

### Star Song

When sunset flows into golden glow,  
And the breath of night is new,  
Love, find afar yon yearning star—  
That is my thought of you.

And when your eye doth scan the sky  
Your lonely lattice through,  
Choose any one, from sun to sun—  
That is my thought of you.

And when you awake at the morning's  
break  
To rival rose and dew,  
The star that stays in the leaping rays—  
That is my thought of you.  
—Robert Underwood Johnson.

## Millicent's Masquerade

By MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS

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Behind the frowning providence of a sudden summer rainstorm, Fate hid for Millicent Ware a smiling face. She stood in the uncertain shelter of a roadside elm, trying vainly to shield her hat with a ridiculous parasol, and speculating what chance had such an object as she knew she looked of getting the place she sought. To be exact, the place was that of nursery governess in the Alstyne family—the agency had sent her on the barest long chance. Because she needed work so desperately, also because the morning had promised so fairly, she had put on her modest best—her white linen suit, multi-trimmed hat and patent leather shoes. She had been pardonably proud of herself as she stepped from the train at the nearest station. There was nobody to meet her, and her purse forbade even suburban cab fare. Armed with confused directions and the rash confidence of youth, she had set out on foot for Overhill, the Alstyne place—and this was the result! "Hopelessly drabbed," she said half aloud, looking herself up and down as she spoke. "And at least half a mile to go if this rain ever holds up. Heigho! If everybody be rich why is anybody permitted to own an auto?"

As though answering the question an auto, a big limousine, dashed out of a cross track upon the hard wide roadway—and in making a turn skidded, fetching up, at last, less than



"I've Got a Perfectly Good Check Book."

two feet from Millicent, but not until it had splashed her almost from head to foot.

"Oh, I'm so, so sorry!" a girl's voice said. The door had been flung open. Within it she saw a fair double of herself, a girl, blue-eyed and tall as she was, with the same cleft chin, straight nose and yellow hair. The voice, too, seemed her own, as it went on eagerly:

"Get in! You must! I shall take you home with me—and send you to the laundry."

There was a bubbling laugh after the last word. Millicent got in, and was whisked forward, hardly knowing whether she was awake or dreaming.

Two hours later she was pleading herself to determine. This, although she sat at late luncheon in a fine country house, clothed in fine alien garments, eating strange things. Her double sat opposite her, smiling soft coaxing smiles, and saying every little while:

"You will! That's a darling! I'll love you forever and ever—and it can't be half so bad, no matter how it turns out, as being a governess—those Alstyne children are young savages."

## CONTRAST ON OREGON TRAILS

Seattle Capitalists Traveling in This Modern Day With Touring Car and Auto Truck.

In contrast to the caravans that traversed the Oregon valleys fifty years ago a party from Seattle left Portland the other morning for an extensive trip through the southern part of the state and California in automobiles. The equipment consisted of a big touring car and a large auto-truck on which was a complete kitchen, seats, hair mattresses and all the comforts of home, in charge of a professional chef.

The party consisted of Mortimer Thomson, E. Cardin, R. R. Spencer and M. H. Young, Seattle capitalists who are seeking rest and recreation on a tour that will lead them away from all business and care. They left Seattle with their equipment, but the roads were so rough that the two big machines were shipped from Kelso to Portland. At 10 o'clock yesterday

morning the party left the Oregon hotel with no particular destination in view. The members have a supply of fishing tackle, guns and ammunition and will spend several weeks in the mountains of Oregon and California, where fishing and hunting are good.

The chef is also a chauffeur and has charge of the truck. His kitchen is complete in all details. When a stop is made over night or for a few days camping sleeping tents and a dining tent are unloaded. The party will probably return to Seattle by a different route.

A Compromise. "Si," began Lord Brokeleigh, pompously. "I've called to request your daughter's hand in marriage."

"That's out of the question, my man," replied old Roxie. "However I don't want to seem against you on charitable, so here's five dollars for you."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Several weeks ago came the time for the first harvesting on the Children's Farm, which raises two rounds of crops in a summer. As radishes, beets and beans approached maturity the excitement among the small farmers waxed so tense that the distinction between meum and tuum was frequently lost to view and the boy whose beans matured early was likely to find himself minus the beans. Even the observation plots in charge of the instructors were robbed of their prize products. But to the credit of the farm be it said that while the destruction walked around them the blind boys' crops were left undisturbed.

This harvesting was followed by the second planting. In this Peter and Carl showed such marked improvement that Mrs. Parsons believes that gardening in some of its branches can be made an employment for the blind. The sowing of beets and carrots by the blind boys was the best done on the farm.

In a few weeks Peter and Carl have learned to distinguish the different seeds entirely by feeling. Peter has

a feat which beats that of the girl in Grimm's fairy stories who had to pick lentils out of the ashes. That girl had beautiful blue eyes, and even at that she had to call on her fairy godmother to help her out. But Peter, who is totally blind, can take lettuce and carrot seeds mixed together and separate them correctly, though they are enough alike to deceive many persons who have their sight.

Peter's latest accomplishment is to distinguish bright colored flower petals one from the other apparently by some subtle difference in the texture of the blossom. That doesn't mean that he could tell whether it's a pale pink or a light blue aster or recognize any fine gradation of tint, but he knows a red petal from a yellow one.

Altogether the instructors are much pleased with the summer's experiment and are as eager as the boys to continue it next year.

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## BLIND TAUGHT FARM

Two New York Boys Learn Art in Clinton Park.

One of Them Becomes So Expert Can Separate Lettuce and Carrot Seeds and Tell Color of Different Flowers.

New York.—The Children's Farm School in De Witt Clinton Park has taught two blind boys to raise "crops" equal in every respect to those of the children who can see. In fact, Mrs. Henry Parsons, in charge of the school, and Mr. Brady, the boys' teacher, insist that in the matter of beets and carrots the blind children's work was superior.

The subjects of the experiment are Carl and Peter, each 13 years old and strong boys for their years. Peter is totally blind and has to be led everywhere. Carl, who can't distinguish anything more than four inches away from his eyes, has just enough vision so that he can go and fill Peter's watering pot.

Carl's sister used to bring him to the park playground. Leaving him on a bench she would run off to the swings, and the boy would sit there listening to the other children playing. A gymnasium instructor saw Carl sitting there day after day and tried to think of some occupation for him. Finally the instructor suggested that a plot in the school garden be given to the boy. Then one day Carl came bringing Peter, and Mrs. Parsons decided to try the experiment of teaching the blind gardening for pleasure if not for profit.

On June 10 they began teaching Peter and Carl to raise beans, beets, carrots, onions, radishes, lettuce and corn, just as the other children do. A wooden fence was built around Peter's plot, along which cords were strung to serve as guides to the five rows of "crops" which were to be planted. Feeling these and measuring the distances by his fingers and arm Peter drew his miniature furrows and dropped or sprinkled his seeds. In his first attempt to cover the seeds he knocked the rows askew, but then by placing his hand on that of his teacher while he did a row in the right way Peter mastered that art.

No grown-up farmer would like to weed with his eyes shut, but that is what both Peter and Carl had learned to do. They were taken to other children's plots, allowed to feel the different seedlings as they appeared, and so taught to distinguish the tiny plants from weeds. Hand hoes not more than a foot long were made for them. By keeping their left hand fingers a few inches ahead of the blade they did their hoeing without cutting down the vegetables.

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## AMERICAN COUNTESS HONORED



COUNTESS OF STRATFORD

LONDON.—The countess of Stratford, who is one of the most popular of the American women that have married titled Englishmen, was honored the other day by an unexpected visit from the dowager Queen Alexandra. The first she has paid since the death of King Edward. Lady Stratford and her husband, Mr. Kennard, have taken Houghton Hall, Norfolk, from Marquis Cholmondeley and Lady Stratford was engaged in gardening and dressed in old clothes when the queen mother's motor came up the drive. The countess attempted to run in doors and change her attire, but Alexandra insisted that she continue her work in the garden.

London.—A striking appeal to the upper and middle classes not to send their boys to the "barrack life" of the boarding school, and so remove them from the home influence, is made by the bishop of Hereford.

The bishop was a speaker at the public morals conference, which was held at the Caxton hall, Westminster. The object of the conference has been described as "a very earnest attempt to convert Mrs. Grundy"—to effect reforms in the moral education of boys and girls.

Speaking on "Education for Parenthood," the bishop said the English people of the upper and middle classes had drifted far too much into an almost exclusive preference for boarding school education.

"Boarding-school life is not a natural life for the young," he declared. "It is not only the children who suffer from being sent into barrack life, but the parents also suffer because they lose the most sacred responsibilities of parental duties."

"My experience as head master of Clifton college—which is both a day school and a boarding school—leads me to the conclusion that the best form of school education for boys of the upper and middle classes is that in which the boy is able to live under the influence of a good home life."

"At the same time a boy can enjoy all that is best in a well organized boarding school."

A schoolmaster of several years' experience gave several reasons why he

did not agree with the bishop of Hereford's opinion.

"Take the case of, say, little Tommy Jones who is a day boy at a secondary school," he said. "He is hit by another boy and goes home crying to his mother, who consoles him and dries his tears."

"Tommy is comforted and weakened at the same time. If Tommy was a boarder, and had no mother to fly to, he would soon learn he must stand up for himself and become self-reliant and brave."

"Either by hitting back at his aggressor or showing him that he was a good fellow and didn't mind chaff Tommy becomes happy and self-confident."

Speaking at the conference on the merits of the elementary school, Dr. Macnamara said he could confidently say that it had worked nothing short of a social revolution.

It was not only in the improvement of the children themselves but he was not sure that the school had not reacted even more upon the parents than upon the children.

Even the poorest and most hard-worked woman in the back street had made a struggle day in, day out to see that her Eliza should have as clean a pinafore as the rest of them.

Amid laughter, Dr. Macnamara added that he could guarantee to say that many a man had held on to a steady course because of Tommy's little framed certificate upon the mantel piece.

Dr. James Cantie, honorable secretary of the Royal Institute of Public Health, gave some useful hints on children's clothing.

He deprecated the use of babies' "comforters" and unsuitable clothing for children, especially "Eton jackets" for growing boys.

He particularly like an aeroplane because it never picks up a puncture

lenged I would undertake to run a mile a day. I can hardly believe that I am seventy-seven, and for this happy state of affairs I thank my electrical treatment."

Sir James does not believe either in alcohol or tobacco.

Whales Escort a Steamer. Big Cetaceans Accompany Vessel for Four Hours and Give Exhibition of Spouting.

Seattle, Wash.—On her way here from San Francisco, the steamer Presidio was escorted for four hours by a school of whales, some of which swam alongside the vessel. The President's passengers declared that the sight of the whales was well worth the entire trip.

## STATE HAPPENINGS

Norristown.—When Miss Isabel Finley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Finley, of this borough, sails for Europe, as she will do shortly, the journey will be the culminating chapter in a romance which had its start in Messina, Italy, at the time of the great earthquake. Miss Finley and her mother were then sojourning in Italy and when the call came the daughter offered her services to the Government as hospital nurse, never offer being accepted. It was at this time she met George A. Bell, who is connected with a steamship company in Naples. A case of love at first sight resulted and before Miss Finley sailed for America the couple were engaged.

Pittsburg.—Eleven hundred and ninety-three miles by trolley in twenty days at a cost of just \$33.19 for carfare is the record reported by Henry E. Juergens of this city, who has just returned from such a trip to the New England States. Juergens is a student of trolley transportation, and he took cautious notes and kept the exact figures of the cost of his trip. The distances he computed as follows:

Trolley, direct, 1,193 miles.  
Steam railroads, 469 miles.  
Hack, one mile.  
Walk, aggregate in 20 days, 87 miles.

This trip took him from Pittsburg through the States of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, and with the exception of five short breaks he made the entire circuit by trolley. It is his opinion that interurban electric traffic is improving so rapidly that the long distance trolley trip will soon become both practical and popular.

Allentown.—The Grand Council of Pennsylvania, Daughters of America, elected these officers at the session held here. State councillor, Kate Fritchman, No. 7; associate State councillor, Virginia Daugherty, No. 30; State vice-councillor, Jennie Markus, No. 11; associate State vice-councillor, Lillie Klinger, No. 33; State treasurer, A. A. Schaeffer, No. 11; State council conductor, Emma Addis, No. 19; State council warden, Fannie Zearfass, No. 54; State council inside guard, Mary Durkin, No. 51; State council outside guard, Della Hoover, No. 46; national delegates, Nellie Wise, No. 47; H. F. Daugherty, No. 30; A. J. Richards, No. 59; Lottie Hays, No. 26.

Norristown.—Fire in the Elston, an apartment house in Swede street, near Marshall, kept the fire companies busy from 2 o'clock until after 10 the other morning. The fire was confined to the basement near the elevator shaft. The house has been opened but two weeks and only the families of H. E. Elston, Dr. E. A. Krusen and William Smith, eight persons in all, were in the building. The Smiths, who are on the first floor, discovered the fire and awakened the others. The extent of the damage has not been determined.

Seranton.—Going suddenly insane, Mrs. Nettie Getz, 22 years, a student at the Home for the Friendless, crept into one of the children's wards and tried to strangle a little inmate known among the others as William Howard Taft. She was detected and dragged away from her intended victim by the superintendent, Mrs. A. K. Walker. Later she was removed to the insane department at the Hillside Home. The suicide of her father a couple years ago is believed to have affected Mrs. Getz's mind.

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## The Therapeutics of Joy

By RT. REV. SAMUEL FALLOWS, D. D., LL. D., Chicago, Illinois

The Bible is a wonderful therapeutic book. From the viewpoint of the new evangelism of health and happiness it is a new book. A flood of light is poured from its pages upon the surpassing problems of the spiritual regeneration of both the physical, mental and social life of man. These are the fundamental notes of the present mighty movement for the complete deliverance of the race from the thralldom of baleful unrest and inhibiting disease.

The inspired word chimes in with the latest teachings of science regarding the great influence of joy upon the human frame. Joy imparts strength, for it belongs to a happy family which numbers cheerfulness, gladness, mirthfulness, contentment, pleasure and delight among its members. It excites the whole muscular system. It increases the activity of all the vital functions. It quickens the pulse, brightens the eye, flushes the cheek, and nerves the arm. It makes play of work. It removes fatigue, while stimulating all the powers of body and mind.

Darwin has told us in the expression of the emotions in "Man and Animals" that with animals of all kinds the acquirement of almost all their pleasures, with the exception of those of warmth and rest, have long been associated with active movements, as in hunting in the search after food and other kindred things.

Joy, therefore, naturally shows itself in manifestations of strength. The nostrils are dilated, the angles of the mouth, the eyelids and the eyebrows are raised, all indicative of potential actual energy.

Joy acts powerfully upon all the digestive processes and works a transformation upon the jaundiced dyspeptic. It expands the lungs which have been contracted as if by the strong grip of a giant hand through sadness or disappointment. The sigh of melancholy is changed to songs of gladness. With the change comes the deepening and expanding of these vital organs and the oxygenating and enriching of the blood.

While we Americans are an active people, we are, as a rule, a joyless people. We act as though we were driven like slaves to our tasks. We take our pleasures on a boisterous run. Observant foreigners have noticed this rarity of joy upon our faces. They see, as a keen philosophic writer among us has seen, "lines of thought, and of care and of fear—money lines, shrewd, grasping lines, but how few happy lines." It would seem as if the rarest feeling that lightened our countenances was the genuine contentment of a loving, joyful soul.

It looks also as though our religion did not agree with us. We make it of weights instead of wings. We have gloomy thoughts of ourselves, of God, of our earthly existence, of our fellow men, of the life to come. We hang our heads upon the willows. We think this world to be a prison house. We say we cannot sing the songs of Zion in this strange land.

But this world is our home, our school, our workshop, our temple. We have been placed in it by almighty wisdom, power and love. We are the children of the Heavenly Father. And the joy of Jehovah is to be our strength—the joy that He is the ever watchful, ever providing, ever loving one—God over all blessed forevermore.

Too many of us, as some one has said, "think black is the color of heaven and the more we can make our faces the color of midnight, the more evidence we have of grace." What a supreme mistake we are making. True religion is sunshine and loveliness. The New Testament interprets and emphasizes the Old. The historical Christ, the real, human-divine Christ, not a Christ evaporated into nothingness by the mystic speculations of an erratic philosopher, says: "These words have I spoken unto you that your joy might remain in you and that your joy might be full." This fullness of joy in the heart makes life and death radiant with brightness.

I visited the home of a bereaved Christian who had forgotten the Christian teachings of that New Testament to "rejoice in the Lord always." The room on the north side of the house had every window darkened with heavy shades. She was clothed in garments of blackest black. The lines of her face were drawn down. The room was a fearsome, chilling tomb. Nothing could be more antithetical of a Christian's attitude and environment.

Not until I had thrown the curtains up and let the blessed light stream in could I speak the words of comfort, of hope and of assurance. Think of such a Christian's understanding of the command of the light-bringing Christ, "Let your light shine." Her light was turned to Egyptian darkness, which "could be felt."

There is no light to stream over land or sea like the light of joy. It must pour itself out amid sorrows and trials and tribulations. It is the one alchemy that can turn the basest metals into pure gold.

We were not made to live continually in the transports of joy. As God carries on His work by average men and carries on the processes of nature in average ways, so He means that our joys shall be on median lines. Ecstasies are only for rare occasions.

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