

DOLEFUL BALLAD OF A HERMIT.

BY I. F. B.

There was a Hermit mild and good,
Who owned a modest little cot,
Close to the borders of a wood,
And happy was his lot.

So kind he was to bird and beast,
They loved him as their dearest friend;
They often shared his frugal feast,
And he the sick would tend.

One night upon his cottage door
There came a most emphatic knock,
And still another one, before
His hand could reach the lock.

He opened, and to his amazement
There stood a little brownish bird
With head askant and jaunty gaze,
Who said, "At last you've heard!"

"I'll take a shelter for the night,"
Said he, "excuse me, please."
"There is no other but in sight,
Besides, it's rather cold."

The gentle Hermit stared aghast,
So saucy was his little guest,
But erred an adequate respect,
And bade him take his rest.

The bird just winked his beady eye,
Said he, "My friend, I've come to stay;
I'll build a nest or two near by,
And never move away."

And so it was. Before you'd think
Some hundreds of his cousins mustered;
The Hermit could not sleep a wink,
So loud they screamed and blustered.

Until at last they drove him out,
Which grieved his neighbors to the marrow,
And long ere this you've guessed, no doubt,
This Person was an English Sparrow.

—I. F. B.

When Pa Kicked Over the Traces

By GERTRUDE G. BLAISDELL.

Ma looks out of the window, fanning herself vigorously with her blue checked gingham apron.

"It beat the Dutch," she says to Arvylla, the younger daughter. "It does beat the Dutch how your Pa tramps over to the neighbor's for water. Here's our cistern full and all we need is drinking water brought, and by actual count that's the eleventh time he has fetched a pail today."

"Why, Ma," says Arvylla, as she drops the pea pods in the wide basket, and glances down the path at her father as he plods along between the banks of blossoming roses. "Why, Ma, we don't drink no eleven pails of water a day."

"Land sakes alive, Arvylla, of course we don't; he jist pours it out and says he thinks he'll get some fresh water. I'm afraid, I'm afraid, Arvylla, that something dretful ails your pa. Now his cousin, Sallie Brown, her that was Sallie Perkins, died with some such an ailment, and that is jist the way she acted, was always thinkin' about fresh water, would drink a hull pail at a time, so they said."

The tears were coursing down Ma's placid face and Arvylla looked up scared and white. "Oh, Ma," she gasps, "Don't."

Meanwhile, Pa, the object of their concern, plods along the path and into the yard of their neighbor. Thoughts and impulses to which he had always before been stranger surge through Pa's gentle breast. Heretofore life has held for him only his "wimmenfolks." Ma and the girls have been the sum and substance of his existence. When a few years before they had decreed that the old farm should be sold and a home made in town, Pa had not demurred. "Ma knows best," he said. What if out behind the barn with no one to see but old Rover, a few tears had trickled down the withered old cheeks. The "wimmenfolks" had never known. He had said good-by to the dear old farm where his whole life had been spent, to the cows and horses, the lambs and calves. No one had known the cost to the poor old man. No one unless it was Rover who looked up in his eyes in such a sympathetic way that Pa felt he understood, even if Ma and the girls did not. Poor Rover, town had been too much for the farm dog and the syringa bush had blossomed over his grave now for two seasons.

Four weeks ago when Pa had gone to the neighbor's for a pail of water, there, in the woodshed, curled up beside their savage little mother, were six of the plumpiest, most winning fox terrier puppies possible to imagine. That was the beginning. The puppies were very friendly and soon would scamper to meet him, growling and barking and jumping about him in delight and Pa enjoyed the frolic even better than they.

"Better take one, Mr. Perkins," said the neighbor pleasantly. But Ma and the girls had instantly vetoed such a possibility when Pa had timidly suggested it.

"What, a puppy trackin' over my clean floors, well, I guess not," gasped Ma.

One day when Pa went over there were only five bright-eyed, frisky puppies left. The next day Fatty was gone. To-day there is only one, but the brightest and best of the lot thinks Pa as he grabs little Spotty up. "Oh, Spotty, Spotty, I can't let you go, I can't," he groaned. Then something very like a twinkle gleamed in the old man's eyes, and he muttered tremulously: "I'll do it, I will, I'll kick over the traces this once."

If the "wimmenfolks" had worried over him before they were in agony about him now. His peculiar desire for fresh water gives place to many new but equally startling vagaries. It is a usual thing now when they sit down to an unusually good dinner and the old man has prepared the

meat and vegetables for eating to suddenly push back his plate, declaring that he feels "porely" and cannot eat unless he carries his dinner out of doors. "Seems like the smell of the roses and such makes things more tasty," he murmurs.

"Why, sure, father, dear," says Arvylla the first time this happens. "We'll set the table out under the apple tree to-morrow if you can eat better there." Her father shakes his head, "I want to eat alone," he says, shortly.

So they watch him nearly every day as he potters toward the barn with his plate. "And he don't even take a fork," sobs Ma. "He must eat with his jack knife."

As fall draws near the old man grows frailer and thinner, and one morning does not get up as usual, but lies so still that Ma, with a great catch at her heart, thinks he must be dead. But he is only ill, so ill that for days and weeks he lies as one already beyond the borderland. The devoted nursing of the "wimmenfolks" wins in the end, however, and one clear, crisp day in November, Pa opens his eyes and knows them. Knows that Ma is holding his hand just as tenderly as she did so long ago when they were first wedded; knows that it is Arvylla who drops the soft kiss on his forehead. Even as the peace of it all soothes him a wild fear and horror seizes him. Spotty! Just at that moment something wriggles at the foot of the bed and Pa glances down—there curled up, fatter, saucier, more irresistible than ever, on Ma's best white counterpane lies Spotty, and as though he understands, he opens his eyes and with a little yelp of joy wriggles up to Pa and snuggles against him.

"Ma," quavers Pa, "I hadn't ought to a done it."

"You keep still," sobs Ma, one hand holding fast to Pa's poor bony one, the other patting Spotty's sleek back.

"You jist keep still. Oh, Pa, to think of your starvin' of yourself and a makin' of yourself sick, jist because I didn't want to be bothered by a dog. Oh, Pa, you was out of your head that first day, and you talked so strange. We never knew how lonesome you was without the critters before and that you wanted a dog so. That very day I went out to the barn and found this rascal and I brought him in, and he has lived on the fat of the land ever since. Oh Pa," and Ma's head fell down on the bed in an agony of repentance, and Spotty, wriggling his soft little body over in his most insinuating way, gave Ma's shining gray head a few loving little licks.—Boston Post.

Equal to the Emergency.

By TOM P. MORGAN.

"Maw'nin', sah!" saluted a ramshackle looking negro, addressing the cashier of a certain small town bank.

"Maw'nin'—dat is, sah, if yo' isn't too busy. An' does yo' need a nigger 'round de place yuh—nigger wid a ree-commend, sah; 'dustrious, hon'able cullud man—to wash winders an' po'tah 'round. Uh-kaze, if so, I's de pusson, sah, an' dis yuh dockymunt am de obseques dat Cuhnel White done writ 'bout muh 'chievements."

"Ah-h'm!" commented the banker, as he scanned the proffered paper. "So your name is Hilsondigger?"

"Yassah; dat's muh 'dentification."

"And the Colonel writes here—"

"He sho' does, sah!"

"He says— Look here! Can you read?"

"Who, me? Nussah. Dat is to say, I kain't read writin'."

"I thought not. Well, the Colonel says: 'The bearer hereof, Gabe Hilsondigger, is personally known to me.'"

"Desso, sah! Aw, de Cuhnel knows me!"

"—as a liar and a thief, and too utterly worthless to set a good dog on." Well—ha! ha!—it appears that the Colonel does know you. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Well-uh, well-uh—now, now—if dat ain't s'prisin'! But—uck!—dat's de way I likes to heah a white pusson laugh, sah; I sho' does! Takes away dier troubles, sah—makes 'em fuhgitt die tribbylations. Dat's muh pummission in dis world, makin' de white folks happy. Kain't be much fun in dis yuh bank-bidness—desso-uh chinkin' de money an' uh-shavin' off de ten-puh-cent. An' den, when yo's all wo' not, sah, I comes 'long, an' yo' has a big laugh dat makes yo' feel fine all day; desso as fine as a dram er peach an' honey done make yo' feel. Don't yo' reggin, sah, dat yo' could spar 'bout haffer-dollah for de good joke yo' has on me, an'—T'anky, sah; t'anky! Gwine on muh way uh-joicin', sah! Gwine now!"

—From Puck.

Use of Magnets in Flour Mills.

Explosions are often caused in flour mills and breweries by nails or other iron particles that find their way in the grain and which when they strike the steel rolls of the mills produce sparks and ignite the finely pulverized material about them.

Recently a large malting concern that had been troubled by many such explosions installed a set of electromagnets over which the grain is passed before being prepared for shipment to the breweries. All iron particles in the grain are picked up by the magnets and 800 to 1000 bushels of grain are cleaned an hour. When the magnets have collected a large amount of metal they are swung to one side, degenerated and swept clean of any particles adhering to them by residual magnetism. Since the installation of these magnets there have been no explosions in the mills.—Scientific American.

Smart Frills of Fashion

New York City.—No garment is prettier than the over blouse. Just now it is being extensively worn in thin material to match the tailored suit and over any pretty guimpe or lingerie waist. This one is peculiarly well adapted to such treatment, although it can be utilized for any en-



Embroidery For Sleeves. To complete the one-piece frock, wide embroidery is brought into use for sleeves and bodice, thus making a perfect garment at less expense than the robe, which is always valued at the high price of exclusive pieces.

Printed Cottons. Quaintly printed cottons in old world designs are being made up into blouses for wear with coat and skirt suits, the plain color of the suit being echoed in slight touches on the blouse, or the blouse material finds its way into cuffs and collar on the coat.

Initials and Names. When working the first name or initial in script upon kerchiefs or underwear, the French now use the same shade of embroidery floss which they have chosen to introduce upon these dainty lingerie articles. Since it has become a fashion to use coarse linen and cotton threads for the embroidery of fine muslins, these heavy threads are split or separated for the working of initials and names.

Polka Dots. Polka dots provide ornamentation for a plain lawn shirtwaist and enrich the trousseau of a recent bride. The colored dots form a line down the front box pleat and the pleats on each side. They also run down the top of the sleeve and cover the entire four-inch cuff and the attached high collar. A pleating of the plain white material extends down one side of the front pleat, and this is edged with a narrow line of plain color.

A Lovely Robe. The gown of foulard or linen, of batiste or lawn, indeed, for any material that is adapted to treatment of this sort. The sleeves are cut in one with it and consequently there is almost no labor involved in the making. This one is made of chiffon cloth with trimming of messaline, but marquisettes are much liked for the transparent blouse, and as already stated the model can be utilized in numberless ways. Trimmed with soutache as shown in the back view it would be exceedingly smart, and if contrasting material is preferred silk of any sort, either plain with a satin finish or figured, can be used as best suits the foundation material. Dotted foulard on plain fabric is fashionable and pretty.

The over blouse is made with front and back portions and there are shoulder and under-arm seams only, so that making means almost no labor and very little time. The trimming portion for the neck, which gives a yoke effect, is applied over the blouse, and the bands are applied over the sleeves.

The quantity of material required for the sixteen year size is three yards twenty-one, twenty-four or thirty-two or one and one-half yards forty-four inches wide, with one-half yard of silk twenty-seven inches wide for trimming.

Bordered Gingham. One of the newest things is the Scotch gingham in plain color with a striped border. Gray grounds with black and white stripes, green with lavender or lavender with green stripes, pinks and blues with darker stripes and tans blended with soft browns are among the blends. White linen crash with a colored stripe border is one of the practical things among the linens.

Stamped Waist Patterns. The stamped waist patterns are extremely dainty, and a length of Persian lawn, designed for embroidery in a variety of stitches, such as blind eyelet and heavy satin, includes sufficient floss for working.

A Mode Which is Unusually Popular This Season. Colored Slips. Lace-striped dimities made over colored slips or petticoats are quite new. The stripes are sufficiently wide to permit the underneath color to show through. Such dresses need little or no trimming.

Hats Far Down. The hats are worn far down on the head; they droop at the right, and the proper tilt over that eye is the delicate question.

Silks For Frocks. Silks of every sort are being used for frocks. Shantung in the thick weaves, moire and foulard, are much in demand.

THE STRUGGLE AGAINST GERMS.

Reflections of a Victim of a Policy of Sterilization.

The first question I want to ask parents is this: What good are a thousand sterilized milk bottles going to do you when you come into the nursery and see your youngest with that heavenly look upon his face—sucking his shoe?

It all came over me like an inspiration the other day when I saw him doing it that after all, barring his technique, the little fellow was right in what he was trying to express, that is in his general idea of not being so suspicious of the Creator. I did not pull down his foot or take his shoe out of his mouth. I just stood still and envied him as he sat there in his little might and in his little bliss, the little calm god, a whole Christendom of germs around him, letting himself have before his mother came in just one little moment of living.

I have tried since (3 a. m. sometimes, February, when I have got up to boil) to impress this truth upon his mother, but it has done little good. She still boils and worries. The doctor every time he calls encourages her to worry and boil harder, and now lately she has begun a process of distilling and pasteurizing me. She is living in hourly terror before her own bacilli and before my bacilli and the children's (seven entire sets she has to attend to in all) and it is getting to be very hard to tell what to do for her. The germ theory does not seem to me to be really practicable except for infinite and omniscient people. It is worse than the morphine habit. The moment a germ appears before her or makes a feint or rumor of beginning to appear within worrying distance of us (300 miles) she throws up her arms, utters a cry of despair and falls flat before it.—From Mount Tom.

The Trolley in Japan. Japan has been invaded by the trolley. Shades of the samurai! From misty dawn until the fireflies are astray one may now trolley around Tokio and from there on to Yokohama. No other trolley system on earth offers a more tempting and diversified program for its guests than this trolley ramble, for instance, which visitors to the Japanese capital are now taking at a cost of less than fifty cents.

From any corner of Tokio the trolley deposits one at the Shinagawa suburb, where the rural lines have their city terminus. The equipment is made up of heavy, high-powered cars, quite similar to those used in the same service in the United States. The different devices about the cars bear the names of patentees and manufacturers familiar to those who overhaul the rolling stock of any American company.—Travel Magazine.

Dogs in British Churches. If an infant cannot be kept quiet in church, says the Weybridge Parish Magazine, is should, like a good resolution, be carried out at once. That reminds one of Dean Ramsay's story of the beadle's answer to the minister who, annoyed by the whining and finally the outright barking of a dog during his sermon, cried, "John, carry that dog out." "Na, na, sir," said the beadle, looking up to the pulpit, "I so jist mak' him gao out on his ain four legs." But another beadle scored more heavily on his minister in similar circumstances. This minister had a way of shouting at the top of his voice as he warmed to his sermon, and thereby he excited a dog in the congregation to howl. The beadle obeyed the order from the pulpit to expel the dog, but remarked reproachfully: "Ay, ay, sir; indeed it was yourself began it."—London Chronicle.

Good Resolutions. I will never unworthily try to come at a knowledge of that which can only occasion me trouble. Why should we not be ashamed to do that which we are ashamed to be caught in doing? If I hear anything by accident which may benefit me, I will, if I can, profit by it, but I will never lie in wait for my own abuse or for the abuse of others, which concerns me not; nor will I flame at every vain tongue's puff. He has a poor spirit who is not planted above petty wrongs. Small injuries I would either not hear, or not mind; nay, though I were told them, I would not know the author, for by this I may mend myself without revenging myself upon the person.—Owen Feltham.

How He Managed. Mr. Crummet went to Italy last fall. Before he sailed a friend said to him: "Better let me give you a letter to my brother in Naples, Crummet. He's influential and may be useful in getting your things out of the customs without delay."

"Oh! that part of it will be all right," said Mr. Crummet. "Last time I went I had no trouble at all. I employed a guide when we landed in Naples and he took charge of me. When we came to the custom house he simply said significantly and briefly:

"Dees ees de custom house—give a ze franc."—New York Tribune.

Better Than Stovaine. "How do you extract women's teeth without their screaming? You don't give gas."

But my office is opposite to a department store's millinery display. When the women get absorbed in looking at the hats they're oblivious to pain.—Kansas City Times.

A Suicide Signal. Suicides in the parks are of such common occurrence that the small children with their nurses grow to look for them. "What do you think?" a tot of a girl said to her mother, coming home from her park outing. "Johnny had a shot, but he couldn't find the hole."—The In the New

Some of the most effective cotton, and cotton and silk volles are spotted or striped in self-color with satin-finished disks, dots or lines.

On many white linen coat suits gilt buttons are used to carry out the military air. Crochet buttons that are works of art are used sparingly on linen frocks and shirtwaists, and buttons of pleated braid carry out the decorations of many mill costumes.

Our sketch shows one of the lovely chiffon robes veiled in gauze. The robe is creamy white with a shaded pink border, while the overdress is a deep pink. A black satin hem makes an effective and practical finish to the skirt.

On many white linen coat suits gilt buttons are used to carry out the military air. Crochet buttons that are works of art are used sparingly on linen frocks and shirtwaists, and buttons of pleated braid carry out the decorations of many mill costumes.

Retail Prices and Living Cost

By J. LAURENCE LAUGHLIN.

There can be little doubt that the retail organization by which goods go from the wholesaler to the consumer is unnecessarily wasteful and expensive. There are twenty butcher shops and groceries in every neighborhood where only one is needed. Each must spend much in advertising, in show windows, in rents, in costly fixtures, in telephones, in wagons, in horses and delivery wagons, which are not essential to the total result. Five or six wagons, with salaried drivers, distribute trifling quantities of goods to houses in the same street. The consumer pays for this waste in the margin of retail over wholesale prices. From 1890 to 1908, on an average, wholesale prices have increased nine per cent., while retail prices have increased sixteen per cent. The difference between wholesale and retail prices in particular cases, varies from 10-25 per cent. to 100-150 per cent.

If one stops to analyze the process of retail buying it will be realized that it is the seller only who practically sets the price. There is no true retail market price. Busy or ignorant people pay what is charged them without the patience or the power to select. In these days we pay for the additional costs of dainty and attractive packages for cereals, crackers, figs and the like. Indeed under the cover of special tins an amount of an article is sold at a price which makes a pound cost two or three times as much as formerly. The psychology of the retail market is itself a study of no mean interest. Habit, fancy, caprice, rumor, emulation, gregarious action of a set, may play a part. Once a man gets established with a clientele he puts up his prices. He charges all he can get, and the confiding customer goes on paying the bills—until there rises a general cry of high cost of living, like that of the present day. There are different retail prices for each half mile as one passes from the centre of a city to its outskirts. Yet some persons think it demeaning to bargain or seek for lower prices. To spend recklessly is an evidence of what some regard as belonging to social position.

In the margin of the retail over the wholesale price, in a community not well shaken down into form, there is an opportunity for serious changes in the cost of living. Out of this margin the catalogue houses, the wholesale grocery houses, the tea and coffee houses, have accumulated great fortunes—at the expense of the helpless consumer. Then what is the remedy? Obviously, the creation in every neighborhood of co-operative societies for the distribution of goods directly from the producer to the consumer at actual cost—obviating the waste of advertising, high rents and useless duplication of service.—Scribner's Magazine.

Somewhat Complicated. Four customers had called that morning. The dealer reflected that the order by mail would necessarily take time, so going to the long distance telephone he got his favorite jobber on the wire. This conversation ensued:

"Hello! Is this the Retailers' Supply Company?"

"Yes."

"Who's talking?"

"Watt."

"What is your name?"

"Watt is my name."

"Yes. What is your name?"

"My name is Watt—Charles Watt."

"Oh! Charles Watt. Well, Watt, send me this order on this noon's express." (Here he reads order.)

"All right. Are you Schott?"

"No; I'm not shot nor half shot."

"I mean are you John Schott?"

"No; I'm Knott."

"Well, then, what is your name?"

"Will Knott."

"Why, won't you?"

"Uh! My name is Will Knott, of Knoxville. I want that order sent out on to-day's noon express, sure."

"Certainly, Knott. Good-by."

And Knott went back to the counter wondering whether Watt said he would or not or what.

But he got the goods.—San Francisco Star.

Covetousness. Covetousness is not natural to man—generosity is; but covetousness must be excited by a special cause, as a given disease by a given miasm; and the essential nature of a material for the excitement of covetousness is that it shall be a beautiful thing which can be retained without a use. The moment we can use our possessions to any good purpose ourselves, the instinct of communicating that use to other rises side by side with our power. If you can read a book rightly, you will want others to hear it; if you can enjoy a picture rightly, you will want others to see it; learn how to manage a horse, a plow, or a ship, and you will desire to make your subordinates good horsemen, plowmen, or sailors; you will never be able to see the fine instrument you are master of abused; but once fix your desire on anything useless, and all the purest pride and folly in your heart will mix with the desire and make you at last wholly inhuman, a mere ugly lump of stomach and suckers, like a cuttlefish.—Ruskin.

A Suicide Signal. Suicides in the parks are of such common occurrence that the small children with their nurses grow to look for them. "What do you think?" a tot of a girl said to her mother, coming home from her park outing. "Johnny had a shot, but he couldn't find the hole."—The In the New

Some of the most effective cotton, and cotton and silk volles are spotted or striped in self-color with satin-finished disks, dots or lines.

On many white linen coat suits gilt buttons are used to carry out the military air. Crochet buttons that are works of art are used sparingly on linen frocks and shirtwaists, and buttons of pleated braid carry out the decorations of many mill costumes.

Our sketch shows one of the lovely chiffon robes veiled in gauze. The robe is creamy white with a shaded pink border, while the overdress is a deep pink. A black satin hem makes an effective and practical finish to the skirt.

On many white linen coat suits gilt buttons are used to carry out the military air. Crochet buttons that are works of art are used sparingly on linen frocks and shirtwaists, and buttons of pleated braid carry out the decorations of many mill costumes.

Some of the most effective cotton, and cotton and silk volles are spotted or striped in self-color with satin-finished disks, dots or lines.

On many white linen coat suits gilt buttons are used to carry out the military air. Crochet buttons that are works of art are used sparingly on linen frocks and shirtwaists, and buttons of pleated braid carry out the decorations of many mill costumes.

Our sketch shows one of the lovely chiffon robes veiled in gauze. The robe is creamy white with a shaded pink border, while the overdress is a deep pink. A black satin hem makes an effective and practical finish to the skirt.

On many white linen coat suits gilt buttons are used to carry out the military air. Crochet buttons that are works of art are used sparingly on linen frocks and shirtwaists, and buttons of pleated braid carry out the decorations of many mill costumes.

Some of the most effective cotton, and cotton and silk volles are spotted or striped in self-color with satin-finished disks, dots or lines.