THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

St. Patrick's day in the morning there-'Twas many a year ago-I traveled a road to Donaghmore

With a girl I used to know, And she had a ribbon in her hair As green as the emerald sod. And we tramped that way as gay a pair As ever the dear soil trod.

A bit of tune to me ear is brought By a passing vagrant breeze, A bar from a tune me ears once knew In a land across the seas. It's the dear old "Wearing of the Green." And it bears me far away:

And it's morn, St. Patrick's day. When old the day, in the deepening dusk, Once again we came that way. The path we trod was a glory road, E'en though the dark shadows lay Athwart the path, for love shone bright As stars in the blue o'erhead

In mind and heart I'm in Erin's isle

We whispered o'er as we tripped along The words that the priest had said St. Patrick's day, and I'm far away Fron the isle of emerald sheen, And many a year a dear grave there Has been wearing of the green. Ah, 'tis here am I in freedom's land-Please God I'm here to stay-

But me heart and soul go home each year For to spend St. Patrick's day. -Arthur J. Burdick.

THE LIGHT IN HER EYES.

No, Sir," Tommy's father would say, "I never had any advantages, and Tom-my's all we've got, and he's going to have everything I missed, every blame thing!

away childish things. The pants were excuse me." pretty long, but he was growing,—why, you could see him grow! He'd leave home in the morning, looking so. And he'd ing her dimples into position, wondering come home about supper-time when the how her scheme would work; for Tommy steak began to smell through the door was very fair to her eyes. that Nora always left open so "it" would "fetch him," and his hands would look so big, and his feet, too, and his mouth sort of white around the upper lip, and "Gee, she hates me! Hates me like poison!" growled Tommy, as he threw his geometry into the Boston fern. "What have I done to her now, to make so big, and his feet, too, and his mouth sort of white around the upper lip, and his mother would say, "Tommy Turner, her so mad, I'd like to know! Aw, I don't

that stone jar now, will you, Mis' Turner! the door. 'Tis full it was yester-mornin', an' look at it now! Nothin' in it but the mud-know he was different at first, so gradual was nothing to hear it but the wind blow-I frinted him with it, the young blarney, he said I was the classy peach! Tommy, me dear, hurry now, fer yer steak is cool-

table, no matter how stylish it was,—"I and he walked with a slouch. He didn't guess there's nothing to hender! I never care if his heels were run over. He didn't had any advantages myself, and your'e care! going to! I'll tell you that, young man,

"Tommy! I always did want you to learn to dance!" His mother laid her finger on the place in the Sixbest-seller where Donovan Fitzbrown was whirling her in the mazes of the waltz and the dream music floated through the fragrant palms. I never learned to dance, myself. My many things that's wickeder! Somehow, I guess its something you'd best get out o' your system young, like things that come out in spots. You learn to dance."

"No, no. Ma! I don't want to dance! And Tom's mother got a little more cheoux, the

Tommy's pa dropped his knife and fork and bulls and bears over the pitcher. The water ran in a fresh little stream, and the Sixbest-seller drank it greedily.
"A musician!" he growled. "Well, of

"Sa, Pa, someone might hear. They moved in yesterday—you ought to see their furniture! I would like to have

one family get along without knowing about your past!"

"No, sir! I never had any music, and I always wanted it—why, it's in the family, lots of it; my uncle—"

"It wasn't in my family," confessed Tommy's mother wistfully, "but it was in

Tommy's mother closed the book with a snap. "No, sir, Pa! No piano-playing for a son o' mine! Did you ever see a for fear he would swallow her thimble or

for a son o' mine! Did you ever see a piano-playing man that wasn't different get the shears in his eyes; and she was from everyone else on the face o' the earth? No, you never did! I'm not going then when he did—and then when he got then when he did—and then when he got then when he got then when he got then when he got the shears in his eyes; and she was a residual to the shear to the shea to have a son o' mine get mixed up in any scandal and have some girl in a foreign country suing him for doing things to her affections, or running away with some man's wife that sings while Tommy's playing her cumpnamunts—"
"Oh, shucks, Ma! You been reading

bout some man in the newspapers.' "Well, Pa, don't I want to be informed? It wouldn't be in the paper 'less it was true, would it?"

Tommy had thought of the piano, but

if there was any woman mixed up with it that settled it." "But the violin, now-"

So Tommy began to "take" on the vio-lin. After dinner he would carry his vio-lin next door, where Marie Murphy had a piano. Charms she had, also, and she knew it; but Tommy, though she flaunted them close to his unblinking eyes, could not see them. Perhaps they were too close. He tightened his strings, he turned his violin, and he wilted his col-

lar. He worked like a beaver, because

dea of time.

He was learning rapidly; and he was wore hand-me-downs. growing rapidly. Sitting on the little At the party she cleverly kept Tom gilt chair in Marie's parlor, waiting for from blossoming into the common or garher to get ready to play, he had to tie his feet in a knot to keep out of the way when she went by, always so plaguy close, switching her skirts and fooling with her sash.

Trom biossoming into the common of garden variety of wall flower.

"Shall we sit here?" she asked, or, "Shall we walk over there?" and he obeyed as though she were Czar of all the Russias. And during refreshered.

void, compared to the light in Her eyes.

Tommy came back in a week and played it in perfect time. When it said to that sort of thing,—it made them look rest, he rested; when it said double p, he pianissimoed, and when it said double f, And then, pretty soon, they went home. fever says a thing isn't music, why, it isn't, and that's all there is about it.

Hadn't he ever felt it, the magic of the intangible, ineffable. You know.

expression of a page in the almanac.

She tossed her curly head and looked over her shoulder, looked anxiously, bit-

I don't know what ever makes you grow care, I ain't wanted to practise for a long so!"

white hand in his! The light in Celia's sette, of taffetta and chiffon and of chiffon cloth. And Nora would elucidate: "Look at | And he went up to his room and banged

tracks ladin' to the back door! An' when was the change, but they remembered afterward that it-whatever it was-had been coming on for a long time. He stopped taking lessons. He wouldn't block, back under the whispering trees. silf on a plate in the pantry. The yallow wan!"

nights. Now and then he smoked a loosened the waving hair from his temples; and when the hat went back, it was straight on his head.

there is no trimming whatever.

ples; and when the hat went back, it was straight on his head.

The sleeves are carried out It seems that when you put on long pants, you've got to get culture. Tommy announced it as he drew the sugar-bowl from under his father's newspaper and spoiled the rise in wheat on the thirteenth spoiled the rise in the compromised on the turned shelp the compromised on this head.

The sleeves are carried out in tucks and there is a three-inch tight cult tucks and the rise is a three-inch tight cult tucks and the rise is a "Well," said his father belligerently, as round, like little cookies, about the size softly up the stairs. She sat with his he propped his paper against the water- of a half-dollar, red, and white, and blue, sock stretched over her old hand, prickpitcher,-he wouldn't have a bottle on his He did not look one straight in the eye,

His father stormed angrily. "Here's used to do, got out his violin and tuned it right now an' here. You're going to have advantages whether you want 'em or down the window on the side toward the vantages, and here's Tom with everything, and look at him going to the

dogs!"
"Oh, Pa-don't!" "That's what he is, -going to the dogs!" But he didn't tell the people outside the four walls of home that Tom was going folks didn't believe in it, but there's so to the dogs. He told them that Tom was

an' all that—ugh!" Tommy shivered as with a chill, "I wanta learn to be a and she, too, ceased to look people musician." and she, too, ceased to look people square in the face. You see, she was afraid it would look out of her eyes in spite of her, even while she was trying to keep closed the door on the skeleton in the the Sixbest-seller drank it greedily.

"A musician!" he growled. "Well, of all things! Why, I never in my life Tom's father, it was only to her that he

O faith of mothers and fathers, sacred substance of things hoped for in wakeful hours of night, evidence of things not seen save by your aging eyes as you lie, praying into the dark! Oh, your lost youth and strength distilled into these your children, who go away—without knowing! But they will know! You won't be here; but you won't mind that, will you, if somehow, somewhere, some time,

"Music! Well, young man, if that's what you've got to have! What on?"

Tommy thought the banjo. You could get one for five dollars. He had seen it in a window.

His pa exploded. "Huh! If that's all they cost, anybody can play one! No, sir! Say! We haven't got a piano. Why haven't we ever thought of it? Now that's the thing!"

Tommy's mother closed the book with a snap. "No, sir, Pa! No piano-playing for a son o' mine! Did on the shadow of the mappent in the shadow of the maple on the wall—and didn't he know that God would take care of him?

She remembered how she had hardly dared leave him a moment in the shadow of the maple on the wall—and didn't he know that God would take care of him?

She remembered how she had hardly dared leave him a moment in the shadow of the would come! It's the real thing! "

Tom did it again.

At last the Professor whirled round to the boy. "It's the real thing! "

The real thing! "

"The real thing," said Tommy, as he would come! All store the boy. "It's the real thing!"

"The real thing," said Tommy, as he was a little, little boy, in the little white would come! It's the real thing!"

"The real thing."

"You've done some good work on that! It shows care. Been working at it off and on all this time?"

"No, it—came to me—all at once," said Tommy.—By Helen Baker Parker, in the Woman's Home Combanion.

thinking "if he should die—" and now—
And how they smiled when they told
the neighbors that Tommy was going away to school in the fall!

And then there was a party, one of those where the girls invite the boys. Tom Turner hadn't been to a party for Tom Turner hadn't been to a party for six months, or any other place where there were girls. He was pointed to as an Awful Example of Inherited Wealth. Celia Mason asked dim. They had known each other for years, but they hadn't noticed. Tom thought she was the same girl he snowballed once to see how wide she would open her astonished eyes; but he wasn't sure. That's the kind of a girl she was —a shy slight, frail creature, and standing diseases of the womanly organs, are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, free. All correspondence is strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

——When we read the lives of distinguished men in any department we find them always celebrated for the amount of labor they could perform.

She wasn't fashionable because her when he went with his five-dollar bill to sister Mame was going to marry a board-Professor Paleocheoux, late from Vienna, of-trade man, and Mame didn't want any it was nice to be told that he had a good full skirts in her trousseau, or waists that

His time was perfect. He handled the ments she told him about it in a bow exactly right. But when it came to tender little whisper when he spilled playing with expression, Tommy was a some of his ice-cream and it went in failure. "Now here," said the Professor, "is an onto the Oriental rug. There is someexquisite little thing I want you to learn. thing about a woman who has seen a The music was written for these words, and perhaps it will help you to think of them. They run like this." He repeated Once I saw a man empty a plate of hot them. They run like this." He repeated Once I saw a man empty a plate of hot them, the words running on about how soup over his knees, and the woman who the moon and the stars shine in the skies, was with him had a sense of humor and how they're dark, and everything but never mind that. Celia gave him her lace handkerchief because he couldn't "Exquisite little thing," said the Profes-sor. "Now learn it." said the Profes-zine, and it wouldn't leave a spot, and zine, and it wouldn't leave a spot, and Oriental rugs were more valuable after

And then, pretty soon, they went home. he fortissimoed, and yet the Professor said it wasn't music. When a man with upright hair and a name ending with haywere contradicting each other: "Katy did, she didn't; Katy did, she did." A The Professor interpreted the poem. little breeze stirred the white clematis, Hadn't the young man noticed the moon and mixed its fragrance with the night. thread you couldn't see.

The Professor Interpreted the poem. Indie breeze started the with the night. Thread you couldn't see.

The sleeves are finely tucked and long,

"Now repeat the words after me, said amount to much: how rainy it had been, Professor Paleocheoux, a trifle impatient- and wasn't it lovely now that it had "You can't play it until you can say cleared off; and her sister Mame was

I tell you that!"

And then one day, when Tom didn't pass in his Geom, and he had tonsilitis, a lovable chap, who managed to make a lovabl a lovable chap, who managed to make a grade every year by sprinting on the home run and wearing his knickerbock-home run and wearing his knickerbock-ers out in the principal's office.

The horseshoe of diamonds or rhine-stones has given way to a horse's bit in the same out, "Oh, Tom, I can't play your ers out in the principal's office.

The horseshoe of diamonds or rhine-stones has given way to a horse's bit in the same gems, and it is a relief, for we are out in the principal's office.

The horseshoe of diamonds or rhine-stones has given way to a horse's bit in the same gems, and it is a relief, for we had always been good, as good as Celia,—had always been good, as good as Celia,—bad always been good as Cel burned his bridges behind him, and put gagement. I'm sorry, but you'll have to Celia in white, with a misty white shawl terable, unheard-of deeds of white glory, things no one ever did in all the world.

They came to her door. The moon light fell full on her uplifted face, and her eyes were full of light. He looked-"Thank you," he said, "for asking me." She held out her hand, but he didn't shake it. He just held it; and it took

him quite a while to think it out: Celia's "Good-night-

"Good-night-" They whispered the word, though there ing in the lilac-trees. She opened the door and closed it softly after her.

ing it idly with her darning-needle, smiling through dimmed spectacles.

Tom woke in the morning-and remembered. He combed his hair as he

new neighbors, "here's me with no ad- stairs, chuckling foolishly, so that Tom wouldn't know about the tear that was trickling down in the wrinkle in his cheek, "that sounds mighty good! I knew we'd be hearing that again!" coats are short, reaching to the shoe tops. Messaline is the favored material used; also silk jersey with a scant messaline flounce.

"Who's going to play your cumpna-munts?" said Ma, her apron at her twitching mouth.

to the dogs. He told them that Tom was going to technical school in the fall. Yes, he had ability; and he himself wasn't married,—but she'll have plenty of time

When Tom went to Professor Paleocheoux, the Professor said patiently, "Shall we try the same old thing?"
"Yes," said Tom, "the same old thing, only I've changed the time here. Hang on to that note, eyes. 'The light in your

At the first note the Professor growled, and Tom tighened the strings, and ther he played.

He played!
The Professor, at the piano, followed The Professor, at the piano, followed him, at first critically, then wonderfully, and at last worshipfully, his fingers running softly over the keys, that the boy might not find himself alone and the blessed spell be broken. The violin was a live thing. It was Tom. It sobbed and laughed. The bow was drawn across heart-strings, tightened with yearning.

"Do it again," whispered the Professor, his throat aching.

Tom did it again.

Tom did it again.

No woman should accept the diseases and disorders of the delicate woman's organs, which so many women suffer from until the last resource has been exhausted. Many a woman has appealed from the helpless, hopeless verdict of the local physician to Dr. Pierce and had that verdict entirely set aside. A new verdict has been rendered and that verdict awards the woman sound health. In over thirty years Dr. R. V. Pierce, assisted by his staff of nearly a score of specialists, has treated and cured more than half a million women. Sick women, especially those suffering from long standing diseases of the womanly organs, are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter,

of labor they could perform.

-For high class Job Work come to the WATCHMAN Office.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

DAILY THOUGHT.

Just love! Love something, some one, And friends will flock Like snow-birds to the window-ledge Where lies the crumb.

What kind of a blouse are you going to wear with your new spring suit? Maybe you are the kind of individual that clings to white ones, no matter what the season nor the fashion. To be consistent along any line of fashion is to be envied, for if you have chosen well in the beginning and then persist in carrying out that style the public attaches it to you and re-

save hours out of your life toward some better object than fuming and fretting over the choice of a fabric or the style of a gown. The woman who can make a falcon-like swoop on the right garment as soon as she sees it, and knows with unalterable decision that it represents her style, is the woman who has time to attend to the duties and pleasures of life.

in embroidered flowers and butterflies. but in minute stitches, carefully taken with the point of a cambric needle and a

with a turnover cuff, or a frill that falls be sharp sand, water, hard boiled egg night? Tommy hadn't. And the light in her eyes, now. He must try to imagine hurry. They went around the block, front may show, but they are usually hidthe way the man felt who wrote the Celia talking in a low voice like a strain den under a fold of the fabric. There is of remembered music,-things that didn't a frill of fine lace and muslin in front or one edged with embroided scallops.

No stiff turnover collar of linen is allowed to top this soft bit of lingerie. it! Repeat the words and get some exgoing to be married soon, and live in the
pression into them!"

going to be married soon, and live in the
city; and the Allen's collie was dead, and
Tommy repeated them and got some she nearly cried.

There is a stock of the fabric, finely
tucked, held up with serpentine featherbones and finished with a flat turnover of he nearly cried.

As they walked under the whispering a lace a quarter of an inch deep. The

The a case of twins one is often weaker than the other, and would die if not asgetting the things back in the right

The woman who is not of the sharp teeth. If any are found file them swaying like wings of cloud; and he stable and hunting field prefers a small off. wished he could do great things,—unut-slender circle of diamonds or pearls to hold this black bow in place.

> If you do not wear white blouses as constant thing, if you do not look well in them or cannot afford the constant laundering and the large number needed to keep one fresh, then you will consider the alluring blouses of colored marqui-

These are made in surplice style or those on the outer e with a deep transparent bib, back and exposed and chilled. front, and again in the small tucks of the lingerie blouse with its front fastening the nests as dark as possible; that will and its supple frill. Chiffon cloth, which is a durable fabric, is now made up in a color to match the suit, lined with very thin china silk. Its surface is entirely in', an' thur's something I hided frim yer finish the year at school. He stayed out He lifted his hat, and the perfumed wind covered with overlapping fine tucks and

Much thought has been expended on designing petticoats to be worn with narrow skirts. They are made perfectly plain, on the drop-skirt order, and the majority are not trimmed at all. The few that are trimmed have lace or insertion Well," said his pa, at the foot of the put on flat so that there will be no bulkiness whatsoever. Then the new petti-

> Bands of black velvet are again being worn around the neck. Directly in front a clasp with a pendant is fastened to the velvet band.

some of the new models is the skirt caught up like an old-fashioned riding habit. One of the very noticeable features of

Brocade coats are worn with cloth, silk and satin gowns for teas and calling. A favorite model for these coats is a short cutaway with a rolling collar and long The coats are now being finish ed with fur collars and some of them have waistcoats also of the fur. Later some lace will be used instead of

Wet a towel in cold water and cover all kinds of roasted meats, turkey and chicken to prevent drying. They will re-tain the flavor and keep moist a long

Duchess Potatoes. To a pint of mash potatoes add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, as much milk and the yolk of an egg. Mix well, turn out on a flat board, press it into a sheet of uniform thickness, cut it into squares or diamonds, with a knife and slip from an omelet knife to a greased baking tin. When cold sprinkle grated cheese over the top and bake quickly to a good brown.

The invention of new ideas seems apnew cuts have been introduced which are noticeably out of relation to the gowns we have worn for a year. The narrow skirt is yet repeating itself and we can mark progress only by changing the shape of a revers or the style of a cuff, or by adding a sleeve which comes to the parently at a standstill this spring. No new cuts have been introduced which are shape of a revers or the style of a cuff, or by adding a sleeve which comes to the wrist and is buttoned almost to the elbow.—Harper's Bazar.

A woman who has the leisure can tint a wall at very little expense. The brush — an ordinary whitewash brush of good quality—costs about \$1, a tin pail is needed for mixing the tint, says the Philadel-phia Times Preparations of wallows and the property of the methods of "breaking up" hens from sitting are cruel, and tire and distress the innocent hens who are not to blame for their instinct. The kinders was the following: When it is necessary to store the inclinations place the

FARM NOTES.

-Do not expose the fowls to strong March winds.

-Never set a thin, lousy hen. She won't stay her time out. -On cold evenings the hens must be

sent to roost with full crops. -- Careful feeding is necessary to the economical use of the oat bin.

-Manure and disking will renovate the worn out pasture or meadow. -Especially at this time of the year, the fireless brooder is to be recommend-

sents it if you depart from it.

You gain reputation. You save time and expense. And more than all, you the skin.

—Blanket a horse warmly, and brush well to thoroughly clean and stimulate the skin.

-The most successful growers of alfalfa recommend sowing the seed in the spring. -Look out for drafts under and

through the floors. They are about the worst kind. -At least three weeks before cows are due to calve the heavy feed should be

-Horses that have heavy coats of hair should be clipped now just before the new hair starts.

-Quick, intelligent attention will often save a lamb or a pair of them, and often the ewe as well. -The first feed for little chicks should

and small seeds. -Anything in the vegetable line, provided it is sweet and clean, is an accept-

able food for fowls. each ewe, given regularly, is a sensible

addition to the ration. sisted to nourishment.

-Too much corn has caused the loss of many a fine litter of pigs, and often things.

—Keep the hens busy by scattering millet seed or cracked wheat in the litter.

The active hen is the one that fills the egg basket. -Where a herd of cows were given troughs with a constant supply of water,

the increase in milk was one pound each day, on an average. -For early hatches it is best to give not more than eleven eggs to a hen, or those on the outer edge may become ex-

-Any egg eaters in the flock? Make help. If that doesn't discourage the culprit, sharpen up the ax -The brooder is more responsible for

poor results than is the incubator. The brooder has not as yet reached the stage of perfection that the incubator has.

-If a horse slobbers, better look to his Dyke. teeth. They may be sharp and need filing. But dont do it yourself, unless you have learned how from somebody who

—Early spring winds are pretty trying to hens. They have been shut up so long that they are tender and feel the blasts. Shelter them well till the days are

-Soaking whole grain by pouring boiling water over it and allowing it to re-main for twenty-four hours, will cause it to swell and prove an acceptable change

-Regardless of the manner of hatch ing keep the young chicks dry till they are several weeks old. A chick has bare feet, which soon get cold on wet ground or floors. Wet feet will soon result in bowel trouble, and bowel trouble means

-Fowls that are to be killed for mar ket should be shut up in a coop for at least twenty-four hours without food but they should be supplied with plenty of drinking water, which will help to cleanse the intestines, and thus aid in keeping

—Select your best laying hens and mate them with your best rooster. Use the eggs from this mating for hatching, thus bring up the average laying capacity of your flock. Select eggs from hens tha lay in winter if you want to grow pullets that will lay all the year.

—A sow in a good healthy, thrifty condition and well fed will furnish all the nutrition her pigs will need the first three or four weeks of their lives, from that on they begin to tap the sow and unless she has ample feed she will loose flesh and strength and the pigs get a check in

—A good way to prevent hens from over-turning their drinking vessels, is to punch a hole in the side—near the top of a tin pail or old tomato can-and hang it up on a nail driven into the woodwork of the chicken house about six inches from the ground. Be sure there are no sharp edges to the can, or that the head of the nail does not protrude more than helf on inch than half an inch.

days in spring the hens should be con-fined in the house with plenty of dry straw to stand on and scratch in.

phia Times. Preparations of various kinds come in a large range of colors; the powder needs only to be mixed with water to the right consistency.

The preparation can often be put on eatisfactorily over a walleager if it is not the powder and the preparation can often be put on eatisfactorily over a walleager if it is not the powder and the preparation of various essary to stop the inclination, place the essary to stop the inclination, place the sesary to stop the inclination to stop the inclination to stop the inclination to stop the sesary to stop the inclination to stop the sesary to stop the inclination to satisfactorily over a wallpaper if it is not the hen is having a really good time, she torn or badly defaced. Of course, a little is fast preparing herself to commence practise enables one to do the tinting more evenly, but even a novice who is careful has no cause to be ashamed of her efforts.

Is fast preparing nersen to commence laying eggs. It will take but two or three days before she forgets all about sitting, having other affairs to attend to.—From March Farm Journal.

Get Close to Nature. Says a philosopher: "Observe nature. When you come to a barnyard . go in and see the pigs and fowls and the cows. Climb a fence now and then and go into the fields and look at the crops or the cattle. I know of no place where there is more philosophy than in a barnyard. You can learn much from animals. Within their circle they know much more than we do."

Good Hint.

Those who keep up a regular correspondence with several friends will find it a good plan to keep envelopes addressed to each of them in some convenient place, and into these to slip newspaper cuttings and notes of things which will interest each particular correspondent. When the time comes to write the letter it will be found that the task is practically acccomplished.

Sources of Her Cold. As papa didn't come home for lunch, mamma and little Katherine always ate a cold repast, which Katherine didn't like. One morning the little girl woke up with a very hoarse voice. "Where could you have caught that cold, dear?" asked mamma, "I think it was from eating that cold meat yesterday, mamma."

In Right Places.

A witty woman once said that house--A tablespoonful of oil-meal a day for keeping consists in taking things out and putting them back. One might elaborate the statement by saying places, and easy housekeeping consists in having places enough for the

Longevity of the Earth. That the age of primitive man in France runs back at least two hundred thousand years has been satisfactorily proved by Lyell and other geologists, who showed that it has taken at least this long for the rivers to wear away their beds below the caves where they once flowed.

Rivalries. "Why do so many musicians speak disparagingly of instruments that play mechanically?" "I don't know," replied the gentleman with Circassian hair. "But I don't see why we should be more generous toward a mechanical instrument than we are toward each other."

Adhere to Lofty Ideal. Never allow yourself to live habitu--Do not forget to furnish plenty of ally beneath your loftiest ideal, for,

> Architecturally Speaking. "I am the architect of my own fortune," said Mr. Dustin Stax. "Well," replied Mr. Holden Howes, "by being your own architect you're liable to get some curious effects, but you do save a lot of money on plans and spe-

cifications."

Rare Optimism. "There are very few real optimists," remarked the contemplative citizen. What is your idea of a real optimist?" "A man who can walk to work just as cheerfully as if he were chasing a golf ball."-Washington Star.

Practical Domestic Science. "What is this domestic science?" inquired the engaged girl. "It consists of making hash out of the left-over meat and croquettes out of the leftover hash," explained her more experienced friend.-Pittsburgh Post.

Australia Claims Healthiest City. Sydney, Australia, is claimed to be the healthiest city in the world. At the Australian Medical congress, held recently, it was stated that the town has the lowest death rate of any city in the world.

Leave It to Her. "I asked your husband last evening if he had his life to live over again if he would marry you, and he said he certainly would." "He certainly wouldn't."-Houston Post.

Put Away Despair. Fight like a good soldier, and if thou sometimes fail through frailty, take again greater strength than before. trusting in My more abundant grace. -Thomas aKempis.

Making Up Natural Defects. A French physician has discovered the means of planting artificial eyelashes and eyebrows. The former operation is very painful, but the latter less so.

Good Sign of the Times. The determination of the masses of the people to better their conditions is one of the most healthy signs the country can have.

Time's Greatest Evil. The greatest evil of the times is not the love of pleasure, but the love of

ease.

Burden-Sharing a Duty. It is the duty of each generation to bear its own burden.