

HAVEN'T YOU FELT THAT WAY?

Haven't you often worn goggles of blue, And seeing life's sham and its shame, Felt it was all a big scramble, and you Might as well get into the game? That nothing much matters but a big bunch of cash, And the man who was good was a jay, And the whole blooming country was going to smash; Haven't you haven't you felt that way? Haven't you felt that it was hardly worth while To try to live up to your best? And haven't you smiled a cynical smile— And something wry down in your breast Whispered Life had a prize that was higher than gold And sweeter than fame or display? And the faith that had slipped took a brand-new hold; Haven't you haven't you felt that way? And didn't a peace come near that was far And urge you to strive toward it still? And didn't you turn your face to a star, And didn't you say, "I will!" And weren't you stronger and didn't you find The world was better; and didn't it pay To be brave and patient and cheery and kind, Haven't you, haven't you felt that way? And didn't you say, "I will!"

HIS SEAT MATES' STORY.

BY MARTHA ALRICKS JOHNSON.

The long line of through cars, rattled, and clanked amid the hissing sound of escaping steam as the ponderous engine gave a start and pulled swiftly out of Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, fields, trees and fences flew by like a whirlwind as the train sped swiftly into space leaving the crowded city behind.

In the foremost car sat two men, strangers to each other, but who had picked up a desultory acquaintance on the train. In the course of conversation the dark haired, and elder of the two remarked:

"You are right stranger one makes strange acquaintances at times, and there is no better business adapted for getting in with them than that of a traveling man."

"I found that out by experience, the other replied. The picking up of stray acquaintances, however, in my judgment, depends chiefly on the manner and disposition of the men."

"In the majority of cases, I admit that your theory is correct, his seat-mate replied, yet I, who am in a measure reserved, and not disposed to encourage advances, had an adventure of which I often think, and wonder how the man, who was an absolute stranger to me succeeded in ingratiating himself into my favor."

"One is apt to be taken in, the traveling man remarked, by way of draining out the story."

"That is so," the other replied with a thoughtful look.

"But its not necessarily the case that one is taken advantage of, because he happens to be a stranger."

"No, a hundred times no, but its well not to trust them too far, when one does not know them."

"If you have no sentiment about telling your experience, Mr. Brown, I should like to hear it."

"I have no hesitancy whatever in telling it. On the contrary if you are sufficiently interested to care to listen to what so deeply concerned me at the time, it will afford me pleasure to speak of it."

"I assure you I will listen with interest to what you have to say, and be grateful for your confidence."

After a moment's hesitation, as though collecting his thoughts, the stranger began his story.

"Some years ago," he said, "while going along south Delaware Avenue, Philadelphia, on my way to a little cafe where I had been in the habit of taking my noon lunch, during the few weeks that I was in the city, I saw a crowd about the door of number 500, the office of the United States Shopping Commissioner, Mrs. Elwood Becker."

"Unable to account for the unusual commotion, I inquired of a guard on duty on the side-walk the cause of the gathering. He said there was an auction sale of the effects of some dead sea-men, and the crowd was there to attend it. These sales he said are for the benefit of charity, and are the effects of friendless mariners. Not being especially interested I dismissed the subject from my mind and was about to pass when I heard the officer to whom I had been speaking, exclaim:

"By jingo, if that aint the captain." "I cast an inquiring glance at him, and nodding his head toward a well dressed man coming out of the building, he said: "That's him."

"With that I glanced at the new comer. Our eyes met. I had never seen the man before, but strange as it may seem there was a look about him that was familiar. He reminded me of some one whom I knew, but who it was I could not for the life of me tell.

"Who is he?" I inquired in a subdued tone.

"His name's Anderson; for a while he attended these sales regularly, then he quit coming. The boys about the building call him Captain."

"A few months later, I ran across the Captain in Atlantic City. He was sitting in one of the pavilions, gazing with vaguely troubled eyes across the broad expanse of water."

"I had been to the Inlet, and was tired, and glad to avail myself of the opportunity to sit down. I stepped beneath the shelter of the roof, and took a seat by the Captain's side, and by way of passing the time, looked over the Philadelphia Record, a copy of which I had with me."

"Presently I took out my pipe, preparatory to having a smoke, but could find no match. The man by my side anticipating my want offered me a light. From that on we engaged in conversation, and I found my chance acquaintance polite, and gentlemanly."

"By way of expressing confidence in him I told him my name was Brown, I was a bird of passage in Atlantic City, and I expected to be there a few weeks."

"Talk drifted from one theme to another until finally it settled on the faculty that some possess of being able to recall a face seen but once, and that at a passing glance."

"I laid claim to the gift, and by way of proving the assertion, reminded my companion that I had seen him on the previous December in Philadelphia at a sale of the United States Shipping Commissioner. You were there were you not?"

"I was he replied, a look of surprise overspreading his face."

"I passed you on the side walk."

"At one time," he said "I was a reporter for one of the city papers, and it was in that capacity, the guard, probably saw me at the sales. I left the newspaper business more than a year ago, and have not been to any Commissioner's sales since with the exception of the one in December. An irresistible feeling seemed drawing me there that day, I cannot explain it."

"For some unaccountable reason Mr. Anderson seemed to have a drawing toward me. We boarded at the same hotel, and saw each other daily. I could only explain his attention that we were both strangers in the city by the sea and knew no one else to go with."

"Intimate as we were, however, about his home life, and relatives, my friend had nothing to say, I did not however intrude on his reserve of feeling, and he seemed to appreciate my doing so."

"It was the last evening of his stay, I noticed that he was quieter than usual. Something seemed to weigh on his mind. I did nothing to invite his confidence but before we parted for the night he voluntarily told me how much he had enjoyed my companionship the few short weeks that we had spent together. My life is a lonely one," he said with the exception of a brother whom I have never seen, and until a few years ago did not know that such a one existed. I have not a relative that I know of in the world."

"That is unusual."

"Yes, but to one who is acquainted with the circumstances attending my life it may not seem strange."

"When I was fifteen months of age I was kidnapped. A man named Long, and his wife stole me, and although my father offered a large reward for my return my captors were afraid to take me back. To escape justice they took me to a farm in Jersey where I remained until I was nineteen years of age."

"All that time I thought they were my parents. When I was nineteen the man Long apprenticed me on ship board. When I had served my term out, I went on a four year's cruise. While I was gone Long died. After his death, his wife who was an English woman, returned to her native land."

"Ten years succeeding her husband's death, when on her death bed, the woman repented having wronged me, and made a confession in writing of what she, and her husband had done. In her confession she told who my parents were, and that they lived in St. Paul, Minnesota, at the time that I was stolen. When the paper containing the dead woman's confession reached me, I quit the sea, and went in search of my parents. I did not know that they were not living."

"At my old home in St. Paul I learned that shortly after my taking off, my father died. Two years succeeding his death mother remarried, by that marriage she had one son. Eight years after her second marriage, she died. After her death her husband took the child, and went away no one knew where."

"Should you be so fortunate, I said scanning his face, as to find your brother would you be able to prove his identity?"

"As to that, he replied, I could do so unquestionably. On my visit to St. Paul I was told that, when my brother was three years of age, a careless nurse placed a lighted candle on a low chair, on which he sat, in the bath room, and went out of the room. While she was gone the flame of the candle communicated with the sleeve of the child's dress, and before assistance could be procured his left arm received a burn above the elbow, the scar of which, his physician said, he would carry with him to his grave."

"I bared my arm. It bore the indubitable proof."

"Tom! Tom!" my companion cried. "You are my brother, are you not?"

"Why did you not make yourself known?"

I told him I did not dream of it being he. So many years had gone by since I had heard of him that I had given up hope of ever seeing him, and believed him dead. The likeness that I could not account for I now saw was his resemblance to my mother."

"Bound To."

"I see where a lot of jobless actors have resorted to bootblacking." "Stars will shine, you know."

RETURNING FROM INDIA.

By One on Medical Duty in that Far Eastern Country. China as Seen on a Brief Trip Through Some of Its Cities.

TENCHEN, MARCH 8th, 1914.

Dear Home Folk: I left you at Shanghai, where there was but little to really interest one for it is all too western; but it was cold. I then joined Mr. and Mrs. C., from Milwaukee, and we started for Nanking, the old, old capital of northern China. It was an entire day's ride and we were tremendously entertained by watching the fat, fat, Chinese—so thoroughly encased in their many cotton coats. Do you realize that cold—means added cotton jackets, not fires and furs as we know. They reminded us of the pictures of Dutch peasants—then, added to scenery that was a pure network of canals, I thought surely I had gotten into the wrong country."

Another curious custom we saw was a flat bottomed boat with its sides black with comorants (a kind of bird,) and these would be driven through the water, each one having a string about its neck; it, of course, would dive for a fish and getting it could not swallow it on account of the string. The owner would seize it and squeeze its neck between thumb and finger, the poor bird having to disgorge its prize—a primitive way of fishing."

The straw huts with their thatched roof; the women, with their poor mutilated feet; and yet not truly any worse pictures than many an American woman you see in the present-day pointed toed, high-heeled "pump" presents. I have asked if these women suffer and I am told that neither night nor day during their life-time are they free from pain. The graves—every place, for the Chinese bury their dead above ground. In some places a mere coffin stood, covered with a thin layer of straw, but for the most part a little round mound of dirt indicated the family burying ground; these were so numerous that in places you could readily have counted thousands—all made you know that this was China."

We finally reached Nanking and such a rush to see the curiosities; it's all like a big jumble. Here, like in most Chinese towns, one asks the missionary to put them up and then, of course, they wish you to see their work so that you must combine sight-seeing and mission viewing. So in Nanking, first to visit the schools and the chapel took an entire morning; then we started in a carriage to see the curios—through narrow, vile smelling streets, the houses, little, low, brick affairs, all with their court-yard enclosed within a six-foot wall; but the inhabitants all came to the doorway and in their many cottoned layers gazed at us from the slant-eyed yellow face—but they are a jolly, happy lot of folk so we got back smile for smile, and although to me there was but little difference between the Chinese bazaar and the Indian product—except in the odor; the Indian sun keeps most of the places disinfected. There was a great difference in the tone of the people. And the babies are so red-cheeked and round I just couldn't help but chuckle at their attempts to keep upright."

The first wonder we saw was three curious looking arches of black wood of some kind and it was said to be a temple to Confucius. It was neither beautiful nor artistic, merely queer and we did not attempt to get out of the carriage into the mud to look at it but went on to the Examination halls—long, single, low-storied, brick sheds with compartments three feet square, wherein were two movable boards, the lower one to sit on and the upper one to write upon. These square pens had three sides of solid brick but the front opened onto a little alley way about two feet wide. There were enough of these pens to accommodate 20,000 contestants and they would take their writing material and food and go into these places, then the door to the alley was locked and for three days they lived, ate, slept and wrote there, not allowed to see any one, as a guard patrolled the alley way. We were told that even if any one died there the gates were not opened; the body was merely hoisted over the wall. Only men who passed these examinations could obtain political advancement, hence their popularity. They are not used now and we were glad that they were being torn down. It was such a horrid way for brains to be examined."

After we had looked our fill we went to see the Ming tombs; not very ancient—being only four hundred years old, but yet rather unusual. After driving through the city and seeing the devastation that war can produce—for the Imperial end of the city was nothing but a mass of bricks and stones; some walls, half whole still stood, but for the most part merely the amount of brick and stone indicating that here a house or building had once stood. It was like a walled tunnel and I am told that the shells of the big guns made practically no break on it, but the people are afraid of it and so are now tearing it down."

Through this we went, out into the open country; of course, it is winter time and is neither green nor at all beautiful, but we met natives by the hundreds, carrying toys, coming from having done worship at a shrine some distance away from the city. The poor women walked on their feet like one

would walk on stilts, while those who had money rode in a rickshaw or on a wheelbarrow; and this last was surely a funny sight for the Chinese barrow is a wheel with a frame on either side of it, two long handles like the wheelbarrows at home, but all the coolies have a strap to fit across their shoulders so that the back helps support the weight on the wheel. Well, it was on these two-seated carts that we saw many cotton padded women—padded so fat that the fat women at home were only infants in comparison; these women, seated one on either side of the wheel, seemed to be enjoying themselves hugely and we were tempted to try the same mode of progress, but time was precious so we drove on over the slightly rolling country."

On top of the hill we saw great stone animals—two elephants, two camels, two rams, two lions, two pillars, and the figures of men. These were placed two by two on opposite sides of the road, facing each other and were supposed to be the mourners or guardians of the roadway leading to the tomb. Of course we got out and examined them all and walked between them until the gateway of the actual tomb was reached and here was a great stone turtle with a huge tablet standing upright across its back, upon which was inscribed the name, age and family of the Emperor. The great stone canopy and all other accessories have long since been destroyed and this is only the gateway so up through the garden we went, attended by dozens of beggars, to come finally to an immense great square tower. It was of solid brick and so great it was like a house with a smaller house on the top; both are now neither beautiful nor interesting, but originally were covered with exquisite colored tile and so very beautiful. The grave proper is only a great mound of earth like a small hill and on the side of this are placed the above curious things."

(Continued next week.)

Bounty—Ruling on Age of Animals.

Dr. Kalbfus, State Game Commissioner, has sent out the following letter relative to the new county law:

DEAR SIR: I am writing this public letter for the purpose of bringing about, as far as that is possible, a better understanding regarding claims that may be made for the bounty or reward fixed by the Act of April 15th, 1915, for the killing of certain noxious animals in a wild state within this Commonwealth.

I take it the purpose of this Act was to insure, as far as possible, safety and peace to the beneficial wild life within the Commonwealth, and also to protect domestic poultry wherever that might be found. The Act in question provides that a bounty of \$6.00 shall be paid for the killing of a wild cat; a bounty of \$2.00 for the killing of a fox, either red or gray; a bounty of \$1.00 for the killing of each weasel; and a bounty of \$1.00 for the killing of a mink within the State of Pennsylvania in a wild state. As I see it, the purpose of this Act is to create an additional incentive for the destruction of those animals that are recognized as destroyers in the State, and is not intended simply to create a method through which money contributed through or because of the resident hunters' license could be applied to the use of any person, without a return in value by that person of the State, and with this idea in view we propose to rule that a fox is not a fox so far as the purpose of this Act is concerned until such animal has not only been born, but in addition has attained an age when according to the course of nature such animal would be able to care for itself if thrown upon its own responsibility, and this ruling will apply to all the other animals named in the Act. In other words we do not propose to sanction the payment of one dollar of the fund collected through the resident hunters' license that is to be applied to the payment of bounties, until we are satisfied that a dollar in value has been secured to the State through the killing of the animal in question.

Unborn animals might never be born, and newly born animals might not live to reach an age where they are likely to become destructive. They have many dangers to meet before they are able to care for themselves. We, therefore, want it distinctly understood that no claims for bounties will be considered in the office of the Game Commission, Harrisburg, for the killing of a wild cat, a fox, or a weasel, or a mink, that has not been born long enough to have its eyes open and to stand upon its feet, and the fact that it has reached that age when the animal was killed must be clearly established by a view of the animal or its pelt presented for examination. No claims for bounties will even be considered for animals removed from the dead mother or that are so young and small that they might easily be mistaken for the young of some other animal.

We hope therefore, that applicants for bounties will not waste either their time or money necessary to procure a claim of this kind, or to forward such claim and animal, or the pelt thereof, to this office. We hope that those authorized to take affidavits regarding bounties will refrain from considering claims of this kind.

We are in receipt of information to the effect that many hundreds, I might say thousands, of dollars in bounties have heretofore been claimed for animals so young and immature that they might have been mistaken for other animals. We are therefore sending broadcast this notice in the hope that those who have been in the habit of doing this thing may save their time and money in the future.

The game protector gives authority to take oaths is the regular salaried officer, known as a game protector. It is not intended that either the deputy game protector or the special deputy game protector be given authority to in any way take these affidavits, or to receive claims.

Affidavits relative to securing bounties under the Act of April 15th, 1915, may also be made before a justice of the peace, a magistrate, or an alderman, which officials may secure the necessary blanks upon application to the Game Commission, Bounty Division, Harrisburg, Pa.

Respectfully yours, JOSEPH KALBFUS, Secretary Game Commission.

THE CHERRY ROBIN.

How to Feed it and at the Same Time Protect Cherries from Its Attacks.

An owner of cherry trees in Columbia county wrote to H. A. Surface, State Zoologist, Harrisburg, saying, "Please inform me how to protect early cherry trees from robins. (Robbers) would be a more suitable name for them.)"

"Several of my neighbors and I have been pestered and had our early cherries destroyed by these birds the last few years, and this year they seem to be getting ready for another early picking."

He got the following reply that may interest many cherry growers:

"One method to protect your cherries from robins is to hang bright pieces of tin in and around the trees. Another is to make a wire cage, and put a cat in it, and put this in the tree. I have also heard it said that if a stuffed or mounted hawk or owl is put into a tree it will frighten the robins away, but I have also heard this contradicted. In fact, one person wrote me that the presence of the mounted bird attracted other birds to the tree, and they were worse on the fruit than ever."

I really believe that the best method of protecting cherries from robins is to plant enough of them to let the birds have a full share. They prefer the soft sweet early varieties like the Governor Wood. Also plant mulberries for them. This year mulberries commenced to ripen before the last day of May, and the birds were feeding on them before my cherries were tempting to them. It is true that birds take a few cherries, but this is only during their nesting season when they have hungry mouths and stomachs to fill, and they cannot well be blamed for so doing. They repay with high interest for all the damage they do, as they eat insects during the entire portion of the year that they are with us. Robins are great destroyers of cut-worms and other seriously injurious insects. It will pay well to plant some early varieties of cherries, and also some early mulberries and Service or June-berry bushes to feed the robins and other fruit-eating birds. The mulberry continues to ripen for a long time and feeds the birds during the spring and summer when they might be driven to other fruits. Temporary relief can be given by pieces of tin, combined with driving the birds away from the trees; but there is nothing that will finally prove as satisfactory as providing other means of feeding them, or planting more trees."

Boy Scout Gardeners.

No step taken recently in the Boy Scout movement is more commendable or has behind it more good sense or better motive or before it more favorable result than that which provides for a practical co-operation between the juvenile members of the organization and the federal department of agriculture. The plan, in brief, purposes to set the boys to work at gardening. To this end, new insignia have been designed for the Scouts who attain merit in this division of the organization enterprise and, for the present at least, a candidate received an honor badge when he has performed successfully one of the following tasks:

1. Operate a garden plot of not less than twenty square feet and show a net profit not less than \$5 on the season's work. Keep an accurate record.

2. Grow one-tenth of an acre potatoes. Select ten hills from which seed potatoes are to be taken. Grade potatoes into three divisions: Market, medium and culls. Manufacture the culls into potato starch for home use. Keep an accurate crop record of the season's work.

3. Keep both back and front yards in good condition for the summer vacation of three months, which will include the care of the garden and flowers, mowing of lawn, keeping the yard free from waste paper and rubbish, and the like. Keep an accurate record of the vacation's work.

4. Build a back-yard trellis and grow a covering of vines for it in a season's time of not more than four months. Write an account of not less than 500 words, telling of how the work was performed.

Nothing in the list is difficult, but none of the things can be done properly or successfully without steady, sustained effort. And the value of effort and application of that sort is precisely what most boys need to learn. It is part of boy nature to develop sudden interest in some enterprise, to work at it prodigiously for a brief time and then to lose the interest as suddenly as it was developed. Unfortunately, though, the serious business of life can not be conducted in any such capricious fashion. It demands persistence, and it will profit the boy to learn this early and to learn it well. As a means to that end, these four "tasks" prescribed by the department of agriculture could hardly be improved upon, and parents of boys who are not Boy Scouts would find it well worth while to set their own sons at one or another of them, and see to it that the work, once begun, is not dropped.—Indianapolis News.

Health is the vital force of woman's attractiveness. When she loses her health she loses her charm. Nothing can simulate the sparkle health gives to the eye, the mirth it lends to the laugh. The general health of woman is bound up with the local health of the delicate womanly organs, and any attempt to re-establish the health of woman must begin by curing the ulceration, inflammation or female weakness, or stopping the debilitating drains which sap the strength and mar the beauty. The use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription works wonders in restoring the general health. "Friends hardly know me." "I am again robust and rosy cheeked," are only some of the frequent testimonies to the rejuvenating power of "Favorite Prescription."

More Important Thing.

The latest estimate places the age of the earth at 100,000,000 years. However, the age of the earth isn't half as important to some men as the age of the liquor they consume.

Daily Thought.

Politeness appears to have been invented to enable people who would naturally fall out, to live together in peace.

By No Means.

No, Maude, dear, just because a girl calls a fellow a muff is no indication that she wants him to hold her hands.

BEFORE HIS HOUR OF GLORY

Attitude of the Youthful Napoleon or That Memorable June Day in French History.

While we were spending our time in a rather vagabond manner the twentieth of June arrived. We met by appointment at a restaurateur's in the Rue St. Honore, near the Palais Royal, to take one of our daily rambles. On going out we saw a mob approaching in the direction of the market, which Bonaparte estimated at five or six thousand men. They were a rabble of blackguards ludicrously armed with weapons of every description, and shouted while they proceeded rapidly toward the Tuilleries, vociferating all kinds of gross abuse. It was a collection of all that was vilest in the police of Paris.

"Let us follow the mob," said Bonaparte.

We got the start of them and took our station on the terrace along the river. It was there that he witnessed the scandalous scenes which too place, and it would be difficult to describe the surprise and indignation which they excited in him. When the king showed himself at the windows overlooking the garden with the red cap which one of the mob had put on his head he could no longer repress his indignation. "What stupidity!" he loudly exclaimed. "Why have they let in all that rabble? They should knock off 400 or 500 of them with the cannon; the rest would take themselves off fast enough."

When we sat down to dinner, which I paid for, as I generally did, for I was the richer of the two, he spoke of nothing but the scene we had witnessed. He discussed with great good sense the causes and consequences of this unprecedented insurrection. He foresaw and developed with sagacity all that would follow. He was not mistaken—"Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte," Louis Antoine Fauvelet de Bourrienne.

RARE AND MAJESTIC BEAUTY

John Muir's Tribute to the Fascinating of the Yosemite Worth Holding in Memory.

No temple made with hands can compare with Yosemite, wrote the late John Muir. Every rock in its walls seem to glow with life. Some lean back in majestic repose; others, absolutely sheer, or nearly so, for thousands of feet, advance beyond their companions in thoughtful attitudes, giving welcome to storms and calms alike, seemingly aware, yet heedless of everything going on about them.

Awful in stern, immovable majesty, how softly these rocks are adorned and how fine and reassuring the company they keep; their feet among the beautiful groves and meadows, their brows in the sky, a thousand flowers leaning confidently against their feet, bathed in floods of water, floods of light, while the snow and waterfalls, the winds and avalanches and clouds shine and sing and breathe about them as the years go by, and myriads of small-winged creatures—birds, bees, butterflies—give glad animation and help to make all the air into music.

Down through the middle of the valley flows the crystal Merced, River of Mercy, peacefully quiet, reflecting lilies and trees and the onlooking rocks; things frail and fleeting and types of endurance meeting here and blending in countless forms, as if into this one mountain mansion nature had gathered its choicest treasures to draw her lovers into close and confiding communion with her.

Couldn't Fool the Dog.

A citizen of Bangor, Me., has a skye terrier dog which has been taught to take a paper bag in his mouth and go to a restaurant after his dinner. He goes to the door of the establishment and scratches the outside till he is admitted. Then he trots down stairs and deposits his paper bag on the floor and waits patiently until some meat is placed in it, and returns to his owner.

The other day the restaurant people placed some raw potato cuttings in the bag instead of meat and twisted it up as usual. The terrier did not discover the trick until he had reached the outside door of the restaurant, when he suddenly dropped the bag on the floor, pawed it open and found out that he had been fooled. He could not be induced to touch it until some meat had been placed in the bag in plain sight, when he took up his dinner and trotted off with it.

Hatched by Sun's Heat.

The female crocodile lays her eggs in a sand bank near the river to the number of 50 or 60, and when they are hatched by the heat of the sun, the young ones at once take to the water.

Few persons have the opportunity of witnessing the rapid dash of a crocodile when it rushes upon its prey, but when it is considered that fish constitute its ordinary food, it may readily be imagined that the maximum speed of the reptile must be sufficient to overtake the swiftest swimmer.

Lime Juice and Uric Acid.

Lime juice becomes in the blood a powerful alkali. It is said to be the only fruit juice that bears this distinction, differing radically in this respect from the lemon and other citrus fruits. A table-spoonful in a glass of water, morning and night is said to be enough to dissolve all of the secretions of uric acid in the joints or blood and drive them out of the system.

Its effects are said often to become manifest within thirty minutes after taking.