You think it's where I always eat
Where I can find my spoon and bow'
My napkin folded clean and neat—
And milk and sometimes jelly-roll.

You think it's where I always sleep Where I get in my puffy bed And fall right in in a comfy heap Some nights before my prayers are said.

But that's not home—just roof and walls—A place like anybody buys.
With shiny floors and stairs and halls— My home is in my mother's eyes.

## The-World-at-the-End-of-the-Road By CHARLOTTE BROOKS FLACK:

mirrel Gray

om tree to tree, until suddenly he Man. ad discovered the road, at the end plack eyes could see, was a won- to get them a cage from town. frougly beautiful, rosy radiance in

other about it, and to ask her what Road.

'Danger,' mother had told him. "But how do you know?" asked

day afterward found him at the road. and all the way home he was longing -longing-longing.

Every day he teased his mother to let him go see the World-at-the-Endof-the-Road. But always she shook her head, until finally she realized he never would be contented again. One morning to satisfy him she reluctant-

It was nearly night when he arrived at the World-at-the-End-of-the-Road. There he found houses and norses, barking dogs and mewing cats, crying babies and people, big and little, talking and laughing. Oh! what a noisy place the World-at-the-

He soon found out what Danger

From tree to tree, along the fences over goofs, scurried Squirrel Gray until darkness found him on a grape There he tremblingly hid himself under the big leaves, and there he slept all that night, dreaming of home and mother.

feeling came back again, and he hardly dared to move. But Danger was still asleep, and, as all was quiet ie ventured to peep out. Through the trees he caught a glimpse of something that made his little heart brob with gladness, and Danger was

little pond or two that reflected the green, leafy branches above and the pretty ferns around, but this big wat-

water faded and finally was gone.

to cross that gold path-but dear, begging for a nut. Captiously they dear! - there, too, was Danger, thought Squirrel Gray, as he swiftly sprang back again and stood shivering on the shore. The warm sun- he was free once more, and soon beever, and pretty soon the sun-ball plazza. Then down onto the board grew brighter and brighter, spang- walk he went, and, finally spying ling the water with little sparkling that open door under the house, into

little square house painted green,

curling himself up in a round gray to do what he could to get Squirrel

no longer a quiet gray ball. Instead Bay. Of course they were willing, so was a scared, squealing squirrel all with the help of their Uncie Tide,

what to do next, down came the coo-down the beach. Oak leaves! arms of the smiling Bungalow Lady, to Skidoo! They were like le followed by Little Sister and the Ban- from loved ones at home. While he galow Man. Then such a chattering frightened than ever. Pretty soon tree, but where was it? How could editile Sister tries to poke a cracker he get to it? He had forgotten the again that pitcous, shrill squealing.

-Harper's Weekly.

in the cool, quiet woods of lovely which sounded just like "Skidoo! ong Island lived little Squirrel Gray, Skidoo! Skidoo!" From that time

They were all so eager to keep the which, as far away as his little little stranger that the Man promised

> So after breakfast Big Brother and Boy climbed aboard the launch, and with their father away they sailed down the Bay, their little boat sing-

> for big, frolicsome Southwest Wind had awakened every sleeping Wave. So, with little white nightcaps still on bled out of their beds, and, merrily were now chasing each other in wild,

But the little brave launch and its passengers gay sailed on right over them without dismay; for you see they knew them and every day had seen these same Waves act in just

came with a cage and a supply of youth experiences is not easily made mixed nuts. Baiting the cage with tame and humble; it will not wait some of these nuts they somehow upon the judgment, "Whoever loved

house again, to get away from the hot shine of the sun-ball.

Little Skidoo was now really and truly homesick, and North Wind thought it was just the right time to

The next morning early, when Skidoo hopped feebly out along the shore to get a cool breath of air before the sun-ball appeared, he heard something that startled him at first, but then gladdened him. He heard some one calling "Ma-Ma! Ma-Ma!" and there, stepping slowly toward him, was a big, black, solemn looking crow. Ah, well he knew that this old black crow was telling him to go back home to his Ma-Ma. So he

Now North Wind was watching with delight; for he it was who, in the night, had told the crow just where he must go, and just what he must say to Skidoo that day, and how he must show him the way back to that woodland home where his mother was waiting-waiting-waiting.

Swiftly homeward flew little Skidoo, leaving forever behind him the World-at-the-End-of-the-Road.

Joyfully he entered Woodland, springing from tree to tree, with long flying leaps, until at last he reached his own oak-tree home and mother. Never a word said she, but he knew she was glad-glad-glad.

Never a word said he, but she knew that he knew that she knew best and that he knew now that Danger is in the World-at-the-End-of-the-Road .- Christian Register.

MUST KISS WITH JUDGMENT.

Osculation Not Necessarily Fatal Nor Attended With Danger.

"Kissing is all right if indulged in with judgment." This dictum by Dr. Chapin may set at rest the minds of those fussy sanitarians who see germs everywhere and believe that

Death rides on every passing breeze, He lurks in every flower.

But more romantic persons, young in years or feelings, will quarrel with the qualification. They have no desire to kiss "with judgment." One may kiss "with judgment" an unattractive cousin or a maiden aunt. But the heyday of the blood which

" Coventry Patmore

that loved not at first sight?" asked

Marlowe-a question quoted by

And it was Marlowe's Faustus who

set forth in matchless verse the

rapture of a kiss from the most beau-

Was this the face that launched a thousand

ships.

And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?

Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.

Who will say that there was judg-

A mere physical contact of lips

means nothing of itself. We may be sure that the kiss which Ben Johnson

asked to have left within the cup was

sweeter far than any actual kiss be-

stowed "with judgment." Kissing

goes by favor, says the old proverb,

which is only another way of saying

that a kiss gains in value by the

caprice by which it is bestowed. How

perfunctory is the salute sanctioned

by duty! Martial said that he did not

care for kisses unless he had stolen

them in spite of resistance. But this

is perhaps a counsel of perfection.

Bealdes, must there not be a degree

of consent from the party of the sec-

ond part to make the bliss complete?

is not the kiss lightly exchanged a

And the best and the worst of this is

Such kisses may not show judg-

ment, but then, on the other hand,

When Sir Lancelot rode with Queen

Guinevere, "in the boyhood of the

She look'd so lovely, as she sway'd

The rein with dainty inger-tips,
A man had given all other bliss.
And all his worldly worth for tais,
To waste his whole heart in one kiss

Lancelot had his desire and was

not happy having it, but prayed God

haps, however, he would not have

kissed with judgment, despite all proof of the folly of kissing other-

wise. No, judgment does not rule in

such matters. Dr. Chapin's assurance

may be welcome in the domestic cir-

will care for it .- Providence Journal.

but who that is passion's slave

Upon her perfect lips.

That neither is most to blame, you've forgotten my kisses And I've forgotten your name.

kind of dead sea fruit?

ment in this aspiration? The kisses

of Helen brought misery in the end.

tiful woman in the world.

Shakespeare as a "saw of might,



Jollying the Parents.

under the chin?" asked the man. "It alike is such an ugly little sinner."

"That is why I chucked him," said the woman. "I wanted to make his parents feel happy. I always pet the

Housemaid Peeress, Robert Montagu. This lady, whose is a certain beauty's unfailing friend. life in the humble role of a house- pan of boiling water, and with it she maid. She was exceedingly attracby the residence in which Miss Wade was employed. Lord Robert, having chester .- London Leader.

Good Breeding.

Good breeding will tide over many an awkward spot in life, and good breeding is not uncommon. It flourishes in several grades of society, and is pleasing to our self esteem. is often lacking in high circles, where dom find employment in the other spot. kind, although a few are able to keep to it in sordid surroundings.

Education is an important feature with good breeding. There are edu- on fuel than be an extinguisher cated boors without number, and re-

of democracy to-day is equal oppor-"Why dld you chuck that baby tunity for all, men and women

The Auto Woman's Face.

Motoring roughens the skin, and the woman who motors, yet wishes to ugly bables. Pretty bables get so preserve her complexion, must go to much coddling from strangers that some trouble. When she comes in their parents take it as a matter of from a spin her face must have a course. It is the fathers and moth- bath of cold cream, which must be ers of homely bables who appreciate massaged in till the skin feels as soft attention. Didn't you notice how as velvet, and then there must come pleased that couple looked? I don't a final rubbing with cream or milk, suppose anybody ever petted that or a little unsalted butter, which is a baby before except themselves, good skin tonic. The essential of They'll think a lot more of the every complexion bath is friction, for youngster after this."-New York the skin thrives under stimulation of the right sort. The woman who takes a towel at night and rubs her cheeks vigorously will have a pair of pretty A romance of the peerage has just pink cheeks in the morning. Warm been closed by the death of Lady cream made from a cold cream recipe maiden name was Miss Wade, began She heats it in a saucer held over a rubs her face. She works from the tive in appearance, and her good roots of the hair downward, until she looks drew the attention of Lord gets to the chin, which she massages Robert Montagu, who was living hard upward, to keep the cheeks and neck from wrinkling. The cold cream is permitted to remain on the face for fallen in love with the beautiful ten minutes. Then a chamois leather housemaid, duly married her, and the is taken and the cream is rubbed off, Miss Wade that was thereupon be- following this process with another came related to some of the most dis- dose of cream, which also is rubbed tinguished members of the English off. The pores of the skin thus are poerage, Lord Robert having been filled and the moisture which time the son of the sixth Duke of Man- took out in the day has been restored. -New York Press.

> The Girl We Like to Meet. The girl who makes us think she

has been pining to see us. She may have not been, but her assumption She who has some graceful word it is expected. Men and women who of praise. Pounds of taffy may cloy are brought up to refined living sel- but the occasional piece goes to the

The girl who laughs The girl who can calm us down. When the flame of ire is stirred it

of modern life, but it is no way allied is easier to find those who will throw She who stops for a kindly greet-

Jellied Apples .- Peel and core firm, tart apples. Put them over the fire in just enough water to cover them, sprinkling them generously with white sugar. Cook slowly

Cut-out at the back of the fire until the apples are tender. Take them out and arrange in a bowl. Bring the liquid left from them to a boil and add to it a tablespoonful of gelatine which has been soaked for half an hour in a very little cold water. When this is dissolved pour over all the apples. fined men and women whose book ing, though we know that she can ill knowledge is of the scanty variety. spare the time. The few minutes of

As a rule, a finishing school does a girl more real good than a college course, and this belief is based on kill time. knowledge of woman from both places .- New Haven Register.

The "Oblong Woman."

The decision has been arrived at among certain makers of high-class ready-to-wear suits and dresses that and hipless dress forms will be the feature of future wearing apparel of Their intention is usually better than this class. Among individual makers, their discretion. however, practically nothing but the princess dress obtains, but it is so varied that each one seems to be in

Some are so severely simple that they really take the place of the tailored suit. Many are "oblong." but many, too, are fitted to the figure quite to the hip line. I have seen one or two which were fitted to and cut off at this line, the skirt below being added there under flat stitching. Sometimes the body portion is made with pleats, stitched flat to the hips, after which they fall free .- Harper's

Member of the Dames. Mrs. William Howard Taft, wife the President, has been elected a member of the Connecticut Society of Colonial Dames of America, by right of her descent from one of the early governors of that State, Thomas Welles, who was born in on the same 1598 and died in 1660. He held flat in shape. many important offices during his life, and was magistrate from 1637 to 1653, treasurer of the colony from 1639 to 1641 and from 1648 to 1652, secretary of the colony from 1641 to 1648, commissioner of the United Colonies from 1649 to 1650, deputy overnor in 1654, '56, '58 and '59, nd governor of Connecticut from 655 to 1658. Mrs. Taft numbers many Connecticut persons among her ancestors. He mother was Harlet Collins, whose maternal grandfather, the Rev. Isaac Clinton, of Milford, was graduated from Yale in the class of 1786. His wife was Charity Welles, whose lines go back to Governor Welles and Lieutenant John Hollister, both of Wethersfield .- frill to the most complicated double Boston Transcript.

Women as Fighting Voters.

"Women are better prepared to vote to-day than any class of people who have the ballot were at the time they received the franchise," said the Rev. Anna Howard Shaw to the New York Telegram.

We are told that women should not vote because they cannot fight," she continued, "but the ablest statesmen to-day are some of the men who could not fight. Many men who could is made of soft straw or shirred libnot fight vote admirably; many men able and willing to fight vote otherwise than admirably. If the ability to fight is to be the basis of representation at the polls, then let all people, male and female, who cannot fight be disfranchised, and let all those, male and female, who can fight be enfranchised. You would be surprised, if this were done, at the numper of women voters there would be.

rooster, an eagle, a man with a hammer-are required at the tops of baltion is not education. No: the ideal

our busy friends are more prized than hours from the girl who is trying to

The girl who has the latest news. We may disapprove of malice in gossip, but most of us will not seek for ear cotton when simple gossip comes our way.

The girl with whom we can afford to let off steam. There are few 'the oblong woman" is to continue, among our friends who are trustworthy enough to prove safety valves.

> She who can make our day brightr. There are some put a damper on our whole day without resorting to a word. A cheerbringer is a mascot.

The girl who is always the same. Variety is an over-estimated virtue when it is found in the disposition of our friends.

The girl who leaves us quite in love with ourselves. Meeting some women is like an unexpected glimpse in a distorting mirror; our after-humility is painful.-Buffalo Courier,



Tight bunches of pale pink moss oses are used on a pink straw hat. When two immense roses appear on the same hat they are unusually

Small, light pink roses are alternated with forget-me-nots on a late

French creation. It is still positively asserted from over the water that sleeves really will

remain long and tight. French serge is the particular brand of this serviceable weave

which is always used but this season will be fashionable. "Puffed out very full at the back" s the Paris decree for the hair. The

puffing is accomplished by a wire cage worn underneath. Tulle and linen jabots are as popular as ever in Paris. They range from the simplest possible pleated

lace affairs. Better than cloths that have to se used time and again for putting lotions on the face is a bit of absorbent cotton fresh each time and

thrown away after using. Have you noticed that the roses which are so much used on the advance spring hats are almost always arranged in straight around bands, circles and such set designs?

One of the new French toques is termed the "Marie Antoinette." erty satin, and trimmed half way to the high crown with a wreath of hand made tiny roses mixed with gold

Washable tulle predominates for the blouse, and is predicted for "best dresses" for the little children. The tulle is arranged separately over pale nink or blue slips, and the prettiest among them are simple to a degree -hand tucked, without trimming. "In a country where symbols—a and as washable as one's handkerchiefs.

> The touch of the right hand is generatly more sensitive than the left.

## HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

For a Cracked Stove. Take an equal part of wood ashes and common salt; mix them to a proper consistency with water; with

this fill the cracks .- Boston Post.

To Color Canned Cherries. If when the fruit is turned out of the can it has a dingy, faded look, add a small quantity of cranberry juice just before serving. This will greatly improve the appearance of the dish without affecting the flavor the fruit.-New York World.

A Refrigerator Suggestion. To prevent the ice pan from getting rusty and leaking wash the pan clean, and dry thoroughly; melt enough paraffine to cover the bottom

of the pan about one-half an inch. Besides preserving the pan the sediment washes out very easily with cold water, and the pan always looks clean .- Boston Post.

A Simple Device. Some time when you are in need of a little hot water and the fire is low, take two wooden chairs, stand them back to back about two feet apart, hang a tin pail full of water on a pole (the broom handle will do), and rest either end of the pole on the top of the chairs with the pail in the middle. Then set a lighted lamp, the larger the better, on the floor under the pail, and the water will quickly heat. One can make tea, or in time boil eggs or potatoes in that way .- Boston Post.

The Kitchen Linen. A convenient place to hold the dish towels, roller towels and kitchen tablecloths and napkins has been hit upon by a young housekeeper who has to utilize every inch of space in her small apartment. It is a box put under one of the windows, that does duty both as a seat and chest.

The box was an ordinary store box with a hinged lid. It was covered with a tight woven matting that could easily be kept elean. A layer of padding was put underneath. Rollers were added, so that the box could easily be moved.

The interior was provided with a tray, which was divided into three divisions, so that the different kinds of towels could be kept separate .- New Haven Register.

Science of Washing Dishes.

One of the unnecessary things in housekeeping is the continuous washing and wiping of dishes, says a woman in the Housekeeper. Many women have nevertheless at one time or another rebelled against the stack of dishes which looms up, like a schoolboy's hash, "three times a day."

It is queer how some women will wear themselves out rather than step aside from the beaten path. They have yet to learn the joy that comes from taking an independent tack and making the work subservient to the worker, from being the master instead of the slave.

To many women the bugbear of housework is washing dishes. Why wash dishes three times a day? Do it in the morning when fresh. Scrape the dinner dishes, stack in a large pan filled with cold water and cover.

Treat the supper dishes the same way, and do not allow your conscience to keep you awake one single hour. will not make the task too heavy the next morning if you try this way.

suds and rinsing in hot (not warm) water, put them, piece by piece, in the wire drainer as nearly on edge or asiant as possible and let stand until

Glasses, of course, and sliver, must be wiped, but the former can be left filled after using and the latter put into a pitcher or deep jug unt" some odd minute when one is not so weary with well doing that another turn of the screw seems next to impossible.



Stuffed Prunes .- Wash the prunes thoroughly, steam until tender, pit and fill each one with cream cheese, plain fondant, fondant and nuts or

chopped preserved ginger. Beef For Essence .- One-half pound round steak, broil two or three minutes, turning every ten seconds; cut up in small pieces and squeeze

through squeezer to obtain juice. Cranberry Jelly .- One quart of cranberries, two cupfuls of cold water; let it boil ten minutes; add two cupfuls of sugar; let boil ten minutes; strain. It will soon harden.

Lightning Cake,-One cup of sugar, one cup of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half of soda or two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; melt one-fourth of a cup of butter, then into this break two eggs and fill cup with sweet milk that has the chill taken off, then turn onto the dry ingredients and beat briskly five minutes; flavor with lemon; bake in a moderate over.

Lemon Sponge Cake .- Eight eggs. two cups sugar, two cups flour, one lercon. Beat the yolks of eggs and add gradually the sugar, which has been sifted. Add juice and grated rind of lemon, then the whites of eggs, which have been beaten stiff. Sift the flour three times and add to the mixture with a little salt. Don't beat after the flour has been well

mixed. Bake in a moderate oven. Chicken Stew .- Cut in pieces a good sized chicken. In a deep saucepan have ready two tablespoonfuls olive oil. Add the chicken and onion chopped fine, and a clove of garlie; n with salt and pepper and add a aprinkling of flour to assist in the browning. When a golden brown add a can of tomatoes with a little ugar to taste, and simmer gently ustil tender. Serve with Spanish rice.

BITTER WAR ON INTEMPERANCE

SOLDIERS FIGHTING THIS CURSE GREATLY CHEERED.

Jim Jenkins.

Jim Jenkins was born with a pinhead

All through his life was too shiftless to think.

Eut still by a kindly and lucky fatality. He early became much addicted to drink. So he sat about bar-rooms and sought the

ociety
Of low-minded persons of liberal views,
And every one grieved at the man's inehriety.
And said he'd be great if it wasn't for

He hadn't the sense of a yapping skye And sober or drunk he was always a

fool, But drink was held up by his friends as the barrier
That blocked his success when he flunked
out at school.
His think tank was addled by notions the

flightiest. His eye had a sodden and meaningless Yet people insisted that he'd be the

Leader of men if he just didn't drink. Jim Jenkins' prototypes swarm through

humanity, All of them sodden, and hopeless and

But each clinging still to some remnants of vanity. Thinking what honor their habits have

And the fatnous world takes a serious view of them.

Saying, "Ah! if they only had turned down the cup,"
Until now and then an occasional few of

Still remain fools after sobering up!
—Chicago Examiner,

Arguments That Get Home. Poor old John Barleycorn; what hard, hard days these are for him! What hard, hard knocks he is getting! Such effective blows as are being planted on him now we do not remember to have seen handed to him before. Indeed, the statistical information that gives them their strength is largely a product of mod strength is largely a product of mod-ern and fairly recent investigation. Gough and the rum-fighters of his school were largely sentimental. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union and like organizations have not appealed strongly either in their reasoning or their methods to the neutral bystanders. But the new processes of attack reach many per-sons in whom the old processes merely raised a derisory antagonism. Such pieces as Dr. Williams has contributed to McClure's Magazine, such declarations as Dr. Frederick Peterson made in his address last month at the Charities and Correction Conference, seem to us to be somewhat extreme, but put out as they are by

medical men of considerable author-"You sha"n't have any rum!" is not of much use. To say, "Rum does you no good, is dangerous, and directly or indirectly has done you a lot of damage," counts for something, provided the person to whom ft is said can be made to believe it. The reason why Mr. Taft has turned down his wineglasses—if he has—is doubt-less because he has use for every ounce of energy and thinking capacity his machinery can generate, and nothing to spare for any amusement that is not a true recreation. He is problong run is a hindrance to health and work, and feels unwilling to put up with any hindrances that he can avoid. His position, of course, is peculiar, for he is the strong man fitting himself to run a hard race, and willing to take measures that another man, just as sane, but with easier times ahead of him, would not con-sider either necessary or expedient. We like to see such men as Dr. Munsterberg and Dr. Dana interpose their moderate counsels and protests against the sweeping condemnation of alcoholic beverages, for it would be e next morning if you try this way. a pity to see a strong and timely After washing each piece in hot movement towards great and negerof opinion and action which justice could no countenance or moderation accept. For the rise against alcohol all over the world is the most inter-esting movement of social reforma-

> ommunities in which it operates .-Harner's Weekly. Race Separation in Saloons.

"We have a new liquor law down in Louisiana, that has perhaps no duplicate in any State," said George Chester, a cotton planter of Baton

tion in sight, and none of the energy enlisted in it should be wasted in ex-

great weapons against alcohol are sound knowledge and persuasion. Compulsion is of little use, and re-

upon the consent and approval of the

cesses that will lead to reaction, methods that are ill advised. T

striction, to be salutary, must

Under this statute the retail liquor places are classed as either white or negro saloons, and those of which colored men are proprietors are forbidden to sell drinks to white customers. The idea of the makers of the law was to keep a certain disreputable element of both races from commingling in barrooms and hatching up schemes of an illegal nature while under the influence of intoxicants. In Baton Rogue there will be twelve saloons operated by blacks, and the effects of confining their business to negro patrons exclusively will be well worth studying."—Baltimore American.

New Movement in Canada.

A new movement among young men connected with various Christian churches, against the liquor evil, is taking shape in Toronto. It is in the form of organizations known as Anti-Bar-Room Leagues.

Legacy Cost of a Drink.

The will of Mrs. Marianna A. Ogden, who died at Lenox. Mass. and which disposes of nearly \$600,000 in cash, besides a large quantity of real estate, was filed recently in the Sur-rogate's office in New York City. Among other legacies was \$5000 to a nephew, John Arnot Rathbone, on condition that he does not drink until attains the age of twenty-one and an additional \$5000 should he abof tobacco until he is twenty-five.

Temperance experts declare that every effort to regulate the traffic by license laws has been a failure; that while the law forbids any one to engage in the traffic who is not of good moral character, that there is that inherent in the traffic which inev-itably subverts moral character, and as a result the business drifts into hands of men who are morally de-

From the army of moderate d-ink-ers of 1908 will be recruited the drunkards of 1909.

e eastern sky. Back home he flew, hurrying to tell

The crows say so, and they know; World-at-the-End-of-the-Road."

of her old gray head. The beginning and end of each

ly tole him he might go.

End-of-the-Road was!

The next morning at first he thought he was home, until he opened his sleepy eyes. Then all the scared

forgotten. There again was the alluring pink sky! Down from the arbor he sprang. From tree to tree he traveled with long flying leaps, until he came to the last tree. Not another was in sight, but on he sped down a rough, rutty road, which led him to a long stretch of pebbly beach. Yet on he went, until he found himself at the edge of water, the longest and widest water he had ever seen. In hungry Skiddoo. his woodland home had been only a

until finally he curled himself up in er was not green just then, it was pink like the sky. wonder the rosiness from sky and ing-mourning-mourning. Then suddenly appeared a splendid tle Skiddoo and decided to let him shining ball of gold in the sky, and out to make him happy again. across the sleepy, satiny water was a

yond. With a glad little leap he started shine soon dried his fur coat, how- gan to whisk and frisk around the diamonds and making his eyes wink that cool, dark place he jumped

Warmer and warmer it again. There he decided to go to grew, and he began to look around for the shelter of a shady tree. But all that could be seen was a he stayed with them.

under the house an open door. No cats, no dogs, no people, were The Wind brothers in Woodland around, so nearer he ventured; then saw how she was worrying and pitied without a sound, into that cool dark-ness he went with a bound, landing they met together in Cloudland and in a basket upon the ground. Then, talked it all over, and each promised they leave no sting behind them.

ball he went to sleep there, with no Gray to go home to his mother. Now the Boy in that little bunga- across the Bay the whistle of the low early that morning arose to go to quail, and, when Skidoo heard that dig for clams, while the tide was familiar call, "Bob-White! Boblow; so down cellar he went to get White!" he stopped and listened and the hoe, and what he found there of thought: "Why, that sounds like my course you know. When Boy spied chum, Bob-White, whistling to me. the little fur ball, quick as a flash Wonder where he can be. over basket and all he let a big box swiftly sped, to wake Big Brother, down to the edge of the water, then When they asked the Wave children if they softly peeped under the box there was would please carry them across the

Quickly they dropped the box, and. nder the box and into the basket. way.

verything a squirrel could have to as long as Squirrel Gray lived with ake happiness he had, but since a them the Bungalow family called ertain day discontented was little him Skidoo. "What shall we do with this little Skidoo?" was now the Early that morninghe had whisked question that each in turn asked the

was in the World-at-the-End-of-the- ing "Katy-did, Katy-didn't," all the

The big water was no longer still, or to and fro, from here they go, to their heads, they had all gayly tumhis mother had said with a wise nod laughing all drowsiness away, they

this same way.

boisterous play.

It wasn't long before back they

IN PARTING WITH FRIENDS. .! thou dost bld thy friend farewell. But for one night though that farewell may Press thou his hand in thine. How canst thou tell how far from thee Fate or caprice may lead his steps ere that to-morrow comes? Men have been known to lightly turn the corner of a street. And days have grown to months, and months to lagging years Ere they have looked in loving eyes again. Parting at best is underlaid with tears and pain,

The hand of him who goeth forth Unseen, Fate goeth, too. Yea, find thou always time to say some earnest woru Between the idle talk.

Lest with thee, henceforth, night and day,

Therefore, lest sudden death should come between.

Or time, or distance, clasp with pressure firm

AD AD AD AD AD succeeded in capturing poor little After a while he became very tired of his little prison house, and his lit-

Regret should walk.

a little ball, in the farthest corner of his cage, and there he stayed, re-As Squirrel Gray watched this in fusing to eat, but all the day mourn-

tle limbs became stiffer and stiffer,

The children felt very sorry for lit-So one day they opened his prison great, glorious golden pathway, ex- door and anxiously waited for him to tending from the shore at his feet, creep out. Breathlessly they watched straight across to that woodland be- him spring up to the piazza rail. Would he run away? No, he simply sat down and looked around as if carried some to him, and he selzed them eagerly as they laid them on the rail. He felt hungry, now that

housekeeping. So there is where he hid his nuts and where he slept while

All this time the lonely forgotten planted right there on the shore, and mother was waiting for the return of her little son Squirrel Gray.

> One day South Wind blew over Another day East Wind tried his Then into the house he plan. He carried some oak leaves to send a sudden angel down to fling him deep in the forgotten mere. Per-

ready to bite and for his precious life they left the leaves on the shore opposite the bungalow. There Skidoo found them as he while the two boys were wondering was whisking and frisking up and ing, gooing, Bungalow Baby in the a sad, homesick feeling they brought alow Man. Thez such a chattering stood there reading them he was egan! Squirrel Gray was more filled with longing for the cool home

Chinese Women Want Suffrage. keenly anxious to have a voice in public affairs, and a movement afoot among the daughters of the Orient to establish themselves on a level with men as far as social and So, miserably he crept under the political affairs are concerned.