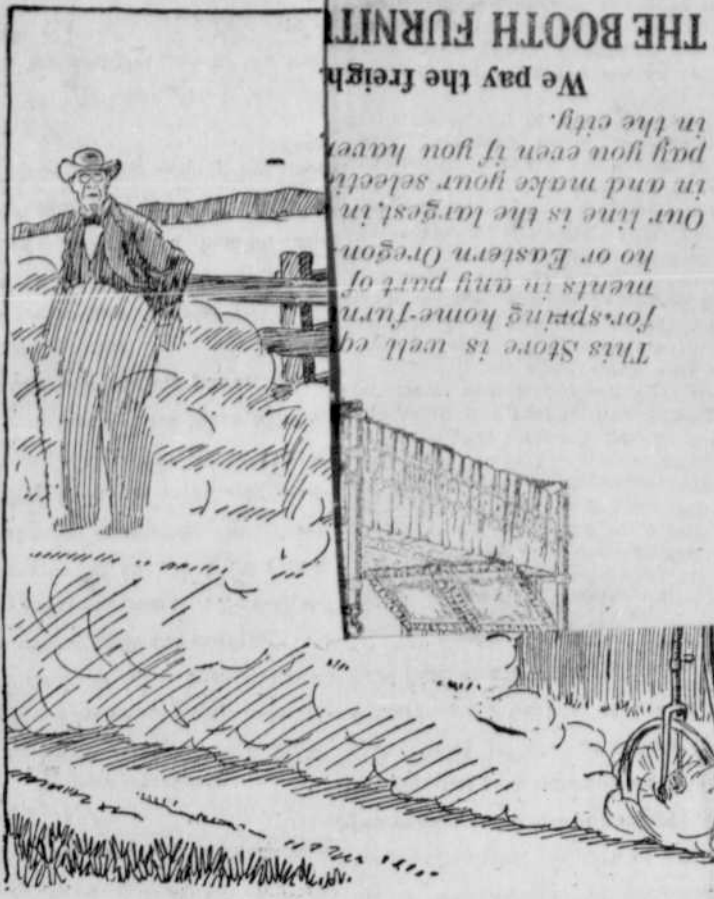




THE NEW PREACHER'S SON.

THE SPINNER.

The spinner twisted her slender thread
As she sat, and spun.
"The earth and the heavens are mine,"
She said,
"And the moon and the sun;
Into my web the sunlight goes,
And the breath of May,
And the crimson life of the new-blown
rose
That was born to-day."

The spinner sang in the hush of noon,
And her song was low;
"Ah, morning, you pass away too soon,
You are swift to go.
My heart o'erflows like a brimming cup
With its hopes and fears.
Love, come and drink the sweetness up
Ere it turn to tears."

The spinner looked at the falling sun.
"Is it time to rest?
My hands are weary, my work is done,
I have wrought my best,
I have spun and woven with patient
eyes
And with fingers fleet.
Lo! where the toil of a lifetime lies
In a winding sheet!"
—Mary Alice de Vere.

Getting a Start

Josephine's brother was in the
dumps and Josephine knew why.
Two months before she might not
have been so discerning, but since
that time she had been seeing things
by the light of her own engagement
solitaire—a most revealing flash.

"Cliff," she said, confidentially, "are
you going to call on her to-night?"
Clifford Roland slapped his muffer
round his neck and buttoned his over-
coat.

"Because," his sister pursued, "those
violets I used on the table for the
luncheon I gave this noon are perfect-
ly good and you're welcome to them."
He looked at her, considering.
"Did they come in a box?" he asked.
"No; just tissue paper. I bought
them at the station, but they're the
best you ever saw, for that kind. And
I have a box—a good new one. Wait
a minute."

She darted out of the room and
came back presently holding aloft a
purple box bearing the name of an
exclusive florist.

"Here you are! This is the box
Percy's last violets came in. I scolded
him at the time for being so extrava-
gant, but now I'm glad. And look in-
side! Here's the very wrapping paper
and card it was tied with, all saved!
I was just as sentimental as that. And
here's even the envelope Percy's card
was in, with the florist's name printed
on the back—all complete!"

"Say," said Cliff, beginning to look
interested. "I wonder—"
"Of course you will! I have purple
gauze ribbon upstairs and a purple-
headed pin and everything."

Cliff loosened three buttons of his
overcoat. "Dodie," he said, "you're a
peach, but it won't do any good. Her
father's too rich. I wish she didn't
have a cent!"

"Now, see here," Dodie informed
him in the mature manner of a young
person who has been engaged for sixty
days. "Millionaires, if they're
worth getting at all, have hearts, just
like other girls."

"You take my word," she went on
sagely, after a flying trip upstairs.
As she spoke she stripped the dining
table of violets and began to prepare
them for the box. "You can go in and
win—same as Percy did—if you'll just
brace up. He was every bit as scared
as you are, but he never showed it.
If a girl's going to like you at all,
she'll like a masterful way. Percy
brought me violets from this very flor-
ist's the night he proposed, and it's
a good start."

She flourished the bunch of violets—
their stems wrapped in purple tinfoil
and adorned with a huge purple bow.
"Get out a card," she commanded,
"and put it into this envelope. No;
Percy's card hasn't been left in it.
That's put away with my treasures."

Dear old Percy! He will go on send-
ing me flowers, no matter what I say.
I tell him we ought to save from now
on for household furnishings; so every
time he brings me violets or roses or
anything, he says: 'Here's another
butter-spreader,' or 'Here's a teapot,'
or some such thing. Isn't he clever?"
"He was clever to get you," Cliff
muttered, which is a brother's way of
saying thank you. Then he took his
box and started out, visibly cheered.

In the home of the "millionaire"
a half hour later young Roland sat
alone pondering his sister's advice.
The violets had been sent up to the
adored one, who had not yet appeared.
"Good evening, Mr. Roland," a sweet
voice broke in. "You were so kind to
bring me the violets."

He rose, to meet a puzzled, inquir-
ing glance in the blue eyes. She was
wearing the violets, but something
was wrong.
"You were so kind," she repeated in
an odd tone, just touched with frost,
"but why—that is, can you explain—
this?"

She held out a slip of thin paper,
folded once. Young Roland opened it.
"Dear girl," was written in Percy's
handwriting. "Here's another salt cel-
lar. I love you."

Drops of perspiration stood out on
young Roland's forehead. He recog-
nized the paper as a leaf from a small
notebook that Percy was always whip-
ping out of his pocket. Confound him!
He had whipped it out once too often.
That had been in the envelope, too,
and Dodie had missed finding it when
she took out the card.

He pretended to be puzzling over
the paper. In reality he was trying to
decide what to do. For a fellow of
his sort there was no course but the



"CAN YOU EXPLAIN THIS?"

truth. The only question was how to
begin.

Whipping out a notebook and pencil
in successful Percy's own style, he
rested the obnoxious slip of paper on
the book and drew a heavy line
through the words, "Here's another
salt cellar." Then he handed it back
to the girl.

"That much of it is for you, any-
way," he said in a tone masterful
enough to suit Dodie herself. "Sit
down here and I'll tell you about the
rest."

It was late that night when young
Roland got home, but a sympathetic
sister was waiting to let him in.

"Did it work?" she asked, solicitous-
ly. "It worked," he answered with a
grin.—Chicago Daily News.

ROLLER TOWEL TO GO.

Board of Health Calls It More Deadly
than Public Drinking Cup.

All our favorite gods and sacred
traditions fall one by one before the
onslaught of reform. So closely have
the clippers of political zealots shorn
us of those personal privileges enjoyed
by our sires that the modern man
stumbles in his melancholy pathway to
the grave, beset on all sides by pro-
scriptions, regulations and rules of
conduct, and feels himself lucky if he
dies out of jail. In Kansas, beautiful
proud, prosperous and far-famed Kan-
sas, the reformers have found their
paradise. Topeka is the latter-day
Delphi and the oracle of reform speaks
in many tongues.

The latest reformatory utterance is
a condemnation of the roller towel, ac-
cording to the Kansas City Journal. It
has been officially declared that the

roller towel is even more dangerous
than short sheets, drinking cups and
cracked dishes. Per square foot the
roller towel contains a greater number
and variety of germs than are to be
found anywhere else in the Sunflower
State, and for the protection of society
the time-honored rotating rag must go.
Perhaps this is all for the best, yet
it is permissible to pause and sigh at
the passing of the old roller towel. It
has served long and well and millions
of our most respected citizens have left
their sooty imprints upon its inviting
folds.

Its rattle has been soothing music to
sputtering patrons of public washrooms
and in spite of the progressive cycle of
its layer upon layer of discolorations
it possessed a simple dignity that
could not be defied. Even when, limp
and discredited, it fastened in an
unloveliness from its scaffold, the roller
towel was not without virtue. Always
some one came to toy gingerly with its
edges in the hope of finding one small
area less dirty than the rest.

Bowing to the decree which banishes
the roller towel from sight, we yet re-
member with something like affection
the long years of intimate association
with it in which it never failed. It has
represented human democracy and
comradeship. It was the bond that
united the high and the low and it
touched all mankind with a welcome if
humid salute. The arrogant foes wore
the roller towel in the days of their
affluence, but it remained faithful and
its very form typified unchanging pur-
poses.

Legions of men and women have
vainly sought the end of the roller
towel. It has remained for the Kan-
sas State Board of Health to lay a van-
dal hand upon this ancient institution
and tear it from its honored place be-
hind the door.

TALE OF A LOST UMBRELLA.

Two People Who Failed to See
Humor in the Situation.

It was a train coming through
Southern Wisconsin. On board was
one of those impromptu comedy crowds
from the tall grass that hadn't any
idea it was funny. One woman sud-
denly descended on her husband with
the thrilling inquiry:

"Where is that umbrella of mine?"
"I dunno," growled the husband.
"Well, you had it last."

"Didn't neither."
"You did, too, and you've got to get
busy findin' it. I bet it's up forced
there where we was a-settin' before
we come back hyer."

More growls from the husband, who
was sleepy.

"You got 't help me hunt it, anyway."
She took him and went forward,
peering under the seats. All up and
down the aisle they went, searching
vainly. The more uncomfortable the
stooping made her the madder and
worse excited the woman got and the
worse her husband growled.

Finally she began poking under the
seats to see if she could touch the um-
brella in some recess beyond her vision.

A girl with a blue feather in her hat,
who had been timidly watching the
performance and showing a blushing
tendency to interrupt, could contain
herself no longer.

"What's that you're poking under
the seat with—isn't that the lost um-
brella?" she asked.

The woman straightened up, gave
one look at the tightly grasped instru-
ment, and snapped out: "Yes, it is!"
She said it just as if it had been
the fault of the girl with the blue
feather in her hat.

An Impressive Appraisal.
"Time is money," said the ready-
made philosopher. "Every minute is
precious."

"Yes," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "I
went out after luncheon to the links
and played nearly a million dollars'
worth of golf. And yet people say I
am not liberal."—Washington Star.

A woman's idea of a good doctor is
one who has a tender voice, and sym-
pathetic eyes.

Methods are plentiful when it comes
to killing time.

ORGAN IS OUT OF DATE

Only a Few Years Ago Every Rural
Home Was Proud Possessor
of One.

ONCE COST \$150; NOW ONLY \$35

To-Day the Upright Piano Is In-
stalled in the Place of the
Joy of the Family.

Thirty years ago home wasn't happy
unless it had its cabinet organ in the
parlor, so that the daughter of the
house could entertain the visitors ev-
ery Sunday afternoon by chording a
little after she had been sufficiently
coaxed. The organ was always a beau-
tiful thing—very beautiful. A real
beveled edge mirror was set in the
top so that daughter could look upon
herself as she industriously pumped
with both feet and chorded with both
hands. It was great exercise playing
the organ in those days.

All organs were decorated alike. On
one side was a picture of mother's fa-
ther and mother; on the other side
were father's parents. Cousin Harry,
who was doing so well in Denver,
beamed out from one side of the Chi-
nese lily that Aunt Molly brought back
from the city on her last trip there,
while on the other side of the lily,
looking down severely upon the wax
fruit in its glass case, was Prof. Dar-
win, who used to be principal of the
high school.

But those days are gone now. A cabinet
Kansas City Times says. A cabinet

meat set before him instead of any
lean meat; that Old King Cole was a
grouchy dyspeptic and the very oppo-
site of a merry old soul; that no black-
bird ever disgorged the king's wash-
erwoman by picking off her nose?

Would you have been a better boy
or girl if your mother had done all
these things—had explained away the
delightful books of childhood and had
told you that the amusing, jangling
rhymes were written by some hard-up
story writer who wrote them for
money and not for truth's sake? Would
you?

Is anything accomplished by squar-
ing a child around and setting it face
to face with the realities of life be-
fore it has come into the years of re-
sponsibility? Let the children enjoy
childhood in a childish way, for it is
brief and comes not again.

GATHERING SEA FOWLS' EGGS.

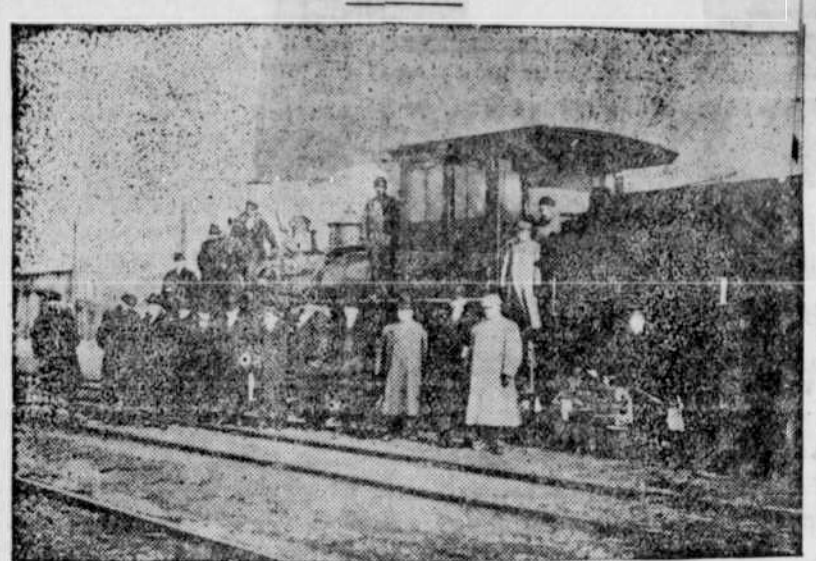
Pertious Work of Cliff Climbers on
the English Coast.

With the advent of spring the York-
shire cliff climbers are making prepa-
rations for gathering the eggs of the
myriads of sea fowl that build their
nests in the dizzy precipices of the
northeastern coast, according to the
London Daily News.

At Bampton, a few miles from Brid-
lington, the favorite resort of these egg
hunters, the chalk cliffs tower 400
feet above the sea. They are the home
of thousands of gulls, cormorants, kit-
tiwakes and other sea birds that have
just begun to build their rough nests
in the chalky crevices. William Wil-
kinson, who has pursued this pertious
calling for many years, is known loca-
lly as "the king of the egg hunters."
He is a bluff, weather scarred man of
the sea, with as much nerve and agi-
lity as are possessed by the most dar-
ing steeplejack.

Wilkinson wears an old helmet to
protect his head from the pieces of

MAKES TEST OF SMOKE CONSUMER.



TESTING NEW SMOKE CONSUMER ON LOCOMOTIVE.

Solution of the smoke problem is claimed by F. J. Doyle, the inventor
of a coal-burning device which was recently tested in a Chicago Junction
railroad locomotive in the presence of road mechanics and expert engineers.
While moving at various rates of speed with a number of heavy-laden cars
attached to it the engine emitted only a slight stream of white smoke, which
resembled steam. The device can be attached to any locomotive. It can
also be used in the boiler rooms of manufacturing plants, the inventor de-
clares. The secret of the apparent effectiveness of the appliance is said to
lie in the fact that it causes perfect combustion. The coal is transformed
into coke, the gases from the coal being consumed in the process and then
the coke is burned.

organ used to cost \$150. Now you
can buy an ordinary piano for that
amount, while a new organ goes for
\$35—a dollar down and 50 cents a
week. A second-hand organ sells for
from \$10 to \$25.

The farmers that used to own or-
gans are now buying pianos. Some of
them are buying player pianos. Books
have been written for the farmers'
daughters that teach them to play a
piano almost as well as if they were
taught by an expensive teacher. By
the diagram method they learn where
to put their fingers when they see cer-
tain notes, and many farmers' homes
have daughters who have taught them-
selves to play almost as well as if
they had employed a teacher.

"It was the coming of the upright
piano that put the organs down and
out," said a piano dealer recently.
"The old square piano couldn't be sold
for less than \$500. The upright was
easier to handle and easier to put to-
gether, and it sold at first for about
\$300. Twenty-five years ago only the
rich—the class that buys motor cars
now—owned pianos. The medium class
owned organs. Now only the poorer
people buy organs. Pianos are being
improved rapidly. I think that in ten
years all pianos will be made with
player attachments."

The musical taste of the people is
improving right along. Many organs
are still being sold. Every family
must have some sort of a musical in-
strument in the home and the man-
agers of music stores testify that the
music that is being bought is of the
higher class. Just as much popular
music is being sold as ever, but the
demand for high class music has de-
veloped rapidly in the last ten years.

Childhood's Brief Hour.

If your mother had let the house-
work go and taken you on her lap and
explained away all the pleasures of the
Mother Goose book of rhymes, would
you have grown up to be any better
man or woman? asks the Wichita
(Kan.) Beacon. What if she had ex-
plained that the cow never jumped
over the moon; that there was no Lit-
tle Miss Muffet, and if there had been
there was no tuffet for her to sit on;
that Jack didn't violate etiquette by
sticking his thumb into a plum pie;
that Jack and Gill's parents used hy-
drant water and they never went up
a hill to get the drinking pail filled;
that Jack Sprat could eat any kind of

rock dislodged by the rope by which
he is suspended in midair. Around
his body he buckles a kind of leather
hammock, in which he is able to sit.
On his arm he wears leather protec-
tors.

"Lower away, boys," he cries, as he
swings himself over the brink in an
almost horizontal position and pres-
ses each foot firmly against the chalk
surface. Three of the men seize the
rope, and foot by foot the intrepid
climber is lowered till his cheery voice
is lost amid the fluttering sounds of
the disturbed birds. He swings from
nest to nest, putting each egg care-
fully in a bag slung over his shoulder.
As soon as his bag is full he gives
"hoist up" signal on the guide
and the men haul him up.

Wilkinson makes several descents
and at the end of the day shares the
spoils with his assistants, who sell the
eggs for eating purposes to the inhab-
itants of the neighboring villages.

Oldest Christian Relic in England

For some time past efforts have been
made to raise funds in order to pro-
tect from the ravages of wind and
weather the encroachment of the drift-
ing sands, the ruins of St. Piran's oratory
at Perranzabuloe, said to be the
oldest Christian relic of its kind in
England. It is now proposed to build
a protecting house of concrete around
the ruins. If this protection is not
forthcoming it is probable that "the
lost church," as it is locally known,
will be again buried beneath the sands
which covered it for so many centuries.
It is generally believed to be the origi-
nal church of St. Piran, to whom the
Cornish miners give the credit of first
showing them tin, and who was one
of the most notable of the many Corn-
ish saints.—London Standard.

Where Will It Stop?

"Our fleet of torpedo destroyers
seems to have stirred up our friend the
enemy," remarked the naval chief
of one of the great powers.

"Yes," replied his assistant. "It is
said they will build a fleet of torpedo
destroyers now."
"Let 'em! We'll build a fleet of tor-
pedo destroyer destroyers."—
Catholic Standard and Times.

No health or pleasure resort over-
estimates its scenery as much as a
cranky crusader overestimates the
view cut off by a billboard.

AMERICA'S TIMBER MINES

One in New Jersey Is Op-

More Than One Hundred Years
The wood mines of upper
China, are not any more curio-
a wood mine that has been in
tion in New Jersey for more t
years. This mine is at Dennis
the swampy region of south N
sey, and yields cedar such as
nowhere on this continent to d
fallen and submerged forest
beveled to be prehistoric. Lo
been mined from it more than
in diameter.

These ancient cedars have a
flesh-colored wood, and if it
that was alive when it fell, t
pungent flavor when cut as
our common red cedar. The
trunks are odorless. The lig
heaps or layers, and it has n
determined yet how many lay
are below the top stratum th
uncover.

When these prehistoric ceda
first discovered and for 80 y
ward they afforded remunerat
constant employment to m
sons who mined the logs, an
they are a source of consider
come to those who continue
the logs. The cedars are cut
shingles and staves and ma
pails and tubs and other woo
sels. The great endurance of
is noted in shingles made f
century ago and which are a
to-day as when they were fir
use.

Near the Delaware river
miles west of Dennistown, o
the same variety have been
a depth of 12 feet. At Cape
the Atlantic coast, 20 miles
drilling an artesian well an
deposit similar to the Del
swamp was found at the dep
feet and the drill entered
log and bored into it more
feet before its diameter was
pierced. This tree was alive
fell, no telling how many th
of years ago.

FASHION HINT



A striking model for an em-
handkerchief linen, has a poin
skirt effect, cap sleeves and a
tractive waist that is "vesty" in
The lower part of the skirt is
pleats.

IN CHICAGO.

Every 6 minutes a child i
Every 7 minutes there is a
Every 2 days some one is u
Every 13 minutes a couple
ried.

Every 10 minutes an immi
rives.
Every 3 minutes some o
rested.

Every 42 minutes a new
firm starts up.

Every 48 minutes a ship le
harbor.

Every 8 1/2 hours some cou
vored.

Every 10 hours some one
suicide.

Every 7 hours some one
business.

Every 1 1/4 hours some one
by accident.

Every 8 hours an attempt
some one is made.

At the museum at Innsbr
Austria, there has been for a
of years a piece of pottery in
of a basin, which experts were
to locate as to age. It has no
determined that it was made
twelfth century, and the great
remarkable more for the desig
it bears on the inner side than
age. It shows Alexander th
riding in an alrship, which
led by griffins. Alexander stand
ing with a great rod food
heads of the griffins.

Wife—You disappoint me
ty. You won't do a thing to
church.

Husband—What's the matter
I stay home every Sunday so
else may have my seat?—Harp
war.

iceboats have long been in
now a German inventor has
a simple sail vehicle, which
fair progress over good roads.