



## HARVEST

BY EMERY POTTLE

Lord God of Years, thy contrite people stand  
To render now thy talent to thy hand;  
Forgive the meager increase, Lord, we plead,  
Forgive the wasting of thy pregnant seed.

Where wide, white noons of harvest on  
us burn,  
Amid the sweat of struggle we would turn  
And think thee for these honest, toll-worn days,  
In songs of work we give thee truest praise.

Some of thy servants give thee back ten-fold,  
The gain is thine, no part would we withhold;  
And we who bring thee naught, in silent pain,  
Let us return to glean the fields again.

Lord God of years, thy grateful people stand  
To render now thy talent to thy hand;  
Judge thou our service in its thought and deed;  
Grant us the heart of joy,—thy workers' meed.

## Strategy.

BY F. H. LANCASTER.

(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)  
I could scarcely realize that it was indeed Dexter Boyton who came back to me after that summer out of town. He had been such a blithe, light-hearted fellow before he went away. Whistling over his work, singing snatches of operas on the stairs, smoking one cigar in two weeks and always ready with a cherry word.

Now he went about grave, pre-occupied. The same straight, steady look out of his eyes, but behind it something that hurt my heart to see.

I pondered much over the change. Why had his clear, flexible whistle become a monotonous dead level of sound? Why had he ceased singing and taken to smoking incessantly? Why, in short, had my care-free, light-hearted boy leaped in one brief summer into stern, unyielding manhood? Was it love or money?

I assured my wife that it was money. I did it because I wanted to save the boy.

Let even the best of women suspect a wound of the heart and she will drop the probe of her curiosity into the ugly hole until the helpless sufferer sweats with agony.

There is this difference between men and women as regards the past. A man will bury the dead love, tramp the earth down hard in the new-made grave and go on his way. But a woman can never quite say "It is dead." For the rest of her life she must spend precious hours trying to galvanize a corpse. It may be that love never really lies in a woman's heart. I don't know. But I was glad that I had put Molly on a false scent about Dexter.

She was so pleasant in her own bright, easy way; talking politics and literature whenever I dragged Boyton home with me for a social evening, that by degrees the boy began dropping in of his own accord as he had been wont to do before he went away for that summer out of town. Only once in the six months that followed



"Leave town!" I cried.

did Molly make a single bad break. I had been urging her to decide upon her summer trip, when she turned to Dexter.

"Where did you summer last year, Mr. Boyton?"

I saw the boy wince, but Molly was looking at the fire and turning her

Edward, you will take Helen into dinner."

She was not pretty, but straight and strong looking, with deep, deep eyes and that perfect repose that goes with perfect strength and innocence. I caught myself thinking several times during dinner what a veritable angel of rest she would be in a pain-stricken room. I wondered as I watched her talking to Dexter if they had ever met before. When I questioned Molly about it later on she laughed merrily.

It was on a raw, bleak day in March that the boy came into my private office with a queer drawn look on his face.

"Mr. Morton," he began quietly enough, "I am leaving town for a long time, perhaps forever. We had better strike my name from the firm."  
"Leave town?" I exclaimed aghast.  
"I see what you are thinking of." He moved to the window and looked out mechanically. Standing there with his back to me the poor fellow told me all about it. It was neither love nor money. Until last summer he had believed himself an orphan. But he was not. Out in one of the western states was a gray-haired man serving a long sentence. He was his father. He had seen him for the first time nine months ago. The question came stern and abrupt.

"You will agree with me, sir, that I have no right to offer my stained name to that superb woman. No love on earth could atone for or excuse the insult."  
"No, he was right," I agreed. Bitter and bad as it had all seemed there was nothing for it but to fill up the grave as best we could and go on.

It was at this juncture that Molly came in to see about a check I had forgotten to indorse.

"Gracious, what solemn faces," she laughed. "Is the world coming to an end?"

"Yes, my world is," Dexter answered her. And then to my astonishment he told her the story.

"Well upon my soul," Molly broke out indignantly. "I think you might at least let her have some say so in the matter. Here you have been making love to Helen for six months and you propose to walk off without a word! You men may call it honorable, but I call it dastardly. Take your hat, young man, and go straight up to the house. Don't you dare to break that grand girl's heart unless she gives you leave to. Not if you have a hundred fathers in the penitentiary. Upon my soul, Edward," she continued as Dexter caught up his hat and went out "Here I have been breaking my neck for a year to keep you from talking forgeries and penitentiaries in that boy's presence and now when he is fairly safe from being embittered for life you must go to work and upset everything with your tomfool honorable ideas."

"Molly," I said with a gasp of humility, "I didn't know, I—do you think she will marry him?"

"She can't very well unless he asks her to do it."

"Oh, he will ask her. I saw it in his eyes."

"I'm glad you have seen something."

"There now, dear. I've been a blundering donkey. But do you think she will overlook that forgery business?"

"She has known about that forgery business all along. For my part I don't see anything so terrible about it. I suppose the old gentleman needed the money or he wouldn't have taken it."



"Go straight to the house."

Then with sudden softening. "Don't worry, dear. A little common sense will save any situation. She will marry him before the year is out."  
And she did.

## The Fashionable Frowner.

Even in these days of ultra-modernness the subject of wrinkles is one of vast importance and a new preventive has been evolved. It is called by the suggestive name of "frowner," and consists simply of a rather stiff bit of white paper about the size and shape of a postage stamp, and having on its back a similar coating of gum. Especially it is designed as a preventive of the wrinkles between the brows or at the corners of the eyes; and in these places, after being moistened, these should be pasted whenever one is about to engage in some occupation that causes the habit of "frowning." At the fashionable shops of large cities "frowners" are now as regularly on sale as almost any other accessories of the toilet. Many, however, prefer to make them at home, a process simple and inexpensive. It has also been found by those who are ingenious that it is best to cut them circular in shape instead of square, as they leave less of a trace when removed. Heavy writing paper from which to fashion them is available to all, and a little dissolved gum arabic will stick them on good and tight.—Montreal Herald and Star.

## JOURNEYS WITH MOTHER'S ASHES



MISS BLANCHE WALSH.

Miss Blanche Walsh, the accomplished actress, who has passed through the singular experience of losing the ashes of her mother and then regaining the beloved treasure after having given up all hope of its recovery, has, as may be imagined, many of the eccentricities of genius. Among them is the odd conceit of carrying with her the remains of her maternal ancestor, preserved in a neat little bag. It was at a way station between

Des Moines and Burlington that she missed the treasured receptacle. She had lunched in a station restaurant and had forgotten the little bag, which she had placed beside her plate at table. On discovery of her loss the train was stopped and her maid was sent back for the bag. Before the curtain was rung up at Burlington the tragedienne was once more in possession of her mother's remains, and hence quite able to appear.

## KIDNAP THEIR WIVES.

Time has wrought but few changes in the manners and customs of the people of the Caucasus, and modern ways are making but slow progress. One of the relics of the good old times to which the Caucasians especially cling is the custom of kidnaping the women whom they desire to make their wives. Recently a case of this kind resulted in a tragic end. A prominent inhabitant of the little Caucasian town of Katubagan, named Ismail Oglu Oki tried to kidnap the sister of his best friend's wife while his friend was absent from home. The girl resisted his attempt to carry her off, aided by her married sister. The baffled lover drew his sword and inflicted dangerous wounds on both the ladies. At this moment his friend returned and, enraged at finding what had occurred, killed Ismail on the spot. Then he cut off Ismail's head and carried it round to show the neighbors what a fearful revenge he had taken. In the same district a young nobleman desired to marry the daughter of a neighboring land owner, and invited the girl with her parents to a grand ball given at his castle. During the evening he found an opportunity of decoying the girl into a secluded part of the house, where she was seized by his men and placed in a carriage. The prince joined her and in spite of the girl's entreaties started out to drive to a place where they could be married without much delay. The girl's father, on finding that his son had disappeared with his daughter, gave

chase and, being on horseback, overtook the carriage. He shot the nobleman without ado and took his daughter home. The nobleman, however, had won her heart during the drive and the girl was now reluctant to marry the man of whom her father approved, but the stern parent insisted on the wedding taking place at once. The bride appeared in the church pale, but cool and collected. During the ceremony she drew a dagger and stabbed the bridegroom to the heart. Afterward she committed suicide.—Chicago Chronicle.

## STRATFORD'S MOP FAIR.

The old town of Stratford-on-Avon, says the London Mail, does not forget its boast that it has the only statute fair which carries on its rites exactly as they have been observed through many centuries. Therefore, it takes care each year that the Mop Fair shall lose none of its wonted traditions. Five oxen and twelve pig were slaughtered for this year's "mop." Each one was roasted in the street before a huge fire burning in a temporary brick oven. Each one as it was cooked was cut up into slices and sold for 6d. and 8d. a plate. The slices were sold as quickly as cut, and all save the carcass was demolished before 2 o'clock on Saturday had struck. A pig was roasted outside the house of William Shakespeare, but otherwise his street was almost deserted. It is too far from the center of the fair. Special trains from all parts of the country poured in hun-

dreds of visitors into the quiet old market town, and hundreds more drove in in market carts, wagons, costermongers' carts and even in victorias and landaus. Up to a few years ago men stood in rows in the street waiting to be hired. Laborers with whipcord in their buttonholes waited for hours till they found an employer. Now few come for the purpose. The days of the "hiring" are over.

## PROHIBITION WINS IN CANADA.

The legal fight which liquor men have fought for the past three years against Manitoba's prohibition law has ended in a victory for prohibition. Three years ago the Manitoba legislature passed a prohibitory law which forbade the sale or gift of liquor from one party to another. The liquor men held that this was ultra vires, as such laws should only be passed by the dominion parliament. Pending the legal fight all temperance legislation has been at a standstill. The dominant party in every province and territory except Quebec and British Columbia pledged to prohibition if the Manitoba acts were sustained. The other day the unanimous decision of the privy council as cabled from London is that a province has absolute control in prohibiting the use of intoxicating liquors.

## CEASES TO BIND HER FEET.

Much interest has been caused by the statement of Miss Wu Chon Ching, the adopted daughter of Minister Wu Ting-fang, the Chinese minister to America, who is now in Washington, that she intends to cease binding her feet into "golden lilies" as is the custom and that when she takes her place again at the head of society in Pekin she will do all that may be done to cause her sisters to do the same. The

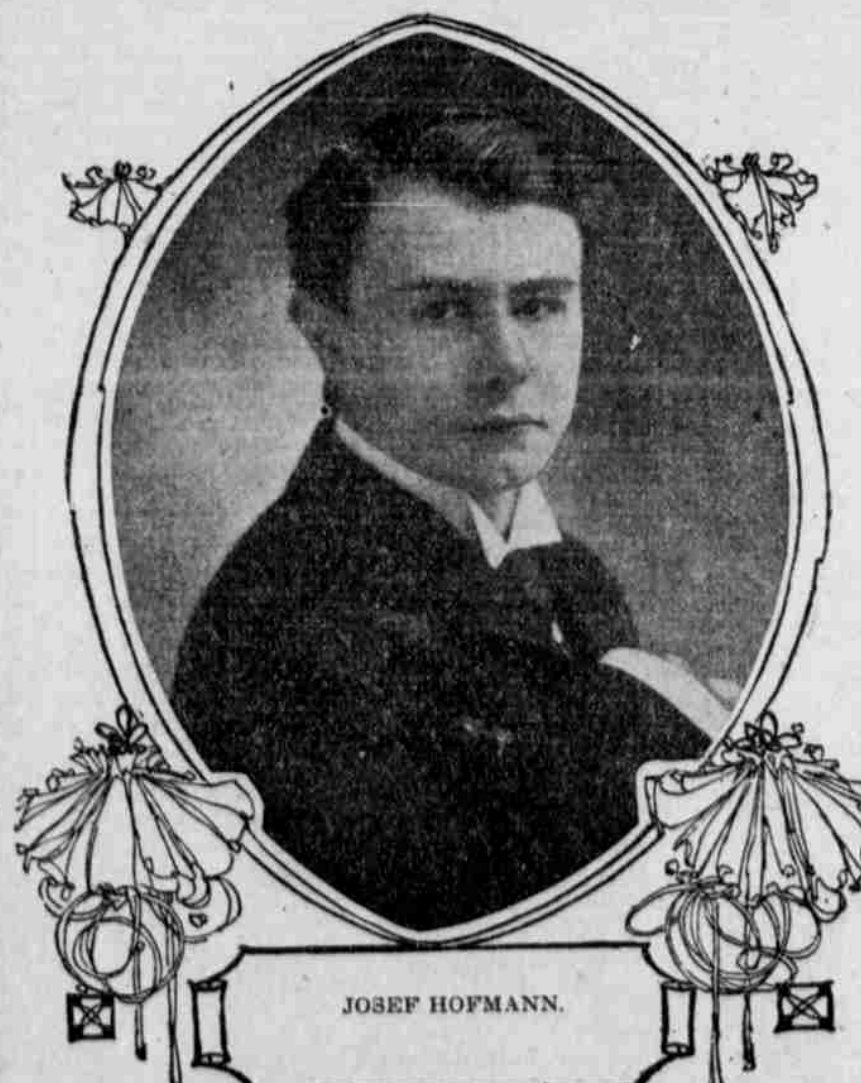


MISS WU CHON CHING.

(Adopted daughter of Minister Wu Ting-fang, who is Adopting Reform Ideas.)

reform ideas are rapidly spreading in China, but there is still a strong feeling against their entire adoption.

## MAY RIVAL PADEREWSKI



JOSEF HOFMANN.

Josef Hofmann, the young pianist who has lately been attracting unusual attention from the musical critics, is now in his early twenties and at the critical point in his career. Thirteen years ago, Josef, then a little boy of wonderfully sweet disposition, who could not speak a word of English set the music loving public of America on fire with his marvelous genius for playing on the pianoforte. He was a prodigy with the promise of becoming a Rubenstein, and his tour through the United States was something of a succession of triumphs. Emotional men and women who heard him perform wept with the joy of it, and great things were predicted for his future. Mr. Hofmann since that time has learned many things beside music. He now speaks fluently in half a dozen languages, among them English, French, German and Polish. He has developed a rich, deep voice, with a touch of the bass in it. His hobby is mechanical invention, and not unnaturally his favorite novelist is Jules Verne.

President Thwing of Western Reserve University recently asked Professor Goldwin Smith to fill a lectureship in American history in Western Reserve University this year. Professor Smith, in a brief note, replied "My lecturing days are over."

Minister Conger will soon be the only foreign minister in Pekin who passed through the siege, and will therefore become the doyen of the diplomatic corps. All the other ministers have been relieved or expect to leave Pekin