Bellefonte, Pa., May 19, 1911.

GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN.

Over the mountain and over the sea, In the land where we never again shall be, There lieth a garden of long ago, Where children played that we used to know

There is no magic of brush or pen Can picture the wonders we met with then, When we left in the town our schoolbook lore, In Grandmother's Garden to stand once more.

The roses we plucked to our hearts' content-But they died to our wistful wonderment-And the prim box-borders that smelt so sweet When crushed by our wandering childish feet!

And the hedge of beech that walled us in. With the bit near the house that was all worn thi Where Grandfather stood to smoke at night With a friend in his garden out of sight.

Right in the middle, the cherry tree, With the cherries hanging, big and red? But the blackbirds had first bite, we said!

And the bough where we sat when tired of play. With a book on our knees and our thoughts away Past the sheltering hills, to the wind, wide sea, Till Grandmother called us back-to tea?

Grandmother's Garden! Yesterday I stood in a southern garden gay, Where on smooth lawns went stately by Proud peacocks with their strident cry;

Where the sun blazed down on the fruit-trees tal That climbed and clung on the high south wall. When, sudden, my heart went out from me To the other garden across the sea, A thought-and a look-and there at my feet

Was a border of box that smelt as sweet In the heat of the sun as, loug ago, In the old-time garden we used to know

The years flew by; the builder came, And Grandmother's Garden is just a name; For a mansion stands where the roses grew, And a wall in the place of the hedge we knew,

But I close my eyes and I see again Grandmother's Garden, O, so plain In the land that we cannot go back to see, Where the children played that we used to be. -W, J. Cameron, in the Pall Mall Magazine

THE DAMCE.

Into the middle of the dance somebody threw what was meant for a bombshell "They say the cutter's on the way," sud-

denly said this lad.
"Some say she's in the Bay," he added, when his preliminary seemed to produce no consternation. But the man at whom it was aimed was not unacquainted with the abounding jealonsly of the male in this most primitive region of West New-foundland; and also it had ever been his secret pride that nothing affected his

"Even if she is." he retorted now, "what

But at midnight a young fellow in fishing rig came from the other side of the Bay with news yet more positive and alarming. "Where's Captain Powers?" "In a minute, boy, and I'll be with you," and to the assembled admiration fin-

ished the reel. "She's to anchor below, and they've been inquirin' of you, Captain—you and member, it's easy made, that road. There's the little Weasel."

ulting triumph with this capture of the American captain she snapped her fingers to the fiddler, after which she accompation to the fiddler nied him to the porch.

For, of course 'twill be a small matter head except how to steer a vessel. for you to slip the cutter and away as you've done a score o' times before. When will you be back?"

head except now to steer a vessel. And when I do, you move. Hear me? If you hope to see Bay of Islands ever again, you work

"I'll be back for a dance this night now. week. And mind you, keep one for me, "Ay, boy, and more than one," and they kissed and parted.

In his little schooner Bryan, to escape the cutter, was forced to crowd into the Gulf of St. Lawrence by the north shore of the Bay. Once there he would have liked to lay his course for the Magdalen so to the west and south; but now, what with the approaching morn and the attendant light, he dared not cross the open ter's glasses were altogether too far-reaching, even if they were not informed by jealous swains as to the likeliest di-rection to find him. So he decided to head northward, to hug the coast until such time as it might be safe to swing out into the broad Gulf and so on southerly to he Magdalens. This he the more readily decided to do because on the north coast were loopholes of escape— little harbors of refuge wherein a bold man might slip to and hide from troublesome cutters that could stream against

"And speaking of Bay of St. Johns' Wallace"—Bryan was addressing the cleverest of his crew—"a good hundred miles it is, but suppose now we could make it?'

"You make it and I'll find a hiding place where a whole navy of bloodhounds wouldn't smell us, Captain. "Well, Bonne Bay it is."

'And here's the vapor coming, Captain -to hide us from the cutter." "M-m-yes, Wallace-but hides her from us, too."

They were debating that question then when, the white haze lifting and rolling away, they made out the smudge of smoke astern. Far away it was then, but not to be doubted.

"The cutter, Captain?"
"That's what. And if we can see her smoke she can surely make out our sail. Here's where the vapor would help, Wallace, and bear out your argument."
"Ay, Captain. 'Twas like a wall, that

"Like a wall, yes, Wallace, or like a

fog she came like a black something throwing off a white sheet. All black she was except for a gold stripe along her run, and ten thousand horsepower. We knew her and she knew us; and we a little vessel with only the wind to save they'd grab us in a minute and chew us little vessel, and from that turned and looked to where the rocks of the Bay of Islands little vessel with only the wind to save her—and us. But that's not getting away from this fellow, is it? Sway up every-thing now."

It need a grab us in a minute and cnew us up and spit us out. He wouldn't stop to where the rocks of the Bay of Islands wallow us, not him—but spit us out, dead men all, crushed and bloody—and our liting now."

Vessel, and from that turned and looked to where the rocks of the Bay of Islands lay. And then—it was with a sigh he said it; "Bessie, girl, I did my best, but we lingered o'er long at that dance, and now your child."

—Let nothing shocking to eyes or ears approach those doors that close upon your child.

And, while they heaved on the halyards and gigs, he sang defiantly:

" 'Oh, beating up the coast on a blowy winter's From the fog we raised a cutter of his Kinglet's

o'er the way. She fires a shot across our bows by way of saying, Belay!

We ranges fair across her bows, and then-we bore away. Southeast by east for Matakan, and, oh, the As out before the howling gale our little ves-

sel flew. The sea was such, the wind was such, he didn't Because they didn't dare to wear, but-he must

've swore a lot! " 'Oh, flyin' down the coast like-'

another heave or two on the mains'l fel-He trained the glasses on the fast-coming steamer astern. "I told 'em I'd looming steamer astern. "I told 'em I'd wreck the jack before I'd let any Gover'-ment vessel get her, and I will. Damn

em anyway, all cutters and cruisers! And if she is is wrecked—"
"Wrecked? Then it'll be mixed drinks,

Skipper."
Bryan grinned. "It cert'nly will. And highpriced—there's stuff below cost ten dollars a quart."
"Wellace was drawing the

"H-m-m" Wallace was drawing the end of his tongue across his lower lip.
"I've been thinking, Skipper, that we'd all be better men if we had a sup of that same. A shame, don't you think yourself, Skipper—so much of it below, and we like to lose it all soon and never a sup on so cold a mornin'?"

"Well, I don't know but you're right, Wallace. Off with the hatch, and the first case you find bring on deck-the first

They tossed one up. "Let's see now. What'd you get? You cert'nly drew a good one. That's the most expensive stuff in her hold."

"Ay, Skipper, we know'd it, when we stowed it." Wallace grinned widely. "Is it every man a bottle to himself, Skip-"One bottle, no more; but no stopping

to drink it all now. One swallow now and then; stand by, for I see that Bonne Bay we'll never make, though this breeze is all that a big ship could ask for. Fifty tons more to her now and she'd be doin her fourteen in this breeze "And yet a grand boat of her tonnage,

Skipper-quick to handle. "I know that, and a good thing for where I think I'll put her—Hell's Harbor do they still call it, just ahead? That was the name when I was here, five years

ago "Ay, sir, and hell it is yet to make on a blowy day."
"All the worse for whoever is behind

us. And worse yet if men brought up on sailing craft don't dare to go further than steamboat hands. You'll follow me, lads?"
"Ay, Skipper!" They waved the half-empty bottles. "To Hell itself!"
Bryan could easily make out the cutter then. "Four miles to our three she's

coming. O man, but with fifty tons more odds till she gets here?" and in doubling there'd be damn little turning out of the enjoyment continued to swing his buxom road then, and that lad so bold with his guns would never get near enough to use them. But, Lord, it's a poor man that quarrels with his tools. She'll do. We'll make her do. Stand ready now. Heave those bottles over or hurry up and empty them-one or the other."

"Will you be needing a pilot, Skipper?" asked Wallace. "'Cause if you do—" "Why a pilot? Even if I couldn't rethe deep water, and there's the rocks, both Then it's time for me to go. But what marked better than if all the red and d'y'say, Bess, another dance?"
"Surely, Bryan, one more," and in exblack Government buoys in the world was there. Where a surf like that shows hand to the wheel. Take it, you Wal-"And when will you be back, Bryan? lace, and forget all that ever entered your

> It lacked an hour of sunset. "Plenty of light yet, plenty," muttered Bryan, and guided her between two large rocks, Hell's Gateposts, against which the billows of the broad gulf were now breaking, mounting white to the bald crests almost.

Tearing past the granite entrance went the little jack, with Wallace to the wheel Islands, which lay two hundred miles or and eyes on Bryan, who in turn stood at the fore-rigging with eyes only for the channel ahead. It was a dubious outlook; so much so that were it not for the water at the mouth of the Bay. The cutand bare rocks Bryan would have taken but small comfort. "But that lad behind won't come in so easy, steam power though he has," he commented, and by way of defiance waved an arm toward them. "And once within, I'm blessed sure he'll feel even less comfortable, especially when he comes to turn the El-

bow-if ever he does."

Inside the entrace they drove through a little harbor of quiet water, where the jack might have lain comfortably if it

were not for the pursuing cutter.

The only passage for them out of Hell's Harbor was through the north entrance. and to reach that from the south side of the Bay it was necessary to go by way of The Elbow. The Bay was sometimes used

did they suggest a more wicked end to whoever might approach them than now in this westerly gale, which, pressing in from the Gulf, whistled as it forced its way through the narrow entrance, and further in, where now the jack was, tore up the sea until the Claws lay now bare

The peril of the moment could not dull Bryan's easily stirred imagination. "The breeze is making this devil nervous," he said. "See him open and close his fingers. Maybe he thinks there'll be something doing for him soon"—and just then a fresh squall tearing the water wide open—"and now see him! It's teeth, not the said. The forbear-and ten thousand the said something throwing off a white sheet. All black she was except for a gold stripe along her run, and ten thousand the said is something to the moment could not dull Bryan's easily stirred imagination. "The peril of the moment could not dull Bryan's easily stirred imagination. "The preil of the moment could not dull Bryan's easily stirred imagination. "The preil of the moment could not dull Bryan's easily stirred imagination. "The preil of the moment could not dull Bryan's easily stirred imagination. "The preil of the moment could not dull Bryan's easily stirred imagination. "The preil of the moment could not dull Bryan's easily stirred imagination. "The peril of the moment could not dull Bryan's easily stirred imagination. "The peril of the moment could not dull Bryan's easily stirred imagination. "The peril of the moment could not dull Bryan's easily stirred imagination. "The preil of the moment could not dull Bryan's easily stirred imagination. "The breeze is making this devil nervous," he said. The forbear-ance of the victor spoke in his tone. "Come aboard," he said. The forbear-ance of the victor spoke in his tone. "The preil of the moment could not dull Bryan's easily stirred imagination. "The peril of the moment could not dull Bryan's easily stirred imagination. "The peril of the moment could not dull Bryan's easily stirred imagination." he said. The forbear-ance of the victor spoke in his tone. "Come aboard," he said. The forbear-ance of the victor spoke in his tone. "The preil of the brief, and the preil of the moment could not dull Bryan's easily stirred imagination." The peril of the moment could not dull Bryan's easily stirred imagination." The br

you wish you could get us!" He shook 'Im afraid you'll be having to get another his fist at the indented row.

The crew were inhaling the leader's spirit: "Would he stop to take a few sups of wine on the way, Captain?"

Bryan laughed. "Lord, but you're certainly with But look astern!"

But look astern!"

wants. But look astern! They looked and saw the cutter now inside the entrance, feeling her way cau-"She'll never come this far. The look of that little line of rocks there and than has usually been supposed. Everythe narrowing of the passage will be body knows that they indicate the numthe narrowing of the passage will be enough for her. She won't come far enough to examine any Elbow. Soon it'll scientist in Texas has made experiments realized by all duck-growers during the be about ship and most careful in the and observations which seem to show last season, which is conceded to have turning, with the engine-room bells working double watches. Back to the south of the weather conditions that have prefor her when she finds she can't get here. vailed during the successive years of their Plenty of good men in those Gover'ment growth. boats, but they're gen'rally not running long chances, certainly not just for devil-ment. However things turn out, their pay envelopes come at the end of every

month regular."
"Ay, they gets their wages, Captain,but we has to earn ours first."

she would have to speed into the wind like a top. And everything would need to be done with extreme rapidity. Then, when she was all but ready to come about she would have to be given her head; and then away with her on the new course, which was practically at right angles to

the entering stretch. With the wind as it was then, and with the cutter making a need of hurrying. Bryan knew that he would find it necessary to keep her under full headway, and only to hold her up, to check her, at the critical point; and then it would have to be as one checks a race-horse. For, if she ran by but a length or slid off as sheets were hauled in, it was up on the rocks with her and the end for themselves. One of thecrew, after studying Bryan's face, was moved to ask: "Will she make it, d'y'think, Captain?"

He saw what they needed. "And why shouldn't we make it? A quick-handlin' little vessel and still light enough to see, why not?" And almost gaily drove her up, with the freshly encouraged crew to the sheets. Without a sign of slack he let her tear on, until the men turned half round to look at him. "Trust me," he called, and they, high-strung but trusting,

stood ready Not until the spray from the surge of the dreaded lee line of rocks was coming over her bow and the crew thought she surely was about to strike, did he give the word. Bryan himself had the wheel "In sheets!" he called.

They hauled like demons. "Enough?" and they snapped the half hitches on.
"Now pay out," and "Stand by again!" he called, and again like racing men awaiting the starter's pistol they crouched to the sheets. "Now!" snapped Bryan, and in they sheeted again like demons. "When I say 'Hold!' see that you hold," warned Bryan.

"Ay, sir. "Now-hold!" and hold they did hard Elbow tore the little jack. Another minute of fair running and she was safe.
"We played in luck," commented Bryan,

and, gazing back curiously at the bent line in his wake and the rocks whereon of the product. Down clings tenaciously the ceaseless white seas had never alto anything on which it is thrown, a cirlowed the moss to fasten, his imagination was off again. "Like white horses, mad white horses running wild. Lord help what they stamp under their feet! But bers of strings are loosely stretched. The where's our cutter? Get me the glasses down is cast on these near one end, and and we'll have a look. H'm—there she is, going to anchor. Or is she waiting for ward and forward over the other end. us, hoping to head us off in the morning. The down clings to the strings, but all no doubt? Afraid, by the Lord! to go back by the way she came till it's broad day-light. Yes, sir, that's what—she goes no further on this hunt tonight. But that don't mean we don't go further. Out of the northern gate can you take her, Wal-

lace, in the night?" "That I can, Captain."
"Then take her, boy. And to you (he waved a triumphant arm at the lights and the dim hull behind) good-bye! And now, fellows, out into the Gulf and across to the Magdalens we'll go while that lad's thinking we're still hid away in here." And with the extreme of gaiety he sang

"Oh, flying down the coast like a penitentia

At an hour that should have brought them clear daylight the Weasel lay clear of the northern entrance of Hell's Harbor; but the vapor of a frosty winter's morning lay like a black cloud on the barely undulating sea. She should have been far off-shore then, well on her way to the Magdalens, but the wind was even flatter than the sea. She was merely bobbing up and down, and making no more progress than a grandmother's rock-

ing chair across a kitchen floor. Bryan, no longer gay, was pacing her quarters; the men, gloomy, were walking her waist, and, being less philosophical than their leader, swore in their beards. Except for their audible exclamations and

Ding-ding, ding-ding, ding-ding—six bells, for outer garments. Pine cloth will be seven o'clock. On the west coast of New as cheap as cotton cloth, whatever the foundland it was only Government ves-sels that marked the time with bells.

And then, exactly as it had done the previous day, the vapor quickly rolled up to the sky. Not a cable's length away lay the cutter. One pause for her com-

No more than that when it was time for him to be taken below.—By J. B. Connolly, in Collier's.

Weather History in Trees.

It has been found that the rings of growth visible in the trunks of trees have a far more interesting story to tell ber of years that the tree has lived, but a

Several trees, each more than one hundred and thirty years old, were felled, and the order and relative width of the rirg; of growth in their trunks were found

agree exactly
This fact showed that all the trees had experienced the same stimulation in cer-The jack was nearing the point where she would have to make what was practically a right-angled turn after which thirty-four years covered by the life of the trees, sixty had been very wet, six extremely wet, eighteen wet, seventeen average as to the supply of moisture, nine-that the producers a few weeks ago set age as to the supply of moisture, nine-teen dry, eight very dry, and six extreme-

But when the records of rainfall running back as far as 1854 were consulted. it was found that they did not all agree with the record of the trees. Still, it could not be denied that the rings in the trunks told a true story of the weather influences that had affected the trees in

successive years. The conclusion was therefore reached that the record of the rings contained more than a mere index of the annual rainfall; that it showed what the character of the seasons had been as to sunshine, temperature, evaporation, regularity or irregu'arity of the supply of mois-ture, and the like; in short, that the trees contained, indelibly imprinted in their trunks, more than one hundred years of nature's history.

Eider-down Farms.

No other down is so highly esteemed or brings so high a price in the world's markets as that of the eider duck. In Iceland and the Westmann Islands, where these birds nest, they are rigidly protected by law and by public sentiment.

These ducks make their nests of down from their own breasts. They pluck the down out with their bills and form it into a circular mound that has the property of retaining heat to an extraordinary de gree. If this down be removed, the duck supplies a second, and even a third lot

from the same source. The eider-farms in Iceland are frequently situated on little islands off the coast covered with low hemmocks. To protect the brooding ducks from the elements the Icelanders construct small shelters of rough stones. On these farms, and fast, and down the fore-arm of the it is said, the ducks become so tame that any one with whom they are familiar may handle them without frightening them. Separate buildings on the Icelandic eider-farms are devoted to the cleaning

cumstance that is utilized in cleaning it. There may be seen a number of frames impurities, such as grass and seaweed, fall to the ground. It takes a quantity of down to make

even a small weight, and several nests must be used to obtain even a moderate amount of down. The price at the farm is about two dollars and a half a pound.

The Salaries of Clergymen.

For men of more than average education and intelligence, ministers of the Gospel receive smaller salaries than any other class in the United States, the average annual salary for all denominations

being but \$663. The denomination showing the highest average pay for its ministers is the Uni-And the howlin' west-nor'-wester warn't-a-worryin' us the most—

Oh, meet me up at Matakan, we'll have a party there.

O Bess o' Bay of Islands and the red rose in her

average pay for its infinite is a large pay for its i Congregationalist, and next the Catholic

teen have no regular ministry and sixty-

their ministers. With the single exception of the Catholic Church, city ministers receive much higher salaries than those whose work lies in rural communities. In the Catholic Church the salaries are fixed by the city churches.

to make the passage outside rather than attempt. The Elbow, even in moderate weather. And now it was blowing a gale. Now fairly inside, the jack was approaching a stretch of jagged rocks which protruded from the sea for varying heights. Some barely showed above the normal level, others rose for perhaps ten feet above the surface of the sea. Devil's claws the matives called them. cost of manufacture, because the raw material of pine cloth is considerably below the price of raw cotton.

The discoverer of the new textile has

not made known the secrets of his pro-

son of yours take to?

Mr. Wayback: His bed, most of the

---Kriss-Do you give your wife her own? Kross-No, she helps herself to it.

The Profitable Duck.

When the waiter removes the silver when the waiter removes the sliver cover from the tray and displays to your eyes the steaming roast duck at some fashionable restaurant, you little think of the tax you are paying to some Long Island duck-producer, neither do you realize the profit there is in producing Long Island ducklings for market. During the past twelve months two producers made \$75,000 between them in raising ducklings. \$75,000 between them in raising ducklings for consumption in New York and in the other large cities. Enormous profits were

been the most profitable on record. Owing to a partial failure of the duck crop in the West during the past two years, the cities in the Middle West have been opened to the Long Island farmer. There has been a call for ducklings from the company of the nearly every section as far West as Chicago, and with the increase in the demand the prices have advanced to the highest point ever known. The season is now over and the producers are counting their profits. The crop, to begin with, was the largest ever produced by Long Island, and with record prices, the producers are facing the most successful year they can remember. Long Island ducklings sold at 19 cents a pound in a wholesale way in New York, but the demand was so strong their price at 20 cents-and they got it. Some of the largest producers marketed 80.00 ducks this season, averaging five pounds apiece. These birds netted their owners a profit of at least 45 cents apiece, as it is estimated by those in a position to know that it costs about 45 cents to "build" a five pound duck, as they express the process in technical language. On an output of 80,000 ducks the profit to the producer was \$36,000 for one year's work. Some made even more than this. About forty growers operated on a smaller scale and raised from 10,000 to 25,000

ducks each. The immense profits in Long Island duck-growing will undoubtedly cause the number of producers to increase greatly during the next year. This is indicated by the already strong demand for breeders for the coming season. As it requires only ten to twelve weeks to raise the duckling from the shell ready for the table, there is an opportunity in this indus-try for quick profits. Feed is high, but the improved methods introduced of late years into duck culture have reduced the cost. Some growers do not use the most approved methods in regard to feed, as they apply a fish diet until the ducks enter the killing pens. They ought to be on a meal and bran feed for at least two weeks previously, as it is necessary to eliminate the fishy flavor.

A great many ducks were put into cold storage during the shipping season, as some poultry operators thought that the market would advance after the "crop" had been moved. There is every indica tion that it will, and the owners of this storage stock may reap splendid profits. One poultry-receiver in Chicago is accred ited with holding nearly half a million pounds to await a higher market. So, taking it all in all, the "ugly duckling" of the Long Island barnyard is no insignifi cant factor in the wealth of some of the citizens of Nassau county, New York. -Harper's Weekly.

Felling Trees by Wire.

A German inventor has discovered a way to fell trees by incandescent wires. His invention consists of an ordinary steel wire one millimetre in diameter, with a small attachment worked by a motor. The wire saws rapidly and evenly through the tree trunk, being heated to the burningpoint by the friction. During the first trial of the wire-cutter a tree forty inches thick was cut through in less than six minutes. One of the advantages of this machine is that it cuts a tree close to the ground, or in the ground, through the roots. It produces steam instead of sawdust, and leaves a clean, smooth cut covered by a layer of charred wood so extremely thin as to show through it the recorded age of the tree.

Coffee-Tea.

Coffee and tea have been so long known to the world, and have given so much delight and refreshment to millions of people, that it seems to be a very singular statement to make, at this late day, that man has not yet availed himself of some of the most valuable properties of these plants. Such, nevertheless, appears to be the case, especially with respect to the

coffee-plant.

The stimulating power of tea and coffee is due to what is known as caffeine or There are 186 religious denominations in the United States, of which fiftheine, but tea contains a large percentage teen have no regular ministry and sixty-five pay no regular or fixed salary to less rich in theine than tea, possesses other properties which give it flavor as a drink

Tea, as everybody knows, is made from leaves, while coffee is made from berries or beans. Just here is where something appears to have been overlooked. It is diocese, and those ministers who are assigned to country churches receive, on an average, as good salaries as those in them in some respects more valuable than the coffee beans.

and at the same time would probably not prove disagreeable to people who are unable to drink ordinary tea and coffee.

Woman as a Slave.

In the far past woman was a slave cess, but application for his patent covers every detail of the machinery used as well as the methods of manufacture. The cloth made from pine is supple, strong, and durable.

She had no rights and few privileges. To-day she advances along a shining path of liberty. Yen she cannot altogether emancipate herself from some of the old slave superstitions. Even to-day many a long to the children, and for the very little ones a hobby-horse chair. At the gateway to one residence an attractive young lady in Japanese costume invited patrons to enter -Visitor-What does that college misery is a necessity, that she must suffer agony in attaining the dignity of motherhood. But it is not so. Half a into an Oriental bazaar where articles Dr. Pierce's Favorite Perscription. It heals diseases that affect the delicate organs. It does away with monthly suffering. It makes motherhood practically painless. Its mission is to make weak none too soon to secure the favorite arti-women strong and sick women well, and cle. The sign "Rest a While" appealed to it fulfills that mission.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

And things can never go badly wrong If the heart be true and the love be strong For the mist, if it comes, and the weeping rain Will be changed by the love into sunshine again

The recurrence of warm weather has brought again to the churches the prob-lem of outdoor entertainment. A Daisy Lawn-Party sometime during the sum-mer when the fields are white with these flowers is possible for any country church and this first suggestion in response to the question, "What shall we have?" is both pretty and easily carried out. The invitations to one given last June were made in daisy shape of white Bristol-board with yellow centres; daisies were brought in armfuls for decoration; and ice cream, stamped with a daisy design, and daisy cakes helped to carry out the idea. But the prettiest and newest idea was in the way the lanterns were made. These may be made of white cardboard or wooden boxes, cutting out the petals of a daisy and putting white paper back of them, inside the box, and round centres with yellow paper back of them; or yellow paper may be placed back of the petals and brown paper back of the centres. The effect when lighted is very pretty.

An attractive invitation will go a long way toward making the annual strawberry fete a financial success. It is always good policy to make an invitation to such an affair as personal as may be, and a Pastor's Aid Society in New York State gave such an invitation in a novel way. The supper was served on a lawn just outside of the city, which was reached by a suburban car line. The society pur-chased cut cards about six inches by six and a half, of light-weight cardboard, not highly sized, so that it would take color nicely. The members then made a pat-tern of a big strawberry with stem and one or two calyx leaves on each side of the stem, projecting somewhat irregularly so as to give a pretty shape to the berry. Next they cut out the berry and, using it for a pattern, marked around it on each piece of cardboard, leaving an outlined berry on each. To color the berries, as water-color paint was rather expensive, they used first a wash of red ink, apply-ing it with a brush. When this had dried they shaded each one with cardinal dye solution. The green for the leaves was also put on with a solution of dye, but some touches of water-color in darker tones were used to improve the shading. Then the berries were cut out and sent to a printer for the verse of invitation. which read:

Beginning at four in the afternoon On into the evening, the last day of June. Delicious strawberries just like me, Made into shortcake, good as can be, Will be served with other things nice to eat. Now, won't you come and enjoy the treat. At the home of the---'s Fayetteville Road? A quarter's the price. Any car will unload At the door. We'll meet together-we three-You, the Fourth Church Aid Society, and me.

The printer used what type he had in periods and dots to serve for seeds, and arranged them very artistically. A onecent stamp carried a card to each member of every family in the church, so each one felt personally invited, and many more attended the supper than would have responded to a general invitation.

A Canadian Ladies' Aid Society made a great success of a series of Talent Teas. These may be given on the church lawn, or at the homes of the individual mem

hers as "Porch Teas" if preferred. The hostess chosen for the afternoon provides her guests with a cup of tea and some small biscuits or sweet buns, for which each is supposed to pay five cents. Each of the ladies is expected to bring some small contribution, and these are placed on a prettily-arranged table and sold, the proceeds going to the hostess, to be donated by her to the society's work. The articles brought are nearly all suitable for the tea-table and of a kind which the average housewife would have to buy: home-made bread and buns, tea-biscuit, jellly, fancy cakes, and so on. The hours are usually from three to five, and may be enjoyed by a great many of the church people as well as the personal friends of the hostess for the day. This is also a good way to introduce to the church the strangers who come into its neighbor-

We are a small church in a suburban town, and our young folks wanted a lawn-party; our Ladies' Aid wanted to have a supper. The pastor suggested, "Have both, and have them on the same day." The Busy Woman added: "Nearly all the people who live on the street where the church stands belong to our church. Let us open up the whole street, and let each family have a part in the affair." The work was planned, and circulars and posters giving details were printed and distributed, their heading reading:

RECREATION DAY! FUN FOR SUMMER BOARDERS! OUTING FOR HOUSEKEEPERS! REST FOR THE WEARY!

So on a certain Saturday the sound of the lawn-mower was heard, and the following Tuesday we completed prepara-tions for our entertainment. We hung our Japanese lanterns across the entrance to the street and diagonally across the lawns and intersecting streets, and put up there is a notable falling off in the pro-portion of tannin.

all the flags and bunting we could secure. At the homes where there were no special features the lanterns alone added to the attractiveness of the street. Approaching the scene of festivity the

visitors were greeted by strains of nation-

al airs played by a band stationed on a porch near the end of the street. One lawn was for croquet, and farther down the street two were given up to bean-bags and tennis. A vacant lot was fitted up with see-saws, swings and a lemonade well. A lawn with a big tree was reserved as a nursery. Up in the tree was a play-house that could be reached only by climbing a ladder. A big rocking horse in this nursery was for the use of Japanese costume invited patrons to enter and drink a cup of tea. The spacious vemillion women and more have been were sold on commission. The tired emancipated from this idea by the use of housewife was glad to find in front of anthe elderly or the weary.