

### Fashion Cavalier

The Knight of the Golden Helmet rode briskly down the lane. His sword made a pleasant clanking in the rusty scabbard, which it was never intended to fit; his eyes sparkled; his plumes waved bravely in the breeze.

The general set-up of the gentleman of the surcoat headpiece was a trifle startling. Upon his head was a basket, the handle beneath his chin and its bottom (or rather top in its present position) decorated with the tail-feathers of an incantious rooster, about his waist was a red sash stuck full of wooden dirks, from the left side of this sash half hung, half dragged, the naval sword in the old cavalry scabbard.

A rake handle answered the purpose of a lance and bore as its person a fluttering, three-cornered piece of red banner, upon the knight's fat, chubby legs were fastened pieces of zinc, evidently intended for greaves. The steed he rode was a crooked piece of apple limb with a bit of twine about one end of it for reins.

It is probably quite as needless to cite that now the literature had been absorbed, he thirsted for deeds of valor. Hence the ride down the lane, and hence the whoops. But very unfortunately it seemed to be an off-day for opportunities.

He had just splashed through the muddy pool where the cattle drank each evening and was cantering blithely past the birches beyond, when he saw a young man approaching a young man in fannels very tall and straight, pleasant faced too although just now the forehead was wrinkled in a frown and the firm jaw was set in determination. The young man was puffing vigorously at the briar pipe between his teeth sending out great blue clouds of smoke in his wake.

The Knight of the Golden Helmet reined in his steed and accosted the man before him with a familiar "Hey, Charlie!"

Then, suddenly remembering the dignity of his position he squared his small shoulders and threw up his chin.

"What ho 'Charles' he corrected his first salutation. "Hold a bit. I would have converse with thee."

The young man seemed aware for the first time of the other's presence. "Hello, Billy," said he abstractedly glancing at the queer figure before him. "What's up now?"

"I am the Knight of the Golden Helmet," was the grave response. "You don't say 'Where are you bound?'"

"Where is thy lady?" the knight demanded.

"My lady? You mean your Aunt Margaret?"

The knight nodded.

"Down the lane a bit, by the walnut tree. Know the place, don't you?"

"Sure," was the unknighly reply. He drew a bit nearer, one hand rested upon the hilt of the sword.

"Why are you here, varlet?" he demanded. "Why hast thou deserted thy lady?"

"Hub!" said the man in fannels. Then he burst into laughter, but there was a certain grating noise in it.

"Well, Billy, Mr. Golden Helmet, I mean—I'm here because she sent me couldn't seem to endure my society are you en? And I hardly think you're correct in calling her my lady. She just told me mighty plainly that she wasn't."

"Back you go, craven!" he declared, fatly.

"Hub? What?" said the man in the fannels.

"Back you go! I ride to the succor of ladies in distress."

"Bully for you, old chap!" the other replied. "I think you'd better go alone, though."

"Never!" bawled the knight. "Turn around!"

"See here," the young man began irritably, as he took a step forward, but at that moment they both heard quick steps down the lane.

Around the bend came the lady under discussion. She started violently at the sight of them. Her face was flushed and her eyes were suspiciously red.

"I've got him," shouted the knight jealously; "he's in my power. He was deserting you, but I held him up. I'll see he begs your pardon, if you say so."

The young woman drew herself up. Her face was scarlet now.

"Billy, what are you doing? What is the meaning of this foolishness?" she demanded.

"Come on, you! Apologize!" said the youth sulkily, prodding the immaculate white trousers with the point of his sword.

"Margaret," he cried, "he's right. I should apologize, that's a fact. I'm a pig-headed duffer. The quarrel is my fault—all mine."

Then came a few low words; a little happy laugh from the girl, and then two of them strolled down the lane together, utterly oblivious to the ridiculous figure which stood silently watching them until they disappeared around the bend.

The Knight of the Golden Helmet remained thus for some moments, lost in thought. Then he turned about and went slowly up the lane.

"Get!" he muttered, "wouldn't that cook yer? This ain't the way they does it in the book."

He was still lost in his own musings, when, whop! he passed again the grating cattle and the huddled sheep.—BARRY PRESTON.

### SHE WAS A TRUSTING SOUL

Shoes in Which She Could Walk Farther Than in Others.

Mrs. Frink was a trusting soul, and rarely questioned the opinions of others about matters concerning which they were supposed to be informed. One day she came home with a pair of new shoes under her arm. "Look them at Brides," she explained, "and they're the best I ever bought you."

What is so very good about them? inquired her son, for whom the shoes were intended.

"Why, the salesman said that you could walk farther in them than in any others without getting tired and I said that you couldn't walk very far just now on account of your knee you know and he said that he meant farther for the same distance. So I bought them and here they are. Save the string please."

She did not notice the smile on her son's face as he undid the package and he was spared the trouble of explaining.

### A Punctual Bird

What tempts the hummingbird that we see in our gardens to travel every spring from near the equator to as far north as the arctic circle leaving behind him as he does for a season many tropical birds? He is the only one of many hummingbirds that piously leaves the land and gaily returns to go into his ordinary exile in the North-east of the Mississippi. How it is that he manages to preserve his tiny body...

### Buttermilk for Babies

A child to be healthy and strong should not receive a drop of medicine during the first year of his life. The earth medicine home-made or otherwise should be kept away from him like so much poison.

All the ill to which a baby is subjected during the first year of his existence can be cured by giving him cases of intestinal catarrh. If a bottle child suffers a steady stomach trouble give it buttermilk. In Holland they make a condensed buttermilk that does excellent service in saving babies from the consequences of intestinal catarrh.

### Saved By His Wit

One evening when the city clerk's office was full of men seeking registration an Irishman asked to be registered. He refused the usual blank punchcard or his clock slow with the request that he sign his name. "This he succeeded in doing" after a painful effort.

### A Good Reason

A professor told this story at his own expense. He was instructing a class of boys about the circulation of the blood and to make sure that they understood him he said: "Can you tell me why it is that I stand on my head and when I step on my feet, there is no rush of blood to the feet?"

Then a small boy after pausing for a short time answered: "It is because your feet are no empty sir."

### Our Goddess at Emperor's Birthday

A young American girl attended a flower carnival last summer in Austria Tyrol in honor of the emperor's birthday, and was surprised, greatly amused and also delighted to see one wagon draped in American flags carrying our goddess of Liberty, an American Indian a Rough Rider, a Puritan maiden, and a Colonial soldier. Her party were the more pleased when they learned that the goddess of Liberty made the flags hers for since none could be purchased in that vicinity.

### To the Point

At Cripple Creek, Colo. that great mining camp, the miners signed a petition to a railroad corporation to reduce freight on flour, saying they didn't have money enough at the end of the month to pay their grocery bills. The railroad corporation made an investigation, and found that the freight on flour to Cripple Creek was more than all the freight on flour, and replied: "Boys, drink less beer, and you will have no trouble in paying your grocery bills."

### Little Prince Olaf's Present

Small Crown Prince Olaf, of Norway, received as a Christmas gift in 1907 the beautiful Sunbeam Island on the west coast of Norway near Hardangerford. Though tiny, this island has an excellent harbor, and is noted for its fine fishing and shooting.

### A Gruesome Paperweight

On the writing-table of King Edward VII, in the palace of Sandringham, lies the mummified hand of an Egyptian princess who died three thousand or more years ago. It was presented to the king by a famous Egyptologist.

### HOW TRACKS ARE LEVELLED.

Unique Methods Used to Make Travelers Comfortable.

Curiosity is often displayed by travelers over the methods employed in making mile after mile of trackage so level that scarcely an undulation can be felt as the whizzing train reels off the laps. This loveliness is maintained by the "whitewash" car.

The "whitewash" car is an ordinary vehicle fitted out with a sort of whitewash magazine. As the cars run over the rails at a moderate gait the developed sense of the division of details notes any inequalities, and at each one a valve is pressed, where at a dash of whitewash falls on the tracks at the points where later the working gangs get busy to make things even.

This homely "whitewash" car is giving way rapidly however to a more modern and scientific arrangement in the way of a handsome coach elegantly fitted out with many comforts and in which is to be found a delicate instrument. This latter is so constructed that it registers all unevenness in the tracks on paper which has indicated on it the mileage and names of stations along the way so that when a run is completed it will be shown just where repairing needs to be done. The indicating sheet is sent to the proper department heads of the company, and by them the work of making the roadbed level is prosecuted.

### A Punctual Pensioner

A gentleman one day noticed a hungry looking dog prowling round his yard and struck by the poor brute's famished appearance he fetched a large bone and by no means a bare one, which he threw to the four-footed vagabond. It was hardly two or three blocks when the bone was given and carried off.

The giver thought no more of the matter but evidently the dog did for on the following day at the same hour he made his appearance with an expectant look about him which led that he hoped for a further contribution.

Amused at the effort to establish himself as an out-pensioner and desirous of finding out whether the dog's arrival at this particular time was more than a coincidence the gentleman gave him a second supply of food.

Punctual to time the dog presented himself on the third morning, even more confident than before. He was duly fed and for a great length of time this self-evident pensioner made his daily appearance at his patron's door with notable punctuality.

One is led to wonder whether the dog may have regulated his own movements by observing those of some individual in going to and from his work and whether when the four-footed animal was a few minutes late it might be because the biped was up to his eyes in a book.

### Famous Woman Explorer

Mrs. Marie Robinson Wright of Georgia is believed to hold the record for having accomplished more in the way of penetrating countries hitherto unknown than any other living woman with the possible exception of Mrs. E. Annie Hulick Workman. She is called by some the Columbus of South America from the fact that she undertakes the hardships and perils in the quest for the promoters of trade and commerce, a new paradise that blossoms south of the equator where untold wealth awaits development in the hands of civilized man. She estimates that she has traveled two hundred miles in pursuit of her work.

### Real Cold

An American and a Scotman were discussing the cold experienced in winter in the north of Scotland.

"Why it's nothing at all compared to the cold weather we have in the States," said the American. "I can't recall one winter when a sheep jumping from a hillock into a field became suddenly frozen on the way and stuck in the air like a mass of ice."

"But, man," exclaimed the Scotman "the law of gravity wouldn't allow that."

"I know that," replied the tale pitcher. "But the law of gravity was frozen, too."

### A Bird School of Languages

In Paris is a school in which parrots are not only taught to speak "pure Parisian," but in which they are instructed in "the leading languages of Europe." What an interesting babel they must make together when school is dismissed! It is not stated that a way has been found to make this many-tongued "parrot talk" less metallic and more melodious than the usual speech of parrots.

### Shell Window-Panes

When the English first occupied India, the rough circular plates of a species of oyster, which plates are about six inches in diameter and are thin and white, were used for window-panes, and had the effect of frosted glass. The panes of Bombay Cathedral were of these shells, and they are still used in some parts of India.

### The Jury's Verdict

A south Missouri man recently was tried on a charge of assault. The State brought into court as the weapons used a rail, an axe, a pair of tongs, a saw and a rifle. The defendant's counsel exhibited as the other man's weapons a scythe blade, a pitchfork, a pistol and a hoe. The jury's verdict is said to have been: "Resolved, that we the jury would have given \$1 to have seen the fight."

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