

DOING ALL THE GIVING.

"I think I'll have to change my position," declared the little stenographer, belligerently, as she closed the drawers of the filing cabinet with a force that would have smashed any but a steel contrivance.

"Be calm, be calm!" remonstrated the bookkeeper as he turned for further particulars. "Count one hundred slowly and then tell me about it."

"Well, I've nearly made up my mind to change!" she exclaimed, dropping into a chair. "I'm going to look for a private office, a private secretaryship!"

"Oh, ambition ails you, does it?" The bookkeeper smiled knowingly. "Salary ran low at Christmas?"

"No, it isn't that," objected the little stenographer, "but, of course, I'd just as soon have an increase of salary. I think I could use it." She paused, meditatively. "No, I think I'd be willing to stay here, if only to remain in your company," he smiled and bowed—even with the meager stipend I now receive, if I could use it for my own needs, and in my own way!"

"Ah! Aged mother—crippled brother—educating little sister," suggested the bookkeeper, helpfully.

"No," returned the little stenographer, with surprisingly little heat. "Not that you mean it, and yet that's the very reason! But it's some one else's mother and brother and sister!" The little stenographer looked at him out of sad, wide eyes.

"Say," exclaimed the bookkeeper, "you aren't playing square. You've got to talk, not look sad. Why, in a minute I'll be handing you my pay envelope!"

"Well, to prevent such a dire catastrophe I'll explain," she agreed. "It begins in the morning about two minutes after I get my hat off and my pocket book by my side where all may see it. The door opens, and as it's my duty to greet all callers I have to get up and talk. Now, all the men have said not to call them except on real business, and I can't tell every beggar, or agent, or little boy or girl, to go see Mr. Brown or Mr. Daniels! My position wouldn't be worth two cents if I did! And I can't call Mr. Brown or Mr. Daniels out to see them, can I? No! But I have ears, and they at once proceed to work on my sympathies. They think if they can't get the big men perhaps I can help them a little. I look kind—oh, I know I do, for they all tell me so—and won't I please help them out?"

"I can't tell them that I have no money, for they see my giant bag, and they know there must be something in it. You may ask why I don't buy a small bag, just big enough for car fare and lunches, but it's the honest truth that I don't have enough money left from my many charities to buy one!"

"It might be all right and do my soul good, if only I felt charitable—but I don't, not a bit! I fairly despise every youngster who pleads. I'm trying to earn money by selling this chewing gum or 'these beautiful cards!' And when a woman explains that she must have \$10 to pay her rent or else be compelled to go out on the street with a three-month-old baby, I'm fairly nauseated!"

"No, it isn't charity, not a bit of it. Now, I like to give something sometimes when I feel that I can spare it, but I don't like to do the charity work for this whole big establishment. Why, I give to everybody! And why? For pure shame! That's all it is—I'm ashamed not to! Somehow or other, everybody makes me feel that I'm a selfish pig if I don't help, and I'm sorry all the time they are talking and ever afterward that I'm so soft—but I can't help it!"

"So you see, the only remedy I know of is a private secretaryship, where I can give commands to the outer office force not to call me for anything at all! Do you happen to know of anybody who is in need of my services in that capacity?"

\$15,000,000 Forged in 1911.

"Albert S. Osborn, author of 'Questioned Documents,' and an authority on the subject, declares that the forgery loss in this country for the year 1911 is fully \$15,000,000," writes Frank Marshall White in the Munsey. In an article, "The Day of the Forger," the writer quotes Osborn as saying: "Clever penmen are leaving a trail of bad checks reaching from Portland, Me., to Portland, Ore. Banks and hotels are naturally the shining marks of the forger; but nearly, if not quite, as much money is paid out on forgeries by individuals, small storekeepers, and business houses as by all the banks and hotels combined. A large proportion, especially of the unreported forgeries, is in amounts of less than \$100. If the forger of a small check has vanished, and only a doubtful clue remains, the natural impulse is not to 'send good money after bad.' In most cases, nothing is done, and the criminal goes on his way unhampered and unafraid. Banks naturally do not care to have it known that they pay out customers' money on forged paper, and if the forger is gone they are not inclined to take much trouble to find him."

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DAINTY HOUSE FROCK

ATTRACTIVE, ALTHOUGH BUILT ON SIMPLE LINES.

Materials May Safely Be Left to the Choice of the Wearer, as Any Number Will Make Up to Excellent Advantage.

The illustration, to my thinking, gives the daintiest dress of all, and very smart women often order a number of country frocks built on just such simple lines. Materials may vary according to the use which will be made of the gown, but the side buttoning on this one-piece style, the contrasting collar and cuffs, and the easy neck and sleeve cuts never vary. Linen and duck dresses made in this way are used for boating and golf, and they are admirable for city marketing and other shopping, while for working use the dress would very likely be in good gingham in a more practical color.

But why always have one's working clothes in a practical color, thinks somebody, and why, indeed, if one loves gay ones and looks well in them? So I want to tell you that such plain little gowns would be charming if made of ginghams in the daintier colors—pale blue, violet, pink, yellow, etc., the plain trimming matching the patterning of the goods or else of white. One might not be able to scrub the floor in such a dress, but dinner could be cooked while wearing it, for it is understood that a dainty dress must be protected with a large apron. While fresh, the frock in a delicate color, made up in this manner, would be good enough for receiving company morning or afternoon, as nobody dresses as much in summer as in other seasons.

When making up house gowns the tricks of the trade should certainly be observed if one wants the genuine house effect and lasting usefulness. For example, the shop dresses, both bodice and skirt, are put together with pudding-bag seams—sewed first on the right side, then on the wrong—this arrangement permitting much better possibilities with laundering. Then as pearl buttons of good sort are always dearer than fancy bone ones, a number of the frocks show the smartest knob fasteners in bright colors. One black and white percale frock seen recently was decked off with knob bone buttons in a rich watermelon pink, these running down the side of the dress from the neck to hem. Buttons of the same sort, or in



blue, violet, yellow, green or any other color, can be had for 12 and 25 cents a card. If the dress is not to be washed much, too, or the wearer is willing to spend a little time adding the touch after laundering, a band of black lawn or calico put under the hem gives the skirt more cachet and with this addition a bias of the same is added to the neck and sleeves.

MARY DEAN.

To Make a Tea Tray.

The daintiest tea tray may be fashioned from the lid of a cheese box in this manner:

First sandpaper the wood until it is perfectly smooth and stain it a mahogany color. The stain may be purchased already prepared.

Pollish the wood with turpentine and linseed oil.

Attach brass handles, which may be obtained at the upholster's shop for a very small sum.

A round, embroidered doily placed in the bottom adds to the appearance of the tray.

These trays are especially nice for the piazza or for serving breakfast to the invalid.

A Voice From China.

Dear Folks at Home:—

Last night while walking along the main street of Chefoo I saw what seemed to me a strange performance. There was a man with a small lantern in his hand walking very slowly and followed by a woman dragging a broom on the ground. The woman was saying something in a low tone. When I got an opportunity I asked the Chinese for an explanation which was as follows:

"They said that the man and woman were husband and wife and that their child was ill, or in other words, had lost one of its souls. Their idea being that each person is possessed with three souls. The parents were out searching for the lost soul. The idea of the lantern was to give it light, the broom was used to collect the soul, while the mother called out the child's name with the idea of attracting the attention of the soul. The ill child would not be over three years of age, the idea being that after that age there is no danger of the child losing its souls."

What a pathetic scene it was and yet what a truth is illustrated by it. There are lots of souls in the world, and Jesus Christ through His servants is going about holding out to them the light of life and calling them to repentance and forgiveness of sins.

"The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty."—Psalms 74:20. A few days ago my attention was attracted by the crying of a small child. I could not help stepping aside to see the cause of the trouble. In the doorway of a small Chinese house were sitting two women. In the lap of one was the child in question, screaming as though in great agony. The woman who held him was evidently his mother. The other woman was pricking the little fellow in the region of the stomach with a needle and then squeezed the pricked portion until the blood could be seen. Although I remonstrated with them and tried to save the child from any further pain my efforts

were of no avail. While I stood there they turned the child over and pricked him several times in the back near the bottom of the spine. Just what disease the little fellow had I do not know, but from their method of treating may have been most anything. Surely the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty.

Two days of each week I spend in the near by villages preaching, selling books and distributing literature to those who can read. About two weeks ago while passing through a village I noticed a man lying by the roadside. On making inquiry I found he had been there for three days. I offered to pay some Chinese if they would carry him to an inn about three hundred yards distant, but I could not get any one to touch him. I raised the man to his feet but found him too weak to stand. I then went to the inn but found them unwilling to take him in. I returned to Chefoo, hired a litter, that is a covered bed carried between two horses, and brought the man to the hospital. It was midnight when I got to where I had left him but it was moonlight and I had no difficulty in finding him. I had difficulty, however, in getting the drivers of the litter to understand that I wanted to take him back with me. I shall never forget the smile the sick man gave me that Sunday night as the driver told him that a foreigner had come to take him to the city. About three o'clock Monday morning I had the sick man in the hospital. He lingered until Thursday in a semi-conscious condition, when he passed away. A week later on stopping at the inn I asked them what had become of the sick man; they said he lay by the roadside for five days, got all right and went on his way. Of course if the inn keeper had taken him in and he would have died the man's relatives might have charged him with murder and demanded a large sum of money. However, I was glad of the opportunity of doing what I could to save the man's life. When one realizes that for

nearly four days this man lay by the roadside and thousands of people passed by him without lending a helping hand, it is not hard to come to the conclusion that the Chinese need the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

SAMUEL H. McCLURE, Chefoo, China August 12, 1912.

—Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

What the Civil War Cost.

In the current issue of Farm and Fireside appears the following:

"In the Civil war, on the Union side, there were 844,588 boys enlisted 17 years of age or under. There were 2,270,588 enlistments, and only 118,000 were over 21 years old. Men make the wars and then push the boys up in front of the enemy's guns. The greatest mortality is not there, but in sickness, disease and death on the cots."

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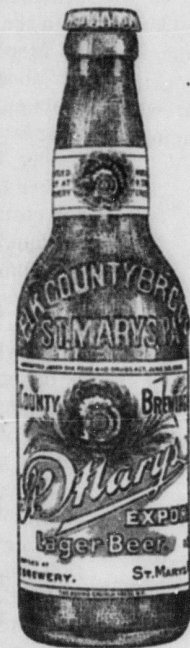
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CLOTHING.

CLOTHING.

They Scratch Their Heads

Those Custom Tailors

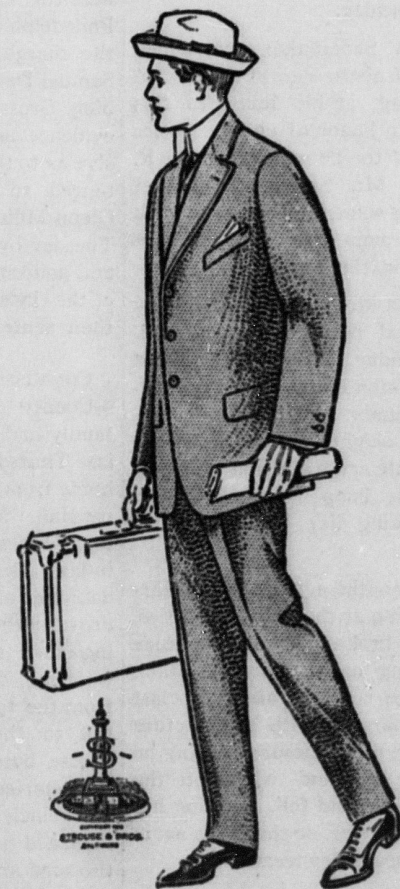
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