

DOWER.

My great-great-great grandsire LLlewellyn he was called, And on Llangelan's sloping hills, By Cambrian ranges walled. Great beasts and serfs at his command Drew bread from that unfertile land.

And so it is I get from Wales My courage which no one assails.

One gradnma came from London town And one from sunny France; One gave me all my soberness. My haughty arrogance, The confidence that England is

The world's great social synthesis.

Yet all my French blood leaps and sings When I behold earth's loveliest things! That I might cool and canny be I had a Scotch ancestor, But once he walked Killarney's ways And met a merry jester-

A fiddler with his violin Tucked lovingly beneath his chin.

The fiddler's daughter came dancing after-My little grandmother of tear and laughter!

Oh Britain, you've made me sturdy and strong,

By France, I am beauty-beguiled, But the heart of me is Irish.

And mad and sad and wild.

-Virginia McCormick.

THINGS THAT ARE CAESAR'S.

tality.

"You must be tired. It's a long trip out of town.'

one Electa had softly pushed forward. "You seem to forget that my people lived at Thorndale long before you ever saw or heard of it."

Dear to me! because she loved it and had always lived here. How could she let it go out of the family? How could she?" and heir-at law, Lucy Birchfield, and to devise and bequeath her entire out of the family? How could she?" and heir-at law, Lucy Birchfield, and to devise and bequeath her entire out of the family? How could she?"

ed by generations of Thornburys.

"It is hard" she said at

money!"

for personal ends. I will use it as make them see? she used it. I mean to carry out all her wishes. I am bound by the words will be used against me. most sacred obligation, her trust in They cannot understand."

"Her trust in you! It's incredible

'Why not? The house where she carried on a great work-" "Pauperizing a set of lazy men

and women who ought to be out in the world making a living!" Electa's faith in her work made her careless of the sneer, but she

longed to justify the dear old friend months before. who had trusted her. "You know," Visitors were gathering expectant-she said, "how strongly Miss Thorn-ly, and Electa, with a chill of apbury felt about the right and wrong prehension, suddenly realized that it morally certain?" use of money."

my husband was a gambler," the of disquiet, and when her name was other interrupted hardily, "because called moved forward to the withe took risks and lost money on the ness stand with the usual modest Stock Exchange! Well, it's true. I composure that made part of her don't blame him-not a bit."

been content. You had enough-" or you either? Does one ever have the coils of her copper-gleaming enough when there are five chil- hair seemed recently to disayow dren? Oh it's too much; I can't its own primness. bear it!" Lucy sprang up, passionately striking her little hands to- ent," Mrs. gether. "You shut yourselves away whispered to Hollister; then flushed from the world, you see nothing as with annoyance at the warmth of it really is, and then you attempt to his assent. it's my religion, too!"

pity for this blind starving soul? Her arms went out in a movement of tenderness.

"Oh, my dear, how unhappy you must be! Don't you see how small they are, how worthless, these things

that you are living for, that you want for your children?"

Lucy drew back, ignoring the reaching hands. Perhaps beneath the tenderness she felt a touch of that unconscious spiritual arrogance that can see no way but its own.

the law firm of Sheldon and Hollister, as he and his young partner went up the courthouse steps to-gether. "They're the natural prey of the fakir, and the better they are the quicker they get fooled. Wo-men seem to lose all their common sense unless they are tied down by a husband and babies of their own. Now this Miss Rachel Thornbury, she was the salt of the earth—"

"Oh, it's a perfectly clear case," John Hollister assented; the sort of thing that happens all the time. But I confess I'm puzzled by the other woman, this Miss Cragin. I can't quite make her out. A fanatic, of course-"

"Fanatic fiddlesticks! An adventuress—after the money from the start. Don't be fooled by her Fra Angelica face and skimpy dress." "Not an adventuress," said Hol-

lister. "I can't believe that." "Well, wait till we get her on the stand. We'll find out what she's Lucy Birchfield took her stand be- made of when you begin to crossfore the massive chimney-piece with examine her, my boy. Don't be a determined air of possession. As the new mistress of the house enter- hasn't any. A heart means fire, and ed she turned sharply, not caring to if it's there a flicker will get up conceal the assertive spark in her to the face occasionally. These cold eye. Electa let fall the out-stretched hand that offered a timid hospi- side of life—they are the schemers, John, who get away with the goods. "Please be seated,' she said. But we'll pull up this one all right." It was the second day of the trial. After calling as witnesses "A trip I'm used to, thank you!" the family physician, and a few Lucy replied, the glow of owner- relatives and friends who had been deepening as she settled her- frequent visitors at Thorndale, the self in a chair which was not the plaintiff had rested her case. She had alleged that Electa Cragin, a Thornbury, had taken advantage of spirit of justice in him. efore you ever saw or heard of it." her situation by exercising undue "Oh, I understand how dear the influence upon the testatrix at a

Electa paused. She wanted to be patient with this irritated soul who nothing of the peace that way that made the present atmosphere of the selves seem false. True that she was again revealing herself, but how differently! It was offered the same testimony; the mental competence and independent of the selves seem false. True that she was again revealing herself, but how differently! It was offered the same testimony; the mental competence and independent of the selves seem false. The selves seem false are the selves seem false are the selves "But there's a larger view. We she leave one who was so touchingly answer. The same story—but so tion of evidence brought no comdependent upon her, who clung to there's no mine and thine."

In our work there's no mine and thine."

That's easy, after you've got it all! I'd like to know how long this 'work,' as you call it, would go the work dropped from her this 'work,' as you call it, would go the work and the work of on, or what you'd be doing with thrown herself wholly into the which she was only a passive pawn. the progress of the case in her tense yourself, if it weren't for Thornbury cause of her benefactress, sure of She had thought it so easy to speak inward effort to find the soul of her own motive, oblivious to pos-"I'm not helpless," flashed the girl, with sudden spirit, her calm was an outrage that these worldly, her.

Sible imputations. And now! It double-faced, elusive, fleeing before facts. An beauty kindling in so unexpected a goods-burdened people should think way that Mrs. Birchfield felt her bent on personal gain—she who, self-erected pedestal tremble be- with all the Thornbury estate in her name, felt no sense of possession. "Surely you know," Electa went She had gone from court in dismay. on "that I'll never use the money Could she ever explain? Could she

> "No," she told herself. "My own So on this second day she walked

into court as to an ordeal of -putting a fortune into your hands like that, away from her natural heirs forever!"

which she alone guessed. Lucy Birchfield—very trig in a black cloth suit, calculated to delight the eye of the most exacting tailor, and touched with youth and prettiness by the unfailing cosmetic, excitement her place at the other end of the counsel table. The two women had prise. not met since their interview six

Visitors were gathering expectantwas she whom their curious eyes "Oh, I suppose she told you that were seeking. But she gave no sign "She thought that he should have dress which she wore failed to obeen content. You had enough—" scure the youth of her figure, and so to speak, was carrying out her "What did she know about enough the little round hat which rested on purposes?"

"It is very effective to be differ-Birchfield cynically

judge the rest of us; to decide what But calm as Electa appeared, she we need or don't need. I'm not found it hard to breathe in this atafraid to tell you what I believe! I mosphere of antagonism and resentbelieve a family is the best thing on ment. Yet she had never once God's earth, and family claims come doubted her right to fight for her first, every time. I want my children inheritance. All her life she had to take the place my father and flamed with a longing to help and grandfather had before them, I want save, and she accepted the fortune them to be well-established, to live as a mysterious fulfillment. She had with their own sort to be proper the martyr's ardent moments when figures in the world they belong to she felt herself chosen to uphold That's their birthright, and you've the life of faith before a mocking given blindly, stammeringly, for she contradicting herself, she stuck right. I don't know! I only know ping instructor. Both are note robbed them of it; you've schemed world, to fling the divine challenge was very tired. The air of the sunto get it away from them. It takes to the forces of evil, and her eager money, and lots of it too, to keep one's place in the world; there's no use pretending anything different. imagination transformed even her attorney to an appointed instrument use pretending anything different. in this high warfare—though to the way through a substance invisible blank reiterations. She had been uninitiated he would seem but imperfectly adapted to spiritual ends.

This ramble jointed personage now walked back and forth in front of walk I'm not a hpocrite; I say what I uninitiated he would seem but im- and baffling. A window had been thoroughly drilled. She left the think. I want my children to have perfectly adapted to spiritual ends. their place. That's my duty, and This ramble jointed personage now

some six years earlier, she had giv-en up teaching in a public school could detach Lucy Birchfield's face been a fatal flaw. The court ad-the law take its natural course and that she might devote hereself to alone, looking back at her with nar- journed, bustling. John Hollister should the verdict be in her favor evangelistic work. She had always rowed eyes and remote smile. meant to be a missionary. Her very name bestowed upon her by a Scotch father who had brought the deep religion of his rugged hills to she stepped down from the witten, respecting the silence of the word "undue." a Pennsylvania farm, had set her ness stand and Pollock put out a misery, he left the room with only | Electa faced the old lawyer apart for a life of service. She steadying hand. She faced Electa with an unflinching eye.

"They may be small, they may be was too inexperienced to worthless—the things I want. But such as they are, I mean to get the state of the six months later the case of Birchfield versus Cragin was under way.

Six months later the case of Birchfield versus Cragin was under way.

Way.

"Good, Miss Cragin, good!" he steadying hand.

Steadying hand.

"Good, Miss Cragin, good!" he shoulder, insensible to her recoil. The solution of the sake of a clasped hand strained at each other. "You held your own; you're a first-rate with the such as they are, I mean to get that she was too inexperienced to your own; you're a first-rate with the shoulder, insensible to her recoil. The purpose, though her steadying hand.

Sid in a loud whisper. "You held your own; you're a first-rate with the said in a loud whisper. "Come, Miss Cragin," said Pollock, "don't be downhearted." He winning occupation for the sake of a clasped hand strained at each other erection. The purpose, though her said in a loud whisper. "You held shoulder, insensible to her recoil. The eyes had the large full look, "don't be downhearted." He winning occupation for the sake of a clasped hand strained at each other. The eyes had the large full look, "don't be downhearted." He winning occupation for the sake of a clasped hand strained at each other. The eyes had the large full shoulder, insensible to her recoil. The eyes had the large full look, "don't be downhearted." He winning occupation for the sake of a clasped hand strained at each other. The eyes had the large full shoulder, insensible to her recoil. The eyes had the large full look, "don't be downhearted." He winning occupation for the sake of a clasped hand.

Six months later the case of faith as her only asset. She told of standing look of one absorbed by the inner winning occupation for the sake of a clasped hand.

Six months later the case of faith as her only asset. She told of standing look of one absorbed by the inner winning occupation for the sake of a ch who had immediately urged her to sure," he said as he threw his arm "Single women aren't fit to handle help in the establishment of a misporerty," declared Mr. Sheldon, of sion at Thorndale. At first she had from the room. hesitated. "I had to wait for a leading," she said, and on her lips sympathy was to be expected just how to stop it I don't know the come to her face in color, and with the worn phrase had no flavor of then from her disciples, that was legal method, but it must not go new courage she spoke in the cant. Pollock, the lawyer, dexter- plain. Having brought lunch bas- on!" ously showed her throughout as the kets to court, they were actively trusted adviser of her old friend, concerned with hard-boiled eggs and careful never to abuse this confi-dence, never to take the initiative. turned from their homely banquet really Intent only upon the truth of her with a shiver of distaste. answers, she was scarcely aware of

> counsel for the plaintiff cut sharply across her eloquence. "Irrelevant and immaterial," said John Hollister.

Once she began an eager explana-

Electa fell back, her cheeks helplessly aflame. "There's fire there—and a heart,"

when her last will was drawn, stating that she had not been present and had been told nothing whatever plied. in regard to it. Mr. Pollock then

chine was opening to entrap her.

John Hollister drew his chair Elec forward for the cross-examination. Something was happening, Their eyes met, and his were as thing that she didn't understand. steady and candid as her own. In- Never before had she experienced stantly she felt a soul in the ma- this creeping, chilly self-distrust. chine. This man cared for some- She had always been sure. And lieved. And the secret wish of my thing more than the winning or what did this other thing mean? losing of a case. The spirit of This aching sense of common life beneficiary and dependent of Mrs. justice in her sprang to meet the of the world with its warmth of

had known—the missionaries, itin- rose to her, and the traditions—yes, old place must be to you, and I do time when she was not of sound erant preachers, and reformed even the sacrifices and services—hope you will always feel—" time when she was not of sound disposing mind by reason of addrunkards of her little sphere. His shrank back and dwindled like the Why, It's home! vanced age and failing health, there. strong figure and well-made clothes Goode Deedes in the morality play My father was born here, and my by inducing her to destroy an grandfather left it to Aunt Rachel earlier will in favor of her niece things, but there was a clear hint the November dawn began to glim-caprice.

> timony. Electa had listened with a mate knowledge of her life astonishhad never left Miss Thornbury alone, even with the physician. How should termined the significance of the day of her death. The accumulathe truth. Now she saw truth as truth in the confusing array of

> > But this grave, clear-eyed young man pursued his tactics unruffled. "You knew that there had been an earlier will in favor of Miss Thornbury's relative, Mrs. Birchfield?"

"Yes." "You knew also that she had made a later will?" "N-no. I didn't know." she an-

swered very low. suspicion that you were the beneficiary under a new will?"

"But"—she stopped a moment, then y the unfailing cosmetic, excitement broke out suddenly—"yes, I did sus-dropped her eyes as Electa took pect, I did know, I was sure!" The court room rippled with sur-

"You knew and you did not know. Please be more definite." "No one told me," she repeated. "You mean then that you were

certainty?" "I knew her feeling about the work-about money-that her mon- along, don' yo' never on no 'count composure that made part of her ey was not her own to spend or bequaint charm. The nun-like brown queath—it was dedicated." "Giving this money to you she.

> "She believed so—yes!" Electa lifted her head. the use of money?"

"I shared it." point fully settled before you went to live with her?"

we talked things over-" "Her religious convictions were partly the result of her association done and conversations with you?" I thought and believed-yes?"

"And your thought and belief always had weight with her?" ny court-room had grown stifling,

But he soon proved his adroitness. Stenographer wrote scratchily, and know her so little after all these and in all equity, when I say that she felt every stroke of his imperatory. The girl told how, perturbable pen; out of the assemtremor shook the foundations of ted to yield her claim to a fortune

Electa suddenly felt alone.

Struggling in the swirl of new the court-room and of the favorable impressions, she crossed to the open impression made by her testimony. Window and stood gazing out over the roofs at the ragged crest of take the money! Now do you see?" tion in reply to a question con-cerning the nature of her teaching and sky grew black and she dropp-when a sudden "I object" from the ed to a chair, her eyes closed.

had pilloried her, and she obeyed.

The giddiness over, she looked at John Hollister, and flung a quick

He set the glass carefully down on the window sill before he re-

"I can't discuss the case with yielded to the counsel for the plain. you—you must see that it isn't pos—
"Because down in my heart I
tiff. Electa had a wild impulse to sible. And I can't say that you are meant to have it!" run. She felt that a relentless ma- in the right. But I do believe in

Electa lay awake that night. pirit of justice in him.

He was very unlike the men she human ties? Strong real, compelling, the things she had always denied out of the family? How could she?" estate to the said Electa Cragin.

Lucy's voice shook as she threw a loyal glance around the dim wainscot. ed room lined with books collect.

Mrs. Birchfield's witnesses had produced a marked effect by their distinction and straightforward testinence of his queries and his inti.

On the third day the pensioners

An old negress, for years in the service of Miss Thornbury and now doggedly attached to Electa, was called to the stand. At sight her Electa tried to arouse herself to outer things. "What can Aunty have to tell?" she wondered. "Why should Mr. Pollock summon her?"

Aunty smoothed out the folds of her best black dress and played consequentially with her bonnet strings. Her high cheek bones shone "You did not know? You had no from the scrubbing they had recieved; cunning lurked in her lean, brown face, and her beady eves "I did not know it. No one ever suggested some primeval creature told me." Electa's face whitened intent on self-preservation. intent on self-preservation.

She was eager to speak, and Mr. Pollock's question, "Did you have any talk with Miss Thornbury after she was confined to her bed?' brought a ready answer:
"Oh, yas, sir!"
The lawyer seemed amused.

"Well, tell us what conversation you had."

"It was this way. She was speakin' 'about the home yo' know, "And why had you this moral sir, an' she says to me lak this, 'Aunty, in case I die I want,' she say this to you,'-yo'stay here right go away fur to leave Miss'Lecta.' After she talk that-a-way, I says 'I never heerd nothin' 'bout the way the home when yo' pass over Jordan Miss Rachel,' an' she says, "She believed so—yes!" Electa 'Why I thought yo' all knowed' fited her head.
"You shared her feeling about jes the same lak it is now.""

Was it possible that old Aunty, the "Was her conviction on this gossip of Thorndale, should have heard such significant words from her benefactress and yet have kept "I don't know—how can I tell?" silence? There had been much unshe faltered. "Her convictions grew easy speculation in the little community during Miss Thornbury's ill- forward; nor the spectators, assurness, though Electa had honestly her best to-suppress it. Frightened, suspicious, she dared "She would always ask me what not raise her eyes during Aunty's thought and believed—yes?"

not raise her eyes during Aunty's cross-examination. The old woman showed a guarded shrewdness in ays had weight with her?" her grasp of the issue. Bland and she hardly heard her own answer unconfused, never wavering, never Even Hollister couldn't help joining

a backward glance.

case must not go on. I don't know mists. The inner light seemed to

"You didn't like calling the old darky? Oh, I see! Well, perhaps every faculty. I know what I am really need her. Our case is strong And I beg your honor in the enough.'

Her hands wrung a protest. jury to bring a verdict in favor of "You don't understand. It's more the plaintiff."

than that. I'm wrong—I won't After the case had been dismissed crazy-that's what I see! You won't softened, and the two women clasped take the money! I like that! What hands without a word. Mr. Sheldon Instantly some one was at ner about me? Do you s'pose I've gone held open the courtroom door to side, holding a glass of water to into this thing for charity?" He her lips.

"Drink this." said the voice that table. "Why, we can't stop! Juggle "Well," he said, clearing his had pilloried her and she cheved with the law like that? Make a fool "There's fire there—and a heart," thought Hollister in an unprofessional instant.

Sional instant.

"Oh, don't you know that I'm in shake of her head. "Of course you are right. Undue influence! They've asked John.

There's fire there—and a heart," at John Hollister, in the right!" He ignored the dumb are right. Undue influence! They've asked John.

"Oh, you believe proved nothing! It was kindness," "Oh, you have a proved nothing! It was kindness," "Oh, you have a proved nothing! It was kindness," "Oh, you have a proved nothing! It was kindness," "Oh, you have a proved nothing! It was kindness," "Oh, you have a proved nothing! It was kindness," "Oh, you have a proved nothing! It was kindness," "Oh, you have a proved nothing! It was kindness," "Oh, you have a proved nothing! It was kindness," "Oh, you have a proved nothing! It was kindness," "Oh, you have a proved nothing! It was kindness," "Oh, you have a proved nothing! It was kindness," "Oh, you have a proved nothing! It was kindness," "Oh, you have a proved nothing! It was kindness," "Oh, you have a proved nothing! It was kindness," "Oh, you have a proved nothing! It was kindness," "Oh, you have a proved nothing! It was kindness," "Oh, you have a proved nothing! "You'd have a proved nothing! It was kindness," "Oh, you have a proved nothing! "You'd have a proved nothing! "You'd have a proved nothing!" "You'd have a proved nothing! "You'd have a proved nothing!" "You'd have a proved proved nothing! It was kindness, "Oh, you know it's quixotic," care, attention—nothing that can bluffed Sheldon. invalidate a will. She meant you to have her property. You know one's principles—it's so seldom

> cerns us. It was her free will." "My will was hers. She thought after her, eh, John?" what I thought. Believed as I beheart-O, God help me!" Her hands went up to hide her face.

He scowled down upon her, then tried persuasion.

"Come, come, you mustn't give way. We'll talk it over after you've had a bit of lunch. You're all tired out now. That's what's the matter--you're nervous!" And he believed he had the clew to all feminine

When the case was resumed at one o'clock there was a general impression that the defendant had contest had wearied her. But her memorizing of useless facts and attorney's swagger betrayed his other ideas presented through text exultance. The Birchfields were books. losing hope. Tom whispered disgustedly to his wife: "Take a pretgustedly to his wife: "Take a pretty red-headed girl with a go-to-the-spot voice and put her on the stand before twelve men and you plucky and meant that no one should suspect what the loss of the suit would cost her in disappoint-

ment and actual financial worry. "You're game, Lucy," murmured Tom with an appreciative vivacity. ness while the remaining witnesses were called. A black-bearded apostle from Thorndale offered some conclusive evidence, and the case became so one-sided that it ceased to be interesting. People began to wonder why it had ever occurred to new things that are being descov the Birchfields to try to set aside ered in youth power, the new educa so unequivocal a document. The tionist is inviting the supervisory apostle acquitted himself neatly and officers to measure youth-growth a was leaving the stand when Electa well as examination skill.'

"Your honor, please. I must be heard." Her voice rang out through to fit the wearer, is molded to sui the courtroom. Every eye was turned toward her. Pollock was on his feet, in the other hand, may be regarded a terposing quickly.

my client. She is not well. May I have your permission to take her to the consultation room?" "Your honor," said Electa, "can see that I am perfectly well. My attorney has refused to speak for me. I ask your leave to speak for my-

The judge looked at her searchingly, then bowed assent.
"We will allow the defendant to be heard."

self."

In the quivering, expectant hush of the court-room she spoke. It seemed quite simple. She had only to tell of what had passed in mind. Now that she knew her way and could speak in utter sin-Electa listened in amazement | cerity, not a presence embarrassed her-not the judge, preoccupied with the difficulties in legal procedure she had thrust upon him; not Pollock, balked and nonplussed; not the plaintiff, dumb in bewilderment, nor the jury straining ed at last of their full meed of sensation. In swift, sure words she laid bare her conflict of motive. At the end she spoke more slowly. "Everything would have been dif- bird and three young ones to th ferent if I had been different," she said. "I can see that now. I'm bounty on each. Logue is a brothe not so sure that I've always been of Chauncey E. Logue, State traj

Pollock cut in with apologies to the court for her conduct. is what comes, your honor, from carefully stripped of all its dealing with religious cranks!"

young woman for her candor and a bird before offering it to th Electa had risen and stood looking down at the little hard, hot
face and trembling hands. How
could she feel anything but love and

with singular indifference. On her
left sat the jury, their faces like
that she would descend to dodging she is saying and doing before we
and quibbling? And did Aunty go further. I speak for my client,
recorded by the Commission.

was at her elbow gathering up she must be made to see that she People began to move. It was the some books from the counsel table, has a legal right to every penny.

moved from her purpose, though her

best witnesses for the last."

At that she found words. "No more witnesses!" she cried. "This that was like the scattering of voice that admits of no question: "I am in the full possession of was a mistake. We didn't doing. I have thought and prayed. terest of justice, to instruct the

Lucy Birchfield came swiftly across "Good God, girl, you are clean the room, her face broken and

with the law like that? Make a fool throat of an unusual obstacle, "I of the court? Besides, the other was wrong. But who would expect side's got no case. It's you who are a woman to give up a fortune for in the right!" He ignored the dumb an abstract principle of justice?" "You'd have expected it of a man?"

"I suppose it is-living up to

done." "That girl's as clear as crystal," pursued Mr. Sheldon. "It's not He shifted roughly. "S'pose you enough for her to see what's right, did? That's legitimate. We all get she does it. Well, she shan't suffer. what we can. She wanted you to have it; that's the point that conshe gets started at something; we must make it our business to look "Yes," said Hollister; "I really

think we must." He tried to speak carelessly, but even Sheldon knew that he was making a vow.—By Elizabeth Moorhead, in Scribner's Magazine.

INDIVIDUAL THINKING,

URGED BY EDUCAOTORS. Over use of text books in preference to a natural, practical course was assailed by educators at the Western Pennsylvania Education

Conference. Teach the boy and girls to think vindicated her position. It was ap- and let them develop their creative parent, however, that Miss Cragin ability was the keynote of their adwas not in triumphant mood. The dresses. The speakers ridiculed the

Dr. Hughes Mearns, New York

"Supervision has measured teachers for their ability to drive young people into the class of obedient

verbal memorizers" said Mearns. "The power to exmaine is the Electa sat in a trance-like still-less while the remaining witnesses for what text-book facts they have retained makes easy bookkeeping for the supervisor; with it he can keep his teachers to the mark of text-book instruction.

"In the light of the marvelously

Superintendent Jones said tha custom-made education is designed the mind of the individual. "Public education," he said, "OI

a ready-to-wear garment. Turned "Your honor, I ask indulgence for out for the masses, it follows the styles with cheaper material than the original models designed for up per classes." Dr. Reeder said, "Let the children always suggest what to do. Follov

the natural interests of the boy and girls. Children dislike adul suggestions in preference to thei natural interests.' Twenty-five conferences were hel

to-day. Dr. David Snedden, Columbia Uni

verisity, saw great benefits result ing from education on a more scien tific basis. He addressed the ger eral meeting recently, in Syri Mosque, urging the development c education scientifically for the ber efit of the pupil.

GOSHAWK NEST FOUND IN PENNSYLVANIA

Officers of the Game Commissio

again have recieved postive proc that the goshawk, winged killer (the far northern latitudes, some times nests in Pennsylvania. Jesse Logue, First Forks, Came ron county, forwarded a mothe Commission for payment of the \$

The goshawk nest contained th "This the carcass of a ruffed grous ers, which the mother bird ha brought for the young. The mot! er goshawk is credited with alway "While compelled to admire this carefully plucking the feathers from

The Cameron county nest was th