

PA'S SADDEST HOURS.

By Edgar A. Guest.

My Pa is seldom solemn, he is mostly full of fun. He says he hates to scold us for the wrong we may have done; He's always gay and smiling, and he'll romp about the floor, An' he's never cross an' cranky like the men that lives next door. But I've noticed, though he tells us that the good are always glad, That the times Ma asks for money Pa becomes a trifle sad.

THE NIGHT CALL.

(Concluded from last week.)

"Be quick," cried the doctor; "lay her head lower on the pillows, loosen her dress, warm her hands." He had caught up his satchel, and was looking for a little vial. He found it almost empty. But there were four or five drops of the yellowish, oily liquid. He poured them on his handkerchief and held it close to the lady's mouth. She was still breathing regularly though slowly, and as she inhaled the pungent, fruity smell, like the odor of a fargonelle pear, a look of relief flowed over her face, her lips relaxed, the terror faded from her eyes. He went to his satchel again and took out a bottle of white tablets marked "Nitroglycerine." He gave her one of them, and when he saw her look of peace grow steadier, after a minute, he prepared the electric battery. Softly he passed the sponges charged with their mysterious current over her temples and her neck and down her slender arms and blue-veined wrists, holding the electrodes for a while in the palms of her hands, which grew rosy. In all this the Baron had helped as he could, and watched closely, but without a word. He was certainly not indifferent; neither was he distressed; the expression of his black eyes and heavy, passionless face was that of presence of mind, self-control, which grew rosy. In all this the Baron had helped as he could, and watched closely, but without a word. He was certainly not indifferent; neither was he distressed; the expression of his black eyes and heavy, passionless face was that of presence of mind, self-control, which grew rosy. In all this the Baron had helped as he could, and watched closely, but without a word. He was certainly not indifferent; neither was he distressed; the expression of his black eyes and heavy, passionless face was that of presence of mind, self-control, which grew rosy.

mother. You are young enough to be my son. Will you be a friend to me for your father's sake?" She spoke gently in a tone of infinite kindness and tender grace, with pauses in which a hundred unspoken recollections and appeals were suggested. The young man was deeply moved. He took her hand in his firm clasp. "Gladly," he said, "and for your sake too. But now I want you to rest." "Oh," she answered, "I am resting now. But let me talk a little more. It will not harm me. I have been through so much! Twice married—a great fortune to spend—all that the big world can give. But now I am very tired of the whirl. There is only one thing I want—to stay here in Calvinton. I rebelled against it once; but it draws me back. There is a strange magic in the place. Haven't you felt it? How do you explain it?" "Yes," he said, "I have felt it surely, but I can't explain it, unless it is a kind of ancient peace that makes you wish to be at home here even while you rebel." She nodded her head and smiled softly. "That is it," she said, hesitating for a moment—"but my husband you see he is a very strong man, and he loves the world, the whirling life—he took a dislike to this place once. No wonder, with the house in such a state! But I have plenty of money—it would be easy to restore the house. Only, sometimes I think he cares more for the money than—but no matter what I think. He wishes to go on at once—tomorrow, if we can. I hate the thought of it. Is it possible for me to stay? Can you help me?" "Dear lady," he answered, lifting her hand to his lips, "set your mind at rest. I have already told him that it is impossible for you to go for many days." A sound in the hallway announced the return of the Baron and Gaspard with the hot-water bottles and the cognac. The doctor made his patient as comfortable as possible for the night, prepared a sleeping draught and gave directions for the use of the tablets in an emergency. "Good night," he said, bending over her. "I will see you in the morning. You may count upon me." "I do," she said, with her eyes resting on his; "thank you for all. I shall expect you—au revoir." As they went down the stairs he said to the Baron, "Remember, absolute repose is necessary. With that you are safe enough for tonight. But you may possibly need more of the nitrite of amyl. My vial is empty. I will write the prescription, if you will allow me." "In the dining room," said the Baron, "taking up the lamp and throwing open the door of the back room on the right. The floor had been hastily swept and the rubbish shoved into the fireplace. The heavy chairs stood along the wall. But two of them were drawn up at the head of the long mahogany table, and dishes and table utensils from a traveling basket were lying there, as if a late supper had been served. "You see," said the Baron, drawing, "our banquet-hall! Madame and I have dined in this splendor tonight. Is it possible that you write here?" His secret irritation, his insolence, his contempt spoke clearly enough in his tone. The remark was almost like an intentional insult. For a second Carmichael hesitated. "No," he thought, "why should I quarrel with him? He is only sullen. He can do no harm." He pulled a chair to the foot of the table, took out his tablet and his fountain-pen, and wrote the prescription. Tearing off the leaf, he folded it crosswise and left it on the table. In the hall, as he put on his coat he remembered the paper. "My prescription," he said, "I must take it to the drugist tonight." "Permit me," said the Baron, "the room is dark. I will take the paper, and procure the drug as I return from escorting the doctor to his residence." He went into the dark room, groped about for a moment, and returned, closing the door behind him. "Come, Monsieur," he said, "your work at the Chateau Gordon is finished for this night. I shall leave you with yourself—at home, as you say—in a few moments. Gaspard—Gaspard, fermez la porte a clef!" The strong nasal voice echoed through the house, and the servant ran lightly down the stairs. His master muttered a few sentences to him, holding up his right hand as he did so, with the five fingers extended, as if to impress something on the man's mind. "Pardon," he said, turning to Carmichael, "that I speak always French, after the rebuke. But this time it is of necessity. I repeat the instruction for the pills. One at each hour until eight o'clock—five, not more—it is correct? Come, then, our equipage is always harnessed, always ready—how convenient!" The two men did not speak as the car rolled through the brumous night. A rising wind was sifting the fog. The loosened leaves came whirling, fluttering, sinking through the darkness like a flight of huge dying moths. Now and then they brushed the faces of the travelers with limp, moist wings. The red night-lamp in the drug-store was still burning. Carmichael called the other's attention to it. "You have the prescription?" "Without doubt!" he answered. "After I have escorted you, I shall procure the drug." The doctor's front door was lit up as he had left it. The light streamed out brightly and illumined the Baron's sullen black eyes and smiling lips as he leaned from the car, lifting his cap. "A thousand thanks, my dear Doctor, you have been excessively kind; yes, truly of an excessive goodness for us. It is a great pleasure—how do you tell it in English?—it is a great pleasure to have met you. Adieu." "Till tomorrow morning," said Carmichael, cheerfully, waving his hand. The Baron stared at him curiously, and lifted his cap again. "Adieu!" droned the insistent voice, and the great car slid into the dark. The next morning was of crystal. As Carmichael drove his electric phaeton down the leaf-littered street, where the country wagons and the decrepit hacks were already meandering placidly, and out along the high-

road, between the still green fields, it seemed to him as if the experience of the past night were "such stuff as dreams are made of." Yet the impression of what he had seen and heard in that fretful chamber—of the eyes, the voice, the hand of that strangely lovely lady—of her vision of sudden death, her essentially lonely struggle with it, her touching words to him when she came back to life—all this was so vivid and unforgettable that he drove straight to Castle Gordon. The great house was shut up like a tomb; every door and window was closed, except where half of one of the shutters had broken loose and hung by a single hinge. He drove around to the back. It was the same there. A slight cobweb was spun across the lower corner of the door and tiny drops of moisture jeweled it. Perhaps it had been made in the early morning. If so, no one had come out of the door since night. Carmichael knocked, and knocked again. No answer. He called. No reply. Then he drove around to the portico with the tall white pillars and tried the front door. It was locked. He peered through the half-open window into the drawing-room. The glass was crusted with dirt and the room was dark. He was trying to make out the outlines of the huddled furniture when he heard a step behind him. It was the old farmer from the nearest cottage on the road. "Mornin', Doctor! I seen ye comin' in, and tho' ye might want to see the house." "Good morning, Scudder! I do, if you'll let me in. But first tell me about these automobile tracks in the drive." The old man gazed at him with a kind of dull surprise as if the question were foolish. "Why, ye made 'em yerself, comin' up, didn't ye?" "I mean those larger tracks—they were made by a much heavier car than mine." "Oh," said the old man, nodding, "them was made by a big machine that came in here las' week. You see this house 's bin shet up 'bout twenty-five years, ever sense ol' Judge Gordon died. B'longs to Miss Jean—her that run off with the Eye-talian—she kind er wants to sell it, and kind er not—ye see—"

kind er talk might do ye harm here in Calvinton. We don't hold much to dreams and visions down this way. But, say, 'twas a mighty interestin' dream, wa'n't it? I guess Miss Jean homes for them white pillars many a day—they sort er stand for old times. They draw ye, don't they?" "Yes," said Carmichael, "they speak of the past. There is a magic in those white pillars. They draw you."—By Henry Van Dyke, in Harper's Monthly Magazine. Two New Deans at State College. Among the many additions to the faculty of The Pennsylvania State College this year are found the names of A. R. Warnock, Dean of Men, and Miss Margaret A. Knight, Dean of Women. Dean Warnock comes to Penn State from the University of Illinois, his Alma Mater, where he was assistant Dean of Men since 1910. He occupies very much the same position vacated in 1918 by Dean Arthur Holmes who became president of Drake University, Des Moines, Ia. At Penn State his duties will be mostly along lines of welfare and organization work among students, with whom he has already become very popular. His office is besieged daily by students who make it a clearing house for their troubles and difficulties. Dean Warnock had an excellent record at the University of Illinois. Miss Knight comes to Penn State with a war record that won her special mention in the dispatches of Sir Douglas Haig. She acted as an interpreter and dietitian at U. S. A. Base Hospital No. 12 and was decorated by King George with the Military Order of the British Empire. She is a daughter of Dean George W. Knight, of Ohio State University, and was graduated from Vassar in 1903. She has been a teacher in the Columbus School for Girls, and the Brantwood Hall School, Bronxville, N. Y. In 1915 she received her M. A. degree at Ohio State and in 1916-17 was assistant Dean of Women at Northwestern University. She went overseas in May, 1917, and upon her return last summer accepted her present position at Penn State. Recruiting Station at Philipsburg. The U. S. army is opening a general recruiting station at the post-office in Philipsburg for the purpose of giving the young men of that locality an opportunity to enlist in any branch of the service they desire. They may enlist for either one or three years, whichever they wish, for service in the United States or on the Mexican border, and men who have had prior service may now enlist for the American expeditionary forces in Europe or Siberia for one year, and men who have never been in the army may enlist for those places or any other foreign country for a period of three years. Sergt. Kreidler, who will be in charge of the recruiting station in Philipsburg, will gladly give any information desired on the army in general or any other information about family allowances, back pay or the victory buttons. The army pay ranges from \$30 a month up to \$105.00 a month, and young men enlisting may now acquire a good education or learn any one of seventy-seven trades or professions, and be paid full pay and allowances while doing it. For full information meet the sergeant at the postoffice in Philipsburg. The Best Christmas Present at Any Price. How can you make your money go further for Christmas cheer than with a year's subscription to The Youth's Companion? It brings so much into a household—its stories for readers of all ages, its serious and informing contributions, its editorial pages, its intelligent and trustworthy comment on the great and tragic events of the time, its wit and humor. There is nothing quite like The Companion in all periodical literature. If you subscribe at once you will receive the opening chapters of Charles B. Hawes' 10-chapter serial story, "The Son of a Gentleman Born." There are several other serials by Elsie Singmaster, C. A. Stephens, and other popular writers, which will insure the keenest interest throughout the year. All the family read The Companion because it is edited for every age. New subscribers for 1920 will receive: 1. The Youth's Companion—52 issues in 1920. 2. All remaining weekly 1919 issues. 3. The Companion Home Calendar for 1920. 4. McCall's Magazine for 1920, \$1.00—the monthly fashion authority. Both publications for only \$2.95. THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Commonwealth Ave. & St. Paul St., Boston, Mass. Bird With a Twelve-Foot Tail. The bird with the longest tail comes from Japan. Some of them have tails as much as twelve feet long. When they go for a walk in the open air they are accompanied by a special train bearer who keeps the tail from touching the ground. It is a variety of the barndoor fowl. In the same way that pouters and fantail pigeons have been developed from the common pigeon in Europe, the long-tailed cocks are reared in Shin-owara, a village on the island of Skikoku. They are kept in long, thin cages, lighted at the top. The bird naturally remains perched at the top with its graceful tail hanging down. If they have to travel they are put in long, narrow boxes, the tail being crushed as little as possible. This tail is much stronger than that of the ordinary cock. The feathers of the wings are very long, too, and grow down from three to four feet, giving the tail a very bushy appearance.—Kind Words. Up in the Air. She—I would not marry any man on earth. He—But if you accepted me I would not be on earth but in the seventh heaven of happiness. She—You dear boy, I am yours!

HAPPY NATIVES OF SARAWAK.

Under Wise Government, People Live Easy Lives in Their Gloriously Fertile Country.

The tribe of Kayans, inhabiting the head waters of the Baram and Rejang rivers of Sarawak, have lived for unknown generations almost isolated in the interior of the island of Borneo. There are many reasons for believing them to be originally of Caucasian origin. Many of them have very light skin, and they probably reached Borneo by way of the Malay peninsula from lower Burma. Rigid discipline is characteristic of the domestic ménage, resulting in good manners and recognition of authority. For a good many years Sarawak was under the independent government of a white rajah, Sir Charles Brooke, who controlled his mingled subjects with unusual wisdom and sympathy. Among other far-sighted edicts he instituted stringent game laws, so that the island is one of the best protected parts of the world in this respect. Birds, beasts and butterflies are protected, not more than two specimens of any one species being allowed to the collector. In this way the very beautiful and rare trees and insects of the country are being maintained for the enjoyment of future generations. Another wise move of the rajah was to continue the native costume—what there is of it—in place of introducing the unsuitable, ugly and artificial modern clothing of Europeans. This, as Stevenson points out, has usually exactly the opposite effect from that intended by well-meaning missionaries, and the happy natives of Sarawak are very well off as they are.

GOOD WORK WITH CAMERA.

Explorers in Northwestern Canada Have Photographic Studies of Wilderness Wild Life.

After a three years' hunt with the camera in the almost unknown Laird river district in northwestern Canada, H. A. Stewart and John Sonneckson have come back to civilization by way of Peace river, Alberta, bringing several thousand photographic studies of the manners and customs of the wild life of those remote woods and streams. The explorers, for they well deserve the name, worked into the wilderness by way of Hudson's Hope and the forks of the Findlay and Parsnip rivers as far as Fort Graham. Their negatives illustrate the habits of the ptarmigan, moose, beaver, Canadian wild geese and other animals and birds that have seldom been observed with anything like thoroughness by means of the camera. The travelers had devices of various sorts whereby their subjects were enticed to spots upon which the hidden lenses were focused; and upon reaching these spots an ambushed camera man "snapped" them by twitching a long cord attached to the lens shutter. A single negative of some specially shy animal was often the only fruit of many hours of patient waiting. Sometimes for days the explorers would watch a single spot through their field glasses awaiting the favorable moment to "shoot." But it was all worth it.

Glean'ng the Stumps.

The rapid decrease in the number of tall stumps which have been so familiar to the traveler through the coast hills of Oregon, is regarded as an indication of their approaching extinction. Hitherto some 20 feet of each stump has been left standing, silent relics of former monarchs of the forest, too thick for most saws to compass and too full of pitch to suit the sawmills. But now the need for timber is greater and men no longer climb high up on to boards thrust into notches in the trunk to suit the saw and the sawmill. They have learned thrift and they cut low down lest good lumber be uselessly wasted. Only as a record of past wastefulness are the tall stumps with their deep notches still visible.

A Filipino Vassar.

What the incidental ideals of universal opportunities of education are to mean to women of the Orient takes on a large significance with the establishment in the Philippines of a university for girls only. This university is to be part of an educational group called Centro Escolar de Senoritas, where until now the instruction to girls has been only in the primary, secondary and intermediate grades. That this Filipino Vassar will develop traditions characteristic of girls' colleges in the United States cannot be doubted by anyone who has observed how wholeheartedly though shyly, girl students from the Orient have entered into the undergraduate studies, festivities and pastimes at American colleges.

Coquelin's Memory.

"How many parts do you know well enough to play tonight if need be?" somebody asked Coquelin. He took a sheet of paper and wrote down the names of 53 plays of his repertoire. His friends laughed. "You are boasting surely, mon ami?" said the Visconte de Lovenjoul. "You have every one of these plays in your library," said Coquelin quietly. "Get them all out and put them on the table." The visconte did so. "Now," said Coquelin, "let anybody select a cue from any one of these plays at hazard and give it to me." They tried him with 18 plays out of the 53 and he never missed a single cue or made one mistake.—Fortnightly Review.

AGAINST WAGES FOR WIVES.

Gathering of Women Ridiculed the Idea, Labeling it as "Commercializing the Home."

Wages for wives were turned down by an audience largely of women here the other night after a debate on whether husbands should be required to pay such wages, says the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin. One speaker drew a dismal picture of the future of romance with wives working for wages. "Imagine a scene like this," he said: "Honey, do you love me?" "Of course I love you." "Then will you marry me?" "Well, maybe. How much do you pay?" "Suppose the wives were to join the soviet of waiters-up and charge triple wages for waiting up nights for husbands," he said. "Imagine a wife going into society and being labeled a \$15-a-week wife. A woman can take a last-year hat and make it look like new. But when she signed a contract for \$15 a week there would be no hiding it from the neighbors." Another speaker pleaded that "woman shall not be brought down from her pedestal as a queen and made a mere employee of man." In depicting the future of romance under the wage system he said the marriage ceremony would have to be revised to read: "With this ring I hire thee, and will pay thee \$15 a week by the aid of the world, the flesh and the devil." Notices like the following he predicted would be published: "Married—John Brown and Mary Smith, by Rev. Russell H. Conwell. They will live in Logan and the wife's wages will be \$15 a week." Scenes like the following in court were forecast: "Judge, he hired me for \$20 a week and he is now two weeks overdue in my pay. I'm going to get a new boss."

LOOKING AHEAD A FEW YEARS.

Remarks That Will Be Merely Ordinary When the Blimp Has Been Finally Perfected.

Augustus Tolliver, the soap king, strode wrathfully out of his stateroom aboard the blimp and seized the arm of the porter. "Idiot!" he roared, "why didn't you give me a call this morning? I told you I had to be in London for a directors' meeting at 9 a. m. sharp, and now London is Lord knows how many thousands of miles in our rear." "Ah pounded on yo' door, boss, but yo' refuses to waken," replied the porter. The soap king pulled out a watch. "Eleven-thirty," he growled disgustedly. "Where are we now?" "Jest passed over St. Louis, boss; we'll be back in N'Yawk at 12:05." "Oh! well," said Tolliver, "I can attend that 12:30 meeting of the soap powder people and catch the 1:30 blimp for London."

Rat Skins for Leather.

The suggestion has been made that the rat problem might be best solved by making use of the skins of the rodents for the purpose of leather. Somebody with the gift of gussing computes that there are 10,000,000 in this country, and the damage they do would feed a good-sized army. It would take at least 5,000 skins a day to supply a small modern tannery. Nobody wants the rats, they belong to anybody that can catch them. That is the problem—to catch them, and then deliver the goods. There is not enough leather to go around. Fish skins are susceptible of tanning, and there are rat skins which make good leather, large enough for many purposes.

Cure for Poison Ivy.

Mrs. Evelyn S. Trenbath, wife of the Rev. Robert W. Trenbath, rector of St. James's Episcopal church of Montclair, N. J., has conferred a boon on sufferers from poison ivy by announcing a remedy which those who have tried it say is a most efficacious remedy. It is simply the green leaves of common catnip rubbed on the affected parts until the juice runs. This never fails, Mrs. Trenbath says, no matter how advanced the case may be, and is simple to use, especially in the case of children. The plant grows usually in great abundance behind old barns, and is said to be so antagonistic to the ivy that if planted near it the ivy disappears.

Volcano That Emits Lava.

The following is reported by an observer in Hawaii: Tremendous changes are in progress at Kilauea, and there is no indication whatsoever of any cessation of the monumental rising of the entire vast lava column. Over the southwest brink a wide stream of glistening lava is sluggishly flowing in the direction of the Kalu desert, not with the spectacular cascading torrents of the southeastern flows of last March, but with a steady, stealthy gliding, which gains ground slowly at its base, but which piles up into tremendous masses from its source forward.

Dry Lead for Batteries.

A dry battery utilizing red lead, instead of the usual manganese compound, has been patented by H. Czanyl. It is claimed that the red lead battery lasts longer than the type now in vogue, may be kept inactive for months without any deterioration and may be recharged at least ten times, with each recharge as efficient as any present battery.