

Personal Talk With You.

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STUDY OF A GLACIER

CURIOUS FEATURES OF THE CREEPING MASS OF ICE.

In the Summer It Is Noddy With the Voice of Many Waters—Gray in Color From the Debris Gathered in Its Mountain Journey.

Although we are far removed from the ice age in point of time, the tourist agencies have made it easy for one who has a week or two to spare and a few pounds in his pocket to visit the countries where glacial conditions still prevail.

Probably the first impression of most visitors to a glacier is that it is very like its picture. There are the snow-crowded mountains, there is the ice-filled valley. There are all the textures of moraine just as the text books depict them. The first impression, however, is a very superficial one.

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Another curious feature of glaciers is that the surface of the ice in many instances appears quite extraordinarily dirty. This does not seem as it should be. Snow is one of the symbols of purity. Surely the ice descending from the pure white snow on the mountains should be pure also.

Yet when we first catch a glimpse of a glacier it is a mass of many waters. All around are innumerable little rivulets caused by the melting of the ice in the heat of the summer sun.

These trickle and babble and splash their sinuous courses for longer or shorter distances, and then splash before they plunge heading down one of the numerous fissures or crevasses. Some seem to fall into a larger torrent far below. Others make their way into some glacial mill where stones are churned round and round, just as one may see in the potholes in the stream at East Linton.

By listening intently one may be able to hear this churning sound mingling with the noise of the water. Mistakes are inevitable in the matter of noise. Now some pinnacles of ice topple over and splinters into a thousand fragments. A mass of stones come sliding down the side of a ridge and strike the glacier.

All this solid matter has at one time or another fallen upon the surface of the glacier and is being borne along by it as a river bears along the sticks and leaves that fall into it. But in the case of a glacier we may have exposed to view the accumulations of hundreds of years. At the lower end of the glacier there is much of interest.

In the first place, there is very often a great cave in the ice, and from this there issues the glacier stream. This cave often is a very large and stable condition. Every now and then the cave partially collapses or great masses of ice fall from the roof, and in a moment an unwary tourist may be trapped or crushed to death.

Trees That Whistle. The musical tree that grows in the West India islands has a leaf-of-peculiar shape and pods with split or open edges. The wind passing through these creates the sound which gives the tree its name. In Barbadoes there is a valley filled with these plants, and when the trade winds blow across the island a constant moaning, deep toned whistle is heard, which in the still hours of the night has a weird and unpleasant effect.

A Washington's Birthday Invitation.

By ALICE LOUISE LEE.

Copyright, 1906, by Alice Louise Lee.

The pen and ink class were working with their eyes on their model and their ears strained to catch the sound of footsteps in the hall.

The sudden opening of the door created a stir which aroused the new-comer to a full view of the room.

A watchful silence ensued, broken by a gentle knock on the door.

"And there goes the curve of your left arm!" exclaimed another. Then, testily, "Amy, do sit still!"

The model, Amy Low, in the antique class, finished faintly and resumed her first position.

"Girls, prepare to meet your doom. He cometh!" rumbled Zetella Brown in a sepulchral voice.

There were footsteps in the hall and the sound of voices, one high and querulous, the other low and distinct.

The door opened, and the master entered, a short man with a Van Dyke beard, which he incessantly worried as he tossed his meretricious criticisms right and left.

"If ever I saw a face of wood," he began at the first easel, "it's right here. How can you look at a face like that, pointing at Amy, 'full of delicate curves and so forth'—a face as set as that of an Egyptian mummy?"

"Bah! Look at it, Alden."

"After the master had taken himself and the querulous voice out of the room Mr. Alden lingered. His presence—quiet, grave and reassuring—was an inspiration to the class.

"I just wish he were our critic!" exclaimed a tearful girl near Amy.

"Huh!" muttered Ze, whose casual stand among the models and then as regular critic. Ever been in his studios? They're great!"

The tearful girl had never visited them, but Amy had. It was months ago, when she first caught a glimpse of the ambitious, shy, palms-taking worker in the antique class, where Alden had discovered her one day when he was making the rounds of the room with Van Horn.

"Great Caesar!" Van Horn had stormed. "He would never recognize himself if he should see his head on your point!"

"She turned her pencil with a start and dropped to encounter not Van Horn's fretful gaze, but the kind, steady eyes of the greater artist. And

"If ever I saw a face of wood"—he

when he had mutilated her sketch and passed on, John Alden, the descendant of that other Alden of sterling character, remained and saved her from utter discouragement concerning her work.

Alden had followed this with other visits to the antique class, and then she had sat for him, a demure Martha Washington at his spindle in cap and kerchief. Amy caught her breath as she thought of those sittings, and now, when she was to sit for the pose of one of the two models in the room without encountering Alden, who persistently lingered near the entrance.

Ze gathered up her work preparatory to leaving. Slipping over to her, she whispered, "Ze, come down the corridor with me, won't you?"

"Important!" returned Ze, with good natured carelessness, squinting at her work.

"Very," returned Amy in a panic as she saw Alden drawing near.

She ran her hand lightly under the arm of the taller girl, using her as a screen until they were safely past the artist, whose eyes followed the Martha of his favorite painting.

"Alden doesn't favor our room as often as he does the antique," began Ze, with affected nonchalance. "I wonder why?"

"He gave Amy's hand a little squeeze. "I wonder why she came today, Alden?"

"Ze, please don't tease; my head aches so." Amy's voice ended in a choke.

Ze opened her eyes widely at the note of pain in the other's tone. She pursed her lips to whistle and then thought better of it as a girl emerged from the door of the life class and swooped down on Amy, exclaiming: "Oh, such hair! What a shame to keep it done up properly. You ought to leave it out like this all the time." She turned Amy's face up and kissed it impulsively. "You're a dear, Amy."

The little country girl had won a warm place in the hearts of the art students. "By the way, that invita-

tion has arrived by this time, of course!"

"Oh, no!" Amy tried to speak naturally. "I am not invited, Miss Hall."

"Just because I'm a Daughter of the Revolution doesn't make it necessary for Mr. Alden to include me."

"But I supposed that you"—Miss Hall stopped abruptly, but her expression said more than words. "A curious backward glance as she passed on."

"Ze, I'm going home and sleep off my headache," exclaimed Amy hurriedly, dropping Ze's arm. She spoke cheerfully, but with averted gaze. "Good-bye."

"Goodby," responded Ze, looking after her. To herself she said energetically, "If John Alden has been flirting with that child, I shall—"

She referred to the informal dinner which Alden was giving, the one on the evening of Feb. 22 and to which Amy had received no invitation.

"It will receive it tonight," thought Ze. "But the evening?" she judged and thought, and I surely judge a few of them."

"Amy smiled faintly and laid her hand on Ze's shoulder. "But Ze, the fact remains that I am not invited."

"I tell you," obstinately, "that I believe you are. You are not only a Daughter of the Revolution, but you are the dearest girl I know, and John Alden—no, I won't be shut off—Alden thinks so, too. If I'm big enough and old enough and know enough to judge things, and I surely do, I judge a few of them."

Ze spoke with vigor and conviction. "Later, after she had tucked Amy into bed as tenderly as she would a child, she brushed her hair rapidly to an accompaniment of half-annoyed thoughts: 'Believes she has been unwomanly and forward with him! The shy little thing! She couldn't do a forward thing if she were a boy. I believe the invitation has gone astray, and I do hope she gives him a chance to see her around the institute.'"

"This hope was destroyed the very next day at the door of the antique class, where Ze and Amy encountered an apprehensive glance over her shoulder. "No, I think you've brought Alden along, and I think you'll interrupt her; you'll find there has been a mistake made that no one is to blame for."

"With this bald and direct statement she discreetly withdrew around a corner, having cast a glance at the artist turned down the hall with a face as pale as Amy's own."

"What mistake, Miss Low?" he asked, stopping a little distance from her.

"Amy followed Ze's retreating figure with startled eyes. "Why—she found the invitation only this morning in a wastebasket—and—the girl pushed herself back against the wall, looking up timidly—'she made me come to explain and—"

"Misses—be Miss Brown," said Alden, with a ring in his voice which carried the words to Ze.

"But if you have invented another Lady Washington"—

"I haven't," and I was very sure. "There's just one Lady Washington for me—you have read my note—Amy—not only for the dinner tonight, but for all time. Will you come?"

"Ten," whispered Amy, but she could not resist the satisfaction of blushing. "I must go find Ze. She said naively, burying down the hall."

Alden laughed happily and followed. "All right, I want to find Miss Brown myself and ask for the honor of shaking hands with her."

The Secret of Good Health. The doctor took off his nose glasses, looked through them at the window, fished out a piece of moist skin and began polishing them steadily.

"The trouble with most people," he began as he rubbed harder at a particularly stubborn spot, "is that when they get up in the morning feeling well they say: 'My, I'm in fine shape this morning!'"

"I feel so well this morning, and now I feel so terribly worn out and tired. I believe it's a bad omen to get up in the morning feeling so fine. If the idiots would only eat nothing at all or very sparingly of something dainty and nourishing they could preserve their feeling of elation till considerably later in the day. The very moment the doctor concluded as he ment, "that the human digestive apparatus begins to be cheerful over a good repast and to believe that its owner has some sense after all, the aforementioned individual is in a state of indigestible garbage."—Chicago News.

Grass Snakes. The somewhat natural prejudice which exists against vipers is actually, unfortunately—though not, perhaps, unaccountably—to everything resembling a snake, and on this account the common grass snake is often needlessly destroyed. It is perfectly harmless, and in its fresh greenish skin is quite unmistakable, yet if suddenly encountered in a hedgehog or lurking from a ditch death is generally its portion. The way in which, on its own account, it deals death to frogs is somewhat awful in the denouement. The victim, seeming to realize the hopelessness of any attempt to escape, becomes literally paralyzed with fright and, leaping with unfeeling power, is soon seized by a hinder leg and drawn into the jaws of the enemy. The adder's method of feeding is similar, but death is more speedy from the wound inflicted by its tubular teeth. The grass snake altogether lacks these teeth and swallows its prey alive. A frog has been heard to scream after being entombed.—London Times.

An attentive husband doesn't always select his wife as the recipient.

Probably everybody makes mistakes, but some people don't believe it.

A woman's husband may not be perfect, but she dares her next door neighbor to even think so.



"ALDEN ME, MISS BROWN, I THOUGHT IT WAS YOU."

"Huh!" exclaimed Ze unbelievably. "We'll leave that for him to settle. All I want of you is to do the decent thing, and that is, pass up the invitation, and be laughing afterwards."

"Amy was going to protest, but Ze, being so insistent, she explained the mistake and ask for the top which make a Martha."

"Now, my dear," she began, "half an hour later Ze, the energetic, disappeared. When she came back it was to Amy's room, where she bustled herself in the clothespress. "Here are your wraps," came her muffled voice.

"I've ordered a cab. It will be here in five minutes, so you better hurry."

"Oh, Ze, how un—womanly," Amy whispered at the entrance to the Arlington, on the top floor of which were the studios. I feel as if I should like to see her around the institute."

Ze pressed her lips together and rang for the elevator. She was determined not to give Amy an opportunity to think. Up they flew to the top floor, where Amy was waiting.

"You come out," a familiar voice, distinctly, giving a louder rap.

The door opened hastily and Alden appeared. "Why?" he began, and then with a change of voice continued, "Misses—be Miss Brown. I thought it was Van Horn. Won't you?"

"Ze interrupted him briskly, casting an apprehensive glance over her shoulder. "No, I think you've brought Alden along, and I think you'll interrupt her; you'll find there has been a mistake made that no one is to blame for."

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Concerning Prigality.

Friedla knows a clever scheme. She brings the door folk to her. She drives them single or in pairs. For extra, her apron strings, will tied. The other girls might as well be in positive attitude and pose. But what's the use? They lack the power. Friedla knows.

Friedla knows when she should talk and when she should smile. She never wants to take a walk. When you are tired and would rest, but best of all this is the most delightful thing to all her beaux. Just how to listen while they boast—Friedla knows.

Friedla knows this thoroughly. And practices it both night and day. Yet when she tries that trick on me, I talk three times the other way. You see, I know Friedla's plan. And so I make her talk, which shows I'm really quite the wisest man.

Friedla knows.

The Battle of Arbelia. Arbelia, which gave its name to the great battle between Alexander the Great and Darius, in a tower in the Turkish village of Kurdistan, on the caravan route between Bagdad and Mosul, about forty miles southeast of the latter city. The battle, however, was not really fought at Arbelia, but at a place called the Battle of Arbelia, which was then called Ganganela, but now known as Karmel.

A Noted Singer's Experiences. Once in London were four great tenors singing at the same time, La-bache, Martini, Standig and Karl Formes. Fashionable opinion was expressed as to which of the four was the greatest, and finally the members of a leading club determined to have the quartet of singers interviewed separately by one of the members to find out to whom each of the singers awarded the palm, the greatest singer being in London.

Standig answered promptly and truthfully, "La-bache is the best."

Martini replied, "I will not say who is the first basso, but I am sure La-bache is the second."

La-bache modestly responded, "If Standig were not here, I certainly would claim the lead."

Formes without hesitation instantly said, "The greatest basso, sir—that's me, Karl Formes."

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ROBERTINE. A woman's husband may not be perfect, but she dares her next door neighbor to even think so.

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In all stations of life, whose vigor and vitality may have been undermined and broken-down by over-work, exacting social duties, the too frequent bearing of children, or other causes, will find in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription the most potent, invigorating restorative strength ever devised for their special benefit.

Nerving mothers will find it especially valuable in sustaining their strength and promoting a abundant supply of milk for the child. Expectant mothers will find it a precious safeguard to preserve the system for baby's coming, and through the ordeal comparatively painless. It can do no harm in any state, or condition of the female system.

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