

THE COST.

God finished woman in the twilight hour. And said, "To-morrow thou shalt find thy place. Man's complement, the mother of the race— With love the native power— The one compelling power."

All night she dreamed and wondered. With the light Her lover came—and then she understood The purpose of her being. Life was good And all the world seemed right— And nothing was, but right.

She had no wish for any wider sway: By all the questions of the world unweaved, Supremely loving and superbly sexed, She passed upon her way— Her feminine, fair way.

But God neglected, when He fashioned man To fuse the molten splendor of his mind With that sixth sense He gave to womankind And so He married His plan— Aye, married His own great plan.

She asked so little, and so much she gave, That man grew selfish; and she soon became To God's great sorrow and the whole world's shame— Man's sweet and patient slave— His uncomplaining slave.

Yet in the nights (oh! nights so dark and long) She clasped her little children to her breast And wept. And in her anguish of unrest She thought upon her wrong; She knew how great her wrong.

And one sad hour she said unto her heart, "Since thou art cause of all my bitter pain, I bid thee abdicate the throne; let brain Rule now, and do his part— His masterful, strong part."

She wept no more. By new ambition stirred Her ways led out, to regions strange and vast. Men stood aside and watched, dismayed, aghast— And all the world demurred— Misjudged her, and demurred.

Still on and up, from sphere to widening sphere, Till thorny paths bloomed with the rose of fate. Who once demurred now followed with acclaim: The hiss died in the cheer— The loud, applauding cheer.

She stood triumphant in that radiant hour, Man's mental equal, and competitor. But ah! the cost! from out the heart of her— Had gone love's motive power— Love's all-compelling power. —Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in New York Evening Journal.

circled a lantern in the half finished dynamo room of the new college power house. It consisted, besides the pair of chums already mentioned, of Mr. John Malone, contractor, two of his men, and an electrician. As for Jimsey Englehart, he was lying face down on the floor at the end of a large iron pipe.

At the same time 150 yards away, in the pine and plaster smelling basement of the new college library, there was a second lantern and a second group. It was made up of a very pale young architect named Haviland, of his young wife and Mrs. Englehart and another of Mr. Malone's assistants.

The assistant was kneeling in a sort of niche. Between his knees, in the "wire basket thing," was Togo. In front of them was a hole that might have been a rat hole upon a planet where rats are as big as woodchucks and have learned to line their burrows with steel tubing. As it was, Togo was paying no regard to it at all.

Yet it was that nosing, scratching, none too clean and none so savory young ferret which four people were watching intently. For one minute—or five—or ten—they had been listening for something. And now at last it had begun to come to them—the faintest murmur echo of a "finger whistle." It sounded as if it had come over a telephone from a thousand miles away.

Togo sat up, thrust his nose out and looked at that pipe end. But even those who had never seen a ferret before could see that he was looking at it incredulously with contempt. As a rat hole, that iron piping was an absurdity, and rats as big as woodchucks were palpably non-existent.

The whistle came again. And again Togo twitched about and eyed that pipe end, possibly, after all, such things might be true. A third time he got the whistle. And now his cage door was snapped open. For a moment he still persisted in his doubt, stubborn as a beaver, but the whistle was again repeated, and at last, with a squeaking cluck that admitted frankly that the thing was something which it was at least his duty to investigate, he shot through the hole and disappeared.

He was eating a meat scrap from the fingers of Jimsey Englehart before the man with the wire basket thing was out of the library cellar. The matter was really decided already. But it was necessary to make absolutely sure. When Jimsey began to whistle again, he in his turn had taken his place in the library basement, and Togo was being held for his start in the power house. This time, too, he made the trip more slowly. But he made it. And he was slow only because

He found him and Togo going into something together in the stable. "You've got to sell him to me!" he said. "No way to it, you've simply got to. And I want him less to use than to admire. I'll give you \$20—which'll set you up in a whole pigeon house, tumblers, homers and all." Jimsey's eyes almost popped out. His feelings toward Togo began, despite himself, to undergo a change. "Twenty dollars, that's what I said. And nineteen of it'll be for his head. For, just between us, boy, just between us, it's his head I'm needing in particular."—Youth's Companion.

ROAD HOUSE FOR AVIATORS. Up to Date Accommodations to Be Furnished at Mr. Boldt's Tavern.

A Bellevue-Stratford attache announces that when the additions to the hotel are completed, giving an immense amount of roof space, an aerial garage will be established so that airships, aerodromes and other craft of the sort may gently alight from the clouds and be anchored while their occupants get out and partake of refreshments in the roof garden or stretch their legs on the broad promenade which will be provided.

According to the press agent also there will be established on the roof all the necessary apparatus for the replenishing with power, both fluid and electric, for the aircraft, while expert mechanics—a new branch, by the way, which it has been suggested should be taken in technical schools—will be in attendance to give such aid as may be necessary to disabled machinery.

All this is something of an eye opener just at present, but it is pointed out that such rapid strides are being made in aeronautics—the science being even now beyond the experimental stage, according to Dr. Alexander Graham Bell—that it is entirely possible when the addition to the hotel is finished it will be necessary to have such a garage in order to be abreast of the times.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Even a clear profit may be under a cloud. It takes a woman of great strength to hold her tongue. All women are riddles, but some of them are rather plain. Many a woman's laugh is simply a display of dimples and dentistry. Many of married men acts as though nature had intended him for an old maid. Some people only hope for the best under protest and are disappointed if it happens. If a man begins to sing his own praises, drown him out by blowing your own horn.



Miss Addams President. Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, Chicago, has been elected president of the national conference of charities and correction for 1910. This is the first time in the thirty-six years of the organization that a woman has been elected to fill its highest office. Miss Addams' election was unanimous.—New York Sun.

Tent Woman Saves Lives. But for the presence of mind of Mrs. Jennie Llewellyn, an aged woman, who flagged a west-bound Wabash passenger train near Missouri City, Mo., a head-on collision with a freight train which occurred at that point at night doubtless would have resulted in many fatalities.

As it was one man was killed, one woman badly injured and ten persons slightly injured. Through the warning given by the woman, who lives in a tent near the railroad, the engineer was able to lessen the speed of his train before the crash came.

Probation Officer. Mrs. Jesse L. Pickering has been appointed head probation officer in Philadelphia at a salary of \$85 a month. Under a law passed by the last Pennsylvania Legislature probation officers are included as part of the juvenile court system. The city of Philadelphia is divided into fifteen districts with one special probation officer for each, while five other probation officers will work in the city at large. These officers are to be in no way connected with any charity organization and are to receive their salaries from the city. Two woman physicians, Dr. Anna L. Bacon and Dr. Mary J. Rochell, are on the list.—New York Sun.

Must Prosecute Her Chum. Miss Delpha Robinson, of Logansport, Ind., has been appointed Deputy Prosecuting Attorney for Martin County, and her first case is the prosecution of an old school chum for alleged bigamy. Miss Robinson has asserted she will not be swayed in her work by ties of friendship or by any personal feeling of hostility. She has entered office with an open mind, and so will press the charge against her old-time friend. Miss Robinson was graduated from the Law School of Indiana University, and she has been practicing law for four years. In that time she has gained a reputation as a clever pleader. It was because of her success in defending criminal cases that she was appointed Prosecutor.—New York Press.

Would Stop Mining. Mrs. Nellie C. Upham has been superintendent of a coal mine in Colorado for five years, and now she is ready to resign. The reason is an odd one and also truly feminine. Mrs. Upham is losing her nerve. She has become possessed of the dread of a mine explosion. For four years and six months ago she began to think an explosion might occur at any time. Few coal mines, she remembered, went without an explosion, and it seemed as if it might be time for one in the mine of which she is superintendent. No explosion has come yet, but Mrs. Upham rises every morning in anxiety. There is not the slightest reason why the mine should not go on another five years, or twenty years or forty, without an explosion, but Mrs. Upham must go her woman's way.—New York Press.

Summer School For Working Girls. Miss E. Doherty presided recently at the opening of the summer school conducted by the Young Women's Christian Association of New York. The object of the school is to make the summer pleasanter for the shopping girl, the factory girl and other working girls who are forced to remain in the city during the hot weather. Last year 1200 girls attended the school, and this year it is hoped to double the number. There are a good many entertainments connected with the school, as the management realizes that girls do not feel like giving all their time to study during the hot weather.

Monday evenings are set apart for musicals, dramatic recitations, moving picture shows, flower parties and other similar entertainments; Tuesdays for song service and Bible readings; Wednesdays for physical culture and parlor and kindergarten games; Thursdays there will be classes in face work, millinery, shirt waist making and wool work, while on Fridays teachers in singing, elocution and gymnasium will take charge.—New York Sun.

The Pump Bow. The bow of the moment is the one called the pump bow because it is copied from the one put on low shoes. It is made with three loops at one end and three at the other of equal width but not equal length. There are no ends. The centre is covered with a one-inch strip of the ribbon, laid in two or three pleats down the centre. Everything about the bow must be stiff, precise and well measured. It is customary to make these bows of silk velvet ribbon, as velvet is having

such a remarkable popularity as trimming. As a rule this bow is sufficient addition to the usual hat. It is quite enough trimming for the every day hours. It is not against millinery ideals, however, to offset the bow with an immense bunch of flowers on the other side, or a wide blown rose on the brim at the back. One must be careful to place the trimming on a good line with the bow, otherwise the balance is lost, and the lines of the hat are bad.

While the loose bow copied from a child's hat is always placed at the back, the pump bow is across the front or the side. It is a new fashion to place it on the brim instead of the crown, or run it half and half in a bias line. The conventional method to which many adhere is to place it directly on the crown across the front.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Pretty Hair Ribbons. There is no detail of the small girl's toilet over which mothers linger as lovingly as the arrangement of the soft, silky hair. The little girl's hair should be kept in scrupulously dainty condition, the fortnightly shampoo with pure, soapy water being supplemented by nightly brushings to make the locks fluffy and lustrous. The color of the little girl's hair ribbons should be carefully selected. Not every color is becoming. The pure white hair ribbons which many mothers like for formal wear, are often distinctly trying to their young wearers. Ciel blue and rose pink are usually pleasing with rose cheeks and bright eyes, and vivid scarlet is delightful with either dark curls or blond hair.

The art tones—Dutch blues, burnt yellows and more delicate greens—are often very smart when worn with cotton frocks showing the same color tones, but fashion's caprices in color, like peacock, mustard, citron and such shades, should never be put near childish faces. Satin taffeta ribbons are the most desirable for tying the hair. They are soft and pliable, yet crisp in character, and are beautifully lustrous. The flit of ribbon, outlining the shape of the head, with a loose bow at one side, is charming on a very pretty child. Less trying is the double row arrangement, with the locks

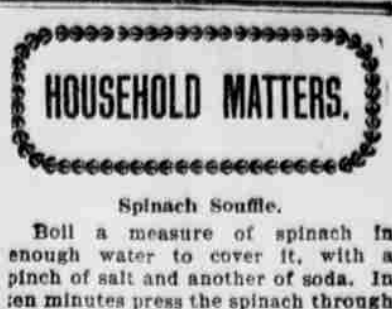
caught back at each side of the face under a big, soft bow. The young girl of thirteen or fourteen wears her hair in a thick pleat ended by a curl. The fad is to allow the hair to hang quite loosely from the head, the pleat not being started for several inches below the collar. At this point a wide, soft bow of black ribbon is tied about the hair and below it the thick braid hangs downward.—Washington Star.

French Peas. If you have a fancy for the tiny French peas, canned, you may save money by doing them at home. They should be very fresh and young. If you buy them in the market you will have to take them "as they come." By getting a quantity you will be sure to find enough that are too large to pass for the French dainty morsel, and these may be cooked for immediate use.

Some of the best tailored blouses come with adjustable collars. Many of the lingerie gowns for summer wear are in empire style. Tassels are again in great favor upon evening dresses and wraps. The cuirass effect is seen on many of the handsome imported gowns. New things include cut glass hat pins with a beautiful iridescence. Cool, dainty little matinees or dressing sacks increase in popularity. The net or chiffon blouse, the exact tone of the costume, is still modish in Paris. Scarfs of black tulle, draped around the shoulders, are very smart for evening wear. Linen bags, braided with linen sashes, are very smart, as are also the linen pocketbooks. White dotted net over satin of a soft pastel shade makes an exceedingly beautiful gown. Paris costumers are trying to escape from the popular demand for soutache decoration. Bands of crosswise or diagonal tucking are used as a trimming on a tailored blouse of sheer material. A tailored suit of linen or lightweight serge or Panama cloth seems to be necessary in every wardrobe. The Dutch collar vogue allows the neck to be more comfortably dressed this season than for a long time. Very chic are skirts made with long, large yokes all around, from which hang a pleating of the goods. Cashmere de sole is the latest of expensive materials for mourning. It comes in pure silk and in a mixture of wool and silk. Many children's dresses are being made from the striped and figured dimities, dotted lawns and Swisses and flowered organdies.

Prunes, to be eaten with m-t, should not be sweetened. Soak a pound of carefully washed prunes in cold water overnight. Put them into a stew-pan with a quart of fresh water, and two lemons that have been cut into thin slices, from which the seeds have been removed. Let them simmer gently for three hours. Serve cold. They are to be eaten with pork, veal or duck, in place of the sour apple sauce usually served.

Three fine lions, shot by Captain Geoffrey Burton in East Africa, have just been placed in the Castle Museum. All three beasts were shot within fifteen minutes and when Mrs. Burton arrived at the spot twenty minutes after her husband's setting out she found him regarding the three bodies.—London Daily Mail.



Spinach Souffle. Boil a measure of spinach in enough water to cover it, with a pinch of salt and another of soda. In ten minutes press the spinach through a strainer, then rub through a wire sieve. Add two well beaten eggs and a cup of milk, a dash of nutmeg and pepper and salt. Mix thoroughly and bake in buttered souffle dishes.—New York World.

Waldorf Salad. Cut into bits enough celery to make one cupful. Soak it in ice water. Also cut into small dice four medium sized apples which have been previously peeled. Lay the apples in ice water for a while. Then drain both apples and celery, mix them, adding half a cupful of English walnuts. Cover with mayonnaise dressing and serve on crisp lettuce.—New York World.

Strawberry Souffle. Steam and wash a quart or more of strawberries and put into a saucepan with the grated peel of half a lemon and a cupful of sugar. Let simmer on the back of the stove or in a double boiler until the sugar is entirely dissolved. Beat the yolks of four eggs in a pint of milk. Sweeten to taste and cook in a double boiler until thick. Line the sides of a glass dish with the strawberries, making a high wall of the fruit but leaving the centre hollow. When the custard is cold pour it into the centre and cover with a meringue made of the whites of the four eggs.—New York World.

Clear Soup. Clear soup is made from a shin of beef or from beef and veal. Crack the bones and cut the meat into fine pieces, cover with cold water in the proportion of one quart water to one-half pound meat and bone. Bring to the simmering point and keep at that temperature for several hours. For to have good soup it must be kept even. Do not skim off the scum while cooking, because this is a needful part of the meat. Cool and skim off the fat. Reheat, adding flavorings, an onion, a small carrot cut fine, one teaspoonful celery seeds, one teaspoon pepper, two tablespoons salt, then serve.—Boston Post.

English Chow Chow. For English chow chow take two large heads of cabbage, shaved very fine, three cauliflower broken in small sections, thirty cucumbers sliced, one-quarter peck of small white onions, one pint grated horseradish, one-half pound of white mustard seed, one ounce celery seed, one-half cup ground pepper and the same amount of cinnamon and tumeric powder. Pack all in a large stone jar over night, sprinkling a large cup of salt between the layers. In the morning pour off the brine and soak in vinegar and water for a day or two. Strain again and mix the spices with three pounds of sugar and six quarts of vinegar. Scald, then pour over the pickle while very hot. Repeat this operation two more mornings, then when quite cold add two boxes of French mustard mixed with one pint of pure olive oil.—New York Times.

Our Cut-out Recipe Paste in Your Scrap-Book. Corn Dumplings.—Mix the contents of one can of corn chopped fine with half a pint of milk, six level tablespoons of butter; two eggs, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper, one-half teaspoonful of salt, half-pint of flour, or more if necessary to make a dough that can be easily handled; one teaspoonful of baking powder. If the corn is very juicy, drain before adding any of the contents. Tear off small pieces of the dough about the size of a butternut and roll between the palms of the hands and drop into smoking hot fat to cook until nicely browned; or drop into boiling hot soup stock to cook until they easily float. In the former case serve them with meat, or for supper with tomato or brown sauce, and in the latter case place in the soup dishes with the soup.

"TOGO" By ARTHUR E. MCFARLANE.

Katy fled up the cellar stairs, dropping potatoes and carrots at every misstep. "This is the last!" she gasped. "I'm tellin' ye want for all, ma'am, the baste goes or I do!" And a moment later "the baste" himself appeared—a small, unprepossessing, white-yellow ferret, wrapped in the arms of "Jimsey" Englehart, the son of the house.

Mrs. Englehart stood uncertainly between them. "Well, Katy, I'm sure I haven't any fondness for him myself. He should have been sent back at once." "Yes," said Jimsey, fairly in tears, "yes, after he's gone and done his duty and killed all the rats—and he killed them just in bunches, too!—then nobody has any sympathy for him any more!"

"Sympathy!" Katy choked at it. "The blood suckin' little pink eyes! If I could fetch him only wan clip with the furnace shaker!" "You do now! Mother, you better tell her now! For if ever she does"—By this time Mrs. Englehart could once more hold the scales of justice evenly. "Jimsey," she said, "we're not denyin' how valuable he's been. When I think rats hardly two weeks ago— But you ought to think of the people who are pestered with them still, and pass him on to them. The Ligers and Appletons have just as many as we had."

"Well, why can't they go and buy ferrets of their own, then? But I guess they'll never get any like Togo!" "Then you must keep him in the stable. Why must he be forever going back to the cellar?" "Why, because that's where he had the most fun, of course! I keep him in his box, too, only he chews his way out again."

"Togo" seemed to blink his little albino eyes in pleasant corroboration. Katy could hardly resist making a pass at him. Jimsey retreated vengefully toward the outer door. "And now, too, when he even knows my whistle! I can send him into that hole away up in front of the coal bin, and then whistle through my fingers into the hole away back near where we keep the potatoes, and he comes up just as if it was only the other side of the partition. He'll do it every time I give him a meat scrap. I guess there aren't many ferrets trained like that!"

way it wasn't Orr's fault at all. He's been giving himself entirely to the inside and up stairs work for the last month, and I suppose it never once entered his head that an ordinary reasoning man could go wrong in the line laying. Then Malone simply put in and covered up every solitary tube connection between power house, main building, library and dormitories without running the wiring through!"

"James!" "Could you believe it? Could you? Oh, I need hardly say that Orr insists upon taking all the blame. There's miles of piping altogether. And as soon as the Journal gets hold of that—"

THE BABY SPEAKS.

All newly born babies who desire to have a copy of the following on a card, to hang around their necks, can obtain one free by applying to this office: Don't handle me more than is necessary. Don't put into my mouth, to stop me from crying, an old piece of rubber to suck. It is about the worst habit I can get into.

Don't let any relatives see me. Don't take me up, strain me to your breast, walk the floor with me, dance before me like a wild Indian shaking a horrible rattle, or talk gibberish to me, when I have a crying spell. Don't take my temperature or send for the doctor on the slightest provocation. When I push away my bottle, don't force me to feed. I know when it is necessary for me to eat anything. Don't take me to the circus, prayer-meeting, or to spend the day at the seashore. I'm not so old or so fool-proof as you are.

Don't kiss me. Take some one of your own size. Don't show your anxiety about me when in my presence. I haven't any too much confidence in myself. Don't be too proud of my unnatural brightness. It may be a form of degeneracy. Don't tell anybody that I am only a little animal. Let them guess it for themselves. Don't take my temperature or send for the doctor on the slightest provocation. Don't let the light strike into my eyes. Don't rock me to sleep. Remember that the hand that rocks the cradle is ruled by the baby.—Lippincott's.

It was little wonder that Mrs. Englehart said nothing about Togo. And the same feeling that sent her across to the Havilands' with her dessert uneaten, sent her husband outdoors, where he believed he could think alone.

As a matter of fact he remained alone only till Jimsey could find him. And then the whole matter of Togo's glittering meritorious past and his darkly perilous present was set forth for the consideration of the Englehart supreme court. But to an outsider it must have been evident at once that the supreme court was not giving the matter its customary close attention. And by the time the counsel for the defense had made his case complete, by telling how Togo would answer to his whistle, the advocate began to be conscious of that himself.

When he was just about to enter a protest, "What? What was that?" asked Mr. Englehart, suddenly. "What was that you were saying about his answering to your whistle?" Jimsey went over that part of it again. And now the supreme court did give heed to him. "But, pa," said Jimsey, "I told you about that once before!" "Did you, son, did you? Well, I'm very glad you've told me again." He walked through to the stable and peered into Togo's box. "Has he been fed yet?" "Well, not for quite a while—not for an hour or two. Of course I'll have to feed him again before I go to bed."

cause about his neck was a tiny dog collar, or rather cat collar. And behind it trailed 150 yards of fine hard fishing line. It was Jimsey himself who sent back the signaling double tag. And in the dynamo room the electrician announced that the rest was easy. He had already looped the end of a reel of light copper wire about the fishing line. "That'll take through any weight of insulated you want," he said. "And, boys, it's miles ahead," said Mr. John Malone, "of the old story of the lad that got caught up top of the factory chimney, and raveled down the yarn from his sock heel! You know I said all along we'd manage our crosstin' as soon as we'd actuate come to it. Then, too!"—he in-gratingly expanded to young Mr. Haviland—"this'll make a fine story in the paper. It'll make the finest story you ever read." Meanwhile Togo had begun his second run, this time to North Hill.

And if, at the end of another hour, he decided that he was not hungry any more, and could accordingly leave the remainder of his job until the next morning, no one could do any worrying about that. In the procession that left the new college buildings with extinguished lanterns, Mr. Malone, contractor, and Mr. Haviland, architect, walked side by side—both alike making solemn resolutions enough for New Year's Day. A few steps behind them little Mrs. Haviland and Mrs. Englehart were taking advantage of the darkness to give each other a series of half-fearful hugs. And for his part, with feelings inexpressibly triumphant, Jimsey Englehart was walking far in the van and all but hugging Togo!

As the Journal did get the story, too, the thing was simply a little idea that architect and contractor had had in common. But it must be said that Mr. Malone, who furnished the interview, could not deny that it was himself who had really seen "the actual possibilities" of it.

And the evening that interview appeared the same Mr. Malone paid a private and confidential visit to the Englehart's, particularly to Jimsey.

Where Europe is Ahead of Us. The State of Wurtemberg, Germany, spends yearly \$2.05 an acre on its forests, or \$1 secures a yearly net revenue of \$6.60 an acre. France spends ninety-five cents and earns \$1.75 an acre. The United States spends .0093 cent and receives .0088 cent an acre.—Square Deal.