

TO SLEEP.

O, gentle lover of a world day-dream,
Taking the weary light to thy dusk arms,
Stealing where pale forms lie, sun-burnt
and torn,

EVELYN'S EXPERIMENT.

By PAULINE MONTAGUE.

Evelyn held her pretty head to one
side, like a meditative sparrow,
and Jack Carroll thought that if she had
not been his cousin he would have
easily enough fallen in love with her
himself, instead of showing her Sydney
Chamney's photograph and praising up
the original to the very best of his ability.

Elle King was pretty and ladylike
and intelligent—altogether as different
from the species as a humming
bird from a vulture.

"He looks handsome. Is he really
as good looking as his picture, Jack?"
she asked.

"Well, the week came to an end
with wonderful rapidity, and it
seemed that Elle and Sydney had
been acquainted a lifetime instead of
only seven days of escorting her to
the schoolhouse and seeing her safely
home, of going on one or two skating
trips, and some brisk, delightful
walks to the village postoffice, and
seven evenings of pleasant conversation,
intricate games of chess, or old
fashioned apple roasting frolics.

"I believe I do," she said, in her
sweet, spirited way. "I have to,
Jack; don't you see? In this case,
if only"—and she flashed a sassy
smile from her violet eyes at him—
"if only Mr. Sydney Chamney had an
income, or a salary, or even wages of
his own, and I was not so rich as I
unfortunately am."

"It seems that women don't; at all
events, you don't," he said, lightly.
"Isn't it a terrible bore to travel
along in the same rut, day after day,
week after week, as you do, Miss Elie?"

"You can easily get rid of your
fortune, Evelyn," he observed. "You
might make it over to a society for
Christian burial of murdered felices, or
you could give it to me, for that
matter."

"I don't want to go away at all,"
he said, one bright, sharp morning,
as he drove her to school.

"So, ho! my spirited little lady!
that's what's the matter, is it? Well,
he's coming by and by. He's not one
of your sort to rush heading into
anything—even a lady's favor. He is
off for an indefinite time—on a
solitary hunting expedition—and he
starts only when he'll come
back. But when he does—good-by
for you, Evelyn, my dear!"

"I don't want to go away at all,"
he said, one bright, sharp morning,
as he drove her to school.

"I do like his looks very much. I
wonder how long it will be before he
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school," he answered, with a laugh.
"It hasn't seemed more than five minutes'
ride. There was something else
I wanted to say."

"About the heiress?" Elle asked,
demurely, as she unlocked the school-
house door.

"Oh, the heiress! She may thank
her stars she didn't make the mistake
of accepting me. She'll find plenty
of better fellows than myself. Won't
you let me come in and see if Ben
Peters has made you a warm, good
fire?"

"Just a minute, while you thaw
out. The pony mustn't stand, you
know."

"The pony may stand," he re-
turned. "He must stand, till you
tell me you will marry me—some
day—when I've made myself worthy
of you, my darling Elle. Little girl,
you love me! I have loved you from
the very first."

"All the color forsook her face for
a moment.

"Oh, Mr. Chamney, you cannot
mean this!"

"But I do, dear. I need all your
love, your encouragement, your sym-
pathy. Won't you give them to me,
with yourself? Do you love me, Elie?"

"And, with tears springing to her
eyes, Elle hid her head on his breast.

"Oh, Sydney, I cannot help it!"
And then he kissed her, and instan-
tly darted away, as a swarm of
mittened and hooded and scarfed
scholars came trooping in the gate,
while Elle went about her duties
with a new sweetness in her face and
a deep undertone of jubilant happi-
ness in her voice.

"I want to tell you something, Syd-
ney," she said, in a half pleading,
half deprecating voice, as she nestled
to his side and looked up in his
proud, glad face, radiant with the
light of new hope—new purpose. "I
want to tell you—I'm whole name
is Evelyn Ellinor Carroll, and when
Jack talked so much about you, I
wanted to come here, where I knew
you were, and learn for myself. You
are not angry with me?"

Useless Playthings

Elaborate Toys of Almost No Interest to Little Children.

"The child's first five years are
lived almost entirely in the realm of
play," said Dr. T. S. Fowler-Schonen,
at a recent conference on "The Effect
of Play," in the domestic science de-
partment of Brooklyn Institute. "The
infant begins to play in his cradle
with his own toes and fingers. A
healthy child is always playful, and
he wants to play incessantly, except
when he is hungry, sleepy or other-
wise uncomfortable. Play is nature's
method of educating the child. It is
a natural development and training
of the child's physical, mental and
moral nature."

"Almost all a mother's talk to a
child up to school age is in the nature
of play. As she provides food for the
child's body, so in her play with him
she furnishes food for his mind. It
is sometimes asked if it is right to
try to teach very young children any-
thing. Positively no mother can help
doing it. Consciously or unconsciously,
she is teaching a child from ear-
liest infancy by play. She is teach-
ing him language as she talks to him.
She is teaching him motion, form and
direction as she dangles a bright ball
before his baby eyes."

"Games train the body and the
mind. In the ceaseless activity of the
little child, so waiting to older per-
son, he is developing every muscle.
Tossing a ball is one of the best phys-
ical exercises ever invented. In play-
ing with building blocks a child gets
no physical exercise, but he is get-
ting the finest kind of mental train-
ing. He is developing taste, judg-
ment and ideas of architecture."

"A very small child takes great
comfort with a nest of blocks, all of
which he can put inside the largest
one, and then take out again. Chil-
dren love very much a plaything
which can be taken to pieces and put
together again, a horse that can be
harnessed and unharnessed, a doll
that can be dressed and undressed.
Any one who watches little children
must see how they love little, simple,
monotonous actions; how they will
sing the same little refrain or repeat
the same meaningless phrase over
and over again, till an older person
is nauseated with it. The child's
mind is simple. A child is overstimu-
lated and worried by the elaborate,
finished toys given him nowadays.
If you do not think so, examine the
hoard a young child will collect for
himself. I examined one such hoard
stowed away by a little girl who could
have any playthings she liked. Among
her treasures were a number of old
empty spoons, the handle of an old
brush broom, a clothespin and
various such things, including one
battered rubber doll, the only toy she
had taken from an elaborate collec-
tion. I do not know what meaning
she attached to these things, but you
may be sure that each old spoon stood
for something more than a spoon to
her imagination. The child lives in
an unreal world, the world of play.
His imagination is always at work.
Sometimes, if we can get into his
world ourselves, he will tell us his
little imaginings, and we can get a
glimpse into the fairy realm where
he lives. But usually the child is
shy with us, because we have left
that fairyland and forgotten what was
there. He knows that the grown-up
will not understand and will laugh.
The child does not like to be laughed
at any more than a grown-up. It
makes him ashamed and miserable.
Or if he grows to like it is very bad
for him. Then he becomes pert and
self-conscious."

"The finished toy, which leaves
nothing to the imagination, is bad
for the little child. So is the elab-
orate mechanical toy, of which the
stores are full—those steam launchers,
those motor boats, and so on. It is too
intricate; it wears him. Here is a
steam engine which, when fired up
by alcohol, will actually work like a
locomotive. That is dangerous for a
boy of five, both on account of the
firing and the sharp iron corners.
It is also too intricate for him to un-
derstand, and it is finished. If he
takes it to pieces he cannot put it to-
gether again; it is destroyed. All
such mechanical toys are excellent for
older boys who have been in school
several years. They really teach such
boys mechanics and electricity in the
very best way. But they are too com-
plicated for the child under school
age."

"Of all the toy inhabitants of the
play world the doll is the most inter-
esting. With her doll the little girl
acts out the whole drama of mother-
hood in the most innocent and charm-
ing way. She endows the doll with
life and acts out innumerable situa-
tions in life with it, and if you want
to see how you appear to your daugh-
ter listen to some of these little
dramas which she acts out with her
children and her visitors. They will
be enlightening at times."

"How Greeks Taught Form."
"Do not give little children toys
which represent monsters or clowns.
The Greeks placed geometrical forms
above the child's cradle, so that his
first vision should become accustomed
to correct form. Froebel advised
soft knit balls in the seven primary
colors, so that the baby's eyes should
learn to like pure form and color.
A little standard can be fixed on the
cradle, with the seven balls hanging
from it. The baby's hands will clutch
at these soft balls, and the baby's
eyes learn to distinguish color and
motion from them. As soon as the
baby begins to creep he will begin to
ask for playthings. Do not give him
anything with sharp corners, any-
thing that he can swallow or suck
the paint from or things that break
easily. Let him pick up little homely
playthings for himself. If you watch
the child he will show you what he
likes. Do not give him too many
playthings, so that he becomes weary
and blasé and in the mood to always
demand something new. Keep the
child's tastes simple and unspoiled,
so that he will enjoy each new thing.
I remember a little scene which will

remain printed on my memory as a
lovely picture of childhood.
A father, returning home from a dis-
tant city, had brought his wife a set
of handsome French china plates.
He took them carefully from their
packing and piled them one by one
on a chair. Finally he took out two
tiny bisque figures, a little boy and a
little girl, and set them on the chair.
As he gathered up the wrappings his
wife touched his arm and pointed to
their two-year-old son, who had stood
quietly by, watching the unpacking.
The baby stood with his little hands
clapped in front of him, his little
body bent forward, his eyes glued to
the bisque figures, and his little face
shining with a look of perfect joy and
delight, which positively irradiated it.
The figures had in reality been bought
for the mantelpiece, but without a
word he adopted them as his own.
They suited his taste, though his
father would never have thought so,
and they were given to him. No
child satiated with playthings could
have shown that quiet rapture with a
new toy."

"Split pictures are a great delight
to children, because they can constan-
tly be taken apart and put to-
gether again. Split maps are splen-
did for older children who have be-
gun to study geography. Children
love to take to pieces and put to-
gether again. It is for this reason
they love to build in sand and mould
in clay. This is the reason they are
thought destructive. In reality they
are often surprised and grieved when
they find they cannot put together
what they have destroyed. The child
gets the same development of social
intercourse in play which we get from
society. If he plays alone he does
not get this development."

"Ideal Nursery."
"It is most desirable that the child
from the first should have a room of
his own, where he can play without
hurting things. Formerly the least
desirable room in the house was al-
ways set aside for the nursery, and
furniture which was not wanted any-
where else in the house was put into
it. Nowadays in the best home the
nursery is the most carefully planned
room in the house. It should always
have sunlight, for the sun vitalizes
the air and kills germs. The win-
dows should always be open, for ven-
tilation prevents disease. To keep
out dust stretch cheesecloth over the
netting, and to prevent drafts have a
ventilating board nailed across the
foot of the window. Have small fur-
niture, with rounded corners. Im-
agine our discomfort if we were
obliged to live among furniture de-
signed for the use of giants twelve
feet tall. Have no unwashable cur-
tains or draperies. Keep the room
simple. In a millionaire's home on
Fifth avenue the nursery has tiled
walls, and on each tile is painted a
scene from Mother Goose. It is
enough to weary and distress the
mind of any child. The tiles are
beautiful for hygiene, but very ex-
pensive. Leave the walls bare, tinted
in some plain, delicate shade, which
are truly artistic, for the child's taste
for the good in art can be trained
from the very first. It is a curious
thing that little children often choose
copies of the Madonnas of Raphael
and Murillo in preference to pictures
of child life."

"Soda Mines."
"California miners are now as an-
xious to find soda beds as they were
to strike a good gold mine in the
days of '49. Manufacturers are
clamoring for soda for domestic and
medicinal as well as commercial uses.
Pure soda commands a fine price, and
the great California desert has been
found to contain vast deposits of
saline, notably soda in at least one
of the dry lakes. Here then is the
miner's opportunity, and they are
flocking to the soda lakes in great
numbers. Soda occurs in varying
forms in this region, but the only
beds which are of value from a mer-
cantile point of view, or which fur-
nish quantities enough of the saline
salts to be worthy of operation are
in dried out lake beds. The largest
and most important of all of these
is the one known as Danby Lake,
some thirty miles southeast of the
small desert town of Danby in San
Bernardo County. This lake not
only contains vast beds of pure soda,
but about eighteen million tons of
salt as well. In point of fact this
lake is probably the most valuable
saline deposit in the world, and as yet
only its borders have been entered
by prospectors; development has
hardly begun."

"Farmers and Bankers."
In a speech before the convention
of bankers recently held in this city,
E. D. Durham, of Illinois, had this to
say about the farmer and country
banks:
"Land is the source of all wealth
it is a fine sort of property for the
banker to own. While it may be a
bit slow of conversion into cash, it
has a standard value in time of
stress, making it attractive to the
most timid customer. In times of
panic and stress a mortgage on a
piece of land is better than any other
security. I have never seen the time
when the farmer's mortgage could
not be converted into cash without
discount."

"The relations between the farmer
and banker have now changed. The
farmer is still a borrower and the
banker is still a lender, but the man
who dictates the terms is now on the
other side of the counter. The Amer-
ican farmer is an uncrowned king.
This is exactly as it ought to be, for
the well-being of our food produc-
ing community depends our prosper-
ity as a nation."

"The Austrian Lloyd Line estab-
lished the first week in January a
fast fortnightly steamship service be-
tween Trieste and Brindisi, on the
Mediterranean, and Karachi and
Bombay, India, with a maximum
voyage of fifteen days."

COLORADO ZINC.

Humble Metal May Soon Rival Silver
in Source of Wealth.

It was only three years ago, 1903,
that zinc began to figure considerably
in the metal products of Colorado
mines. Since then the value of the
output has climbed rapidly. Last
year the production reached \$4,000,
000, and the promise is that this
figure will be increased fully fifty per
cent. by the yield for the present year.

For many years the presence of
zinc in any considerable quantity was
a detriment. When the ores ran
heavy in the metal it was necessary
to shut down the mine. There was
then no market for zinc ores. In the
extraction process then in use the
zinc could be separated from the de-
sirable minerals only at an expense
that took all the profits away from
mining, and even then the zinc had
to be disposed of in making the sep-
aration. Many mines were closed
because the ores had with depth run
into zinc. Their owners nursed a
grudge against the fate that had in-
terposed large percentages of the de-
based metal between them and divi-
dends.

In Leadville, mines that fought as
long as they could against the con-
tamination of the zinc piled up huge
dumps of the then worthless ores in
continuing the fight until it was im-
possible to find enough ores free of
zinc to permit operations to go on
at a profit. To-day these same mines
rank with the gold, silver and lead
bonanzas of the Carbonate camp.
The big dumps of the early days have
been shipped, and fortunes made
from them by leasers, and mine op-
erators hunt new bodies of zinc ores
just as eagerly as they do the other
kinds.

Every year brings improvements in
the processes that made it possible
to save the zinc, and the search is re-
vealing profitable bodies in many of
the mining districts. The promise is
that in another year zinc as a product
of the State will be running close to
silver, in spite of the fact that the
market for zinc brings into use much
silver that previously was locked with
it in the mines.

Something of the importance of
this addition to our mineral resources
can be realized in the substantial
way in which the American Smelting
and Refining Company is preparing to
further encourage production through
the introduction of a more econom-
ical system of extraction. The chief
competitor of Colorado in mining zinc
in the United States is the Missouri-
Kansas field, in which the ores occur
in a form that requires only the sim-
plest process. That under which zinc
is separated from Colorado ores is
much more intricate and involved and
naturally the cost is greater, yet Colo-
rado, against this heavy handicap,
is making substantial progress to-
ward the Joplin production.

Thorough tests of the magnetic
separation have proved their effi-
ciency and economy and at all of the
large plants of the smelting company
in Colorado they are to be installed
this year so that zinc ores will there-
after be received at Leadville, Dur-
ango and Denver, whereas heretofore
it has been necessary to ship all such
ores to Pueblo. The saving in freight
will be considerable and the change
will greatly stimulate zinc mining in
the San Juan and Clear Creek dis-
tricts, as well as enlarge the output
of Leadville by making marketable
lower grades than it was possible to
mine at the heavier expense.

Zinc can be said to be now firmly
established as a Colorado resource.
The list of metals yet to be produced
in quantity for the supply of the
world is a long one and Colorado has
them all. Tungsten, bismuth and the
radium ores all now stand in about
the same position that zinc occupied
five or six years ago; they are await-
ing the economic progress of science.
Which is to be the one that will
add its millions to the State's annual
output?—Denver Republican.

"Optimism and Health."
Have you ever noticed that the
pessimist is always an invalid? He
may be upon his feet and moving
about, but he is never free from ail-
ments and complaints. Do not be-
lieve that his pessimism is due to his
ailments. No; his ailments are due
to his pessimism.

Pessimism is as destructive a force
in one's health as it is in one's pur-
pose and performance. The pessimist
seeks the shadows and willfully
deprives himself of the life giving
sunshine. The sun, the flowers, the
trees and the green earth economize
him in vain. The most common dis-
ease he encounters is neurasthenia,
an ailment brought on by evil power
of mind over nerves.

Hypochondria, which breeds in
idleness as malaria breeds in stag-
nant pools, atrophies the nerves and
rots the body. The common ten-
dency to magnify small ailments, in
order to excite sympathy, or because
the mind is given to nothing else to
dwell upon, causes these ailments in
time to become real and serious.

With the Funny

Fellows



His Scheme.
A beautiful woman named Ester
Met a man in the dark who caressed her,
And she raised such a row
That her hub explained how
He'd arranged the whole thing just to
teather.
—Houston Post.

Different.
Mamma—"And did they make you
feel at home at Aunt Mary's?"
Willie—"Huh! Not much! I had
a bully time."—Philadelphia Press.

The Best.
"Can you suggest a system for
playing the races?"
"I can. As soon as you've lost
your own money, quit."—Courier-
Journal.

A Novelty.
Guest—"I hear you are going to
give up housekeeping?"
Host—"Sh—no so loud; my wife
wants to have the satisfaction of dis-
charging the cook."—Puck.

This Mercenary Age.
"Mr. Dorem is in the parlor, miss."
"Has he any flowers or candy with
him?"
"No, miss."
"Tell him I'm out."—Courier-
Journal.

Compact.
Eve—"Belle going to be married
and live in a flat? Why, I don't see
how she will have room."
Edna—"Oh, yes, she is going to
accept such a narrow-minded chap."
—Chicago News.

Social Tact.
He—"Oh, please, Miss Jeanne, do
not call me Mr. Durand."
She (cooly)—"Oh, but our ac-
quaintance is so short. Why should
I not call you that?"
"Well, chiefly because my name is
Dupont."—No Loists.

Both Perishable.
"Smoothers is exceedingly careful
never to let a woman get any strings
on him."
"That's right. No one can point to
a thing he has ever given her; he
never sends anything but candy or
flowers."—Detroit Free Press.

The Human Way.
"What are you digging for?"
"Well, I've got the idea that's gold
in the land somers."
"And what'll you do with it if you
strike any?"
"Go to celebratin' till it's all gone,
I reckon, an' then fall to diggin'
ag'in!"—Atlanta Constitution.

A New Version.
"How did you get Mr. Cumrox to
provide money for that project of
yours?" asked Miss Cayenne.
"I invited him to a very select
dinner party."

"I understand. It was one of the
cases where invitation was the sin-
cerest flattery."—Washington Star.

A Candid Avowal.
"Do you think you will be able to
convert the masses to your way of
thinking?"
"My friend," answered Senator
Sorghum, "too many of us statesmen
are giving our attention to converting
the masses when we ought to be try-
ing to keep from backsliding our-
selves."—Washington Star.

A Power For Good.
"Thar all orterobile you see gona
by thar," said the old man, "cost
\$2000."
"My, my!"
"But that ain't all. My boy Bill
got \$5000 outen it jes' for runnin'
over an' breakin' his two legs!"
"My, my! What a power fer good
they air in the land!"—Atlanta Con-
stitution.

One on Ma.
"Mamma, what would you do if
that big vase in the parlor should get
broken?"
"Should thrash whoever did it,"
said Mrs. Banks, looking serenely at
her little son.

"Well, then, you'd better begin to
get up your muscles," said Tommy,
gleefully, "for father's broken it."
—Cardiff Times.

Nevve.
"Yes," said the warden, "he was
the coolest and most thoughtful con-
vict who ever broke jail."
"You don't say!" exclaimed the
visitor.

"Yes; he left behind him a note to
the Governor of the State beginning:
'I hope you will pardon me for the
liberty I am taking.'"—Catholic
Standard and Times.

Where Her Father Was.
The daughter of the house had just
returned from boarding-school. Her
finishing branches had made her a
little sensitive.

"Is your father out in the wood-
shed splitting wood?" the caller
asked her.

"No," replied the naughty girl,
"papa is at the town meeting splitting
infinitives."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Those Useless Questions.
How many of our words are abso-
lutely superfluous, serving no end but
the waste of time.

A man stood before a mirror, his
face well lathered and his razor in
hand.
In came his wife; she looked at
him, and inquired, "Are you shav-
ing?"
"Na," he replied absently, "I'm
macking the kitchen range. These
are you—out driving or 't the woods
last?"