

A BIRD-CALL.

Noon on the gardens fair and stately. Close-clipped hedges and arbors rare; Moon in the palace lush'd sedately— King asleep in his cushioned chair. Pages nodding and lords bent over— Breaking the silence, far and sweet— "Sweet-tweet-tweet!" sang a bird in the clover. Warm winds blew it across the wheat: Princess Marjoline, fair and rosy— Sun a-dick on her golden head— Scowl'd at her lessons dull and prosy— "That bird's happy!" she softly said. Nodded the grim duenna, sleeping; Eyes that saw not, nor ears that heard; Swiftly the little princess, creeping, Fled, at the call of a vagrant bird!

Torch-lit pages, and maids dishevel'd Track'd the princess by scraps of lace! Every hour of dark she number'd— Grim duenna—with terror wild; While over the princess calmly slumber'd On the straw with the cotter's child! Counsel'd at morn the lords together: "Fare ye well, monarch on restless feet!" Far away, from the grass and feather, Echoed the bird's song, "Sweet, oh, Sweet!" Sudden a tumult—guards and pages, Torn green kirtle and golden hair; "Funnish!" the old duenna rages; Shrieks the princess: "You will not dare!" "See, I love her! We play'd together!" Small white palm into brown one stray'd; (Scowled, like cattle in hempen tether, Stood the hinds and their barefoot maid.) "Kind they were when I wander'd thither; Is it by bonds such debts we pay? Wicked pages, to hale them hither! I'm to blame, for—I ran away!" Twinkled the king's eyes, laughter-laden; "Gold and freedom for them!" quoth he; "Sine they have hous'd this wilful maiden Who hath flout'd my house and me." Kiss'd and twenk'd in a breath, she whines. "This for penance, my tricky elf; Listen—whisper: your father, princess, Did the very same thing himself!" —E. Vinton Blake, in St. Nicholas.

IN THE BIOGRAPH.

What Old Abner Carter Learned at the Moving Picture Show.

(W. R. Rose in Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

The last man on earth to admit that Abner Carter lived a narrow life would have been Abner Carter himself. That was an admirable form of proof of his narrowness. All his 54 years of existence had been passed on a farm in a Vermont township not far from the Canadian line. He was two miles from the nearest village—and a tiny village it was—and eleven miles from the nearest railway. He sold his produce in the village to buyers who were understood to come from far away Burlington and that two miles radius enclosed his little world. There had been talk of another railway, the line to take in the village on its way to Montreal. Abner Carter had resented this proposed intrusion. The village had done very well without a railway for a century and more. A railway meant smoke and snuff, and noise and cattle killed and maimed, and depot loafers. He liked the railway still less when a good looking young surveyor at work on the coming route saw Sylvia Carter in the lane beside the Carter homestead. Sylvia was pretty, very pretty and smart, too—and Abner Carter was proud of her beneath the shell that hid his emotions. Well, the railway didn't come—it may have been all a financial bluff, but the surveyor kept on coming and one day the good looking young fellow faced him.

the Carter farm as it had been moving for sixty years more. Abner toiled and saved and steadily added to his earthly treasure and his neighbors looked upon him as a solid member of the scattered community. Ten years had passed when he heard from Sylvia again. The letter was also from New York, but it bore the name of another street and another number. "Dear father," he slowly read aloud, "I am writing to tell you that our little Sylvia, who has been very, very ill, is going to get well. For hours we thought we had lost her. And when the doctor said just now that the danger was passed my mother heart cried out to your father heart, and so I am writing to tell you this wonderful, this blessed news, Sylvia." Abner stared at the letter for a long time. Then he slowly folded it and put it in the envelop and tucked it behind the old eight-day clock on the mantel. Then he sat looking into the fire-place for a long time. "Guess I'm gettin' old," he said presently. He ran his hand through his thick gray hair. "Too much thinkin' ain't good for a man," he muttered. "More work is what I need. Lemme read that letter again." He rose up and stretched out his hand. "No, I won't. There's no use gettin' harried up again. It sounds straight. I remember I felt a good deal like that when Sylv' had diphthery. Down on my knees I was up there behind the bed prayin' that old Dr. Bingham would see a change for th' better. An' when he came to me an' whispered there was a chance for her I felt like gettin' out in the back lot an' yellin'. She was only five then." He paused a moment. "I wonder how they're fix'd?" he slowly said. "That husband

everywhere. There's four of 'em in Burlington."

"Nope, I ain't seen 'em myself, but my folks think they're mighty interestin'. Feller is doing pretty well, too, I'm told—specially Saturdays." "Child's play, I guess," growled Abner Carter as he turned away. He was in no hurry to return home. He stroled along the street in an aimless way. This was a changed Abner Carter. He was uneasy and unsettled. He wouldn't admit it, but the letter behind the old clock on the mantel had shaken him a good deal. He walked by the moving picture theatre and stared at the lithographs as he passed. He had been thinking too much lately. He needed something to get his mind away from that—that stuf about a father's heart. A cheap trick to catch his sympathy, perhaps. No, no. He wouldn't believe it. Sylvia meant it—every word of it. Sylvia—it was his mother's name and for years he had harried it even from his thoughts. He turned and walked back and then, half automatically, found himself pushing a nickel along the glass shelf before the girl in the ticket booth and a moment later was in the dark auditorium. He stumbled to a seat and presently grew accustomed to the novel surroundings. One of the films was nearing the end as he reached his seat, and when he looked up at the stage the next series was running.

From the first it held Abner Carter's attention. He forgot the novelty, the mechanism—it was all real to him. The story told by the film was a simple one. An old farmer, a stern old man, harsh and grizzled, had an only son, a fine young fellow, smart and active. This lad was very dear to his father, although the old man made few demonstrations of affection. It appeared that he decided the boy should marry Dora, an estimable young woman, a relative of one of the family. But the boy fell in love with the maid, a pretty girl who helped with the household duties, and braved his father for the pretty girl's love. And the hard old man turned him from his door. So William, with his head high went away with the pretty maid and they were married and lived very humbly, William finding employment in a quarry.

Old Abner Carter watched this picture story with a wondering interest, finding no trouble in following it. A child was born to William and his wife, and while it was still a babe William, hurt in an accident, was brought to the little cottage dead. The old farmer, still hardening his heart, would not visit the stricken home—and threw aside the pitiful letter his son's wife wrote him. But Dora, who had loved William, went to the humble home and brought such comfort as she could. And then she thought of a way to soften the farmer's heart. She took the baby boy from the mother and laid him in the cornfield where the farmer would see him. But the old man's heart was still hardened and his words were bitter when he found the boy. Then Dora ran back and told the poor little wife what had happened. And the heart of the mother swelled with outraged love and dignity and she ran swiftly, with Dora following, to bring back her child. And lo! when they neared the house they saw the old man playing with the child and holding him to his hard old breast and crying over him. And when he saw the two women he beckoned to them and they came nearer

Sylvia wrote him—the letter with the address at the top of the sheet, and he asked a big policeman where the house was. The officer looked at him curiously.

"Straight out this street," he said. "Just two miles if you want the walk." "I'll walk," said the old man and he stepped off briskly. He had gone a mile perhaps when he decided to cross the street. A curious building drew him to a closer view.

He was still a little dazed by the bustle and roar of the city. As he stepped from the curb a shrill voice warned him. He blundered ahead and was swiftly bowled over by an automobile.

A policeman reached him almost instantly and the automobile driver stopped his machine and quickly ran back. They lifted the old man to his feet and held him up. He had been knocked down, not run over, and his head had been bumped by the fall. He wasn't hurt, he told them.

"Hospital?" the automobile driver whispered to the policeman. The keen old ears heard him. "This is where I want to go," he murmured as he fumblingly brought out Sylvia's address. The driver and policeman looked at it.

"Relatives?" the driver asked. "Daughter," the old man answered. "I'll have him there in half a minute," said the driver. "Help me get him to the machine."

It was a brisk and brief ride, but the old man took no note of it. The gray head toppled back against the cushions and the dim eyes closed. In a stupid way he was dimly conscious that he was being helped up many steps and then he lost all consciousness.

He awoke with the sunshine streaming into the room, a beautiful room, high and shining. His head ached a little, but he felt refreshed and keen and even hungry. As his head turned on the soft pillow he saw that he was not alone. A child was sitting by the bedside, a girl whose smiling blue eyes met his wondering gaze, a girl whose slender fingers were twined about his brown old hand.

"Are you awake, grandpa," the child softly asked. "I'm Sylvia, you know—your little nurse. And you are to take a drink from the glass as soon as you wake up—that's what Dr. Van Gorder said. Let me help you." Holding the glass in one hand she clambered carefully on the bed. Then slipping a round arm under the gray head she put the glass to Abner's lips.

"Why, grandpa," she said, "you're crying! Does your poor head hurt you so? I'll call mamma—she's waiting at the door. Mamma!" And Sylvia came—so much like the old Sylvia—and ran to him and put her arms about him and softly smoothed his gray hair. "I'm so glad you've come, father," she gently sobbed.

"Sylvy," said the old man in a hoarse whisper, "how are you fixed? Are you comfortable? Can Richard support you? Tell your old father th' truth—cause he's got enough for you all." Then Sylvia laughed and cried together and hugged him again. "Yes, yes, father, we have everything we could want—now that we have you. And here's Richard to say good morning."

Richard, looking a good deal older and a little careworn, suddenly appeared, and nothing could have exceeded the friendliness of his greeting. "We'll soon have you up and around and taking in all the sights, father," he cordially cried. "And what do you want to see first?"

A whimsical look rested on the wrinkled face. "Do you have any of those movin' picture shows in your town?" he asked.

Richard laughed merrily. "Hundreds of them." "I'd like to go to one," said the old man. And when Richard laughed again he suddenly smiled and looked at the little Sylvia and softly added, "Some day I'll tell you why."

The Agricultural Department. (Washington Letter to Boston Transcript.)

By common consent today the agricultural department, which is spending \$15,000,000 a year, is in a state of pathetic demoralization. Secretary Wilson is a benevolent old man, of kindness and of good intentions. He was never strong intellectually and never had any standing as a scientist. He is a farmer-politician who through a series of accidents has been permitted to hold a place in the cabinet longer than any other man in the history of the country, his record some time ago distancing that of the great Galatin of the formative period of the republic. And yet the waste and misapplication of energies due to Wilson's remaining at the head of a department which has got entirely away from him, runs into tremendous figures. His real scientists are only marking time until a new head can come; and he has under him the largest aggregation of scientific talent to be found on the face of the globe. President Taft realizes the need of a change and told his friends so before his inauguration, but he has felt powerless to move, and still hesitates.

In The Good Old Times. A Northerner sitting on the veranda of a Southern home was enraptured by the beauty of the night. "How wonderfully beautiful is the moonlight falling on the water," he exclaimed. "It is indeed," replied his dignified but unreconstructed Southern hostess; "but ah! you should have seen it before the war."—Everybody's Magazine.

IN CASE OF FIRE

Some Ways It May Happen and How to Act When It Does.

Attics and closets are the breeding places of many fires. An attic is generally the asylum for all sorts of inflammable material, and as it never is properly ventilated it becomes a fire incubator when the summer sun strikes the roof.

Among the odds and ends that make up the contents of the average attic are old varnished furniture, dry as tinder, rags, many of them greasy and ripe for spontaneous combustion, painting oils, liable to take fire when the sun beats on the roof; broken toys and old clothes, the pockets of which may contain matches. Attics and garrets often have a temperature of 110 degrees Fahrenheit, which is the ignition point for matches.

Floor sweepings under furniture or in a closet are liable to take fire spontaneously or from a flying match head. Sawdust, used in sweeping floors, if left in a corner where there is no current of air to carry off the heat it generates, is very likely to become hot enough to ignite itself.

A preparation advertised for sweeping carpets is composed of sawdust, sand and a mineral oil to give it color, together with tincture of benzine to give it odor, according to Good Housekeeping. Fires have frequently started spontaneously from heaps of this material. Greasy overalls kept in a tight wardrobe have been known to ignite.

The most dangerous closet is that under a stairway, because inflammable materials may hide there and if a fire starts in it the best avenue of escape from upper stories is cut off.

Furnace ashes in the cellar have in them so much fine coal and litter that they are liable to spontaneous combustion if an open window permits them to get wet by a rain storm. The fine coal from the winter's supply may ignite if wet.

Playing with fire and matches by children is a prolific source of fires in residences.

One's ability to extinguish a starting fire depends upon intelligence and self-control. If the blaze is just starting throw water on the burning material, not on the blaze. One bucket of water will do more good if thrown on by handfulls or with a broom than dashed on at once. A small fire may be smothered with a rug or blanket or beaten out with a wet broom.

If you cannot put out the fire in a minute then give an alarm at once. Do not leave a door open when you run out to give an alarm. If the doors and windows are closed when a fire starts you may be able to get the firemen there in time to put it out while it is in only one room. The fire soon consumes all the oxygen in a closed room and may die out if it gets no fresh air.

After the firemen are called work at getting out the things you want most to save. Don't throw the clock from the window and then carry out your clothing, as some persons have done.

If awakened in the night by the smell of fire don't dress. Wrap yourself in a blanket or quilt from the bed and get out the quickest way you can. Shut the doors you pass through. After calling help look in and see where and what is the danger. If the fire is on the first floor it is very dangerous to go above, because heat and smoke ascend.

One can often get out through a hall filled with smoke by going on hands and knees when one would fall choking if one ran. The smoke is thickest at the ceiling. Holding a wet towel or anything made of wool, or even a coat collar over the mouth greatly lessens the danger of injury to the lungs or death from the carbonic acid gas in the smoke.

If a man is in a burning building with no fire escape and the stair below is burning or the hall filled with smoke, he should shut the door and transom to keep out the gases. Then he should throw open the window to get cool air and to let the firemen and neighbors see where he is, so that they may bring a ladder to the window.

Who Is Feeding the World?

In 1907, the United States produced 634,000,000 bushels of wheat, in 1908 it produced 664,000,000, and in 1909 no less than 737,000,000. Yet the European tables show that whereas this country and Canada, up to the middle of the ensuing April, sent 149,000,000 bushels to Europe from the crop of 1907, and 129,000,000 from the crop of 1908, it has sent only 67,000,000 from that of 1909. Europe has nevertheless imported, from all quarters, 60,000,000 bushels more than in either last year or the year before, and the reason is, that Russia has sent out 120,000,000 bushels more from the crop of 1909 than from that of 1908. The same thing happened with the crop of 1895, from which the United States sent out 32,000,000 bushels less than a couple of years before, and Russia and the Danube 56,000,000 bushels more. In 1895, it was speculation and high prices in America which did the business.—New York Evening Post.

No Cause for Alarm.

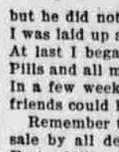
"Dis is an exciting novel, Jimmy. De hero is in a tight place, sure. Think he'll get out alive?" "Sure he'll get out alive. Ain't they advertising a sequel?"—Washington Herd.

In 1906 there were 23,810 foreign visitors to Japan, and in 1908 only 17,293. The expenditures by the visitors of 1906 were 30,000,000 yen, by those of 1908, 24,774,000.

SCREAMED WITH PAIN.

Rochester, N. Y., Woman's Terrible Suffering From Kidney Trouble.

Mrs. F. M. Carrnike, 130 Allen St., Rochester, N. Y., says: "My kidneys and bladder were in terrible condition. My ankles and wrists swelled and puffy sacks appeared beneath my eyes. The pain when passing the kidney secretions was often so great as to make me scream. I was treated by a physician, but he did not help me. For months I was laid up and did not walk a step. At last I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and all my troubles disappeared. In a few weeks I was so changed my friends could hardly believe it. Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y."



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FLYING CHEAPER WAY

About Two Cents a Mile Is Expense of Curtiss.

The cost of aeroplane flying as compared with automobile or train travel is shown by the fact that Curtiss used just seven gallons of gasoline, worth about \$1.40 at retail, to travel the 75 miles from Albany to his landing place near Poughkeepsie. This comes to less than two cents a mile, which is what the New York Central's rates figure. But Curtiss carried baggage, including himself, weighing 1,000 pounds, and the railroad would have charged extra for his overweight, says the New York World.

By automobile the cost would vary, according to the type of machine used. But with a machine able to make 60 miles an hour, as Curtiss did, the cost a mile would not be less than two cents and probably more.

Electricity from Wind.

The machinery of a modern windmill is just as far advanced over the crude machinery of the windmill of fifty years ago as are the works of a fine watch over the works of a dollar alarm clock. One type of wind turbine, for instance, consists of a wheel about sixteen feet in diameter mounted upon a steel tower fifty feet in height. The entire windmill is of galvanized steel, and all its moving parts run on ball bearings. Its transmission gear works in an oil bath, and the best methods known to engineering have been adopted in order to eliminate friction and enable the wheel to make the best of light winds. The result is that even in a wind having a velocity of no higher than 6 miles an hour the turbine generates electricity. Such a windmill as this is provided with an electric generator and switchboard and a fifty-five cell storage battery as its principal apparatus. The wheel is always in running position, ready to make use of every puff that comes, and it steadily makes and stores current except in times of absolutely still weather.—Popular Mechanics.

A Great Banana Country.

The growing of bananas for export is the great basic industry of Honduras. The enormous increase in recent years in the consumption of bananas and the fortune made by successful growers make this a subject of wide interest. The exports of this fruit from Central America have tripled during the last 10 years and constitute about 80 per cent of all the bananas imported into the United States.

The banana in Honduras grows wild in practically all parts of the country up to an elevation of 3,000 feet or more, but the industry of cultivating this fruit for export is confined to the rich, hot lands along the north coast and not extending further inland at any point than 50 or 75 miles. Puerto Cortes, Ceiba and Trujillo are the shipping points.—Bulletin of American Republics.

Delays of the Law.

"I understand that you called on the plaintiff. Is that so?" "Yes," replied the witness. "What did he say?" "The attorney for the defense jumped to his feet and objected that the conversation could not be admitted in the evidence. A half hour's argument followed, and the judges retired to their private room to consider the point.

An hour later they filed into the courtroom and announced that the question might be put. "Well, what did the plaintiff say?" "He weren't at home, sir," came the answer.—Housekeeper.

OUR OPPORTUNITY.

Life is so short, 'twere well, it seems to me, To look upon it as a breathing space Where clay-bound souls may recognize their grace Ere passing forward toward eternity. 'Tis but one chance in all the darkened way From primal being unto man's estate, Wherein the Ego can consult with fate Before his footsteps to oblivion stray. Here, on this planet, we at least can trace Our varied paths since so-called, life, began; Here we may join fish, reptile, beast and man And, sans all knowledge of our future place, So shape our actions that another sphere Shall find us greater for our sojourn here. L. S. Waterhouse

of hers didn't look like anythin' of a saver, an' I wouldn't like the child to suffer—an' me here with plenty." He pushed back the old rocker. "Abner Carter," he harshly said, "you're an old fool."

Two days later he was in the village with a load of produce. As he drove up Main street he heard the sound of music. He looked around. The music came from one of the stores along the way. The store front was painted white and there were pictures on it and a sign in gilt letters over the doorway. The sign bore the words "Alhambra."

The old man drove up to the general store.

"What's that show place up th' street with th' music?" he presently asked the proprietor.

"Movin' pictures," the latter replied.

"Panoramy?"

"Nope. People move in 'em same as life."

"Dum foolishness, I s'pose?"

"I dunno. Old man Edison had suthin' to do with inventin' it. My boy Bill says they're putting in th' shows

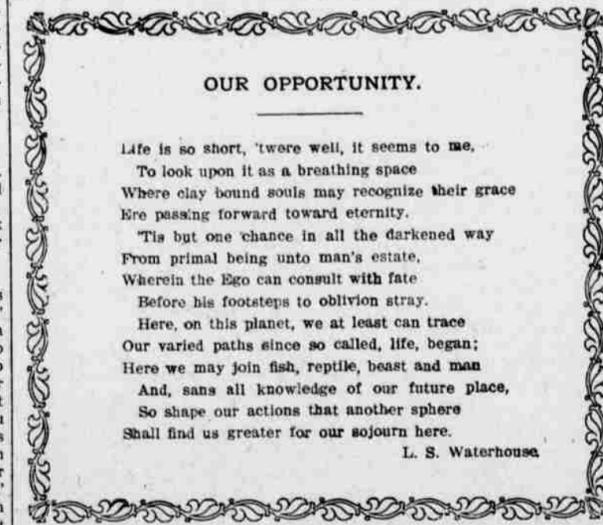
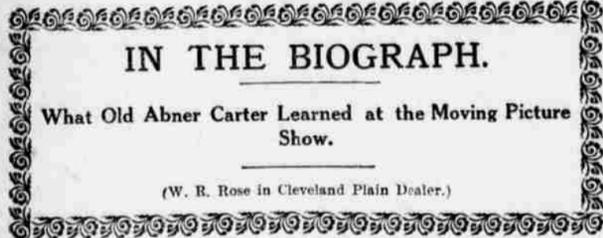
and noted how broken he was, and then he opened his heart and arms and his home to them and to his son's child.

Old Abner Carter rose up when the little story was ended and stumbled into the open air. He dimly noticed on a lithograph sheet at the door as he went out, that one of the films illustrated Tennyson's "Dora," but he knew nothing of Tennyson—and besides his eyes smarted.

He hurried back to the tavern stable and got his team and drove home.

The next morning he was busy with a sheaf of papers and later came to the village and visited the bank. In the afternoon he took the stage for Burlington.

The next morning with his frayed valise gripped firmly in his knotted hand, Abner Carter emerged from the Grand Central depot and looked around—a little dazed. But presently he straightened up and plunged boldly into the crowd. He found a modest restaurant and ate a breakfast that he didn't like, and then started out on the quest that had brought him to the great city. He had the last letter



A Pleasing Combination Post Toasties with Cream and Sugar. Adding strawberries or any kind of fresh or stewed fruit makes a delicious summer dish! The crisp, golden-brown bits have a most delightful flavour—a fascination that appeals to the appetite. "The Memory Lingers" Sold by Grocers, Pkgs. 10c and 15c. POSTUM CEREAL CO., LTD., Battle Creek, Mich.