

THE CITIES.

Across the stretches of the night
The cities to each other call.
Like flashes of the northern light
Their ardent voices rise and fall:
'What toll of human life to-day,
Of youth and hope what sacrifice,
Hast thou demanded, sister, pray?'—
Thus city unto city cries.

THE SUCCESSFUL PHILANTHROPIST

By Elizabeth Mason

'I've found her,' said Pendexter.
He had just returned to his lodgings
after a week's absence, and sat down
with his friends to talk things over.
'Found her?'
'Found my ideal woman,' explained
Pendexter.

rate. Everybody has been allowed to
know that you have made her what
she is.'
'If only she is what I want her to
be,' murmured Pendexter, 'I have
not paid high for her education.'
She came on then and silence settled
over the house. She was beautiful.
She was more than that. She was
in every way perfect as she stood
there. She was as gravely composed
as when Pendexter had heard her
sing in the little church three years
before.

YOUNG PEOPLE

Off to School.
Hurry! hurry! is the rule
On the days we go to school.
Just as soon as breakfast's done,
'Round about the house we run.
Looking here and looking there,
Finding things 'most anywhere.
Father, walking to and fro,
Hurries Jack who's always slow.
Mother, glancing at the clock,
Smooths out Mary's ruffled frock;
Tells us children to make haste;
Says there isn't time to waste;
Goes down with us to the gate;
Says she hopes we won't be late.
Then away we hurry fast,
Off to school again at last.
—Alden Arthur Knipe, in St. Nicholas.

Better Boy.
'Well, Harry,' said the minister,
who was making a call, 'do you think
you will be a better boy this year than
you were last?'
'I hope so,' replied the little fellow.
'I was sick more than half the time
last year.'—Chicago News.

My Turtle.
I am going to tell you about my little
turtle. His name is Swipe. He is
about one inch long and three-quarters
of an inch wide. Of course, I guess
you know he must be very small. We
have had him about four months, and
he doesn't seem to grow. Swipe is a
water snapper, but he never snaps at
me, even if I put him to my cheek. I
feed him every morning with very tiny
scraps of meat. He lives in a glass
globe all by himself, and has a small
piece of wood to float on. Swipe is
always happy when I change the water.
Hoping that you will all like this small
story.—Frederic Behrens, in the New
York Tribune.

Playing A Mean Trick.
I hope you will be interested in this
story about a poor Italian organ grinder
and his monkey. Some days ago he
stopped in front of a house occupied
by two youngsters looking for what
mischief they could do. While the
Italian was playing one boy opened
the window and put a red-hot cent on
the sill. The monkey climbed up to
the window to get the money, but as
soon as he touched it he dropped to
the ground. The Italian hit the monkey
and told him to get the money. The
monkey went up again, but came down
empty handed. The Italian couldn't
understand the reason, so went to
investigate. No sooner was he under
the window than he was drenched with
water. The poor organ grinder probably
didn't have another change of clothes
to put on. The two boys stood at the
window and laughed and made all
sorts of fun of him. The organ grinder
picked up a big stone and smashed
the window they were looking out of,
but still they kept the jeering up, so
he broke all the windows that were in
sight and walked off smiling, saying,
'Who gotta da best of it, you or me?'—Louis Jobin, in the
New York Tribune.

Discontented Little Ones.
The southern sun was beating down
on a little South Carolina town, and
the wind was gently blowing the
smoke from a smoldering wood fire
that was burning in the back yard of
the village hotel, a small unpretentious
hostelry, but the best the town
afforded. The place seemed utterly
asleep—town and hotel—save for a
busy little black child who stood close
to the wood fire. Over the fire swung
a huge black 'soap pot,' and the little
Negro girl, dressed in frock of
faded calico, was stirring the boiling
contents of the vessel with a long,
crooked stick. As she slowly dipped
the end of the stick into the steaming
liquid, she crooned in a childish way:
'How ole is the stick? How ole is
the house? How ole is Mammy Jane?
How ole is the pot? How ole is
—is—is—' and her soft velvety eyes of
black sought an old cotton-penny
nearby—'how ole is the cotton?'
Then the little worker wearily paused
in her stirring and glanced about.
Her eyes fell on the form of an old
negro woman, a bent form it was, the
form of one whose life had been passed
in doing heavy work. The old woman
had come to the kitchen door for a
moment, but immediately disappeared
into the house again, returning
to her wash-tub.
'How ole is Mammy Jane?' again
crooned the child at the soap pot,
turning the stick slowly. 'How ole is
Mammy Jane?—Lawsy, I done reckon
she's a thousan' yeas ole—a thousan'
yeas ole.' Then she suddenly became
silent, her hands idle. A light came
into her soft sleepy eyes. 'If it wasn't
foh ole Mammy Jane,' she mused,
'I wouldn't be stirrin' dis heah soap,
an' I'd be done playin' behin' the
old sawmill dis minute.'
A bee hummed near to the black
child's ear, a slow, sleepy hum. The
sun was so warm and bright, there in
the back yard, and the soap sent out
a vapor of white steam. The little
worker sat down beside the fire, pushing
into the coals a bit of dry stick.
As the fuel flamed up the child again
mused: 'I hates to stir the soap pot.
I hates to work. Some day I'll run
away from ole Mammy Jane, un' then
I'll nevah work no moah. I'll go to a
big city where dar sin't no soft soap
bein' made; an' I'll nevah have to stir
soap any moah. Oh—' And she closed
her eyes sleepily—'oh, how ole
is the stick—How ole—is—the-pot—
—How ole—is—Mammy—Jane—'
The child's eyes remained closed
now, and she leaned against a conven-
ient stump. The bee returned to hum
close to her ear. Its song seemed to
say: 'How ole—is—the-stick—How
—ole—is—the-pot—How-ole—is—'

Mammy—Jane?' And then it seemed
to say: 'Run-away-little-gal. Run-
away-little-gal. Don't ever come back
to ole—Mammy—Jane.' Then some
flies added their song to that of the
bee's, saying over and over in a drong-
ling way: 'Run-away-little-gal,
Don't—ever—come—back—to—ole—
Mammy—Jane.'
A whirlwind came flying round the
corner of the house and fanned the
slumbering fire. A little red flame
crept out on the dry bit of stick, soon
reaching the end farthest from the
bed of coals. It lifted its hot tongue
and tasted the frayed hem of the faded
calico frock, which lay so temptingly
near. The whirlwind gave it another
little fanning; then disappeared
across the unkempt yard, rushing wild-
ly down a hillside to try its strength
on the tender saplings which grew be-
side a creek.
In the meanwhile the little sleeper
beside the fire forgot to wake and stir
the soap.
\* \* \* \* \*
Away, away toward the Great Won-
drous city ran the little black girl.
Away, away from the soap pot; away,
away from old Mammy Jane! Ah, how
beautiful the world was! She entered
the city, but—it was not so delightful,
so wondrous, as she had dreamed it
would be. There were crowds of hur-
rying people, and they disdained to
notice her. She was very tired, but
nowhere could she find a place to rest.
She cried out to several people who
were crowded and jostled her, but did
not heed her. She fell to the hard pav-
ement, for a terrible pain was cutting
through her foot and ankle. And, oh,
how the sun burned her flesh! And
how the fumes from somewhere
smothered her! Ah, she would return
to Mammy Jane—good Mammy Jane.
Yes, she was sorry now that she had
fled from her own old home, so poor
and simple, but a home for all that,
and one where a child could rest when
tired and sick. If she might go again
to her little bed in Mammy Jane's
funny old room, where the brass can-
dlesticks gleamed on the mantelpiece
—a gift to Mammy Jane from some
great lady many, many years ago!
And how she longed to set eyes once
more on the strip of rag carpet—so
warm to her feet in winter—that
stretched in front of her little bed.
And the four-patch quilt that spread
her bed so beautifully! Oh, would she
never see any of these dear things
again? But the pain in her foot and
ankle was so terrible that she forgot
Mammy Jane, even forgot that she had
run away from the place where she
had spent the ten years of her poor
life. Then she began to sob, to sob
as she had done on day when they
led her to a black box to look for the
last time on the face of her mother.
Inside that black box the one dearest
to her on earth had been shut from
sight, and she had then gone to
Mammy Jane. And on Mammy Jane's
warm bosom she had wept out the
grief of a broken little heart. And
now she wept in that same way, only
this time it came from agony of pain
instead of agony of grief.
But of a sudden something cool and
gentle stroked her cheek. She opened
her eyes. To her wonder she looked
into the loving face of old Mammy
Jane. And, strangest of all, she was
on her own little bed. But what were
the strangers doing in the room?
Why, there were the white doctor and
Mrs. Jones, the landlady of the hotel,
where Mammy Jane worked for their
living. And then she saw that one of
her feet was all wrapped in white
bandages, and both Mammy Jane's
hands and arms were bandaged the
same way. It was one of Mammy
Jane's bandaged hands that was strok-
ing her face. 'Doan cry, honey, honey,
lump,' said old Mammy Jane. 'You'll
be peart again in a few days, chile.
You done fallen asleep by the soap
pot an' the fire done catch yer dress.
An' old mammy jes seen you in time,
and run an' smothered out the flame
fore it catch you above the knees. So,
go to sleep, I'll chile, an' mammy'll
sing you a song. Go to sleep, honey-
chile.'
The black child smiled, and as the
white doctor and the landlady, seeing
that she was all right again, and in
safe hands, left the room, she whis-
pered: 'Oh, Mammy Jane, I lubs you,
I do, an' I am glad it was jes the fire
an' not the Great City dat got me. I
wanted to run away from you Mammy
Jane. But now I know dat I lubs you
as I use to luv my own mammy. You
is my grand-mam, an' I'll stay with
you forevah an' forevah, an' I'll do all
younh work, Mammy Jane, as soon as
I get well, for you burned youn pore
han's savin' me from dat fire.'
Tears streamed down old Mammy
Jane's face as she bent over the child.
'You is all ole mammy has got, honey-
chile, an' I'm thankin' the good Lord
he sent me to catch you out'n the fire
in time. We'll both be well soon,
honey, and we'll be happy, too.'
'Yes, Mammy, an' we'll have some
fried chicken an' gravy for supper,
won't we?' asked the child, smiling.
'Trus' ole Mammy Jane foh dat,
honey. You shall eat chicken an'
gravy and dumplin's while these ole
han's can cook 'em foh you.'—Wash-
ington Star.

WOMAN KIND

Candy for Children.
The average healthy child of ten
or 12 should be able to eat of pure
candy the equivalent in weight of two
or three lumps of sugar after his
midday meal. This, however, should
not be given him unless other proper
foods in sufficient quantity are eaten
and should never be allowed between
meals. Butter taffy and molasses candy
made at home of pure materials
are especially to be recommended and
may be considered valuable articles
of food.—Woman's Home Companion.

women there are who still think the
hour glass figure is the mold of form.
But they look hopelessly outclassed
by the woman with the healthy figure.
It is only in their own minds
when before their own mirrors that
admiration is to be found.
It is rather remarkable to hear the
tirades against the extra long corset
by those who have not looked into
its comfort and its physical advan-
tages. A great deal is heard of the
way the heavy bones bruise the flesh.
The truth of it is the bones are not
continued beyond the ordinary and
comfortable length.
The stiffened corset or b-cocade
makes the bandage around the abdo-
men, and it can be pulled as tightly
as a woman wishes, for it is no more
or less than the bandage that physi-
cians often urge every woman to wear.
It supports the sensitive organs and
keeps them from being attacked by
cold. It gives a strong support to the
lower muscles of the back and the
end of the spine.
Another comment often heard
against the modern way of adjusting
the corset is the way that the flesh of
the hips and abdomen is drawn up by
the hands into the waist of the cor-
set. It is true this is done for the
purpose of gaining a better figure, yet
physicians endorse it. It keeps the
abdomen from sagging, which it is
likely to do when it gets fleshy.
Of course, the greatest advantage
of all in the present corsets, and the
modern silhouette, is this large waist.
When a woman does not try to pull in
below 28 inches it means that her
waist is not constricted, that her di-
gestion has free play, and that her di-
aphragm is left unhindered.
Of course there is the other side.
There always is. There are women,
usually misguided girls, who attenuate
their figures to a degree of ab-
surdity. They do without meals, al-
most lap their corsets, cut their
clothes as though they were building
a tube instead of a gown, and are
obsessed by the belief that the more
they resemble a lead pencil the more
fashionable they are. Flesh is bad;
none but the Turks uphold it, but the
figure that is reduced to a phantom
has not beauty or charm in any coun-
try at any time.
One wants to reduce curves if they
become too insistent, but one must
have curves to reduce. It is difficult
to make the American figure look like
the French figure, for the latter is
famous for what is cleverly called
false thinness. It has no muscles to
take into consideration; it is as soft
and pliable as a kitten.
The American figure, or silhouette,
must be individual and American
women are making it so. They refuse
the padded waist line because, as a
rule, their figures are quite straight
over the front of the waist. As their
shoulders are wide and straight, there-
fore they do not affect the narrow, droop-
ing line that is characteristic of the
French.
With the modern corset, tight at
the hips, loose at the waist and nar-
row at the bust, it would be absurd
for them to indulge in the old method
of padding the shoulders. So they
adopt the French method without get-
ting the same effect; that is, they cut
the shoulders right into the armholes
and no further, put in the sleeves
without pleats or gathers, and omit
canvas.—New York Times.

Fashion Notes.

Quaint is a bag of white suede in a
raised pattern of a swan outlined in
brilliant.
The coming season is to give much
importance to thin stuffs of all kinds.
High shoes of white buckskin promise
to be very popular the coming
season.
Gret round bolster muffs are rivals
to the flat and large envelope af-
fairs.
The Russian blouse is one of the
prominent features of advance styles.
Flowers for the new hats are lovely
when fashioned from tulle, braid and
lace.
The marabout handbag, which
matches the turban, is one of the new-
est things to arrive.
As long as the tunic remains in
vogue border trimming will be con-
tinued to be liked.
The new embroidered French linens
are very attractive and will be used
for waists.
The newest black silk stockings are
embroidered up to the instep with
tiny jet beads.
Quaint is a bag of white suede in a
raised pattern of a swan outlined in
brilliant.
Many a gown will have the skirt
made up of a series of ruffles of vary-
ing length.
Dresses of colored embroidery on
white will be among the unusual
gowns.
It is not unusual to find four, five
and even six kinds of lace in com-
bination on a single gown.
Silk and cotton and silk and linen
mixtures are to be much in evidence
in dress materials.
The newest theatre bags are of
gold cloth with a raised embroidery
of gold cord in a pattern.
Work with auto coats are gloves
of brown or gray chamels or rein-
deer, with wide gantlet cuffs.
Black and deep blue velvet have
been constantly resorted to as becom-
ing contrasts in Paris neckwear.
Some of the white leghorns have
the brims faced with black.

SCHOOLBOY HOWLERS.

Remarkable Answer to School Ques-
tions Given by Children.
The following is a selection from a
large number of 'howlers' submitted
in connection with a prize competi-
tion, arranged by the university cor-
respondent, for the best collection of
twelve mistakes made by schoolboys:
Lord Raleigh was the first man to
see the Invisible Armada.
In India a man out of cask may not
marry a woman out of another cask.
Tomnyson wrote 'In Memorandum.'
George Elliot left a wife and chil-
dren to mourn his genil.
Thomas Becket used to wash the
feet of leopards.
Henry I died of eating Palfreys.
Louis XVI was gelatinized during the
French revolution.
Romulus obtained the first citizens
for Rome by opening a lunatic asy-
lum.
The Rhine is bordered by wooden
mountains.
Algebraical symbols are used when
you don't know what you are talking
about.
Geometry teaches us how to bisex
angles.
Gravitation is that which if there
were none we should all fly away.
A renegade is a man who kills a
king.
The press today is the mouth organ
of the people.
A lie is an aversion to the truth.
A deacon is the lowest kind of
Christian.
Pythagoras built a bridge for asses.
Etymology is a man who catches
butterflies and stuffs them.
Women's suffrage is the state of
suffering to which they were born.
I pleat a verse—He cries at poetry.
Le coeur purifie—The disinfected
yard.
Ad hostes supplices sacerdotas ven-
erunt—The priest came to the enemy
in their supplices.
Terra tribus scopulis vastum pro-
currit in aequor—The earth being laid
waste by three scorpions runs into
the sea.
Celeri saucius malus Africo—Celery
saucis is bad for an African.
Hors de combat—The hour of battle.
—London Correspondence New York
Sun.

Coal Briquets.

In commenting on the briquets
made in Swansea, Consul Jesse H.
Johnson says: 'There are mountains
of coal dust in the anthracite districts
of Pennsylvania, and there is no reason
why these should not be utilized.
Such an industry would benefit the
American coal owners and the briquets
would find a ready sale in the
home markets and abroad, particu-
larly to countries where favorable
freights could be secured.'