Girls and giggles siggles and girls.
Bangs, pompadours, trizgles and curls—
Swift eyes glancing, alert and bright.
Round the Open Mart of Saturday Night!
Old men, young men, real boys and boys
Web-footed, digaretted,
"Mother's Only Joys!"
Women with bundles and bables and
cares.

women with bundles and bables and cares.

The bables in ge-carts with Teddy Bears, Cross and sleepy and squealing with wee, Tired of staying, but don't want to ge! Tipsy men gravely threading the maze, Trying vainly to relate it all With their lost Yesterdays!

An Alley Helle with painted check, Looking for a lover.

Up and down Main Street, where the arclights quiver—

The long, long, long street ending in the river.

Lightness and laughter on girlish lips, Or they echo the poisoned jest that slips, A serpent thing, now in shade, now in light, Through the Open Mart of Saturday Night!

Night!
Big boys, little hoys, real men and men
Foul-hearted, passion-stricken,
Eagging for their den!
A hawker crying lis burnished wares,
By the side of the popoon man, who
shares
His torchlight with him; around them a

troop half-revealed children-a cherub

broup! I housekeepers piling their baskets

Bervants to the bodies of those they love,
Woman's pitted pride!
A Factory Girl with waist turned low,
Looking for a lover
Up and down Main Street, where the
arclights quiver—
The long, long, long street ending in the
river.

Gayety rippics the Spring-toned air—The grace of girlbood is everywhere!
Shop doors stand free, full streams of light
On the Open Mart of Saturday Night!
The Hunter stalke his big game—a dove
In the hame of Love!
And at the corner with fing and drum
Some Soldiers proclaim God's kingdom
come!

Some Soldiers proclaim God's kingdom come!

Bhallow-eyed women gazing in windows At their waxen sisters, standing in rows; While above the clamor, a wall between—"They're hanging men and women there For wearing of the Green!"

A High School Girl, with sweet arms bare, Looking for a loyer
Up and down Main Street, where are arelights quiver—
The long, long, long street ending in the river.

ENVOY. You mothers, who carried these girls,
Bore them in love and pride.
Do you know the men that walk tonight
With ribald jest, at their side
Up and down Main Street, where the
arclights quiver—
The long, long, long street ending in the
river?

-H. Rea Woodman, in New York Times

Through the Storm.

The final rupture came two years after their marriage. Emily in rebel-Hous anger told her husband that she would no longer live in the same house with his mother. "You must choose between us,' she said, her splendid voice vibrating with all the unleashed emotion of her being, yet with no fal-tering in it. "If she stays I go."

Stephen Fair, harassed and bewildeerd, was angry with the relentless of a patient man, roused at

"Go, then," he said sternly, "I'll never turn my mother from my door for any woman's whim.'

The stormy red went out of Emily's lace, leaving it like a marble mask. "You mean that?" she said, calmly, "Think well. If I go I shall never re-

"I do mean it," said Stephen, "Leave my house if you will, if you hold your marriage vow so lightly. When your senses return you are welcome to come back to me. ' will never ask you to."

Without another word Emily turned away. That night she went back to pleading in her eyes. The doctor John and Amelia. They, on their part, omed her back gladly, believing her to be a wronged and ill used woman. They hated Stephen Fair with a new and personal rancor. The one that they could hardly have forgiven Emily would have been the fact of her relenting toward him.

But she did not relent. In her soul she knew that, with all her just grievances, she had been in the wrong, and for that she could not forgive him!

Two years after she had left Stephen, Mrs. Fair had died, and his widowed sister went to keep house for him. If he thought of Emily he made no sign. Stephen Fair never broke a word once passed.

And now Stephen was ill. The strange woman felt a certain pride in her own inflexibility because the fact did not affect her. She told herself that she could not have felt more unconcerned had he been the merest stranger. Nevertheless she watched for John Phillipses homecoming.

At 10 o'clock she heard his voice in the kitchen. She leaned out of bed and pulled open the door. She heard voices below, but could not distinguish the words, so she rose and went noiselessly out into the hall, knelt down by the stair railing and listened. The door of the kitchen was open below her and a narrow shaft of light struck on her white, intent face. She looked like a

woman waiting for the decree of doom, At first John and Amelia talked of trivial matters. Then the latter said abruptly, "Did you ever hear how Stephen Fair was?

"He's dying," was the brief response. Emily heard Amelia's startled exclamation. She gripped the square rails with her hands until the sharp edges dented deep into her fingers. John's voice came up again, harsh and

"He took a bad turn the day before yesterday and has been getting worse wer since. The doctors don't expect

him to live till morning." Stephen, her husband-dying! In the bursting anguish of that moment er own soul was an open book before The love she had burled rose from the deeps of her being in an awful accusing resurrection,

Out of her stuper and pain a purpose ed itself clearly. She must go to Stephen, she must beg and win his for- the former rent."-Tit-Bits,

giveness before it was too late. She dared not go down to John and ask him to take her to her husband. He might refuse. The Phillipses had been known to do as hard things as that, At best there would be a storm of protest and disapproval on her brother's and sister's part, and Emily felt that she could not encounter that in her

present mood. It would drive her mad, She lighted a lamp and dressed herself noiselessly, but with feverish haste. Then she listened. The house was very still. Amelia and John had gone to bed. She wrapped herself in a heavy woolen shawl hanging in the With hall and crept downstairs. numbed fingers she fumbled at the key of the hall door, turned it and slipped out into the night.

In after years that frenzied walk through the storm and blackness seemed an unbroken nightmare to Emily Fair's recollection. Often she felt, Once as she did so a jægged, dead limb of fir struck her forehead and cut in it a gash that marked her for life. As she struggled to her feet and found her way again, the blood trickled down over her face.

"Oh, God, don't let him die before I get to him-don't-don't-don't!" she prayed desperately, with more of defiance than of entreaty in her voice; then, realizing this, she cried out in horror. Surely some fearsome punishment would come on her for such wickedness-she would find her husband lying dead.

When Emily opened the kitchen door of the Fair homestead. Almira Sentner cried out in her alarm. Who or what was this creature, with the white face and the wild eyes, with torn and dripping garments and disheveled, wind-writhen hair, and the big drops of blood trickling from her brow. The next moment she recognized Emily, and her face hardened. She had always hated Emil Fair.

"What do you want here?" she asked harshly. "Where is my husband?" said Em-

"You can't see him," said Mrs. Sent-

ner, defiantly. "The doctors won't allow anyone in the room, but those he's used to. Strangers excite him." The insolence and the cruelty of her

speech fell on unheeding ears. Emily understanding only that her husband yet lived, turned to the hall door. 'Stand back," she said, in a voice that was little more than a thrilling whisper, but which yet had in it some-

thing that cowed Almira Sentner's malice. Sullenly she stood aside, and Emily went unhindered up the stairs to the room where the sick man lay. Emily pushed them aside and fell on

her knees by the bed. One of the doctors made a hasty motion as if to draw her back, but the other checked him. "It doesn't matter now," he said, sig nificantly.

Stephen Fair turned his languid, unshorn head on the pillow. His dull fevered eyes met Emily's. He had not recognized anyone all day, but he knew his wife, "Emily!" he whispered,

Emily drew his head close to her face and kissed him passionately. "Stephen, I've come back to you Forgive me-forgive me-say that you

"It's all right, my girl," he said fee blv.

She buried her face in the pillow beside his with a sob.

In the wan, gray light of the autumn dawn the old doctor came to the bedside and lifted Emily to her feet, She had not stirred the whole night. Now she raised her white face with dumb glanced at the sleeping man on the

"Your husband will live, Mrs. Fair," he said, gently. "I think your com ing saved him. His joy turned the ebbing tide in favor of life.'

"Thank God!" said Emily Fair .-Springfield Republican.

SUDAN ARABS' DUELS.

Where Pastoral Life Doesn't Always Lead to Peace and Quiet.

The country to the southeast of Te kar is the home of the Hasas; the Hadendoas occupy the khors to the south and the plateau to the south Both of these are black Arabs speaking different languages.

The Hasas live almost entirely on sour milk, while the Hadendoas are agricultural as well as pastoral. Their dokhn and durra, milletlike grains, were ripening in February and being protected from countless swarms of small birds by men who stood on eleplatforms, from which they cracked loudly large whips with palm

leaf lashes twenty feet long. The dress of these Arabs is a cotton sheet held in by a belt in which they carry crooked knives. For other weapons they use sticks, spears and swords. Firearms are prohibited. Judging by the many scars borne by the men the pastoral life is by no means so peaceful as the poets would lead us to think. Many of the scars come from duels, in which the men stand face to face and cut each other alternately in the back till one cries "Enough!"—Cairo correspondence San Francisco Chronicle.

Even With the Policeman.

A policeman in a country village where "cases" were rare one day came across his landlord in an incapable state. The chance was too good to be missed, so the landlord was summoned and fined to the amount of 14s. 6d.

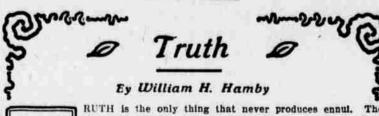
The fine was paid, but the policeman's feelings can be better imagined than described when on reaching home he found his rent had been raised sixpence a week, and so it continued for twenty-nine weeks, when the landlord coolly informed him that "he had paid the fine, and could have his house at

Oriman-r Briber and Bribee By Nathaniel C. Fowler, Jr.

OT more than a hundred years ago there lived in a city not more than 15,000 miles away from New York, but not the city of Boston,-oh, no, that city of more or less culture,-an alleged bold, bad, wicked, grafting politician, who candidated for the mayoralty. The good folks, and especially those who forgot to vote, opposed his election, and talk against him ran in that circular stream which somehow seems to circulate within itself.

this man of alleged evil-doing owned or controlled a paper with a circulation not quite large enough to make it one of the great advertising mediums of the locality, but it was filled with advertising. The goody-goody peoplethe talkers and the shirkers-said that the paper was a blackmailing sheet or a receptacle for the deposit of bribe money. It either was or it was not; but any way, it was filled with announcements of big corporations and other concerns, officered by church folks, society folks, and other people of conventional goodness. If the paper was not a good advertising medium, why did these good advertisers advertise in it? If it was a blackmailing sheet, and used as a catch-all for bribery, why were not the announcements limited to the concerns which did not stand high in the community? Now these good peoplethese non-voting citizens who decry bribery and graft-did not seem to have anything to say against the alleged good people who advertised in the alleged

I am not much of a mathematician, but somehow the arithmetic of sense permits me to figure out that, if this paper was a bribery sheet, the advertisers in it were bribery-makers and bribe-givers, and that they were a great deal worse than the fellow who took the money. Sometimes the bribe-taker needs what he gets or tries to get. This is not a good reason, but may be an excuse. The great business house or corporation which pays the bribe is a much more dangerous menace to society than the fellow who takes the bribe. I do not believe in bribe-asking or bribe-taking, but it seems to me that we snould not condemn the bribe-taker and commend or condone the bribe-giver .-- From The Christian Register.



RUTH is the only thing that never produces ennul. The human family has never become intimate enough with it to be bored. Although the philosophers have been giving it a hard

chase for many thousand years, they have never run it down; and it is still spry enough to elude the flank movements, cross cuts and center rushes of the college professors. Ever since the sinuous track of the Old Serpent was

discovered upon the sands of time, Truth has had a pretty large contract. In addition to its regular business of uprooting Error and demolishing Falsehood, it has had to do some lively sidestepping to keep from under innumerable weighty theories that wanted it as a foundation for advertising purposes. It has also required some skillful dodging to escape a number of creeds that were foreordained to embrace it.

During the past two hundred years, while the politicians have been madly rushing around to nail Lies, the scientists have been as wildly—and successfully-endeavoring to skewer Truth and hang it up to dry.

Like Liberty, Truth has had to stand for a good deal of abuse on account of its friends-especially those long-haired, pale-faced, wild-eyed, adoring esoteric friends who are always praying to be allowed to kiss the hem of its

This is doubly embarrassing, for Truth does not wear skirts. It is not at all certain that it wears anything, but if it does, it has entirely too much at stake to risk its reputation by materializing in the guise of that sex whose chief charm is its uncertainty.

Then, too, Truth has been sorely tempted. Considering the coldness of the climate in which it is supposed to dwell, and its undressed state, it surely has been hard to reject all the varnish that has been offered it by the orators, And when we see the kind of people that usually have it cornered, we are struck with the great moral backbone it must have required for Truth to resist the smiles of the many charming llars who have come to woo .-- From

Consumption of Matches By Roy Crandall



ATCHES are such trifling objects, such infinitesimally small Madame to learn that so vast a number of the little "sulphuric splinters" are consumed each day that National Forester Gifford Pinchot, in working out the problem of saving the 700,000,000 acres of American forest lands from destruction, is pondering on the match industry as one of the factors of an almost unbelievable wood watse.

It takes many a match to make a tree, and it may be difficult for the mind to believe that manufacturing matches means the annual wiping out of hundreds of square miles of forest lands, yet such is a fact, and when some of the figures have been massed together the reasons become a

Last year 3,000,000 matches were lighted every minute of the day and night in the civilized world, and of the vast quantity America used no less than seven hundred billions.

With 3,000,000 matches going into flame and smoke with each tick of the clock, one with a mathematical turn of mind seems driven to the task of learning how many were burned each hour, each day, each week, each month and during the year, and then how many each man, woman and child in the United States is entitled to annually,

It's simply a question of old-fashioned multiplication, and the completed task shows that 180,000,000 were used each hour, 4,320,000,000 each day, 30, 240,000,000 each week, 967,200,000,000 each month, and 10,886,400,000,000 during the year. If the Federal Census Bureau is correct in the estimation of 85,000,000 people in the United States, an equable division would allow 128,075 matches to each during the year.

3000 How Not to Invest Ty Alexander Dana Noyes, Financial Editor

of the New York Evening Post IRST, never invest in anything on the basis of an advertising prospectus, and especially avoid such propositions when they are announced in glaring and sensational form, with a liberal use of capital letters to attract attention. Second.

large profits with no risk; if the profits are real and sure,

apparently attractive price measures the largeness of the Third, never invest in a mining scheme or in any joint-stock enterprise of which you know nothing, on the representations of a promoter or a friend who knows no more about it than you do. Fourth, never invest in a private business enterprise unless its soundness and profit-earning capacity are demonstrated to your satisfaction and to that of conservative men to whom you submit the data. Fifth, never invest in a security because somebody has heard that its price is going up; the story may have been circulated by someone who knows something wrong about the investment and is anxious to sell what he holds himself. Sixth, never invest in anythingmining stock, railway stock or manufacturing stock-simply because its price is low. It may possibly be a bargain, but its price may also be low because it is worthless, or because it is doubtful whether the stock will ever pay any return whatever on the investment.-Woman's Home Companion.



Th' Caterpillar—ho's all fuzz,
Jus' like th' curtain in our door!
I brike a little tassel off.
An' put it by him on th' floor,
An' how I know wich one he is
Is 'cause he walked away, you see—
But I don't care so very much
If he don't want to play wif me!

He's got too many feet, I think,

'Cause one time I was in my swing
An' he sat down, light on my lap,
An' scared me lust like ever thing!
I didn't know where he came fum
('Way, 'way up in th' big, high tree).
He only can have knees to cat,
But he's as fat as he can be!

I'm glad w'en it comes summer-time.

My Manna don't make me fur clo'es.

Th' Caterpillar mus' wear his
Jus' ever' single place he goes!

I saw him w'en he took his walk

Right up an' down our apple tree,

Wif his fur coat all buttomed up—

I guess he wished 'at he was me! An' w'en it's rainy—do you s'pose Th' Caterpillar's Ma makes him Put rubbers on so many feet So's he won't muddy up th' limb?

 Marie Louise Tompkins, in Harper's Weekly. A Bluejay.

I thought it would interest you to hear about a bluejay that I found. It was in winter and quite a lot of ice and snow was on the ground. poor bird's beak was stuck to the ice. He was almost dead when I found him, I brought him in the house and my brother got a box and we set it on the radiator with him in it.

We thought he would die, but soon he was so lively mamma had to put slats on the box so he could not get out. When I came home from school at noon we let him go. We went out on the roof, took off the slats and let him fly away. He seemed to be glad to go, but he came to our house every day.-Ruth Johnson in the New York Tribune.

Rather Have Half.

The difference between common sense and mathematics was illustrated in a remark which was made in a school one day.

It was the mental arithmetic class. The master asked Smith, "Which would you rather have, half an apple or eight-sixteenths of an apple?" "Wouldn't make any difference,"

said Smith. "Why not?"

"Eight-sixteenths and one-half are At this reply, Jones, who was sit-

ting near, sniffed scornfully. The master heard him. "Well, Jones," said he, "don't you agree with Smith?"

"No, sir," said Jones; "I'd much sooner have one-half an apple."

"And why, please?" "More juice. Cut up half an apple into eight-sixteenths, and you'd lose half the juice doing it!"-Children's Answers.

Climbing Mount Rigi.

I want to tell you of an experience I had in Switzerland. It was around Easter time in the year 1905, when we were at Lucerne. One day mother told my brother, sister and myself that we would climb Mount Rigi. Of course, we were all delighted, and we started at 8 o'clock in the morning. It was not a very hard climb up the first | ance. "Yes, dearle, I know many, part of the mountain, but pretty soon we came to where there was snow, and from there it began to grow hard-

could go because the snow became so ter getting our luncheon we strolled |gin' for stories." around to a place where we could get a good view of the scenery. We saw several mountains, including the Jungfrau, and no less than eight lakes. It was after 3 o'clock when we started the descent, and we reached our hotel in time for supper at 6 o'clock, after passing a very enjoyable day.-John Ketcham in the New York Tribune.

Little Gracie and Granny.

Say, mamma, why can't I have a granny?"

The question was asked by little Gracie Donivan of her mother. The two were sitting beside

cheerful grate fire discussing the events of the afternoon. Gracie had attended a birthday party given by her friend, Nellie Thompson, and there she had seen Nellie's dear old grand-mother, whom the Thompson children called "granny." And as the dear old "granny" had told the children many interesting stories during the party, it had occurred to Gracie that it would be nice for her to have a "granny," for the fact is Gracle did not understand the exact relationship of a "granny." She knew what grandmothers and grandfathers were, but she had never before met with a "granny." So the question to her mother.

"Why, darling, a grandmother is often called "granny," explained Mrs. Donivan. "Your own grandmothers are both living, as you know, and they

never invest in anything which makes the promise of very are your grannies, dear." the fact that the investment is offered to you at a low and "But they are not real, sure-enough grannies," declared Gracie. Grandmother Donivan is always so tall and fine and talks so grand and wears a diamond brooch and a black silk gown and real lace. And she never romps with me or tells me stories. She says I should not ask questions when I begin to want her to tell me about things. And she says children's noise makes her nervous. No, mamma, my Grandmamma Donivan could never be a real, sure-enough granny, such as whispered Mrs. Donivan, and silently little Nellie's granny is. And my stole away. "Gracie has at last found Grandmother Ball is so very ill much a 'granny.' "--Washington Star.

have me around, and she says I muss up her work basket and that I don't keep my fingernails clean, and that my hair ought to be braided tightly instead of being curled and tangled. So Grandmamma Ball could never, never be a real, sure-enough granny, either, for real granules don't look at your fingernalls nor your tangled bair, nor they don't mind your mussing their work baskets, for they are sort of like children themselves. Nellie's granny is-only she's very old and sweet. And when she smiles into your face you think of taffy, she's so nice. Oh, I'd love a granny like her."

"Well, my love, you will know some day that old people cannot all be like Nellie's granny, for when they have lived so many years, suffered so many disappointments, so much grief, so much sickness, and ever so many such hard things that come with time, they forget their own childhood days, and, thus forgetting, cannot understand the desires of the little folks growing up about them." So explained little Gracie's mother to her.

But Gracie shook her head, saying, "I don't know anything about what makes grandmothers different to grannies, mamma, but I do know I want a granny. I want my grandmothers, too, for they are very dear and good; but most of all I want a dear old granny that tells stories and doesn't mind noise, dirty fingers and tangled hair."

Then Bridget, the cook, knocked at the door to ask permission to show her old mother over the house. "Sure, an' Mrs. Donivan, it's such a foine house that you've got that I'd be afther showing it to me old mither what's come in to spend the day with me. You know, she's from the countryfifteen mile away-an' seeing your foine house would rest her a bit, I'm thinkin'. She's that tired, mum."

"Certainly, Bridget, show your mother over the house," consented Mrs. Donivan, glad to grant so simple a request from her good-hearted and worthy servant.

"May I go with Bridget?" asked little Gracie, eager for any variety in the home life.

"Certainly, dear," smiled Mrs. Donivan. And now I shall run across the street to chat a minute with Mrs. Brown. She's been quite ill of late, and I must go in and help cheer her up.

Then the house was left to Bridget, her old mother and little Gracie, And as the three walked about the rooms ofthe pretentious home Gracie watched with pleasure the happy expression on the old lady's face. "Ah, how beautiful," she would exclaim. "An' may I lay my hand on that sofy?" she asked admiring a beautiful sofa in the reception hall.

"Come, sit on it beside me," cried Gracie, liking the pleasant-faced cld lady. "Come, sit on it. I'ts very nice and soft. And do you know stories? I love stories, I do."

The old lady sat down beside Gracie. smoothing her frayed frock with her workworn hands, a smile of unexpected pleasure brightening her countenmany stories, but they are all of auld Ireland. Ah, an' there we had the foine times when I was a little one like yerself, sure. Ah, but it is nice At last we reached as high as we to have a dear little one like yer innocent self about. I pray the time deep that it shut out the paths and may come when bright little grandwe stopped at a hotel near the top. Af- children will be about me knee, a-beg-

"Oh, come, mother!" laughed Bridget. "But if you're goin' to sit here on the sofy like a foine lady I'll be goin' back to the kitchen to look after me fowl what's in the oven." And

Bridget hurried out of the room. Then Gracie took hold of the old wrinkled hands and looked tenderly into the sweet aged face. "Won't you be my granny?" she asked in a soft whis-"I have grandmammas-two of 'em, but I have no real, sure-enough granny. You are just the kind of granny I want. Will you be mine?"

Tears gushed from the eyes of the dear, sympathetic old Irish woman, and impulsively she stooped and embraced the beautiful little lady-girl at her side. "Ah, you are an angel, darlint," she said. "But it's not fittin' fer the loikes of me to be your granny. I'm too old and plain."

"You're not,' declared Gracie, "When you smile it looks just lovely, and you're very, very good and kind. And I want you for my granny. Please do not say no."

"Then I'll be your granny, my little one, if yer own dear mither will permit smiled the good old woman. 'And now, shall I tell you a story of me own childhood, when I lived in dear auld Ireland? Them was the foine days, me darlint,"

"Ab, yes, a story, a story," cried Gracie. "Ah, I knew you would be a sure-enough granny! Oh, I'm so happy to have found you! And I'll love you always and always, and I'll go to see you in your home, and you'll come to see me here, and while others may be my grandmothers, only you shall

ever be my granny." And half an hour later Mrs. Donivan crept softly to the reception hall to take a peep at Gracie and her newfound "granny," who were still sitting, hand in hand, on the sofa, the "granny" relating a most interesting story while Gracie listened. "Bless them,"