

LEST WE FORGET.

When the mists lie low and the sun slants up,
And the east is an aureate lip;
When the road lies free to the morning cup,

When the pool lies still, or the current slides
Like oil round the far-flung line;
When the tarpon deep in the blackness glides
And nibbles the live-bait mine;

When the great moose sniffs by the water's edge,
And starts with an angry snort;
When the hunter crawls through the rustling sedge,
And the heart beats thick and short;

When the dinner's o'er and the pipe burns free,
And the dog curls by the chair;
When your trail is good (as it ought to be)
And the light glints on Her hair;

-Stephen Chalmers, in the New York Times.

WATCHING FOR THE KING

By J. GRAY.

We have recently migrated from London to the seaside. It is a way families have nowadays. Father still runs up to town by the quick morning train, but the rest of us enjoy ourselves day by day near and on the sea, developing contours and gaining complexions.

Our house is at the end of a new row which runs at right angles to the cliff and sea. It is described as an "artistic villa" by a large board which much offends our sense of the artistic. The chief claim of the villa to the descriptive adjective lies in the highly ornamental nature of the paintings just inside the little porch, whose walls show forth chrysanthemums and roses of more than the orthodox flower-show size and coloring.

We also possess balconies both front and back of the house, so that we can sit in the sun or shade, to windward or leeward, and still have the beauty of the ever-changing waves before our eyes. Any exaggerated desire for rusticity may be satisfied by the sight of an unplowed field which stretches away in front of our road, and by the wild and barren tract of land which lies in our rear.

Moreover, the roads—north, south, east and west—of our new home are not in any way to be distinguished from fields which have been recently plowed, except that they are bordered by a curb, in a more or less slanting position, which slices off a strip of clayey sidewalk.

Even this has its charm; we feel that we did not leave London to descend to the commonplace of asphalt pavements and roads on which one can walk with ease. When a few days' rain have done their best for us, and we are practically cut off from kirk and market, we imagine that we know something of the joys of living in the Wild West of early adventurous dreams.

Yes, on the whole, we very much enjoy our new home. The air is bracing, the sea glorious; for it is really sea, although people may talk of the muddy Thames. The "low, bare flats at ebb-tide" have their charm, especially when the fishing boats are lying prone and helpless in the rays of the setting sun.

Of course, we expect improvements in time. The plowed and unplowed fields will disappear; and, doubtless, all the roads will become patterns of what roads should be, like the long stretch of model walk down by the promenade, where children skate on roller skates all day long. Already the pitch-darkness of our surroundings is about to be remedied by gas-lamps for which preparatory digging is taking place. To this fact we owe our introduction to "Rosy Tom."

That is our name for him. He is the watchman on duty during the night near the end of our road, where preliminary measures are being taken for the laying down of the pipes. Tom goes to his shelter about four in the afternoon, and remains on duty till about seven the next morning. The cold of the wintry nights arouses one's sympathy for him, and we convey jugs of soup to him in the evenings, and occasionally a cup of tea in the afternoon.

It was his jolly, hale and hearty appearance as he sat in his box that gained for him the appellation of "Rosy Tom." We did not realize how feeble he was till one afternoon when he called. There was a knock at the door, and a tremulous voice was heard in explanatory remarks: "You may remember, Miss, that I brought back a jug yesterday, but there weren't no cup with it. The lady"—this term applies always to my eldest sister, who is the "Lady Bountiful" of the family—the lady, she bring along a cup o' tea, an' I 'ad my mug, but she left it just as it were. I 'ad a misfortune w' the cup. It slipped out o' me 'and, so I waited till I could get one as like it as I could. It ain't quite the same, but I couldn't get no nearer."

"There's your old man, Nell," I whispered to my sister; "go and see what he wants. He is talking a lot to Mary at the door. It's something about a cup."

"Ye see, ma'am," he continued, apologetically, as Nell came into sight, "I be very sorry, but it slipped to the ground. Me 'ands was cold-like, and so that's 'ow it 'appened."

Poor numbed hands! No wonder the cup had fallen from their grasp. "Oh! you shouldn't, really!" said Nell, in distress. "The cup did not matter in the least. I wish you had not bought another."

"Well, you see, ma'am, I were more comfortable in my mind for gettin' it. You was very kind to bring the tea, and I'm sorry I couldn't exactly match the patt'n."

It was at this moment that Nell and I first discovered how shaky our old friend was.

"Do sit down," said Nell; "the kettle is boiling. You shall have a cup of tea in one minute."

"Thank you, ma'am, thank you kindly. I never do say 'no' to a cup o' tea."

The sound of conversation attracted grandma, who appeared in the hall with her kindly old face aglow with interest.

"You are the old watchman? I've heard of you from my granddaughters. It must be terribly cold for you at nights—terribly cold! We old folks feel it so much. We get on better in the summer, don't we?"

"Well, yes, we do, ma'am," he replied, with a smile; "but I be used to it now, so to speak, and then I has my fire. An', another thing, ma'am, as you will agree with; it ain't for long when we gets to our years—not for long. There is a beautiful mansion up yonder, if there ain't only a sentry-box for us to sit in down here."

"Ah!" replied grandma, her dear eyes glistening with sympathy, "then

you are not only a night-watchman; you are one of those who wait and watch for the coming of the King."

"That's it, ma'am! I do, I do; but He 'ave come. Ah! He's with me all the time. On the coldest o' nights He's by me, and He makes it warm. Then He's a-coming soon for to take me 'ome. There is no cold or weariness there. Warm and beautiful that land do be. Ah! that be something to watch for, ma'am!"

"It is, it is!" was grandma's earnest reply, and I marked a tear steal down her calm, though wrinkled cheek. "Well, God bless you, my friend, and grant that we may both be kept watching and waiting for our Lord."

"Amen, and thank you kindly," said Rosy Tom, as he handed back his cup. "I ain't broke it this time," he continued, with a smile. "It ain't so bitter cold in 'ere. But I must be off. It's time I was on dooty." With a warm "God bless you, ma'am," to grandma, and a salute to Nell and me, he tottered down the path to his little shelter.

"He has a beautiful face," said Nell. "I always think that the sunset on the sea and that dear old man's face are the two most lovely sights to be seen down here."

I laughed. "You have a way of finding beautiful faces wherever you go. Still, even I think he is a delightful specimen. I'm glad it seems to be a little warmer. I cannot bear to think of him out all these deadly cold nights."

The next morning there was a little stir of excitement in the air. "Heer'd about the watchman?" the milkman asked Mary, when he arrived about seven o'clock.

"No; what about him?" she queried with interest.

"Dead!" was the unexpected answer. "Took sudden in the night. I

expect it were the cold. They found him, apparently, sound asleep in his box this morning, as peaceful and calm-looking as a baby. Poor old chap, he've have a hard time of it, he have."

Nell went to see and comfort the old wife, who was thus suddenly bereft. She found her cheerful and full of hope.

"He ain't suffered, mum," she remarked, with a faint smile. "Leastways, I believe not. An' if I'd been took first, an' he'd been left, what would he 'a done? Nobody couldn't 'a nursed him but me. Now he's all right, and it don't matter how soon I goes now. The sooner the better, mum. The Lord have been very good to me. I couldn't 'a wished no better, unless he'd died in his bed."

"You would have liked to say good-bye," Nell said, softly.

"I would 'a liked, mum, but it didn't matter. We was always in the custom o' saying good-bye every day, knowing we mightn't meet again down here. My old man couldn't 'a been no lovin'g'—her voice trembled slightly at this remembrance—"nor I couldn't 'a done no more for 'im, if we had a know'n it was the last time."

Where there are no regrets the bitterness of death is gone.

"Would you like to see him?" Nell, knowing that the suggestion was a mark of respect and special favor, and that it would comfort the old lady if she agreed, said "Yes," and they went softly into the inner room. There Tom lay in the splendor and silence of death.

His old wife put her apron to her eyes to wipe away a tear that would come, but she smiled bravely.

"I don't look on him as dead, mum, nor never shall."

"He is not dead," Nell answered, gladly, looking from the motionless face to the quivering one, and recognizing a radiance on each that was not of earth. "You are quite right. He was watching for the King, and the King has come."

She looked again at the calm, glad, triumphant expression on the face of our old friend, and knew that he, who sat last evening gazing into the wintry sunset, had seen a glorious sunrise in the city of the King.—London Sunday-School Times.

FROM THE CHILDREN'S POINT OF VIEW

In all the talk we have had for and against race suicide, I have noticed little consideration of the children's point of view," says Christine Terhune Herrick, in the Woman's Home Companion.

In the first place, why do people want children? How many bring them into the world with the thought that for the sake of the country they should have offspring, and that patriotism demands a large family? I would also like to know how many bear children with the thought that

THREE WORKING RULES:

- 1. Live in the open air as much as you can.
2. Touch elbows with the rank and file.
3. Speak every day to some one whom you know to be your superior.

-Edward Everett Hale, in The Woman's Home Companion.

their progeny will not only make the world a better place to live in, but will, on their own account, be so happy, so useful, so valuable to themselves that the parents could not feel justified in refusing their existence.

If these questions were answered truthfully, I believe that in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand it would be shown that parents desired children for the sake of their own personal happiness (when they think of the matter at all)—for what the children would mean to them of joy and interest. Such feelings are entirely natural, but they can hardly be counted to the parents for righteousness. If a man and woman choose to have children because of the pleasure they will themselves receive from it, I do not think they should be looked upon as civic benefactors, only as ordinary human beings who have made wise investments on their own account which turn out to be also an advantage to the community at large."

To Make Waxed Paper.

This is used for keeping substances which either contain volatile aromatic ingredients or grease, which would penetrate through ordinary paper. On a flat sheet of copper over a gentle fire place a sheet of paper as a base, and then lay a second sheet on the top of the first, coat this second sheet with yellow or white wax, and distribute the latter uniformly over the entire sheet by means of a sponge, exerting a little pressure, till the paper is everywhere transparent, and consequently permeated by the wax. If the fire is too feeble, the process will be retarded; too powerful a flame is still more harmful, as the paper is liable to become brown or black. Stearine may be used instead of wax.—Der Industriose Geschaftsmann.

The Soap Bubble and Its Secrets.

By WILLIAM S. BIRGE, M. D.

How many of our young people have spent hours over those delicately colored wonders, the soap bubbles. Many of us still believe, as we believed when children, that no gem surpasses a soap bubble in beauty; and one cannot help feeling really sorry when each exquisite plaything bursts.

Sir Isaac Newton, who sought out the secret that a falling apple hinted, said of the soap bubble that a man or child who could blow one that would last would confer a great benefit upon mankind. You may wonder at this saying, but the truth of it will soon be apparent.

Perhaps some of you do not know how to make a good soap bubble mixture, so I give you the directions for preparing one.

Put into a pint bottle two ounces of best white Castile soap, cut into thin shavings, and fill the bottle with cold water which has been first boiled and then left to cool. Shake well together, and allow the bottle to stand until the upper part of the solution is clear. Decant now of this clear solution two parts, and add one part of glycerin, and you have a soap bubble mixture very much like one suggested by a professor of Harvard College.

Some of you may wonder why bubbles cannot be blown from water alone. It is because the particles do not possess sufficient attraction for one another to form a film. Mysteriously, the soap increases this attraction, even if the quantity be as small as 100th part of the solution. We add the glycerin to make the film more gorgeous by bringing about a greater play of colors. Bear in mind that a carefully prepared mixture will save you much disappointment.

The solution now being at hand, we use the ordinary clay tobacco pipe in blowing. Always use a new one, for one in which tobacco has been smoked is poisoned. With a little practice, and a moderate amount of patience, bubbles measuring eight or ten inches in diameter may be produced, and even larger ones if the lungs be refilled. The pipe, of course, should be held steadily, and the breath forced into the bubbles evenly.

In order to watch a bubble carefully we may wish to support it in some way. A common table goblet will make a good stand if its edge is first dipped into melted paraffin, or well soaped, which prevents it from cutting into the film.

All bubbles and drops are round. All liquids, when free to act, tend to take on the spherical form. So it is with milk when it falls upon a buttered plate, a raindrop when it descends, or the dew that glistens so beautifully in the morning sun. In each case the drop is composed of tiny particles that are equally attracted by a central particle, and as they cling regularly around it give the drop a round shape. Your school books have told you that this attraction that causes all things to try to come together is gravitation.

In the case of the soap bubbles the case is reversed. The particles of air within press with equal force outward upon the film in all directions, producing the curved surface and making a hollow sphere. If the room

is free from drafts, the bubble will be a perfect one, and will teach us the principles that underlie the making of a sphere. This perfect form, however, is seen only when the bubble floats. When resting upon the goblet, it appears very much like an orange—that is, an oblate spheroid, the true shape of the earth.

Putting it into the simplest language, the form of a bubble is due to the holding together of the soap solution, to the outward pushing of the air within and the resistance of the film.

If the air in the room is moderately cool the bubble will float like a tiny balloon. The mouth and lungs at all times having a temperature of nearly 100 degrees, the air blown into the toy bubbles is warmer and consequently lighter than the air which surrounds them; therefore they float, and it is their lightness and grace that, with their beauty, give them such a charm. As soon as the air within the bubble cools it slowly sinks till it reaches the floor, and the jar of its contact usually ruptures the film.

The extreme thinness of the bubble is indeed wonderful. It is estimated that the film in some places is only one 3,000,000th of an inch in thickness. Probably few of us can conceive of such thinness. Let me express it in another way. The Old and New Testament contain some 3,000,000 letters. Now one 3,000,000th is such a part of an inch as the first letter of the Bible is a part of the sum of all its letters.

The bubble, however, is not of equal thickness at all points, and it is for this reason that it has the various colors. For instance, wherever the film is orange red it measures about three 1,000,000ths of an inch, and at a point where lemon yellow is prominent about twenty 1,000,000ths of an inch. Perhaps you wonder why the colors change from one part of the soap bubble to another. This is because the film of the soap bubble evaporates and grows thinner, but unequally so at different portions. A greenish blue with a pale rose red spot near it indicates an extreme thinness, and at such a point the film is ready to give way at the least jar.

You will be glad to know the source of the beautiful colors. Every one is delighted with them, even if not interested by the explanation of their origin. We may say that they come from the light. Light gives color to all objects, but not exactly as it does to the soap bubble. White light from the sun can be broken into the seven colors which we have seen in the rainbow. In that instance the raindrops separate it into its parts. A glass prism will do the same, as you may prove by looking through a glass pendant from a hanging lamp.

When the light reaches the surface of the soap bubble a part is reflected from it, and we see images on its surface as if it were a curved mirror. Another portion of the light, however, enters the film and is separated so that a part of the seven colors are thrown into the bubble, and we can see them at various portions of the opposite surface. Another part of the light, after being broken by the film, is reflected by its inner surface back to our eyes, so that we see colors at the point where the light enters.—Christian Advocate.

TRAMP AND THE RAILROAD.

Pennsylvania Lost \$436,000 Last Year by Theft—A Conference of Powers.

That the Pennsylvania Railroad lost \$436,000 last year by thefts by tramps is shown in figures just made public to prove the seriousness of the problem the railroads of the country face in dealing with trespassers. This sum was paid out in 1907 in claims for losses traced to thefts.

According to these figures on the tramp nuisance, 4156 arrests for trespassing and illegal train riding were made on the Pennsylvania's right of way and 466 men were arrested for larceny. At the same time 309 men were killed or died from injuries received while in the act of trespassing.

The railroads of the country are about to take concerted action looking to an abatement of the tramp nuisance and it is to be one of the important matters to be taken up at the next annual joint meeting of the State Railroad Commissions. According to the railroad officials, local authorities often refuse to make arrests at all, whereas if the State and county authorities would cooperate with the railroads the railroad tramps would quickly decrease in numbers.

The New York and Chicago Railroad Managers' Association has taken up the matter, and an attempt is to be made to enlist the support of the authorities in suppressing the evil which the railroads contend is the backbone of all vagrancy.—New York Sun.

Little Pay For Much Work.

The editor in proportion to his means does more for his town than any other man, says the East Prairie (Mo.) Eagle. He ought to be supported, not because you happen to like him or admire his writing, but because a local paper is the best investment a community can make. It may not be crowded with great ideas, but financially it is of more benefit than both teacher and preacher. Today editors do more for less pay than any other men on earth.

Gunners' Deafness.

"The imminent danger," says Surgeon-General Rixey, "of the serious and in a measure preventable accident, rupture of the eardrums, demands consideration in preparation for target practice or battle, and every man should be compelled to employ pledgets of cotton or a worthy substitute for filling the auditory orifices. The necessity of compulsion in a matter so rational may be surprising, but the fact is neither officers nor men take kindly to the use of such artificial protection, though the practice is more universal than it was a few years ago. Many of the gun crews in the navy suffer from deafness of variable duration after target practice, and in a severe naval action it is probable that the impact of suddenly compressed air or repeated violent air vibrations consequent upon big gun fire and the bursting of the enemy's shells would produce not only deafness (temporary or permanent) among the personnel of the ships but also a dazed mental condition, which is a recognized result, that would have the effect of physical disablement.

"Prevention can alone deal with it, and the medical bureau hopes that some action may be taken by the Navy Department. The bureau has been making some study of the various expeditious and devices of indicating those deserving recognition and from among which choice may be made, but the adoption of any one to the entire exclusion of others within the range of efficiency is neither necessary nor desirable. Action is needed only to the end that some efficient protection be made obligatory among those exposed to the concussion of gun fire or shell explosion, and the bureau has recommended a general order to that effect.—Washington Star.

On Jupiter.

A man of normal earthly size, if transported to the equator of Jupiter, would actually feel much lighter than he does here on earth, because the swift rotation of the planet would almost lift him from his feet and throw him into the heavens.—Cassell's Saturday Journal.

THE COMPROMISED.

She used to say the man she wed
Would have a proud and noble air,
With manners showing him well bred,
No rough, uncouth, ungainly bear.
He was to have a lofty mind,
You can't account for woman's whim,
The woman isn't dead or blind,
And yet, you see, she married him.

He used to say he'd not resign
The pleasures of a single life
Unless a creature half-divine
Should recommend to be his wife.
Of course she would be fair of face,
Accomplished, too. I hate to slur,
But she has neither charm nor grace,
And yet, you see, he married her.

It certainly is very strange
That people frequently misname
With all that unrestricted range
Of choice—and most unfortunate.
But, though we well may wonder why,
Their folly we should not condemn.
Our partners fall a little shy,
And yet, you see, we married them.
—Chicago News



"Papa, what is stoicism?" "The after effects of a honeymoon."—Life.

She—"It's funny you should be so tall. Your brother, the artist, is short, isn't he?" He (absently)—"Yes, usually."—Town and Country.

"What do you think young Chump-ley weighs?" "About 200 pounds on the scales and about ten ounces in the community."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Let me make myself plain," said a petulant miss. As a rival she wished to decide, And the answer the latter retorted was this: "Tis not needful" then number one cried. —The Listener, in Town Topics.

A boy always brags of what he will do when he's a man. And when he becomes a man he always boasts of what he did when he was a boy.—Pick-Me-Up.

Mrs. Knicker—"What do you do when a man steps on your dress?" Mrs. Bocker—"I look as Jack does when I ask him to pay for it."—Harper's Bazar.

"Can I have a pass over your line?" "No," replied the railroad man, "law is too strict. We can't pass anything but a dividend now."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"Could you give a starving woman work?" "Yes; but I must tell you that we have five children." "Thanks. I'll keep on starving."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Ella—"I'm to be married to-morrow and I'm terribly nervous." Stella—"I suppose there always is a chance of a man getting away up to the last minute."—Brooklyn Life.

"I didn't notice you at the mother's congress." "No," replied the woman addressed, "I'm not a theoretical mother, you know. I have six."—Philadelphia Ledger.

There once was a dinner named Dun, Who collected the man with a gun; And he killed a dead beat. Right out on the street. Yes; that's what the dinner Dun done. —Judge.

"I thought you had money enough for your dash to the pole." "I have," replied the Arctic explorer. "It's the expedition for my relief we're asking funds for now."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"Officer," said the police magistrate, "what is the charge against the prisoner?" "Haying an infernal machine in his possession, your honor," replied the policeman. "Anarchist or chauffeur?" queried the magistrate.—Newsbook.

Gloomer—"You were so kind and sympathetic the last time I told you my troubles I want to thank you for that and now I've got another." Bloomer—"Oh, pray, don't mention it."—Washington Star.

"And have you any brothers and sisters, my little man?" asked the kind old lady. "Yes'm," replied the little man; "I got one sister and one and a half brothers." "What?" "Yes, ma'am; two half sisters and three half brothers."—Philadelphia Press.

We Are Dying Younger.

In view of all that has been said about the fall in the death rate it seems strange to realize that we are not living so long as our grandfathers and grandmothers did. More babies live to grow up nowadays than formerly, but people in later life die younger. Once arrived at the adult age, the average man or woman has few years of survival to expect.

This seems on the face of it so surprising a statement that in order to be accepted it should be backed up by data authentic and indisputable. Such data are furnished by the figures of the insurance companies (which all agree on the point), but it is easier to refer to the Government census reports, which tell the tale in simple and convincing fashion. Even during the last fifteen years the death rate among all persons over fifty-five years of age of both sexes has risen very considerably.—Health Culture.

Joys of Spring Cleaning.

Even spring cleaning, so much abused by lazy people, is wholesome and invigorating, and not so unpleasant, after all, as some make out, if entered into with zest and good heart. Instead of grumbling, why not enjoy the life and movement of it? It is all a part of earth's renewal.—Lady.

Jobs For Roosevelt.

There is no doubt that the President could earn his living writing for the magazines after leaving office. One offer of \$100,000 for a series of articles on foreign travel has already been rejected, it appears.—Springfield Republican.