

IN A RECORD OF BIRTHS,

Name and date appear—
And a note
Some one entered here,
As he wrote.

Records were but scant
In that age,
And they lie aslant
On the page.

Very brief they be—
Quaint indeed;
Yet it touches me,
As I read,—

How, when I was born,
Two felt thus;
"God's best gift, this morn,
Came to us."

Could his heart or hers
(Now at rest)
Have foretold what stirs
In my breast?

Glad or sad my lot—
Nay, who cares?
For that day was not
Mine, but theirs.
—Youth's Companion.

The Scarlet Spider's Bite

Between sun and sun, almost in the twinkling of an eye, fences, signboards, even the crumbling walls of old Corpus Christi, blazed with the announcement of the coming show: "El Gran Circo. Nueve dias en la Ciudad de Mexico." Human snakes, giraffes, zebras, acrobatic elephants, gleams of graceful pink proportions skimming the air, dazzled the eye of loitering youth and business-like middle-age alike.

The joys of bull-ring and Easter fiesta faded into nothingness in comparison with the promises of *la reina del circo* describing pink semicircles through the atmosphere; *los incomparables acrobatas* soaring at leisure through space; Johnny Purvis y Charles Jing looking out of each other's eyes; and marvelous other feats that made the twenty-fourth of May seem weeks, instead of days, away.

Posters of the beautiful Clarita, *la reina*, the sunlight tangled in the meshes of her golden hair, dalled with bottles and casks in wine shops, topped above melons and eggs in restaurant windows, eclipsed the display of hats and lingerie in uptown shops, until in innumerable ways she had demoralized the gaping world that waited with bated breath the dawning of the 24th. All this because never before had the great American circus visited the City of Mexico.

When at last the 24th actually dawned and the hour of the great street parade drew near, the walks along the published line of march were thronged with eager onlookers. Outriders with pointed bayonets charged the crowds to clear a way for the procession. And with a passing of the parade the populace formed in line while the cages and floats wound into the circus quarters, and then fled into the big tent, there to wait several hours for the show to begin. Those who came earliest secured the best seats, so those who waited until the hour scheduled for the performance had to stand in the tent openings or line the ring.

It was because he had arisen late, breakfasted late, loitered around the office, and arrived at the hour appointed for the beginning of the performance, that Rodriguez di Arguello, unable to get a seat, was standing near the curtain of the dressing tent when the blare of trumpets and the stentorian tones of the oily ringmaster announced in halting Spanish the feat of this "most greatest ever" tight-rope, slack-wire, and high-trapeze artiste, Clarita, *la reina del circo*.

Young Di Arguello had watched idly while an elephant danced on a tub, a sea lion conducted a singing school, glass balls had turned into live guinea-pigs, and similar marvelous feats had been perpetrated before the wide-eyed audience; but at the announcement of the entrance of Clarita he turned toward the curtain expecting to see the usual creature of painted smiles and cotton roses.

The hand softened its glare to play a few bars of "La Paloma" when a rift in the curtain revealed a pair of wonderful blue eyes above a slender length of tinsel corset and pink fleshings before a spring and a bound landed her in the ring.

Boldly the dark eyes of Di Arguello fixed the blue eyes as they peered from the curtain, and frankly and fearlessly they laughed back at him. The next moment the voice of the crowd arose to welcome the entrance of *la reina del circo*.

Seizing the first trapeze, set in motion by the dark-visaged little man who had reached the ring from the opposite side, the silver ankles twinkled a moment in mid-air as she poised for her flight toward the highest. Eyes and mouth agape, excitement-loving Mexico watched the little wisp of woman swing, alight; swing again and catch with unerring sureness the next higher bar, until she reached the top—the agile little man in scarlet tights counting "One, two, three," as she swung from bar to bar with the precision of a clock.

Until the perilous downward flight was finished not a long breath was drawn in the audience; then with a triumphant fanfare of trumpets and an airy somersault she threw a handful of kisses to her delighted audience and skipped across the ring. The blue

eyes, as they met the eyes of the tall young fellow at the exit, laughed again, this time at the terror depicted in his face, for every breathless minute as he followed the fearless little figure swinging and catching in mid-air he had expected to see her dashed to her death over his head. Her smiling glance reassured him, and the look he turned upon her established a sort of sympathy between them, for, instead of the pleasure in the suspense she afforded her audience, here was only intense concern for her safety—to say nothing of the graceful manner and air of distinction that went with it.

At the next performance, although Di Arguello was among the earliest arrivals, he scorned a seat. This time the blue eyes peered through the rift in the curtain an instant before her act was called, and the tall young stranger, quick to see his opportunity, sprang to her feet with: "Pardon me, did you drop this?"

It was only the rose he had worn in his coat that he gave her, and the next minute she was gone—the little dark-visaged man had drawn her back—but Di Arguello had achieved a glimpse of girlish grace and a freshness of youth quite innocent of the painted smile he had been taught to expect.

"Diablo!" Di Arguello looked around the sawdust ring, the clowns, the lion-tamers, the bareback riders, the tawdry squalor of it all, and wondered how it could happen. He had also seen white water lilies growing sweet and fair from the slime of their marshes, and had wondered how that could happen.

The world, the next day, buzzed with echoes of the sawdust ring, the sealions, the human snakes, the lion-tamer, the trapeze performers. Di Arguello cringed when he heard the name of *la reina Clarita* banded from lip to lip. Having seen her at close range, he knew she was not the mere tinselled figure of the "most greatest ever," in cotton roses and painted smile, but a woman, young and sweet, with wonderful blue eyes that danced and smiled with the very joy of living, courting death to provide thrills of



SINCE THE DAYS OF HER FIRST TIGHT-ROPE.

suspense for this excitement-loving crowd.

Rodriguez di Arguello finding himself so frankly interested in this blue-eyed little thing, lost no time in indulging the new whim that put a keener edge on life than he had felt for a long time. Every evening now she made excuses to leave her dressing room in time to snatch a word with him, and when she twinkled in her mid-air swing coyly blew him a kiss.

The comparison of the slime from which the white water lilies grew forced itself insistently into his mind as he ingratiated himself with the oily ringmaster in order to see something of the life behind the tawdry glitter of the show. But it was not easy, even with the good graces of the ringmaster, the lion tamer, and the fire eaters, to meet *la reina* between performances. The dark-visaged little man was zealous in his care of his pupil. The hours between practice and performance must be given to relaxation; excitement unstrings the nerves, and a steady nerve is the trapeze artist's whole capital.

"I can't—I wouldn't dare," the sparkling little Clarita faltered in a stolen interview, the scarlet spider an instant off guard.

"Some time?" Di Arguello urged, as he passed him in her bound into the ring.

Up, up, up, the little figure swung, the scarlet spider's admonitory "One, two three," calculating the play of every muscle. At last her moment of pause was reached when she gained her mid-air perch. Then as she worked her swing up to its highest point of vibration, the scarlet tights watching every movement, every pulse beat, the golden head bound with its gay red roses nodded an unmistakable "Yes" to some one standing near the dressing room curtain.

The heavy lids drooped quickly over the beady black eyes of the dark-visaged trapezist. It was his own crown of glory when *la reina Clarita's* feats brought showers of applause upon her head. Since the days of her first tight-rope and slack-wire efforts he had worked with her, taught her, trained her nerves into iron, her muscles into steel. He had guarded her girlish innocence against the temptations of the life surrounding her and the ogling eyes of the too-admiring gallants of the towns where they stopped, worshipping her always at a reverent distance ever since she had been old enough to appreciate her power over him. And when, in her high trapeze act, she turned her trustful, triumph-

ant eyes upon him and he felt himself the custodian, the preserver, of her life, his cup of joy ran over. Even her indifference to his suit and resentment of his interference in what were to her mere harmless flirtations, were more than balanced by that look, when, at his "One, two, three," she sprang into his outstretched arms with her trusting smile.

Meantime, hugging to her heart her secret with the handsome stranger, so good, so kind, so anxious to get her away from her sawdust setting, the little streak of tinsel-light flashed and circled overhead, guided and steadied by the faithful ticking of the scarlet spider's "One, two, three." This time, however, the first time since the proud day she had taken her first flight in public, her eyes looked into his merely as a target by which to gauge her effort—merely in the light in which Toby, the acrobatic elephant, regarded his trainer.

The exigencies of a nine-days' stay left no time for unnecessary preliminaries on the part of Di Arguello. His mind had been quickly made up and while the iron was hot was the time to strike. Although the management guarded its bright, particular star with hydra-headed watchfulness, the name Di Arguello opened many doors with the oily ringmaster. The language of the languorous brown eyes, with the skill of much practice, needed no interpreter to the laughing blue ones, and the next performance was to be the last.

"To-night," Di Arguello whispered, the evening of the close of this most successful engagement. His automobile was waiting down the street, with clinging wraps and lace mantilla with which the tinsel corset and hated cotton roses might be easily disguised.

Their moment's interview as she appeared at the door of the tent was longer to-night than usual, and neither stopped to wonder where the scarlet spider might be. Because of the over-shadowing watchfulness of her trainer, all the world, to Clarita, was good. It was kind, oh, most kind and very good, indeed, of this handsome young gentleman to want to get her away from her circus life, although she had never thought it was so different from any other kind of life until he had pointed out to her the comparison between the lily and the slimy marshes.

The scarlet tights crouching on the other side of the curtain reached the door just in time to catch the flash of ecstasy the blue eyes shot into the brown and hear the proprietary tones in which the bold young Mexican gave his commands.

A steady nerve is the trapeze artist's whole capital, and the emotions of hate or even love are the first luxuries denied him. Therefore the high-trapeze act of Clarita, *la reina del circo*, began promptly when it was called. Night after night the climax of enthusiasm had been reached when Clarita sprang into the ring, threw kisses to her admiring audience and stood a moment, aglisten, in the lime-light before seizing her swing. To-night the crowds went mad. Showers of confetti, perfume-filled eggs, fans, coins, rained down at the little trapezist's feet. This was the greatest act of the circus, and to-night was the crowning success of all her efforts.

The happy heart under the tinselled corset went out to all this gay, mad world that stamped and called and shouted its glee at the feat she was to perform for them, but the blue eyes clung, almost afraid to watch her bars, to the figure near the curtain of the dressing room tent.

Up, up, into the air she climbed from bar to bar. "One, two, three," every muscle acting in unison with the ticking of that faithful scarlet clock. The first series of swings was safely reached and with a flash and quiver of pink curves *la reina* landed safely in the outstretched scarlet arms.

This, their moment of triumph, set the holiday-minded audience off again into peals of applause, delaying their act and keeping the protecting scarlet arms around the tinselled waist. An instant's flash of memory brought back their good old tight-rope days, when he had been her hero, and the later slack-wire work, the wide blue eyes smiling trustfully into his with the present triumph, when she had all Mexico at her feet. But to-night the radiant smile that had set her soul aflame was turned from him. Down, down into the pit, at the curtain door, those blue eyes, the barometer of his life, shot past him. He had lost her forever and for what? "One, two, three." Would she not remember to turn her eyes up to his if only from force of habit? The hands that clasped her wrists tightly, lightly, pressed a trifle harder to recall her to the moment. A blind, ecstatic smile over-spread her countenance, conscious of nothing but Di Arguello standing near the ring.

Again the heavy lids shut away the despair that surged in upon the dark-visaged little man. "Lost and to a life of what?"

"One!" This was the most perilous stage of the act. The bar must be set in motion in order to swing back the instant he let her wrists go. The stamping, roaring crowd below was breathless. Was it the radiance of her beauty to-night that made the audience one great heart that throbbed for her safety?

"Two!" Di Arguello, suddenly beside himself with the thought that the happiness of his life was hanging by her heels in mid-air forty feet above his head, groaned aloud and cursed the hour he had let her take this final risk.

Still fearless, confident in her trainer's unerring ticking, radiant with the joy of this wonderful new happiness, *la reina del circo* prepared for her last flight.

"Three!" The net was spread under

the whole area covered by the trapeze, and the chance of a fall to the ground reduced almost to an impossibility. This one last moment she was his—the next she would be lost forever.

Twice the bar swung toward him. Now! One strong, steady motion and it would reach the opposite bar squarely, but with a dexterous twist the bar might swing just beyond the protection of the net, and—the alternative was the insolent young Mexican waiting for her at the curtain.

A terrified hush fell upon the audience, then a muffled groan arose. A few women shrieked or wept aloud. Di Arguello, rushing to the spot where the tinselled corset glittered in the sawdust, pushed the crowd of clowns and charioteers roughly aside.

"Madre de Dios!" he swore, beside himself with tempestuous grief, "I loved her!"

As the trapeze ceased to swing a shrinking scarlet figure crept to the spot where the gay cotton roses lay so low. "Not half so much as I," he groaned, through his painted smile.—San Francisco Argonaut.

GLAD HAND DUE HIM.

Thirty-fourth Child Entitles Joseph Sears to Palm as a Father.

Joseph Sears, 57 years old and a resident of Dedham, Mass., is the proud father of thirty-four children.

The first was born forty years ago, the eighteenth was born twenty-three years ago, the thirty-third was born two years ago.

A baby boy, the latest addition to one of the most remarkable families in New England, has set the record mark for anti-race suicide examples in Massachusetts, the Boston Globe says.

Mr. Sears, who is employed in a dye factory within a few hundred yards of his home on Hillside avenue, East Dedham, was born in Canada. As a young boy he came to New Bedford and while working there as a factory hand met and fell in love with Miss Jean Baudrie. At the time Mr. Sears was 17 years old.

The first three births in the Sears family resulted each time in twins. The first pair, according to Mr. Sears, weighed together just three and one-half pounds. Thus at the age of 21 the young husband found himself the proud father of six children after only three years of married life.

Thereafter the young Searses appeared at a surprisingly rapid rate. At 34 years of age, at the time of the first Mrs. Sears' death, the father was the parent of eighteen children. Thirteen of them, however, had died in infancy.

Mr. Sears thus found himself wifeless and with five small children left in his care, and he set about finding another wife. Five months after the death of his first wife he was again married and settled in a new home.

Of the second family nine children have died. Four of the daughters and several of the sons are married and have families of their own. Six of the children, however, live at the little Sears home in East Dedham, and it was here one week ago that the thirty-fourth child was born.

"I am a man who has always been used to large families," says the father of the tremendous Dedham brood, "and I always liked children. If I had been compelled to pass my life as some people do, with only one or two children, I would have been unhappy. I don't believe that if a person likes children he should be without them, no matter what his financial standing may be. The high price of food should not prevent any one from having a family."

OUR STRANGE LANGUAGE.

Proved by Various Interpretations of the Verb "To Strike."

The verb "to strike" is likely to provoke more or less bother among persons seeking to acquire the English language, the Philadelphia Ledger says. It may have any one of several meanings.

"To strike" means to hit, beat, assault. It is this meaning of the term that is brought to mind by the spectacle of a blackened eye. Often it may be avoided by moving on when the policeman says so.

"To strike" means a mere attempt to hit, as when a batter, according to reports on the sporting page, "fans the air," therefore a miss. This suggests a contradiction, but no matter, there are others in the language.

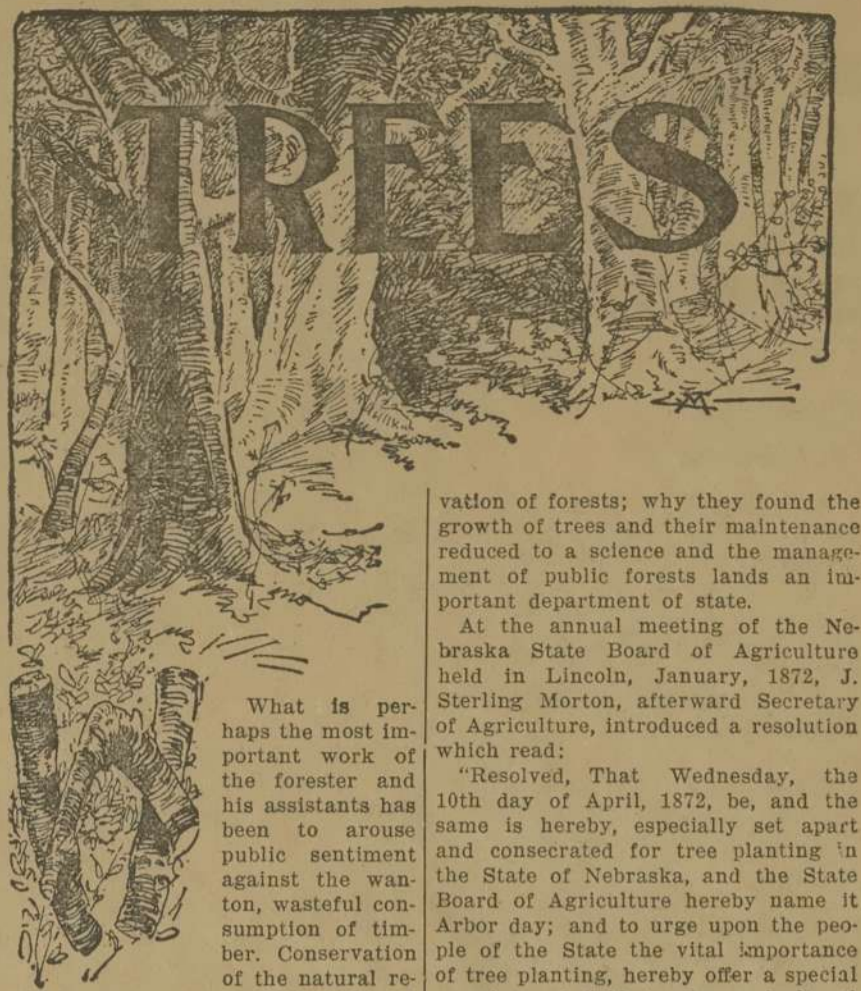
"To strike" means to leave a job because of dissatisfaction with conditions. This sort of strike is never a miss, for it hits something every time. "To strike," when qualified by the words "it rich," is to discover, while prospecting, a deposit of precious metal, or an ore-bearing vein. From this use the term has been adapted to express the achievement of sudden wealth in any field. To make "a strike" in bowling, however, is different.

Again, "to strike" is to make a gentle touch directed toward a friendly pocket-book. Here the strike is in the effort and not in the result. Chances are there will be no result.

A few lines might be devoted to "pare," "pear" and "pair," identical in sound, but in nothing else except spelling by the foolfied method.

Briefly, "pare" is a verb, meaning to denude of temental covering, but applies mostly to fruit. Also potatoes. You may pare an apple, which is to skin it, but you may not pare an elephant, although it is possible to skin it if you have the elephant. Pear is a pomological product that grows on a tree. If the tree had but two pears these would be a pair. A married couple sometimes constitute a pair, and then one goes to Nevada. A pair, in short, is made up of two of a kind.

By remembering these simple facts the student will be enabled to avoid confusion



What is perhaps the most important work of the forester and his assistants has been to arouse public sentiment against the wanton, wasteful consumption of timber. Conservation of the natural resources of the country has become an oft used phrase during the last decade. There is none so dull or isolated these days as not to be able to explain more or less learnedly the need of protecting and safeguarding the trees, of their relation to the country's climate, the important part they play in the precipitation of its rain and the evaporation of its moisture.

Even in colonial days, only a few years after the white man with his ax had started his work of felling the seemingly exhaustless forests which stretched from Maine to the gulf and from the Atlantic to the Alleghanies, some were far-sighted enough to realize that too great a zeal in clearing away the primeval growth might work an injury not easily repaired. Only 17 years after the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth the trustees of the little town of Watertown, Mass., adopted a resolution fining anyone guilty of felling a shade tree by the roadside. A few years later New York found it necessary to regulate the indiscriminate cutting of trees.

It was to his practical side that J. Sterling Morton, the originator of Arbor Day, appealed. As a farmer in treeless Nebraska, he had realized, as had his neighbors, the vital need of trees. They needed them as a protection from the blizzards of winter and the hot droughts of summer. The government recognized the need when it offered tree claims to settlers, giving them free land if a certain number of trees were planted. Some of these settlers of German origin probably knew the efforts which the German government was putting forth, even in the middle of the nineteenth century, toward the scientific management of the nation's woodlands. European countries learned long before America the lesson that the forests should be cherished as among the nation's most precious possessions. That was why Pinchot and Graves could find in Europe schools corresponding to American colleges, established for the special purpose of training men for the successful planting and culti-

BOY IS TREED BY ALLIGATORS.



The body of Ernest Johnson was found in the branches of a tree in Fish Bayou swamp near Palmetto, La., by a party that had been searching for him for a week. The youth took refuge from alligators in the tree and starved. A note found in his hat told the story of his death. He had been fishing in the swamp when alligators swarmed around his skiff. The gators attacked the boat and the boy ran to a tree. He climbed the tree, thinking that the alligators would go away, but they maintained vigil at the foot of the tree day and night, until the terror-stricken lad lost nerve and dared not attempt to escape in the boat. He starved to death.

Be Prepared.

A great many people prefer to slide along the line of least resistance, to get along just as easily as they can, to paying the price in preparation for something better, says Orison Sweet Marden in Success Magazine. They are not willing to prepare themselves for a wider, larger place. They know that their education is deficient, that they lack special training; and they know that they could manage, somehow, to repair their deficiencies, but they lack the energy to do so. They prefer to slide along in an easy-going way, with the least trouble possible to themselves.

How many wrecks, how many incom-

pletion of forests; why they found the growth of trees and their maintenance reduced to a science and the management of public forests lands an important department of state.

At the annual meeting of the Nebraska State Board of Agriculture held in Lincoln, January, 1872, J. Sterling Morton, afterward Secretary of Agriculture, introduced a resolution which read:

"Resolved, That Wednesday, the 10th day of April, 1872, be, and the same is hereby, especially set apart and consecrated for tree planting in the State of Nebraska, and the State Board of Agriculture hereby name it Arbor day; and to urge upon the people of the State the vital importance of tree planting, hereby offer a special premium of \$100 to the agricultural society of that county in Nebraska which shall upon that day, plant properly the largest number of trees; and a farm library of \$25 worth of books to that person, who on that day shall plant properly, in Nebraska, the greatest number of trees."

The idea was quickly adopted by other States. Dr. B. G. Northrop, a Congregational minister of Massachusetts, known as the "great apostle of Arbor day," gave up his other work to devote his entire time to the tree culture movement. The American Forestry Association made him chairman of a committee to push it, and in lectures, newspapers and pamphlets he spread the Arbor day propaganda until before his death he had seen it adopted by almost every State and Territory. He even carried it across the waters of the Pacific and induced Japan to make it one of the national holidays. This was in 1895. His word bore some weight in the land of the mikado, and his visit was a happy one for him, as he was well known. At one time he acted as guardian to three young Japanese women who had come to this country to be educated. One of these became the wife of Oyama, and all that she could do to honor her old friend was done while he was in Japan. November 3, the date of the emperor's birthday, was selected as a fitting time for the Japanese to observe as tree planting day.

In this country Arbor day is a moveable holiday, each State selecting the date most seasonable and convenient. April seems the most generally favored time, but its observances range from January, the date of the Florida Arbor day, to December, though none of the States uses the summer months. Washington's birthday has been selected by a number of Southern States. In many of the States the date is fixed, as in Illinois, by the governor. The forms of observance have gradually become identified with the schools, so that in one sense it is practically a school holiday.

plete and wretched lives we see everywhere because people did not think it worth while to prepare for much of a career! They thought they would get just a little education to help them along; just enough for practical use. They did not think it worth while to dig down deep and lay broad foundations. They did not see life as a whole.

The reason why the lives of so many people are mean and stingy and juiceless is because they put so little into them, they make such a meager preparation in education, in culture, in training, in thinking. Their harvest is small because they sow so little and such inferior seed.

If the youth expects a rich, golden harvest, he must prepare the soil, he must do some good sowing in the seed-time.

You cannot take out of your life what you have not put into it, any more than you can draw out of a bank what you have not deposited.

The Power of Suggestion.

It was the reserve force stored up in the years of conquest and the habit of triumphing in whatever they undertook that gave such power to the Washingtons, the Lincolns, the Gladstones and the Disraelis, says Orison Sweet Marden in Success Magazine. It is the reserve power which we feel back of the words and between the lines of a powerful book; not what is actually in the printed words that impresses us most. We are not so much affected by what an orator like Webster actually says as we are by what he suggests; the latent power, the mighty reserve force that we feel he might put forth were the emergency great enough.

A Sensitive Patient.

Dr. Emdee—Feet go to sleep? That shows your circulation is bad. Editor—That's all you quacks know. I suppose if my corns ached that would show that advertising patronage was falling off.

When a poor man thinks of wealth, he thinks how he would spend it, rather than how he would invest it, which is probably one reason he is a poor man thinking of wealth.