

MAKE THIS A DAY.

Make this a day. There is no gain in brooding over days to come. The message of today is plain. The future's lips are ever dumb. The work of yesterday is gone— For good or ill, let come what may. But now we face another dawn. Make this a day.

THE PERFECT TEST.

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"Do you really mean that you will give me no explanation?"

"I can not explain, Katherine."

"Carter protested. 'My reason is an excellent one. Some time I can give it to you. I ask you to trust me until that time.'"

"We have been the best of good friends, Doane. Before the legislature convened you came often from your home in Johnsonville to Benton to see me, a distance of seventy miles. After the legislature assembled and you were in Capital City, ten miles from my home, you came once to Benton. Then you wrote me that you could not come again for many weeks, probably not until the legislature adjourns. You said there is a reason which some time I shall understand and— you asked me to—"

"To love me and trust me," Carter broke in. "You did not answer my letter."

"Of course, I did not. When a man tells a girl he does not intend to see her again she knows it is because he does not want to. I come to Capital City every few days to see my sister, who is in a hospital here. Today I meet you by chance, and you ask me to believe that you care for me?"

"You know I love you, Katherine. Will you not trust me a few weeks? Will you not believe that my reason is a good one and an honorable one?"

"Then why not tell me?"

"I can't, dear, yet."

"Is it because you can not trust me with the reason or—because there is no reason except your desire to end our friendship?"

"I am not a cad, although you seem to think I am. I could trust you with anything in the world that I could in honor share with you. But I can not tell you this."

"You need not." Katherine's voice had become suspiciously gracious. "Your affairs are no concern of mine. You and I enjoyed for a time a pleasant friendship. You have ended it. Will you please leave me? I do not care to walk with a stranger."

"Carter's perplexed, angry eyes met her calm ones. Then he lifted his hat and walked rapidly away."

"For several weeks the general assembly had been deadlocked over the election of a United States senator. There were ninety-three Republican members and eighty-eight Democratic ones. The Republicans had nominated Sherrill Vane. The Democratic candidate was James Brown. As the Republicans had a majority of five it was expected that their candidate would be elected on the first ballot. But when the Republicans met in caucus and chose their candidate, five of the younger members of the party rebelled, refused to support Sherrill Vane and demanded the election of George Allerton."

Allerton had never been affiliated with either party. He was the leading lawyer of the state, a man of incorruptible honor and national fame.

The five insurgents openly declared their hostility to Sherrill Vane, the Republican candidate, and announced that the deadlock would remain until George Allerton was elected. The leader of the insurgents was Doane Carter.

"Round the insurgent band raged the political battle. The Republican party used every weapon and every strategy at their command to compel the five to support the party candidate. The Democrats fought as fiercely to win them for the Democratic candidate. Day after day for many weeks the ballot remained the same; Sherrill Vane, 88; James Brown, 88; George Allerton, 5."

One morning Katherine Vane sat in the gallery of the house of representatives. The balloting began. Amidst the wildest bedlam the hall had ever held, George Allerton received the vote of the entire Democratic faction and was declared the successful candidate for the senate.

Katherine pushed her way through the crowd toward the elevator. A hand touched her arm. Doane Carter, the leader of the insurgent band,

FIGHT THE FLIES.

The common house-fly is coming to be known as the "typhoid fly," and when the term becomes universal greater care will be exercised in protecting the house from its presence.

Flies kill a greater number of human beings than all the beasts of prey, with all of the poisonous serpents added. They spread disease which slays thousands, while big, powerful beasts kill single victims.

As soon as the fly comes out of its shell he is full grown and starts out in the world to make a living, and if your home is not clean he knows it by the odor. They can discern an odor of filth for miles.

As much as they like filth odors they dislike other odors. Where a bad odor will repulse them, a pleasant-smelling substance—the fragrance of flowers, geraniums, mignonette, lavender, or any perfume—will drive them away.

He is a frequenter of offal. The fly lays her eggs in the manure pile or other objectionable filth. All the germs—all the imaginable abominable microbes—fasten themselves on the spongy feet of the fly. He brings them into the house and wipes them off his feet. The fly you see walking over the food you are about to eat is covered with filth and germs. If there is any dirt in your house or about your premises, or those of your neighbors, he is just come from it. It is his home.

Watch him as he stands on the lump of sugar industriously wiping his feet. He is wiping off the disease germs, rubbing them on the sugar that you are going to eat, leaving the poison for you to swallow.

He wipes his feet on the food that you eat, on the faces and on the lips of your sleeping children. This does more to spread typhoid fever and cholera infantum and other intestinal diseases than any other cause.

Disease attacks human beings only when they are brought in contact with it. For instance, you cannot get typhoid fever unless you swallow the germs of typhoid, and you do not swallow these germs unless they get on the food you eat or in the liquids you drink, or on the glasses or cups from which you drink.

Only flies scatter the seeds of disease from his body over your food, but before your fruit and vegetables are placed before you they have been subjected to his filthy habits, either in the kitchen or in the stores, where he flies from the horse dirt in the middle of the street to the regularly sputum on the sidewalk, and then back to the foodstuffs displayed for sale.

Many diseases which are attributed to milk and water originate through flies. A polluted brook, river, or lake furnishes germs from sewers, and flies in millions settle on the use that washes along the water's edge.

Intestinal diseases are more frequent whenever and wherever flies are most abundant, and they do not the summer heat are the active agents in its spread.

There is special danger when flies drop into such fluid as milk. This forms an ideal culture material for the bacillus. A few germs washed from the body of one fly may develop into millions within a few hours, and the person who drinks such milk will receive large doses of bacilli, which may later cause serious sickness.

Therefore, keep the flies away from the milk.

Don't allow flies in your house. Don't permit them near your food, especially milk. Don't buy foodstuff where flies are tolerated. Don't have feeding places where flies can load themselves with ejectments from typhoid or dysenteric patients. Don't allow your fruits and confections to be exposed to the swarms of flies. Don't let flies crawl over the baby's mouth and swarm upon the nipple of its nursing bottle. Clean up your premises inside and out, and then, as much as you can, see that others do the same. Strike at the root of the evil. The house-fly breeds in horse-manure, kitchen offal, and the like. Dispose of these materials in such a way that the house-fly cannot propagate. Screen all windows and doors and insist that your grocer, butcher, baker, and every one from whom you buy foodstuffs does the same. There is more health in a well-scrubbed house than in many a doctor's visit. After you have cleaned up your own premises inspect the neighborhood for fly-breeding places. Call the attention of the owner to them, and if he does not remove them, complain to the Board of Health. Flies breed in horse manure, decaying vegetables, dead animals, and all kinds of filth.

NOT LESS THAN 95 PER CENT. OF THE PESTS ARE BRED IN THE STABLE.

All stables should have a manure bin with a door at the side and a wire screen on top, that the larva deposited in the manure before it is placed in the bin will be screened when hatched, and as flies seek light and come to the top of the bin, they can be easily killed by burning paper or some other device.

The fly has a thirst only equalled by his hunger; place a dish of poisoned water in the stable and a greater part of the flies hatched there will be killed.

Flies are nature's scavengers, fulfilling the same function that some bacteria do, but become an intolerable nuisance and danger when entering human dwellings, and by contamination of food.

The presence of flies is a direct evidence of careless housekeeping and of the existence of filth in some form about the premises, and are more dangerous than the good housekeeper's terror found in bed-rooms.

Remember that wherever absolute cleanliness prevails there will be no flies. Look after the garbage cans. See that they are cleaned, sprinkled with lime or kerosene oil, and closely covered. Remove all manure from stables every three or four days, and when removed keep in a tight pit or vault, so flies cannot breed in it.

Lye, chloride of lime or blue vitriol water, crude carbolic acid, or any kind of disinfectant may be used. Keep the flies away from the kitchen. Keep flies out of the dining-room and away from the sick, especially from those ill with contagious diseases.

Screen all food. Apply this rule not only to food prepared at home, but to foodstuffs offered for sale, and especially fruits, salads, and all other things which do not require to be cooked.

Prevent consumptives from expectorating where flies can feed upon it.

HOW TO KILL FLIES.

To clear rooms of flies carbolic acid

WHEN WASHINGTON WAS PRESIDENT.

Mrs. Washington was a strict disciplinarian about certain matters, and among other things always required the members of the household to follow the example of her husband and dress for dinner, which was at a precise clock. On one occasion Nellie Custis and her cousin, Martha Dandridge, appeared at the table in their morning gowns, but a comment was made upon it until a coach was seen approaching and the visitors, some French officers of high rank and life to both flattery and attention from the notable men of the time. She was one of the most interesting figures in the White House during Washington's regime, yet that she was content to take up again life in the country is evidenced in a happy letter written a few days after the family returned to Mount Vernon (Washington having completed his second term as President), in which she writes: "We arrived here on Wednesday without any accident, after a tedious journey of seven days. Grandpapa is very well and much pleased with being once more Farmer Washington."

Whose Little Boy Was He?

An iron hoop bounded through the area railings of a suburban house and played havoc with the kitchen window. The woman waited, anger in her eyes, for the appearance of the hoop's owner. Presently he came.

"Please I've broken your window," he said, "and here's father to mend it."

And sure enough, he was followed by a stolid-looking workman, who at once started to work, while the small boy took his hoop and ran off.

"That'll be four bits, ma'am," announced the glazier when the window was whole once more.

"Four bits!" gasped the woman. "But your little boy broke it—the little fellow with the hoop, you know. You're his father, aren't you?"

The stolid man shook his head.

"Don't know him from Adam," he said. "He came around to my place and told me his mother wanted her winder fixed. You're his mother, aren't you?"

And the woman shook her head also.—Lippincott's.

Stop the Leaks.

If a ship springs a leak it would be a foolish captain who would crowd on sail and try to run away from the leak. The first thing to do is to stop the leak, or the very press of canvass increases the danger. Look at the drains which affect some women in the same light as the leak. It is no use to use stimulants and tonics, as if they could carry you away from the effects of that leakage of vitality. The first thing to do is to stop the body of strength with every day. That's what Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription does, it stops the drains which weaken women. It regulates the periods, heals ulceration and inflammation, and cures female weakness. When the local health of the womanly organs is established, women find an improvement in their general health at once. There is no need for tonics or stimulants. There is no more nervousness. The whole body is built up into sound health. "Favorite Prescription" makes weak women strong, sick women well.

Progressive Courtship.

"No, Annabel Green, I cannot marry you. My rich bachelor uncle declares he will cut me off with a nickel if I wed without his approval." And the young man with a weak chin sighed forlornly.

"Ver' well," replied the determined girl. "I will go to your uncle. What is his address?"

"Don't go, Annabel!" cried the youth. It would only prejudice him still more against me."

"You mistake my meaning, Clarence Prooms. 'I've broken your uncle.' You will marry your uncle."

Mother's Diagnosis.

Speaking of mothers, a Squirrel Hill matron is an object of considerable solicitude just now on the part of a couple of young Pittsburgers, although she doesn't know it. The young man called, and this was the first question he asked:

"Have you spoken of our love to your mother as yet?"

The girl shook her head.

"No, as yet," she whispered.

"Has she noticed nothing?"

"She has noticed that I've been acting queerly of late, but she thinks it's just biliousness."

"Why can't the chickens swim, mamma?" queried little Eda.

"They don't know how, dear," was the reply.

"Well, then," continued the information seeker, "why don't they hire the ducks to teach 'em?"

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

OUR STATE COLLEGE FULFILLING ITS OBLIGATION TOWARD THE CHARACTER-TRAINING OF ITS STUDENTS?

[The following article taken from The Continent of June 6th, 1912, relates the experience of William Thomas Ellis, of Swarthmore, Pa., while on a visit to the Pennsylvania State College. He writes under the nom de plume 'The Wayfarer.']

"To be the bearer of a message is one thing; to be a whole bulletin board is quite another. At the moment, the Wayfarer is feeling like a badly battered bulletin board; and all on account of the Christian zeal of the Young Men's Christian Association secretary at a certain college. The invitation which the Wayfarer accepted was innocent enough—to lecture on Saturday night and address the students at chapel on Sunday morning. Even so uncertain a public speaker as the Wayfarer could muster up courage and material for this. Therefore, with a clean collar in his bag and a bad cold in his chest, he fared gayly forth to the fastnesses of his native State, little suspecting what snarls awaited his guileless feet.

Here is the schedule of what happened: Arriving in the early evening at the hospitable Presbyterian manse the Wayfarer was hailed forth to dine with one of the fraternities; being waited upon, in the handsome college fashion, by an escort from the fraternity. After dinner, and a little talk, he went to his formal, stated performance on the lecture platform.

Then he was told that a reception by the Freshmen awaited him, to talk—"Just anything that will interest the boys." It drew near to midnight ere the traveler found his couch. In the early morning, when he expected to devote his hour to preparation for the congregation of more than a thousand persons who would face him in the chapel, the smiling secretary appeared to bear him off to "the fellows who are interested in missions," a goodly company, to whom the Wayfarer held forth for about half an hour on an unexpectedly assigned topic. Only ten minutes intervened before the opening of the chapel service, at which the visitor was to deliver an important address.

Surely that morning's work deserved rest and refreshment. Not yet. The "cock" were waiting in their house for a lecture on a woman's career. The necessity for being at a fraternity house dinner table on time curtailed this address, and after dinner, in the comfort of the fraternity house, the visiting editor "just talked," until his captor hustled him off to hook up a club of town boys. That number had to be ended in time to permit the stranger to face the 3 o'clock round table, a free-for-all question box upon all sorts of themes. After the round table, if memory fails not—for the bedraggled Wayfarer was in somewhat of a daze by this time—came a dormitory meeting with a crowd of boys perched about a room. Then another hospitable fraternity house opened its doors and fed the stranger, who immediately paid for his dinner by a parlor talk. The evening Young Men's Christian Association meeting in the big chapel, with an address upon personal character, wound up the day; for even as the visitor spoke, a waiting automobile chugged at the door, impatient to bear him away to fresh labors.

A forty-mile motor ride through the snow and slush and rain helped out the day's activities, in giving character and vigor to the cold which had been the principal item in the traveler's luggage.

For a nonprofessional layman, whose favorite habitat is a quiet study, that was "going some." The next time a Men's Christian Association secretary comes after this Wayfarer he is likely to find himself in a situation that will suggest the present political campaign!

Nevertheless and notwithstanding, the memory is fragrant of a host of wholesome, eager, hospitable American college students, afire with interest in the big world which they soon are to adventure. A new pride in the human resources of his own State, swelled in the busy visitor's breast, and he has become one of the "loving friends" who will advertise this particular expression of this Commonwealth's life.

THE WAYFARER.

The Doom of the Chestnut Tree.

The chestnut tree will soon be nothing but a tradition in America. It is being destroyed by a mysterious disease which, scientists concede, cannot be cured. In New York city practically every chestnut tree is already dead. Over Long Island this tree malady is traveling fast. It is present in Connecticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and to some extent at least, in Maryland and Massachusetts. The whole chestnut tree area in America, which reaches as far south as northern Virginia and as far west as Buffalo, is infected. Only a few scattered trees can possibly escape.

This blight was first discovered in the New York Botanical Gardens five years ago, and ever since scientists have been working to find a remedy for it. In this they have been unsuccessful. The chestnut blight is a disease that can best be compared to a cancer in the human body. In some way that even the most expert of foresters cannot determine it eats into the living tissue of the tree. It does not attack any other tree than the chestnut. But it spreads from one to another of these with startling rapidity.

Though the disease was discovered five years ago, the progress it has been making has only just been fully realized. With no possibility of stamping the blight out, scientists can now only sorrow that American foresters did not come into its own a quarter of a century ago. Then the chestnut might have been saved. Prompt chopping down years ago would have arrested the epidemic. Now the devastation is too complete; the plague has too much headway. In Forest Park, Brooklyn, alone there are standing sixteen thousand dead chestnut trees.

The difficulty and danger are that the disease spreads in almost the same manner as does a plague among human beings or animals. It is contagious. The blight forms on the tree's bark in tiny pecks. In these there grow little spores or seeds. The wind scatters the spores everywhere, and any chestnut tree that any spore lands on is doomed. The spores carry the contagion for miles. They are also carried in the fur of squirrels and in the plumage of birds, and in the end no tree escapes unless it is completely isolated. In this way for years the blight has been creeping through the chestnut and has done its work. The blight does not show itself in the bark until the tree is thoroughly infected.

—Thaddeus S. Dayton, in Harper's Weekly.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

Contentment consists not in great wealth but in few wants.—Epictetus.

Many short black taffeta and satin coats are being worn over lingerie frocks.

Black lined with white is exceedingly fashionable and exceedingly handsome, and as many of the silks are made very thin and light, even two thickness do not need any great warmth.

The latest cry of fashion is the white tulle shirt, which is very smart and useful with white coats and skirts says the Indianapolis News. Instead of the quantities of tucks which decorate all the lingerie blouses nowadays, but which are, of course, useless in this connection, it is trimmed with small ruffles, while it is supplemented with a very high neckband. At the top of this collar band there is a tiny ruche, while the sleeves are very long, falling over the hand nearly to the fingers, and are likewise edged with tulle ruches. Such blouses are especially useful for luncheons, as they have a more "dressy" appearance than the ordinary lingerie blouse, which has a strictly morning air when the coat is removed.

It is said on good authority that corded weaves will be very popular in the autumn. These new ribbed fabrics will include materials so light in weight as to be suitable for dress draperies and heavier ones adapted for suits, outer wraps and trappings.

To leave the neck in the state of ease that was insisted upon last year is the determination of the girls of this season, judging by the instant success accorded to the V-shaped décolletage, the loose and limp Byron collar made of lawn or silk, and the equally loose and limp bow, or the knotted scarf of the sailor type that is the finishing touch.

A smart ochre-colored hat, with its white bows and beige quill, has a grimacing of deep red silk, which at that distance from the frock tones excellently with the rose-pink marquisette.

With respect to the laws that govern the choice of hats, the broad determining rule is made that should a model suit the face perfectly it is suitable for it.

But there must be no tampering with the conditions. In these days of ample choice there can be no excuse for wearing anything but the hat that meets the case to absolute perfection.

One of the most appreciated wedding presents of a recent bride was an attractive basket containing six glasses of assorted jellies. The glasses were daintily wrapped in white crepe paper and the basket had been treated to a coat of white enamel paint, while the handles were tied with a bow of white ribbon through which was thrust a tiny spray of artificial orange blossoms.

There is hardly any limit to the variety in fillings for layer cake. The following are from the San Francisco Call:

Cocoanut Filling.—Grated cocoanut, whites of two eggs, cup of sugar; spread between layers and on top of cake.

Fig Filling.—Take a pound of figs, chop fine and put into a stewpan on the stove. Pour over them a teaspoon of water and add half a cup of sugar. Cook all together until smooth and soft. When cold, spread between layers of cake.

Fruit Filling.—Four tablespoons of very finely chopped citron, four tablespoons of finely chopped seeded raisins, half a cup of blanched almonds chopped fine, also a quarter of a pound of finely chopped figs. Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth, adding half of a cup of sugar; then mix thoroughly into this the whole of the chopped ingredients. Put it between the layers of cake when the cake is hot, so that it will cook the egg a little. This will be found delicious.

Apple Filling.—Peel and slice green, tart apples, put them on the fire with sugar to suit; when tender remove, rub them through a sieve and add a small piece of butter. When cold, use to spread between the layers; cover the cake with plenty of sugar.

Pineapple Filling.—Whites of three eggs, cup of powdered sugar, can of grated pineapple. Spread.

California Filling.—Cup of sugar, quarter cup of water; boil until brittle; take from the stove and stir in the white of an egg well beaten, cup seeded raisins, chopped, and one of blanched almonds chopped. Spread between the layers.

Cream Filling.—Pint of milk, two eggs, three tablespoons of sifted flour (or half cup of cornstarch) and cup of sugar. Put two-thirds of the milk on the stove to boil, stir the sugar in, then an egg into it which is left. When the milk boils put into it the whole and cook it until it is as thick as custard. When cool add vanilla extract. This custard is nice with a cup of hickory nuts chopped fine and stirred into it.

Ice Cream Filling.—Three cups of sugar and one of water; boil to a thick, clear syrup or until it begins to be brittle. Pour the boiling hot water over the well beaten whites of three eggs. Stir the mixture very briskly and pour the sugar in slowly. When all in beat it until cool. Flavor with lemon or vanilla extract.

Chocolate Filling.—Five tablespoons of grated chocolate with enough cream or milk to wet it, cup of sugar, egg, teaspoon of vanilla flavoring. Stir over the fire until thoroughly mixed, having beaten the egg well before adding it. Then add the vanilla flavoring after it is removed from the fire.

Peach Cream Filling.—Cut peaches into thin slices or chop them and prepare cream by whipping and sweetening. Put a layer of peaches between the layers of cake and pour cream over each layer and over the top.

Banana Filling.—Make an icing of the whites of two eggs and one and one-half cups of powdered sugar. Spread this on the layers and then cover thickly and entirely with bananas sliced thin and chopped fine. This cake may be flavored with vanilla. The top should be simply frosted.

Nut Filling.—Whites of three eggs, three tablespoons of sugar, cup of chopped nutmeats, teaspoon of extract of lemon.

Caramel Filling.—Half a pound each of brown sugar and chocolate, half cup milk, butter size of an egg, two teaspoons of extract of vanilla. Boil until thick enough to spread, then spread over the top and sides of cake as well as on the layers.