

THE BABY.
How strange it seemed to wake last night
And hear the baby breathe—the room
Under the night-lamp's shaded light
Wrapped softly in a gentle gloom!

What mystic wonder stirred us then,
With joy and love what mingled awe,
Before this little slumberer, when
The flowerlike face we dimly saw!

A moment there we hung appalled,
Fearing to read in life's long scrolls
Fate of this soul that we had called
Out of the vasty deep of souls.

Perhaps the Lord of Being bent
That instant to our sudden prayer—
For still the low breath came and went,
But peace and blessing filled the air.

—Harriet Prescott Spofford, in Harper's Bazar.

THE WEAKER SEX

By KENNETH HARRIS.

Treloar made his contribution to the discussion impressively. He had an impressive way of saying things, in spite of his small size, delicate features and rather squeaky voice.

"Any man who would lay his hand upon a woman, save in the way of kindness, is less than a brute," he said. "The Lord created man to be woman's protector, and therefore made him in a sterner, rougher mold. It is man's part to bear the hardships and dare the dangers of life, that woman may be spared. The weakness of woman should appeal to him and inspire him with a chivalrous desire to interpose himself between her and all harm. But I don't say that woman is an inferior being, mind you."

"That's very nice and magnanimous," Treloar said Gough, with just the faintest sarcasm in his tone. "Mrs. Treloar ought to be obliged to you."

"She is," said Mrs. Treloar for herself. "We all looked at her, tall, superbly formed, deep-breasted, round-armed and blooming with perfect health. Some of us no doubt thought of her as she was before she married Treloar—the girl athlete, the Diana of the fields, woods and streams, the rainy-day, snowy-day, blowy-day girl, who played tennis, golf, basket ball and billiards in a way that made nine-tenths of her men acquaintances look foolish; who pulled an oar that even her brothers commended and fed the stunts in her college gym."

GOV. WILLSON FOR FREEDOM OF PRESS.

Pardons Newspaper That Criticized Judge and Prosecutor in Night-Rider Cases.

Governor Augustus E. Willson, regarded as one of the ablest lawyers in Kentucky, in one of the strongest defenses of the freedom of the press in criticism of public officials ever delivered in the South, granted a pardon to the Herald Publishing Company, of Louisville, publishers of the Louisville Herald, indicted in the Calloway and Trigg circuit courts of Western Kentucky on the charge of criminally libeling Judge Thomas P. Cook and Commonwealth's Attorney Denny P. Smith. The two officials hold office in the district in which the greater part of the night rider trouble in Western Kentucky occurred, and the paper vigorously denounced them for failure to perform their duty in prosecution of the lawless element.

The Governor said he granted the pardons "because the long series of crimes in this district which have not been punished under these officers' administration makes it necessary for the press to criticize all who can be held responsible."

"The freedom of the press, while it must be clear of malice or falsehood, is one of the greatest safeguards of the people against wrong and failure to do duty, and public officers under whose conduct such crimes go practically free from punishment for a year ought to expect to be criticized, and will be unless the freedom of the press is destroyed."

"In the face of all these crimes of the most vicious and lawless elements, all but one or two have gone unpunished, and the people have been as helpless as if there were no law and no court, and now, after this almost endless series of most shocking crimes, the total net results of the use of those officers of the power of the law and circuit courts ends in these demands for the Grand Jury to investigate the Judge and attorney and in these indictments of the paper which had the courage to denounce these wrongs and strive to bring better conditions in the districts and the State."

"If the courts do not put an end to the rule of crime in the counties in which the Judge and Commonwealth's Attorney are expected to uphold law and order the only hope of permanent relief from such conditions is an enlightened public sentiment aroused by the press of the country, and instead of punishing the newspaper which makes a fight against such conditions it should be regarded as fulfilling its duty."

That Kind of a Man.
The Georgians of Augusta are chuckling over a new story about Mr. Taft.

Mr. Taft, it seems, drove out one afternoon to see a Georgia planter. The planter's cook, a very old woman, takes no interest in public affairs, and she did not recognize the portly guest.

"What did you think of that gentleman, Martha?" the planter asked, after Mr. Taft had driven off.

"Well, sir," old Martha said, "I can't say as I saw nothin' pertickler about him. He looked to me like the kind of man as would be pretty regular to his meals."—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

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but you can't fool me. I know you too well. Now, you just tell me the truth about that burglar."

Mrs. Treloar giggled a little. "I did tell him the truth, Deb," she said. "I was really scared when I woke up and saw him. He had a mask on, too."

"Go on," said Mrs. Branksome, calmly. "What did you do?"

How She Really Did It.

"I jumped out of bed and I—I tackled him low," said Mrs. Treloar. "He came down with just the awfulest thump, and the language he used, my dear! I had to slam his head on the floor before he would stop."

"You poor, timid creature!" said Mrs. Branksome, pityingly. "And then what?"

"And then—Deb, you'll never breathe a word of this, will you? And then I let him get up and twisted his arm behind his back and bundled him into the closet, so I could think what I could do with him. Oh, I forgot to say I took his pistol away from him. Then I thought if I kept him he would tell what I did to him, and there would be a fuss—and—Well, I made him empty out the bag he had with him and turn his pockets inside out, and then I marched him down stairs and let him out. Now, if you tell I'll never speak to you again."

Mrs. Branksome laughed until the tears stood in her eyes. As she wiped them away she said: "Then you didn't want to be a heroine?"

"I knew that Edgar wouldn't like it," said Mrs. Treloar, blushing. "It would hurt his feelings to think that I could take care of myself. He likes to protect me—and—and, of course, I like him to. It's the way a man should feel toward his wife. Deb, seriously, you mustn't ever tell—even your husband."

"Don't worry," said Mrs. Branksome. "I'll never tell."—New York Evening Journal.

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"If I had a child it might have all the freckles it wanted and a nose that turned skyward and a hasty temper, and I shouldn't worry," writes a mother. "But there is one thing it would not have if I could help it, and that is an over-sensitive disposition. What a curse sensitiveness is both to men and women! How it makes them suffer needlessly and imagine all sorts of slights which were never intended!"

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Woman's Realm

Dolls For Fashion.
Long before women's newspapers were started, and fashion plates in their modern form were thought of, women derived their knowledge of the fashions from dolls dressed in modern costumes, which were sent from one country to another, more especially from Paris, then, as now, the leading centre of the mode.

London in Winter.
Cheerfulness is necessary to support one through a London winter. I admit the difficulties of attaining such a mood, but none the less I am convinced of the necessity for it. When it is not raining, it is foggy, and if by any chance for one day it is neither, you know it will be both to-morrow.

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ferent way to train each one according to its idiosyncrasies."

Instead of mourning over a child's misconduct, study to make it good in spite of itself. Keep it so well that a happy disposition comes natural. Teach Mary or John self-government, but at the same time let it be thoroughly understood that you are governor-in-chief in disputed points.

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Feeding Roosevelt in Africa

(Peter Mac'oson, F. R. G. S., in Leslie's Weekly.)

A hunting party usually carries a bountiful supply of rice, which can be bought in any of the Indian stores at Mombasa or even at Taveta. Chop boxes, containing sixty pounds of canned goods, will also be purchased in Mombasa. Among these canned goods will be found pears, peaches, and apricots from California; pickled tongues from South America, corned beef from Australia, and deviled ham and chicken from Chicago. Extract of beef must be a favorite with the hunters, for I saw many of the natives, whose ear lobes are abnormally pierced, wearing a condensed milk can in one ear and an extract of beef jar in the other. An abundant supply of condensed milk is necessary for the journey, and plenty of tea, coffee, and cocoa—especially tea. With the rice one should take chutney, a hot sauce made in India from the mango fruit mixed with red pepper. This chutney is said to be a great preventive of fever. When starting from large towns like Mombasa or Nairobi, the party will carry, as food for the porters, a large quantity of bananas, coconuts, and long stalks of the sugar cane. Some of the native tribes, like the Wataweta, the Wachaga, and Kikuyu, can live almost entirely upon a few heads a day of common, coarse maize or corn.

Along the way they will purchase from native vendors round balls, resembling popcorn balls, made from a mixture of white ants and cassava flour. This cassava flour is beaten up in mortars, and is made from the cassava root, which grows in all gardens. The natives eat these puff balls with eager voracity.

When the ex-President starts from Kisumu for the Nandi plateau and the Elgon district, his attendants can buy their food in the market place of the Kavirono, naked natives on the shores of Lake Victoria Nyanza. The Masai will sell them curried milk in long gourds. In districts where English farmers have settled, the white men of the party will be able to procure good milk and butter. At Nakuru, near the railway, in the region of the Rift valley, there are five hundred Boer farmers, and good fresh meat will be easily obtained for expeditions toward the Mau escarpment and Eldama ravine. In the neighborhood of Nairobi there are nearly a thousand Englishmen, and at such farms as that of Mr. Heatley nearly all the English cereals can be bought. The potatoes of the Nairobi district are becoming famous throughout East Africa. They cost about two dollars and a half per bushel. The Hindus have splendid vegetable gardens at Nairobi, where celery, Brussels sprouts, potatoes, tomatoes, and nearly all the garden vegetables of the temperate zones are grown. In the wilder districts around Mount Elgon there is plenty of honey to be had from the wild natives of Bukedi. Native sheep and goats will be found in nearly all the villages, even in the wildest parts. The natives, however, do not like to sell any of their domestic cattle, because such animals are used in the purchase of wives and are supposed to be a sign of wealth.

In the Uganda country there are good Indian stores, both at Kampala and at Entebbe. There are also English and Italian merchants in both of these Uganda towns. Plenty of rice and canned goods can be purchased at Entebbe for the ex-President's hunting trip through Uganda to the Congo forests. There is a "rickshaw line" being established for 1909, across Uganda nearly two hundred miles, to Lake Albert Nyanza. All the country abounds in game, and there are plenty of wild guinea fowl and plaitain eaters, besides abundance of partridges and pigeons. Among the animals they will be able to shoot in Uganda are the Speke's tragelaph (a water loving animal), of a dark, mouse brown or chestnut color; the Pallah antelope, Baker's roan antelope, the white eared kudu of Uyooro, the steinbuck, the Dwyker antelope of the unwooded plains. These are some of the game which will provide the party with food on its journey through Uganda.

It is said the ex-President's party will need to pay forty dollars per day for each white man of the party. This, I think is an exaggeration. My friend, Mr. Dutkewich, and myself traveled very comfortably through most of the country over which the ex-President is going, and it did not cost us over ten or twelve dollars apiece. I should say, then, that twenty dollars per day for each of the white men of the party would be an abundant allowance, even if the price of chickens went up to sixteen cents apiece, which they are very likely to do with such a distinguished party. Eggs may even attain a rate of three cents apiece, and potatoes may cost five cents per pound. A good deal of the food will be supplied by the native chiefs, who will expect rather elaborate presents in return. But I remember receiving a very handsome goat from Sultan Sulima, of the Wachaga tribe, for which I gave him three cans of condensed milk and a half pound tin of cocoa.

Along the Nile there will be steam-connection from Lake Albert to Khartoum, except for a six days' march from Wadial to Gondokoro. On this trip there ought to be good antelope hunting. There will be plenty of lions and hippopotami, and the ex-President may even shoot an okapi. This strange animal usually comes between a zebra and a giraffe and is eaten by the natives. But it will not do for the ex-President's party to depend on okapi meat, since only one or two specimens of this animal have ever been seen by white men.

These, then, are some of the means by which the party of Mr. Roosevelt will be fed in Africa. There will be rice, chickens, chutney and rough bread as the staple in camp for the white men. Greek bakers in Mombasa now supply hunters with bags of hard biscuits, which are extremely good upon the march, because insects cannot pierce their indurated surface. Potatoes and garden vegetables will be available at Nairobi.

Flat Hair Dressing.
In spite of the growing popularity of the unadorned flat coiffure the majority of women will continue to wear their hair in a becoming manner, well aware of the fact that the newest wrinkle in hairdressing is not always becoming to every face.

This season hats have been pre-eminent. One of elaborate have been worn in the hair from the simple black velvet band to the costly tatra.

Fillets of delicate workmanship and intricate design, studded with gems and great barbed matrixes, enameled and hand carved, have been the favored coiffure ornament of the smart woman.

Bands of satin ribbon to harmonize with the color of the frock simply bound around the hair or run in and out of the soft puffs have been popular with young girls.

An exceedingly good-looking head ornament worn by a girl with wavy

Dried Bean Soup.—One pint of beans, one large onion (minced fine), four tablespoons of drippings or butter, three tablespoons of flour, a few dried celery leaves, two teaspoons of salt, half a teaspoon of pepper. Wash the beans. Put plenty of cold water over them and soak over night. Pour off the water and put the beans in a kettle with three pints of cold water. Bring the water to boiling point and pour it off. Add two quarts of boiling water to the beans and let them simmer for four hours. Add the celery the last hour of cooking. Strain the soup. Brown the onion in the drippings. Add the flour and cook, stirring often. Add the thickening and seasoning to the soup and cook twenty minutes.

Our Cut-out Recipe.
Paste in Your Scrap-Book.

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Too Sensitive.
"If I had a child it might have all the freckles it wanted and a nose that turned skyward and a hasty temper, and I shouldn't worry," writes a mother. "But there is one thing it would not have if I could help it, and that is an over-sensitive disposition. What a curse sensitiveness is both to men and women! How it makes them suffer needlessly and imagine all sorts of slights which were never intended!"

Nakuru, Kisumu, Entebbe and Jinja. Salt, tea, coffee, cocoa will be taken from Mombasa. For the rest, the hunters will have to supply themselves with fresh meat from game that exists on every side.

The Hobo.

By ELLIS O. JONES.

"The hobo, as I understand it," said the Man from Mars, "is a fellow who will not work. Am I correct?"

"Yes, in a way," replied the Philanthropist, "although your statement ought to be qualified a little. There are people in the community who do not work, and yet they are not classed as hoboes."

"And who might they be?"

"Well, of course, I refer to those who have money. They don't have to work."

"I don't see the difference," rejoined the man from Mars querulously. "It is clear that if the hobo lives without working, he doesn't have to work any more than the other man."

"If you put it in that way, I suppose you are right," replied the Philanthropist. "But, then, you know, the hobo is of a different class. The others I spoke of have worked at some time in their lives and saved their money."

"And have the hoboes never worked?"

"Well, hardly that, either. They may have worked. In fact, they have all been workmen at some time in their lives, but they did not save their money. That's the point. Consequently they are not fit to survive," triumphantly concluded the Philanthropist, who had read a bit of Darwin.

"Your remark would indicate that they are becoming extinct. Is that what you mean?"

"Oh, by no means. On the contrary, they are vastly on the increase."

"Which would look to me as if they were surviving very well, it seems to me," put in the Man from Mars. "Now, as to the other class of non-workers. You say they have worked hard at some time in their lives?"

"Yes—that is, either they or their fathers. To be sure, many of them inherited what they have."

"But, after all," said the Man from Mars, "there is no difference between them as to their antipathy for work."

"I suppose that is correct in the abstract," admitted the Philanthropist.

"Now, then, as to all the rest, the workers, do they work because they like it or because they have to?"

"Most of them work because they like it, I believe, but really you will have to excuse me this morning. I would like to talk to you longer, but I have a note to meet at the bank and I must scurry around and raise the money. However, I will give you the name of our minister. He can undoubtedly tell you what you want to know."—From Life.

Japan Guards Against Paper Famine.
The Japanese also have looked over the contents of their industrial stores and have decided that something be done toward conserving their remaining supplies of raw material for paper making.

In Japan, paper is used for almost everything from the silver-figured partitions of the Buddhist temple to the rude hut walls of the laborer; from the silk-like vestments of the priest down to the rainproof shield of the traveler. In fact, the ingenuity of the Japanese is only matched by the varieties of uses to which paper may be adapted.

The work of the United States Government toward determining the amount of paper materials used and the source of future supply, is being followed by the Japanese, according to an advice from U. S. Consul John H. Snodgrass, at Kobe. The imminence of the danger is apparent from the fact that the Japanese authorities requested the paper mills department of the Mitsui Bishi Kaisha to take over some 7500 acres of the bamboo forests of Formosa.

It is known that the bamboo tree has been the raw material from which the Japanese have recently made the larger portion of their paper products; so it is thought that, by introducing the improved methods of forest cultivation and harvesting, this tract of woods will furnish yearly 10,000,000 bamboos, adapted for conversion into paper pulp.

No matter whether the paper company will establish its mills in Formosa or ship the bamboo to Japan in a partly finished state, the development of this new source of raw material will be of high importance and may overcome the necessity of the Island Empire looking to foreign countries for the future supply of paper pulp.—National Printer Journalist.

Light From Flash of Powder.
Judge D. W. Bond, of the Middlesex Superior Criminal Court, in charging a jury recently, in speaking of the question as to whether the witness had sufficient light to identify the defendant by, referred to an old case in England at a time when old fashioned black gunpowder that made considerable light when discharged was used.

A woman who happened to be passing saw the shot in question fired and identified the man who fired it by the light of the flash. The prisoner afterward verified her testimony by his confession.

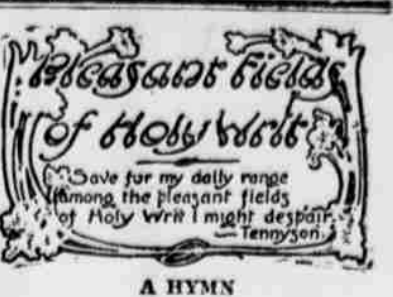
Showing Country's Growth.
The mineral production of the United States has more than doubled in value during the last ten years. During the same period the value of our farm products has increased only sixty-five per cent. The principal mineral products of the country during the year 1907 represented a total valuation of over \$2,000,000,000.

Important to Bachelors.
Celibacy does not pay. A good marriage is the supreme human felicity; a tolerable marriage is as much as the tolerable majority of people deserve; but even a bad marriage is better than no marriage at all.—Booklet.

Christ's Pledges.
Christ has pledged to all who come, forgiveness of sin; loving guidance; tender care; and, last, gladness welcome into the Father's house.—Rev. Henry Hepburn.

In His Name.
Wherever we be, whatsoever we are doing, in all our work, in our busy daily life, in all schemes and undertakings, in public trusts, and in private retreats, God is ever with us, and all we do is spread before Him. Let us do, then, our duty, as to the Lord. Let the thought of His eye unseen be the motive of our acts and words. Do nothing you would not have Him see. Say nothing which you would not have said before His visible presence. This is to do all in His Name.

HOW HE KNEW.
"So your daughter is improving in her piano playing?"
"Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox.
"You enjoy it?"
"No. But it doesn't make me as nervous as it used to."—Washington Star.



A HYMN
Thy love, dear Lord, I crave;
Thy blood my soul must save.
O, wash them all away,
And let the light of day
Thy kindness prove.

In sorrow's darkest night,
When round faith's beacon light
Thick clouds increase,
Keep me from falling;
Then in Thy love appear,
And bring me peace!