

WHEN THE WHISTLE BLOWS FOR NOON.

(ROY FARRELL GREENE, in Leslie's Weekly.)

There's a charm about the chimin' of the great cathedral bells,
An' there's a harmony allurin' when the big pipe organ swells;
There's a captivat' sweetness in the trillin' of a lark,
Or a whip-poor-will a-callin' through the damp and dewy dark.
But say you've been a workin' for a weary half-a-day,
A-blisterin' your fingers as you earn' of your pay,
The screedin' note that greets you seems the sweetest sort o' tune
As you drop your pick an' shovel when the whistle blows for noon.

It's a raspin' note discordant to a bigly-cultured ear,
But to every hungry feller it's a message soft and clear;
An' you mutely bless the music as you take from off the rail
The dainty home-made knick-knacks in the battered dinner-pail.
Why, the daughters of Terpsichore, that sat at Pallas' feet,
N'er tripped a ripplin' measure that to ears was half so sweet;
That, no doubt, was soul enthrallin'; this a hungry stomach's boom;
An' the pipes o' Pan seem playin' when the whistle blows for noon.

There are artists upon music, an' there's critics, it is true,
But a hungry man at noontime is a judge of music, too!
For he's given not to thinkin' how the sweet crescendo roll,
An' a stomach's not the vagueness of a music-lover's soul.
An' so, I say, the hummin' of the plump, brown-belted bees
A-bustlin' after honey in the famel' Hesperides
N'er with the swish of busy wings a melody did croon;
As sweet as stealth to me when the whistle blows for noon.

A Bit of Blue Clay.

By J. Howard Bauman.

"Wanted, a wife. She must be eat and stylish, and possessed of that rare good quality in woman, common sense, in dress as well as in domestic matters. There, old boy, you have in a nutshell what I long for more than all else on earth. I am tired of this bachelor life, and when the woman whom I think fulfills all requirements crosses my path, I shall use all honorable means to win her."

"And how long do you expect to wait before finding the embodiment of such fancies, Tom?" Harry Hall asked. "The girls of this day think of nothing but their pleasure and the latest fashions. They have no notion of being bothered with household matters, and therefore pay no attention to them. If they are able to decide what piece of silk will make the prettiest waist, how the new ball gown may be cut, and can criticize a neighbor's new tailor-made gown, they have reached the height of their ambition as well as the limit of their mental faculties. That is my reason for remaining a bachelor."

"Don't you think you are a little severe on the gentler sex, Hal? Surely there are exceptions. I will admit that the girls you have just described are to be found in plenty, but, thank Heaven! they are not in the majority. I hope to meet my ideal in flesh and blood before many moons; and when I do—well, when I do meet her, just keep your eye on a fellow making the best of his advantage."

"How do you expect to recognize your ideal?"
"First, I shall read her countenance; it must be frank and open. Then I will survey her dress. I want a shapely form, but I do not want a woman who uses a block and tackle to draw her laces tight; nor do I want a Mother Hubbard fend. But it is by her feet I shall know her. She must be the wearer of a neat shoe, and the shoe must fit the foot. Now come on or we shall be too late to hear that toast of Beazley's."

So saying, Tom Stanton put out the lights in his finely furnished bachelor apartment, and the two men started off at a fast walk for the Osceola Club rooms.

A few evenings later Harry Hall called on his friend and found his apartments unoccupied. So, lighting a cigar, he picked up a magazine, resolved to await his return. Suddenly the door was thrown open, and Tom rushed in. He did not notice Harry, comfortably ensconced among his cushions, but hastening to the centre of the room, turned the lights higher. Then he stepped to a table, and upon its polished marble top carefully deposited something. This something looked to the unseen friend to be a bit of plaster or clay. Pulling a chair close to the stand, Stanton commenced to study it intently.

Harry thought it about time to make his presence known, and asked—
"What is it, Tom? Discovered some earth with a yield of gold, or other precious metal?"
Stanton looked up with a guilty start.

"Hum! You here, Hal? Why didn't you speak before? No, I have not discovered gold, but something vastly more important to me."
"May I see it?"
"If you are not too lazy to walk over here."

For full a minute Harry stood gazing at the irregular bit of something that Tom had deposited upon the marble.

"Well," he said, finally breaking the silence, "what is it?"

"What does it look like?"

"A bit of blue clay, flattened out by the foot of a man or a woman."

"You are right; it is a bit of clay. I found it in front of the new block."

"And what do you see in it to interest you?"

"Only the print of a shoe worn by a woman, but I will attempt to make you comprehend what I read in that print. See that graceful curve? Well that is an indication that the wearer possessed style clear to the soles of her feet. Now notice the shape of the sole—a common sense sole, nothing small and pinched about it. That is a sure indication that the wearer had good judgment. Understand? Next, notice the heel. Not ridiculously high—no, whittled off so that the wearer must imagine herself standing with her heel on a small cobble stone; not a heel that looks as

though it was a spool from which the cotton had been used. Summed up, I read that the wearer of the shoe was possessed of three good qualities: Style, common sense, and good judgment."

Tom paused, and Harry asked, with a smile—
"What are you going to do about it?"

"Find the lady, and, if she is what I honestly believe she will prove to be, and if her face is at all pretty, woo her."

Harry laughed and resumed his seat among his cushions, leaving Stanton to continue to study the bit of blue clay. Plainly imprinted on that portion which marked the neat bridge of the sole were the letters "N E W." These were all he could make out. The balance of the word, whatever it might have been, was illegible, and after thirty minutes of fruitless study, he laid the clay aside with a sigh of regret.

Two days after, Tom was strolling along the business street of his native city when a sign in a shop window caught his eye. That first letter of the sign—where had he seen it before? Good! He remembered it; it was the same as the one on the precious bit of clay. There were the other two letters "E W." but others followed—E S T, and the sign in the window told him that the dealer within was the local agent for a shoe called the "Newest."

Tom's next move was to bolt into the store, and demand of the first clerk he saw to show him the "Newest" shoe at once.

"But," said the astonished clerk, "it is for women."

"Don't you suppose I know that much? Show them to me, and if they suit me I will purchase a pair," replied the bachelor.

Like a sensible tradesman the clerk concluded that his prospective customer was making a purchase for mother, sister or wife, and immediately took from the shelf a number of boxes of the shoe in question. A glance at the sole of the first pair convinced Tom that he was on the right track; but so accurately did he carry the outlines in the clay in his mind's eye, that he knew the shoe he held in his hand did not match the imprint in his possession.

"Have you no other styles of this shoe?" he asked the clerk.

"Certainly. There are a number of different styles."

The fourth pair of shoes he looked at were those he was after. While the clerk was engaged in doing up his package, Tom inquired of him how long the shoe had been on the market.

"We have had our stock of them but four days. I have sold a dozen pairs myself—the first pair on the day before yesterday."

"The very day I found the clay," thought Tom. "I'll wager anything it was the shoe of this first customer that made my imprint. My task grows easier. Now to find out all I can about the purchaser." He continued aloud, "And so the lady was quick to recognize the merits of the new footwear?"

"Indeed she was; and such a stylish young lady, too."

"Who was she? You have so interested me in this shoe business that I would like to know her name."

"Ah! There is where you get me; I never met her before."

Stanton breathed a sigh of disappointment, but the clerk did not understand it. The man who was in search of an ideal could elicit no more

information here, so, paying for his purchase, he left the store.

When next Harry Hall entered the apartments of Tom Stanton, he thought he had grounds for the belief that his friend was insane upon at least two subjects—shoes and ideals; for, occupying a prominent position upon the richly carved mantelpiece, was a pair of ladies' shoes. He stared at them, then at Tom.

"Tom, what does this mean?" he asked.

"What does what mean?"

"Confound it, the shoes! Why are such things on your mantel? Why are they in your possession at all? Are you a lunatic? I cannot understand you of late."

"Well, Hal, I am not crazy, nor am I the town's idiot. I purchased those shoes to-day, and if my hopes do not prove illusive, I have reason to believe that my future wife will yet wear them. I say, are they not beauties?"

"Your—your what?" gasped Harry. "The idea of a man buying shoes for his future wife when he hasn't so much as an inkling of who will fill that position, if it is ever filled—which is very doubtful in my mind. Tom, you have taken leave of your senses."

"Not at all, my friend. But I am on the track of the future Mrs. Thomas Stanton. Listen, and I'll tell you all about it."

"All right—I'm all attention."

"So you see," Tom said in conclusion, "the case has narrowed down to this: I have but to find the purchaser of that first pair of shoes to accomplish the first half of my task; the future bride will have been discovered. The second half of the task will be to win her, and I am self-confident enough to believe I can do it."

"Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho!" Harry broke out into hearty laughter.

"Well, what is so funny?"

"Beg your pardon, Tom, but it is amusing to make any one laugh! Ha! ha! ha! Just to think if it should turn out to be the case!"

"If what should be the case?"

"Suppose after all your trouble, the wearer of the shoe proves to be a married woman?"

Stanton started back in his chair with an ill suppressed groan. Why had that thought never occurred to him? But it was too late to back down. And, after all, the chances that the unknown was not married were at least equal to the ones that she was.

"I hadn't thought of that," he said, after he had somewhat recovered from the shock.

"Then isn't it about time you began? And now I have something to tell you, Marguerite Hazelton, my charming cousin, has been at the home of my aunt for the past week. She is the sweetest little creature you could dream of—a temper as sweet as a June rose, and with more sense than twenty average girls combined. Give up this wild goose chase for an unknown ideal, and try to win the affection of the fair Marguerite. She is just 'dying' to meet my chum. Will you go to see her?"

"If you desire it," was Stanton's half-hearted reply.

The following afternoon, while the chums were strolling along the street, Tom found himself looking at a sign in the window of a shoe merchant. It was the one that had caused him to purchase the pair of shoes which still adorned his mantel. The man who had sold them to him was standing in the doorway.

The reflection of a lady passing on the opposite side of the street was plainly visible on the polished glass. The clerk took a quick step to Tom's side.

"Are you not the gentleman who bought from me the newest in shoes the other day?" he asked.

"I am."

"If I remember rightly, you seemed to be much interested in the purchaser of the first pair."

"Yes, yes! Do you know who it was?"

"That is the lady passing on the other side of the street."

Tom glanced at the figure he had seen reflected on the glass.

"Are you certain?" he asked excitedly.

"I would know her among ten thousand."

Just at that moment Harry, who had walked on, evidently not being interested in shoes, came hurrying back.

"I say, Tom," he said excitedly, "hurry up! There goes Marguerite across the way. Come, we will cross over." And before Tom Stanton could regain his scattered wits, he was bowing to the lady in acknowledgment of his introduction.

But little remains to be told. Tom Stanton entered into the effort of winning Marguerite Hazelton with the

firm of a man honestly in love, and six months later their engagement was formally announced.

"And so," said Harry Hall, when offering his congratulations, "the thought of winning a bride through the agency of a shoe print has forever passed from your mind. Well, there you are sensible, Tom."

"And there is just where you miss it, Hal," retorted Stanton.

"What? Didn't I understand you to say you were going to marry Marguerite? Yes? Then explain yourself."

"Ask Miss Hazelton to tell you about her purchase of a pair of shoes a little more than half a year ago."

"Can it be?" stammered Harry, a glimpse of the truth dawning upon his brain.

"That it was your cousin, and my future wife, who stepped upon that bit of clay? That is precisely the case."

"Then you have really found your ideal, and owe your good fortune to a bit of blue clay more than to your humble friend?"

"Sorry to relieve you of the credit, but truth is truth."

"Well, you were not so crazy as I believed you to be, after all, for in Marguerite you will find a stylish, common sense wife, whose judgment on domestic matters is almost infallible. Again let me congratulate you, Tom."

And thus Tom Stanton discovered his ideal and found a peerless wife.—Waverley.

SCIENCE & MECHANICS

Steel is a true alloy, containing several foreign elements. Here, as in iron, the special values of the different steels depend on the nature and proportion of these elements. Steel may be had as soft as the softest irons.

That the blood of a horse has the peculiar property of acting as a styptic and assisting the formation of a cicatrix when applied to fresh wounds is a fact well known to the medical profession. The difficulty about its application has hitherto been how to obtain fresh, germ free horse blood in an emergency.

Changes on the moon's surface, especially near the crater Linnaeus, are now recognized by Pickering, Barnard and others. It is concluded that the diminution of a white patch must be a melting of hoar frost at sunrise and that the deposition and melting of frost must be taking place in other parts of the moon.

Swelling ground cannot be held by timber; means must be provided for relieving the pressure of the ground from time to time. It will cause little trouble if spaces are left between the lagging, through which the pressure may be eased at intervals by removing some of the material. Expedients such as packing with straw are valuable only until the swelling becomes sufficient to pack tightly the cushioning substance. When this becomes packed solidly it transmits the pressure to the timbers.

In Dr. Korn's system of transmitting pictures by wire—which has been under test for some time at stations in Paris, Berlin and London—greatly improved results have been obtained, with more rapid transmission, by the late plan of using line drawings instead of photographs at the sending station. A photograph drawing published in Le Matin, the Paris daily, showed Aeronaut Zippel on his aeroplane. At the Berlin station the photograph had been prepared by inking its principal lines, when a half-tone was made from it for transmission, and the picture printed in the Paris paper showed some of the shades and tints as well as the drawn lines. For transmission, the half tone was rolled in the form of a cylinder, which was revolved with a small contact wire resting against it to send the impulses of current. The receiving end had the usual apparatus, a photographic film being wound on a cylinder rotating in agreement with the transmitting one, and a point of light varied in brightness by the current giving the impression on the film. The picture was received in ten minutes, while a photograph from Berlin by mail would have taken eighteen hours.

Macnamara Retorts.

At an election meeting Dr. Macnamara, of the British Parliament, was tackled by a woman, who inquired, "Are you in favor of repealing the blasphemy laws?" "Madam," replied the doctor, "I'm a golfer!" "Would you give every woman a vote?" asked another. "Every woman should have either a vote or a voter," said Dr. Macnamara. "Which do you prefer?"

The Limit.

We don't mind hooking her waist, looking to see if her white skirts show, and if her hat is on straight; we don't mind pinning up a veil now and then and cleaning the mud off her rubbers, but when it comes to holding one end of a store switch while she braids it, we think the limit has been reached, and it's time for us to assert our independence.—Detroit Free Press.

All Rotterdam street cars carry first aid packages for relief in case of accident to crew, passengers or pedestrians.



For the Younger Children....



When I was small, I hoped for toys
And dolls and sweets galore,
And then when I was six I wanted
Books of fairy lore.

At seven, I wanted roller skates;
At eight, I yearned for wealth;
But now that I'm eleven,
All I really want is health.
—A St. Nicholas League Member, in St. Nicholas.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why are eyes like whips? Ans.—Both have lashes.
Why are trees like elephants? Ans.—They have trunks.
When is a dairymaid like the stars? Ans.—When on the milky way.—Washington Star.

GAME OF NINETEEN-TEN.

In the centre of a doorway suspend a bell so that it hangs about three or four feet from the ground. Arrange the game so that each player has two turns. For the first turn each player is given nineteen marbles which he throws, one at a time, at the suspended bell, when standing about eight feet away. On the second turn each player must use ten marbles in the same way as the nineteen were used for the first turn. Each player should be provided with a bell-shaped tally card so that the number of bell strikes he makes may be recorded at each turn. The player striking the bell with the marbles the greatest number of times receives the prize.—Washington Star.

PHONOGRAPH'S FIRST WORDS.

When Edison first went to work on his phonograph he was as much surprised as any one when the thing actually talked. It appears that the inventor had been working on some new variety of telephone receivers when he was led to put a piece of tinfoil on a cylinder. It recorded sound, and Edison was convinced that the human voice could be recorded and reproduced.

When the time came to make the actual test Edison, with his mind on the mechanical details, is said, absent mindedly tested his contrivance with the familiar phrase, "Mary had a little lamb." Accordingly this little nursery jingle has gone down into history as the first words ever reproduced by a phonograph.—Washington Star.

BILLY.

I want to tell you about my pony named Billy. Father bought him two years ago from a friend. Once, when Billy belonged to him he was left at the shed of the village while his owner went away on the train for a short time. Somebody unharnessed Billy and turned him loose. He set out immediately for home, and soon he arrived at the barn, walked in and went right to his stall. Billy is easy to ride and when, during the first two or three days that I had him, I rode over to his old home, I had to coax and lead him back, for as soon as I got on his back he would turn around and gallop toward his former stable.

Now I have great fun with him, riding and driving around the country in the summer, and he is considered a regular part of the family.—Stoddard P. Johnston, in the New York Tribune.

MY PET CROW.

I want to tell you about our pet crow, Dinah. We have had her since she was a tiny baby crow. She is quite pretty, with smooth black feathers. She is very intelligent and talks a little. Some of the words she uses are, hello, mamma, papa, and sometimes she speaks my name.

About five or six weeks ago, when I was in school, we heard a noise outside. One of the boys looked to see what it was and found that Dinah was on the fire escape. The teacher told another boy to see if he could catch Dinah, which he finally did, but the crow got away from him. The windows were tightly closed. Some of the children chased her around the room and at last she was caught, and the teacher wrapped her apron around her and gave her to my brother to take home. We were all sorry to have the fun ended.—Harriet G. Guild, in the New York Tribune.

CLAMMING.

Last summer while we were in the country my mother wanted some clams, but we couldn't buy any. One day my two sisters and I thought we would spend the afternoon at Cromwell Lake, one mile from our cottage. While we were walking along the shore my sister picked up something that looked like a clam. Yes, we were pretty sure it was a clam. So we went to work to look for some more. The water being very clear, we could see more clams quite far out, so my sister waded to the different places. We found an old burlap bag, into which we put the clams. Then we started to walk home. On the way we were planning what we would do with the money mother would give us, for we thought she ought surely to give us forty cents each for the trouble and the clams. When we arrived home mother was sitting on the veranda, and she was greatly puzzled when she saw the bag. She came down to meet us, and we immediately opened the bag, and how she did laugh when she saw what it contained. At last she told us that

those were mussels, not clams. You can imagine our disappointment. We had to walk all the way back and dump the mussels into the lake. Of course, each of us was minus a good clam dinner and forty cents.—Gertrude M. Grisch, in the New York Tribune.

HABITS OF THE HEDGEHOG.

The hedgehog, that butt of juvenile rustic horseplay, is the possessor of tastes which, like Sam Weller's knowledge of London, are "extensive and peculiar." Scorning fastidiousness, it can make a hearty meal of nearly any insect, and is one of the few vertebrates which can tackle the repulsive cockroach. For effectual extermination of beetles and crickets it is as useful as a mongoose among the rats, but it is not generally known that it has a partiality toward snakes and adders. The methods it employs for the attack are interesting. Having come upon the adder it goads the reptile to the offensive and at the first dart immediately rolls into a ball. The adder is then left to attack the spines, in which encounter it naturally comes off second best. After a while, when the hedgehog feels that his antagonist has exhausted his power, it once more opens out and takes a bit at the adder's back, thereby breaking its spine. It then proceeds to crush the whole of the reptile's body by means of its powerful jaws, and after that it is said to start at the tail and devour its prey. Of eggs, the hedgehog is also very fond, thereby giving just cause to keepers and farmers to destroy it on sight. Cases have been known where hedgehogs actually forced the hen pheasant off her nest and then proceeded to demolish the contents. There is a tradition among country people to the effect that the hedgehog will suck milk from cows, which certainly shows strong aversion to the hedgehog, but eminent naturalists scout the idea; their explanation being that it is the heat of the cow which attracts the hedgehog, the cow's dislike being no doubt caused by unpleasant contact with the prickly spines. Hedgehogs are invulnerable to most of their enemies except man, although the wily fox has been known to get the better of them occasionally.—Scotsman.

MUSEUM OF ART.

Many little children either have visited, or soon will visit, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York City. Here are some interesting facts about the museum as given in the Tourist Magazine.

The museum, in Central Park, opposite East Eighty-second street, occupies a plot of ground at one time called Deer Park. It was started in October, 1869, by the Art Committee of the Union League.

Incorporated in 1870, the Park Department offered to furnish a building if it were transferred from its first home, the Douglas Mansion, in West Fourteenth street. In 1880 the first section was completed. At the same time an agreement was made to allow the public to visit the museum without cost four days a week. The public in 1890 sent in so many petitions for free admission on Sundays that this was granted the same year, though it meant a great monetary loss.

It is said that the value of its exhibits cannot be computed, though some of the statisticians have set the total at half a billion dollars. J. P. Morgan is the president.

More than 800,000 persons visited the museum in 1907. This attendance was exceeded but once, in 1903, when the new wing was completed, the total being but 2000 more.

The city appropriates \$160,000 a year for the museum, and even that sum would be inadequate were it not for the help of its many rich patrons.

The most costly painting is Meissonier's "Friedland," purchased for \$75,000. An alabaster statue of Telephus of a Pharaoh of Egypt, dating back to 1800 B. C., is said to be the oldest piece of sculpture.

The jade collection of the late Heber R. Bishop is the rarest of its kind in the world. Many of the pieces are without a duplicate.

The Hoentschel collection of Gothic art, recently purchased by Mr. Morgan for \$1,000,000, is one of the most interesting exhibits, occupying the whole of a section, built for that purpose.

A permanent expedition is maintained in Egypt, and this sends every year some beautiful, interesting and valuable specimens of ancient art.

A fund has been set aside to purchase the best works of modern American painters and sculptors.

The musical exhibit contains instruments of all kinds, from ancient times to date, while the crystal exhibit is unique.

The library, for which Heber R. Bishop subscribed the first \$5000, about twenty-eight years ago, contains a large number of extremely rare old works and costly examples of modern printing and engraving.

Only recently a collection of rare laces was discovered hidden away in a store room, and it is said that many other priceless collections have never been placed on exhibition, owing to lack of space.—Newark Call.

Rhubarb is grown extensively in China.

The Future Life.

At the funeral of the late William M. Laffan, the well-known publisher of The Sun and art critic, at Lawrence, L. I., a number of selections from the Scriptures of religions were read by the minister, the Rev. Dr. Thomas R. Slicer. Among them were the following from the Buddha and the Bible:

There are treasures laid up in the heart—treasures of charity, piety, temperance and soberness. These treasures a man takes with him beyond death, when he leaves this world. Man never dies. The soul inhabits the body for a time and leaves it again. The soul is myself; the body is only my dwelling place. The pearls and gems which a man has collected, even from his youth, cannot go with him to another world. Friends and relations cannot go with him a step further than his place of burial. But a man's actions, good or bad, go with him to the future world. As far and returned home safe, so will good deeds welcome him who goes from this world and enters another.—Buddhist.

But the fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; against such there is no law.—Gal. 5.