Ing.

Hear the great waves, as they crush on the shore.

O Thou, O little Thou!

No man can find us to trouble us now!

What saith the water? "The darkness is deep,"

What saith the black sea before, and the black of the short of the short

The sea hath a song that shall lull thee to sleep!" Look at the sea, little Thou, little And the sea shall sing thee to sleep.

lying
With black sea before, and the black
downs behind.
O Thou, O little Thou,
Water and wind will take care of us

The

He wondered how Crandall's moth-

Now that he had tested his control

of the aeroplane he grew bolder. He

was a man who had taken risks all

now. He arose higher and yet higher.

iety. He was sensitive in a way. He

never wanted to undertake a task

that he didn't carry through with

he lifted the aeroplane he glanced at

it again, It indicated 6.27. He laughed.

and reverend doctors with whom he

would Jim Maddox, his rival in the

As he changed directions a puff of

wind struck him and the planes sud-

over. There was a sharp cracking

sound and the left plane seemed to

crumple up. John Ridgeway was

thrown from his seat, but clutched at

The aeroplane and its human

A boy was staring at an advertise-

ment in a weekly country paper. He

was a stout boy of 15 and as he read

the lines before him his face lighted

"Listen to this, mother," he cried.

give their reasons for remaining so.

The following were among them:

He would make another circle.

What would Crandall think of this

Only four minutes.

street, think of it?

freight was falling.

aloud:-

2

Fowler house."

cover, sewing,

Can I go?"

cal taste.

chance.

voice.

"Well, John?"

The mother hesitated.

"Can I go, mother?"

The mother sighed.

"And write often?"

"Yes, yes."

It was such a pleasant, sympathetic

"Mother," cried the lad, "that's me

-strong boy who understands horses.

"See the man, John, dear, and af-

terward we will talk about your go-

Then the boy noticed that his

mother's eyes seemed to bother her

and that she bent close to her sewing.

the next morning and suited his criti-

He saw the man at the hotel early

"Are you so anxious to go, dear?"

"Yes, mother. It's a spiendid

"You will come home soon, dear?"

Her eyes were bothering her again,

but the boy scarcely noticed this-he was so filled with delight.

He arose a little higher.

deep,
The wind hath a song that shall lull
thee to sleep!"
Turn to the wind, little Thou, little And the wind shall sing thee to sleep,

It was

The Figure in the Doorway. How John Ridgeway Came to Go Eack to It After Thirty Years.

(W. R. Rose in Cleveland Plain-Dealer.)

er was.

A man was fumbling with the lock | feet. Then he tried the steering gear of the long low shed at the foot of and swerved to the right. the sloping lawn. The man was John done a little too suddenly. He would Ridgeway, and he was the owner of be more careful nexttime. He brought the sloping lawn and the low shed the craft around in a wide arc, passand of the red tiled roof that showed ing over the woods on the south above the trees hill, and over the pond above the

Yet John Ridgeway was acting mill, and back toward the villagemore like an interloper than a pro- the village where Crandall lived. prietor. He looked around nervously as he fitted the key in the lock and finally pushed open the wide double

The sun was forcing slender red and yellow arrows of light up from through life. He took a new risk behind the low eastern hills, Somewhere in the distance a rocater sound- He had felt no fear, only a little anxed a faint call. There was dew on the grass and the night wind fluttered

It was light enough for John Ridgeway to find his way about, and the darkness paled with every passing moment.

He had not slept well for several nights. The quiet of the place failed to soothe his irritable brain. The sumple remedies given him by the fine, old doctor whom he had reluctantly consulted, proved unavailing.

"What you really need," said the fine old doctor, "is not complete rest, but complete change, with something to lead your interest along a new channel. Haven't you a home somewhere-I don't mean a palace or a hotel, but an old fashioned home: Where do you come from?"

"Michigan-Southern Michigan." "And isn't the old home still denly canted. With an involuntary there?" movement he threw the steering wheel

"I believe it is."

"Why can't you go there for month or two? Look up the old haunts, and the early friends. Be a boy again."

"I couldn't think of it," said John collapsed over him. Ridgeway abruptly. But he did think of it.

He had thought of it that night as he sat by the open window and smoked and stared wearily at the trembling stars.

Had he reached the limit of his powers? Was he going down as Silas Rankin went down, and Stephen Gurney? Was the mind that had served him so long and faithfully growing indifferent to its duty?

He reered across the lawn as he drew from the low shed the hidden aeroplane. It was lightly borne upon tis track and he drew it away from the shed and did not halt until it was in the exact spot whence he and Crandall had taken their short flight the day before.

He and Crandall would have tried the craft again that morning, only Orandall could not come. He phoned John Ridgeway the night before that his mother was dangerously all and he had been called to her bed-

His mother, Crandall's mother. Somehow John Ridgeway had looked upon Crandall as quite alone in the world-alone with his workshop and his inventive genius. He had never mentioned his mother. This was Crandall's aeroplane,

built with John Ridgeway's money. John liked the eager young fellow and believed in him. And here was the craft he had planned and perfected under John Ridgeway's watchful eye. For John might have been a fair mechanic, a creditable handler of tools, if fate had not called him to more strenuous things.

He knew the aeroplane almost as well as Crandall knew it, but after his usual cautious fashion he made no boast of his knowledge.

Now he was going to take flight in it alone. It had behaved so well the day before in its short flight that he bed perfect confidence in it.

"It only needs a light brace or two and a general tightening to be entirely seaworthy," Crandall had said as

he glanced the craft over. "Airworthy," John Ridgeway cor-

rected him. And they had planned that Crandall would come up early from the ing." village and they would enjoy an appetizing flight before breakfast-and now John Ridgeway was going alone.

Everything had been placed in readiness for that early flight. Ridgeway carefully attached the huge planes and tried the levers.

Then he raised the craft on its spiral jack and took the navigator's seat. A moment later the throb of the motor arose on the still air. As the speed increased the craft tugged at tis mooring. Ridgeway threw off the retaining clutch, the aeroplane slid

He drew a quick breath. This was fine. It gave him the old thrill of His pulses stirred, a new light came into his eyes.

forward and slowly arose.

But he did feel a little subdued when the hour of parting came. He couldn't quite understand why his mother feet so had about it and why she clung to him in such a tear? floated across the little valley, ally rising, and cleared the

of himself. But he would show her. "Goodby, mother." "Goodby, dear son." She was standing in the doorway as he went down the road with his lit-

way. No doubt she was worried be-

cause she feared he couldn't take care

ture a long time. And something choked him as he looked back and he broke into a quick run-and the picture was gone. "What's your name," the man asked

tle bundle. He remembered that pic-

him "John Ridgeway." "Goin' to make it famous, eh?" "I dunno. Maybe."

"Well, you stick by me, then." But he hadn't stuck by Walker very ong. He was not an easy taskmaster. Moreover, he was a hard drinker and forgetful about the boy's wages. And one day he had come to the stable drunk and struck John blindly and unreasonably and John had nimbly

eluded the blow and run away. He didn't go back. Instead knocked about the streets doing odd jobs and often wishing he could see the patient figure in the doorway of the old home again. He wrote now and then and made his letters as optimistic as possible. And when times with him grew still more hard and bitter he wrote oftener-perhaps because he had more leisure.

His affairs were at a very discouraging ebb when the tide turned. He had quieted and subdued a young horse that was driven by an elderly man, and the elderly man had been so much impressed by the boy's courage and cleverness that he had taken him into his employ.

It was a rather dull position in a dull old house with no chance to rise, The boy chafed against his narrow opportunities.

credit to his skill. He only took risks when he felt sure of the final One day he went to his employer and unfolded a plan through which he could by prompt purchases of a A tiny clock hung to a support in certain commodity profit by a rise front of him. He had glanced at it as that seemed inevitable. It was a simhe took his seat. It was then 6.23. As ple deal, only relieved by the boy's shrewd reasons for believing the stuff would rise in value.

But his elderly employer received wild venture? What would the grave the scheme coldly. The house didn't do business in that way. Not to put it occasionally met think of it? What too mildly, the boy's plan was merely a gambler's chance.

The boy withdrew from the dingy office. He withdrew as far as the establishment of a customer of the house, a keen eyed man who had spoken to him in a friendly way on several occasions.

The keen eyed man had listened to the boy's plan with an amused smile. "And how much do you expect for your share in the deal?" he asked. "Ten percent of the net profits,"

a metal bar. Then the great planes the boy quickly replied. "Modest youth," said the man with a laugh. "Goodby."

A week later he handed the boy a folded slip of paper as he passed him in the big wareroom. "Your share," he abruptly re-

marked and passed on. The boy unrolled the paper. It was

a check for \$360. Let it be said to his credit that he Then he read the advertisement sent \$100 of this amount to the lov-

ing mother. Wanted-Strong boy to go to city. That check marked the turning One who understands horses and isn't point in his career. From that moafraid of work. Ask for Mallory at the ment he prospered.

ularity-and occasionally he wrote.

He went abroad. He mixed with

great captains of industry. They rec-

ognized him as a rising force. He sat

with them. He was one of their num-

And the patient woman in the far

John Ridgeway was a busy man.

His interests were many. His time

was brief. Small wonder that the old

home grew further and further away.

Men trembled at John Ridgeway's

name. The financial power he wielded

had been fairly equalled. Clutched in

his strong right hand were threads

And then one day he saw the pa-

He hadn't been quite himself that

day. He was dull and heavy and he

knew it. And being capable of think-

ing of his schemes and plans, he sud-

denly thought of himself-of his boy-

It was after this that he went to the

fine old doctor. The touch of senti-ment worried him. He feared a men-tal breakdown.

that ran in many directions and con-

tient figure in the door way again.

In time it quite disappeared.

off doorway looked in vain for the

coming of her boy.

trolled many interests.

hood, of his early home.

But the picture grew dimmer.

And as he prospered the patient The mother looked up at the eager figure of the mother in the doorway young face. She was sitting by the grew more and more indistinct. He

BACHELORS' EXCUSES

At a wedding breakfast the bachelors were called upon to

"I am like the frog in the fable, who, though he loved the water, would not jump into the well because he could not jump out again."

"I prefer, on the one hand, liberty, refreshing sleep, the opera, midnight suppers, quiet seclusion, dreams, cigars, a bank account, and club to—on the other hand—disturbed rest, cold meat, baby

linen, soothing syrup, rocking horses, bread pudding and empty

"I have a twin brother, and we have never had a secret from

glass lamp at the table with its red sent money to her with unfailing reg-

"I am too selfish, and honest enough to admit it."

one another. He is married."-Chicago Record-Herald.

And lo! the doctor had confirmed his fears and what was still more strange, had brought up the very vision that disturbed him.

When he left the doctor's office he took a letter from his pocket and read it through. Then he carefully put it back in the envelope which bore the postmark of the old town.

"Bah," he suddenly growled, "I'm getting childish."

He had bought a country home to help the owner, whom the money market had wrecked. It was grand and lonely. If it had not been for the airship experiments he would have gone back to the rooms in the city. But the aeroplane engrossed John Ridgeways attention. It quieted his mind. It was a soothing plaything.

What was that? Where was he? Then he saw the picture again. The mother in the doorway, but her face wore a look of terror and her hands were stretched out in agony.

A sudden sharp chill came him, a crashing blow stunned him. He remembered no more.

When John Ridgeway opened his aching eyes he was lying in a darkened room, but he could faintly make out the anxious face of the fine old

He tried to speak. The doctor went down

"How long was I falling?" he whispered.

"One of the villagers happened to have his watch in his hand when he caught sight of you," the doctor answered. "He saw the aeroplane collapse and watched your fall, were buoyed up by the planes and the descent from the moment of the disaster until you dropped into the mill pond was exactly thirty seconds." The pale lips moved.

The doctor bent again.

"It was thirty years-exactly thirty vears.

The doctor drew back. He did not smile. "That must cover the period of

your public life," he gravely said. The eyes said yes. The doctor bent to catch the com-

ing message "I lived it all again," said John

Ridgeway. The doctor slowly nodded.

"You have had a miraculous escape." he said. "You have been severely shocked and badly bruised, but you are going to get well. What are you trying to say?' 'How soon can I be moved?"

"In a few days, I hope." "There is something I want." "Yes. What is it? Take your time." "I want to go home," whispered

John Ridgeway. "Home?" "You know the home I mean. You

asked me about It." "Yes, yes, I remember. Go on."

"There is a letter—in my coat pock-et. You will find it." "Yes, yes."

"I haven't been home for thirty years. It's a long time. You get pretty tired in thirty years."

"Yes." There was a little silence.

"Somebody is waiting for me," murmured John Ridgeway, "She is standing in the doorway, the old doorway with the vines about it. She has changed. Her hair is gray and she leans against the casing, but her hand is stretched out to me and her face is smiling."

A softened look crept over the bruised face.

The old doctor laid his hand softly on John Ridgeway's limp fingers "I will take you to her." he said.

WOMAN, OUR HOMEMAKER.

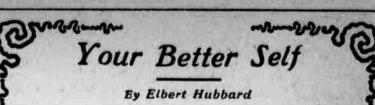
Somewhat Sarcastic Slur on Masculine Supremacy.

As we men frequently admit, it is our chivalrous regard for woman which leads us to desire that she shall confine her wholly admirable energies to the making of our home and the keeping of our houses. She is tender and frail, and so we urge that she shall not for a moment drop her role as the goddess of the household. There is nothing that so rouses our almost sacred admiration as to see our own particular goddess with a dishrag in one hand and a fryingpan in the other. Let us never desert this high ideal of womanhood and its lofty purpose in life.

Particularly, let us not do so because if a woman does not keep the house it will not be kept. Would we men engineer and prepare 1,095 meals in one year? Would we wash dishes 1,095 times, wipe them 1,095 times, sew, darn, mend, devote our lives to a gray monotony of treadmill effort? Not on your life! Our chivalrous regard for adored woman would not permit it. And we would go crazy within six months if we tried. I know of nothing that we should cling to more closely than this chivalrous regard for our womankind-it saves the cost of many and many a hired girl.

I have penned this little tribute to man's chivalrous regard for because anybody can see that it deserves it. Woman, the housekeeper (and nothing else), the fried goddess of the fireside; the queen of her domestic domain, with a stewpan for tiara and a stovehook for a scepter, let us together pledge her, while we register our chivalrous vow that we will keep her where she is, unless we men need her as a stenographer or something else-in which event our chivalrous regard may stretch a few points.-California Monthly.

Certain lands in East Barnet are exempt from tithes, but Sir Thomas Lipton, who owns them, has to be ready when called upon to provide "fagots for the burnings of heretics."



HERE is not so very much difference in the intelligence of people after all. The great man is not so great as folks think, and the dull man is not quite so stupid as he seems.

The difference in our estimates of men lies in the fact that one man is able to get his goods into the show window for goods.

The soul knows all things, and knowledge is only a remembering," says Emerson. This seems a very broad statement, yet the fact remains that the vast majority of men know a thousand times as much as they are aware of.

In the silent depths of sub-consciousness lie myriads of truths, each awaiting the time when its owner shall call it forth.

And to utilize these stored-up thoughts you must express them to others; and to express them well your soul has to soar into this sub-conscious realm where you have cached these net results of experience.

The great painter forgets all in the presence of his canvas; the writer is oblivious to his surroundings; the singer floats away on the wings of melody, and carries the audience with her; the orator pours out his soul for an hour, and it seems to him as if barely five minutes had passed, so wrapped and lost is he in his exalted theme.

When you reach the heights of sublimity, and are expressing your highest and best, you are in a partial trance condition. And all men who enter this condition surprise themselves by the quantity of knowledge and the extent of the insight they possess. And some, going a little deeper into this trance condition than others, knowing nothing of the miraculous storing up of truth in cells of sub-consciousness, jump to the conclusion that their intelligence is being guided by a spirit not their own. When an individual reaches this conclusion he begins to wither at the top, for he relies on the dead, and ceases to feed the well-springs of his sub-conscious self.

The mind is a dual affair-objective and subjective. The objective mind sees all, hears all, reasons things out. The subjective mind stores up and only gives out when the objective mind sleeps. And as few men ever cultivate the absorbed, reflective or semi-trance state, where the objective mind rests, they never really call on their sub-conscious treasury for its stores. They are always self-conscious

But what think you is necessary before a person comes into possession of his sub-conscious treasures? Well, I'll tell you: It is not ease, nor prosperity, nor requited love, nor worldly security.

"You sing well," said the master, impatiently, to his best pupil, "but you will never sing divinely until you have given your all for love, and then been neglected and rejected, and scorned and beaten, and left for dead. Then, if you do not exactly die, you will come back, and when the world hears your voice it will mistake you for an angel and fall at your feet."

And the moral is, that as long as you are satisfied and comfortable, you use only the objective mind and live in the world of sense. But let love be torn from your grasp and flee as a shadow-living only as a memory in a haunting sense of loss; let death come and the sky shut down over less worth in the world; or stupid misunderstanding and crushing defeat grind you intothe dust-then you may arise, forgetting time and space and self, and take refuge in mansions not made with hands, and find a certain sad, sweet comfort in the contemplation of treasures stored up where moth and rust do not corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal.

And thus looking out into the Eternal, you forget the present and enter in-to the Land of Sub-Consciousness, where yet dwell the gods of ancient and innocent days .- New York American.

Being a Good Neighbor

By Giselle D'Unger

HE spirit of neighborliness is being manifested even by corporations. The International Harvester Company is one of the large corporations whose endeavor to put that spirit into action is particularly worthy of notice. It is by no means the only organization of the kind that is carrying on what is commonly called "welfare" work, but it has its efforts in this direction well systematized and is constantly seeking to embody in its own operation practical and helpful ideas gathered from other sources. The International Harvester Company, representing, as it does, \$120,000,000 of capital, which dispensed, in

one year, \$21,763,307.95 in pay-roll wages alone, and \$16,783,000 in sales commissions, has a large field in which to exercise the virtue of "being a good neighbor" to its twenty-eight thousand employes. Mr. Cyrus H. McCormick has stated that "the employer who wants the people employed in his business to work under the very best possible conditions as to hours, wages and surroundings, and who feels happier when he knows this state of things is attained; the employe who takes satisfaction in his work, because of the improved environment and because he knows that, in providing it, the employer has no ax to grind-these two men can not, in the nature of things, remain at oggerheads, and, in their co-operation there can be no question but that the utmost advantage comes to both."-The World To-Day.

Marriage and the Birth Rate By Lurana W. Sheldon

RS. Margaret Deland is quoted as saying that "the college girl of the present talks about marriage and the birth rate in a way to make her mother blush," and you say editorially that the fact that she does so talk makes of her a "trouble some problem." May I ask if, because her mother could not possibly

appreciate her intelligent understanding of both matters named, the college girl must forever remain silent? Is she to be so considerate of her mother's and grandmother's opinions that she must cease to hold opinions of her own and so walk out of step

in the "line of progress" in which you frankly admit she is? Furthermore, would it not have been to the credit of some of these mothers if they had blushed ore and been a little less ignorant-or possibly had a few less children? And why should the college girl of the present be found "a troublesome problem?" Is she not demonstrating her entire fitness to take care of herself and so ridding men-or some man-of this especial burden?

Certainly "marriage and the birth rate" are important matters for the college girl or any other girl to consider, and the fact that she calls a spade a spade only proves her earnestness and sincerity. Fortunately the habit of blushing over important topics of conversation is dying out among women, but the least advanced college girls of today would turn as red as roses if asked to marry and bear children as thoughtlessly as did their *****

Woman in America Gina L. Ferrero



HERE is no doubt that the most interesting thing to the European who lands on the northern shores of the new world is the American woman—that happy, victorious heroin of modern feminism, who has discovered how to extract from the new condition of woman all the advantages with almo none of the inconveniences-that being who had known how to assume masculinity in all that regards independence ar liberty of action, and remain feminine in grace, charm and altruism-that American beauty, that American geniu

whose wonders are seen and felt in all the American and European reviews whose writers declare her to be engaged almost entirely in severe study, I

masculine work, sport and similar occupations. Europe, moreover, is right. The American woman is not only one of the most interesting phenomena of North America, but is also the phenomen of the new world that might have the greatest and gravest effect on the old haking on their foundations the essential principles of our female instruction and training, overthrowing the society of the old continent, or continents which rest, to a greater extent than is realized, on the antique functions of woman in the family and in society.-Putnam's Magazine.