without belt or break. It is the approved thing, just now, to make these little dresses as narrow and straight as possible, and without ornamentation, as this style enables the wearers to slip into and out of their coats and wraps much more easily. Some of these little frocks look as though they were falling from the shoulders, and were only held there by the inserted guimpe and stronge stitches. The kimono sleeves are not as comfortable for a restless, active child to wear as those where the armhole seam allows greater movement to the arms.

Although every precaution should be taken to prevent children from catching cold while they are out exercising each pleasant day, it is a great mistake to overclothe them. Dressing tkem too warmly is worse than the other alternative of insufficient clothing, and makes them even more liable to suffer from cold. This is especially true of boys who are anxious to run and jump and engage in active winter sports. It should always be remembered that children are more warm-blooded than adults, and therefore a different rule applies to them, and they should have coats of varying warmth, the selection being made after consulting the thermometer.

For the use of the little white-clad children, rubber overshoes of white have been manufactured, and nowadays when one goes to buy a pair of overshoes for a child, it is not difficult to match his leggins, for the three styles of black, brown and white about cover the range of variety in those articles.

Party shoes of black velvet, intended to be drawn over the slippers and silk stockings will be found most useful for a young girl's wearing to the winter festivities permissible while she is still attending school, and just the thing for a long automobile trip, because they are so warm and comfortable. They are by no means clumsy in appearance, and are fitted neatly into rubber soles.

The costume of the schoolgirl should never be a matter of indifference to those who decide what she shall wear, for she is a good subject for simple tailor-made effects. As soon as her frocks touch her ankles, the young girl is ready for tailor-made gowns, and her slim figure carries off those chic little costumes of cloth, or zibeline, or artine, in the best manner possible. The idea of "girlishness" should never be lost sight of until she is "out" in society, as there is no more ridiculous sight than a slip of a schoolgirl assuming the styles and manners of a grown-up woman before she arrives at that estate.

Charming is the young girl who keeps within her girlishness, without any desire of imitating her older sisters, her manner and attire both carrying out this idea. A certain girl of this type has a gown of tan-colored zibeline for everyday school wear. It is a semi-princess model made on the simplest lines, with a shirred chiffon guimpe and a band of tucked trimming around the skirt-hem, bordered on both edges with black velvet. This same trimming borders also the short, one-buttoned coat, and is inserted, epaulette-wise in the shoulder, under a narrow shawl-collar of black velvet. Her tan-colored velvet mushroom hat has its becomingness enhanced by a "milliner's curve" above the face, and there is a large double bow of self-colored Liberty, which extends halfway around the crown. She wears some pretty lipis beads, and big cross-fox muff with a bushy tail swinging below Mr. Reynard's sly old nose, and as she strides along she makes a charming picture, of which she is quite unconscious.

Vogue Points.—The fad for ornaments in the form of the butterfly is probably akin to the aviation craze. Fads and fancies being generally the out-forming ripples of a striking splash of some new excitement, the butterfly wings itself over a wide area. The design is shown in fabrics and laces and makes a striking corsage ornament in gold and silver mesh. The butterfly motif is shown alike in veilings and handsome garniture. It makes a charming hair ornament in gold and silver filigree, and the milliners have been quick to see its possibilities for their ends. Butterfly bows of satin are used effectively on smart folks. And lastly, rhinestones in the wing design are a novelty for black satin slippers.

The cord-and-tassel seem about the only concession granted the waistline at present. However, it is making the most of its opportunity, and we have it alike on evening gown and morning blouse. It is the distinctive finish for the citoyenne waist, that smart little model falling straight a few inches below the waist-line and girded in by a heavy silken cord with loops and tasseled ends. And again, a gold cord tied at one side made a most effective note for a handsome tunic robe.

Parasol handles are shown in closely woven colored beads of dark blue or garnet. Some of these handles are merely plain, straight shafts so covered, others are finished with ornamental ball ends. A smart style of handle features a highly polished piece of beautiful wood finished by a larger, flat lozenge of enamel in color. Handsome handles of gold richly engraved are also displayed.