fretulio prbuli



## has the world cone wroncr

 Mat
Aht
Tht
Has
Hhe
When
Wh
Glad
Glob
 the world gone wrong? There's man an man mis don tonight
Who will hurry amay from care to


## 


 jacketed friends at Aldershot, says
corresponden of the London News In
ne or two places men were put out out



| thus, like a true-blue Chicagoan, risked <br> his all in the only business venture in <br> elght. <br> I named her for you, mother, and |  |
| :---: | :---: |
| you must christen har and take a sail |  |
| (t) her to-morrow." $\begin{aligned} & \text { With a basket of luncleon }\end{aligned}$ | knife in the dark as he was dragging |
| and shovel for |  |
|  | quencted their lamps and botted their |
|  | doors, and poor Hansen was left dying |
| lig. Sure enough, there lay the "Lit. |  |
|  |  |
| morings, no longer dingy and but radidiant in a coatt of fresh |  |
| paint, her salls mended and ship-. | The Mayor of San Diee |
| shape, the stars and stripes futtering |  |
| from her pealk and her name in bold |  |
| blue letters across her bows. Toin's |  |
| little brother and sisters danced with | tere |
| delight, new light came fito his fath: |  |
| er'seyes, and as for "Litile Mother", | ${ }_{\text {gro }}^{\substack{\text { got }}}$ |
| the pation saint or that first voyage, | ${ }_{\text {gre }}^{\text {gro }}$ |
|  | month after the monitor had gone |
|  | when a lone fiflerman sittligg at the |
|  | end of the jettles that reach from the |
| bing over with excitement and nati- |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
| As the bont, drive |  |
| eze, stood out |  |
|  | (ootable. They fisted nill that day |
|  | "Iittle Mother" was deep with her |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  | we |
|  | \%e |
| and made everybody so happy |  |
|  |  |
| ise of the "Little, Mother" |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
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