

## 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 led the stunts in her college gym.

Was a Skillful Wooer.

Mrs. Branksome had been with Mrs. Treloar at Smith, and perhaps that was why Mrs. Branksome turned her head quickly away and began to talk to the man on her left in a very animated manner.

There were plenty of fellows just crazy over Molly Price before Treloar appeared on the scene. After that they dropped out hopelessly.

Treloar read poetry to her, and much of it mightily poor poetry. But he read it mightily impressively and he conducted his whole wooing in an impressive manner, and Molly surrendered, almost without a fight. That was the last of her athletics, too. For some reason or other, Treloar seemed to be quite enough for her. They were, in fact, a devoted couple.

"In many respects she is a superior being," continued Treloar. "Her tenderness, her idealistic nature, her purity, refinement are what we can never hope to approach. It seems to me so absurd for us to look down upon her because our muscles happen to be stronger and our physical courage greater."

Mrs. Treloar blew him a kiss.

"Still, I'm afraid the age of chivalry is really dead," said Treloar. "For one thing, we men have no opportunities to demonstrate our prowess. Civilization is too humdrum and prosaic. One can't die for one's lady love."

She Caught the Burglar.

"I'm glad one can't," said Mrs. Branksome. "I prefer to have my own true knight alive. I find him quite useful on occasions."

"I might have had a chance last September, but I missed it," said Treloar. "Did any of you hear about that? A burglar got into our house. Poor Molly was nearly scared to death."

"Oh, don't tell about that," pleaded Mrs. Treloar.

"Why not, my dear? It's nothing to be ashamed of. I think any woman would have been frightened to wake up in the dead of night and find a burly burglar prowling about the room. I really wonder that Molly escaped nervous prostration."

"Horrors!" ejaculated Mrs. Gough. "I should have died right there. What did you do, Molly?"

"She shut him up in a closet," replied her husband, smiling.

"I was just desperate," explained Mrs. Treloar. "I was so frightened that I didn't know exactly what I was doing. He—he went into the closet and I slammed the door and locked him in."

"You wonderful creature!" said Mrs. Gough. "How could you!"

"I was in a sort of panic, you know," said Mrs. Treloar with heightened color.

The Capture as She Told It.

"Then she sat there, trembling, and praying for me to come," added her husband with a compassionate smile. "Perhaps it's a good thing she let him go before I came. I think I should have handled him pretty roughly."

"She let him go, did she?" asked Gough.

"I couldn't stand it having him in there, I was so afraid," said Mrs. Treloar. "He promised he would

give up everything he had taken if I unlocked the door, so I did. And he went away and left the things."

"Well," said little Treloar, "as I say, it was perhaps better so, as it turned out. But if I had been there I might have killed him. Quite likely, I think. The poor girl was in a nearly fainting condition when I got in."

"Oh, I was so glad to see him!" said Mrs. Treloar.

Later in the evening Mrs. Branksome got Mrs. Treloar to herself.

"Molly," said she, "you can fool your husband, and some other people, 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—not even your husband."

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

## 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 troubles 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."

Civilization Advancing.

The introduction of fried strawberries marks the furthest reach of civilization. When people crave a delicacy that is a desecration of all that is fresh and sweet and wholesome in the natural life, they are far, far gone in civilization. — St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

## Feeding Roosevelt In Africa

(Peter Mac'usson, 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 Wawatata, the Wachagga, 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 Kavirondo, naked natives on the shores of Lake Victoria Nyanza. The Massai will sell them curdled 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 plantain 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 kob of Unyoro, 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 Salima, of the Wachagga 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-er 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 seemingly 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, 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 workingmen 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 antipathy 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 have requested the paper mills department of the Mitsu 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.

A combined Danish and French scientific expedition was organized to visit the Danish West Indies in an endeavor to determine the part played by blood sucking insects in the spreading of leprosy.



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.

I think an especial Order of Merit ought to be awarded to the people who remain cheerful in all circumstances. There is no virtue which lends more to social popularity.—Lady Gordon.

Lady Hamilton's Poses.

Emma Hart, afterward Lady Hamilton, had a great fascination upon the portrait painter Romney. Born in the humblest circumstances, and at one time being a maid of all work, she successively became the wife of Sir William Hamilton and Lord Nelson's innamorata. Romney was never weary of painting her features, beautiful more because of the expression she was capable of assuming than because she was really handsome. The infinite variety of her poses has been immortalized by the great portrait painter—and also caricatured unmercifully. A set of the latter in the British Museum would make the gods weep!—London Opinion.

Mother of the Woman.

"The child is mother to the woman" may be an apt paraphrase to describe the significance of the following incident: A Perth Amboy (N. J.) matron recently, in honor of a visiting friend, baked an imposing chocolate layer cake. Chocolate frosting covered the entire outside of the cake, which was left on a kitchen table to cool. To the mother, entertaining her friend, her daughter called, explaining her absence: "Mumver, I've keenin' up for oo." Presently the mother went to the kitchen. "See," said her daughter, exhibiting the cake, taken apart and cleaned of all its chocolate, "I've cleaned this nassy cake."

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!

"And all this can be cured in infancy. A child begins by being self-centred; it ends by growing morbid. The wise mother sees this tendency, and directs the child's attention away from itself to more cheerful and less selfish thoughts, thus saving it countless misery in the future."—Home Chat.

Teach the Child.

The modern theory of child training is to shift the responsibility of wrongdoing to a child's own shoulders. It is early taught to weigh right and wrong and count the cost.

Mothers who are in despair over the behavior of their children should try making them free agents. Show them plainly how unpopular they are making themselves by their horrid behavior. Appeal to the reason. Teach them to form their own decisions and abide by the results.

A child so trained usually acquires self-control.

This method of training is not feasible, however, without parents have the good judgment to keep in such close touch with their little ones that they can act as counsellors, as a last court of appeals and as presiding judge, whose decisions are final.

A mother of a large and interesting family said: "If I had a dozen children I would have to evolve a different 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.

One mother who had ideas on self-

rule for her children allowed those children to be terrors to the neighborhood. Even in church she would sit placidly by while they crawled under the pews to pinch the worshippers in front or slyly ran pins into the next person.

A mother who does not know the difference between self-control and lack of control had better abide by Solomonic precepts of child training. Applied judiciously, the method of making a boy or girl a free agent has been found to work well in the interest of family peace.—New Haven Register.

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 has been pre-eminent-ly one of elaborate coiffures and all kinds of ornaments have been worn in the hair from the simple black velvet band to the costly tiara.

Fillets of delicate workmanship and intricate design, studded with gems and great barbaric matrices, 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, auburn hair was a band of black velvet, embroidered with silver and green thistles.

One of the leading jewelers shows a fillet of gold as thin as paper, composed of two slender bands that run across the head. From the top band are aqua marines hung on tiny chains that bob about with every motion of the wearer's head and emit fiery shafts of light.

Butterflies with wings of gauze, spangled with iridescent sequins in red and emerald green, are in the foremost ranks of effective coiffure ornaments, and long peacock feathers with the eyes jeweled are caught with blue and green enameled buckles.

Jet ornaments are also in first favor. This shiny, glittering metal in one of the recurring fashions which smart women universally welcome.—Philadelphia Ledger.

FRILLS FASHION

Old rose is still a favorite. Buttons are used in great abundance. Gray seems to be perennially popular. Of metallic nets there is a wide supply. Flower-trimmed straw hats will be the rage. Ruchings are quite as much thought of as ever. Soutache is freely used on spring gowns and coats. There is a fad for silk and crepe shawls at the theatre. The coming season has been heralded as a season of color. All colors in veils are worn, but black still holds its own. Of sleeves there are many, but in actual shape they are few. Small checks and small plaids are leading features of suitings. Long, plain velvet coats are seen at fashionable functions. Very many of the browns have a hint of gold in their make-up. Pockets on coats are set some inches below the waist line. Some of the new gowns have the epaulette shoulder arrangement. A striking novelty is the use of jet wings as sole trimming for turbans. The new Russian veilings are seen with square dots as often as round ones. Men's full dress ties are being made narrower and with rounded ends. White crepe ruching, doubled, is much used as a finish for neck and sleeves. Everything in evening gowns is clinging, high-waisted, if not directly empire. A recently introduced fancy is the trimming of white gowns with colored lace. New effects in net are a leading feature of the lace and trimming departments.

## Our Cut-out Recipe.

Paste in Your Scrap-Book.

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.