THE MOTHER.

When I went out from the little house That stood by the white sea sands. Her kiss was warm on my eager lips And strong were her clasping hands; And I fared me forth, as a soldier might, When a great war-lord commands.

When I came back to the little house That stood by the chili sea-sands, The door was closed and the shutters drawn, And I stood as a beggar stands; And I laid my lips to her silent lips, My spoils in her folded hands.

-Fannie Heaslip Lea, in the Peoples Magazine

She had been lying there awake for some time watching the dawn creep grayly in through the window, bringing one familiar object after another out of the darkness : the white walls with prints tacked upon them, the table of medicine-hottles, her support and uplifting as she met her firm bed, and finally the bed of her neighbor gaze. She fought back her tears. opposite. She turned her head slowly and looked across. The occupant of the bed was sleeping with her face turned toward her, and she looked at it closely, glad of share his love with anyone else. any new interest after the night's weary

TWO WOMEN.

It was a sweet young face she saw, shad- in her voice. "I feel sure of that." ed by masses of dark brown hair, with a childlike mouth, and long lashes that caught the other's hand. touched her cheek as she lay sleeping peace-fully. The woman had been half asleep the nurses talking about her and the serious operation to be performed this morn-Now she studied her in the growing ed the girl pushed aside the screen and light, and wondered with a cool dispassion- smiled over at her. ateness what mental caliber she had to support her in such a stress.

As she still watched her the other stirred and opened her eyes. They met those of the woman for a minute quite trustfully and happily, and then a sudden rush of memory and fear blurred and broke up girl's bed; and it was only after a silence their quiet depths. The woman looked away, half ashamed to be caught, even unconsciously spying on her.

Presently she heard the other speaking. "I beg your pardon, but do you know what time it is?"

The woman glanced at her watch. "About half-past six."

"Thank you.

went on: "I am glad there is not long to wait. They come for me at half-past seven." "You have siept well?" the woman said

rather ouriously. "You are not nervous, "Terribly," the girl answered with a

tion if it were not for my husband. I must The woman lay silent for a little with averted face. The proud yet tender tone in the other's voice had struck savagely on

"He is so worried about me," the girl went on. "But he is so wonderfully brave and hopeful all the time. I know I could never go through the operation if it were her the truth now, she well knew, would not for him. Dying would be easier; but I be the girl's death-warrant as well as his have him to live for, so that helps me to

go on. She noticed the tenseness of the woman's attitude, and broke off.

"I-I didn't mean to bother y way," she said, half timidly. 'Only it stalks unsatisfied! So the voices sl makes the waiting less hard to talk to and urged—and then the girl spoke. omeone. But I won't speak if you want

'I can't sleep," the woman answered "Please talk, if it helps you.

Have you been married long?' "Over a year," the girl said. "But I can't believe it, even yet. He is so clever that it seems impossible to me that he should have cared to marry me. I often tell Keith that I can do nothing well but

"Is that his name?" asked the woman quickly. "Yes. I think it suits him so well. It

is strong, like himself. He is coming as early as they will let him, and then you will see for yourself seat he is really too good for me."

"Don't believe that," the woman said brusquely. "Very few men are too good for their wives. I found that out long The day had now fully dawned, bright

and cold, and the clear light fell full upon her face, bringing out mercilessly its worn grayness. The girl, looking over, wonderwhat dull tragedy lay behind its still "Your husband is dead?" she ventured

after a pause which the other did not seem inclined to break.

"He deserted me three years ago," swered the woman bluntly, "and I believed in him as much as you do in your hus-

The girl drew in her breath with a sharp

"Please forgive me for asking-I didn't know-I thought-"

"It doesn't matter." the woman said wearily. "Only you see I have reason for what I said." "You have been through a terrible ex-

perience indeed," said the girl, looking at her with a deep pity in her soft eyes. "But it is an exceptional one, I know it must be. It would kill me to think that he— that all men were so heartless and oruel!" "I hope you will never have occasion to

think so," said the woman, with an in-voluntary softening of her bard tone. 'Keep in your paradise as long as you can. You can never get back again once it is lost, that I assure you."

They were both silent for a while. The ward was quiet and empty except for them-selves, but outside a baby wailed fretfully from some distant room and soft steps were heard hurrying up and down the corridors. Suddenly the girl covered her face with "Oh, the awful, awful waiting !" she cried brokenly. "If it were

only over now. I feel my courage going with every moment !" soon be over," soothed the woman. "It is not so terrible, after all-I know, for I have gone through the same thing-only you have youth and love on your side to fight for you. Think if you

were alone! But you have him to live "Oh, if I were only sure that he loved me !" wailed the girl. "All the rest would be easy to bear."

"Why should you doubt him ?" asked the woman in some surprise. "Just a moment ago you told me how much he Has he ever given you any cared for you.

reason to doubt him ?" The girl stared at her with eyes wild

with pain and dread. "No, never. He has always been love and devotion itself; but ever since he married me I have had a fear, unspoken and hidden-for I've always thrust it far away from me as long as I could—that some day I should wake up to find it was all a dream and I was alone once more. And now you have roused that fear by what you told me, and I cannot conquer it. You have made me wonder if perhaps he, too, is like other men-have made me think and fear-I don't know what !"

She broke off with a choked sob, and raised herself up in the bed wildly, gasping

for breath. The woman leaned over toward her quickly

'Don't think of anything but his present love for you," she said, holding the girl with steady eyes. "Don't fear that your love may not stand the test bravely.

It will-I know that !" They seemed now to have changed places; the woman's voice was strong and full of courage, and the girl felt a sudden sense of

"Yes, you are right," she gasped. "I will be brave. I know he loves me, and me only. But I would rather die than to

"You will not die then," said the woman, still with the same steady confidence The girl leaned over suddenly and

'How you have helped me!" she sa'd 'I cannot thank you enough.' when the other was brought in the even-ing before, but she remembered hearing nurses came in. The woman lay staring up at the ceiling while they went about their morning duties. When all was finish-

> "My busband is coming up to see me ow," she whispered. "Now you will

know why I love him so." Nevertheless the woman did not turn to which lasted strangely long that she at last lowered her eyes slowly. They met those of a man standing still with his hand on the knob of the closed door nehind him, and staring at ber with a face blotted of all color and expression. Then suddenly the nospital walls, the narrow bed, the won dering girl opposite, dropped away from her sight like mist-wreaths from a hilltop, The voice was youthful and sweet, like and left only herself and the man before the face. After a moment's silence she her. Shrill voices seemed to be hammer-

ing in her ears, asking quick questions that her brain sprang to answer even before they took shape. Was this the reward of years of grimly patient waiting, of a neveracknowledged hope which yet had clung tenaciously at her heart? This the end of love and the beginning of hate? At all sudden shivering contraction of her whole events-her brain made quick answer-she "But they gave me something to could strike, and terribly. Then why not make me sleep—I begged them to. I do it? He had not hesitated to strike the couldn't even bear the idea of the operablow which had wrecked and laid low her whole life, and had turned her love into a corroding blight! Now the scales had shifted and it was her turn to speak, to slay!

His eyes went for a swift instant to the girl and then returned to her in a dumb, a still throbbing memory. She remember-ed her own bour of trial and endurance, meant. Had the nurses not told her of the faced alone, and the bitter lines about her mouth cut themselves still deeper. serious operation to be performed, and of the girl's weak heart! What was it the girl weak heart! What was it the girl had said herself a few minutes-or was it hours-ago? "I would rather die than live to share him with anyone else!" To tell be the girl's death-warrant as well as his punishment. Well, what did it matter to her, after all? When the weak cling to the knees of the strong what wonder if they are trampled under. Let them be trampled you this under so long as revenge endures and hate 'Only it stalks unsatisfied! So the voices shouted

"I couldn't get a room, Keith; they were all taken; so they put me in here; but this is my friend, even though I don't know her name. We have been talking together and she has helped me to be brave, almost as much as you have, Keith. See how calm I am now." She held up her hand and strong and I am so stupid and foolish and showed him its steadiness with a smile. "I don't feel at all afraid of the operation. She told me that she felt sure it would be all right, and somehow I feel sure of it, too, Won't you thank her for me,

Keith?" A sudden flash of love lit up the somber eyes of the man as they turned toward her for a moment, but they dulled again hopelessly as they came back to the woman. Her own eyes were hard and cold as steel as she looked at them both. She raised herself up in the bed with an involuntary movement of recoil, and the girl watched her with half-hurt wonderment

at her silence. "Don't thank me," she said at last in a "And don't thank harsh, choked voice. "And don't thank him. Thank yourself for all that you have, get well, and be happy in your paradise."

She lay back again on the pillow with a sudden relaxing of her grim self control that told bow it had been shaken.

The man's face flushed for a moment and then paled as abruptly. He made a step toward the bed.
"Are you—do you mean—?" he asked

hoarsely. Her eyes burned him with their soorn. She had gained control of herself once

more. "See that you deserve her faith," she answered brusquely, and turning over on her side lay there with averted face. She heard his quick, indrawn breath of relief, the girl's puzzled call, "Keith!" heard him go to her with one glad step, heard their murmuring voices and the noise of the nurses and attendants as they brought in the wheeled chair and took the girl out. But still she lay there motionless, staring with unseeing eyes at the white walls which seemed to close in upon her like a relentless future.—By Jeannette I. Helm,

in The Smart Set. Wise Words.

He cannot rule who cannot yield. Nothing is safe where goodness is a jest. Practice is the great clarifier of opinion. Only those truths are vital which can be

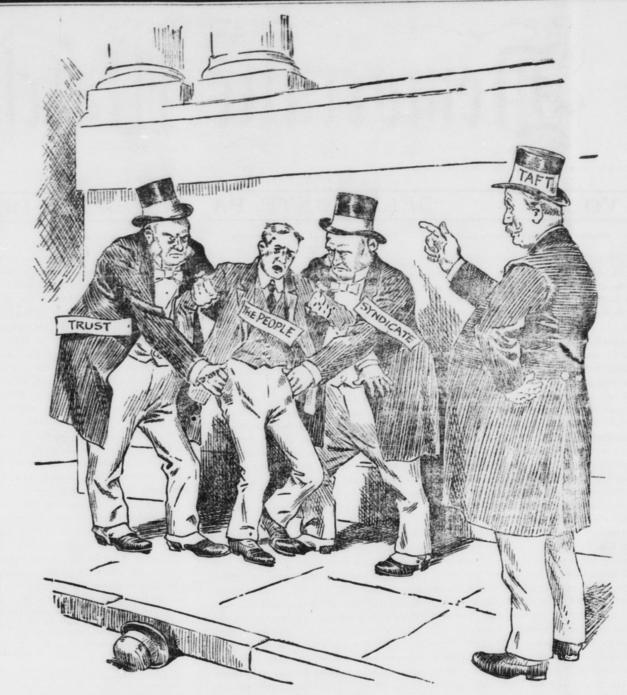
italized. Pessimism is usually poverty of heart and imagination. They are heard most for themselves who pray nost for others.

never fusses over them. -"Guzzler seems to be a mercurial sort of person. He is either away up or

Friendship may follow forms, but it

away down." "Yes, with Guzzler it's either a case of low spirits or high balls."

-Stella-I will be a sister to you. Jack—Humphi I suppose you want me to be a Brother Charles to you.



From "The Philadelphia Record," September 16, 1908

TAFT-"DEMOCRATIC SUCCESS WILL DISTURB BUSINESS!" During his visit to "The Philadelphia Record" Sept. 15, 1908, Mr. Bryan suggested the above cartoon to Mr. De Mar.

Before the Feucle Revolution the criticisms of society and of existing institutions were severe and searching but the reme-

The revolution swept away all hindrances and restraints to trade. The individnalistic and atomistic condition of society had begun. Every man was left to pursue his own interest, in his own way and this, it was claimed, would work for the best to the race. Into this disorganized society commerce

went forward with astounding rapidity. Before, however, the smoke of battle had cleared, there were some, in France, who understood where lay the trouble for the itance. They regarded idlers as thieves, od to help them adjust their knowledge and work forward to lasting results. They the generations that have followed, have

Francois Noel Baboeuf was born in St. Opentin, in 1764. His scheme for society was a materialistic communism, absolute pid, self-satisfied mediocrity. It is dreary and monotonous in the extreme. Yet even Babeouf was not so childish as to propose the dividing up of the wealth of society ; while leaving the production and distribution to remain the same as at present.

There has never been a communist o socialist who proposed such a plan, for they, as every one, know that inequality father was a cloth merchant. One for would again arise and even more rapidly. This idea is entirely a figment in the minds their opponents, so that the story of Rothschild and the poor man whom he gave about some goods in his father's shop; and fifty cents as his share of the wealth when at nineteen his mind was awakened to the divided, loses its force as an argument against communism. What communism means is, that all the people, either as a whole, or as a village or commune, should own all the land, houses, factories, railroads, etc. That production should be carried on in common and that the distri-bution of the wealth thus created should be equally divided. Most all socialists beeve that the social Commonwealth will ultimately lead to communism, that when the whole of industry is systematized and managed, so that all work is done with the least possible hardship, and all wealth is used to supply the needs of the whole of the first of which was entitled "The Theory of the Four Movements and the of some labor above another will lose their meaning, and that all able-bodied men and women will contribute their share to the world's work and in return have their needs supplied.

The next great advocate of communism in France offers a much more pleasing program. This is Etienne Cabet, born at Di-

on, in 1788. Sir Thomas Moore's "Utopia" inspired his book entitled "A Voyage to Icaria,"

which he published in France in 1839.
In 1848 he came with his followers to
America and settled in Nauvoo, Illinois. These Icarians, as they were called, at one time numbered 1500 and continued their existence for half a century.

The two leading ideas of Cabet's constitution, are the equality of all and the brotherhood of man. His political organization was a democratic republic. The economies of common production enabled all to enjoy many comforts, and even lux-uries. Elegance and beauty were encouraged. Marriage and family were held saored and wives were highly honored. Diligence and thrift were enjoined on all. Dirty and disagreeable work was performed by machines. Science and literature were held in high esteem.

This Icarian movement in America showed much strength in the middle of the last century, but after that period was of

We turn now from these advocates of We turn now from speed communism to a man of different type, Saint-Simon, born at Paris in 1760. physical sciences were his obief interest. Yet he devoted his life to the cause of the betterment of mankind, which he considered in the light of a religion. His prop erty was soon gone and for a time he lived in extreme want.

His disciples carried on his ideas

The History of Socialism in France. his death and many great minds in Francet ion of any country or of any given period. have received their inspiration from his teaching. Saint-Simon was the first too draw the line between the upper and lower classes in the industrial society, and to dies offered were dreamy and speculative. indicate that social reform is a function of government. He also brought forward the subject of inheritance. He advocated universal peace, labor to all and recompense in proportion to merit. His ideas were retained as a religion without any practical economic application.

Saint-Simon is the first example of pure socialism-that is an economic system and industry entered, and aided by the in which production is carried on in comnew discoveries in land and machine ; mon and the wealth produced distributed, according to a standard, which shall be

future. They had not yet a clear enough and wished every one rewarded according knowledge of the past or a scientific meth- to bis own individualistic merits. All should start with equal opportunities and these only the natural inequalities-talent, nevertheless gave their lives to attempts at the realization of what, a whole people, in basis of association and the indispensible conditions of the social order. Their motto was, "to each according to his capacity; to each capacity according to its works. At the time that Saint-Simon was sacrificing his life in his brilliant yet ineffect equality. All things leveled down to stn- ual efforts for the regeneration of mankind, there was living in France a man of different temperament, who was approaching

the same goal by another route. This was Charles Fourier, who was born in Besancon, in 1772. Saint-Simon belonged to a noble family, who traced its origin to Charlemagne.

father was a cloth merchant. One founded a religion ; the other a science. Fourier, when a child of five, was punished for telling the truth to customers great waste in trade, by being compelled, by his employer, to throw overboard some rice, which had been held up for speculation, at a time when prices were rising be-cause of a famine. The rice which was in the hold of a ship, had spoiled, it having been kept from the market for fear of lowering prices. Fourier concluded that a system, which forced children to lie and withhold food from hungry people, must be radically wrong and he began to elaborate a social scheme which should promote truth, honesty, and economy of resources

General Destinies." The four movements are the social, animal, organic and inorganic life. His object was to show that one law-the law of attraction-governs them all. His scientific notions were creede but his great contribution was his social

Fourier's central idea is association. maintained that production could be inoreased many fold and great waste prevent ed by a harmonious adjustment of industry. Helalso insisted that labor was a natura passion of man and only became repulsive when men were forced to over-work or to ncongenial and unnatural forms of labor. His idea was that men should combine

n communities which he called phalauxes. A phalanx was to be the unit of society and was to carry on its complete social life, like one large family. Phalanxes could exchange their surplus products with other phalanxes and nation with nation.

Fourier social system was not as pure form of socialism, as was that of Saint-Simon, for he retained private capital and, for a time at least, inheritance.

In the division of wealth a certain por tion is set apart for each member of the phalanx, and then the surplus is divided between labor, capital and talent. Fivetwelfths goes to labor; four-twelfths to capital and three twelfths to talent. The maxim is not as with Saint-Simon, labor ecording to capacity and reward according to service-but it was, labor according to capacity and reward in proportion to exer-tion, capital and talent. Labor is divided into three classes-necessary, useful, and agreeable—the highest reward goes to the first and the lowest to the last division.

Fourier assigned women a high position in the society. He declared that the economic, legal and social position of woman was an exact measure of the true civiliza-

Fourier's recognition of the value of coperation, of the use of machinery, of the unnecessary hardships of labor, and of its natural benefits, have had great influence on modern thought.

His followers formed societies for the relegation of his theories, the most successful being at Guise in France, and the best known in America being that of Brook Fame, which was founded in 1840.

were Eutopian. They separated economics explained that a figure arrested in move-and politics. Their appeal was to religion, brotherly love or self-interest. The next at the best on the part of the artist a step in the direction of socialism was its memory of the appearance of the figure in taken by Louis Blanc. He is the first State ocialist.

Professor Ely, in his "French and German Socialism," says, "Louis Blanc is the connecting link between the older socialism, which was in many respects superstitions, absurd and fantastical, and the newer, which is skeptical, hard and practical."

Louis Blanc found the purpose of human existence to be happiness and development. He declared that not equality out needs are to determine distribution His maxim for man was. "produce according to his faculties and consume according to his wants." This he considered a formula of perfect justice, but the question naturally arises, how are a man's wants to be determined?

Louis Blane abandoned individualism, private property and private competition. He adopted fraternity as his controlling principle. After the revolution of 1848 he was granted permission for his National Work Shops, but these were robbed of their real influence by his political enemies. His writings, bowever, exerted a great influence in shaping events in Eu-

After the failure of Louis Blanc's National Work Shops socialism in France seemed dead, yet, it was at this time, that Karl Marx was writing in banishment in England and Ferdinand Lassalle was exhorting German workmen to organize into a national party. When socialism again appeared in France it came through German channels. It was no longer Utopian. It was scientific and evolutionary.

The organization of the Socialist Party

in France was begun in 1871, after the commune. It has been divided into different groups whose aim is the same but who differ in respect to tactics, caused largely by the Fencle disposition to follow great men as leaders. In the last few years however, Jean Jaures, the eloquent French ocialist, has been leading the party into harmony and into allignment with international socialism.

The adherents to socialism in France number more than 1,000,000. They have over fifty deputies in the Chamber. Paris, and other cities are under socialistic mu nicipal councils.

Jaures says, "Within thirty-five years France has passed from the conservative and resigned republic of M. Thiers to the opportunist and enthusiastic republic of Gambetta; then on to the temperate radicalism of M. Leon Bougois, to the militant radicalism of M. Combes; finally to the so-cialistic radicalism of M. Clemenceau. Each movement in the evolution of the republic has had its value and its reason. It has not been a mere succession of personal influences. * * * For some years the Socialist Party has exercised a profound inluence on the political life of France. This influence has often been decisive, and wholly disproportionate to its municipal It represents scarcely a tenth of the force. quently it has been the arbiter of the nation's destiny, the guide of the republic."

"Worth Everything

Medical Adviser. This great work on is considered quite probable by miners who hygiene and medicine, containing 1008 have seen the tree that its interior portions pages and 700 illustrations is sent free on are practically solid agate, as are receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing | the other petrified trees of Arizona, but no only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for book in paper covers, or 31 stamps in cloth binding. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. bridge to find out.

The Painter of the Angelus

Will H. Low is chronicling his artistic friendships in the pages of Scribner's Magazine. The July number brings him to Stevenson and Millet. Of the latter he has much to say :

"Jean Francois Millet was of a large frame and medium stature, the eyes of an artist, deep set with the frontal bone well developed, a strong and prominent nose and abundant beard, which did not entirely conceal his mouth; firmly drawn yet gravely kind in expression. A drawing which I endeavored to make some time afterward, from one of the rare photographs taken of him (loaned me by one of his brothers,) is not unlike him ; although it gives an aspect which he only had when dressed in city clothes, as on his rare visits to Paris. Clad in a knitted coat, not unlike the Cardigau jacket which was familiar here at one time, closely buttoned to the waist and well-worn trousers, his appearance was that of the peaceful provincial in France who, secure from the public gaze behind his garden wall, dreeses for ease and comfort. The legend of the peasant's sabots worn by him has only this much of truth, that in the heavy dews on the plane, or in bad weather at any time, he were sabets out of doors as most country people do in France, as a foot covering that, after a little practice, is not difficult to walk with ; which protects from dampness and is easily slipped off on entering within doors.

"Between my timidity, the little French I possessed, and the master's evident suffering, our first interview began badly enough; my chief preoccupation being to find an excuse for withdrawing quickly. But as it progressed the interest of Millet grew as he would display, from canvases stacked against the wall, pictures in vari-

ous stages of progress.
"His method almost invariably was to indicate a composition lightly in charcoal, seldom, at least at that time, having recourse to nature, and never from a model posing; his work from life consisting generally in a strongly accented drawing a l-most in outline. When the composition was finally arranged to his satisfaction, he drew in the figures and its principal lines, using a thick quill pen, with ink. Upon this, with semi transparent color, he would prepare the dominant tones of his picture. A canvas thus prepared he would set aside to dry, returning to it later with more direct painting in opaque tones; gradually refining its color and rendering its effect to the point of completion.

"I remember questioning-myself although I warmly approved of the result, if the means employed by the great painter were those which were thought consistent with the best modern practice. Slavish adherence to nature was then and after the watchword of the school, and, as many do, I confounded the practice of the school with that of the mature artist. Some question of this kind I ventured to make, asking how in a studio lighted by a single window he could study the model as the figure would be lit out of doors. For reply be showed me a drawing, a mere quick sketch, now, to my better understanding, appearing, as I remember it, to have the indication of all the essential construction of the figure that the master with his knowledge of form needed to work from. Saint—Simon and Fourier were the first of the Feucle socialists. They were, however, enigmatical, and Millet, ever, only social reformers. Their schemes speaking slowly and with much emphasis, ction with politics, and this was action; that for him the weary imitation of a posed model seemed less true, less like nature, than to follow a sketch retaining the action of life with added truths garnered from a long and close observation; aided by the memory of the relation between a figure and its background under certain effects of light."-Christian Advo-

Russian Cavier.

The centre of the cavier trade in Southeast Russia is at Astrakhan on the Volga. There are, however, several fisheries on the River Don and the Sea of Azov. At several of the fisheries large quantities of cavier are prepared but for home production only. In 1906 cavier to the value of \$10,500 was exported to the United States from Astrakhan. Since then, however, its export has wholly ceased. This condition of affairs is thought to be due to two reasons at least. First, the catch of sturgeon in the United states has been unusually abundant, and, second, the quality of cavier prepared in the United States has proved to be far superior to the imported article.

Cavier is prepared in Russia in practically the same manner as in the United States. The roe, having been extracted from the fish, is rubbed through the meshes of a sieve in order that the eggs may be separated from the inclosing sacks. It is then salted with from 5 to 10 per cent. of good table salt, according to the time of the year when prepared. Afterward the cavier is put on finer sieves in order to allow the brine to flow off. After this has been ascomplished it is placed in cans and hermetically sealed.

In order to reach the market cavier is shipped by steamer to Tzaritzin on the Volbeing forwarded thence by fast trains to Hamburg in special cars provided for the export of fish. During the warm season the cavier is placed on ice, which is renewed at various places en route. On steamers from Hamburg to New York the principal importing port, it is always stored on

A Huge Petrification.

What is probably the largest example of petrification has recently come to attention in Arizona, says the Technical World Magazine. It consists of the trunk of a tree, with branch stubs still intact, which has fallen across the head of a considerable canyon and there "turned to stone."

The huge roots of the fallen monarch rise to a height of eight or ten feet at one end, while the upper extremity of the trunk is buried in the soft formation of the land in which it grew. The trunk is more than 50 feet long, and spans a canyon at least 40 feet wide. It forms a perfectly solid bridge of a diameter of from five feet to two at the smaller end. Trees of considerable size have grown up around it from the bed of the canvon, some of them considerably higher now than the fallen electoral and parliamentary array, yet fre- tree is long. Over the trunk of the petrified monster they throw a welcome shade to the birds which gather for miles around to ELIZABETH M. BLANCHARD. sit on the stony trunk during the heat of

This tree is a considerable distance from But costs nothing," is what one man has the Arizona petrified forest and is one of a say about Dr Pierce's Common Sense the wonders of the great desert State. It