AFTERWHILE.

"I'll come back afterwhile." he said As he tucked his head in his cap of gray. And muffling his throat with a scarf of red He lovingly called to his mother to say, "I'll come back afterwhile.

"I'll come back afterwhile," he said To his father who sharpened his skates that

At the old grindstone. Then onward he

sped. Shouting, "Thanks, I'll give kisses for pay. I'll come back afterwhile.

"I'll come back afterwhile," he said To his dog that sounded a lonesome bay. Your foot is so sore: you must keep your

If you're good, you may go home some day. I'll come back afterwhile.

"I'll come back afterwhile," he said. But O! 'tis so long he has been away. Yet oft-times when skies are with stars o'er-

spread, Out of the silence they hear him say: "I'll come back afterwhile." -British Weekly.

THE THROW-BACK.

When Clarke was an undergraduate he was mercilessly "jollied" by the other chaps about his ancestor. It was Wentworth who had discovered the ancestor, because Wentworth had intended to be a novelist. In those days to be a novelist meant to write swashbuckling tales of hame. And drunken men! what they called the "brave days of yore," Was he laughing?

This Nathan Clarke was a silent young New-Englander, who married him a wife the world. elist such as young Wentworth might read that he loved the woman. A child was born to them, and in that same woman kept her working late. One night, and moved westward into one of the New month Clarke marched, with others of his in spring, when they came home together neighbors, to repel a threatened attack of in this fashion, a drunken rowdy reeled Indians, led by Frenchmen from Canada. As so often happened, the Englishmen around the girl to fend her from such olundered into a trap. The remnant of the band, and Clarke among them, straggled home, to find the pleasant valley black with ruins, in which lurked a few pale women and scared children.

es had brained against his door-post. After and, more, his woman. a day's march in the woods he found and buried what had been his wife. Then he left his mates to rebuild their burned homesteads and to woo new wives, while he took his musket and walked quietly into the forest. At the end of six months he walked quietly out again with eleven scalps at his belt. Ten bore the coarse hair of the wild Hurons, the eleventh the vdered locks of the French officer who

structor read the theme in class, and later it drifted duly into the college maga-zine. Then some one asked if Nat Clarke, called the bicycle path to the little guest-'9-were descended from Nathan Clarke, the quiet slayer of Indians, and satin-covered hanger. Wentworth, eager to show his antiquarian knowledge, spread abroad what he had suppressed in his story, namely, that Nathan Clarke, in his later years, had become a sober Church pillar in a Massachusetts town, where he had married and reared up a numerous progeny. From one of his sons Nat Clarke of '9-admitted his descent, and then the fun began.

For two mortal terms Clarke's friends accosted him with whoops and performed war-dances at his coming. When they initiated him into his Fraternity, Bob Andrews sent him to stalk Indians with a toy gun, through the placid streets of the college town. Once even, in a moment and more. She said that to her they of exuberation, "Piker" Slayde nailed a beautiful tress of human hair, which cost

Clarke hurled his trophy into the grate, where it smelled vilely, and his words were red and wrathful. Frankly, he was ashamed of his newly resurrected ancestor. For Clarke was, above all things, a law-abiding chap, steady-going, with a bit of a drawl in his speech and a slow twinkle in his blue eyes. He was going in for law. He believed in arbitration. wouldn't even pot a squirrel, though he made a tolerable record with a revolver though he gave it up, after a week's trial. world to be pleased with the apparition of a raw-head-and-bloody-bones of an ancestor, who stalked athwart the gloomy was afraid. pages of the past, with those reeking scalps aswing at his ghastly belt. It was braver. no wonder, perhaps, that, after those two terms of martyrdom, Clarke changed his she said. signature. From Nathan P. Clarke he became N. Payson Clarke and so remained to the end of the chapter.

In due time "N. Payson Clarke" became the sign on the ground glass of the door of a down-town office, where Clarke, still with his drawl and his slow twinkle, leaked an leaked and his slow twinkle, looked up land titles, and drew up wills, and acted as trustee for a half-dozen escestor. As for the chaps themselves, they too were members now, and scattered turned from the "brave days of yore" to erently called a "wicker wash-tub." do ultra-realistic slum studies, and Andrew was something prosperous in the insurance line, and Slayde-no longer "Piker," but Ricl ard Babbage Slayde—was at it. playing at law practice in the same great building where Clarke had his name on one of the thousand-odd doors. But Clarke and Slayde seldom saw each other now, except to exchange a passing nod. The habit of exuberance had grown on Slayde with the expansion of his waist girth. He always had, as they say, "a little aboard." looks like the snow-bank of winter before last. It's only fit for the gutter, though into his father's money, for he could nevite he had looks like the snow-bank of winter before last. It's only fit for the gutter, though it's not polite of you to mention it." er have lived by his law practice. As it was, he had motor-cars and horses and a house in a swagger suburb and a bungalow at the shore, and he lived like the

lilies of the field. Clarke had neither house nor bungalow, nor did he greatly feel the lack of time, I'll look for a new hat. And may-them. Through the eleven months and be, if I'm duly urged, I'd consider an intwo weeks that made his working year he had his comfortable rooms and his cozy meals in a rather jolly boardinghouse, in a quiet up-town street. It was there that he met Peterkin.

teeth that were tiny and white, like a ed at his old classmate with a shade of child's. And she seemed like a child, so envy. Lord! if he had a bit of what that little she was, for all that she was twen-ty-five, and for three mortal years had Then Clarke told himself that he had ty-five, and for three mortal years had

supported herself.
She was secrete was secretary to a busy, charitable woman, who was so busy with her charities that she never noticed, in the spring, how the color had gone out of Peterkin's cheek and the lightness out of her gait. But Clarke noticed the change and was

"The child is working herself to death," he grumbled; and he spoke to Peterkin, and scolded her, for they had become great chums in the months that they had ved under the same roof.

Such good chums they were that, when he scolded, she made her confession to

"I'm not really tired, you know. It's bile. just that I let things go on my nerves, and that frays me out." "What things?" he demanded.
"Silly things," she answered. "I use

up so much time—and strength, too—in being afraid, and this spring I'm more afraid of things than ever."

Then she told him, hesitating, her list of fears. Spiders: for, though she had said she would not be afraid, and had taken one up in her hand once—she shiv-ered, telling it—she still went sick whenever she saw one. And the dark, though

she made herself go into it, and would not have a light beside her bed. And automobiles, because they swung 'round corners with sudden loud noises, and they never let you know which way they meant to turn. And long, lonely streets in the evening, where you never knew what might come from the doorways. And thunder-storms in the summer, that filled your room at night with sheeted

so Wentworth skimmed divers courses in history, in one of which he stumbled on the story of Nathan Clarke.

This Clarke was not laughing. Instead, he found it unbearable that Peterkin should have to swallow her fears and mask her trembling and go out to face

After that talk he arranged matters so contact. A moment later he realized that she had caught at the lapel of his coat, and her eyes had looked up to him, with trust in them. He realized, too, now that he had his arm about her, that she was Clarke buried his baby, which the savag- not a child, but a little, sweet woman,

to be within six months. in the same suburb where Slayde had his white jars for cereals and its shiny spice-boxes, down the narrow hall that Clarke chamber, where her best gown hung on a

Peterkin did not need to be afraid any more. There were no spiders in the flat, for Peterkin and the maid kept it all as trim as a new pin. Nor were there long streets to pass alone in the late evening hours. Nor were there any fears for burglars or thieves in the night, for not only was Clarke there, but, to humor her, he had got out his old revolver-which she trembled to touch, though she was proud of the scores that he once had made with it-and he had loaded it, and kept it in the top drawer of his dressing-case.

But there were still the automobiles and Peterkin seemed to fear them more seemed cruel, and the faces of the men that drove them were cruel. Sometimes \$1.49 at a bargain-counter, on Clarke's they had laughed to see her dart back, trembling, to the sidewalk that she had

"It makes my heart go so to see one coming," she said. "Because I've dreamed how it would feel to slip, and see those glaring lamps and those great wheels come down on you."

That was all bosh, and Clarke told Peterkin so, rather less kindly than he had ever spoken to her. A little later he repented, to the very soul of him, for one night Peterkin laid her arms about his when it came to shooting at a mark. He even had leanings toward vegetarianism, really so, though she hadn't dared bereally so, though she hadn't dared be-lieve it, for all her praying, but now she Altogether, he was the last fellow in the was sure, and wouldn't he be patient, even if she was a goose about automobiles! Because it was for two that she

But after that Peterkin was really "For I don't want him to be a coward,"

So Peterkin would cross the street when Clarke bade, even with the lights of an automobile flashing toward her, though her cheeks would whiten and her

Presently, when the days began to lengthen, Peterkin took to making handtates. A most peaceable, law-abiding cit-stitches and wondrous embroidery on lit izen he was, and nobody remembered tle clothes that Clarke was sure not even that he had had a blood-and-thunder ancestor. As for the chaps themselves, they absurd bows-pink, of course. By and their several ways. Wentworth had by she ordered home what Clarke irrev-

> Indeed it was amazing how many things Peterkin required. She spent every last penny of her allowance, and looked posishabby in the blue spring weather "Yes, I know that I'm a disgrace," she told Clarke one morning after breakfast. "That brown hat of mine, with a wing, it's not polite of you to mention it."
>
> Clarke pulled down the hand that she

had laid upon his hair and kissed it. "But I'm going into town this morning," said Peterkin. "I want five yards of pink ribbon, and some rose-sachet, and his apprentice, "you have been with me

vitation to lunch. So it was agreed that Peterkin should come to the office and they would lunch together, because their time for "parties" was growing short. With that under-

Her name was Rachel Peterkin. She standing Clarke left the flat and on his was little and bright and brown, with a way to the car, as sometimes happened, short upper lip that, in moments of exmet Slayde rolling home in his machine citement or pain, curled back and showed after a night of it. For once Clarke look-

quite put Peterkin out of his head, and that he was thinking only of business. But now and then, as the morning passed, he glanced at the clock, and he wondered to which hotel he should take Pet- the markets the year around. There is erkin for lunch. He was sorry now that not a day in New York now when crisp he had not offered to go with her while celery cannot be served. Twenty years she did her errands. Perhaps it would ago, like peaches and berries, celery came be better if she did not go into the crowdonly in its seasons, which were summer ed streets alone, He looked again at the clock and saw that it was past twelve. He laughed at himself for an old woman, and stepped to the window. Six stories down, in the street below, he saw a crowd that swarmed like ants, and the center of its black denseness was a halted automo-

Clarke was in the elevator before he had explained to himself the impulse that moved him.

"Because she'll be coming about now," and for once he spoke without his drawl. He went out into the street, where the crowd was swarming, and he elbowed erly it was supposed that celery could be through them. He saw a policeman, produced only in muck-land, but Florida stolid-faced, who held back jabbering and New York have dispelled this fallacy.

a brown hat with a broken wing that lay God! my God! I couldn't help it! Slayde was babbling.

Some one bent over Clarke, as he knelt cember. in the street beside the ambulance surgeon, who had said, "It's over!"

"She didn't suffer none, mister," a stranger said. "I saw it, and I yelled to her. She didn't have time to scream only

once when it hit her." "Once!" Clarke dragged the word from the depths of him. "Once!"

touched them, without speaking, from the shiny spice-boxes and the cereal jars in the kitchen to the little gown on the hanger in the guest-room closet. The second night Wentworth came and stayed. Not till two in the morning did he venture to open the door of the little room where Peterkin had sat at her sewing, and he found Clarke crouched upon the floor, with his arms crushed round the fluffy pink bassinet. On the third day Clarke shaved and

o be within six months.

So Clarke and Peterkin were married so Clarke and Peterkin were married and the others and walked away alone described when solved in the trace of th in August, and went to live in a tiny flat, and the others and walked away alone. He walked for a long time, till the city the eighteenth century, but Wentworth, who had the novelist's instinct even in those days, worked it into quite a moving she loved all the homey things in it, from she loved all the homey things in it. waiting in the lighted doorway, he turned into his flat. He walked through the Twenty-three years ago this winter there tale. An over-enthusiastic English in the bird-box kitchen, with its blue and empty rooms, and for a little while he was so little celery to be had in New stood beside the crushed pink bassinet. York that, when orders were given for a Then he went quietly to his dressing-case, supply for important functions, New Ortook out the revolver, and put it in his pocket.

that now was rain. In less than fifteen cured six barrels for New York. The minutes he had given his card to Slayde's bidding for this began before the celery butler, and he stood quietly waiting in arrived. So sharp did the competition be Slayde's ornate smoking-room, which was come that one caterer bought the six barheavy with some sort of Oriental smell. rels, each barrel equalling about two Slayde's bachelor table.

broad and conspicuous behind his well-"Nat, old man!" Slayde began. "I'm-

I'm-You got the flowers I sent? If there was anything—"
Clarke did not hear. "Last Tuesday-my wife-" he said, "my wife-you know-you should have

been more careful." He spoke thickly and painfully, as a man speaks with a bad sore throat, and, having spoken, Nathan Clarke's descendant shot Slayde through the heart. -By Beulah Marie Dix, in Harper's

There is a certain languid, dull feeling which overtakes an energetic man some times. He wonders what can be the matter with him. He has no ambition. He loses interest even in his business. In such a case the man usually stirs up his liver with the first pill or potion which comes convenient to his hand. But stirring up is not what he needs. He needs building up. Unconsciously he has put into his work more strength each day than could be made up by each day' food and each day's sleep. So that with every day there's an increasing overdraft against his account in the Bank of Health. That overdraft has to be made good be fore the man will recover his strength and energy. The use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery gives marvelous results in such cases of "run-down" health. It contains no alcohol. It is not a which the medical results in the strength of the strength a whisky medicine. It strengthens the stomach, cleanses the blood, increasing the quantity and richness of the vital fluid. It nourishes the nerves and gives a healthy appetite and sound refreshing sleep.

The Lily-Like Onion.

The onion, strange as it may seem, comes of an aristocratic family, from the stock of which have sprung many notable scions and lovely offshoots. The humble onion is own cousin to the stately lily, whether the arum or the lovely Lenten lily, the lily-of-the-valley, or the fair, floating water-lily, all these being of the great aceous race.

The onion has other notable connec tions. It is also cousin to the daffodil, or narcissus; and it is even allied to the gi-gantic dragon-tree of Teneriffe, which ears little trace of the seeming frail lily ribe, but is nevertheless a monstrous

ily.

Thus, it is plain, the onion is of illus trious origin, though to the ordinary observer there is nothing classical or romantic about it. -"Well, Tom," said a blacksmith to

to give you your choice for a while." Thank you, sir." "Well, now, what part of the business

THE TRIUMPH OF CELERY.

In the flush seasons, which are just before Thanksgiving and Christmas, the average consumption of celery in Greater New York is six carloads per day. The trade is of such importance here that there are three firms in New York that handle nothing but celery, and this is the and fall. In those times it was a scramble to get celery to serve with the Thanksgiving and Christmas turkey. Now the California supply is at its height at Christ-

Michigan was the first State to grow celery in quantity, but today it is insig-nificant as a producer. Kalamazoo and it is hawked at the depot and in the he thought, "and she won't like being trains passing through that city. caught in a crowd. Get a move on leading celery-producing States are you, man!" he said to the elevator boy, York, California and Florida. Howe leading celery-producing States are New York, California and Florida. However, so universal has become the production that nearly every State has some. Formpeople, and he saw Slayde by the car. Every gardener in New York can have his pasty-colored, and sober as he had not own celery by proper cultivation. Many been earlier that morning. Then he saw plant celery as they do peas and beans. This celery can be kept in the ground in the gutter.

"I skidded, you know! I skidded on the asphalt! I couldn't help it!"

God! my God! I couldn't help it!"

This celery can be kept in the growth in the until winter and a fresh stalk put on the dinner-table daily. When cold enough to freeze it can be placed in dirt in the cellification. lar, and it will last until the end of De-

The most delicious celery is grown in New York State. In Orange county, and in the vicinity of Rochester, Arkport and North Lima, the industry is extensive. These sections ship annually about 6,000 carloads of two hundred crates to a car. Each crate contains five to ten dozen stalks. The most desirable is the Golden So she had seen them, the great wheels and the flashing head-lamps of her dreams. comes from France. All celery seed is

imported. All night long Clarke went up and down the little flat, and looked at things and ange county, New York, but the celery eight knots an hour on the long landless beds there are not so extensive as in beds supply only a small portion of what making up time lost by storms or adverse they sell. The Middletown man last year seas. cleaned up \$30,000 from his celery farm.

deceptive, when celery is eaten, as the red is to the Ben Davis. The whitest celflavor of the smaller stalks from New which fortunes are won or lost. leans was the only place from which it could be obtained. The crop was almost It was not a long walk through the mist harvested. By dint of wiring, a dealer seand he heard men laughing distantly at crates, at \$150 per barrel, or \$900 for the lot. Once in his possession he made the Then Slayde came in, and his chest was other caterers pay an additional premium

for what they wanted. That is the highest price ever paid in New York city for celery. Today such a condition could not exist. Celery is of such a nature that if handled in the proper temperature it is good for a month after it is harvested. All cars from California are lined and the majority of them come refrigerated. These shipments are frequently six weeks old when consumed but when properly washed, trimmed, and left in ice-water, the stalks are as crisp as when dug. The first indication of de-terioration is the discoloration of the tops, but even when these are quite black the stalks can be trimmed and the heart is crisp and eatable. If Luther Burbank could grow celery which was all heart he would revolutionize the industry.

The most extensive fields of the world are in Orange county, California, of which Smeltzer is the central shipping point. About fifteen years ago a commission merchant of Kansas City named Smeltzer went to Los Angeles to investigate the extensive muek-lands of Orange county. Mr. Smeltzer was a handler of celery and realized its possibilities. He knew that nowhere in the East were there such muck-lands, and that there were thousands of acres in one continuous tract. With seed imported directly from France, an acre was planted. The results were more than had been expected. From this eginning grew the town of Smeltzer, which now has the largest celery fields in the world. This year saw 5,000 acres under cultivation, and the shipments from Orange county alone will be 2,500 carloads. The industry has spread over California, so that outside this locality there are five hundred more cars produced for commercial purposes.

Orange county borders on the Pacific ocean. The muck is several feet deep, is jet black, and so free from grit that it is as fine as flour. The fertility is rarely equalled anywhere, hence the celerygrowers there have no fertilizer bills to pay. The cultivation is done largely by Chinese. The growers are organized and market through an agency, the sales being made at a price loaded in the cars. This year the price is twenty cents per dozen. The yield is unusually good. By March the shipping will be over.

Each year Florida has been getting its produce into the New York market earlier and still earlier. This season, uary 15th saw the first shipments in car-loads. This State has done some wonderful work in celery-growing. The industry began on the west coast near Tampa. Ybor City for years was the centre of the industry. Less than ten years ago the hummock lands around Sanford were tested for celery, and today that section ships more celery than —and lots of things, and maybe, if I have now three months and have seen all the all other Florida points combined. Land different branches of our trade. I wish around Sanford, which ten years ago went begging at \$1 per acre, cannot be bought now for less than \$250, and some tracts are held as high as \$1,900 per acre. do you like best?"

"Shutting up shop and going to sup"Shutting up shop and going to suptwo of these acres sold for \$41,000. The

cost of production and marketing was SOMETHING OF ARTS AND CRAFTS. \$13,600, leaving a net profit of \$27,400, or nearly \$1,000 per acre. Another farm of ten acres brought \$13,426.75 from celery and \$8,000 from lettuce, making \$21,-426.75, a yield of over \$2,000 per acre. From six acres at Gary, Florida, one grower netted \$5,000 last year from cel-ery that took just ninety days to mature,

Hustling for Wool.

During the last two or three months more than a score of big freight-steamers left New York bound for Australia, loaded to their fullest capacity with all sorts of American machinery and merchandise. From English and European ports other scores of these deep-sea tramps set sail also, every one of them with its hold crammed with goods for the Australian market. All these are now riding at anchor at Melbourne, Sydney, or Freecelery, twenty-five years ago, were almost synonymous. Today the general public hears little of Kalamazoo celery except as from our side of the earth but once a year, and its arrival is timed to coincide with the harvesting of the great crop of

the Antipodes-wool. In November and December the vast sheep-ranges af Australia are among the busiest places on earth. Sheep are sheared night and day, and the wool rushed by cart and train to the seaports. There it is converted into cash and exchanged for the merchandise that is manufactured in America or Europe. This sort of commerce runs into many millions during two or three months. Men and their families from the lonely sheep-runs of the interior seek the coast cities for a fortnight or so of business and pleasure. Then they go back for another year's semi-solitude and work.

The great market for all these huge cargoes of wool is London. On the nineteenth of each month for three successive months there is the biggest of big days on the wool exchange. The most impor-tant of these wool sales is on February 19th. The rule is that if a vessel sighted off the coast of England before nine in the morning of the nineteenth of that month her cargo may be entered for that day's sale. Therefore, there is much jockeying among the ship captains who road from the other side of the world. western New York. Two of the men who Some have private instructions from the make celery an exclusive business in New owners of their cargoes to hurry and get York city live in Orange county, one at the wool on the market at any cost. Middletown, and the other at Chester. Handsome bonuses are offered for suc-Both grow, as well as handle, but their cess, and there is much skill displayed in

Other speculators are as eager, per-The time for planting celery varies as to haps, to have their cargoes delayed, location. In New York it is April; in and these, too, have reached the cap-Florida, September, and in California, Aug-tain's ear by cable through their Austra-She knew it, too, though there were no words between them, all the way home to the boarding-house. But she was not a bit surprised, nor did she pretend to be, when he told her that the wedding ought to be within give months.

On the third day Clarke snaved and dressed himself punctiliously. He spoke list to the people who came—relatives of his and of Peterkin's. He did everything that was required of him. But when the told her that the wedding ought to be within give months.

On the third day Clarke snaved and dressed himself punctiliously. He spoke list to the people who came—relatives of his and of Peterkin's. He did everything that was required of him. But when the last clod of brown earth had been shovel. the spinners. As a consequence there lights began to twinkle through the mist ery comes from California, but lacks the are a few hours of frantic trading in

not An Indian Maiden Will Reign in Oklahoma.

political ambitions there has been woven tions of the room. The effect of a

the new State. Lee Cruse is a widower, his wife having height, while a narrow frieze, or none at been of Indian birth, and one of the most talented women of Oklahoma, There Craftsmen differ in their were two of these Indian women, sisters -Chickasha and Chickashe-one of them having married Lee Cruse and the other married a man who has served his coun-

try at Washington. When the two Territories were merged into the one State there was more or less bitter feeling between the residents of what are known as the "west" side and the "east" side of Oklahoma. Indeed, it is related of one woman that, when the name of her beloved Indian Territory, the camping-ground of her forefathers, was name and to this day has lived up to her

When the new State was formed the descendants of the Indians were particularly anxious that Lee Cruse should represent the State as its first Governor, as a fitting compliment to the memory of his wife and for the glory of his young daughter, now a school miss of tender years. It is related of Cruse that it was only this sentiment that induced him to lend the use of his name in the first campaign for the nomination as first Governor of the new State.

Cruse, however, was innocent of ma-chine methods, and regardless of his nearness to the hearts of the people of the State he was hopelessly lost or crush-ed by the well-lubricated Haskell machine. In the late campaign, however, he outdistanced all other candidates, and now the daughter of the beautiful maiden will shine as the daughter of the Governor of Oklahoma and the pretty sentiment of the Indians of the old Territory portion of the State will have been realized

Bird Migration.

Why do the birds migrate toward the tropics in the autumn and toward the poles of spring? It would be easy to suppose that the autumnal migration is in search of food, were it not for the fact that in the spring the birds leave abundant supplies of food in the warm regions, and arrive in the colder regions before

vegetation is far advanced. Another suggestion, that the migration north is for breeding purposes, has been disproved by the fact that the migratory habit is found in birds that do not breed until the second or third year. It has besn suggested and argued plausibly that the explanation is to be found in "the earch for light."

The polar regions are, of course, dark in winter, and the days are short in the temperate zones. On the other hand, the days are longer in high latitudes than in the tropics between the spring and the autumnal equinoxes. Birds are voracious feeders, and they occupy most of the day-light in seeking food, being greatly de-pendent upon their eyes in the search. Some confirmation of this theory is found in the fact that birds do not start on their journeys southward or northward impelled by a change in the temperature, for they take their flight southward in warm autumns and northward in cold springs on practically the same days of the month as in other years. The theory is at least interesting.

---Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

During the past few years every magazine having its home or house furnishing department, has considered it worthwhile to devote some of its space to illustrated articles upon the subject of arts and crafts. The reason that so much space has been given to this subject is that so only city that has exclusive celery-houses. and from the same piece of land he took lt is only within the last fifteen years that a crop of lettuce which brought celery has been a staple and obtainable in about as much as the celery.

There is a super the tidal wave of this many homes throughout the country have felt the tidal wave of this many homes throughout the country have felt the tidal wave of this super time. interest in handicrafts, but has demanded to know what was being done in other places, so to be able to keep in touch with the growth.

This movement has stood for a renewed interest in hand work of various kinds, such as pottery, jewelry, metal and leather tooling, weaving, wood carving, book-binding, etc., which has not only shown a love of hand work, but on the part of the workers a desire to create something not only beautiful and original, but useful.

The beginning of this movement in many places has been very crude, but where the interest has held out the results, after a few years, have been more than encouraging. Boston is an interest-ing example of this fact, for after ten years of existence, slowly but surely it has raised the standard of excellence in its work, until last winter witnessed an exhibition of unusual merit.

The great city of New York has been very far behind the times in banding together the arts and crafts workers o: the city, but the past year has marked the starting of such a society under the wing of the well-known and long-established National Arts Club.

If the Arts and Crafts movement throughout the country has come to stay then this New York society, which is a national affair, is bound to live and

The Craftsman aims to make with his hands and whatever tools are essential, but without the use of machinery, the article which he has chosen as his craft. The means which the craftsman employs in the carrying out of his chosen craft are in many instances identical with

those of the early days when handicrafts flourished, while others have added such improvements or changes as experience may have suggested. To obtain the title of craftsman and gain admission to the best craftsmen societies, the work of the applicant must

pass a jury, on the excellence of its execution, as well as the originality and beauty of its design and color. For inspiration and suggestion the modern craftsman goes to nature, his watchword being simplicity and originality. The craftsman as a home maker and

decorator views the rooms of his home as he would any article of use which he might fashion with his hands. If he has the planning of the house aims to have each room, first of beautiful proportion in itself. If this consideration has been left out in its original planning he uses every means known to in order to produce the desired effect by

the readjustment of spaces, color and arrangement of the furniture. If the house is his own and the problem is one simply of decoration, he plans that the wood work or trimming of each room be of simple design, possibly perfectly plain, or with simple moulding, but in

with the size and proportion of the room The division of the wall space is next to be considered, great care being taken Among the many Democratic Govern- in the relation of the different parts to ors to be inaugurated this month is Lee each other, as the division of the side Cruse, of Oklahoma, and behind his walls greatly effect the general propora pretty story by the sentimentalists of frieze being to lower the ceiling, high wainscoting also reduces the apparent

Craftsmen differ in their ideas as to matters of lighting, while one welcomes exposure from two or three directions, another warmly advocates lighting from but one direction and to avoid conflicting lights would place his windows high

and at one side.

When the idea is carried out the lighting becomes simple, effective and restful, without conflicts, being especially well library The Craftsman is convinced that the treatment of the side walls should be exceeding simple and plain, as they should lost in the less euphonious name of Okla-homa, she resolved never to write the act simply as a background for both objects and people and should never be allowed to assert their importance, but should rather act as a setting for both. For this purpose a plain color is best, finished without polish or gloss, a mat finish being most desirable, the effect of deadness being avoided by an over-lay of

colors. The subject of the effect of different colors upon the eye and therefore upon the brain has been scientifically studied, with the result that certain colors are found to be restful while others are citing and less desirable to live with. We have all had the experience of finding certain colors restful while others left us more or less consciously disturbed.

Among desirable colors green has always stood the test for restfulness as well as a dull yellow or buff.

Among what are apt to be the distress ing elements of a modern room the Craftsman warns us against a number of small rugs which are simply spots on the floor and affect the observer as such. He contends for one large rug, complete in itself, whether it be made of carpet, or the beautiful blended coloring of many of the antique orientals. The draperies at doors and windows he also contends should be a part of the wall space in color and not be treated as isolated spots.

His final observation in the treatment of a room is, that whereas we desire sim-plicity and unity, there should be notes of accent so as to avoid monotony. In the matter of furniture this can be gained by not over crowding or repeating various articles throughout the room. For example there should be but one table, if possible, and that centrally placed. For those who are in spmpathy with the Craftsman's point of view there are many opportunities for keeping in touch with his work and ideas by visiting the hops where he is represented and by consulting the various modern magazin which are to give all the light possible

upon the subject. ADALINE G. WYKES.

The conditions under which we live and work have made the American people a nation of pill users. Naturally many pills are put on the market that are simply made to meet the requirements of those to whom any pill is a pill, and one pill as good as another. But there is progress even in pills, and at the front of this pill progress stand Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, a scientific medicine which cures constination, and cures it permanently.

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