Mother. Who is it knows just what to do When things go wrong and life looks

Who is it sings amid her care And smiles when shadows bring despair? Who is it through her changeless day Unchanging goes her faithful way? Who is it keeps the light, the home, Still sweet howe'er her loved may roam? Mother!

Who is it bears her little ills With patience as the Master wills? Who is it comes, who is it goes, When others suffer, like the rose, With soft compassion, tender wiles, Dear touch of hand and charm of smiles That bring back comfort, cheer and rest To burning brow and aching breast? Mother!

Who is it reads upon "his" face The care that business leaves, the trace Of all-day worry, hard wrought grind, Who is it brings his chair, his pipe, And leans with lips where love sits ripe To pour upon his troubled day The comfort of her woman's way? Mother!

Who is it, when the gray wolves knock, Guards with her soul her little flock? Who is it nurses, rears and tends. Heals little wounds and knits and mends? Who is it takes her own joy less In grandeur than in tenderness, Long giving up through long-drawn years Without one sign of sob or tears? Mother !

Who is it earns as well as she A little right to rest and glee? A little seashore now and then, With other wives of other men? A little mountain, lake or brook, A little sunshipe and a book: A little quiet hour of cheer. With work all done and conscience clear? Mother!

Who is it wins the crown she wears When love lays, wreaths apon gray hairs, | And joy on wings of softest gleam Leads home her little ships of dream? Who is it, though she goes not down Each day to business in the town. Still lifts her burden, toils her share, Fuifills her trust and meets her care? Mother!

Ah, mock her not with rules unseen Of garish eyes a homespun queen, A sovereign round whose scepter sweet The liegemen of the hearthstone meet; A monarch who has made the earth A greener mold, of greater worth, And builded in the hearts of time The altar fires of faith sublime-Mother! -Baltimore Sun.

Needlework Notes, Shelves for small supplies and a box ... tor remaints and bundles of lining, as well as knee board, will be found very useful in the sewing room.

Among the daintiest pettienats worn by baby with the first short dresses are those devoid of rufles. Above the hemstitched hem are little clusters of embroidered flowers.

will be worn over light-colored waists; If so, it is by far wiser to have a light lining than a dark one.

The fancy vests which are being worn are often made with no backthe fronts are connected by a strap of clastic at the waist line. This makes it possible to remove them with the ties and with her mother in religion. coat without difficulty.

at the top of fragile collars, headed eyes on him. with high ruching. It is found a good support for the collar, besides adding tauch to the neck fixture. Satin bands may be used in the same manner.

A very good trimming for the cuffs, collar and tie of a very fine linen, is to work the edges with narrow scallops, and make a border edge of pin-head the size of an ordinary pin This can be made in a white French knot. If a color is desired then use tan or blue.



When baby is old enough to eat his necessary that a high chair he pro-

vided for him. But when taking the youngster out for a meal where they have no such thing as a high chair, it is very uncomfortable for both baby and the person at tending to his Recently, how

ever, a folding high FOLDING CHAIR, chair has been patin the accompanying cut. It would be very inconvenient, of

course, to carry an ordinary folding high chair around when visiting, but that has been overcome by the use of a folding seat which may be suspended from the back of any ordinary diningroom chair by means of two legs having adjustable hooks on upper ends with cushions on the bottom and the arms about in the middle. The arms serve to brace a detachable mounted table and the whole arrangement may be adjusted to exactly suit baby's com-

Are American Women Rough? The Swedish jurist who thinks the teurs to remove moles successfully, and els, make small buttonholes. They will athletic tendency of the American the treatment with them is apt to end foman is to blame for many divorces in a scar. Understanding this. if one tear off.

PSYCHE KNOT ROUTS POMPADOURS.



The Hair Is Now Done Perfectly Flat on Top of the Head, but the Crest Which Once Reared Itself Proudly Aloft Has Dropped Down to Either Side Over the Ears.

American man knows his own mind. and his taste doesn't run to that sort. Enropean titles seem to have a fatal fuscination for sundry empty-headed and empty hearted American girls, but you don't see American men prowling

The American nun doesn't marry a woman merely to get his housekeeping done for nothing. He marries a bright beautiful American girl to be his companion in life. He doesn't regard his wife as a chattel. He likes ber brilliancy, and likes to be envied because In selecting linings for a jacket it is she is his. He doesn't want a sentiwell to consider whether the garment mental, sickly more, but a strong, able wife, with a sound body as well as a sound mind. Guess again, Judge Cederstrom. You're away wrong.-Chi-

about Europe hunting for wives.

Hints to Levers. Agree with the girl's father in poll-

cago Journal.

If you have a rival, keep your eye Narrow velvet bands are now used on him; if he is a widower, keep two There is a metal touch in nearly ev. came on here this time. But you know

> Do not assure the girl that you have no lead habits. It will be enough for I ron to say that you never heard yourself snore in your sleep.

Do not put too much sweet stuff on paper. If you do, you will hear it read in after years, when your wife has some especial purpose in inflicting

upon you the severest punishment known to a married mon. Go home at a reasonable hour in the evening. Do not wait till the girl has to throw her whole soul into a yawn that she cannot cover with both hands In cold weather finish saying "Good night in the house. Do not stretch it all the way to the front gate, if there

is a front gate, and thus lay the foundation for future asthma, bronchitis, to worry the girl to death after

New It Is the Soulful Girl. There are fashions in manners as

well as in clothes and those delicate beings who catch the vibrations of conduct from the higher ether as carefully as the wireless telegraph operator reads his message have intimated hat the era of the vigorous, rollicking frocks. girl has passed. The belle of this winter must be a souiful, posing girl, who can sit for an entire evening with her hands lightly clasped in her lap, and who moves only her lips in speaking. not using her eyebrows, shoulders and hands. Several girls are working hard to acquire repose, paradoxical as that sounds. With repose of manner has come study of how to make the eyes expressive. A girl who has millions, but not great good looks, and who will bow in New York, brought an instrucfor from London, just to teach her use her eyes and how to acquire the

The Baby's Milk.

When traveling an excellent way to carry the baby's milk is to place the bottle in an ordinary hand bag along with an ice bag filled with chipped ice. The milk will then be kept sweet until needed, when some means of warm ing it must be found. Pure water should be carried in the same way.

latest gaft, an undulating kind of glide.

Moles. It is a very difficult matter for ama-

ought to take an extra think or two cares to try, there is a mixture of fifbefore he makes any more statements teen grains of chlorate of potassium to of that kind. The round-shouldered, four ounces of distilled water. This is flat-chested, flat-footed beauty of Eur- put on the spot with a brush, night openn society may be his ideal, but the and morning, for two days. If painful trritation results, zinc ointment will be found soothing.



~~~~~~ Dotted veils are to be absolutely out. Colored laces are more the vogue than ever.

There is a craze for embroidery in rimming. Artistic simplicity is the dominant

note of gowns.

To be in the mode, even umbrellas must be slender

bound into favor.

ery winter costume

For dress wear shiny leather shoes

are still predominant. Whatever the gown, the accessories

must be in tone with it

old fashioned poke bonnet The stylish wrap of the fall is the marke it would er-"

full or seven-eighths length. It is predicted that Tyrolean hats

vill dominate juvenile fashion.

The new skirts are revelutionary in rut and difficult of adjustment

Satin and satin finished or dall creps are the favorites in the realm of silk. New rain coats are full length with

loose circular back and double breast-Shoe tops are higher, toes pointed, ind heels about the same as last sea-

One of the lovellest exponents of the

new lace fashions is the lace bordered New neckwear is exceedingly dainty,

ine nets and laces being much af-Satin cords and bands are being extensively used for the new suits and

Collars made entirely of soft satin ribbon to match a frock or bat are

A perfectly flat back line is fashion able in conjunction with the slenderest

Next to brondcloth in the season's

Bloomer petticoats have considerable favor because of the closeness of the

Jumpers are modified into the directolre waistcoat of lace or linen worn

"Cold Sores."

Not the least unpleasant, by any means, of the Ills attendant upon a cold is the uncomfortable, unbecoming cold sore or fever blister. If taken in time, its further development can often be stopped by the application of a bit of alum. Moisten this and rub gently but thoroughly over the spot.

Buttonholes on Towels. Instead of sewing hangers on towlast as long as the towel and can't

I never yet could see the sun go down

I long have had a quarral see with Time, Because he robbed me. Heavy day of life Was wrested from me after bitter strife; But I was angry in my heart, nor hear The leaves full in the wind without a tear Over the dying summer. I have known No truce with Time nor Time's accomplice. Death.

The fair world is the witness of a crime Repeated every hour. For life and breath Are sweet to all who live; and bitterly The voices of these robbers of the heath Sound in each ear and chill the passer-by, What have we done to thee, thou mon-

strous Time? What have we done to Death, that we must die?

## Humble Beginnings

Not long ago a grizzled millionaire miner from the far West dropped into town. He occupied a superb suite in one of Washington's most luxurious hotels during his stay bere. Among his callers was a young man from his own state. This young man married, not long ago, a young woman "out home." They got along all right, tidity on his \$1 000 a year, earned as a government clerk. The old miner had not only known the young man from his boyhood, but he had ridden the young man's wife on his knee all the way to Banbury Cross, when she was a little

girt in pigtails. "Son," said the grizzled miner to the young man from his home state, when the latter was making his call at the fine hotel suite, "you and Aggle are keeping house here, aren't you?" z z | to return it!" "Well, we're living in a little flat, if that's keeping house," the young man. replied.

"Well," said the wealthy old miner, "I sure do take it powerful hard that you and Aggle don't invite me up to your place and give me something to eat-I sure do."

The young man started to make some reply, but the old man wasn't through "I'm getting mighty tired of hotel and restaurant grub," he went on. "I can't

get any taste or good out of it-it all



THE TWO SAT PENSIVE AND SAB.

tastes alike. If you and Aggle only knew how I've been sort o' hankering for a good, bly fillin' layout of shoulder and greens, I'll het a box of matches that you'd have taken pity on me and asked me to your place to have some Ever have shoulder and greens? Nothing on earth like shoulder and greens

after all, is there?" The young man looked a bit embar-

"Well," he said. "Aggle and I have The one tone waist has had a re- talked time and again about asking rou to take dinner with us since rou what these dinky little three-roomsand-a-bath flats are-or do you? And Aggle and I had sort of an idea that maybe-well, to be frank, that after all the splendiferousness that you're used to, why, it might make you feel sort Haby's head dress this winter is the of uncomfort—oh, ours is just a plain little dump, you know, and we thought

> "Look a-here, boy," interrupted the old miner, "will you and Aggle give me some shoulder and greens to-morrow evening, say at 6 o'clock?"

"You know very well that we'll be delighted to have you," replied the

"All right," said the old man, "Write me down the address. I'll be there."

"And, Joe," he added, as the young man prepared to take his leave, "ron'd hetter warn Aggle about the low-down ornery, simmering habits of greens, It takes a lot of greens to make a proper mess of 'em. A pretty whopping hasket o' greens-well. I've seen a bushel o' greens, almost, boll down to 'most nothing," and then the two laughed and the young man went away.

On the following evening the binff, ruddy, fine-looking old mining man ar rived at the little flat on the minute. It was a nest and fastefully furnished flat, but small, of course.

"Sure you've got plenty of greens?" the old gentleman inquired, with anxlety, when he was greeted by the pretty young matron, whom he had known as a child. "I've been worrying a good deal over that to-day." "Oh, stacks and stacks of greens,

she replied, adding, "but shouldn't be enough I could eke out hy holling down the rubber plant, you know," and so the little dinner began

The shoulder was a sweet piece of mast-fed meat from Virginia, and after the old miner had tucked his napkin way and gone at it, he came pretty through the branches overhead, and close to looking like a thoroughly sat- | Mary with her pretty head, and a flow-

helping, "that I've been in training for | The medical man who officiated on that this ever since yesterday? Fact. I've occasion was a fellow who'd been arhardly eaten a mouthful since you in- rested and locked up for horse stealing. vited me-or, better, since I invited They allowed him to come to our shack himself in a big ratten chair in the again. tiny cosy corner near a window and | "Well, Mary and I and, later, the

ing to his young host agoing.

Quoth Poor Richard: "He who goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing," but

really, isn't it usually the lender who does the sorrowing? Some people seem to have the borrowing habit. They're always "just out of" something, and instead of doing without, or supplying their own need, they ask a loan. It's a postage stamp or a little change for the laundry boy, car fare or a quarter for the contribution box, and a treacherous memory is a convenient excuse for forgetting the small obligation.

There is a saying, "The way to lose a friend is to lend him money." This is certainly true if the friend doesn't or cannot repay, because he has a sense of guilt or discomfort over an undischarged obligation, and the lender has a sense of injury over being kept out of what belongs to him. He who is refused a loan feels burt and affronted, and he who refuses feels uncomfortable in denying. Moreover, if borrowed capital is the beginning of a business success, no matter how scrupulously the loan has been repaid, the one who furnished the capital regards himself as in a way the source of his friend's prosperity.

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be," is a good working rule. But if occasion comes when a temporary accommodation seems necessary, make it a point to repay promptly. And the smaller or more trivial the sum or the article borrowed, the more carefully should we charge memory with it. It is little things we are apt to overlook, but it is not safe to predicate on the forgetfulness of those who have obliged us. One of the most awkward of situations is reminding a friend of a forgotten obligation of this kind, and the curious thing is that the neglectful one always feels a little affronted at having been reminded. "Couldn't she have waited a little? I was just going

young man offered him a cigar, on earth she'd join me in saying it-"Mighty tidy place you've got here," he those were far and away the happiest said, after a pause, waving his pipe years of our lives, they sure were." around. "Slick as a crick ell, I'd call After some music the old man took it. Plumb luxurious, in fact," and a his leave, with cheery praises for the sort of misty light of recollection ap- young wife's dinner of shoulder and peared in the gray old eyes of the man, greens. The two young people sat pen-"I suppose Mary and I wouldn't have sive and silent, for quite a while after looked upon this as a sort of heaven the old gentleman had gone. away back yonder in the tangle of

the best way we knew how." The young matron had been picking | cheek .- Washington Star. out soft little chords on the plano, but she crossed over and sat down by her

husband. "Didn't have any such things as cozy corpers when Mary and I made our start at housekeeping," the old boy went on, crossing his legs and leaning back and puffing away at his pipe. "Not many scrumtiferous fixin's of any kind, for the matter of that.

"Fact is, it was a shack. And, on too of that, a one-room shack. Built it nignelf after working hours. Cut the scrub spruce and fir to build it, too. "I was a timberman then in a new silver mine sixty miles from a ratiroad. Got \$25 a week, which wasn't much, counting how costly it was to live.

"Well, after I got the shack built went down to Boise and asked Maryshe was teaching school there. Mary was agreeable about it-we'd been beaus since we'd met a year before, although after I went to work in the new mine I didn't have much chance to nce her.

"But Mary was ready, and we got married in Boise City, and I took her to the shack I'd built. Marvelous days, those-both of us young, you see, and not bothering much about anything nor minding any sort of inconvenience, so long as we were close enough to each other so's I could holler scross the guich on my way to work and on my way home. And it was a home, plumb and proper-never had any such home

"I made the store myself, too, out o an old rusty two-horse-power boller that I cribbed from the engine house Made most of the furniture, too, includng the bed, spare times. Wagon freighting was costly, and beds and gear like that ready made, cost a heap of money out there those days-any how, they were beyond me.

"Had a rag carpet on the floor of the shack that Mary'd been making herself, after school hours, for a year. Dishes were mostly wooden—I was pretty handy with a jackknife those days. Had calico curtains in the one window -Mary had an artistic eye, and the way she draped those curtains sure was

something dainty. "I got the water from the crick, about 400 yards back of the shack. Used to fill up the three big barrels once a week, and let the water settle. "Didn't have any fresh meat, unless

shot it o' Sundays-freighters used to fetch in the sait meat once a week, over the traff. Canned vegetables, too, and acandalously high they were.

"I'd started a truck patch, but the soft wasn't adapted to truck raising. All right for flowers, though. Mary got hold of some flower seeds subscribed to a dollar-a-year weekly, I believe, and got the seeds as a subscription prize-and she had the prettiest little garden of flowers in front of the shack you ever saw; sweet William and pansies and bachelors' buttons and china asters and marigoids and old things like those

flower garden of summer evenings and

play on the little old ten-stringed zither, fixed out with numbers for each string, that I got for her down at Boise. Mighty fetching and sweet the music from the zither sounded, too, out there in the old-fashioned in the open air, with the wind stirring er in her dark hair, tilted back against "D'ye children know," he said, as he is tree, humming the tunes she played. passed his plate over for the third | "Our first born arrived in that shack.

got a well seasoned brist pipe belong. first one-kept house in that little, old hand-made shack, squatting at the base "A cigar after shoulder and greens!" of the mountain, for three years it as a boy.

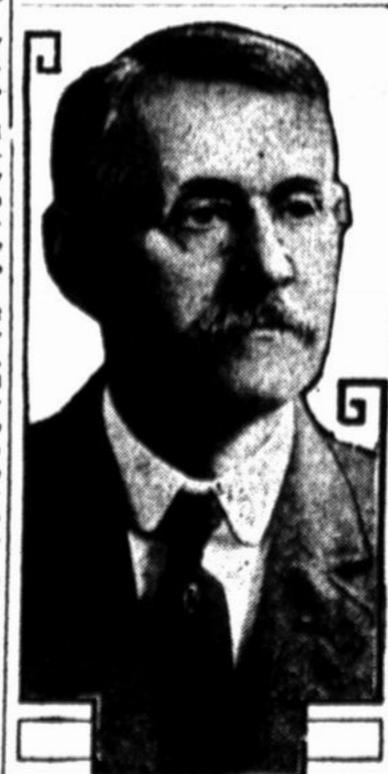
he exclaimed, reprovingly, when the Speaking for myself-and if Mary was time.

"I guess our little flat isn't so dinky, years when we were struggling along after all, ch, little woman?" said the young husband then, pinching his wife's

> 201-100-11-11-12 DR. D. D. THOMPSON.

Killed by an Automobile. Dr. Davis D. Thompson, editor of "cracking up the American to, W. the Northwestern Christian Advocate of Chicago, was run over by an automobile in St. Louis as he attempted to fleets on the face of the L. H. Hanne cross the street and died from the in-

Dr. Thompson was one of the leading religious paper editors in the country



DR D. D. THOMPSON

conference of Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Misdonary Board,

Dr. Thompson was born in Cincinnati fifty-six years ago. He was gradnated from the Obio Wesleyan University and the Northwestern University, receiving in 1983 the degree of La D. editor of the Northwestern Christian Advocate for the past seven years.

Too Much for Uncle Joe,

By the side of a certain lilinois suburban rallway stands a fertilizer factory, which gives out a particularly offensive smell. A lady who frequently has occasion to travel on this line, alwars carries with her a bottle of lavender smelling saits. One morning Speaker Cannon took the seat beside her. As the train neared the factory, the lady opened her bottle of salts, Soon the car was filled with the horrible odor of the fertilizer. The speaker stood it as long as he could, then addressing himself to the lady, whom he saw holding the bottle to her nose, "She used to sit in that teenchy he said: "Madam, would you mind putting the cork in that bottle?"

> Not so Resourceful as Most Girls. Evelyn-Some of our proverbs are a ridiculous. For instance, "Where

norance is bliss--" Ethel-What's the matter now? Evelyn-Why, you know, Fred gar me my engagement ring last week, and simply can't find out how much it cos him.—Judge's Library.

Misdirected Charity. She-Papa has given \$50,000 to estab lish a home for old men. Wasn't that

awfully good of him? He-Yes. But it would have been myself. And it's worth the fasting." In company with a deputy marshal, and whole lot better if he'd given half that After the dinner the old boy fixed then they took him back to the lockup sunt to establish a home for you and

When a man takes off his socks, you

certain young man I could name.

et death rate are B Although the house my lays ficsh fly, better known as the tie," produces living larvae,

at a time. Parchment paper is made ordinary unsized paper for t seconds in dilute sulphurie then washing.

The three-year-old son a the Czar Nicholas is insured for \$2 000, and is said to pay the higher mium in the world. The electrical equipment of the Cus

miles of cables and more than 6.000 15 candlepower lamps. The Igorrote provinces of the Philip pines have been combined and will be

managed by one governor and sub-go

erd liner Mauretania includes over 200

ernor. Bontoc will be the capital. Formosa, with its population of 3,000,000, is running the Philippines neck and neck in the export of sugar. Each exported a value of \$4,000,000 in

Coal has been found in nearly every island of the Philippine archipelage. but only 4,545 tons were produced last year. In many places it is associated

with petroleum. A railroad section laborer in North Carolina has patented a tie-tamping machine, practical tests of which have shown that on both old and new roads

beds it will do the work of fifty men. The Kansas-Oklahoma oil field took the lead for production in 1907, pushing California back to second place. IIlinois, formerly ninth in the list of states, attained third place for the first

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, neurologist, poet, essayist and novelist, has been elected to a foreign fellowship in the Royal Society of England. The election is one of the choicest distinctions to which a scientist can aspire, and it has come to only three other Americans now living, Alexander Agassiz, naturallst, and George W. Hill and Simon

Newcomb, astronomers. When the American fleet was at Wagga Wagga in Australia, there was given a banquet at which a labor member of Paritament alinded to the American navy as the "greatest in the Editor of Chicago Religious Paper world." Then a senator jump and vehemently protested again and founds expense of the British." the British could "lick i NO. 829, E

> started singing "Rule, Britto, 780 which the whole company joints was The club women of Chicago nied over the question of a lawful tume for working women. They p out that only a little while ago a " man to Chicago was arrest for wearing trousers while carning bonest living as a hod carrier. they are informed that there has been a ruling in the post office department holding that women employed as mall carriers must wear trousers. There is a movement on foot to send a delegation to Washington for the purpose of consulting President Roosevelt on the

that patriotic declaration V.B. ...

It is told of the youth of a young German prince, many years ago, that upon one occasion, his tutor having been changed, the newcomer in examfning the young prince asked: "Can your highness tell me how much is nine times twelve?" "Seventy-two," replied the prince, with royal promptness. The tutor paled, but soon recovered his your highness that your highness's former tutor, whom I had the honor to succeed as an instructor to your royal highness, appears to have been a person of rather limited capabilities." he

Landor, the poet, was at the same time the most violent and brutal and most delicate and sensitive of men. He adored flowers. The gardens of his beautiful villa at Florence were full of flowers and the poet walked among and was in St. Louis attending the them daily, never plucking them, only hending over them reverently to adore their loveliness and their perfume. His cook one day served him a wretched disner, and in his rage the poet threw the man out of the window into a had of splendid roses. As the cook writhed with a broken leg below, Landor, from was his window, exclaimed in a horse stricken voice: "Good gracious, I forgot the roses!"

At a Yorkshire inn there is a planter who can render an accompaniment in song that any singer wishes to sing. He can not read a note of music yet, in the local phrase, he "ean play owt." Recently, however, he met with an unexpected check. A new volunteer hummed over the air, but the plants failed to get the key. "Let's try again," he said; and they tried it again Still it was of no use. A third trial brought no better results. Then the danist turned on the singer in anger and said: "Sitha, Aw've tried the o t' white 'une. Aw've tried the on black 'uns an' Aw've tried the on black and white 'une mixed. It's me use; th's singing between to cracke?

Prof. Simon Newcomb, astro has interesting views with respec the problems of aviation. He raise the possible use of a dirigible balls for any more serious military is than reconnoftering. With respect the aeropiane, such as is en the Wright brothers, he has little He shows that the heavier-than repairs and "no engine yet be man skill, much less the d necessary in the fiver, can be teed against accident." of this scientist is that fion must ever remain

A Kanasa w