

EDUCATION.

- A little knowledge of the ways of men.
A little reading of their deeds and fates.
A little guessing at their thoughts, and then...
A quick forgetting of their names and dates.—That's History.
A little delving in the tomes they penned.
A little conning of the verse they write.
A feeble grasping of their aims and trend.
A shadowy memory of their mirth and wit.—That's Literature.
A little dabbling with a salt or two.
A little musing with a sticky mess.
A few experiments half-blundered through.
A twilight testing of a groping guess.—That's Science.
—W. W. W., in Hampton's.

A Pair of Green Glasses.

By Olive Edens.

The Fourth of July celebration in Glenham came abruptly to a close. The sky darkened. The balloon men, conspicuous on such occasions, hurried for shelter. High above their heads they held the gay-colored toy balloons, a blurred floating mass of color, shaken by the first hollow-sounding drops of rain.

Women in white dresses crowded for places beneath the awnings of the sidewalks. The ragged end of the parade hastened down the street without its usual patriotic ostentation.

Everyone started for home—everyone but Mortimer. It was two hours yet before his six o'clock train. Besides he took a rather peculiar pleasure in walking slowly down the street which has caused him no end of amusement all day, and which had now changed into a sad moving procession of umbrellas and disappointed people. The Fourth is so apt to end disappointingly.

Suddenly there came dancing before him a happy group of children. They all wore vivid green glasses. They laughed up into his face. They peered at each other. They passed by. He met others, alone, in groups, some standing on corners, some in the middle of the street, but all buoyantly happy, all wearing vivid green glasses.

At the corner Mortimer had to wait to allow the float bearing the Goddess of Liberty to pass. The rain had played sad havoc with the goddess. Her hair was hanging in strings. The paint had run in streaks across her face. Her gown, once a wonderful creation of tinsel and crepe paper, now hung shockingly close to her thin form. She stood up and bowed and waved to the crowds of children who surrounded the wagons and applauded her.

Some one touched Mortimer's hand. He looked around. No one was noticing him. All eyes were on the bedraggled lady with the paper dress. He felt his hand touched again. Then he looked down straight into the eyes of a child. They were blue eyes, of peculiar vivaciousness, and belonged to about the littlest bit of humanity Mortimer had ever seen alone in such a crowd.

"Mister—please get one for me." The voice just reached his ear, and carried with it a pathetic and helpless babyish lisp.

"Get what for you?"

"A pair of green glasses." Each word was lisped distinctly clear.

The float had passed and left an easy passage in the street. Mortimer seized his chance. "I can't, sonny," he called back. "I haven't time. Get some other kid—"

Then realizing he was apologizing to an unknown child he laughed a little at himself and hurried on. But there was no reason why he should hurry. In fact, he had time to waste. There was almost two hours yet before his train left.

But why should he get some foolish glasses for an unknown child? Other children seemed to get them for themselves. Why not this one? If the child was to be of the street he must learn the ways of the street—the sooner the better.

He walked slower. He kept meeting them still—these laughing groups of children, so boisterously happy. One laughed up into his face, one child alone with its father.

"It's all so wonderful and different. Everybody and everything looks green. It is like a new world." The child passed on.

Mortimer whirled back suddenly. "If seeing green makes them happy, why, I guess he can be happy, too. He's the only one I've seen today." He walked back quickly to the place where the child had stood. The crowd had noticeably thinned. A man stood on a platform in the street and sorted out dozens of pairs of green glasses. He was the usual type of street fakir, bold, flashy, and wore a thousand signs of a decayed gentleman.

Among the struggling few that were left Mortimer looked for the child. He felt his hand touched as before and heard the same babyish lisp.

"Quick, mister, quick—please get me some."

"Yes, I'll get you some. Only what do I do?"

"Just take me with you and say I'm your little boy. . . He won't give 'em to boys alone without their father or mother—and then he'll give you some green glasses. Please, mister, quick—be's leaving, and I've waited all afternoon."

Mortimer lifted the boy high on his shoulder and walked boldly up to the vendor of green glasses.

"My little boy wants a pair of your green spectacles?"

The man gave him a quick, keen look.

"Your little boy!" his hoarse voice

cracked in a laugh. "That kid has stood on that corner and begged every man to be his father that passed all afternoon, but I guess he's earned these." He handed over a pair of gorgeously green spectacles and filled Mortimer's empty hand with an immense amount of literature on some new "cure for eyes." Mortimer walked to the sidewalk and put the child down. He looked at him thoughtfully.

"Now I've told a lie for you, are you happy?" The child's eyes glowed. He took out his handkerchief, red and dirty, and draped it around and around the glasses.

"But why don't you wear them?" "Oh, no!" The child held them as something sacred with both his hands. "But you must; that's the fun of it. All the boys do. I'll put them on you. Things will look green then. It will be like a new world."

The child shook his head and shrank back. Mortimer insisted. "Of course you must. That's what I got them for, to see you wear them. Give them to me. I'll put them on you." He reached for the glasses.

"No, you mustn't. They're not mine. They're for sister. She's blind and has never seen a thing. She doesn't know how the trees and the grass look when they begin to get green and she can only tell the flowers apart by the smell and the feeling of them. That is the way she finds out how people look, too, by putting her hands on their faces and hair, but she knows everyone by their voice. She couldn't see any of the parade today, so she just staid home and is waiting for me to come and tell her all about it. I have to be eyes for her, she says, and I lead her all around."

"She used to just sit quiet and wait for me to come home from school to take her out, but a nice lady sent her to a school where she learned a whole lot of things, and now she isn't lonely any more. She can knit and crochet, and she has some big books with funny print, all raised up, that she can read with her fingers. She learned how to do sums the same way, too, and has some books with all the numbers in it and she can add and subtract and do everything with them. She does it so fast sometimes that it seems almost as if she had eyes in her fingers. She can read the stories in her book lots faster than I can read any of mine, but maybe it's 'cause she has read them so many times she knows what they are all about. I have been trying to make some money so I could buy her some new ones, and some picture-books, too, that have raised pictures in them, but now she won't need any after she gets these glasses, for these will cure her. The man said so. He said sure they would. He's said so all afternoon. They will cure anything that's the matter with eyes, and she is only blind, so all she needs is those glasses and then she will be able to see just as well as anybody."

"She will be waiting for me on the steps, and I will creep up so quiet, and put them on her before she knows it, and then—"

His voice broke with joy, his eyes lit, his shoulders straightened.

"Good-bye." He darted down the street, as joyous and happy as the others—a changed boy.

Mortimer stood on the corner. The street was almost deserted. He pulled out his watch. There was yet an hour before his train, yet he turned toward the station.—Pictorial Review.

A PEARL BUTTON TOWN.

Making Them Is the Chief Industry of Muscatine, Iowa.

Muscatine, Iowa, which may be found by tracing with your finger down along a map of the Mississippi river, is the place where they make pearl buttons out of clam shells, according to a citizen of that thrifty town, R. L. Oliver. Mr. Oliver does not make pearl buttons, however. The company he is in makes sash and doors and similar things.

"I have heard it said," he continued, "that 70 percent of the pearl buttons made in the United States are manufactured in Muscatine. There are thirty factories engaged in the business there. Some only cut out the forms and some only do the finishing. They have houseboats on the river from which they fish for the clams. These are the genuine fresh water clams from which they often get the fresh water pearl. I heard of a fellow who sold one of these pearls for about \$2,000. I offered a man \$500 for one he had found in a clam."

"The way they fish is to put a lot of hooks on a pole about three or four inches apart. Then the pole is sunk to the bottom of the river and the clams open their faces and grab hold of the hooks and haven't the brains to let go. It is not uncommon to see a fleet of a dozen of these clam fishers on the river. The meat of the clams is not edible and has to be cleaned out before the shell is sold. Most of the work in the button factories is done by girls. They don't make the pearl vest buttons, I understand, but simply the kind that is used on shirts and underwear."

"Muscatine," Mr. Oliver added, "is the best town of its size in the country. It has 20,000 inhabitants and there is nobody in the place that you'll meet on the streets on a Saturday afternoon who cannot rattle money in his pockets.—New York Sun.

Good Word for the Toad.

The Secretary of Agriculture estimates that a toad will eat \$1.40 worth of flies and insects in a season. Treat the toad with kindness and respect.—Toledo Blade.



Bring the Brush. Oh, bring the brush and bring the comb. For here is little Frowzie-head, and father soon is coming home— And must not see a towie-head! So we'll brush, brush, brush, And we'll comb, comb, comb! Around the finger twirl the hair, And brush and comb and curl the hair Till gone is little Frowzie-head And Curly-locks is here instead. —Emilie Poulson in Baby Plays.

Pauline's Record.

Pauline, who had been attending school for almost two weeks, was telling of the misbehavior of some of her little classmates. At her mother's question as to whether it had ever been necessary for the teacher to speak to her, Pauline answered quickly, "Oh, no, mamma." Then, "She had to speak to all the class but me this afternoon." "Why, what did she say?" "Oh, she said, 'Now, children, we'll all wait until Pauline is in order.'"—From the Christian Register.

A Tree House.

Last summer in Rye, N. Y., a few friends and I built a tree house. It rested in a large oak, forty feet from the ground, on two strong limbs which forked, making a very convenient foundation for the structure. The floor was 8 feet by 8, the walls 7 feet high, and the roof watertight and slanting. We also made a small porch, with a railing around it in order that it should not be necessary to climb the tree to get to the house, we made a strong rope ladder, which was a great convenience.

On completing the work, the Tree House club was formed, which held its weekly Saturday meetings in the place it was named after. On hot summer days the house was the coolest place in the countryside, and gave us many hours of rest and pleasure. One very hot night, covered with mosquito netting, one of the club members and I slept in the house. It certainly was healthy fun.

If any boys are handy at carpentering and take pleasure in it, I would advise them to build a tree house this summer.—George Cooper, in the New York Tribune.

A Little Girl's Idea

The following summer plan made by a little girl, whose home is in a large country town, might be followed to advantage by children all over the land. The plan embraces both pastime and study, as well as affording plenty of recreation and social pleasure. We give her idea of a well spent and happy vacation:

"Half an hour before breakfast I shall jump out of bed, take my dip in the bath tub, dress, and run out for a ten minutes' walk. Returning, I shall breakfast with my papa and mamma, enjoying the meal the keener on account of my brisk walk. After breakfast I shall spend an hour in my mamma's room, assisting her in mending or sewing. Then I shall rest ten minutes on a couch in the sitting room, my eyes closed and my body relaxed. This little rest is to prepare me for my music lesson—or music practice, which will occupy an hour. After this it will be almost luncheon time, so I shall pass the time till then in the garden, tending my favorite rose bushes and shrubs."

"After luncheon I shall rest on the porch or in the yard beneath the shade trees for half an hour. Then, in the company of some of my young friends, I shall go for a long walk into the country, taking with me my botany, for it will afford me great pleasure to study some new plant or bush. About 3 o'clock I shall return home again, and after sitting with my mother and reading aloud to her for half an hour or so, I shall go to the kitchen and assist with the preparations for dinner, for I shall learn how to cook during my summer vacation."

"After dinner, the evening shall be spent with papa and mamma, either going to visit friends or entertaining company at home, where conversation, reading and music shall help to pass away the time most pleasantly till 10 o'clock, when I shall say good-night, and run off to bed."—Washington Star.

The Strike that Failed.

Bissy—that's what the keepers at the Central Park menagerie call Bismarck, the old grandfather lion—Bissy growled slowly up from the floor and lurched against the bars of his cage with a thump that waked even Baby Leopard, on the other side of the lion house.

"What's the matter?" asked Rosy, his wife, very drowsily, from her cage next door. "Dreaming of your native jungle?"

"No," yawned Bissy. "I wish 'Bill' Snyder was here to rub my back."

Though Bissy is the grandfather of all the lions, they and the rest of the animals in that house rather look down on him, because, they say, he has no spirit. The old Siberian tiger down in the corner of the house declares that Bissy rubs and purrs around Keeper "Bill" Snyder just like Pussy, the Zoo cat. Still, they all like to hear him talk, and at the sound of his first growl they all waked up and prepared to enjoy some conversation.

Maybe you think the lions and tigers and leopards at the Zoo never talk together. They don't, in the day-

time, except that Mamma Helen growsl pet names to Henry Hudson and Miss Fulton, her nine-months-old twins in the cage next to hers, and the Siberian tiger, who is dreadfully greedy, makes sarcastic remarks if he doesn't get his daily twenty pounds of beef right on the minute. These cat animals have very reserved dispositions, and never converse when people are around. But this was long after midnight, when the doors were closed and the visitors gone, and even the trees in the park outside were asleep and whispering softly in their dreams. It was a good time for confidences.

"Friends," spoke out the head of the leopard family from the row of cages opposite the lions, "I have a proposition to make."

Even Bismarck listens with a good deal of interest now when Father Leopard speaks, for he is the one who escaped from his cage a few days ago and travelled a long way—almost to Fifth avenue—before the keepers caught him.

"My recent journeyings," went on Father Leopard with dignity, "showed me how sweet is liberty. Let us combine to break jail and escape."

"Hear! Hear!" clamored the animals—all except Bismarck. Bissy just shook his tawny old head.

"Shall I draw up a set of resolutions?" asked Secretary eagerly. Secretary is the literary lion, uncle of Mrs. Helen's twins.

"Yes! Yes!" boomed the others—all except Bismarck. And for the minutes there was silence, broken only by a soft "z-z-z-z-z" as Secretary wrote carefully with his tail in the dust of the floor. At last he lifted his head and cleared his throat.

"Ahem!" he began, "Whereas, the silver Foxes, striped Hyenas, gray Wolves and various other prisoners of this menagerie have, by order of Commissioner Stover of the Department of Parks, had their runways enlarged, while nothing has been done to our cages; and

"Whereas, even the Public has been heard to say that we ought to be moved to Bronx Park, where there is more room;

"Therefore, he it resolved, that we, known collectively as the Cat Animals, escape and flee to our native jungles, or forests, or mountains, as the case may be."

"That's the talk," said Father Leopard's eldest son approvingly. "I call it a perfect outrage that we should be mowed up here in cages, while even those little prairie dogs have a big open place to range in."

"Young Leopard," spoke Bismarck's deep voice, "if you were where the prairie dogs are, would you be content to occupy yourself digging harmlessly in the ground, as they do? Wouldn't you be over the fence, biting off the head of the first tender baby you met?"

"Well—" hesitated young Leopard. "Keeper 'Bill' Snyder," said Bismarck, "is—excuse the slang phrase—on to your curves."

"I am an expert in curves," admitted young Leopard, casting a complacent glance over his long, lithe, spotted form.

"My children, hear me," said Bismarck suddenly, and when he said "My children" in that deep voice all the animals sat up and took notice.

"It may be irksome to be imprisoned, but our cages are clean and comfortable. Men approach us not with death dealing guns, as in the jungle, but with hands stretched out to scratch our noses, when we are mild enough to let them. Good meat is placed before us regularly.

"Besides, this jungle you would seek, where is it? Many leagues from here, on the further side of great waters. How do you propose to cross those waters? My children, give up your mad dreams."

"Oh, ze jungle is a droll place," piped a little voice from somewhere in the rear. It was Sister, the orphan baby lion brought over from Africa last winter by a party of hunters and presented to the Central Park Zoo. The other lions don't regard Sister as much, because she has to be fed warm milk out of a bottle, and she is abominably fond of Biddy, the English bulldog, whom Keeper Snyder, pitying her loneliness, gave her for a companion. Still, they listen to her, because she brings the latest news from Africa.

"Ze jungle's ze place where ze owel hunters killed my mamma," Sister went on.

"Oh, I couldn't take my twins to the jungle," Mrs. Helen wailed suddenly. Now Mrs. Helen is much respected, because she doesn't eat her babies, as many mother lions unfortunately do. Leo, her husband, is devoted to her, and her cry melted his heart.

"Helen, we won't go," he said fondly.

"Let's drop it and go to sleep," yawned Mike, the yellow puma.

"Oh, these women!" muttered young Leopard crossly.

Then silence reigned over the lion house, while the trees whisper outside.—New York Tribune.

BETTY AND HER BANG.

I called upon dear Betty and she smiled to see me come. But when I looked at Betty, for a moment I was dumb. Then Betty smiled upon me and my heart beat with rapture rang. The mystery was plain to me—dear Betty wore a bang.

Oh, those naughty little bangs! Those sporty little bangs! I wish I hadn't been there, though my heart with rapture rang. She smiled upon me sweetly And I lost myself completely And now I think of nothing else but Betty and her bang.

We sat down in a corner, and she looked at me and smiled. I tried to kiss her maddy, for her bangs had made me wild. But up she jumped and in my heart I felt an awful pang. For when she reached the parlor door—she left me with a bang.

Oh, those naughty little bangs! Those sporty little bangs! I wish I hadn't been there, for my heart with rapture rang. She smiled upon me sweetly And I lost myself completely And now I think of nothing else but Betty and her bang. —New York Sun.



Optimist—"In this world one happy hour makes up for a heap of unhappy ones." Pessimist—"Yes. It has to."—Puck.

Vodiville—"I see a fellow has invented an egg that is almost perfect." Hamlet—"Yes, I know that egg."—Judge.

"Does Scribbler's new novel end happily?" asked his wife. "It simply says that they were married," he answered.—Buffalo Express.

Bronson—"What did that pretty salesgirl say when you stole a kiss," Johnson—"She said: 'Will that be all today?'"—Boston Transcript.

Knicker—"Small fruits are reported ruined by the frosts," Mrs. Knicker—"How lovely! Then we shall have only big berries in the box."—Judge.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity," quoted the Wise Guy. "You can have mine," said the Simple Mug. "I don't care for sweets."—Philadelphia Record.

"Pa, what's the woman question?" "It generally is: 'What in the world could ever have made him fall in love with her?'"—Chicago Record-Herald.

What does it matter whether the pen or the sword be the mightier, so long as most men can do very little with either beyond tripping themselves up?

"We should look for the esthetic, close our eyes to the unsightly things in life." "I tried that once and slipped up on a banana peel."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

She—"Mr. Sweetly has such polish and such finish. Haven't you observed it?" He (savagely)—"No, I haven't more's the pity! I'd like to see his finish!"—Baltimore American.

"Do you not see the handwriting on the wall?" asked the foreboding friend. "No," replied Senator Sorghum; "the headlines in the newspapers are enough for me."—Washington Star.

Rambo—"I have a pair of glasses at home that make me see double." Baldwin—"Yes; I've seen you using them. One is a beer mug and the other is a whiskey tumbler."—Chicago Tribune.

Mr. Hubb—"The intelligence office manager told me that our new girl was once an actress." Mrs. Hubb—"I believe it. She dusts the furniture exactly as the soubrette does it on the stage."—Boston Transcript.

"How does your new book go?" "Great! I am convinced that it is a classic." "A classic? What convinces you of that?" "Everybody has either seen it or heard of it, but nobody has read it."—Cleveland Leader.

"Of course, you know the story of William Tell," said the serious citizen. "To tell you the truth," replied Mr. Cumrox, "I'm not clear about him. I can't exactly remember whether he was a great marksman or a famous opera singer."—Washington Star.

Novel Thief Trap.

An ingeniously devised burglar trap was the cause of George Smith being sentenced to three months' hard labor on a charge of attempted theft at a London hotel.

The manager of the hotel invented the trap because many robberies had occurred at the place. "I prepared a number of rooms," he said in court. "To the door of each a catch releasing an electric bell was fitted. A number of overcoats were hung on the walls, and in the pockets of these coats fishhooks were concealed. Nothing happened for three weeks; then early the other morning the bells downstairs rang violently. The porters rushed up and found the prisoner struggling to release his hand from an overcoat pocket." The magistrate complimented the hotel manager on his novel thief trap.—Montreal Standard.

First Aids to Drinking.

A town in Illinois has passed an ordinance barring chairs, free lunches or treating in saloons. With comfort, economy and sociability eliminated from trade, three powerful first aids to the drinking habit will be abolished in this wise town.—Baltimore American.

WEAK KIDNEYS WEAKEN THE WHOLE BODY.

No chain is stronger than its weakest link. No man is stronger than his kidneys. Overwork, colds, strains, etc., weaken the kidneys and the whole body suffers. Don't neglect the slightest kidney ailment. Begin using Doan's Kidney Pills at once. They are especially for sick kidneys.



Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box, Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Government and Fine Arts.

Our government's attitude toward art has been entirely different from that of other countries. We have nothing for art's sake. We have voted money for monuments, statues and portraits, which, in a majority of instances, have been a detriment to art, and we have only very recently and that by means of gifts, formed the nucleus of a national art gallery at the capital. Whether our traditional attitude, which is in no sense due to our form of government, of neglect and indifference to art, is to be continued, time will show. Such progress as we have made and such opportunity to see what is really good as we have had, are due to the public-spirited generosity of private citizens.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Burning Eruption Covered Her From Head to Feet.

"Four years ago I suffered severely with a terrible eczema, being a mass of sores from head to feet and for six weeks confined to my bed. During that time I suffered continual torture from itching and burning. After being given up by my doctor I was advised to try Cuticura Remedies. After the first bath with Cuticura Soap and application of Cuticura Ointment I enjoyed the first good sleep during my entire illness. I also used Cuticura Resolvent and the treatment was continued for about three weeks. At the end of that time I was able to be about the house, entirely cured, and have felt no ill effects since. I would advise any person suffering from any form of skin trouble to try the Cuticura Remedies, as I know what they did for me. Mrs. Edward Nanning, 1112 Salina St., Watertown, N. Y., Apr. 11, 1909."

Moving Irish Bog.

Incessant rain for some days has caused a disastrous bog slide near Castlereagh, in County Roscommon, Ireland. The bog area is about 2,000 acres on the Worthington estate. During Wednesday night a considerable tract broke away from its foundation beds upon the cottagers who lived in the adjacent lowland, upon small patches of worked-out and reclaimed bog. The threatened families had time to rescue their stock and save some of their household goods before effecting their own escape. Great fissures, it appears, opened in the bog, releasing its surplus waters, which poured down and isolated the abandoned cottages. The solid bog movement proceeded for two or three hundred yards, overwhelming everything and blocking the main road.—London Mail.

Esquimo Candy.

Tallow is the Esquimo's candy. It is put up in bright red packages made out of the feet of water fowl. The women cut off the red feet of this bird, which is called the dovekie, draw out the bones and blow up the skin so as to make pouches which they fill with the reindeer tallow for their little folk. None of the food that the Esquimos eat seems very inviting to us, but they are extremely fond of it and are very apt to overeat. It is said by explorers who have gone into Greenland that it is no uncommon sight to see an Esquimo man who has eaten an enormous meal of the raw frozen flesh of the reindeer, seal or walrus, lying on his back and eating blubber until he cannot move.—Far News.

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