

"HE THAT DOETH THE WILL."

From all vain pompe and shows,
From the pride that overflows,
And the false conceits of men;
From all the narrow rules
And subtleties of tongue and pen:
Bewildered in its search,
Bewildered with the cry:
Lo, here! lo, there, the Church!
Poor, sad Humanity,
Through all the dust and heat
Turns back with bleeding feet,
By the weary road it came,
Unto the simple thought
By the Great Master taught,
And that remaineth still;
Not he that repeateth the name,
But he that doeth the will!
—H. W. Longfellow.



FOR BABY'S SAKE

By MADELINE MARTIN

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At heart, Charlie Lincoln was not a bad man, only a weak one. When he married Ethel Jamison, he fully intended to be true to her. For two short years all went well, and to him his beautiful home was the most attractive spot on earth.

One evil day the bright eyes of Sybil Gregory attracted him, and on many succeeding days he found leisure time to tarry by her desk conversing on matters other than relating to the business of Lincoln & Son. As is usual in such cases, the infatuation of the junior member of the firm for the pretty stenographer was the gossip of the town long before it reached the ears of Mrs. Lincoln.

When the first rumor reflecting on her husband's honor reached Mrs. Lincoln, she indignantly silenced her informant, but succeeding rumors became too persistent to be lightly ignored, and combined with a noticeable change in Charlie, the conviction that his heart was no longer wholly hers was forced upon her.

She resolved to give him a chance to vindicate himself, so one evening she asked him suddenly: "Charlie, has your love been stolen from me?"

"Why, Ethel, who put such a silly notion into your head?" he said, flushing.

"I hope and pray it is only a silly notion, but so many hints and stories of your attentions to Miss Gregory have come to me, I think it only fair to tell you, that you may deny them."

"An idle gossip, Ethel, started undoubtedly, by some designing person, who seeks to tarnish Miss Gregory's name; pay no attention to it."

"Another thing, Charlie; you do not seem to care to spend your evenings with me, as you used to; I cannot help seeing that. In a whole month you have not been home more than three evenings."

"O! nonsense," he replied irritably, "a fellow cannot keep up honeymoon manners all his life. The boys expect me at the club occasionally; besides there are lodge meetings, and sometimes business meetings in the office which require my attendance. I really looked for better sense from you, Ethel."

With this, the subject was dropped, leaving Ethel far from satisfied. Still, in her secret soul, she cherished hope that the advent of a little stranger would be the means of bringing back the wandering heart to its own.

When his tiny son was placed in his arms, Charlie Lincoln felt an earnest desire to be a better man. He had the grace to feel some remorse for his past behavior, and formed many good resolutions for the future. He would atone to Ethel for his neglect, by being even more kind and considerate than when they were first married.

Short lived were his good purposes, but a few weeks had passed before he gradually drifted back to his old habits. Not only his evenings were spent away from home, but now he was too



He found leisure to tarry by her desk, busy to come to lunch more than half the time, and Mrs. Lincoln well knew with whom he lunched at a downtown restaurant.

A few stormy scenes took place, followed by long periods of stubborn silence. Charlie avoided his wife's eyes, and she felt too indignant and hurt to make any effort toward reconciliation.

The pitying glances of acquaintances became almost unbearable to Ethel's proud spirit, and often she felt tempted to take her baby and go to

her parents' home, without a word of explanation to her husband.

After many weeks of careful consideration, she made a sudden resolve. She would stake all on one move, and either win back the devotion which was rightfully hers, or forever abandon all claim to it. Her baby was her only confidant, and into his little ear she poured her plans.

"Baby, we have a great battle to fight to-night," she said, as she busied herself arraying her treasure in his daintiest robes, "and we must look our best."

Baby being dressed, she proceeded



"If you so desire, I shall go where you will never hear of me again."

to make her own toilet. She selected a gown that her husband always admired, and in which she appeared to charming advantage. Her hair was dressed with the utmost care, and when she surveyed herself in the mirror, even her own critical eye was pleased with the reflection. The excitement had lent a glow to her eyes, which they had lacked for months.

"I think we will do," she said, as Mr. Lincoln's step sounded on the porch.

Dinner passed as usual, with almost no conversation. Charlie could not help noticing some indefinable change in Ethel's demeanor.

He wondered, also, why she had troubled to dress so handsomely, but their relations were so strained he ventured no comment. When they repaired to the sitting room she surprised him by asking if he was going out.

"Why—no, I guess not," he stammered.

"Could you reach Miss Gregory by telephone?" she asked.

"I don't know—that is—I think so."

"I wish you would request her to come up here this evening."

"Why—what is the reason?" he asked, hesitatingly.

"I wish it, that is all."

Without more questioning he complied with her request.

Lying in his mother's lap, the baby had fallen asleep, and Ethel relieved an awkward situation by carrying him into the library adjoining, and laying him on the couch. When she returned, her husband was intently reading the evening paper. Ethel picked up a book and in silence both read until the doorbell rang.

"I will open the door; come into the parlor, Charlie," she said, and he obeyed, mechanically, wondering what was to happen.

"Good evening, Miss Gregory," she said, quietly showing her guest into the parlor.

As the two women entered, Charlie was deeply impressed by his wife's beauty, and made mental note of the strong contrast between them. Surely that radiant creature was not the silent, pale, sad-eyed woman who had sat at the opposite end of his table for months past.

Sybil Gregory was of that blonde style of beauty which invariably suffers by comparison with such dark-eyed, regal beauty as Mrs. Lincoln's.

"Miss Gregory, I requested you to meet Mr. Lincoln and myself here this evening, to discuss a matter which concerns all three. It is unnecessary to more than allude to the rumors which, for a long time, have coupled your name with that of my husband, in a manner most painful to me. I have resolved to end the mat-

ter, and it is with that question we must deal to-night." Turning to her husband, she said: "Mr. Lincoln, the decision as to what my future shall be, rests entirely with you. If you so desire, I shall take my baby and go where you will never hear of me again, or Miss Gregory will resign her position at once, and seek employment elsewhere. Choose between us."

"I have no other wish, Ethel, than that my wife and baby remain with me."

Miss Gregory said sullenly, "I presume my resignation is in order, and I will tender it at once."

Mrs. Lincoln arose. "As you will, no doubt, be busy preparing for your departure, Miss Gregory," she said, "we will bid you good night."

Not until the door had closed behind the stenographer, did the realization come to Ethel, that in winning she had lost; that duty and inclination were at variance, and her idol had turned to clay.

Again she sought the shrine whence came her strength. "For baby's sake, for baby's sake," she repeated again and again to herself, and with the form of the little sleeper clasped tightly in her arms, she returned to her husband's presence.

Humbly he knelt and begged her forgiveness, and one more chance to win back her love and confidence. Somehow both wife and baby found their way into his outstretched arms, and the baby's soft cooing made sweet accompaniment to the vows of two hearts reunited.

CHOOSING NAME FOR BABY.

Strange Customs in Vogue in Different Countries.

In some foreign lands the baby's name is chosen in strange ways. The poor little Chinese girls are thought of so little importance that they rarely get a name at all as infants, but are called No. 1, 2, 3 or whatever their place in the list of daughters may be.

Chinese boys are given a name by which they are called till they attain the age of 20; then their father gives them a new name.

Japanese girls have pretty names, usually those of some flower, "Mimosa," "Chrysanthemum," "Cherry Blossom," and in some parts of the country the little Japs do not receive a name till they are 5 years old, when their father chooses one for them.

Hindoo babies are named when they are about 12 days old, and it is usually the mother who chooses the name. They, too, are fond of pretty flower names for their little girls.

The Egyptians have an odd way of choosing a baby's name. They light three candles, giving a name to each, but always call one after some deified or exalted person. The baby is called by the name borne by the candle which burns the longest.

Mohammedans sometimes write suitable names on separate slips of paper, which they insert between the pages of the Koran.

The first slip drawn out gives the name to the baby.

HOTTEST PLACE ON EARTH.

The Aval Islands Enjoy This Distinction.

Between India and Africa lies the hottest place on earth, says Golden Penny. The Aval Islands cover a fairly extensive area of the Persian gulf, lying off the southwest coast of Persia, and it is the largest of them which enjoys the doubtful distinction of leading all perspiring competitors in the matter of heat. The mean temperature of Bahrain for the entire year is 99 degrees. July, August and September are unendurable save for the natives. Night after night, as midnight comes, the thermometer shows 100. By 7 in the morning it is 107 or 108 degrees, and by 3 in the afternoon 140. It is stated by voracious travelers that 75,000 Arabs inhabit the Aval group, fully 25,000 living on Bahrain, in which connection Sir Henry Layard adds: "It would seem that a man can accustom himself to anything." The following are the temperatures at some of the hottest places in different countries:

Hyderabad, 105 degrees; Lahore, 107 degrees; El Paso, 113 degrees; Mosul, 117 degrees; Agra, 117 degrees; Death Valley, 122 degrees; Algeria, 127 degrees; Fort Yuma, 128 degrees; Jacobabad, 122 degrees; Bahrein, 140 degrees.

A Little Pink Shoe.

Only a little pink baby shoe. That is stained and wrinkled and torn, with a tiny hole where the little pink toe peeped out in the days that are gone.

The little pink toe was the "big little pig" that to market so often would go. And over and over the legend was told: "As I kissed the little pink toe."

"Piggle some more," her red lips would hiss. And the story and kiss were given again and again, so happy were we in motherhood's foretaste of heaven.

But there came a night, with desolate blight. When death bore my idol away. And no little toe ever peeps from the shoe.

To be kissed in the same old way. But my tears have deluged the little pink shoe.

And I stained it a deeper stain; And I long for the touch that would still me in death. If it gave me my darling again.

So when I am dead lay the little pink shoe. Near my heart that is silent and cold. And perhaps up above, in the sunlight of love, I shall kiss the pink toe as of old.

Take Warning.

People grow old by thinking them selves old. As surely as they think this it will come true, for thought is creative.

UNAFRAID.

So deep is the night, my brother; but bright the coming day. And the time for dawn and sunrise is never far away.

I'm watching here in the valley To catch the first glad rite In the night clouds hanging over— Gray clouds that soon shall lift.

Whenever night shades are deepest Then loudest is my song. In the shadow of the valley Hope speeds my feet along.

Aye, deed is the night, my brother, but bright the coming day. And the time for dawn and sunrise is never far away.

—Henry C. Warnack in Los Angeles Herald.



AN ERROR OF JUDGMENT

By "KINNIS GOUCHE."

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Algernon Barkdale Smythe was known locally as a snob. Some little sense was credited to his account, but his debts ran high. A great many things were unknown to him, but one fact stood out so clearly in his feeble brain that what others he chanced to be burdened with were quite overshadowed.

There was a woman in Algernon's town with whom he was well acquainted. This woman—well, even her enemies said she was beautiful. Algernon loved her with the unreasoning love that is the love of fools, and sometimes of strong men. In her particular circle she was known as a flirt and coquette. Men who distrusted their ability, along with having a certain regard for their peace of mind, fought shy of her winking glances.

To show and emphasize the insincerity of her character, and its unattractiveness, the case of James was always brought up. He was one of those men—quiet, reserved and intense—who love not often. He had met the woman, Lella, some years before. A service he did for her cemented an incipient friendship, which soon began to ripen into something more. James was slow and methodical, and he knew somewhat of women. With women of Lella's type he was, however, not so familiar. Therefore it was that he studied her long and carefully ere he committed himself.

After persuading himself into the belief that he knew her, he promptly asked her to marry him. To his surprise—and her own as well—she accepted him on condition that he wait so long as she might see fit. No lover could refuse even such a qualified acceptance, so they were engaged.

All went well for a year, so far as Lella was concerned. James was very docile in his obedience to her carefully veiled commands, and was equally meek in allowing her to do as she chose. Then, one day, the heavens fell, and James was never the same man afterwards.

It came about in a very simple manner. Lella put James off one night, with but the skeleton of an excuse, and went to the theater with another man. James took it all in good part, and said nothing. That night, in returning, Lella and her escort passed a man and a very shabbily dressed and wanton-faced woman on the street. The two strove to pass without having their faces seen, but they failed to accomplish this. One swift glance revealed it all to Lella. With a startled little cry, she dragged her escort after her in frenzied haste, and when she arrived home she dismissed him with a curt "Good night!"

The next day James received a very hot and scornful note, which sent him about his business without hope of re-



Algernon Barkdale Smythe was known locally as a snob.

call. He saw how it was, and made every effort to gain admittance to her presence; but he was denied. Then Lella left the city and was gone for months. James continued the dreary routine of his life, and strove to forget that all the light and gladness of it was no more.

When she returned James chanced to pass her on the street. She was with Algernon, and he spoke to them, but they cut him dead. A great rage and sorrow filled his heart, so he passed on without further aid.

Meantime the gossips of Lella's set had it that she and Algernon were to be married in the spring. She laughed when it came to her ears, but

her laugh was not to be understood. Algernon himself attempted to look wise when a friend told him, but it was a dismal failure. He was rich, fair looking, descended of a family content to spell its name "Smith," and of average character; therefore, it is not strange that the rumor was currently credited.

It was during a call that Algernon made on her when the heavens fell for him. He, poor fool, unconsciously knocked out the props himself.

That day he came upon an explanation of James' behavior the night on the street. It savored enough of



Even her enemies said she was beautiful.

the disreputable to be a delicious morsel for his palate. Besides, he had a secret fear that the woman had not yet forgotten James, and he was eager to so poison her mind that her heart would forever cast out the likeness of the man she had once loved. So it was that Algernon dug his little pitfall and coaxed Lella to cross it.

"Don't you remember that fellow—ah—let me see, what was his name? Yes, I have it—James. Don't you remember him?"

She flashed a glance at him that would have been a warning to a man of average intelligence, but Smythe did not see it.

"Quite true," she said; "there was such a man. What of him?"

"Nothing of interest, nothing at all. I chanced to think of him in connection with something I heard to-day?"

"Yes?" with rising infection. "Something you heard set you to thinking of him? That is flattering."

"Not at all," denied Algernon, ignoring the thrust. "But, don't you know, it was something that cast a light on something he did—" he paused expectantly.

Lella's face was a mask, and Algernon could not read her thoughts. "Something that he did?" she commented, tentatively. "What can it all mean?"

"Don't you know?" he said desperately. "Of that—that woman he was seen with on the street—"

"Oh, yes," she made answer, as if it all was now clear to her. "There was such a woman."

"She wasn't exactly—er—nice, you know," he blundered on.

"I heard so," was the disdainful interruption.

"She was once of a fairly respectable family," pursued Algernon, regaining confidence. "but she—she fell. Then she left her home, and her people forgot that she had ever lived. Afterwards they left their old home and came to this place—"

"Wait a minute," interrupted Lella; "I can finish it for you. They came to this place, but she had preceded them. When she knew of their arrival she hunted them up, repented of her past misdeeds, was readmitted to the fold, and now they live happily and honorably. It is an old story, and quite commonplace."

"But this did not turn out so," Algernon said triumphantly. "It is worse? That is impossible."

"Indeed, no, as you will see. When James came across her it was by accident. She had not repented, but was continuing her evil ways. That very night retribution overtook her, and she was stricken with some kind of malady. James took her to his home and summoned the best medical aid, but it was of no avail. In a few

weeks she was dead. James was most devoted to her during it all, paid all the expenses, and had her interred in the family burying ground. They say he took it very much to heart."

Algernon waited with malicious expectancy, for he knew what was coming.

Lella was too much absorbed in her thoughts to observe his manner. When he paused, she asked:

"What was she to him that he should do that, and take it so to heart, as you say?"

"Well," and there was an impressive pause, "she was his wife!"

"His wife!" cried Lella, unable to check the cry of astonishment. Algernon nodded in a satisfied manner, and then said:

"Yes, she was his wife. He married her when he was a young fellow. She had it in her blood, and went to the bad. Then they parted. Later he heard that she was dead, and did not know better until he saw her on the street." Algernon sank back in his chair, satisfied that he had done well.

For some minutes Lella was silent. The man finally became impatient, and, to break the suspense, asked:

"Well, what do you think of it? Pretty rough on James, isn't it?"

In reply the woman arose and opened the door leading to the hall. Then she turned her great eyes upon him in dazzling scorn.

"There!" she said, pointing to the door. "You had better go home. You are a mischievous little cur, and if I were a man I would thrash you!"

The man stared in dead consternation, not believing his ears. Before he could compose an answer, however, he was left alone in the room, and the sound of Lella's light steps came back to him as she ascended the stairs leading to her room.

That night she wrote a very apologetic little note to James, begging him to come to see her next day. And James came.

HOW LAWSON GOT EVEN.

Boston Millionaire is a Bad Man to Antagonize.

Thomas W. Lawson, Boston's copper operator, is a man of very warm likes and dislikes, especially dislikes, as many who have come in contact with him have reason to remember. Just now they are telling in Boston how he avenged himself on a forist who took occasion to press him for a bill at a time when he had his hands full looking out for the clubs of his enemies in the stock market, and incidentally swinging a few clubs of his own.

The forist in question was one with whom the millionaire had done a great deal of business in years gone by. When Amalgamated Copper took its recent slump someone went to the forist with a straight tip to the effect that Lawson was in a bad way financially. The forist straightway hid himself to Lawson's office with a demand for his bill. Lawson told him to keep cool, adding that he would send a check as soon as the bill was checked up. The forist, however, wanted a certified check at once.

The insistence of the man was rewarded, and he went on his way rejoicing, his joy being turned to woe a few days later by the resignation of his chief lieutenant, who announced that he was to start a store within a block of the one in which he had worked for many years.

And the knowledge that came later that Mr. Lawson's money was back of the magnificent new store did not make him feel any better. It was Lawson's way of getting square.—New York Times.

Across the Hills.

Across the hills and far beyond, where daylight dies and yet again is born, There lies a country wondrous fair, Beyond the purple rim of mist that girds the valley down below.

There lies a land I dreamed about, a land I longed to know; The stars stood sentinel at dusk and beckoned, Yet I dared not go.

Across these hills a wandering soul came to a child and as it grew It sang a promise of return.

Till the life's great hope became a chain and the spirit knew but bitter pain, For its tasks undone were fetters of lead and a weary life seemed all in vain. For the master passion would not be still Nor the soul at rest again.

It was out of bounds in a realm unreal, as a summer star in a silver sea That counterfeits its light; Unreal and hopeless and afar, Fate misled it out and gave it me.

And hid me accept this lonely thing and smile on life and be free And light of heart and happy—aye— For all eternity.

And I cried aloud in my hour of grief for a comfort in my gloom To frighten death away. Across the hills stole a kindred soul from the infinite long ago.

And my dream came true at last in joy here in the afterglow, And you led me away across the blue Whither I longed to go.

—Percy F. Montgomery.

Smoking Competition.

At a "smoking club" in Thailfingen (South Germany) a competition was held, the object of which was to smoke a cigar as long as possible without letting it go out. The prize-winner smoked his cigar 74½ minutes, while none of the other competitors' records was over one hour.

Golden Sands.

In twelve months Yarmouth, Eng., derived a revenue of about £2,859 from its beach. The sale of sand and shingle produced £504, and payments for the right to place stalls on the beach £709.

Compulsory Vaccination.

Three vaccinations are now compulsory in France. The first must be made during the first year of infancy, the second in the eleventh year, and the third in the twenty-first year.