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The Mermaid's Warning.
When you plunge into the water cold and deep,
Hustle out, if from getting cramps, you wish to keep.
The sudden change of temperature to your body it will feel,
Like the blacksmith, when he tempers red hot steel.
When your blood it gets normal, and your heart o'er comes the shock,
And you hear it tick-a-tock, like an old fashioned cuckoo clock,
Then in the water you can stay, from daylight until dark,
From all harm you'll be as safe as old Noah in the Ark.
You poor mortal keep from water deep, if a novice you be,
The proper depth for thee, is say water to the knee.
Do not think that courage will sustain you, or keep you in the swim,
It is down, down, for yours, with a whirl and a vim.
Your hands and feet the water must be cleaving,
Like Billy Bull Frog, when had company he is leaving,
Do not get discouraged, when your hands and feet will not pull together
Just keep your mind a shifting, from one to the other.
What a grand and glorious feeling, when there is no which and t'other,
And you are gliding the water, as buoyant as a feather.
MICHAEL W. SCANLAN.

K. OF C. CONVENTION
Geneva, May 27.—Fully 3,500 marchers were in line in the parade here Tuesday evening that marked the opening of the state convention of the Knights of Columbus. About 25,000 witnessed the procession.

Honors for having the largest delegation in line fell to the Rochester Council. Between four and five hundred knights from the Flower City were in line. They were headed by the Immaculate Conception Band. Auburn Council made the next best showing with about 300 marching. A drum corps led that body. Also in the parade was the St. Peter's Men's Club of the Episcopal Church of Geneva, with which marched Chaplain Kenneth Bray, recently returned from overseas.

Chaplain Francis Kelly, of the Twenty-seventh Division, spoke at an overflow meeting and at the Strand Opera House. The other speakers included Dr. James Coyle, of New York, past state deputy, and Michael J. Larkin, of Rome. W. Smith O'Brien presided. Word was received at the last moment that Lieutenant-Governor Harry C. Walker was unable to come.

It is given out as historical that Irish priests from Galway and Mayo, by the name of William Irea, Patrick Maguire and others, accompanied Christopher Columbus on his voyage of discovery of America.

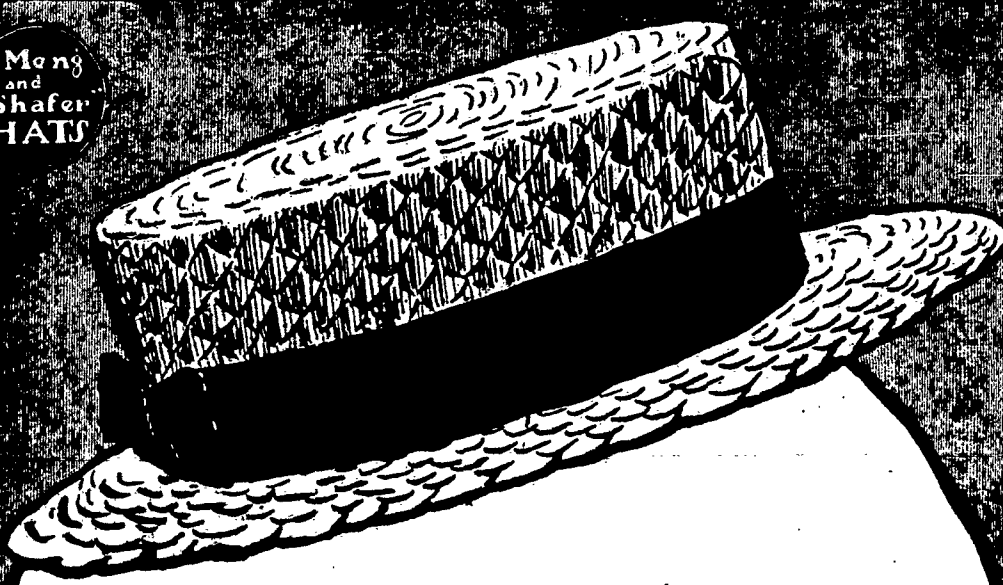
The Hierarchy of France have petitioned the French Government to lay before the Peace Conference the question of the religious freedom for Mexico.

To Our Readers
The third and final article entitled "For the Preservation of Our Schools", was received too late for publication this week but will appear next week.—Editor.

E. M. McCarthy, pupil of Lamberdo, the great master of vocal art in Italy, is located at present at 148 Plymouth Avenue South. Voices tried, information given and positions secured.—Adv.

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BANGKOKS New styles
PORTO RICAN, MANILA AND STOYO WEAVES
LEGHORNS Just in!
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HIS NEIGHBOR
By JACK LAWTON.

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Peter Craythorne arose in annoyance and glanced through his study window. The worst had undoubtedly happened. Tenants were moving into the unoccupied house next door and the undisturbed quiet of the place he had rented for the summer would be ruthlessly broken. For even as he watched, three small boys raced down the path to the old house door. Better to have pursued the writing of his routine book in his city apartment, he thought.
Heretofore he had been able to accomplish much in the isolation of the country; but with screaming children just beyond the boundary of the garden fence—Peter scowled darkly and sent for his housekeeper.
"Who?" he asked, "are the people next door? The agent assured me that the old house would not be rented."
"It ain't rented," Martha told him. "The lady who owns the place has come out for the summer. Her folks used to live there, they's herself an her three boys an' an old black woman an' cook. The black woman won't talk," Martha added, scornfully. "Kinda grumpy if one ass her a question."
Peter thought that he had never seen such homely children, with wide grinning mouths and small, shrewd eyes. After a repetition of the half-storm Martha crossed to the old house door, being met with a multitude of small stones on her way. When she returned soon after to the study her angry resentment had mysteriously vanished.
"I asked the black woman if I could see her missus," Martha said, "an' she sent me out to the garden, where the lady lay a-swingin' in her hammock. An' when I told her about your book, an' how you must have quiet, she was that sorry about the children!
"I will try to keep them away from that side of the house," she says, "but I can't promise; they won't mind me at all."
But when, later, Peter saw the heads of his favorite hollyhocks assaulted with well aimed missiles he himself went to the garden fence and called to the lady in her hammock.
Distressed, she came toward him, and Peter drew back in surprise before her winsome fairness. With such homely scampings of young sons one would hardly have supposed—
"You see," he said in a more civil tone than he had intended to use—"my ruined flowers."
"I'm so sorry," his neighbor said. Her eyes were tragic as they swept his garden. "I have tried to punish the children different ways. If I lock the boys in a room it merely makes them more sprited when they come out. If they are obliged to go without breakfast they eat twice as much at dinner—so what can one do?"
"Couldn't you," he asked doubtfully,

"not your colored woman to punish them?"
"I tried," the little lady answered, demurely, but she says that she wasn't hired for that sort of thing." Suddenly her face brightened. "I'll tell you!" she exclaimed. "I will take my boys away picknicking tomorrow."
And his neighbor was as good as her word. Peter, watching from his window, saw the three merrily depart. The helpless young mother was much in Peter's mind that day. Unaccountably and provokingly she could not be banished from his thoughts. And when, later, he walked with his pipe through the moonlit garden, she herself came and spoke to him across the dividing fence.
"Tomorrow," she said, wearily, "I will take them away again. Is your book progressing, Mr. Craythorne?"
It was late when Peter finished an unusual confidence concerning his writings and went into the house.
Next morning, when his neighbor and her tormentors were whirled away in an auto, Peter's tranquil eyes grew troubled.
"It's a blamed shame," he muttered, "that she has to go wandering about with that trio for my sake."
His sake? Peter's neighbor heart trembled. It was for his sake that she was doing this, of course—and she was a widow. Peter feared widows, so many had openly endeavored to bear his name. And this woman who so interested him—a widow with three inevitable lumps of boys! Dismayed at future possibilities, Peter determined to avoid even the proximity of the garden fence.
"Please," called a voice through the study window at twilight. "Will you come over, Mr. Craythorne? The children won't go to bed. If you could help me to get the biggest boy into his room I'd lock the door."
Peter turned to look into the appealing face of his neighbor. "And—I'm going to take the boys back where they belong," she added, perplexedly. "I thought I was doing a good work, giving three kiddies a fresh air summer, but—" the little lady laughed—"I believe," she said, "they actually like the stumps best."
Peter was standing at her side in the garden. "Do you know," he asked, irreverently, "that I have never heard your name?"
His neighbor smiled. "I am Lida Warren," she said—"Miss Warren of settlement work."
Peter Craythorne, looking down into the little lady's face, laughed happily. "Now tell me," he said "to the refractory fresh air child."
Chili Peppers.
From data gathered from the various consular districts it is revealed that the growing of chili peppers is confined principally to the states of Vera Cruz, Aguascalientes, San Luis Potosi and Lower California, and the district around San Martin, in the state of Puebla. This latter district is found to be in normal times one of the most important for the cultivation of this product for export, the possibility for the crop being very extensive.

Italy's Vote Candles.
In Italy the distinctively votive candle is made by hand. The material is pure beeswax, which is kneaded and tempered and mixed with a secret ingredient to retard combustion. Special Egyptian cotton is used for the wicks. The cotton, too, is treated with chemicals to keep it from feeding too fast.
The Roaming Bee.
According to a scientist if a bee finds a suitable patch of flowers by following a zigzag course it will seek it again by the same devious route, and not in a straight line from the nest. Certain bees coming to visit a hollyhock always came over the wall 25 yards to one side instead of directly opposite.
Any Excuse, Etc.
Little Edward disliked to attend school, so one morning he thought he would play off sick. "What is the matter with you, Edward?" asked his mother. Not knowing a whole vocabulary of ailments to select from, on the spur of the moment he replied, "Why, my tooth itch."
What Wealth Cannot Purchase.
Though one may inherit acres, an education cannot be inherited. The wealthy man may pay others for doing his work for him; but it is impossible to get his thinking done for him by another, or to purchase any kind of self culture.
White Chocolate.
A Swiss product which is said to have greater food value than the brown sweet chocolate of America is white chocolate. It is made of cocoa butter, and either sugar or dried cream. It is smooth, glossy, and rather attractive in appearance.
Optimistic Thought.
Heaven does not speak; how, then, can it bestow sovereignty on man?
Eh? What?
A Wilkes-Barre, Pa., telegram runs as follows: "H. M. Beck says that the color of a woodcock is very distasteful to many animals, and he has known dogs that were splendid retrievers on other game birds positively refuse to pick up a woodcock."
Where Cats Are Popular.
In some parts of Spanish Guinea there is a constant plague of rats—so much so that the first thing the traders ask the traveler is whether he has brought a cat with him. They will cheerfully barter a sheep for a cat.
It Can Be Done.
Any fool can make a woman talk, but it takes a very clever man to make her listen.—Boston Transcript.
Optimistic Thought.
The wicked have no stability, for they do not remain true to themselves.

A Mother Wrote This:—
"A few years ago I weighed less than one hundred pounds. I took Father John's Medicine faithfully for a little over two years and now weigh one hundred and forty pounds, and do not recall that I have been as well in my lifetime. I attribute it all to Father John's Medicine."
This statement is given voluntarily for the benefit it may be to others. The name and address will be given on request.
For a period of over 60 years Father John's Medicine has been building up an army of word-of-mouth advertisers who tell their friends of the benefits received from this old-fashioned, pure and wholesome food medicine. For over 60 years it has proved its value as a safe family medicine. Guaranteed free from alcohol.
Call Was Just Right.
Carolyn was delighted when she received an invitation to spend a week in the country with a friend of the family, and expressed herself to a little friend she was playing with like this: "Yes, they have pigs and chickens and a cow and a little calf. I can't milk the cow, but I can milk the calf—it's just my size."
City of Rubies.
Mogok is a Burmese city which handles daily large fortunes in rubies. Mogok runs heaps of priceless, glittering stones through its fingers, appraises them carelessly and then as carelessly lets them go to some dealer in gems. It almost seems like the play of children with bits of brightly-colored glass.
Ancient Medium of Exchange.
Among some ancient tribes oxen and sheep served as a medium of exchange, the sheep being reckoned equivalent to one ox. The Latin word for money is pecunia, and it is derived from the pecus (cattle), showing that pecunia (money) meant property in cattle.
Beantown Note.
Eph Tritipo, prominent livery stable, has got a new pair of glasses, as he expects to attend the "Follies" up to Indianapolis tonight. Eph had quite a time deciding whether to get eye glasses or nose glasses.—Beantown Bugle! Correspondence in Indianapolis Star.
Why Spinners.
The reason that unmarried ladies are called spinsters is, that formerly women were prohibited from marrying until they had spun a complete set of bed linen. If the same rule prevailed today what a falling off there would be in the marriage rate!