

THE BABY.

Like a tiny glint of light piercing through the dusky gloom
Comes her little laughing face through the shadows of my room.

And my pen forgets its way as it hears her pattering tread,
While her prattling treble tones chase the thoughts from out my head.

She is queen and I her slave—one who loves her and obeys;
For she rules her world of home with imperious baby ways.

In her dances, calls me "Dear!" turns the pages of my books;
Throws herself upon my knee, takes my pen with laughing looks.

Makes disorder reign supreme, turns my papers upside down;
Draws me cabalistic signs, safe from fear of any frown.

Crumbles all my verses up, pleased to hear the crackling sound;
Makes them into balls and then—flings them all upon the ground.

Suddenly she flits away, leaving me alone again
With a warmth about my heart and a brighter, clearer brain.

And although the thoughts return that her coming drove away,
The remembrance of her laugh lingers with me through the day.

And as chances, as I write, I may take a crumbled sheet:
On the which, God knoweth why! I read my fancies twice as sweet.
—Victor Hugo.



BY ELIZABETH ARNES

this time I spoke in the wrong place. My Girl didn't seem pleased. At first she looked injured, and then she saw the point and began to laugh at her own inconsistency.

"Oh, well," she decided, comfortably. "The best part of going away is the coming back. I believe I'll go just to have the joy of welcome home to the traveler."

So it was arranged, and the where was settled by our renting a cottage on a sand bank up in Michigan, where there were other cottages and a hotel and all the fresh air and water you could possibly use.

Jimmy's girl and the Little Mother wanted to go to the party, too, so that made it all the better, and I felt more easy in my mind about Little Son and My Girl. To tell the truth, when it came to the point, secretly, I weakened and wished I hadn't spoken, but since it was my doing, I refused to mention I was sorry. Micky knew from the start there was something mournful for him in the wind, and at once he grew melancholy, especially when he saw My Girl packing. She noticed his gloom and had an inspiration.

"Why can't I take Micky along? He'll be so lonely with you away all day and no one at home to speak to. I'd really like to have him."

I felt sort of funny inside. Some way, I'd counted on having Micky for porch company in the evening, but if My Girl wanted him, why, of course it was all right, he should be taken.

"Want to go, Micky?" I said, snapping my fingers enticingly.

Did he want to go? You should have seen him! He didn't know when or where it was, but he liked any old place and pranced in his glee, spinning around in a circle chasing his tail. He went so fast that once I thought he had caught it.

Little Son didn't express his opinion. He was too busy dropping a spoon on the floor for the fun of having me pick it up and hand it to him. He likes to see his father work, the young tyrant.

My Girl looked over my entire wardrobe—summer and winter—before she went away, to make sure there were no buttons missing, and that nothing needed mending. The last thing she put the house in fine shape. I'd hate to tell how it'll look when she comes back again, but she won't care if the kitchen's moved into the parlor and the parlor gone over to the neighbors. She always says, when I get more disorderly than usual, "Make yourself perfectly at home, Teddy. What's home to a man if he can't be messy?"

Isn't she a wonder?

Jimmy and I went to the train with the girls to see them safely started. We all drove to the station together in a carriage. It was rather of a tight fit, but Jimmy sat up on the box with the driver and Micky came loping along behind, so that helped some. My Girl thought it was extravagant. "We might just as well have gone in the cars," she said.

I told her it was the first time she'd ever gone to a summer resort with Little Son, and, as it might not happen again, she was going in style even if we never laid up a cent.

At the last moment, My Girl handed Little Son to Mary, jumped out of the carriage and ran back to the house. "I've forgotten something," she explained, "come and help me, Teddy."

I followed her as fast as I could and unlocked the front door. We went inside and closed the door behind us. "What did you forget, My Girl?" I asked when we'd tip-toed into the parlor. Already the house seemed like a funeral.

"This, Teddy," she answered.

Her arms went around my neck and her cheek against my top vet's button.

"I love you, Teddy," she whispered, "I love you."

"Girl o' mine," I said, real husky and with my heart turning hand-springs, "the same to you and more of it."

We got the girls to the station all right and saw them safely aboard the train, and the next thing I knew I was a summer widower with the railroad company carrying off my family.

Now, everything is so different I can't get myself sorted out and decide who I am. Jimmy feels the same way. We're not used to being allowed out alone so much, and it seems more than queer. The first night the girls were gone we had dinner down town together and then, from force of habit, we went home.

"Come over to our house," I invited Jimmy when he was turning off at his corner. I spoke about as cordially as a meat ax.

"All right," growled Jimmy, as if he'd been insulted and was blaming me for it.

We certainly were a happy pair that evening. Jimmy absolutely declined to cheer up. He's spoiled anyway. His girl and the Little Mother spoil him, and he wanted petting.

We smoked like chimneys all the evening, talking steady by jerks. When Jimmy got up to go he shook himself like a big St. Bernard coming out of the water.

"Gee!" he said, "I'm lonesome." And that's what's the matter with me. I'm lonesome.—Toledo Blade.

PRIME CAUSES OF SUICIDE.

Avoidance of Physical Labor a Large Factor in Shaping Conduct.

Throughout the literature of suicide one will find that the attitude toward wage-earning and work is a larger factor in shaping motives. The dread of being forced to work after a period of leisure, the mad desire to get money by trickery and gambling devices, the scorn with which manual labor is regarded by the "successful," is emphasized by the stories of the newly rich become suddenly poor, and who then deftly escape into the unknown and live on pensions and polite beggary.

But nothing is surer than that work is the primal condition of health and the love of life. It is the do-nothing, the fashionable, the "retired," the woman freed from necessities and duties, that are the disease-breeders and the miserable. The attitude of the fashionable doctors who minister to this unspeakable class is not infrequently blameworthy. They are often encouraged by our rest cures, our flatteries and attentions.

The effort to escape from drudgery is as old as civilization and as ancient as savagery. The investigator sent to study the problem of putting the native African negroes to useful work finds that they simply will not work. Those among the Canadian Doukhobors who would work found that the malingering and lazies were about half, and they preferred to live out of the common treasury supplied by the workers—until the latter determined to abolish the common treasury and to receive and spend their own wages as other individuals do.

Our civilization, economically, is largely a device of the cunning and the lazy to establish a common treasury. The "failure of democracy" is largely the failure to outwit the tricksters.—American Medicines.

Untrustworthy.

The faith which Uncle James Hobbs had always kept in the accuracy of illustrations in his favorite magazine was sadly shaken after his visit to the Botanical Gardens.

When Mrs. Hobbs called his attention to a picture of a Cuban village in the next issue of the magazine he looked at it doubtfully.

"More than likely it doesn't look that way at all," he said, dejection plainly written all over his drooping figure. "I never told ye about my disappointment sitting under one o' those palm trees in the Gardens. Why, the pictures in the magazine gave such a shade to them Arabs underneath I'd always wanted to sit under a palm tree. But I tell ye, after trying it that blistering hot day, I'd just as soon think of expecting a ladder to shade me as a palm tree, and I don't know but sooner, if 'twas one where the rungs weren't too far apart. I wouldn't lay my calculations on Coby's looking too much like that picture if I was in your place, Maria."

A Generous View.

"They say that snaky-looking man across from us is two-faced!" whispered the first boarder.

"Well, I hope he is, for his sake," said No. 2, generously.

"It would be too bad to be reduced to the one he has on, wouldn't it?"—Detroit Free Press.

Remember the Editor.

Love letters should always be written only on one side of the paper. This will make it much more convenient for the newspapers when the letters are read in court in breach of promise suits.—Somerville Journal.

No man's credit is so good that the cash is not better.

HEROINE OF A MASSACRE.

Iowa Woman the Sole Survivor of a Sioux Indian Raid.

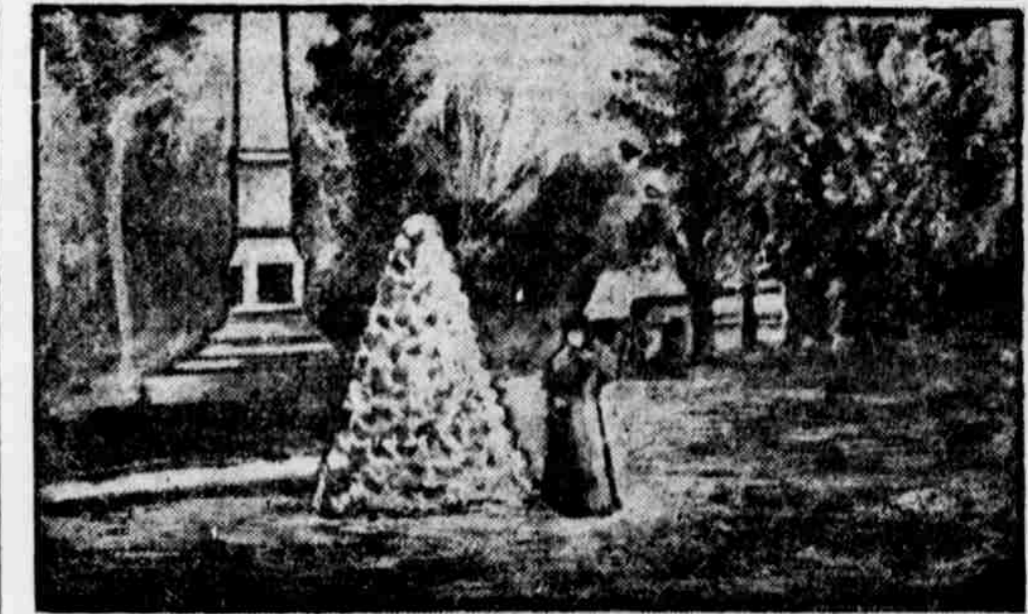
Perhaps no woman in the United States has had the thrilling and horrifying experience of Mrs. Abbie Gardner Sharp, who lives on the shore of Okoboji Lake, in Iowa. She is the sole survivor of the "Spirit lake massacre" of 1857, when of forty white settlers thirty-six were ruthlessly slaughtered by the Sioux Indians. Four of the number were taken captive, and of these two were soon put to death. The remaining two were ransomed, and of these Mrs. Sharp, who was fourteen years old at the time, is the only survivor. The Indians in this massacre were led by their chief, Inkpaduta, and the attack was most treacherous and cold-blooded. These Indians had been fed by the white settlers during a part of a severe winter, and naturally the whites ex-



MRS. ABBIE GARDNER SHARP.

pected their gratitude rather than their resentment. But some time before relatives of Inkpaduta had been killed by two white men living in another section of the State and Inkpaduta, not distinguishing between the guilty and innocent, let his vengeance fall upon those who not only had never done him an injury but who instead had befriended him and his people. The settlers were attacked in detail and murdered, some being shot and others bludgeoned.

Of Mr. Sharp's family, the father, mother, one brother and a sister were murdered and she was dragged into captivity with the dying moans of her people ringing in her ears. After a few months' captivity she was ransomed.



GARDNER MEMORIAL OF MASSACRE.

ed. Through the efforts of Charles E. Flaudrau, agent for the Sioux, at St. Paul, Abbie was taken there, after friendly Indians had effected her release, and later was reunited with a sister, Eliza, who had been at Springfield and escaped the massacre.

A man named Markham, being away after cattle, and thus escaping, on coming home, had stopped at the Gardner cottage, then at the others, and found the terrible evidences of the tragedy. Hurrying to Fort Dodge with the news, a relief expedition of soldiers and volunteers promptly left Fort Dodge and Ridgley. The members of the expedition, hastily prepared, suffered terrible hardships, and some were frozen to death. They were in time, however, to save settlers at Springfield, whither Markham had carried the news, and where the whites, forewarned, had beaten off an Indian attack. At the lakes, however, their only office was to bury the dead. The Gardner and Luce families still lie where they were buried at that time, Mrs. Sharp having erected a handsome memorial above them. Through her efforts, largely, a handsome monument erected by the State to the victims of the massacre, now stands near by and the remains of fifteen of the victims, all that could be collected, are buried just east of the monument.

Mrs. Sharp has written an admirable history of the Spirit Lake massacre, and captivity of Miss Abbie Gardner, has repurchased the old home and spends her summers there. Here, she says, she has been visited from time to time by relatives of every victim of the massacre but one. The monument and the old log cabin are a shrine toward which turn the footsteps of all those in any way connected with that bloody tragedy of the

'50's, and the thousands of pleasure-seekers at the lake resorts pause to read the inscriptions on the bronze tablets and return to cottage or palatial hotel, marvelling at the changes that less than half a century had wrought.

ENLISTED MAN'S UNIFORM.

Demand for a Reform in Method of Making Soldiers' Clothes.

The enlisted man had just been educated into looking neat and trim in his uniform when along came those Philadelphia contractors to make him look "like 30 cents," says the Hartford Courant. In civil war days soldiers wore about anything that would cover them. If the shoddy was tough enough to hold together through a sprinkle of rain, that was about all they asked. Manufacturers and tailors made fat profits off Uncle Sam. Nobody was very particular just then about materials or cut.

Since those days there has been slow but sure progress toward durability and neatness. The more pretentious clothing—in the army, not in the navy—has been gradually discarded. The American soldier of the twentieth century has a working rig, the khaki and a dress uniform of blue, very plain. Both are cut after sensible patterns, comfortable, and showing off the figure to advantage. The fashion plates that go with the advertisements for recruits tacked up in postoffice lobbies are no longer works of imaginative artists—they are more like colored photographs. The men connected with a recruiting station like that in Hartford are no longer tailor's dummies to mislead patriotic youth into thinking they can wear smart coats and trousers like those; they are genuine samples of the way men look all through the army ranks. The government found that it paid to dress more carefully the young fellows seeking service under its flag. A better class of men responded to the calls and they felt encouraged in habits of neatness. All misfit uniforms were dyed brown and were sent to army prisons for the use of inmates.

This recent revelation down in Philadelphia, then, is of a serious character. The army officer who went there to investigate after President Roosevelt's suspicions were aroused, discovered laxity and gross negligence. The goods, furnished by manufacturers in various parts of the country, were inferior and some 200,000 dress uniforms were fit only to be dyed brown for the prisoners. The army has got that many prisoners; it can't ask decent

men to go around in baggy coats and ungainly trousers. The whole batch is practically a dead loss.

Clever People in France.

"He says he met a few intelligent people when he was in Paris."

"I suppose he considered them intelligent because they could speak English."

"No, because they pretended to understand his French."—Philadelphia Press.

Couldn't Follow the Directions.

"Please, sir, mudder don't know how to take de medicine."

"Eh? Why, I told her the directions were on the bottle and she must take the stuff accordingly."

"Please, sir, we ain't got no accordin."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Proof of Immortality.

"What authority have you for the statement that Shakespeare is immortal?"

"The fact that he still survives after having been murdered by bum actors for three hundred years."—Cleveland Leader.

Bad for Bobby.

"What's that sound of running water out there, Willie?" "It's only us boys, ma. We've been tryin' the Filippiny water cure on Bobbie Snow an' now we're pouring him out."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Up and Down.

In one room sat the good wife and Dressed Willie up with loving hand, And in the other room old Brown Was dressing little Tommy down. —Detroit Tribune.

Every man flatters himself that he will finally whip his enemy, and that he will give him a good one when he gets at him.