Acres the stretches of the night. The cities to each other tail.

Like flashes of the northern light. Their Arident 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.

And through the stretches of the dark. The answer floats upon the breeze,.
Where, like the lightly resting Ark.
The city looks across the seas:
"The tol I've claimed from man and child."

From innocence and guilt as well; ve smirched the pure and undefiled, And turned their heaven into hell.

"T've stirred ambition's fire in breasts
Where only love had burnt till then,
The thirst for gold that never rests
But drinks the lives of weaker men.
I've cheapened virtue in my mart.
And trained the tongue to olly lies,
And men to steer by hattery's chart
Who on the stars once fixed their eyes.

"Tve crushed the weakling in my press,
I've fixed the blush on woman's check,
I've deafened ears to note distress,
Though keen to hear the mighty speak.
I've wrang the heart of calidhood dry,
Made men forget they once were

young—
The forest's call, the open sky,
And Nature with her sylvan tongue," -William Wallace Whitelock, in the New York Times.

THE SUCCESSFUL PHILANTHROPIST

By Elizabeth Moson

"I've found her," said Penoexter, He had just returned to his ludgings after a week's absence, and sat down with his friends to talk thongs over. "Found her?"

"Found my ideal woman," explained Pendexter.

"Now, Pendexter," warned Brent, "you know you're always working yourself up about ideals, and you are always getting disappointed. Steer clear of them. If you must have some ruinous hobby, take up philanthropy. That at least preserves your disposition.

Pendexter overlooked this irreverence. He composed himself to relate his experience.

"She was singing in a church," he maid.

"Church! How happened you in a church?"

"That's the point," said Pendexter, seriously. "I went up into the town one Sunday morning on an errand, and I passed this church, and hearing a woman's voice singing, was somehow drawn inside. Now I don't care for music-don't know one note from another. Why should I have gone in there unless it was to meet my ideal?"

"She must have had something wonderful in her throat to attract you," Brent mocked. "Did you speak to her?

"I did. I went to her, and not knowing what else to say, I told her I had enjoyed her singing. She looked up just like a child, and said, "Thank you, sir,' in a most provincial accent, and tripped away."

"Your ideal," said Brent, laughing, "was neither original nor well edueated.

"At first I own I was slightly dis appointed," confessed Pendexter, "And then I saw that no lify however fair could grow absolutely parfect in such poor soil. She was as beautiful as nature could make her in such a place. It was a grave, insocent kind of beauty, too, especially captivating to a man like me. Still, the twang in that soft voice and the little provincial manner were like a flaw upon an otherwise perfect thing, I determined at once that somehow, some way, I must remove that flaw, I turned to a man near me and asked her name. He said it was Mary Hale."

"Unromantic," pronounced Brent. "Romantic enough, however," Pendexter retorted, "to find her by, That afternoon I sought her out at her home. I did not dare to say I wished to have her educated in pure accent and a more brilliant manner, so I told her that I had particularly noticed her voice for what I believed to be a rare brilliance and quality, and that I would send her three years to Europe to study."

"I'll be hanged," ejaculated Brent in wonder, "What did she say?"

"She burst out crying first," said Pendexter. "I don't just know why. She said it had always been the dream of her life to go abroad and study. She said music was everything in life to her. She said she would reward me by unceasing study and unfalling pains. We shall change her idea a little, I think, later on. She shall find another way to reward me. Brent, if this girl comes back, my personified ideal, as I think she will, I will make her my wife."

"She won't," he Brent smiled. sald. "You'd better go in at the start for philanthropy."

Three years later Pendexter's protege came home. She had achieved no mean fame abroad, and was following an already established reputation home. Pendexter she asked in a delightfully grateful letter to him some days before her arrival not to see her until he heard her sing at her first concert. She said she wanted him to be perfectly satisfied with her, and that she would sing that night especially for him. Later, when the date was made, she sent him box seats near the stage, and Pendexter, bristling with satisfaction, called up-

on Brent to go with him. They made little commotion as they took their seats. Brent looked down upon the glasses levelled at them and

"I carry my point," he said. "Whatever you may be when this night is over, you are established for life as a philarthropist. That girl has given

rate. Everybody has been allowed to that you have made her what

"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 sing in the little church three years

"Why she's glorious'" muttered Brent, "I wouldn't wonder if after all you'd make good.

Pendexter sat through it in a dream. He wanted to shout, to cry her name aloud. But he waited as patiently as he could until the performance closed, Then he and Brent followed a man who had been sent to conduct them to the singer, and Pendexter at last stood with the seeming embodiment of his ideal close beside him. Her hands were in his. Her lips were parted in grave smiles.

"Did you think it was all right?" she asked. Brent could hardly be-Pendexter dropped Heve his ears. her hands. Her accent, although her speaking voice was charmingly modulated, was careless, provincial in the last degree. The commonplace question became almost flippant on her

grave lips. They recovered themselves and Pendexter sat down near her. She told them briefly of her triumphs abroad, of her delight in her work, and of her gratitude to her patron. Her mistakes in grammar were appalling. It gradually was forced upon them that her improvement had been solely in the direction in which she herself had an interest. In every other way she remained exactly as beautiful and as commonplace as when Pendexter had found her.

An hour later the friends rose to leave her. She detained them, saying that she had yet something to tell them and something to do.

"I always told you about everything," she said to Pendexter, "so I want to let you know myself that I'm going to get married in the spring to Alverro the big tenor. We're going to sing opera in the same company."

Pendexter said quite fervently that he hoped she would be happy.

"You've spent about \$50,000 on me, clothes and keep and everything, haven't you?" she went on practically. "I'm grateful and I'm going to pay now. Oh, I've got more than that," she added, smiling as he protested. She wrote a check and held it toward him. Pendexter stood looking at it a moment with a sort of whimsical Irony. Then he took the bit of paper and put it in his pocket.

They were half way home before Pendexter spoke.

"Well," he said, sighing a little, "I am no good as an idealist. But it's something in these times to be a successful philanthropist."-Boston Post,

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 competition, arranged by the university correspondent, for the best collection of twelve mistakes made by schoolboys: Lord Raleigh was the first man to e the Invisible Armada.

In India a man out of cask may not marry a woman out of another cask. Tennyson wrote "In Memorandum." George Eliot left a wife and children to mourn his genil.

Thomas Becket used to feet of leopards.

Henry I died of eating Palfreys, Louis XVI was gelatined during the French revolution.

Romulus obtained the first citizens for Rome by opening a lunatic asylum. The Rhine is bordered by wooden

Algebraical symbols are used when

you don't know what you are talking about. Geometry teaches us how to bisey

angels.

were none we should all fly away. A renegade is a man who kills a The press today is the mouth organ

Gravitation is that which if there

of the people. A lie is an aversion to the truth A deacon is the lowest kind of

Pythagoras built a bridge for asses,

Etymology is a man who catches butterfiles and stuffs them Women's suffrage is the state of suffering to which they were born.

Il pleut a verse-He cries at poetry Le coeur purifie-The disinfected yard. Ad hostes supplices sacredotes ven

erunt-The priest came to the enemy in their surplices. Terra tribus scopulis vastum pro currit in acquor-The earth being laid

waste by three scorpions runs into Celeri saucius malus Africo-Celeri

sauce is bad for an African. Hors de combat-The hour of battle -London Correspondence New York

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, particularly to countries where favorable you all the credit due you at any freights could be secured."



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, waking to and fro,
Hurries Jack who's always slow.
Mother, glancing at the clock,
Smoothes out Mary's rumpled frock;
Teils 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. Off to School, -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 turtie. 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 wil 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 redhot 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 feering 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 sirring the boiling contents of the vessel with a long, crooked stick. As she slowly dipped the end of the stick into the steam ing 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-" and her soft velvety eyes of black sought an old dotton-press 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 washtub.

"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' yeahs ole-a thousan' yeahs 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 ain'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 convenfent stump. The bee returned to num close to her ear. Its song seemed to say: "How-cle-is-the-stick-How -ole-is-the-pot-How-ole-is-

Mammy-Jane?" And then it seemed "Run-away-little-gal, Runaway-little-gal. Don't ever come back to old-Mammy-Jane." Then some flies added their song to that of the bee's, saying over and over in a droning 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 an other little fanning; then disappeared across the unkept yard, rushing wildly down a hillside to try its strength on the tender saplings which grew beside a creek.

In the meanwhile the little sleeper beside the fire forgot to wake and stir the soap.

Away, away toward the Great Wondrous 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 hurrying 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 crowded and jostled her, but did not heed her. She fell to the hard pavement, 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 candiesticks gleaned 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 stroking her face. "Doan cry, honey sugarlump," 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 cotch yer dress. An' old mammy jes seen you in time, and run an' smothered out the flame fore it cotch you above the knees. So go to sleep, li'l chile, an' mammy'll sing you a song. Go to sleep, honeychile.

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 whispered: "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. 1 wanted to run away from you Mammy Jane. But now I know dat I lubs you as I use to lub my own mammy. You is my grand-mamy, an' I'll stay with you forevah an' forevah, an' I'll do all youah work, Mammy Jane, as soon as I get well, for you burned youah pore han's savin' me from dat fire."

Tears streamed down old Mammy "You is all ole mammy has got, honeychile, an' I'm thankin' the good Lord he sent me to cotch 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 old han's can cook 'em foh you."-Wash-

Mr. Gunbusta-Will you go sailing down the stream of life with me Miss Aviatola-No: but I'll go aviating through life's air with you .-Judge.



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 loods 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 consided valuable articles of food .- Woman's Home Companion.

Mourning.

A year is the shortest length of time to wear mourning for a parent. Some persons wear crepe, or crepe trimmings, for a year and then go into second mourning, which is black and white, gray and purple or lavender. Deep mourning may be shortened by wearing crepe for only six months, going into the lighter colors of second mourning at the end of that time. In the latter case any colors might be worn after a year. One never goes directly from crepe into colors.-New York Telegram.

Takes Up Equal Suffrage.

The University of Pennsylvania is now falling actively into line with the cause of equal suffrage by the formation of a woman's suffrage club among the girl undergraduates. Forty members were enrolled in the first meeting, and the promoters say the movement is spreading in a most satinfactory way. The active part that Scott Nearing, instructor in economics in the university, has been tak ing in the promotion of the suffragist cause, has helped greatly to arouse the general interest of the students, and the U. of P. girls are pledged themselves to further the cause in every way that lies in their power .-New York Press.

Smuggles Trees, Not Trinkets, Smuggling if trees seems a pecu Har action, but several women have engaged in it-not as a business, of course, but on their return from European trips. The trees are these attractive little Dutch cedars for Christmas. In American cities their price is high, whereas over in Rotterdam fine fat little trees in the most showy of majolica pots may be bought cheap. A thrifty matron from the Quaker City who was abroad recognized the possibility of such importations, and she bought a round dozen before she left Holland. When she disembarked on the side with her little forest, she suavely explained that she was passionately fond of green things, and sympathizing friends had presented the plants to aid her in passing the time on the ocean. The customs inspector did not have the courage to suggest the lumber duty applied to such trifles; so in they came. Friends are following Mrs. Penn's example.-New York Press.

The Small Walst.

The dressmakers say that the average walst measurement this year is 28 inches, Women with good figures own up to 30 inches, and one dressmaker who sews for well dressed women says that the smallest waist she has fitted in two years is 26 inches.

The doctors and health reformers in joyfulness. It is they who have preached from the house tops anent the terrifying evils of tight lacing. Fashionable women paid no attention to either citss.

When Paris set down the law for a large waist, women followed it like sheep. Whether this reform is permanent or temporary, no one knows, not even the corset makers.

One thing is certain: it remains in style for this winter. The new corsets are built on these lines. There is no use trying to pull them in. for they won't pull; and the woman who wants to lace will have to go back a year or two in corsets and get old

American women are not going to the extreme that the Frenchwomen are in padding the front of the gown at the waist line with an oblong pillow to keep it straight. We allow some curve in at the waist line, but precious little in comparison with the curves of other days.

The wonderment of it is that women do not care a rap about the size of their waists. All they fret about is the size of their hips, They will go through any martyrdom to keep these on a straight line at back and sides.

Not much discomfort is experienced in doing this with the new corset. In truth, it is the most comfortable affair that has been invented and perfected Jane's face as she bent over the child. in our time. Dress historians cannot go back to a period since Catherine de Medici evolved the boned stay and introduced it to the world, when it was so easy in fit.

Even in its infancy it was pernlcious, for de Medici made it a court rule that the waist should be only 13 inches, and women brought all kinds of ills on themselves by adhering to it, Even Elizabeth of England, who introduced the stay into British society, allowed a trifle more latitude, for the beef-fed women of Britain were not as eastly compressed as the chocolate-fed women of France.

It is a far cry from these days to ours, and, while the map of the world has been changed, the shape of cor-

sets has remained the same. The small waist died hard and some

vomen 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 advantages. A great deal is heard of the way the heavy bones bruise the fiesh. The truth of it is the bones are not continued beyond the ordinary and comfortable length.

The stiffened coutil or brocade makes the bandage around the abdomen, and it can be pulled as tightly as a woman wishes, for it is no more or less than the bandage that physiclans often urge every women 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 corset. 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 digestion has free play, and that her diaphragm is left unhindered.

Of course there is the other side. Ther always is. There are women, usually misguided girls, who attenuate their figures to a degree of absurdity. They do without meals, almost 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 country 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, therefore they do not affect the narrow drooping line that is characteristic of the French.

With the modern corset, tight at the hips, loose at the waist and narrow 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 getting the same effect; that is, they cut the shoulders right into the armhole 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 brilliants.

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

Gret round bolster muffs are rivals to the flat and large envelope affairs. 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 The marabout handhag matches the turban, is one of the new-

est things to arrive. As long as the tunic remains in rogue border trimming will be continue to be liked.

The new embroiderd French linens are very attractive and will be used for waists.

The newest black silk stockings are embroidered up to the instep tiny jet beads.

Quaint is a bag of white suede in a raised pattern of a swan outlined in brilliants. Many a gown will have the skirt

made up of a series of ruffles of varying 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 combination 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 chamois or reindeer, with wide gauntlef cuffs.

Black and deep blue velvet have been constantly resorted to as becoming contrasts in Paris neckwear.

Some of the white leghorns have the brims facd with black.