

JUDGE NOT.

Let us believe the best: there are enough, you know, Judging by what they see—wronging each other so; Let us believe the best: there are enough to blame. Numbers to think the worst—numbers to brand a name. Many a soul would rise out of his dark despair, If there were only one just to believe and care— Out on the losing side, daring to take his stand. Heedless of what men say, holding a brother's hand. —Shaftesbury Magazine.

The Triumph of the Star

By MARY C. BOYLE.

It had been an unprecedented triumph for Emily Reece when she had stepped from the ranks of the chorus to the leading part in the musical comedy, and had won even the most biased and merciless critics by her girlish insouciance and the sweetness and purity of her wonderful voice. To Fred Hamilton, the stage manager, it had been a source of gratification and delight, for it was he who had discovered in "Little Emily" promise of a beautiful future, and he had left no stone unturned to assist her in the journey on the road to fame and fortune. And now his most cherished desire was to be realized, for through the influence of some wealthy patrons of music and the arts the fair singer was to head her own company as a star in an opera which had been written for her by the leading musician of the day.

The plans were nearly completed for the auspicious occasion and the omnipresent Hamilton was busily engaged in the hundred and one details incident to a prima donna's first appearance. But there was a force with which the practical and prosaic stage manager forgot to reckon, in the person of the little blind god, who bears the name of Cupid, and who had sent his love-tipped arrows with telling aim in the direction of Emily Reece and the impecunious but happy-go-lucky Hugh Kelsey, a bright young newspaper man, who "covered" the Jefferson Theatre where Emily sang and danced her way into the hearts of the great army of theatregoers.

Hamilton had looked upon the growing attachment of the two young people with unconcern, until one day he was peremptorily sent for by the brown-eyed little singer who calmly informed him that she was engaged to Hugh, and rather hesitatingly remarked that the marriage would take place in the very near future. "But, of course, the happy event will not interfere with your debut," was Hamilton's reply, after he had offered the stereotyped congratulations, and like a bolt from a clear sky came the astounding reply: "I intend to retire from the stage forever when the present show is over, for I am anxious to have a home all my own and bake and brew for the man I love."

Hamilton was transfixed with astonishment and rage, until he finally managed to say scornfully: "Give up your career, with your beauty and talent, to be a household drudge for a man without a penny? Pah! it's preposterous; you'll regret it, see if you don't!"

His remarks were cut short by Emily: "You will please leave me at once, my decision is irrevocable; money and fame are not everything in this world, and you—you are a mercenary old bachelor without a particle of sentiment."

Just then the maid announced "Mr. Kelsey," and with outstretched hands and a caressing smile upon her lips Emily went to greet Hugh, and Hamilton, filled with resentment and chagrin at the failure of his plans, beat a hasty retreat.

The news of the approaching nuptials of the popular actress and the almost unknown Hugh was heralded far and wide, and when it became known that "Little Emily" was to abandon the footlights for the hearthstone it became a nine days' wonder, but the fickle public soon forgot her and her name was soon but a sweet and far-distant memory.

A year or two afterward Fred Hamilton, tired and weary of the strain of booking actors and actresses, good, bad and mostly indifferent, shook the dust of the hot, seething city from his heels, and in a huge touring car, with his chauffeur for company, was off to "fresh fields and pastures new," and was soon spinning quickly along the country road with the fresh, cool summer breeze from the green hills acting as a balm to his unruly nerves. But there is always a fly in the ointment, and just when he was in a particularly blissful frame of mind there was a loud report, something snapped and the machine stopped suddenly, and despite the united efforts of the men, refused to move.

To all appearances they were miles from the nearest garage and Hamilton was in far from a pleasant mood when he espied a tiny cottage in the distance, standing among the trees, and trusting to luck that it might boast of a telephone, walked slowly in the direction of the house.

It was evidently a summer camp, built of logs in the old-fashioned way and showing the artistic womanly touch in the trailing vines and masses of bright colored flowers which transformed it into a veritable bower. The door stood invitingly open, and

Hamilton, standing on the threshold, uttered a surprised exclamation as a girl clad in a simple, spotless linen gown came toward him with a "Hush, baby is asleep," and then, "Why, it's dear old 'Hammy'." Past grievances were forgotten by the two, for in the mistress of the manor Fred Hamilton recognized the Emily of former days in the very captivating matron who welcomed him so cordially. She told him of the glorious summer days spent in this sylvan retreat, which Hugh could easily reach after his work in the city was over, and the light of perfect happiness was upon her countenance and it was hardly necessary for Hamilton to question her regarding the wisdom of her choice.

After assistance was summoned for the refractory automobile, Emily charmingly insisted upon the stage manager remaining for the evening meal, and to the man accustomed to hotel fare the simple and well-cooked repast was like ambrosia.

"I say, old chap," said Hugh, as he and his guest sat puffing their after-dinner cigar, "I stole Emily from the glare of the spotlight, but I know and feel sure that she is perfectly content, although the world has lost a singer." And stepping lightly across to the tiny nursery and beckoning silently to Hamilton, they stood watching Emily as she sat with Hugh, Jr.'s tiny head quite close to hers, and in a voice that had become enriched and softened by the supreme joy of motherhood, sang a quaint, low lullaby to the rosy little cherub in her arms. To Fred Hamilton she looked like some old world Madonna with the moonlight streaming in upon her, and the scene touched a responsive chord in the worldly man's heart, for he realized that all the world's adulation and glamour were as dead sea fruit when compared to the perfect peace and harmony of that little household.

And when he made his adieu he took Emily's hand in his and said very solemnly: "You're a star after all, little Emily, in the greatest show on earth—a happy home," and stepping into the waiting automobile, he was off, and she knew he meant it.—Boston Post.

GOVERNMENT NURSERIES

The trees used in the National experiments in reforestation are grown at eight Government nurseries in the existing National forests out West. The preliminary stage of forest planting within the National forests is now past, and several of the planting stations have produced trees of sufficient size to plant directly on the permanent site. About 700,000 trees were planted during the winter and spring of 1907.

At the nursery in the Dismal River National forest more stock has reached an age suitable for planting than at the other stations. This nursery contains approximately 2,500,000 trees.

At present there are about 3,000,000 trees for planting in the sand hills. The species largely in use up to this time are Western yellow pine and jack pine. Other species, chiefly Scotch pine, Norway pine and Douglas fir, are being tested in the nursery and in experimental plantations.

The State forests of Saxony, comprising 450,000 acres, are in charge of a forestry bureau at a yearly expense which averages \$3 for each acre, but such is the extent and value of the timber and other products that the net yearly revenue averages \$5.30 an acre after deducting all expenses. The appropriation of the United States for the bureau of forestry is so insignificant that it amounts to a little less than one cent for each acre.—Moody's Magazine.

Reminded Him of Home.

A New Yorker, whose boyhood had been spent within a stone's throw of Beacon Hill and that mighty edifice in which the Commonwealth of Massachusetts is yearly saved, was recently summoned to admire his wife's new hat. Round and steep and brilliantly yellow it was—the "very latest" cabriolet. The man looked at it long and thoughtfully, and then "That takes me back," he breathed.

"What do you mean?" inquired his puzzled wife, who had been prepared for sarcasms, but not sighs.

"Why, the hat's the living image of the dome of the Boston State House—if you'd only had it just a little bigger!"

And as he made his escape she heard him humming, "How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood!"—New York Press.

A Promising Lad.

A Richmond man whose business frequently takes him to the wilds of West Virginia tells an incident illustrating an interesting phase of the mountaineer character in that section.

The Richmond man was desirous of employing for work in the region referred to a certain Hank Waters, and so had asked a number of mountaineer questions as to his character, fitness for the work, etc.

"He's pretty well and favorably known in this locality, isn't he?" asked the Richmond man of one old fellow never out of the mountains in all his life.

"Well, mebbe he ain't so well known as a lot o' others," replied the old chap, in an apologetic tone. "Ha ain't killed nobody yet that I knows of, but," he added gravely, "Hank Waters is mighty promisin'."—Harpers's Weekly.

English Fears of Invasion

The Bitter Experience of France Cited by Way of Justification

By H. W. Stebbings



R. Siegmund Hubert in a letter smiles at British fears of a German invasion and talks of the wild panic in London in 1633; but he need not go so far back—the coast towns of the North Atlantic States were just as panic-stricken during the Spanish-American war, though Cervera's fleet was thousands of miles away.

France neglected repeated warnings to keep her frontier protected, and Germany after long secret preparation caught her napping and descended on Paris in a war which is, was, and probably will be the greatest menace to universal peace until her star shall set.

Germany is building up a wonderful home empire, and with her great army she is perfectly secure from invasion; but she has few colonies to protect and has very secure seaports, so that it hard to understand her feverish desire to build a mighty navy. It is hardly likely that England with her enormous outlying possessions and her own exposed coasts can complacently sit idle. Her very existence is at stake. Only the ignorant in each nation indulge in cheap sneers at the other's expense.

History in the past has proved that in her worst hours of trouble Germany has found foes around her on all sides, but never England. Germany is forging ahead now, but her rise to power is no more wonderful than the stupendous power gained over the sea and in every quarter of the globe by practically the smallest country in Europe. Of course we are trained to think the British slow, obtuse, and quite deserving of cheap insults commonly thrown at them, but the fact remains that the British have opened up the entire world, while other nations stayed at home. They have built up a foreign trade which is amazing. On their trade routes Germany and ourselves have eagerly followed, and perhaps with newer methods, and by avoiding their mistakes and profiting by their experience we may beat them in the end, but we have yet to oust them. And ought we to boast too loudly when we have yet far to go?

The Marvellous "Handy Man"

By Eugene Wood

YOU know the Handy Man, don't you? the fellow that makes his own fly-screens, and they fit; that knows how to give the cow castor oil, for she won't take it from a spoon like a person; that rigs up a reel for his lawn hose instead of hanging it on a hook to spring a leak; that lays his own cement walk and steps, the steps just a little out of gear, but look how little it all cost him; that builds his own mission furniture which has to be moved with a pry when they sweep; that paints everything about his place that paint will stick to; that takes his clock apart to clean it instead of sousing the works into gasoline the way the fellow does that comes around to the house; that can fix the doorbell when it won't ring, and has all the locks and hinges on the place so that they pretty near work of themselves. You know the Handy Man, don't you? Well, I don't like him. I repeat I don't like the Handy Man at all. But you understand as well as I do that all my mockery of him has been an effort to get revenge for all his mockery of me and my thumbhandedness. In my heart of hearts I must own up that all our present

LD fogies of all ages (some are not yet 21) make me tired. You'll always find the old foggy who longs for the days when actors could really act and when Shakespeare was adequately represented. Old fogies of this year of grace hark back to the "good old days" of the late '70's, but I remember that critics who wrote in those days were in the habit of picking flaws in Edwin Booth himself and prating of the days of his father and Macready and Forrest.

New as a matter of fact (I like to be didactic this hot weather) those who saw the recent production of "Twelfth Night" at the Academy of music saw the very best Malvollo that has been seen in New York in thirty years. I have seen at least half a dozen Malvolios, Americans, English and one German in that time, and Edward Sothorn more nearly realized the part than any other.

Thirty years from now some old foggy of that time will be mourning for the palmy "old days of the first decade of the twentieth century, when Shakespeare was really played," and yet I'll venture to say that each age will raise up its own capable actors.

For versatility there was of course one Edwin Booth, but as great as he may now be doing turns in some cheap East Side music hall. Not only do we have the poor always with us, but genius is peculiar to no generation. Perhaps the man who will make New York remembered may to-day be crying for his bottle in New Zealand; but those who did not see Sothorn and Marlowe missed a dramatic treat that in a smaller theatre would have been almost too good to be true.

Actors Old and New

The "Palmy Days" of the Profession Always Receding

By Charles Battell Loomis, of New York

HE word "Armageddon," which has figured so largely in patriotic speeches and newspaper headlines recently in England cannot be found in any of the leading dictionaries. It is taken of course from the Apocalypse, where it is the name given to the field of the final struggle between the powers of good and evil.

Literally, it signifies "the mountain of Megiddo," Megiddo being a city in the great plain at the foot of Mount Carmel. It was there that King Josiah received his death wound in the battle against Pharaoh Necho II, King of Egypt.

Lord Rosebury, Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Balfour during the past week have prophesied that the German Ocean is shortly to be the Armageddon where the fate of the British Empire is to be determined. It is a disquieting fact that the leaders of both the Government and the Opposition appear to accept as unavoidable a coming conflict between England and Germany. Surely we are rattling back to barbarism when two great nations of the same race stock are, without a cause for war, preparing to meet each other in the Armageddon which has been so much talked about the past week.



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By Hyacinthe Ringrose

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HORTICULTURE

STRAWBERRIES.

In strawberry culture runners that reach beyond a reasonable limit should be cut off. The plants should be cultivated at least once a week and after each rain an utter extermination of weeds is necessary to success.—Indianapolis News.

PRUNE THE TREES.

All fruit trees need pruning immediately after planting. Make the tops correspond with the roots. Peaches need the most trimming after setting; trim these to mere switch-like about two feet high and without side shoots longer than one inch.—Farmers' Home Journal.

SAVING MELONS FROM BEETLES.

The little striped beetles that sting the muskmelons may be successfully combated by covering the vines with cotton mosquito netting on frames. Another way is to sprinkle a mixture of slaked lime and wood ashes around the hills, both of which act as fertilizers if used sparingly.—Indianapolis News.

PERENNIAL CROPS.

Perennial crops, like rhubarb, parsley and horseradish, should have a garden of their own to keep them out of the way. Do not let the rhubarb form a blossom. Horseradish is so easy to cultivate and spreads so rapidly that it should be kept by itself, otherwise it may become a nuisance.—Indianapolis News.

AMPELOPSIS ON A NORTH WALL.

The ampelopsis, or Virginia creeper, is often recommended for planting to cover the north wall of a house, and the recommendation is a good one when the proper ampelopsis is mentioned. This is the old-fashioned Virginia creeper, Ampelopsis quinquefolia, which, although requiring support, will give an excellent account of itself on all but the most hopeless north walls. The more popular A. Vitis, or Vitis inconstans, seems to be quite unsuited to a north wall.—Indianapolis News.

SMALL FRUITS.

The small fruits play a very important part in the economy of the household, inasmuch as they come at a time when there is a scarcity of other fruits and oftentimes of vegetables as well. So it is very important that every farmer especially should set apart a plot of ground sufficiently large to be capable of producing all the small fruits that the family can possibly consume during the year. The size of the plot will depend somewhat upon the size of the family.—Farmers' Home Journal.

CALCIUM CYANAMIDE.

Recent European experiments indicate that calcium cyanamide is about equal in agriculture value to sulphate of ammonia. The best time to apply it is in the fall, and whenever used for a sowed crop it should be distributed at least eight days before seeding and harrowed into the soil. This fertilizer seems to be particularly beneficial to cereals and hoed crops, its action being best in a wet season. Calcium cyanamide appears to be more effective in nonacid, rich humus or clay soils than in those containing sand or lime. One experimenter recommends concerning its application that the best time is "when the soil is wet or when there is good prospect of rain, and that in any case it should be well worked into the soil, that it may have as much moisture as possible.—Indianapolis News.

WORK IN THE ORCHARD.

Much of the important work on the fruit farm must be done during the dormant season. Just how much of the season's work can and should be done in winter is a question of economic importance to the fruit grower. In most parts of the country everything goes with a rush from the time the trees leaf out in the spring until the crop is harvested, packed and shipped in the fall. There is frequently, in fact usually, a scarcity of help during much of the growing season. The greatest drawback to winter work is the cold weather and short days. However, we have found that men and teams working in the orchard can accomplish about as much in eight or nine hours when the weather is cool as they can working ten hours during hot weather.

A point of great importance in winter work is that the owner can usually be right along with his men about all the time, as the work is not so much scattered or divided as the summer work.

While some advocate pruning in June, it is seldom that we see pruning done at that time in active practice. Occasionally a peach grower gets so far behind with his winter and spring work that he is found trimming trees as late as the first of June, but it always proves more costly to do the work at that time when the foliage is off the trees. Wounds made in pruning trees will heal over more quickly when the work is done in the spring, but most orchardists paint the larger cuts when pruning, and thus they have no trouble with the wood checking or dying back into the remaining wood of the tree.

In pruning large apple trees there is always more or less heavy work, and by doing this late in winter we bring the work up close to spring and allow only a small chance for the wood to dry out before the growth begins.—Correspondence in the Apple Specialist.



FORCE OF HABIT.

A poet loved a wealthy maid, An heiress far beyond his station, So, with his tender muse to aid, He wooed with fiery inspiration. He sent by mail a fervent plea, A poem couched in words that burn; And then, from force of habit, he Enclosed a stamp for its return! —Sam S. Stinson, in Puck.

WILL ACCOMPANY HER HOME.

"I understand that Caroline is going to Europe for her health." "Indeed! When did she send it over?"—Boston Transcript.

AND THIS IS GAWF.

The Secretary—"Excuse me, sir, but you might replace the turf." The Novice—"But if I did I should never get round."—The Sketch.

THE REASON.

Discontented Wife—"Several of the men whom I refused when I married you are richer than you are now." The Husband—"That's why."—Illustrated Bits.

ATROCIOUS.

The Husband—"Well, say what you will, my dear, you'll find worse than me in the world."

The Wife—"Oh, Tom, how can you be so bitter?"—Pittsburg Observer.

"AHA! SHE CAN'T ESCAPE MEH."

Maude—"And so your husband is leading man at the Bowdoin Castle Theatre." Belle—"No, the misleading man—he's the villain."—Boston Transcript.

PREPARATORY TO GETTING OFF.

Hub (arriving home from office)—"Well, dear, and how is the new cook getting on?"

Wife—"She's getting on her things to leave, that's how."—Boston Transcript.

THERE, NOW!



She—"If a man loves his wife as much as she loves him, he will stop wasting his money on cigars if she asks him."

He—"Yes, but if his wife loves him as much as she ought to love a man who loves her enough to stop it if she asks him, she won't ask him!"—From London Opinion.

HIS FAMILY AT THE BEACH.

Doctor—"The only thing the matter with you, my dear sir, is loneliness."

Patient—"Well, I certainly have a sort of an 'all gone' feeling, doctor."—Boston Transcript.

A CHECKERED ANSWER.

"Hullo, mate, 'ow is it you ain't workin'?"

"Well, it's like this: I works at a domino factory, and I puts on the spots, and they're making double blanks to-day!"—London Opinion.

THE DIPLOMATIC SEX.

Mrs. Green—"The doctors say a good cry is healthful."

Mrs. Wise—"I know it is. A good cry gets me and the girls a month at the seashore each year, and we come back as hard as nails."—Boston Transcript.

STRAIGHT TIPS.

Ted—"Does the Government fisheries commission have any difficulty in finding waters to stock?"

Ned—"I shouldn't think so. All they have to do is to pick out those summer resorts that advertise good fishing."—Judge.

DIFFERENT VERSIONS.

Teacher—"Johnny, tell me something of Abraham Lincoln."

Johnny—"Which version?"

Teacher—"Why, what do you mean?"

Johnny—"History or magazine?"—Cleveland Leader.

BROKE HIM.

Margie—"Did you see all the sights at the seashore?"

Jack O. Hartz—"Most of 'em, I guess."

Margie—"Well, tell me what the breakers looked like."

Jack—"The two I met were both blondes."—Kansas City Times.

READY FOR THE SEASON.

Summer Resort Proprietor—"Five last year's prices been increased fifty per cent. as I ordered?"

Clerk—"Yes, sir."

Summer Resort Proprietor—"Well, tow the sea serpent out and anchor it in front of the hotel, and let the season begin."—Denver Republican.