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THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

MORNING Daily Catches All Early Morning Mails.

MORNING DAILY FOUNDED 1881 WEEKLY (NOW RURAL DAILY) 1887

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1910.

30c A MONTH BY MAIL IN ADVANCE \$2.00 PER YEAR BY MAIL IN ADVANCE

A FINE ADDRESS AT TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION

The following address was delivered by W. J. Fraser, Montague, President of the Eastern Teachers' Association and Principal of the Montague High School, at the recent convention of Eastern Teachers in Montague on June 29th last. At the conclusion of the address, Mr. Fraser was tendered a hearty vote of thanks, moved by Inspector McCormac and seconded by G. M. Francis, Principal of the Cardigan School:—

Ladies and Gentlemen:—

It is my pleasant duty in opening this, the eleventh annual convention of the Eastern Teachers' Association, to extend a hearty welcome to you all and as a citizen of Montague I bid the visiting teachers and friends a welcome to our town. We meet in convention this year under somewhat changed circumstances. Since our last meeting our late King, George V, the VII, the Peacemaker, has passed, mourned by the subjects of his vast dominions and we are now under the rule of King George V, concerning whose reign we can wish for nothing better than that which will follow in the footsteps of his illustrious father, and for whom our prayer is that he may reign long and well and bring lasting good to his people. In our island the representative of His Majesty, Lieutenant Governor McKinnon, beloved and respected by all as a Governor and a friend of education, has retired on the expiration of his term of office and has been succeeded by Governor Rogers.

Our Association has this year completed its first decade. Just ten years ago today the Eastern Teachers' Association as an organized body held its first sessions at Montague, and on looking over the teachers present today one cannot fail to have borne in on his mind the lack of permanence in the teaching profession. Time changes all things; but we feel that it is a very good thing that time is required to change the body of the teaching staff of this Province. It is this lack of permanence that has engaged the attention of our Superintendent, our inspectors and our assistants for years past. Time and time again the Government has had to matter before the Government, the people, doing their duty well, but thus far no remedy has been provided. Our hopes that the Commission on Education, which last year held meetings in different parts of the Province, would better our condition, have been disappointed. Our Legislature has done practically nothing towards carrying out the many suggestions made by the exhaustive report of that Commission. This reluctance of the public to touch this delicate matter is greatly to be deplored, for the matter is one of vital importance to our Province—one that concerns its future citizens—the children of the people—who are in considerable numbers, and who are deprived of what education—the failure of our Government to rise to the needs of the times and bring in reform.

We see prosperity and upward progress on all sides, yet in our profession, honorably and as it is, the remuneration remains practically at a standstill, or is proportionately less than it was twenty years ago, notwithstanding the fact that the cost of living has increased very greatly. For this condition of affairs the Government has offered no remedy, and it would seem by the reports of the annual school meetings that in many places the people have reduced the supplemental grants. Does it mean that both Government and people are trying to deny the teachers from the profession altogether? Fellow teachers, it seems to me that the hope of needed reform in educational conditions must be again deferred and be a thing of the future. Under such circumstances no blame can be attached to our teachers for deserting the profession in this Province for Western fields. Let us trust that when our Government does take up the report of that Commission that great things may be done; for our noble profession is as far as towards the placing of our remuneration on an equal with that of equivalent service in other callings, considerable advance has been made in the qualification of the teachers, so that the young teacher of today, though his normal training is far from adequate, comes into the school much better equipped than his predecessor of ten or fifteen years. Manual training, increased attention to nature studies, botany and education have tended towards this. But let us beware of an idea that is abroad in parts of our Province, that since our main industry is agriculture our education should be essentially agricultural. Our chief industry is agriculture, but too much attention is being given to that subject to the detriment of a sound English classic education must in the end work injury.

The pupils in our public schools today with the crowded curriculum we have, I fear, are not getting the thorough grounding in reading, writing and arithmetic that those of some years ago had and any additional time given to agriculture or kindred subjects must detract from their English education. This tendency towards increased agricultural education might be very good if we could get the child the practical training required. But this is not the case. Neither our schools nor our teachers are equipped to educate the boys and girls along these lines in a way that would be of practical value to them as farmers and there is a grave doubt in my mind whether they can ever be so equipped under existing circumstances. Let us not have too much technical training. Let us remember that the duty of the state to its citizens is not to prepare them to be farmers, merchants or tradesmen, but to be men and women. Their own natural bent will then lead them to congenial occupations.

At the last convention of this Association a resolution was passed urging upon the Government our claims to a share of the Government grant to the Provincial Association. This, it is to be regretted, they have not seen fit to concede and consequently your executive committee have been unable to procure eminent educationalists from some of the other Provinces to the convention; but we have on our program a number of papers from leading teachers which, dealing with important matters, ought to interest greatly and evoke good discussion.

Let me permit me to refer to the excellent work that has been done by our able secretary, Inspector McCormac, in his establishing and editing in the Toronto Globe newspaper an educational column of exceeding practical value to the teacher and especially to the teacher in the rural districts. His organization of Institutes in central places has been a means of fostering a spirit of unity among the teachers and the map-drawing contest recently closed has been a great incentive to a careful study of that branch. I feel that I am but voicing the sentiments of the teachers of this inspectorate when I say that for these and the many other benefits he has conferred upon us, Inspector McCormac has the gratitude of us all.

In conclusion, I beg to thank the members of this Association for the honor they have conferred on me in selecting me for this position and my earnest hope is that they will not have cause to regret their choice.

THE TOLL OF DEATH AMONG THE AIR MEN

Roll of Aerial Martyrs, 1909-10.

January, 1910—Leon Delagrang, French aviator, while trying to break the speed records, saw his aeroplane's wings suddenly double up, like an umbrella blown inside out. The machine darted to the ground like a rocket and the aviator was killed.

April 2, 1910—Hubert Le Blon, Frenchman, fell at San Sebastian, Spain, with his aeroplane, from a height of 140 feet. He was beaten to a jelly.

April 3, 1910—The German balloon Pommern burst in midair, throwing three men to earth, killing all.

April 4, 1910—At Breslau, Germany Prof. Abegg was killed while attempting a landing with his dirigible balloon.

April 16, 1910—Four men dropped 500 feet with exploded dirigible balloon in Germany. All were killed.

June 23, 1910—Capt. F. S. Cody, former American aviator, fell 100 feet with his machine near London, and escaped death by a narrow margin. This was his third serious accident.

April 5, 1909—Balloon carrying two men and a woman came down in breakers off the French coast. The men were rescued in a half-drowning condition. Their companion's body was never found.

September, 1909—The dirigible balloon Republique exploded and four French Army officers fell 600 feet to their deaths.

Sept. 7, 1909—E. Lefebre, French aviator, killed by fall from his aeroplane.

September, 1909—Capt. Ferber, of the French Army, was dashed to his death when his biplane fell to the earth near Poulouze Sur Mer.

October 30, 1909—A Wright aeroplane fell at College Park, Md. Two passengers escaped with severe bruises.

Berlin, November, 1909—Dr. Brackman and Hugo Francka, two noted Germans, were killed through the collapse of their balloon.

December, 1909—Antonio Fernandez fell headlong from his aeroplane a distance of 320 feet.

In the making of the man bird, death has been dared a thousand times with sublime courage; lives have been sacrificed over and over again through the centuries to an idea—a dream. Man now flies, but still the air has its martyrs.

There is so much danger attached to the flying game and so many men who sailed up into the skies and then drifted away never to be heard of again that it would take a good-sized dictionary to chronicle their names.

The first aeroplane martyr was Lillenthal, a German scientist, who was thrown to earth after having successfully risen in his aeroplane one September evening, 1906.

Two years later almost to the day, Lieut. Thos. E. Selfridge, a United States Army officer, was thrown from a Wright machine under the operation of Orville Wright. Selfridge and Wright were hurled to earth with terrific force, the former recovering almost instantly, Wright never received.

Both the aeroplane and the dirigible have a long list of accidents. But the fact that there is danger attached to the game does not deter men, and even women, from tackling it.

Nor does one accident to an aeroplane keep him on the ground in the riding a bicycle, a fall makes him all the more anxious to master the thing at any cost.

NEW KING INHERITS UNTOLD TREASURE

Both Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace are overflowing with treasures of every description—plate, pictures, jewels, statuary, books and relics of enormous historic value, says Pearson's Weekly. When our late King came to the throne he found himself the possessor of a vast hoard of all kinds of locked away, undisplayed and uncatalogued, and, worse than all, absolutely unprotected from fire.

During his all too brief reign, King Edward effected a complete revolution. In the first place he installed electric lights all through both the chief royal residences, in the second he put in every possible appliance and arrangement for fire fighting, and after that extended the Royal Library, inspected the gold pantry and had all the various treasures of the palaces properly inventoried and displayed.

The value of the plate alone which King George inherits is almost incalculable. The so-called gold pantry at Windsor consists of two large fire-proof storerooms in which is kept treasure of an estimated value of £1,750,000.

The gold plate which is used for state banquets weighs over five tons. It is not, of course, all solid gold. If the larger pieces were gold they would be too heavy to move at all. Some of the emeralds take four men to lift. These are of silver, copper or eight plates. The latter are of pure gold.

There is not much ancient English plate in the gold pantry. Charles I melted down all the plate of his day and coined it into money. But there are some exquisite foreign pieces, among them a great silver flagon taken from the flagship of the Spanish Armada, and the famous Nautica Cup, made by that master of art, Benvenuto Cellini. There is a shield by the same great Italian, and the wonderful gold tiger's head taken from Tipoo Sahib's throne after the storming of Seringapatam, in 1799.

This tiger's head is a marvelous work of art. It is life size, and its teeth and eyes are cut out of pure rock crystal. Another relic captured at the same time is the jeweled bird called the Uma. In shape it is like a peacock, with a peacock's tail. Its feathers blaze with precious stones, and a magnificent emerald hangs from its breast. According to an old Indian legend, whoever owns this bird will rule India.

Detectives who reside at the Castle as ordinary officials guard these vast treasures of plate, and also the jewels, which are locked in another underground safe. These jewels have, of course, nothing to do with the crown jewels, which are kept in the Tower. They are the private property of the royal family. Queen Alexandra's personal jewelry is of immense value, and for precaution's sake has, we believe, been all duplicated in paste. But Windsor Castle is not the place for the enterprising burglar to go "burbling." There is an old law, still unrepaled, which enables the reigning sovereign to put to death any person or persons through whose carelessness any of his gems may be lost. What would happen to a burglar who would attempt to contemplate the royal library at Windsor, which contains more than 100,000 volumes, among them many that would fetch enormous prices if put up at auction. There is a Metz Psalter, for which a collector would sell his last stick; a Charles I Shakespeare, a magnificent Caxton on vellum, and other treasures too numerous to mention.

Below the library is a room containing one of the finest collections of prints in existence. These alone would probably fetch £250,000 to £350,000 if sold in the same room as are no fewer than 20,000 drawings of old masters and a collection of more than 1,000 miniatures. The late Queen Victoria collected these miniatures.

Besides all these ancient treasures, King George will presumably inherit the great collection of valuable objects got together by his father. These include the coronation presens, valued at more than £250,000, and many Indian works of art, including a wonderful embossed shield of gold given by a number of rajahs. There is no reigning monarch in the world, not even the Tsar of all the Russias, who is master of such an amazing collection of beautiful and valuable objects as is George V.

SOME PERTINENT POINTERS ON HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED.

If you are married and would be happy—

Call your wife "mother."

Play with your children.

Invest some of your money in the box office of a theatre.

Buy flowers occasionally for "mother."

Leave your discontent, if you insist upon having it, outside the front door.

Remember your bachelor days.

Think of all the time you wasted. Occasionally propose to your wife—that she was worth proposing to.

Trot baby on the knee.

Use oo instead of you, is instead of are, and baby instead of wife, in your early married life, so that your inquiry reads: "Oos baby is oo?"

Extend your sympathy to bachelors.

Be kind to dumb animals.

Read good books.

If you can afford it dry the dishes.

Talk to your wife.

Kiss the cook.

Let your wife be the cook.

Praise the cook.

Buy a cookbook.

Remember the evenings and keep them for your wife.

Be gentle.

Keep up your courage.

Pay the grocery.

Compliment your wife on her taste.

Remember she accepted you.

FAMOUS FARMER BOYS. TAILS AND THEIR USES.

There are some people foolish enough to laugh at the homely virtues of farm life. They are fortunately few, and they are fortunately growing fewer but it is well sometimes to look at the list of great men who came up from the farm—

Not all of them, for that would fill a thousand volumes—but some of the most able ones that have come into mind in a moment. Nearly three-fourths of the men who have been chosen by the people for the great offices of the nation are men who were early familiar with wooded hills and cultivated fields, says the Kansas City Times.

For example, Lincoln, Grant, Garfield, Hamlin, Greeley, Tilden, Hayes, Blaine, Harrison and many others all most equally conspicuous in current events—our living memory. Among journalists Henry Watterson spent his early life in rural Kentucky, and Hurst Halstead was born in Ohio.

W. H. Vanderbilt was born in a small New Jersey town, and early engaged in the business of ship chandlery. Russell Sage was born in a New York village. Jay Gould spent his early years on his father's farm in New York state. Whittier and Howells spent their youth in villages, the former dividing his time between farm employment and his studies. Follow the list yourself and see how long it will become. There are many whom you personally know who have won fame, who once lived on the farm and gained a knowledge that was indispensable.

A cat never actually wags its tail. Why should it when it can purr? But, nevertheless, it seems to serve the same purpose in permitting a temporary expenditure of excessive nervous energy when the animal is under great strain. For instance, when carefully stalking a bird or man, as in the case of a kitten or a lion the tip of the tail is never still for a moment—ever curling and uncurling. We may compare this to the nervous tapping of the foot or fingers in a man. When an angry lion frequently lash from side to side, giving rise among the ancient to the belief that he scoured his body with a hook or thorn which grew from the end of the tail.

When a jaguar walks along a slender branch or a house cat perambulates the top of a board fence, we perceive another important function of the tail—that of an aid in balancing. As a tight-rope performer sways his pole, so the feline shifts its tail to preserve the centre of gravity.

Selected.

NATURE'S SCULPTORS.

The irresistible forces of nature that are forever carving and shaping our world here and there, as if for recreation in their toil, play queer pranks. Wind, water, volcano fire and those mysterious internal forces that now and then exert their fury and make the old earth tremble, all are sculptors that year by year and century after century, mould and shape the earth's topography, rounding off and smoothing down and filling up in one place, while at the same time they read and break and tear hill and plain, huri up new mountain ranges, make new islands in the sea, and start desolation in vast areas that for ages have been smiling gardens.

There are several noteworthy examples of these masterpieces of world-making sculpture that have long attracted tourists and the recent opening of new regions through the encroachments of commerce and pioneering is daily bringing to public knowledge more of these interesting phenomena. Among the Canadian Rockies towers Cathedral Peak, which, for untold ages since first perhaps some awful seismic upheaval reared this towering range, the winds and the glaciers have been carving. Now it stands with two twin peaks nearly as symmetrical as the towers of those wonderful edifices which abut upon the admiration of the tourist in Europe.

Better known, yet no less admired, is the Mount of the Holy Cross in Colorado. This peak towers aloft to a height of 14,775 feet, and on its eastern face, visible for miles around, is the figure of a gigantic cross. The appearance is due to perpetual snow which fills the cavities of intersecting canyons. The upright of the cross is 1,200 feet long and the arms measure from 200 to 300 feet. The mountain forms the western wall of a great natural amphitheatre and the mighty cross appeared to meet the rising sun, seems to an impressionable beholder to be an exalted shrine reared by omnipotence, with the surrounding amphitheatre a gathering place for the nations.

The imagination of tourists has long been exercised to discern the figures which the two beautiful Mexican mountains, Popocatepetl and Ixtachihauatl, are said to resemble. The latter name is Aztec for "The White Lady," and the Mexicans have long held a legend that when Adam and Eve were driven from the Garden of Eden they wandered over the face of the earth in search of another place as fair. The valley of Mexico opened to them a second Eden and here they sat down to rest. Wearing with her journey, Eve slept and faithful Adam kept watch over her. In this position they were both frozen and have so remained to this day.

WATER, FIRE AND WIND ARE NATURE'S SCULPTORS.

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HEALTH IN SINGING.

If the vast army of round-shouldered men and hollow-chested women were only awake to the value of voice culture for form building, we would have vocal studios on every corner and voice students in every block.

It is now becoming generally conceded by voice teachers that all can learn to sing some. You had better pray for voice lessons than for drugs and doctors, writes Maggie Wheeler in Health.

Singers are proverbially well and strong, and their long and active lives bear testimony to the healthfulness of their occupation. The deep breathing required for successful singing is life-giving and blood-purifying. The steady rise and fall of the diaphragm, the tone emission is most beneficial to the stomach muscles and insures the "good digestion that awaits on appetite." The wide open throat and well-stretched post-nasal cavities let in plenty of fresh air, which keeps the circulation active and the system purified. The necessary relaxation, which is one of the present day tenets of all good vocal instructors, is restful and quieting in its influence and does wonders for building up the entire nervous system. The opening of the lower lungs means a great deal to the average woman, for few of them breathe below the bust line.

The gain in physical development and personal appearance is quickly noticeable in vocal students. The broad chest, straight shoulders, well-poised head, full throat and contracted abdomen all combine toward the making of a figure and graceful carriage.

THE BUSINESS WOMAN.

The business woman must take care of her health first of all. Other women may have their clothes on their minds, you may think more of their good looks, but she who works must have the asset of a clear head and steady nerves if she is to make good.

With this object the business girl should reduce her responsibilities to the lowest possible limit. She should, for instance, attempt to keep house and go down town to work also.

The foolish girl who has to scrub and tidy rooms after her hard day's work will reap her reward in a breakdown, due not to her work downtown, but to the extra strain she puts on herself after hours.

Sewing by the midnight oil is not for the business girl either. She does not save in this way; far from it. She only makes herself stupid for the next day and retards her chances of promotion, perhaps jeopardizes her position.

The business girl must resign herself to wearing fewer clothes and having others make them for her. She must wear neatly tailored suits that press easily and can be easily removed. Her wardrobe must be plain to require inordinate laundry charges; her petticoats preferably tailored affairs of silk to lingerie specimens; her hats smart models that will go with everything and that the rain will not spoil.

The business girl must be sure of getting plenty of sleep in a well-ventilated room where it is possible to establish a current of air and where no sharp sounds can penetrate to spoil the effect of her rest. You can sleep and yet have that sleep robbed of half its healing qualities by noise which half penetrates to the brain.

Last and not least, the business girl should eat with extreme care, choosing strength-making foods.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

By sprinkling a goodly amount of salt over a carpet five or ten minutes before sweeping there will be little dust raised when the sweeping is done.

When boiling cabbage cut the cabbage quarters and slip each quarter into a separate cheesecloth bag. Then, when it is cooked, it comes out intact.

If there are stains from machine oil on a white garment, rub the spots well with a cloth wet in ammonia, for instant attempt to keep house and go down town to work also.

Few people seem to know, when preparing dried peaches, the skins can be easily peeled off, if the peaches are allowed to stand in cold water for several hours.

If a loaf of bread has become stale, hold it under the water for one second; then place in a brisk oven for a quarter of an hour. It will taste like new bread.

An excellent way of keeping a black leather handbag or traveling bag in condition is to rub it with cloth occasionally with milk. Wipe with a chamois until perfectly dry.

To mend an umbrella, take a small piece of black sticking plaster and soak it in water until quite soft. Place this carefully under the hole inside and let dry.

To dry parsley, wash the parsley and shake it well. Then set in a warm oven and when it becomes crisp let it cool. Put into tins or bottles and exclude the air from it.

When you are ironing any dark material do not put a hot cloth underneath, as the heat will come off the stuff, and you will have great difficulty in brushing it off again.

To make French dressing, take half a teaspoonful of salt, quarter teaspoonful white pepper. Put in a bowl and add gradually three to five tablespoonfuls of oil. Rub until the salt is dissolved, then add one tablespoonful of vinegar or lemon juice. Beat well for a moment. Better if used at once.

THERE ARE OTHERS.

(Lippincott's.)

A big hearted Irish politician in a western city had just left a theatre one night when he was approached by a beggar, who said:—

"Heaven bless your heart, benevolent face! A little charity, sir, for a poor cripple."

The politician gave the man some coins, saying:—

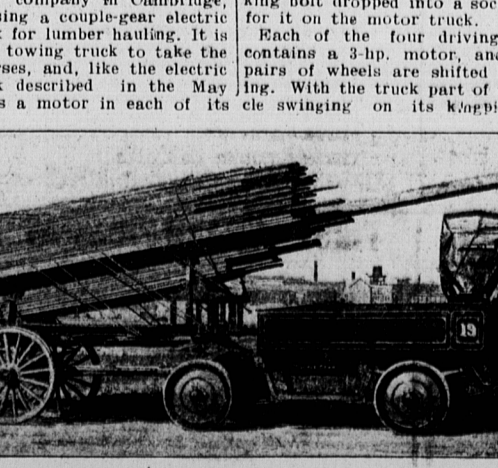
"And how are you crippled, old man?"

"Financially, sir," answered the beggar, as he made off.

BAMBOO GROWTH.

Paper manufacturers are studying the growth of giant bamboo trees in Ceylon. The fiber may one day supply the world's demand for white paper. For rapidity of growth the bamboos are unequalled. In twenty-four hours they have been known to increase their height by twenty-two inches. Thick as a man's body at the base, their tops wave in the breeze one hundred feet above the earth. Their fiber is tough and pliable.

MOTOR-WHEELED AUTO IS LAND "TOW BOAT"



A lumber company in Cambridge, Mass., is using a couple-year electric motor truck for lumber hauling. It is in reality a towing truck to take the place of horses, and like the electric motor truck described in the May number, has a motor in each of its four wheels. By a curious frame arrangement the rear set of motor-contained wheels are back of the box of the truck proper, and in such position that the forward end of the trailer rests upon them. The trailer and truck therefore form a 6-wheeled vehicle. The forward part of the truck can also be coupled to an ordinary wagon, the front wheels of the latter being removed, and the whole can be turned around in not much more than its own length, and it is able to navigate without difficulty the alleysways in the lumber yard. A speed of 5 1/2 miles an hour is attainable when loaded to the full capacity.

The cities of Bombay, Lucknow, and Allahabad, India, have ordered motor fire engines.

WORTHLESS CLAUSE IN MARRIAGE SERVICE.

A London magistrate declares that half the matrimonial misery brought before himself and his confreres is due to what he terms the "economic dependence" of women in marriage, and he suggests that no union be made valid until the husband has agreed to set aside for his wife at least one-fifth of his earnings. In an address on marriage he gave it as his opinion that the clause, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," was absolutely worthless; if it had any meaning there would be fewer scandals.

LAUGH IN CHURCH.

(Emily Huntington Miller.)

She sat on the sliding cushion,
The dear wee woman of four;
Her feet in their dainty slippers
Hung dangling above the floor,
She meant to be good; she had promised;
And so, with her big brown eyes
She stared at the meeting-house windows,
And counted the crawling flies.

She looked far up at the preacher;
But she thought of the honey-bees
Droning away in the blossoms
That whitened the cherry trees;
She thought of the broken basket,
Where, curled in a dusky heap,
Three sleek round puppies, with frizzy ears,
Lay snuggled and fast asleep.

Such soft, warm bodies to cuddle,
Such other little hearts to beat,
Such swift red tongues to kiss you,
Such sprawling, cushiony feet,
She could feel in her clasping fingers
The touch of satiny skin,
Then a sudden ripple of laughter,
Ran over her parted lips,
So swift that she could not catch it
With her rosy finger tips.
The people whispered, "Bless the child!"

As each one waked from a nap;
But the dear wee woman hid her face
For shame in her mother's lap.

A woman having with her a husky looking boy recently boarded a street car on a line that exacts full fare for children over 10 years of age.

When she tendered the conductor the charge for one full and one-half fare he looked at the boy suspiciously and inquired:

"How old is that boy, Madam?"

"Well," replied the mother, "he will be 10 years old today, but he wasn't born until late in the afternoon."