Bellefonte, Pa., September 6, 1912.

### LITTLE MOTHERS OF THE POOR.

Little mothers of the poor. Ere your race is fair begun On the sidewalks, at the door, In the shadow or the sun. Your burden in your patient arms-

Apprenticed early to your trade-You know not the alluring charms Of care-free childhood, little maid, What to you are wildwood blooms, Or singing birds, or humming bees?

What to you the rare perfumes Of morn or eve beneath the trees? Know you of castles built of sand In the sunshine and the shade, And wondrous things cast out on land-Old ocean's playthings, little maid?

Upon the curb, beside your door, And sometimes crushed 'neath hurrying

You little mothers of the poor, How can we make your lives more sweet? How can we take your load away? How lift your burden, little maid? I wonder-know you how to play

In God's sunshine and His shade? I wonder what we're going to say, Oh, little mother of the poor, Explaining on the Judgment Day Just how it happens you endure

So much injustice-we who steal Your childhood, boldly, unafraid, I wonder how we're going to feel When God shall ask us, little maid. -Cora M. W. Greenleaf.

### BLANDING'S GREAT HOPE.

Of course Blanding knew of it before the others. He was called into the office just before the curtain rose on the second performance and told all about the big New York manager's decision; he would give the play to Broadway production at once! Blanding, who had done the court news for the one local newspaper for the last two years, was thrilled with the very idea. It had seemed almost too good to be true when the town's stock company had accepted his play for a week's run, but New York, Broadway—! Only in his wild-est dreams had he hoped for so much. The joy of it went to his head like rare

He was hurrying away, back of the scenes, to tell his good fortune to one whom he knew would be most interested in it, when the house-manager called him back. He spoke a crisp, half-dozen words, but their effect on Blanding was almost beyond belief. He frowned, set his jaws firm, and said.

"I won't stand for that, Harris!" The house-manager shrugged his shoulders, and made a quick gesture with his

"You wouldn't do anything foolish, my boy," he said. "Rest assured that Max Marcus knows what he is doing. It is his money he is risking to offer the work of an unknown playwright on Broadway, and surely you will give the right to make that risk as small as possible." billity, she, the leading lady of a mediocre stock company, had dreamed of acting Mrs. Robley. That she had done it well, the Battlesburg Republican told her in most flowery language, but not well enough it seemed, for Max Marcus and walks that risk as small as possible. and surely you will give the right to make that risk as small as possible. Isn't it to your interest that the play be

Yes. But-" 'Well, then," and Harris smiled. 'But," said Blanding hotly, "after all she has done to make the thing a success

"Battlesburg isn't New York, my boy," interrupted the house-manager slyly.
"Maybe it isn't but Miss Wood exactly fulfills my ideal of the character," cried Blanding. "She has helped to make my play a success, and now I want to help her make a success—in New York Rose Wood goes with the play."

Harris said nothing for a moment. The treasurer had come in with the box-office receipts, and the two men sat down at a table together. Blanding turned to go. "Shall I wire Marcus, then, that he can have your play only on the condition that Miss Wood does the lead in New York

production?" asked Harris, without raising his eyes from the report.
"You've got it," nodded Blanding decisively. He passed through the darkned audi-

torium on his way to that delightfully mysterious region known as back of the The curtain was up on the first ows of the boxes to see Rose Wood make her entrance. A storm of applause her-alded her appearance on the stage, for she was a great local favorite, this slim, pretty slip of a girl, with her brown eyes and hair, and a voice which was as sweet and as clear as a bell.

Blanding's play was a comedy, smart, light, clever, dealing with divorce from a

Frankly, they choke me, and I'm sure they'll hurt my voice, but I think they belong to Mrs. Cobley," she had replied. "Yes; they're as much a part of her as her red hair and black frocks, Mr. Bland-

So the cigarette had been used for the first performance, but after that, he had hoped, she would "cut them out." All the women in the world might smoke

But she put her cigarettes again to-night, and Blanding amused at her awk-wardness in handling them, was, never-theless, disappointed that she had not dis-

the less, disappointed that she had not discarded them.

He waited there in the shadow until the curtain was lowered and the lights in the house were raised. Then he hurried back only to find that wildest confusion reigned; the very atmosphere was thick with excitement. In groups of two and threes the actors stood about talking in whispers, gesticulating to their heart's content, satisfied because something out of the ordinary had happened. Guessing at once that they had learned of the play's Broadway production, Blanding tried to pass to Miss Wood's room unnoticed. But the character woman, who had more eyes than a centipede has who had more eyes than a centipe feet, caught sight of him and called his name in her fat, mezzo voice:

"Nothing has been settled definitely," answered Blanding, grimly.
"But if Marcus liked the piece—!"
cried the woman. She caught both of
his hands and shook them up and down

"Let me be the first to congratulate you, Mr. Blanding. It seems to me that being as old as I am, and having scored the great personal success I did in my part-did you see my monices, Mr. Bland-

Yes, Miss Wakefield." "Oh! Trust an old-timer for making the most even with a bit. And dear Rose. -There, he's gone! Dearie me, I don't believe he likes to be told he is clever. To which the heavy man replied: "How do you know he doesn't?"

Blanding knuckled sharply on the door of Miss Wood's dressing-room, and wait-

"Just a minute-" she called. "If you're changing-?" he said.

"No. Come in. She was seated before her dressing table with her first-act makeup still on, a forlorn, hopeless-looking girl, with red eyes and tear-stained cheeks. Blanding stopped just across the threshold, guessing that she knew of Marcus' decision.

"Isn't it perfectly lovely?" she said. "Oh,

I'm so glad they're going to give Broadway a chance at 'Hope.' It's bound to be a big success, and I'm proud to think I did Mrs. Robley first' if only in Battlesburg." "You'll do it in New York if the play's acted there," Blanding said, grimly. For a moment her eyes shone gratefully, then she smiled, shaking her head as she

twice what Harris is paying me here. Of course I accepted. And Miss Gillespie, "You'll have to get her to the hospital with her beauty and genius and following, will do more for you than I could if I tried a hundred years.'

"I wanted you to play the part in New York," he said. haps for my own, too-it is best as ar-

"I wanted you to play Mrs. Robley in New York," he repeated stubbornly. For the briefest second she hesitated. how perilously near to tears she had been. While she was determined to keep the truth from him at any cost, her very soul ed him on the arm. Her face was very cried out to be allowed to play the part on Broadway. From the minute a New York hearing was suggested as a possi-bility, she, the leading lady of a mediocre

ultra-wise Broadway.
The very moment Blanding stepped outside the room, she buried her face in her hands and broke into the passionate, helpless, heart-rending sobs of a child. Then Blanding knocked, and she sat up.

"I want to ask you something," he said. 'I am changing.'

"Don't smoke those cigarettes againthey are not essential to the part, you know," he told her.
She forced a laugh. "All right—I prom-

ise not to—on Broadway."

In spite of the jest, he felt that she would not smoke again, and made his way slowly back to the house-manager's private office. If Rose was satisfied with Marcus produce his play with whom-soever he pleased in the leading part. I whow that, but I am throw-ing in my good money. I think she'll pull us through, and if she does—"

Rose smiled.

There was around the Vendome Theater that bustle and confusion that usually precedes a first-night in New From the producing manager to the girl ushers everyone was nervous and excited. The beautiful Miss Gillespie, who must have taken part in a hundred premieres, scolded her long-suffering maid unmercifully, and then went majestically up to her dressing-room on the second floor, alone, to do over her wonderful red

Blanding, on the stage, saw her go. The scarcity of space behind the scenes at the Vendome had made it necessary to have even the star's room on the second floor, and he wondered if it was this which made the leading woman angry.

was not strange that Blanding had become more than casually interested in the creator of his Mrs. Robley. In fact, so interested had he become, that on the night of the first performance he had regretted a bit of business he had writ-

regretted a bit of business he had written in her part, and asked her not to smoke the cigarette in the first act, as the lines of the play called for her to do. "But why not?" she had laughed. "Because I don't like to see a woman smoke," he said; and then added: "Not even on the stage."

"Erapkly they choke me and I'm sure."

Toundly. Oh, it was the devil on a fellow is play-writing business—especially when the fellow had thoughtal along that he possessed no nerves. "Oh, we'll have the house, all right," said the manager, when Blanding pointed to the empty chairs. "But they'll not begin to come until the middle of the first act, and it'll take them until the second night of the engagement—"Rose Wood."

When she saw it, the girl felt her eyes fill with hot, bitter tears. "I think—I'm sure I wish I were back in Battlesburg, where he was so nice to me." to get fixed in their seats. Then they'll

Blanding groaned in his dispair.

"We've got the lobby stacked full of flowers, set pieces and baskets and what not," continued the manager. "The papers'll print it even if the audience does any the actors bought them them."

above his head, and a black cigar between his lips.

"I want to see Mr. Blanding, please—about my lines," she said.

"Blanding's gone back to Battlesburg, Miss Wood," Marcust told her. "See the the women in the world might smoke does say the actors bought them themthem, with pleasure, but one—Rose selves. Go 'way, boy—there are more 'show mes' in New York than in the ehi

whole State of Missouri!"

The orchestra began the overture, and a few persons began to straggle in, with ashamed faces when they found they were among the very first to arrive. Blanding took up his position again at the foot of the dressing-room stairs. He

"Oh, Mr. Blanding, Mr. Blanding, is it like "little Rose Wood"—he had a five plays he had written. "Hope" was the true?—is it true?" she cried. "There's a years' contract all made out for her to best of the five until the new came, but report that Mr. Marcus is to do 'Hope' in sign in his pocket, and if she really did she had been able to make money out of York and—and—is it true, Mr. make good, as he expected, he would even the worst of them for him. She shove it at her with a pen and a fat smile. had gained steadily in favor until, at the

under my management." As she started down the stairs to the

a moment, stopped, stooped down, as it to pick something up—or lay something down—and then hurried on, with red cheeks, and averted eyes. She seemed cheeks, and averted eyes.

"Yes. That will be lovely," she returned

There is only one thing that mars my pleasure tonight," he told her. "And what is that, Mr. Greed?" That you are not going to play Mrs.

She was silent a moment. The orchestra was playing the finale to the piece, and the call-boy had succeeded in getting everybody down on the stage but the leading-woman. He called to her maid:

"Beulah!-Miss Gillespie on the stage-Mrs. Robley on stage!"
The door of her dressing-room opened But she didn't know his, and an angry light flared up in his blue eyes.

The door of her dressing-room opened and the beautiful Ida with her "charms" him, and ne caught and held them greed- clutched tightly in her hands, and with ment, and now that I want to go, he

the chocolate-colored Beulah following ought not to try to stop me. I am deter-came slowly down the flight of stairs. mined to go." Involuntarily Blanding looked up and was talking to Rose. he was full of Rose and her sweetness, but somehow he was anxious for Ida Gillespie, because Ida meant so much to his play.

saw him frown. drowned the chorus of cries that went up "No," she said. "Mr. Marcus knows from those who saw her fall. Nobody what he is doing, and he is going to get out front was any the wiser, but the star Ida Gillespie to do Mrs. Robley. And he has offered me the ingenue at almost cut-glass stopper out of a scent-bottle,

right away or blood poisoning may set in," whispered somebody. "She's bruised fearfully—all turning black. There!—she's fainted. I thought she would. How in Hades did that thing get on the stairs?"

"I wanted to play it," she told him frankly. "But for your sake-and per- a guess. One thing was certain even to was not I."

And because I do, I am going to tell you something. It haps for my own, too—it is best as arranged. I will get my Broadway chance, even if not in a leading part—and that means much to a young actress."

Miss Gillespie was unable to play that night. He looked at his watch as three men carried her out to a taxicab, and "I wanted you to play Mrs. Robley in "I wan the excited manager and that was that

"It will mean ruin to dismiss the audi-For the briefest second she hesitated, ence," he hissed at Blanding. "What Then she laughed, and he did not guess carelessness! what luck! what a fool thing to do!"

> pale, and her dark eyes shone darkly in "You know I know the part," she said. Marcus looked at her stupidly.
> "Eh—what?" he snappod. "You—you thought you weren't looking, I stooped

> are—oh, yes, Miss Wood. You—so you do! Can you play it?"
>
> "Yes," she answered calmly.
>
> do! Can you play it?"
>
> "Rose!" he cried. "can you forgive "Rose!" he cried. "can you forgive "Then get into Gillespie's clothes and

> go on-we can cut your part for tonight," he said. Blanding came out of the shadow, his Blanding came out of the shadow, his slowly, languidly. "Good morning. Tell jaw set in that firm, dogged way. He looked at Rose year steadily war slowly for the shadow of the shadow, his slowly, languidly. "Good morning. Tell jaw set in that firm, dogged way. He Mr. Marcus I am determined—I will go looked at Rose very steadily, very significantly, before he spoke to Marcus. "Do you think it is perfectly safe to let

Mrs. Wood play Mrs. Robley tonight?" "Sure!" came the answer. "But a stranger to a New York audi-

ence-" he hazarded. Marcus shrugged his shoulders. "If you will tell me what else there is to do, then speak up!" he cried. "We in the Vendome again. You're risking the success of your play by letting Wood do the lead, I know that, but I am throw-

'Am I to go on then?" she asked. "Indeed you are!" came emphatically

from Marcus. "Thank you." She threw Blanding look of triumph. "You need not hold the curtain a moment for me Mr. Mar-cus," she added. "I can play the first act in these things I have on. I'm ready,

An announcement was made as to the change in leading-women owing to Miss Gillespie's sudden illness, and the next norning Rose Wood awakened to find herself the most talked about actress in New York. The critics devoted half a column to the new "find" who was declared superb, charming, an artiste to her fingertips, and a half-dozen lines to Bland-ing's play which they called the same old distinctly new viewpoint which was as novel as it was whimsical. Rose was the chief divorcee in this paradise of divorced women, and she played her scenes with real charm and sympathy. Perhaps it was not strange that Blanding had become more than casually interested in the creator of his Mrs. Robley. It was not strange that Blanding had become more than casually interested in the creator of his Mrs. Robley. It was not strange that Blanding had become more than casually interested in the creator of his Mrs. Robley. It was not strange that Blanding had become more than casually interested in the creator of his Mrs. Robley. It was not strange that Blanding had become more than casually interested in the creator of his Mrs. Robley. It was not strange that Blanding had become more than casually interested in the same old thing, told in

On her way to her dressing-room, she go away and say they couldn't 'see' the play—and how can you expect them to when they've missed the entire first act?" stopped at the manager's office and spoke to Max Marcus, fat, bland, satisfied, feet above his head, and a black cigar be-

stage director about your lines. And did you have a look at the sign out front,

"Maybe I'll fool him though," thought end of five years, her position on Broad-Blanding; "maybe she'll prefer to act way was as great as the strength of Gib-

raltar. Through all these years Blanding had stage, Blanding came forward to meet followed her in silence, watching careful-her. She was half way down before she ly her successes, and noting, in almost saw him, and when she did she hesitated wonderment that her failure was yet to

and she answered him.

"You'll take supper with me after it's She says your new play will carry to success without her, and she wants to go talk about tonight with you."

"You'll take supper with me after it's She says your new play will carry to success without her, and she wants to go talk about tonight with you." ing. You knew her in the old days. Tell her what an idiot she is-"

He went. She received him as if they had parted but yesterday, and then as old and dear friends. Yet in the five years since she became the premiere of "Hope, Rose had never spoken a word to Blanding that did not relate in some way to business.

She had changed somewhat in those five years, how much Blanding had never stopped to see before. She was no longer a girl, but a woman, and she looked

"Marcus sent you," were her first words. "I am sorry for his sake for he has been a good friend to me, but while I was with him I proved a good invest-"Why?" asked Blanding curtly.

very bad, you know, and yet because Then half-way down, she stepped on am a fad on Broadway, they have made something and slipped. The orchestra money. This play will bring you money drowned the chorus of cries that went up in spite of me, and that is the true way to get at a thing's value. It is very good. I have always liked 'Hope' the

best of them all," she added.
"I have cursed myself again and again for having ever written that play,' he cried. "It made all the trouble be-

"I know what you think," she returned, with a wintry smile. "And because I "But I saw you lay something on the

you remember, but Gillespie was afraid the cigarettes would injure her voice and I had suggested that she try the ones the boys smoke, I think they call them cinnamon cigarettes. I had bought a pack of them, and showed her how to use them, and I had the end of one unlighted, between my lips when I came out of my room. Then I saw you in the wings and

"Rose!" he cried. "can you forgive me? "Aster five years?"-I think I can," she said. She held out her hand and rose, back to Battlesburg." Then she touch-

ed the bell for her maid. Blanding stood there, with eyes and hands clinched. He loved her, he had always loved her. But he had loved fairness-more? No. No, not that, only -What an idiot he had been, how blind,

how foolish. Rose saw him go. The curtains closed behind him, and she made no sign. Outmay never get the house we've got tonight side in the hall she heard the elevator doors come together as the cage sho downward with him in it. She looked around the empty room, wildly. Then, with a crw, she ran to the telephone.

"Is this the office?" she cried. "Yes?—well, then, when Mr. Blanding steps

from the elevator, ask him to come up to Miss Wood's apartment. There is something she forgot to tell him."-By W. Carey Wonderly, in National Monthly.

# Mona Lisa Destroyed not Stolen.

In its "Notes from Paris" the London Truth gives what its correspondent asserts to be "the truth at last" about the mysterious disapparance of Mona Lisa from the Louvre. We shall never see the famous painting again, he assures us, because it was not stolen, but destroyed. He "learns" that it perished in the Louvre, a vengeful employee, smarting at dismissal, having poured sulphuric acid over the picture. This outrage was committed over a year or more before the re-

ported theft of Golconda. ported theft of Golconda.

The custodians, it seemed, hoped that the original could be restored, and hung a copy in the galleries. But when it was certain that the acid had done its work.

With a Panama hat, a white linen or gan to whisper their doubts about the substitute it was decided to let the painting be "stolen." The police were allowed to work on that theory, although high officials from the first perceived its improbability. This was thought to be a straight lines which are the real charm of the "Norfolk."

awkward, nowever, do women who are many days past the thirty mark look in such a suit, and yet they will wear it, and with the belt pulled in tight around the waistline, thus taking away all the straight lines which are the real charm one-half and five parts, respectively, of cement, two parts of clean, coarse sand, four parts crushed rock. This is used for many days past the thirty mark look in such a suit, and yet they will wear it, and when the parts of clean, coarse sand, four parts crushed rock. This is used for many days past the thirty mark look in such a suit, and yet they will wear it, and one-half and five parts, respectively, of cement, two parts of clean, coarse sand, four parts crushed rock. This is used for many days past the thirty mark look in such a suit, and yet they will wear it, and with the belt pulled in tight around the waistline, thus taking away all the straight lines which are the real charm one-half and five parts, respectively, of the "Norfolk." officials from the first perceived its improbability. This was thought to be kinder to the public than frankly to adreflected even more severely than the report of the theft of the masterpiece upon the laxness of the Louvre staff.

A young mother living in New York, recently drowned herself in agony at the discovery that she was a consumptive and had transmitted to her idolized boy the seeds of consumption. When the doctors told her the child was diseased she caught told her the child was diseased she caught him in her arms and they died together. Consumption is not hereditary. Consumption has been cured, a fact which has been proven in autopsies in which the lungs show the healed scars of tuberculosis. Hope should never be taken from the consumptive. It is a certain thing that people with obstinate cough, if she is slim of figure and youthful of the mass hollow to the did together.

It is so pretty when worn on the tennis court by the young-dinary mixture 1½ barrels; medium mixture, ture, ½ of a barrel.

In mixing, a water-tight platform or a shallow box should be used. The mode of procedure is to first spread the required and here in the midst of real nature the older woman may indulge in this design while dry until a uniform color is secured. thing that people with obstinate cough, bronchitis, bleeding at the lungs, weakness and emaciation, conditions which if face. eglected or unskilfully treated terminate

## FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN DAILY THOUGHT.

Not a bit of sorrow, not a bit of care; A sunnier tomorrow, with music everywhere; Of joy the sweetest portion, of love the fullest

Safe conduct o'er life's ocean—what could I wish you more? -Grace Agnes Thompson.

While it may seem rather premature to to appropriate it exclusively. speak of fall styles in warm weather, yet when one considers that fall fashions have been decided upon for some time it is fit that we know of them. Even in summer the woman who spends

for cool weather. When the first chilly crispness enters the night and morning air heavier frocks

should be worn, even if midday does call for linen and mull. Summer clothes called into service the early part of the season are by this time roots in boxes or pots and keep them in

faded and bedragged from constant wear the house, where they will furnish a winand laundering. It is a wise precaution to provide several frocks of serge, silk or cashmere for

the tag end of the summer. At this time tailors and dressmakers are not extremely busy and are willing to make reasonable reductions in their prices to customers who order now.

Some women argue that it is unwise to replenish wardrobes during between seasons. They claim that the styles aren't the latest. This, however, is a mistake. Paris decides the fashions far enough ahead to allow the dressmakers and tailors ample time to prepare their models

for the coming season.

The woman who has conservative tastes will experience little difficulty, for she will not select spectacular modes or novelties which hardly last over the fall open-

White serge is one of the resources of autumn. A costume of this material does not look out of place in summer. The quality selected now should be slightly heavier than that popular for summer wear. The weave should be coarse.

effects. They are longer and more closely resemble the Directoire lines than forests, which would otherwise grow in

those of the spring.
One stunning model has a smart little coat ending at the waist line in front over a belt of black patent leather. Sloping from the sides toward the back is a square-cut peplum. The skirt is kilted,

with each pleat bound with a band of narrow silk braid. Light-weight cheviot is another smart material for the early fall suit. An attractive model fashioned of this has a coat slightly below the hips in length. A collar of moire finishes the neck line. Three buttons are used to fasten the coat at the side front. A vest and Robespierre collar of white broadcloth adds a smart touch. The skirt is perfectly plain and well tailored. A V-shaped inset in front has a row of buttons extending

through the center. Black-and-whitechecked materials are to be much worn. This usually meets with instant success and makes up well. One suit of black-and-white shadow plaid

has a coat sharply cutaway in front. The wide revers and edge of the coat were bound with black silk braid. A vest of chamois-colored broadcloth bound with brown silk braid and patch pockets of the checked material completes this at-

tractive coat. The skirt has a panel front and back and plain sides to within eighteen inches

a band of black silk braid. Corduroy will be used for suits for style with belt of patent leather is a favored model. The skirt to these suits ter front, where the line of buttons meets that of the coat, extending the full length

of the costume. als will also play an important part in fall fashions. The tendency of stripes to produce slender lines is responsible for their popularity with the their popularity with the majority of

Gray and black, dark blue and white, black and white, red and blue and tan and brown will be among the leading

in them. It does seem as if this style of suit takes a certain type of woman to wear it, and at the same time look just right. The style especially belongs to young girls, those girls who between the ages of 10 to 14 look their very best when dressed in frocks or walking suits which dis-

certain that the acid had done its work too fatally, burning the varnish and dely chic on little "Miss Sixteen." How stroying the colors, and when experts be- awkward, however, do women who are

kinder to the public than frankly to admit that Mona Lisa was gone forever, while to let out the truestory would have wear it as it should be worn, or not at all, but the best plan for the would-beall, but the best plan for the would-be-young woman is to give up this youthful for footings, and in places where volume costume and leave it to the younger girls, and not great strength is needed.

to whom it really belongs.

Another dress or costume which is are one part of cement and from six to Another dress or costume which is much abused is the kilted or gored skirt worn with a middy blouse. This dress, too, belongs to the child and to the growing girl, and the older woman who attempts to wear it looks ridiculous, indeed.

To make one cubic yard of concrete the following respective amounts of cement are required: Rich mixture, 1½ barrels; lean mixture, 1½ barrels; lean mixture.

neglected or unskilfully treated terminate in consumption, have been perfectly and permanently cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

Many of the new long dress sleeves are set into a long shoulder line. The woman dusing care not to allow the mixture to become too soft. Work up the dry water line to become too soft. Work up the dry material from the outside toward the centre, turn rapidly with shovels, sprinkling water upon it until the prepar consistent. Many of the new long dress sleeves are

## FARM NOTES

-Keep the brooder houses in a clean sanitary condition, and never overcrowd. -Burnt corn has been used to good advantage. This is one way of supplying charcoal.

—The barn is a splendid place for the chickens but they should not be allowed

-One of the easiest ways to stiffen up a horse is to compel him to stand on a plank floor when not at wook.

-Pullets hatched in May can be her vacation at the seashore, in the coun-try or mountains needs to be prepared are properly fed and cared for.

-Too many people who get good re-turns for a small flock figure that the re-turns for a large one will be in propor--To keep parsley all winter put the

ter supply of leaves. -Potato buyers and consumers find an altogether too large per cent. of sun-burned potatoes. It is evident that the growers will have to plant the seed deeper or pay more careful attention to hilling

-An instance of what manure will do in improving the pear crop was given by George T. Powell, at a horticultural meet-He made an experiment on Seckel pear trees, giving them a whole load of manure per tree. Fruit from these trees was put on exhibition the next season. The pears were so large that the judges

ruled them out as Seckles and called them Sheldon. -The squirrels of the United States rank as nature's most important chestnut, hickory and walnut tree planters. Contrary to common belief, they do not lay up their winter store of nuts in a mass: instead, each nut is buried separately, and since they never need onetenth of the provender they store, what There are new models in cutaway coat they do not consume germinates, and in this manner we get the uniform nut tree clusters under the parent tree where

nuts fall. -In the great eastern Virginia potato belt the growers follow the method of plowing the potatoes out with a small turn plow. Laborers follow the plow, gather the potatoes from the soil and throw four or five rows together in piles. They are taken from the piles, carefully graded and barreled for immediate ship ment. In some portions of the Virginia potato-growing districts the barrels are examined by regularly-appointed inspectors. If they are found to be up to standard they are given a uniform brand, which guarantees the quality.

-Asparagus plant is hardy. It requires six weeks for the seed to germinate and come up. The young plants may be cultivated in rows as other garden vegetables and set in permanent rows or beds this fall or spring. The plants are very hardy, will stand all kinds of treatment, but will respond liberally to good treat-ment, and will thrive in one place for 10 to 20 years. The asparagus plant is doubly useful. The young shoots can be used for food and the foliage branches for decoration. Sprays of asparagus are equaled by few other plants for their pleasing effect in decoration.

of the hem. A flounce of wide box pleats
of the hem. A flounce of wide box pleats
fills in this space. This is headed with sively used on the farm—for foundation walls, for building, for cisterns, for silos, for stable floors, for walks about the rough-weather wear. The Norfolk jacket house, for porch steps and numerous other purposes. It is a step that has attractiveness and durability to recommend are plain, gored and buttoned up the cen- it. When properly put down, concrete proves to be both economical and perma-

It is estimated that concrete work for placing concrete is about 10 to 12 cents per cubic foot. Concrete cellar floors and walks, four inches thick, cost from

\$1.10 to \$1.50 per square yard. The best concrete is made of Portland cement, sand and crushed rock. Sand Since Nortolk suits are considered quite the thing by Dame Fashion, and sees five or six of these frocks in almost a square's walk in the city of the second state of the square's walk in the city of the square's walk in the city of the second square's walk in the city of the second square's walk in the city of the square square's walk in the city of the square much strength is required, fine, round river-bottom sand should not be used. a square's walk in the city streets, and yet of all the women or girls who wear them how few really look well or smart give the most satisfactory results. Sand that is coarse, clean and sharp will

As a test of sand, rub it in the hand, and if there is much dirt left on the hand. discard that sand. If, when a handful of the same is thrown into a pail of water, it leaves the water muddy, discard it. A dirty sand makes a weak concrete. Crush ed rock is much better than screened gravel because of the rougher edges. The rock sometimes known as aggregate should be broken up into irregular pieces

having rough, clean surface.

-Following are the four recognized mixtures for concrete: 1. Rich mixture-One part Portland

mixture is used for walks, the walls, etc. 3. Ordinary mixture-One, three, six;

if she is slim of figure and youthful of ed. In the middle of the mass hollow out a spot, in which pour the amount of water needed, adding a little at a time,

Don't Be a Slave.

Don't be a slave to pills. Every pill user is in danger of such slavery, unless he recognizes the fact that violent purgatives are hostile to Nature. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pallets, are small sugar-coated to hear this. She may now at least continue to wear the becoming kimono shoulder, even if she takes up this latest winkle of Paris—the long sleeve.

These sleeves are particularly becoming the same and she should wear them at all times. The pretty little the sand grains are all covered with the sand grains are all covered with the finer particles of cement and the crushed to the same and the crushed and the crushed to the same and th came out and walked slowly along the balcony to the stairs. She was in a white serge suit, and she looked as fresh and charming as a May flower. Marcus had whispered that New York would surely time Blanding had written a play that would succeed on its own merits as a play that pellets are small sugar-coated pills, which act on the bowels, stomach and liver with an invigorating action. They cure disorders of these organs, and white time Blanding had written a play that would succeed on its own merits as a pills, which act on the bowels, stomach and liver with an invigorating action. They cure disorders of these organs, and white pills falling over the hands, and on the promise to be fashionable this with the firlls falling over the hands, and liver with an invigorating action. They cure disorders of these organs, and on the pill habit. with the temperate mixture. This undoubtedly gives the greatest strength for material used.