

Democratic Watchman

Belleville, Pa., May 9, 1913.

ONLY FOR THREE.

I have a smile my friend to greet,
Hearty and pleasant for all I meet,
Hid from my mouth do I not speak,
But I have a smile they do not know.
Lit by a deeper, tender glow,
And I keep it in my heart below
Only for one.

I have a song for every ear,
Leaving an echo for to soothe and cheer
When it is done;
But I have a music of truer beat,
Not to be poured at the great world's feet,
Richer and softer and far more sweet,
Only for one.

I have a love for all who care
Aid of its warmth to claim or share,
Free as the sun;
But I have a love I do not hint,
Gold that is stamped with my soul's imprint,
A wealth of gold, both mine and mint,
Only for one.

SOIL HUNGER.

When Anne Painter, seeking helpful labor and self-expression at forty-two, came to the Settlement House in Bleeker Street she brought to it a breath of the country. You first felt it in a certain prim capability and serenity. Then it appeared in her cooking and her dress and it cropped out unexpectedly in her quiet speech. It was pleasantly palpable, too, in all the Settlement activities during that first winter, though she, of course, knew it not.

Therefore, within her there was still a measure of discontent. True, her empty heart had opened wide to the children of the neighborhood and they in return liked her, even loved her. But they did not have need of her. That was what she hungered for—to be necessary. It is a city as old as heartbreak and her room in March, when vagrant whiffs of spring blew into the occasionally open windows of the East Side or fluttered across its rear fences, Anne in exile felt an old stirring with a new poignancy.

"They'll be doing the spring plowing this week," she said, wistfully. And a few days later: "They'll be planting early peas. Mine would be in by this time. I hope Len kept the tomato flats watered."

There was no blade of green in the streets she passed through, but she bought a pot to help her room.

"Poor things! You're not happy here, are you?" she said, when she found their life a struggle against the feebleness that came from forced growth. And she added, "I don't wonder!"

Then one day spring lured into the little stone-flagged rear yard and she noticed for the first time that along one side there was an old border bed, long uncultivated and almost hidden by a lumber pile. The soil was heavy and hard and lacking all promise. But instantly there was born in her the wish to try it, the need to have even here something to tax the skill that had always been hers, that each spring had been put to a new test. To make a garden was for her as natural and necessary as to mother stray infants. Here in this gardenless place she realized it for the first time.

Stripping bare one end of the border, she examined the caked soil critically.

"Now for the fork!"

She was in the basement before she realized that there would be no four-tined spading-fork here. They might not even have a spade. What an unnatural place was this stone-sealed part of earth!

The best she could find was the coal-shovel, and she carried it out into the yard exultantly. How pleasant it was to feel the iron god cutting into the caked earth under the foot that for all its experience would slip off the unaccustomed roundness of the shovel-top. Six feet of the border had been loosed to the full depth of the blade and pulverized to exemplary fineness before she stopped, glowing and a little breathless.

After school came the children, and she called for volunteers to help her move the lumber. By this time the amazing news was public property throughout the block. Miss Painter was going to make a garden. There was no lack of help for the transfer of the lumber pile. To have accepted all applicants would have been to divide the pile into fractions of a stick per helper.

"The next thing to do," explained Anne to her young friends, "is to dig up the earth until it is all fine and loose, so that it will make a comfortable bed for the seeds."

She began spading vigorously with the coal-shovel again, and her proficiency was an amazement both to the band of spectators beside her and to those that filled the fire-escapes and windows of the adjoining tenements.

"In the country," she explained, "we would do this with a spade, which is much better for digging."

"Me fadder's got a spade. He ain't wokin'," announced small Joseph, and dashed away at incredible speed.

The arrival of the spade was the signal for eager volunteering to its use. Some of the volunteers were hardly big enough to lift it, but each that could was permitted a trial. It was, they found, far more difficult than one would have imagined from watching Miss Painter, but a wholly fascinating occupation filled with the charm of novelty, and the little bed had been turned over twice from end to end before all were well initiated. Anne thought, with a smile, of Tom Sawyer and his job of whitewashing.

Next morning she visited a seed store—a magical place in a far downtown street where were stored the germs of all the strange and beautiful plants that ever were grown by man. There was a thrill to the familiar annual ceremony of selection heretofore made from a portable case on the counter of the general store, and making it from this vast treasure-house of marvelous potentialities was a delight. Then, too, a new purpose added new flutters to the old ones in poor, plain Anne's simple heart.

Choosing her spring seeds had always been to Anne next in importance to choosing her friends. As the plants were to be close companions for a season, she was careful that they should make as soul-satisfying a group as possible. And now she had the children of the Settlement to choose for as well, for

she intended that the garden should be a neighborhood possession. So the plants must be interesting friends for those who had never had plant friends in all the years of their short lives.

Anne's purchases included a rake, a trowel, a large bag of fertilizer, a few bulbs, and numerous packages of seed. Her children spent one whole absorbing evening with the seeds. The packages, with their bright-colored promises of beauty on the outside, were passed from hand to hand, felt, shaken at eager ears, discussed, and "chosen." Then little holes in the corners were made and a few seeds shaken out on white paper and examined with a magnifying-glass. This primary introduction to Wonderland had delighted most of us at one time or another, so that we can understand in a measure the wonder of eager baby minds to whom it was an utterly new revelation.

"Please, Miss Painter, may I have a seed?" asked one.

The request instantly became a unanimous chorus.

"As soon as the garden is all planted," promised Anne.

The heavy city soil was a trial to the experienced country woman even after a neighborly White Wings had added a load of street sweepings. The bed had again found cultivated, and the fertilizer thoroughly worked into it. Her seed must at least have their start in a warmer bed. So she planned a trip to the country.

With half a dozen excited youngsters, half a dozen stout paper bags, the trowel, and a basket of lunch, she crossed the East River by trolley-car and was slowly carried through the long miles of Brooklyn to the open fields. The dollar from her scant store that she spent for car fare that day yielded rich returns. For all of the children it was a first picnic, a first visit to the country. Such children were plentifully easy to find near the Settlement.

The result of the trip was six bags of blackest leaf-mold scraped up in a fragment of wood-lot that the urban advance had somehow dodged and that six children of tenement and pavement had found endlessly mysterious and thrilling. For the first time in their lives they had found flowers that they might freely pick and possess. For the first time they saw butterflies on the wing and a chipmunk in a tree. It was overwhelming, epochal.

In the next day or two Anne planted her garden, and she gave to it a loving care the riotous, unfeeling beds at home had never known. She felt the analogy between the tender seeds that were destined for so stiff a struggle in this cloistered spot and the children growing up under the same hard conditions and generally with so little understanding. All the tenderest seeds, like the for-get-me-nots, the poppies, and the mignonette, had special beds of leaf-mold, and there were even some for the vegetables that would enjoy it most. It was an admirable and varied garden, most ingeniously planned for the utilization of every inch of space. At home, Anne reflected with a sigh, she would unhesitatingly have broadcasted the whole with a single sort.

But she was happy. Here at last was something to lighten cramped lives that she was especially fitted to bestow. All the fine tenderness of her blossomed in the doing of this simple, beautiful thing.

The left-over seeds had all been distributed in little home-made envelopes to a hundred eager children before the first seedlings were showing above ground. But they were germinating excellently. Not a single variety within a week could be seen the little rows and spots of delicate green from her upper window, and they were dearer to her than any garden since her very first, when she was seven years old.

But now there came a new demand that astonished her greatly. One day two or three children came to her with small empty tins.

"Please, Miss Painter, may we have a little earth to plant our seeds in?" they asked.

There was a small surplus in the garden, and she gladly filled the tins. Next day the requests increased and soon the surplus had disappeared.

But still the children came to plead for a handful of soil, and some of them wept when they found there was no more to be spared.

At first Anne could not believe. Was her garden really the only place where these children could get soil—just a little handful of the good soil that nature had spread so freely over all the countries of the world? She remembered having read that in places on the Rio Grande it was forty-five feet thick. Here there was none to be had. Just a handful of earth!

All that stood in the way of weeks of happy, helpful interest to these myriad children was a little of this commonest of God's gifts, and it was denied them.

By scraping around the edges of the bed and paring the top with her trowel Anne gathered another little pile and saw it melt, as had the other, in a day.

She led another paper-bag excursion to Long Island, denying herself much-needed gloves to pay car fare. Every member of the party came home laden with fragrant leaf-mold, but the demand was unabated.

What could it mean? She visited the tenement homes of her child friends to find out. Everywhere on sills and tins, their pale, spindly occupants carefully tended.

It wasn't a sudden, new fad, she found. It was a great hunger that did not die with the years. The need of touch with the soil, of companionship with growing things that had been filled for her all these years, was a need here, too, but it was always unfulfilled.

Just a handful of soil! It was all she had given, yet she found these people pouring out their gratitude, in bewildering speech as if she had done some crowning thing.

Just a handful of soil! And here was a mother weeping over the little leaves that it had grown, weeping because they had brightened the last days of a baby's life.

That night after dark Anne pulled up the bed of peas she had planted at one end of the border. From their thin, weak stems and yellowed leaves she knew that they could hardly survive. Yet her new pity made her long to try to save them, as she had yearned over some of the little white-faced children.

But there was a reason for their going. It would free several feet of soil for the clamoring pots and tins. In less than a week it was gone, scraped out clean to the barren sand beneath and dangerously close to the next row of plants.

The rest of the garden was doing quite

well. Anne was absurdly proud of it and spent much time in its care. But the children! The children loved it, too, but their own wants were unsatisfied. Her own especial flock were all window-sill and fire-escape gardeners and they zealously guarded the integrity of the parent plot. But they were so very few among these swarming streets!

Now came a time when thinning was imperative. It had always been a hard test for tender-hearted Anne—to end ruthlessly these plant lives, even though it was to save their fellows. Now when each was needed it was next to impossible. She called for tin cans, and stealing more and more earth from the bed, transplanted them into the tins. And daily applications from those who had no tin-can garden—who had never had a garden of any sort—kept the demand always ahead of the supply.

Then one day the thinning was all done, the tins all given away. At the same time came one Mary, aged six, with pleading eyes and tongue. There was no garden at her house, and Fanny, aged four, couldn't go out because she was sick in bed and she cried all the time for a garden like the other children had.

Anne's newly treasured plant charges was soon on its way to Fanny's bedside.

Thus began the decline of Anne's garden, for she could not harden her heart against the pleas that come to her day by day. Steadily the border grew thinner and shorter, and the more willing that the more willing that they should go, for now they had a chance to live and bloom.

When July was over the garden of promise was a shallow trench that was as ugly as a fresh scar and might have been some sort of grave. But at one end bloomed a strange plant with great, broad leaves in a circular cluster and long, loose spikes of white, starlike flowers—nicotiana, the botanists call it.

As the summer sun sank behind the towering tenements each evening, Anne slipped out alone to the yard and, sitting beside the plant, with her shivering blossoms, waited for the shadows deepened, the hot, overlaid air of day gave place to a cooler, sweeter air from above.

Then the white flowers opened the vials of their sweetness and gave richly of a marvelous perfume, so that Anne, breathing deeply, was faint with delight. The sweet remembered odor carried her back to the shadowed porch of a white cottage and a life as outwardly tranquil as this was not. She heard again the whir of night-moths and the wail of the swooping hawks, the call of crickets and the distant jangle of cow-bells.

In those days the restfulness had not rested. It had seemed so dully commonplace and incomplete. Now the vivid memory came as a benediction. For to others she had meant to her and to herself. She had been able to bring a blessing from the soil to those who hungered for it. She had given of her heritage freely and in the giving had fulfilled the desire of her heart. She had been wanted. She was a benediction.

Tenderly she remembered the color of the flowers and the brightness to the eye when the cure had been completed. "Favorite Prescription" has been well named by women who have been healed by women of her kind. It dries debilitating drains, cures inflammation, ulceration and female weakness, and establishes the ailing woman in sound health. Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, free. All correspondence private. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

The beautiful water lily roots in the mud below the stream. All the fragrance and fairness of the flower are affected as the root is affected. If the root is injured the flower droops and its whiteness is marred by blot and blemish. A woman's beauty and health depend on the health of the delicate female organs. No woman who suffers constantly from female weakness can retain her good looks. One of the facts noted by women who have been cured of diseases of the delicate female organs by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, is the return of the color to the cheek and the brightness to the eye when the cure has been completed. "Favorite Prescription" has been well named by women who have been healed by women of her kind. It dries debilitating drains, cures inflammation, ulceration and female weakness, and establishes the ailing woman in sound health. Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, free. All correspondence private. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Largest Flower.

Can you imagine a blossom as large as a carriage wheel? Far up on the mountain of Parang, in the Philippines, 2,500 feet above the sea level, some explorers were wandering, when they came across flower buds larger than a gigantic cabbage head.

Greatly astonished, they searched further, and presently discovered a full-blown blossom, five petaled, and three feet in diameter. It was carried on low-lying, luxuriant vines.

The natives call it *ibolo*. It was found impossible to preserve it fresh, so they photographed it, and kept some dried petals to press, and by improvised scales found that a single flower weighed twenty-two pounds. You could not crown your May queen with flowers like that.

It was afterward found to be a species of *Rafflesia*, named after Sir Stamford Raffles. The new flower was called *Rafflesia Schadenburgia* in honor of its discoverer, Dr. Schadenburg—a big name for a big blossom.—Selected.

"If I had only known!" That is the cry of so many who pay the costly penalty Nature exacts even for sins of ignorance. There is no excuse for ignorance of the laws of health and physical being when these are taught with the purest science and in plainest English, in a book which is given away. Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser, 1008 pages, and over 700 illustrations sent free of charge, of stamps to defray expense of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for the book in paper covers, or 31 stamps for cloth binding. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

One of the prettiest tricks is to outline the girdle an evening gown with chiffon roses, front and back, and repeat the roses elsewhere on bodice and drapery.

FROM INDIA.

By One on Medical Duty in that Far Eastern Country. Off for the Hills. A Traveling Outfit for a Hot Country. Comfortable Stations. Dreaded Tuberculosis. "Punkas" Fanned Churches.

Dear Home Folk:

COMPOSE, MAY 19th.

Although it is only the middle of May and, as you see, I am already well on my journey to the "Hills" in search of cooler weather, yet it is so extremely hot in the middle of the day that, sitting under an electric fan, with no more clothes on than is necessary to keep from having a chill, from excessive perspiration, I can scarcely endure the fearful heat. One redeeming feature, the nights from about three o'clock to six are very comfortable, making one feel "worth while" for the days following.

Another season I will arrange to stay in Jhansi instead of making the "Hill" trip after cooler days, for with the "kuskus tatti" (a doorway made of bamboo and filled in three inches deep with dried grass) which is kept wet and through which the loo blowing makes our room delightfully comfortable, and with the "punkah" going constantly, it is easier to stay at home than to get ready for the journey to the mountains.

I want to tell you what I have with me for a six week's trip: A bed, roll or "hold all," in which is a comfort, (cotton) to be used as a mattress; four sheets, six towels, four pillow cases, steamer rug, rain coat, sweater, pillow, kimono, mosquito net, rain umbrella, sun umbrella, (two thicknesses of covering) tennis racket, (as essential as any of the previous articles, for one must have exercise in this climate), a native fan, the camera; then my large hand grip packed full of odds and ends; another basket with everything in the way of food to last me through my train journey; my basket hamper, with my clothes and steamer bunk, with heavy and light weight apparel; two hat boxes, for one's head must be protected, and last, but not most precious of all, a blanket in which is rolled my ice supply, and a "sauri," which is an earthen-ware porous bottle, which keeps my drinking water drinkable.

I have two coolies to carry my burdens, and have to count each piece at all stops, else I would in some mysterious manner be short of the very thing most needed at the journey's end. All these preparations seemed absurd to me at the start, but as the water on the trains and at the different stations is positively poisonous to "us new comers," it is absolutely necessary that everything be prepared before leaving our home.

I will pick up four little girls from this (Compo) orphanage and tomorrow we will all start for Agra, from which place we journey straight west toward Jaipur, to the sanatorium, the one here having become infected with tuberculosis and must be opened to the sun, which Miss Webb, (who is in charge) is doing by having the roof taken off. The Indian child seems peculiarly susceptible to tuberculosis and a girl well, strong and fat will in a few days be having hemorrhages and die in a few weeks, and as it seems to be the girls that thus far have contracted the disease, and they are the best and brightest in the school, Miss Webb is distinctly discouraged and rushes them away as fast as they develop the least sign of trouble.

I am taking this trip in easy stages only traveling at night, as the heat by day is too intense on the trains. In most of the stations of India are very luxurious rest rooms provided with maids, (ayahs) "punkas," cane couches and, in fact, all home comforts, and one is enabled to get into a kimono and rest comfortably under a swinging "punka" for one, two, three or four hours in the middle of the day or when one is compelled to wait on a good connection; and you have no idea how fresh one feels to start again after a comfortable "siesta."

I have been sitting here watching the servants clear away the debris of five trees, uprooted during a storm last night; the first I have experienced in this country; it was a frightful one and means hotter weather, so on the advice of friends I have changed all my tickets and plans and will go straight to Simla tonight, as it seems I am running all sorts of risks to my health in traveling about in this heat.

I thought of you last night in church, and wondered how you would have fared; a big, barren room, the only decorations of which were the "punkas" placed at three-foot intervals over the entire ceiling, and which were so arranged that the "punka wallah" could, by pulling one rope, keep three punkas moving. Could you enjoy a service with that ceiling in a constant wave like motion, added to that the storm almost drove us into a pandemonium of fright. The rain, which followed, was so hard that we all rejoiced at feeling the air cleared, but an hour after we got into bed you could have wrung water from our sheets, so you see our joy was short-lived. I am writing this en route, but the train "jiggles" so very much that I will finish upon arriving at Simla.

Macaroni and spaghetti dishes with cheese, cheese ramekins and omelets, pea and bean souffles and purees, dishes of rice—curried, served with tomato, pepper or fish, moulded and chilled or served with fruit—eggs in every way, cereals other than rice and nut dishes can be substituted frequently at luncheon and breakfast for meat dishes.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

DAILY THOUGHT.

Wipe out the past, trust the future, and live in a glorious now.—Elizabeth Towne.

Dress may not "make" a woman, but it can do a great deal toward making her over, and it is because the Parisienne recognizes this and makes the most of her knowledge that she is reckoned an authority in the matter of gowning, rather than because her clothes themselves are more attractive. Too many women dress to be in fashion rather than to suit their own particular requirements, which is a mistake, for the really modish woman, while she keeps within the prescribed realms of style, expresses individuality in every line of her dress, and knows just how to make a fashion feature emphasize every charm and conceal every lack.

If she is tall and angular, she does not try to make herself appear stout by affecting bouffant hips or befrilled blouses. Rather, by a deft arrangement of folds and lines, she contrives to turn the angles into curves, and her height into a desirable characteristic by adopting long, graceful trains. Nothing is more ludicrous than a tall person in an abbreviated skirt. Even a half-inch is quite sufficient to make a great difference in the effect.

If hips and bust are unduly prominent, drawing in the waist only accentuates their prominence, as also does a too ornate belt or girdle. In the place of these a cordeliere is a boon. Low-slung draperies and foot-trimmings properly treated, lend height, but panels, which commonly are supposed, so to do, are not effectively served this purpose when supplemented by a second feature continuing the line.

The woman whose neck is thin, and perhaps stringy, had best forego necklaces of any sort, for they conceal none of the defects but rather call attention to them. The dog collar, similarly, is a trying ornament, and very few there are who should attempt to wear it. The chief claim to beauty in the décolletage is the curve of the neck, and oftener than not it is a mistake to interrupt it.

The shape of the décolletage, too, should be carefully considered. If hollows exist where the neck joins the shoulders, until they can be filled out the wise woman will confine herself to the square cut neck, for the best portion of collarbone. The V-shape emphasizes slenderness, but should be avoided if the face is long and thin.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

If you are caught in a thunderstorm in the open do not carry an umbrella, and do not take shelter under a lonely tree or a small group of trees. Keep away from wire fences. Many cattle have been killed by lightning striking or following such fences.

There is more danger near a body of water than in the midst of dry land, but by keeping indoors one may feel secure even on the shore of a lake or river.

White is to be much worn this summer, just as it has been for several seasons. The average woman does not realize that there are several shades of white. Despite the paradoxical sound of the statement, it is true.

The whitest white is called by the technical phraser "blue white." It is the color of skimmed milk—so white that it has a tinge of blue in it. "Dead white" comes next, and is a sort of chalk white. Then plain "white" comes in the list, and "oyster white" follows: This latter is a white of a grayish tone. "Cream white" and "ivory white" are other shades of white recognized as separate hues.

Oyster white is much favored this season, and some of the lovely cottons are shown too in cream and ivory whites.

Japanese matting makes very suitable curtains for a porch. For an out-of-door living-room, glassed in the winter and screened in the summer, one can have curtains of sun-fast materials run on small rods. The new green shading toward blue is beautiful in a room of that sort. One of the open-mesh sun-fast materials is better than one more closely woven. The effect should be very thin and airy.

Women have copied men in wearing pale yellow gloves, and this color will be popular for some time. Nothing seems to supplant white for very long, but there are pale shades of mushroom colors, of tan and gray, which will never be out of fashion. They can be worn with gowns of any color, especially the tan, and recommend themselves as being rather less easily soiled than pure white or cream.

A beautiful color scheme was recently carried out on a porch with the Canton chairs, Japanese wicker trays on folding legs, and dull rich blue pottery. The linen cushions in the Canton chairs gave the color note. It was called a Spanish linen. It had a brown background and figures in dull blue, mulberry, and blue. The blue dishes matched the blue, rug and growing things the green, and some queer bags for holding fancy work and magazines the lavender. These bags were hung on the arms of the chairs and were a great comfort to any one sitting there.

The white iron tables with the huge umbrellas over them are very convenient for an unshaded back lawn. You can, of course, get the umbrellas separately and attach them to an ordinary table. A large part of the expense is in the iron table, but it will last for an indefinite time. There are white iron chairs to match the table.

It would be just as sensible to fill your pockets with coal and expect to keep warm, as it is to fill the stomach with food and expect to keep strong. Coal is converted into heat only by combustion. Food is converted into strength only by digestion. When the digestive and nutritive system is deranged the food crowded into the stomach is an injury to the body it should sustain. Many a severe illness would be saved if people would pay more attention to the warnings of the deranged stomach. Many a person pays a doctor's bill for treatment for "heart trouble," nervousness, sleeplessness or other ailments caused by "stomach trouble," who could have been cheaply and completely cured by a few doses of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the great remedy for diseases of the organs of digestion and nutrition.

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

SAVED A DOUGLAS.

Sir William Ramsay's Quick Wit at the Battle of Poitiers.

In the battle of Poitiers (1356) a number of Scottish soldiers fought on the side of the French, and several of them were taken prisoners by the English. Among them was Sir Archibald Douglas. Being dressed in a suit of splendid armor, the victors thought they had captured—as indeed they had—some great nobleman. Several of the English were about to strip off his armor when Sir William Ramsay of Colluthie, who was also a prisoner, happening to catch Sir Archibald's eye, gave him a meaning look.

Pretending to be very angry, he cried out: "You rascal, how is it that you are wearing your master's armor? Come here and pull off my boots!" Douglas, seemingly thoroughly cowed, went humbly forward and drew off a boot, with which Sir William began to beat him. The English onlookers at once interfered on Douglas's behalf, saying that he was a person of great rank and a lord.

"What!" shouted Ramsay. "He a lord? Why, he is a base knave and, I suppose, has slain his master. Go, you villain, and search the field for the body of my cousin, your master, and when you have found it let me know, that I may give it decent burial."

All this was acted so naturally that the English allowed Ramsay to ransom the pretended manservant for 40 shillings. The money having been paid, Sir William gave Douglas another thrashing and then bade him begone. Sir Archibald lost no time in effecting his escape, which he owed solely to the ingenuity of his friend.

BULLS IN PARLIAMENT.

The Welcome Sound That Cheered Lord Balfour of Burleigh.

It would be hard to say which of England's two houses of legislature "takes the cake" for committing howlers, and still more difficult to pick out the member who has taken pride of place in this respect during recent years. But perhaps for simple effectiveness Lord Balfour of Burleigh would be hard to beat when he said, "The noble lord shakes his head, and I am glad to hear it!"

Another noble lord during a debate on Indian affairs exclaimed: "Talk of this as a loan to India! It is a flea bite in the ocean!" Nevertheless it stands to reason that the lower house is more prolific in quantity, if not in quality, in its stock of howlers than the upper, seeing that it has so many more opportunities.

Captain Craig, the fiery Ulsterman, cooked the following oratorical stew: "The naked sword is drawn for the fight, and never again will the black smoke of the Nationalists' tar barrels drift on the home rule wind to darken the hearts of Englishmen." If anything could kill home rule one would think that would.

Sir W. Hart Dyke was criticising the standing order forbidding peers from speaking during general elections. Some one had quoted Lord Halsbury as doing so, and Sir William solemnly said, "I must admit that the honorable gentleman has gone to the top of the tree and caught a very large fish."—London Tit-Bits.

Easy.

"Henry," she said, "I wish I could organize a society of some kind. It seems to be the only way to secure social recognition in this town."

"Well, why don't you go ahead and organize one?"

"I can't think of anything that I'm an authority on. If I should organize a drama club some other woman who knew more about the drama than I would butt in and get herself elected president. It would be the same way with suffrage, ethical culture and child study and music. I'm unfortunately not an authority on any of these things, and if I got up a society I should, of course, want to be the head of it."

"Well, why not organize a Browning club? You pretend to know all about Browning, and the other women who pretend to know all about him won't know whether you're fooling them or not."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Five Varieties of Salmon.

Kamchatka has five varieties of salmon—chavitcha (king salmon), krasnaya (red salmon), keta (dog salmon), gorusha (humpback salmon) and kishutch (sockeye salmon). The run of chavitcha begins about May 10 to 20 (old style) during the period of spring rains and the overflow of muddy water. They run in large schools, and the run continues for several days. The fish, which weigh twenty to twenty-five pounds, is purely a Kamchatka fish and is not found in the Okhotsk and other districts.—Consular and Trade Reports.

He Didn't Hush.

"Mamma," queried little Willie. "What is hush?"

"Why do you ask, dear?" said his mother.

"Because," explained the observing archer, "when I asked sister what made her hair all mussed after her hair was here this afternoon she said, 'Hush, dear.'"—Chicago News.

Deadlier and Safer.

"Let's send the czar a bomb concealed in a plum pudding."

"Why not merely send him a plum pudding?" suggested the other callous plotter.

"If he eats it our work is done and we run no risks."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

If you would raise others live yourself as a mountain.—Farrar.