

"HOW DID YOU DIE?"

Did you tackle the trouble that came your way
With a resolute heart and cheerful?
Or hide your face from the light of day
With a craven soul and fearful?
O, a trouble's a ton, or a trouble's an ounce,
Or a trouble is what you make it?
And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that
counts,
But only how did you take it?
You are beaten to earth? Well, well, what's
that?
Come up with a smiling face,
It's nothing against you to fall down flat.
But to lie there—that's disgrace.
The harder you're thrown, why the higher you
bounce.
Be proud of your blackened eye!
It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts;
It's how did you fight—and why?
And though you do die to death what then?
If you battle the best you could,
If you played your part in the world of men,
Why, the Critic will call it good.
Death comes with a crawl, or comes with a
pounce.
And whether he's slow or spry,
It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts.
But how did you die?

—By Edmund Vance Cook.

THE WELDING POWER.

Above the emotional cords of the "Lo-
hengrin" march could be felt that expectant
hush with which a church full of peo-
ple greets an advancing bride procession.
Every head but one was turned to get a
satisfying look at the bride and her
train.
Sam Townsend, from his obscure seat in
the transept watched his wife Herda,
where she sat in a front pew, her head
back-tilted, with a gay little smile of
amusement on her lips into which he
read a touch of irony. He remembered
many weddings at which they two had
sat together, when, at the critical mo-
ment, he had silently offered his hand-
kerchief, which was promptly accept-
ed. "So sorry for her!" he was wont to
whisper. "No, envious, silly," she had
invariably replied.
She had been an enchanting personal-
ity to be married to, that wife of his,
for the reason that she never suffered the
everydayness of living to become drub;
for her life was rather a pattern of in-
teresting bits of mosaic, pictured and fitted
together by the magic of her imagination;
the surface of her sensibilities was as
ready for impressions as a fine white
piece of sculptor's clay; and back of it
all lay humor.
During the elaborate ceremonials he
had plenty of time to follow a tortuous
memory trail through the circumstances
which had resulted in his sitting here op-
posite to her, a comparative stranger,
while he watched her head tilt back to a
more defiant angle and the irony in her
smile turn to bitterness. To him the
present moment seemed a climax to the
longing for her which had been growing
in him since the first months of their
separation. It was not so much the wom-
an before him that he forcibly wanted;
although with her small dark head and
slender shoulders, rising from the ivory
sheen of her satin gown, she was even
more desirable than his longing had
pictured her. Rather it was what she
had stood for in these last months abroad,
when all things fine or witty or sad or
womanly he had in a curious way related
to her. And now he noted about her a
sort of virginal aloofness, which aroused his
masculine idea of possession, almost
coincident with the thought in which he
acknowledged his own guilt. He breath-
ed a pagan prayer of thankfulness that
she was still his in the eyes of the law,
but the maddening distance between them
had caused him to go far by this time.

Herda's indifferent gaze, traveling
about, suddenly met his brooding, beet-
ling stare, and stopped. The direct, primi-
tive yearning in his eyes sent the blood
rushing over her neck and cheeks, even
reddening her ears. She stiffened indig-
nantly, refusing to fathom the pleading
element behind the other. What right
had a man to look at her thus who had
so wrongly misunderstood her; and so
misunderstandingly had deliberately sin-
ned against her? Looking squarely at him,
she smiled the hardest sort of a little
smile, the more merciful, because, deep
within her, she discovered an answering
tendency to yield.

With the obligato triumphantly burst-
ing into the Mendelssohn, their view of
each other was blocked out by the wed-
ding procession. Sam on his way down
the aisle was surrounded by acquaintanc-
es and greeted on all sides, so that when
he finally reached the vestibule he saw
Herda's slender figure disappearing into
a machine. He divided the church steps
into three leaps, and uninvited, jumped
into the car and closed the door.
"Just for the appearance of the thing,"
he said, coolly, in answer to the blaze in
her gray eyes. "You know people don't
know our separation was intentional. At
the time we gave the impression that it
was inexorable business."

"Listen to me," she said, in a suppres-
sed voice; "don't discuss anything now—I
could not stand it—not until we have
been through the ordeal of this wedding
dinner. You're supposed to have hurried
home for Nina's wedding; so let it go at
that."
"And if," asked Sam, "I act the con-
ventional husband during the entire even-
ing, may I come home with you later?"
"Yes," she said, "you may;" and added
"for explanations."

How at odds a man's external self is at
times with his internal self! Outwardly
he is like a faceted piece of crystal—
many-sided, reflecting cordiality, reti-
cence, interest—at the same time his in-
ner feeling is a purposing unit waiting to
do one thing, and being intent on that.
Sam passed most of the evening at
Herda's side, hearing welcoming speech-
es, giving bits of description of his trip,
discussing foreign business prospects,
playing the stolid husband as demanded
of him by Herda, all the while uncon-
sciously, all-pervading desire pounding at
his temples—to take Herda away, and to
make up to her royally for the suffering
they had caused each other.
"No," he found himself saying glibly
"I didn't have time to go out to my place
to dress. I had to take a room in town
for a quick change." Looking at his wife
just then, he surprised in her eyes a look
of dread. It puzzled him so much that
he felt the insane effort to play up to an
audience too irksome.

"Herda," he said, "don't you think it's
time to go?"
"The Westons are taking us; I'll ask
them," she answered, and he understood
that she did not wish to be alone with him
until they two were in the shuttin quiet
of the library at home.
When they were dropped at their own
steps, Sam fumbled in his pockets, and,
carefully selecting a key from his ring,
swung open the door for her to go in. He
enjoyed the act, it was so significant. It
seemed in a measure to bridge the gap of
the last eighteen months; but as he look-
ed at her he saw her chin quiver. He
dropped his things on the hall window-
seat, and, following her, he entered the
library and slid the doors together behind
him.
The strange familiarity of it all threat-
ened his poise. This long, book-lined
room with its soft lights and its dim
tapestries, and the air touched faintly
with the smell of burning logs, made him
forget, for the moment, the wall in front
of him. He strode over to where his
wife stood before the chimney breast.
"Behold my temple, my altar fire, and
my high-priestess," he said, and his voice
shook.
"And you have defiled them, all three,"
she answered, in a low voice.
"Herda," he said, looking at her lips—
"Herda, can't you blot it all out for one
minute—can't you let me have you
in my arms, feeling that there is nothing
in your heart but our love as it once
was?"

She did not answer him immediately;
she seemed to be sparring for time. He
watched her hungrily as she let her even-
ing coat fall from her shoulders, and
started to pull off her long gloves, while
the fire light played over the warm soft-
ness of her hair. Her hair had slipped from
its position on the back of her head, and lay
in masses over her ears and on the nape of
her neck.
"No," she answered, looking at him
more sadly than bitterly, "I don't know if
it can ever be that way again. I feel
intuitively that you were not alone at
fault; I knew that in some inexplicable
way I, too, had failed."
He kicked a log savagely and followed
the sparks. "If I had only been frank,"
he said, "I would have told you, as I'm
going to do this night, the whole thing
need never have happened."
She seated herself in a high-backed
chair, where she could look at the fire
instead of at him. He could almost see
her think; he felt as a man feels who
watches a play given in a foreign tongue.
She began to speak quietly, half
musingly.
"When I look back, I know, I really
know, that you alone could not have
spoiled our lives, and yet I can't put my
finger on the way in which I helped. It
seems to me I noticed something unusual
in your attitude shortly after I started to
write, and still, when I first tried it, I
thought you liked it. You always said
you were first drawn to me because I
was different from the other women you
knew. And then your life was so broad,
so full of important things, that I argued
that if I too could do something beyond
a woman's ordinary run of duties, I would
be more than ever the perfect woman on
your account. I wanted to prove that a wom-
anly woman, one with home duties and
husband and children, could still find a
place in her life for personal ambition
or, rather, growth. I wanted to see if
I couldn't sway people's minds, not through
your money and my social graces, but by
a something within me which was crying
for expression. So I took up writing, and
the first year when everything was re-
quired so promptly that you said I must
have some envelopes stamped P. D. Q., it
was a joke, and we laughed at it together.
You teased, but we were really helpful
with suggestions of vital facts, and I un-
consciously used you as a model, so that
every man I drew widened his eyes when
he spoke and had a smudge of gray in
his temple. Then my stuff took hold,
and you seemed to lose interest. Instead
of reading in here while I wrote, you
would go to your den or leave the house.
I missed you terribly at first, more your
interest than your presence, but I was so
excited and happy in the first intrinsic
proof that little I was worth something,
that I suppose I didn't attach enough
importance to your wanderings. And then—
and then—"

Her voice hoarsened and the gray eyes
turned on him were dark with pain.
"And then I found the letter from that
woman—"
Sam made a movement toward her,
but she waved him off. She was on her
feet now, leaning against the tall chair.
"Yes, me, the wife," she went on, in a
low, bitter tone, "to whom you had
promised such wonderful things. Why,
I never go to a wedding now that I don't
laugh at the mummy of it. You men
marry us for the little spiciness of differ-
ence which gives us charm as girls. Then
when we are yours, all the idiosyncrasies
an oddities which attracted you in the
first place must submit to your masculine
censorship. Do you think you buy our
brains in the same bargain with our
bodies and souls? I used to listen to
others' wrangles with head high, ours
was the perfect union, give and take and
all the rest—"

She paused, then brought her clenched
hand down on the chair-back.
"In all this wide world there is no place
for woman's self-expression? You men
have progressed far since the time of
Solomon; you think with horror of the
glories of his many wives and concubines.
And still, even now, your secret ideal of
a wife is the same as his, one who only
uses her voice to call her husband great.
Absurd! If a man can't be great without
his wife crying it aloud from the house-
tops, why, let him stay little. You never
respected my mentality; it was my place
to respect yours. You adhered to the old
order of things. During our life together
I have given you my interest, my faith,
my whole thought. Then when I asked
a slight return, what happened? I have
never allowed myself to think of that
day. It makes me sick—physically sick—
here—"

"Shuddering, she touched her hands to
her throat, then buried her face in them
on the back of the chair.
He was white to the lips; he wanted
fiercely to take her in his arms and crush
out her pain against his breast.
"Herda," he began, slowly, painfully,
"I am here as a suppliant; you know
that. But I want you to know more than
you have guessed at. There isn't a trait
about you that I don't idealize into a vir-
tue. I love the way you think; I love the
gypsy streak in you that makes you de-
light in things no other grown person
thinks of. My wanting you to be sub-
servient to me, or like other women, never
played a part in this trouble. Why, I
gloried in the different way you look at

life and do things. But, Herda, perhaps
I was selfish. I was lonely, and I was
too proud to tell you. That first year
you wrote, you were still my wife, shar-
ing your thoughts and asking mine. But
you went further and further from me,
and some of those long evenings we sat
here, you didn't seem to be here at all. I
was spoiled, I was used to too much. You
lost all interest in the things I wanted
your interest in. You gave no thought
to me. You still loved me, I suppose, but
distantly. I was lonely, don't you under-
stand—lonely! And the loneliness turned
to soreness for what I needed and didn't
get. I went with a crowd that swallowed
anything for a good time. And you didn't
seem to care whether I came or stayed.
So one night I stayed, and then you cared."

He walked the length of the room and
back again. His voice took on a touch
of bitterness.
"I never can understand you women.
You don't care a rap for the spirit of the
thing. I could have gone on thus for
years, completely estranged, faithless in
every respect but the one, and you would
have stayed on with your head in the
clouds, serenely happy. It was the sym-
bolic act of unfaithfulness which sick-
ened you, not the spirit of it."
He walked up and down the room
again.
"And then you banished us, me and my
loneliness together. You wouldn't un-
derstand without explanation, and I was
too proud to explain. I have led a per-
fectly decent life. That one sickening
trial taught me that apathy doesn't lie in
that direction for me. The business ex-
cuse I went over for developed into a big
thing; it took all my time and energy to
do this—wrecked, incomplete—the time
I should have spent with you. I was alone.
God, how alone I was! Sometimes when I
went to the theater I would take an extra
seat, trying to pretend that you would
come presently and sit beside me and I
could slip my finger into the little open-
ing in her dress, without you, and I
went to do here at home. Everything I saw
or read or heard reminded me of you. I
went to hear Tristan every time it was
given, because it was the last thing we
went to together. The last month a thwart
set in. London turned dank—I couldn't
face another spring without you, and I
thought perhaps the perspective of eigh-
teen long months would dim some things
and help you to understand others, and
oh, my wife, I want you, I need you, as
in your heart you know you want and
need me."

To him his longed-for hour had so
clearly come that he stretched his arms
for her, but she waved him back with the
same look of dread he had noticed early
in the evening. A chill doubt depressed
him. He quickly gripped her wrist and
pulled her in front of him, where he could
look at her searchingly.
"Herda," he pleaded, hotly, "don't be
hard. For God's sake, try to see my side
of it. Do you want our lives to go on
this way—wrecked, incomplete—the time
has been so long—Herda, don't you really
want me back?" She made a faint move-
ment to free her hands.
"That's not the question any longer,"
she said, miserably.
"It is. Nothing else matters."
"But Sam," she cried, and her voice
was like a wail, "I'm not yours any
longer."
He freed her so suddenly that she half
fell. His hack was gray.
"What do you mean?" he whispered.
"It's a secret; no one knows. Six
months after you left, I went out West—
not to one of the regular places, but to a
little town—and I got a divorce. Since
then I have been a free woman, and have
people think that they wanted to and
wonder as much as they liked."

With a dry sob he sprang toward her,
crushing her against him.
"You precious little dear," he said, be-
tween kisses, "you nearly killed me just
as I was near my goal. I don't want any
more. We're only engaged instead of
married, that's all."
For an interval that neither took ac-
count of their stooled there, each luxuriat-
ing in the sense of the other's nearness.
People who have known the depths of
love, know how they can be drawn to the
depths without lingering in the shallows.
Herda's mother instinct went out to the
lonely man at the same time that her
woman's heart called for her husband.
Sam could not think—he was just happy.
Each was helping to make whole the
perfect thing their passion had been.

Later she took him upstairs to show
him his sons asleep. The older of them
still clutched two marbles in his right fist.
Sam smiled crookedly. The shameful
tears were near his eyes.
"Marble-time coming, Herda?" he asked.
"And spring-time, dearest," she echoed.
He fingered their little bath-robes and
bed-slippers wonderingly.
"I owe them an apology. Ever since I
reached town I haven't given them a
thought. It was all up to them, wife of
mine. I'll make it up to them though."
She laid her feet on his, then he put
drew her into the hall. Then he put his
arms around her again; he did not seem
to know anything else to do with them.
"Listen, dear, I'll go now, back to my
loneliness for the last time."
"You needn't," she whispered, impul-
sively.
"You generous darling, I will, though,
for I want everything to be just right on
this second venture of ours. And in the
morning we'll stand in line for a license,
and we'll go across to Brooklyn and be
secretly married."

"Just like the man who jumped into a
bramblebush and scratched 'em in
again," she laughed, with tears in her
throat. He gave her a little shake.
"Think, dear—married! Do you remem-
ber all that means? And then we'll stay
right in the motor and we'll drive to a
little inn I know on the right by those
No golf, no tennis, no nothing, not a thing
to do but love-making and horses, and I
know the hours will be crowded."
"It will be over too soon," she mourn-
ed.
"No, it will last forever," he asserted.
"If you wish it, I'll have the inn brought
down here and put up in our back yard,
and you can use it as a sort of writing-
study, it will be so choke-full of inspira-
tion."
Her eyes, misty with happiness, drew
him strongly. His own wonderful glad-
ness had lighted to his head and left a big
lump in his throat, so that he went on in
the same light-headed strain.
"And for a wedding-present I'll give
you a dozen reams of paper and a pen
and a typewriter and—"
Suddenly a soft, cool hand laid itself on
his mouth.

"Don't dear! What's the use of trying
to put it into words?" she whispered, and
he kissed her and went.—By Duffie R.
West.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN
DAILY THOUGHT.

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawn singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad:
The nights are wholesome; then no planets
strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm:
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.
—Shakespeare.

How black clothes deceive the eye,
often to the advantage of the wearer, was
explained by Professor Stirling, F. R. S.,
in a lecture upon "Optical Illusions."
"My advice to a lady or gentleman suf-
fering from excessive rotundity," said
Professor Stirling, "is to stick severely to
black. Light clothing adds considerably
to one's apparent bulk."
He demonstrated the point by exhibit-
ing simultaneously white figures on a
black ground and black figures on a white
ground. Although all the figures were
the same size those in white upon black
appeared to have much greater dimen-
sions.
Working upon this illusion, Professor
Stirling suggested that notices printed in
a limited space in white upon black were
more emphatic than the ordinary black
upon white.

The uninitiated may well wonder where
the new colors come from. To them it
may be interesting to learn that they are
made up by a congress or board of
manufacturers across the seas, says
New York Tribune writer. This color
chart, as it is called, is issued in time to
be used as a guide by the manufacturers
in this country, as well as those abroad,
for the goods they are preparing for the
season ahead of the one the consumer is
interested in. This chart, at the best, is
only a guide, but it has a certain bearing
on the situation. If you see on every
side a certain color you naturally conclude
that it is the fashionable shade, and you
follow the herd and ask at the shop for
that shade—that is, you do this if you
are one of the big majority. There are
women—and fortunately the number is
increasing—who choose their clothes for
themselves, but by far the greatest num-
ber allow their judgment to be guided by
the makers of fashion.

This year the combination of black and
white is still in the lead. Despite the
dictates of fashion, its popularity does not
seem to wane. An attempt is being made
to further the claims of navy blue and
white and such monotone combinations
as tan and brown, wistaria and purple
and pearl and dark gray.
One of the most important of the new
series of colors is that called "mistral."
This includes six shades of blue, to the
deepest of navy blue and midnight. The
lighter shades of blue, the brilliant royal
and softer Dutch blue which the painters
use largely in their paintings. The more
subdued and mysterious Gobelins blue,
which the admirers of the old tapestries
fell in love with years ago, is another ef-
fective tone in this series.

We have gone to the woods for what
promises to be one of the most popular
series of colors for the coming year. In
the French color chart this series is desig-
nated as "Alazan brule" and is in six
colors, ranging from the palest straw
which nature gives to us so plentifully in
the autumn, to the richest of the brown
series.
The six green colors are ranged under
the name of "colibri," after the South
American bird of that name. The most
popular tones are the dark, soft shades,
such as reseda and myrtle.
The reds are in two series, one known
as cerise and the other as tomato. The
latter, while brilliant, has the delightful
advantage of being becoming to both
blondes and brunettes. Mulberry is an-
other tone seen in the costumes intend-
ed for an exclusive clientele.

Some of the loveliest colorings of the
season are shown in the violet shades,
from a really brilliant violet to the
fuchsia. The dahlia and prune shades
are particularly effective. The purples
with a bluish reflection are perhaps new
than those with a reddish tinge. This
brings into favor such shades as eggplant,
heliotrope and wistaria.
Each season boasts certain novelty
shades, colors which depend for favor on
the whims of the smartly gowned woman.
As a rule these tones are so brilliant
that a touch of them as trimming, either
on a gown or hat, is quite sufficient.

New Angel Food.—Sift together four
times one cup of sugar, one cup of pastry
flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking pow-
der and a little salt; add to this mixture
one cup of scalding hot milk, then cut
and fold in the beaten whites of two
eggs.
Turn into an ungreased tin and bake in
a moderate oven 45 minutes. Any flavor-
ing desired may be used.
Chocolate Sauce. Take one cupful of
milk, two tablespoonfuls of grated choco-
late, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, one
teaspoonful of corn starch and one tea-
spoonful of vanilla.

An attractive and convenient way to
serve a salad to a large family is to ar-
range it on a large platter. Make a
border of lettuce or celery leaves and set
a small low bowl or dish in the center.
Put crisp lettuce leaves round the bowl,
nearly hiding it; then arrange the mixed
vegetables or the potato or fish salad in
a mound on each side. Sometimes two
kinds of vegetable salad are made, says
the Portland Express and Advertiser,
especially if there is but little of any one
kind of cold vegetable on hand; the ends
of the platter will then present a con-
trast of color. Pour mayonnaise, boiled
or plain oil dressing into the bowl. Each
person can help himself to what he likes,
and also the amount of dressing his taste
prefers.

Following the fashion of individual
service, many housekeepers have all sal-
ads prepared tastefully in the kitchen on
small plates; but if served on a large
dish a larger or smaller portion can be
taken, which at the family table is worth
considering.
Still another, and time-honored, way is
to mix the dressing and salad at the
table; to many an added zest is given by
this method. Salad is economical, ap-
petizing, the easiest sort of dish to pre-
pare, and gives opportunity for the
maker to show invention and taste.

Arrowroot Gruel.—A valuable food in
diarrhea. Mix two tablespoonfuls of
arrowroot, one teaspoonful of sugar, a
little salt, with two tablespoonfuls of cold
water. Add one cupful of boiling water,
stirring constantly. Cook for twenty
minutes, then add two cupfuls of scalded
milk, and bring once more to the boiling
point. Strain.

FROM THE WOMAN'S CLUB.
Guaranteed recipes contributed by the Publicity
Committee.

Foam Tart.—Two oz. of sugar, six oz.
of flour, four oz. of butter, one egg. Bake
in a round cake thick as cookies, spread
when cold with a thick boiled custard,
then with a meringue and brown in a
mild oven.

Graham Gems.—1 pt. butter milk, 1/2
teaspoon of salt, 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar,
3 tablespoonfuls of melted butter, 1 teaspoon
of soda. Enough graham flour for a stiff
batter, bake in a hot oven 20 minutes.

Ginger Bread.—1 cup of baking mela-
ses, 1 cup of brown sugar, one cup of
butter, 3 eggs beaten lightly, 3 cups of
flour, 1 cup of boiling water, 2 teaspoons
of baking soda.

Rice Puffs.—Add to 1 pt. of cold boiled
rice, one cup of milk, 3 well beaten eggs,
1 tablespoon of melted butter, 1 table-
spoon of sugar, 1 teaspoon of baking
powder, a little salt, and 12 oz. of flour to
make a thick batter. Drop by spoonfuls
in hot deep fat and fry a delicate brown.
Serve dusted with powdered sugar and
serve with Maryland sauce.

Maryland Sauce.—Cream 2 tablespoonfuls
of butter, 4 tablespoonfuls of brown sugar,
and yolks of 2 eggs. Add 1/2 cup of peach
syrup and a small piece of cinnamon
bark, stir over hot water until it thick-
ens.

Flannel Cakes.—One pt. of milk (half
sweet and half sour), 1 egg beaten sep-
arately, a very small teaspoon of soda
dissolved in hot water and added to the
sour milk, 1 tablespoon of melted butter
and lard, 1 teaspoon of salt and 1 tea-
spoon of sugar. Flour enough to make a
batter consisting of griddle cakes.

Sponge Cake.—Eight eggs beaten sep-
arately, 2 cups of sugar, 2 scant cups of
flour, 1 even teaspoon of baking powder,
flavor with lemon and bake in a slow
oven.

Boef Loaf.—2 1/2 lbs. of lean beef and 1/2
lb. of fresh ham ground, 1 cup of sweet
milk, 1 teaspoon black pepper, a pinch of
red pepper, tablespoon of sugar, a table-
spoon of salt, 1/2 nutmeg. All well mixed
and made into one or two loaves. Bake
in oven 1 1/2 hours.

Stuffed Beef Steak.—Take a thick slice
from the round, make slits in it about
two inches long and almost through, fill
these with filling made from bread
cumbs, seasoned. Roll up and tie well,
put into a baking pan, add a slice of on-
ion and a carrot, a sprig of parsley and 1
qt. of water, cover and cook slowly for
about two hours.

Ginger Gems.—1 cup of brown sugar,
1/2 cup of lard or butter, 1 cup of molasses,
1 cup of butter milk or sour milk, 2 cups
of flour, 2 eggs, a little salt, 2 level tea-
spoons of soda dissolved in warm water,
1 teaspoon of cloves, 1 1/2 spoons of ginger,
1 1/2 spoons of cinnamon.

EXCHANGE.
Publicity Committee of Bellefonte Woman's Club.
Fetichism marks the lowest point of a
gross and degraded superstition. It be-
longes to savages and not to civilized peo-
ple. Yet there are social fetiches to which
mothers sacrifice their daughters in this
enlightened land. And these sacrifices are
no less horrible than those of the degrad-
ed Africa who throws his writhing child
into the fire. The name of the great
social fetich is Ignorance. Mothers see
their daughters "standing with reluctant
feet where womanhood and girlhood
meet," see them take the step beyond and
assume the stupendous responsibilities
involved in marriage and motherhood
and yet they say no word of warning or
enlightenment as to the great physical
change which marriage brings to women.
For those who have suffered through
ignorance, and have allowed disease to
develop in the delicate organs. Dr.
Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a true
ministration of mercy. It stops drains, heals
ulceration and inflammations, cures bear-
ing down pains, makes weak women
strong and sick women well.

Hobbie Skirt New to Him.
In Camden the other afternoon, a young
girl in a brown hobbie skirt hurried with
short, quick steps along the street. Her
skirt was tight enough in all conscience,
but a narrow black band, encircling it
just below the knees, drew it still tighter.
As the young girl tripped out Mickle
Street, a cost-heaver, laying down his
shovel, ran after her.
"Say, miss," he said, in a low, confi-
dential tone, "yer belt's slipped down."
—Selected.

A Fine Foundation.
"How is your twelve-year-old boy
progressing in his studies?"
"Brilliantly," replied the anxious
looking parent. "He has thought up
the most marvellously extensive equip-
ment of questions you could imagine.
If he ever acquires the answers to all
of them he will be the wisest man
since Solomon."

Had Another Engagement.
"Now, Willie, promise me you won't
fight any more."
"Can't you wait till tomorrow,
mother? I've only got one more boy
to lick an' then I'll be through."—Life.

A Man to Be Avoided.
"Harduppe makes me think of a
busy bee."
"Industrious, is he?"
"Oh, not in that way—nearly every
one he touches gets stung."
An Unusual Order.
"Johnnie, do you wish the stork
would bring in something?"
"You bet I do."
"A brother or a sister?"
"Neither; a ketcher's mitt."

GAVE OF SURPLUS WEALTH
Rich Men in Other Days Lavish in
Their Donations to Their Fa-
vorite Cities.

"Many a man who has inherited mil-
lions," once said Frederic Harrison,
"has gnawed with envy as he watches
a practical man turning an honest
penny. How he would like to earn an
honest penny! He never did; he never
will; and he feels like a dyspeptic
invalid watching a hearty beggar en-
joying a bone or a crust. Many a
rich man is capable of better things;
but he does not know how to begin!"
The ancient law suggests a restoration
of the liturgies, the public services of
rich men as they were organized in
the model Greek republics. "At Athens
the liturgies were legal and constitu-
tional offices imposed periodically
and according to a regular order by
each local community on citizens rated
as having capital of more than a
given amount. . . . It always re-
mained a public office, a duty to be
filled by taste, skill, personal effort
and public spirit. Rich men contended
for the office. The chief ambition
of a rich man came to be that of mak-
ing splendid gifts to his fellow citi-
zens, and theaters, stadiums, colon-
nades, aqueducts, gardens, libraries,
museums, pictures, statues—all were
showered upon favorite cities by
wealthy men who possessed or covet-
ed the name of citizen." A few mil-
lionnaires in our American repub-
lic have made public benefactions.
May their tribe increase! The gift
of a public hospital or a school build-
ing is always in order.—The Christian
Herald.

PENNY WISE, POUND FOOLISH
Contractor Saved Mis Nickel, but Was
Out Something on the Trans-
action.
How to save a nickel and lose a
thousand dollars is a lesson learned
by a Bronx contractor. He was at
the Fordham station of the Third ave-
nue elevated and he wanted to go to
West Farms, at the end of the Lenox
subway, to submit a bid on a contract.
The ordinary way to make such a trip
would be to pay two car fares, but this
careful contractor saw a way to
complete the journey for a single
fare, but he says he will never do it
again.
He bought an elevated ticket and
rode down town to Third Avenue and
One Hundred and Forty-ninth street,
where he got a transfer to the down-
town subway train. He intended to
ride down to the next station, Mott
avenue, get off there and cross to the
uptown side and ride back to his des-
tination, thus saving five cents. Un-
fortunately that day there was an ac-
cident in the subway, the trains were
blocked for nearly an hour and he
was in a train that was stalled half
way between two stations. When he
finally did arrive at the office he found
all the bids had been opened and the
contract awarded. His bid, however,
was lower than the one accepted, yet
it was for a sum sufficiently large to
have shown him a cool profit of
\$1,000.
Then he went out and spent about
\$20 in drinks to drown his sorrow.—
New-York Times.

Wonderful Sarah Bernhardt.
Sarah Bernhardt often has said it is
her enthusiasm and continued interest
in life and work to which she ascribes
her youthful appearance. Now she
has a new enthusiasm—the moving
pictures. For years she refused to
pose before the moving picture cam-
era. Then she gave her consent and
acted "Camille" before a long string
of film recently in Paris. She could
hardly restrain her eagerness to see
the finished pictures, and when they
were shown to her she insisted the
whole play be repeated several times.
Edmond Rostand accompanied her to
the exhibition, and when she had de-
lightedly watched the films run off sev-
eral times she turned to him with all
the enthusiasm of a chorus girl, say-
ing, "Now, what next is there for me
to do?"

Lincoln's Superb Oratory.
In an address by Joseph H. Choate
on the occasion of his eightieth birth-
day, Mr. Choate spoke thus of Mr. Lin-
coln's celebrated speech in Cooper
Union, in 1860: "With an awkward
form and most ungainly address, he
stood there with a little trepidation,
not very prepossessing; but when he
came to speak it was as a flash-light.
Not only his whole personality and his
face lighted up, but he seemed to
lighten up the audience, and for one
hour or an hour and a quarter he dis-
cussed the great questions of the day
and held the audience in the hollow of
his hand."

Personal Affront.
Striking members of the Amalg-
amated Skirt Stitches were holding a
conference.
"Where is that tall, thin girl who
joined the union last week?" inquired
the walking delegates.
The secretary arose to reply:
"She handed in her resignation this
morning."
"What was her