What Makes Life Worth Living

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By Nell Brinkley



The little tyke playing with her pink toes is of est than the speculations of philosophers.



The little tatterdemalion you meet makes you want to change conditions so be can have a taste of country joys.



The nifty little kid you meet on your way stirs your heart more than all dreams of money and success.



My little lady, perched primly on the edge of a seat, makes you laugh at the way she apes her grown-up sisters.

The Magic Egg and Easter Time

By WINIFRED BLACK, They are in the windows, the Easter

things. Don't you love to see them? I love the little yellow chickens best. all downy and beady eyed-the pretty

an egg up and listen to them inside? Peep, peep. reck, peck-it's a call from the very depths of life.

let me out. I'm tired of my white ivory cage with its satin linings. I'm tired of hearing the great world through the muffler of finest silk.

I'm a rooster. I'm going to do things in the world. I shall make a noise, I promise you, See, my wings can almost flap right now! Peep, peep, peck, peck-let me out! let me out! I want to rule the world!"

And sure enough, out he comes, funny little fussy yellow thing, and it isn't five minutes till he's trying to teach his mother-the old brown han-how to walk and when to say "thank you," as he speaks to her and tells her all about his ivory castle, with its walls of silk and the wondrous dreams he dreamed there in his satin bed.

Peep, peep, the chickens are out, and the ducks, too, and, oh, the goslings! What entrancing bills, what impudent, adorable eyes, black as a ripe blackberry, and shining with the wisdom of all the seese that ever waddled.

What is it they keep tooking for, the little geslings, shut up there behind the plate glass? Oh, yes, of course, the water. Far away they see it in their dreams, lovely green ponds with plenty of weeds, glorious mud banks, sleek and altiny and acres and acres of delicious

Well, well, I hope your Elaster dreams will come true, Mr Gosling. May you fall helr to the greatest, greenest pond that ever glistened in the spring sunshine and may all the grube tremble to hear your

web-footed approach. Rabbits, too, Aren't they funny? And how stubborn they look with their queer noses wrinkled up. Timld they may be, but well pleased with themselves for all that. See the covert diedain in that pair of noft eyes over younder at the back of the window next the jonguils. Who are we that we should be considered?

Can we outdistance a good hound in a race? Can we tell who is coming just by getting on the right side of the breeze

and wrinkling up our noses? Good tuck to you, little rabbit, and to all your tribe. You miss the snow, don't and there would always be enough for you, and the long purple shadows that all, call "Come out, come out, brother rabbit, in the moonlight and dance for the

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"bunny hug." And then the baskets of eggs-see that little one there, wreathed in flowers; who wouldn't laugh for joy to have that sent for Easter?

Oh, what a nest of lilles of the valley here is over yonder-aweet, fragrant things, so demure, so frail, so shy and yet so piquant, too, like some modest girl who has a mind of her own.

Hyacinths, all curis and airs and graces. You belong at court, Sir Purple, you never were intended for the delight of common folk. You haughty, conceited fellow, you and your lady there in silver

And the jonquils and the daffodils, all yellow, yellow. The sun loves you, doesn't he, sweet sisters of golden locks? Set but a bunch of you in the window and the sain shines there on the cloudlest day, Narcissus, siender, fearless, vain, a gallant among flowers are you. Violets, oh violets, all purple and dewy and fragrant. After all, violets are the dearest, for once one I loved gave me a knot of them when my heart ached, and lo! the world has changed for me since that day. Look, children, the candy ages. That's a brave one there of chocolates, brown and rich. How many lovely pains would he give you, do you think, it you bit into

And oh, here's a dream egg. Have you never seen one? Well, we'll buy the fairy dream egg, though it isn't quite time for it yet, and then home. Hurrah, the fire is dancing on the

his rich middle?

hearth! Off with the coats, down with the hats, and now, here in the firelight. we three will look into the dream egg-There, little Brother, hold it to your clear, gray eye-so, now, what do you see? Oh, how delightful! A bridge, a garden, a little house all covered with roses, a woman in red cloak at the door, so still, so serene, so Sunday quiet. Now, little girl, you too-yes, the little house, the bridge, an enchanted footpath over a giver of pure delight-yes, the

garden, too, and roses, oh! roses, and roses! and the little woman in the red cloak. Ah, something new-a pond with swans salling on it-what a garden of happi-

if we could only get into that garden, all of us together, and lay our at every dinner, where speeches follow faces to the roses and set eager feet on the enchanted path across the beautiful Men usually know how to use their arching bridge. Perhaps the little woman would show us the other side of her red place; but they do not seem to be any

cloak and tell us why she wears it ai- better prepared with interesting remarks Ways. And maybe we would eat in the gar-We'd set a table there under the to his fellow men to be always prepared rose trees, close to the running river, and with a few concise, clearly uttered words we would have for food white bread and to offer on short notice. honey in the comb and new milk with If he is not confident that he can do creamy richness in every swallow, and this, he should quietly and firmly insist it would be set on a silver tray and eaten upon being excused. from plates and cups of purest crystal,

And then we would take a boat, a canoe of sweet smelling bark, such as the Indian Peter Thunder used to paddle long, long summers ago, when the wind came up from the west and brought the ation of others should be used by every amell of sweet grass from the meadow. Away we would paddle, away, away up, ghetti will make a whole meal up the shining river, round grassy bends, for a family of five. And it by an apple orchard flush with pink lie speaker. And every other feeling is will be a real meal-nutritious, slory. See the "pineyes" in that old- lost in that one. fashloned dooryard, there by the bank, white and pink. They blow, and oh, how nant that that which proceeds from be

sweet the clover is. And wasn't that a ing hemmed in by a concourse of people Flow on, shining river; flow on to dream at a dinner table, and compelled to listen meadows, through dark forests; on, on to a dull speech of interminable length, river; we cannot follow where you and delivered in a weak or unpleasant eckon; we are here, you know, futside the magic egg, just looking in and loving

Some day, little boy, some day, brown hair, maybe we will learn the password that will change us to little creatures like the woma in the red cloak, and then wit, be not its chief merit in expression. we will enter the maste garden and live,

HERE seems to be one universal and unani-

mous answer to the question of "What makes life really worth the living?" No matter to whom you put it, if he or she has

lived-and in the living joyed and suffered-the

one answer that is given is, "Children." And, after all, the little tykes do make this old world of ours worth living in. They may be a trial and a tribulation-they may be a care and a sacrifice-but where is the one who answers to the name of father or mother, who are really human men and women, who do not prefer children to all forms of wealth and all shades of glory?

We see the king on his throne trying to make things easy and settle difficult problems, so that his children will not have to deal with them. The man who is money-mad most times piles up his hoards of golden coins for the children who come after him. The parent who lives in the hovel sees better times coming for his children, and is content to put up with his hard lot, knowing that he will live again in their enjoyment and in their ease.

The society lady knows the vapidness of her life

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Now that women have gone into every

cossible public place which is open to

them, now that they are permitted free

speech in every church and on every

when called upon suddenly to speak

Voice placing and developing should be

rigorously studied by every man and

It is as inexcusable to talk to audiences

with a disagreeable or faint voice as it

And then unsetfishness and consider

public speaker. They are not used by

There is no anguish much more poig-

And even an agreeable voice, belonging

to a man or woman possessed of good

ideas, can become very irksome, if brev-

ity, the soul of all wisdom as well as

There is no truth, no philosophy, no re-

ligion, no experience, no knowledge which

woman who speaks in public.

would be to sing in such voice.

one in fifty.

One who ever speaks in public owes it

rostrum in the land

(despite the objec-

tion of St. Paul), it

should occur to them

that some prepara-

tion is necessary;

some greater pre-

desire to talk, or

a longing to be

ranked among the

No man or woman

has a right to rise

in an audience and

bore 100 people by

rambling, banal talk

given in a half in-

Yet one hears this

articulate voice.

world's teachers.

paration than a mere

and feels that she has not lived in vain and been a drone in the hive if she gives forth to the world children. The poor washerwoman works and denies herself to keep her family of tots together and give

Ofttimes in a crowded car my little lady comes in and perches primly on the edge of the seat. There is a change in the atmosphere at once, and humans who were glowering at each other smile and laugh to see the little one ape her grown-up sisters.

them advantages that she had not.

The nifty little kid you meet on the way, who looks up at you with friendly eyes, clear and unafraid, stirs your heart more than all dreams and visions of money and success.

The little tatterdemalion you meet makes you want to change conditions so that all children can be taken away from the city and given the joys of the country and a taste of childhood close to nature.

And the baby, who plays with its little pink toes, and is all unconscious of your presence, is of more philosophers who have filled the libraries with their thoughts from the long ago till now.

Men Invent Devices for Painless Slaughter of Animals, but the Killing Itself Goes On.

BY GARRETT P. SERVISS. Terrible is the responsibility that rests pon the shoulders of the animal called man, because, while attaining a moral

humbler relations, he has chosen to retain the carniv-He remains a tite, destroying and feeding upon fellow beings, while the higher nature that has been developed in him constantly calls upon him to exercise the works of mercy and com-

passion. This call he cannot disregard. It is an imperative

evolution. If you would understand the dual nature of man at his present stage, look appetite for animal food. It was more to speak, do not occupy ten minutes by telling your listeners that you are not first at his churches, his cathedrals, his convenient. It presented itself in a more prepared and by saying a dozen banal school houses, his asylums, his hospitals. readily assimilable form. The appetite and uninteresting things; just ask to be his laboratories of science, his observisit to the stock yards.

The reconcilement which he must bring about between his moral nature and his brief, concise phrases as you can, and animal propensities involves an achievement in comparison with which the fabled labors of Hercules were infinitely insignificant. He needs all the "divinity" that is in him, and a great accession to it, in order, some time, to succeed.

you are spoiling your best chance of pop- ple give without any meaning, unless it ularity by being too verbose and by not is of relief, when a bore has finished ability of this struggle which has given For that is what a great deal of aprise to the many societies for the prevention of cruelty which adorn our age. ganizations should occasionally go astray. When they undertake to arrest the beneficient hand of experimental science which is striving to prevent greater sufferings by inflicting less ones they give themselves up to pure sentiment-But when the effort is such as that represented by devices to diminish the suffering of the humble creatures that humanity, in its present stage, still de-

worthy only of praise and encourage-

In England, just now, there is a powerful movement afoot to promote and intellectual elevation denied to his the "painless slaughter of animals." Mechanical ingenuity has been called upon to aid in the good work. These devices, in themselves, have

something condemnatory in their aspectcondemnatory not of the object that is aimed at, but of the supposed necessity that has brought them into existence. Physiologists assure us that man must have animal food. The experience of many persons who have adopted "vegetarianism" seems to disprove the existence of such necessity, but the general practice of mankind continues to pro-

Protoplasm, the physical basis of all life, cannot be derived and built up from the mineral kingdom to animals; the transformation is only effected by plants. he cannot disregard. It is would set him Animals must get their protoplasm, at second hand, by feeding upon plants.

At the start animals must have been strictly vegetable feeders. Then arose the excused, and let some one else, who is vatories of the heavens, and then pay a ble age of the great carnivora dawned red upon the world.

When man came the habit had already been established in the animal kingdom for asons of time. He undoubtedly began as a carnivorous animal. We have fearful evidence that early man fed upon his own kind. It would be a comfort to be positively assured that he was not the originator of that practice, and It is the consciousness of the inevit- that he was not the introducer of cannibalism upon this planet. One might suspect his guilt if one were to accept he view of some philosophers that that It is but natural that some of these or- dreadful practice originated in superstition-in the belief that the warrior's courage was strengthened by eating his enemy's heart!

If travelers are not mistaken, cannibaltsm yet exists among some savage And, indeed, what is the devourtribes. ality, and may do more harm than good. ing of any animal food but a kind of cannibalism? These sheep and bullocks that we raise for slaughter are, in a broad sense, our relatives. They trust us, we teach them to depend upon us, and then we kill them for our feasts! That "Bruneau mask" upon the face of the ox unconsciously waiting for the death stroke from his kind master, who has fed him so long, is, in intention, a symbol of human mercy-but you cannot look thoughtfully upon it without a shudder.

Yes, it is a terrible responsibility that rests upon us, and it is a hard, uphill struggle that we have ahead of us before we shall have risen high above the quage mire of cannibalism.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Ask the Girl.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been going with a young lady of my age (21) for the last four years. She has many admirers, but I have reasons to think she reciprocates my love. As I am not in a position to get married for about three years, I would like to ask whether I hame a moral right to announce our engagement now, as I would like to be more definite about my future, and am also annoyed by questions of my friends.

K. B. A.

That is a matter for the girl to decide. She is the one who is most deeply concerned.

A long engagement is manifestly unfair to the girl, but if she consents to the unfairness I hope you will never relax in showing your appreciation

He Thinks He is Right. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am in love with a young man who has a position that compels him to work in the evenings till and he also gets one day off during he week.

Now, meantime, I am going out with other fellows, but the party I love strongly objects to it. Is he right or wrong? A. C. P. I.

He has no right to object unless an engagement exists. On the other hand, if he is true to you. and you love each other, you are putting that love in jeopardy by flirting with

Would you be patient with him if

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went out with other girls?

Song of the Balkans

is not more telling in effect upon a list-, to speak, do not occupy ten minutes by

kind, whether on religion, travel, politics. The applause which follows such a pro-

charity, science or any other topic, take ceeding will be genuine, not the sense-

these words home and ask yourself if less clatter clapping which so many peo-

prepared, talk.

And if you feel you have something

to say, cut your sentences into as few

utter them distinctly, and then sit down.

By LILIAN LAUFERTY.

Son of a free born mother, I myself am free,

Ella Wheeler Wilcox on Public Speaking

Men Use Their Voices Better Than Women-Speakers Should Train Themselves

ener if told quickly, concisely and in a

There is not one clergyman in a thou-

and but could make a deeper and better

impression on his hearers if he boiled

down his sermon to half its original

length; and the same can be said of every

If you ever talk to audiences of any

having given proper training to your talking.

And the next time you are called upon plause means.

ublic speaker.

Speaches and Many Good Sermons Should Be Cut Down.

And I range my plains and my mountain chains Where none shall master me. Shall the son of a girl of Cashmirl

Dare, then to look into my eyes?

Does the son of a slave dream that he may be brave When his mother was never so wise? For in fertile Albania, sweet Cashmere, And over the far Georgian bills,

Moslem men, unafraid, barters woman in trade; So his shadowed Zenana he fills. In the dark were ye born, and Mohammed

Dooms your daughters to prison again. Shall these daughters of ease, who have learned but to please-Shall these maids be the mothers of Men?

Ye are millions, but can ye meet thousands When we clash 'neath the war god's bold plume? On the wide fields of Thrace it is men ye must face; Can ye smile as ye come to such doom?

Ye have shouted your wild "Allah Akbar!" And the nations have shuddered to hear; But we know what ye are 'neath your Crescent and Star: Dare ye meet both our hosts and your fear?

Son of a Balkan woman. Body and soul are free. For a spirit high that shall dare to die Is my mother's gift to me.

But the love of a girl of Cashmiri Is rose-attar, henna and kohl. Toy and plaything of life-never comrade or wife; Then can Allah give her son a soul?