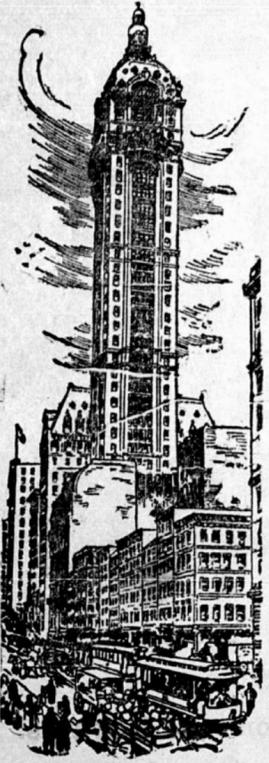


# NEW YORK'S LATEST SKY-PIERCING EFFORT



Bourne office building adjoining it on Liberty street.

Only the Eiffel Tower, of all structures reared by ingenious men, rises to a greater height than will this forty-one-story building. But the openwork Eiffel Tower is an engineering freak, while the New York skyscraper will be the business home of a multitude of people.

In the very block on Broadway where the workmen are beginning to rear this colossal, another equally wonderful office building is to rise, more roomy even than its companion. In the Singer building alone, an army of 100,000 men could find easy standing room on its nine and one-half acres of floor space.

The drawing reproduced herewith from the architects' working plans and designs does not convey, at first glance, an idea of the ambitious scale on which New York's skyscraper "limit" is being erected. But everybody familiar with the downtown district of New York will recognize in the foreground on the corner of Broadway and Liberty street, the old Benedict building. This is six stories high. Fifty years ago it was one of the tallest and finest buildings in New York.

It is only by comparing the Benedict building with the forty-one-story Singer and Bourne structures now rising skyward behind it that the immense height and capacity of the latter can be even faintly realized. Trinity church is completely dwarfed, and so, indeed, are most of the famous office buildings along Broadway, which were once referred to as sky-scrapers, but which are now beginning to present a very shrunken appearance when compared with their lofty neighbors.

Within less than a year the aspect of Broadway, from Cortlandt street down to Trinity church, will be totally changed, and the finest street vista in the world will be seen.

The greatest buildings in the world will by that time be grouped on these four blocks, towering far above everything else in the city.

The necessity for such buildings in New York, or the desirability, is indicated by the fact that the Bourne-Singer building, if one-story, would cover twenty-nine of the city blocks surrounding it. These blocks, or most of them, are not large, however, still, if one of the modern buildings requires such enormous space if built low, the expense for extreme height in a city where the skyscraper district is limited, as in New York, becomes apparent.

The skyscraper is unknown in Europe, and, furthermore, is undesired. In Berlin no building may be more than one-half again as high as the street on which it is located is wide. About the same standard, subject to various minor modifications, prevails in the other large European cities. Few buildings in London or Paris are more than six or seven stories high. Farther east in Europe the standard is even lower.

## BECOMES SISTER OF MERCY.

Countess Cassini, Chum of Alice Roosevelt, to Retire from World.

Not in a long time has Washington society been more surprised than by the report which comes from Paris that Marguerite Countess Cassini is about to retire from the world and assume the black garb of the Sisters of Mercy. The reason assigned for this remarkable act on the part of the charming and vivacious countess, aside from newly-awakened religious promptings, is that she loves and is loved by a prince of royal blood who can never marry her exceptmorganatically. Such a union could not be broken by the proud beauty whose years of training in the United States, if nothing more, would serve to make abhorrent such a "left-hand" marriage.

Countess Cassini is the niece of Count Cassini, for years ambassador to the United States and now ambassador to Spain. She was reared in the Ortho-



COUNTESS CASSINI.

dox Greek Church and her conversion to Roman Catholicism is enough in itself to make something of a sensation. Her reign in Washington as mistress of the Russian legation and leader of the ultra-fashionable younger set will not soon be forgotten. Her beauty, her vivacity, her vigorous health, her wealth, her self-confidence, her daring made her a notable figure in the society of the capital. So dominant did her influence become at one time that it was necessary as a matter of self-preservation for the leaders of the older set to combine against her sway, and as a result there sprang up two circles—one dominated by the charming countess and the other by older and more conservative women. As the close personal friend of Alice Roosevelt she was constantly in the limelight and she managed to keep the center of the stage for several years. She was a daring horsewoman and daily was seen galloping through the streets and avenues of the capital and

through the country roads and lanes of the contiguous country. She was also gifted with great histrionic ability and her amateur theatricals were a feature of Washington entertainments. Gay and bold, free almost to manliness, daring to the uttermost limit, she made Washington gasp on many an occasion.

**CANNIBAL WANTS TEACHERS.**  
King of Gazum Offers Rewards to Tempt American Educators.

The King of Gazum wants teachers, preferably young men with college educations, refinement of manners, pleasant address and a fair knowledge of medicine and plant life, says the New York Herald. He wants them as soon as possible, and he thinks he is offering a golden opportunity to youths with ambitions to become famous in West Africa. To those who will join the monarch's household and seek to instruct his adherents the best habitation in the land of the Gazum, the finest of the cattle, and, in brief, the best that can be furnished him, will be given. The monarch is extremely generous with his means and the pay will be very liberal.

The king, however, is a cannibal, and he is having considerable difficulty in obtaining men to fill the job. Information about the positions is given by Charles Kurtzball of 329 East Walnut lane, Germantown. Mr. Kurtzball is the secretary of the Sudan United Mission and is thoroughly familiar with the northern Nigeria country. Several years ago he met the King of the Gazum. The king told him that it was true that he occasionally feasted on human flesh and was surprised to learn that his favorite dish was never served at any banquets in the white man's country.

The king, however, stated that it was seldom that he ate any young persons, but always served the aged and sick persons. There are no cemeteries in the land of the Gazum.

"It would be a pity to waste the meat," said the king to Mr. Kurtzball. The land of the Gazum is situated in the heart of northern Nigeria, which is now under the domination of the English. He is a powerful monarch with his realm, but, excepting his cannibal tastes, is said to be a kindly disposed king.

**The Faithful White Mule.**  
A Georgia man has written the following on an oak slab which marks a supposed grave in a meadow:

"This spot is sacred to the memory of a faithful animal—a white mule, born ten years before the civil war, and went through that war on a rush, from Bull Run to Lee's surrender. We ain't certain that the mule died here, but when last seen the faithful critter was grazing on this identical spot and trying to kick a lightning-flash back to the clouds."—Atlanta Constitution.

# SERMONS OF THE WEEK

The Remedy.—Obedience to the law of love and brotherhood is the only remedy for our industrial evils.—Rev. H. W. Pinkham, Baptist, Deaver.

Simplicity.—The soul that comes to its own must come back to the fields and villages of the simple life.—Rev. J. A. Jenkins, Congregationalist, Brooklyn.

Pleasure.—Amusement is not the chief end in life, but it can be made a means of grace to all who rightly enjoy it.—Rev. John L. Souder, Congregationalist, Jersey City.

Probing Deeply.—You cannot judge a man solely by his acts. You must probe deeper. You must determine the spirit which actuates him and ascertain its origin.—Rev. D. Hart, Hebrew, Deaver.

The Difference.—A woman who breaks the commandment is an outcast, but a man who commits the same sin, although his habits are well known, is received in the best society.—Rev. E. A. Strong, Congregationalist, Pawtucket, R. I.

Without Dogma.—When we rid the mind of dogma, creed and ritual, we find the intrinsic Christ nature. No interpretation of Christ is so good as to act like him. No dogma so grand as kind acts.—Rev. P. E. Mason, Scientist, Brooklyn.

Patriotism.—Problems are appearing that are putting new tests upon patriotism. Honesty in peace as well as valor in war is patriotism. Corruption in peace as well as treachery in war is treason.—Rev. M. Simons, Unitarian, Cleveland.

Friendship.—We are what our friends make us. The strongest of men are quick to own their indebtedness to certain potent friendships. Of times one friend has been the pivot of another's career.—Rev. C. B. Mitchell, Methodist, Cleveland.

Overconfidence.—The world knows better than to trust a braggart or a dare devil. Overconfidence in self is a road over which many have traveled to wreck. It leads to the neglect of the ordinary precautions and safeguards.—Rev. H. S. Bradley, Methodist, Atlanta.

The Home School.—Home is the first school. There is no education like that it can give. There is no influence such as it can exert. It carries its elements of authority. It carries its splendid sovereignty throughout its entire domain.—Rev. L. M. Clarke, Presbyterian, Brooklyn.

Fame.—It is not right for a Christian to look for selfish, worldly fame, neither is it right for him to look merely for fame in serving God; still, I think it is quite proper for a person to know that fame awaits him providing he serves God in a proper manner.—Rev. R. E. Williams, Episcopalian, Anconda, Mont.

God's Kingdom.—The best men, with widest spiritual horizon, have never surveyed in all its extent the kingdom of God. Often the high spiritual meaning has been missed and men have said the words "Thy kingdom come" with grotesque mental pictures in their thoughts.—Rev. J. T. Bradley, Methodist, Atlanta.

Home Life.—No home can exist except by vicarious service upon the parts of fathers and mothers. There can be no real home for children who are given over to the care of servants. The very rich generally have no homes, hence the constant rotting off of society at the top.—Rev. J. H. Harris, Presbyterian, Lewisburg, Pa.

Eternity.—The way to strip for eternity is not to prepare to die, but to live; not to prepare to meet God as though He were approached from a distance but to find Him in one's soul. What we need is not freedom from the body, but freedom from that limitation of which the body is a symbol.—Rev. B. F. Mills, Independent, Los Angeles.

Marriage.—Perfect marriage is rare because perfect men and women are rare. The ideal marriage is, therefore, a long way off, but happy marriage, successful from the standpoint of the church and the state is by no means so rare as long-haired men and short-haired women would have us believe.—Rev. J. L. Levy, Hebrew, Pittsburg.

The Home.—In the home there should be more altars of prayer. Many are tumbled down and need repairing. There is a wonderful power attached to the earnest prayer of a parent, and the home that has its altar for family devotion is apt to be a home of happiness, for God's blessing will rest upon that home.—Rev. L. M. Zimmerman, Lutheran, Baltimore.

Nature.—Give the old earth time enough and she will spin a web of green on every muddy quagmire, emboss the oak with tuffed lichen, mantle the ruined wall with ivy, cover every wreck with a veil of vines, and work and knit and weave away until the last repulsive object has been transformed into a vision of grace.—Rev. Frank Crane, Baptist, Worcester, Mass.

The Divine Nature.—Every man has a nature which finds its perfect satisfaction of life in this world but it is not his highest and best nature. For above and distinct from the natural mind there is a nature for which this world in itself makes no provision. This is the nature which lives by every word that proceeds out of the mouth of God.—Rev. T. A. King, Swedenborgian, Cleveland.

Bristles.—"Say," sneered the bulldog, "you don't know much about scientific fighting, do you?"

"Perhaps not," replied the porcupine. "If you want to try a little bout with me, however, I think I can give you a few pointers."—Philadelphia Ledger.

We do not believe there is such a thing as pulling a tooth without pain. "I can prove it," a painless dentist said recently. But we were afraid to risk it.

## HORNETS NESTED IN THE BELL

Stings Came from Souder and Routed Wedding Guests.

How a colony of hornets interrupted a wedding ceremony and postponed it several hours is told by Neil Watson, a guide, who had been looking over the door grounds between Molokini Lake and Patten. Watson was present among the guests for the facts, says the New York World correspondent at Macawa, Me.

When he was some miles out of Patten Watson came upon the cabin of Sam Black, another guide, and during the evening smoke Sam imparted to him information that he had been away by a winsome lass named Nellie Turnbill and was expecting to be married shortly. In fact, he was simply waiting to provide himself with a best man and now that Watson had turned up so opportunely he could see no reason why the ceremony should not be performed next day, provided Neil would agree to stand up with him.

Naturally, Watson offered no objection. So bright and early the following morning Sam put on a suit of clothes he had bought for the occasion "sleeked up" his cabin and departed for the home of his sweetheart, across a path by his fellow-guide. Miss Nellie objected at first to hurrying the proceedings, but as there were few neighbors to invite and her wedding fire had been ready for several days she finally agreed to be married if Sam could get the keys to the district school house and fish up a parson. The school house had not been used since spring and was not near so suitable a place for the ceremony as her own home, but Miss Nellie had read of grand church weddings and set her heart upon getting as close to the real thing as she could.

Sam had no difficulty in getting the keys and parson and at 4 o'clock in the afternoon bride, bridegroom, clergyman and neighbors were on hand. One of the neighbors had been instructed to ring the school bell as the couple approached the teacher's desk, now draped with golden-rod for an altar, and at the appointed time he laid hold of the dusty rope and pulled with might and main.

Instead of clarion notes there issued from the bell a swarm of yellow jacketed hornets, which sought out their disturbed and descended upon the wedding party. The parson had just been uttering a roll of psalm and ran down the aisle. The bridegroom followed and the parson legged it a good third. By this time the audience was leaving by doors and windows with the hornets in pursuit.

Half a mile down the road the party gathered, smarting and hot, and bathed their swollen faces in a brook while they applied soothing mud to the afflicted parts. Then they all adjourned to the Turnbill cabin, where Miss Nellie decided to put off the wedding until evening. In the meantime the guests bathed themselves with ointment and lotions and enjoyed an impromptu spread provided by Mr. Turnbill. The ceremony was finally performed at 8 o'clock.

## JOKES OF THAD STEVENS.

A Batch that Are So Old as to Seem New Now.

Many a joke is credited to Thaddeus Stevens, who led the Republicans in Congress during the Civil War and reconstruction periods.

One of the very keenest of his jests, which is undoubtedly authentic, is so commonplace in sound that one might easily be forgiven for failing to take its meaning. In his last days David Reese and John Chamney, two employees of the House of Representatives, used to carry him in a large arm chair from his lodgings across the public grounds, up the broad stairs of the capitol.

"Who," he said to them one day, "will be so good to me, and bear me in their strong arms, when you two mighty men are gone?"

Such a question implied nothing short of a sense of intellectual immortality.

When he had taken to his bed for the last time a visitor told him he was looking well.

"Oh, John," was the quick reply. "It is not my appearance, but my disappearance that troubles me!"

One day a member of the House of Representatives who was noted for his uncertain course on all questions, and who confessed that he never investigated a point under discussion without finding himself a neutral, asked for leave of absence.

"Mr. Speaker," said Stevens, "I do not rise to object, but to suggest that the honorable member need not ask this favor, for he can easily pair off with himself!"

One anecdote always remembered in connection with Stevens illustrates his unostentatious charity. A beggar woman met him one morning as he was limping to the house.

"Oh, sir," she said, "I have just lost all the money I had in the world!"

"And how much was that?"

"Oh, sir, it was 75 cents."

"You don't say so!" he replied, putting a \$5 bill in her hand. "And how wonderful it is that I should have found what you lost!"

No Substantial Satisfaction.

"You can't really be very angry with young Spendif, for when you scold him about his extravagance he pays such close attention."

"Humph! Then that's all he ever does pay."—Baltimore American.

Secure.

"Jenkins says that he never gets the worst of an argument."

"Certainly. Any one with no more sense than to argue with a boor like Jenkins isn't competent to put up a good argument."—Washington Star.

Equivoical.

"I heard, Jenkins, that the girl you are engaged to leads you around by the nose."

"That story," returned Jenkins, evasively, "is entirely miss-leading."—Baltimore American.

Owners of British Land.

Fully one-third of the land in Great Britain is owned by members of the House of Lords.

# PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

## GET DOWN TO THE SIMPLE LIFE.

By Juliet V. Strauss.

Women have run to seed in finding the easy way. The easy way never yet developed character or fostered the real religion that made our planet nearer mothers so benighted. There are certain phases of modern home life which are positively irreligious.

We must get back to our old ideals if we wish our children to emanate any of the crude human emotions we ourselves so hopelessly long for. If you are interested in saving the souls of coming generations—and saving a soul merely means quickening a human body to some sense of the divine—you must try to get everybody you love down to a simple and natural basis of living. The children must play heartily and healthfully, and all the family must be hungry and tired and sleepy at the right time.

The young folk must believe in love and the old folk mustn't sneer at them for it, and all of the family must understand that science, smart modern philosophies, human achievement and discovery, modern disregard of old standards of truth and decency—all these things crumble into nothingness and are hopelessly cheap and futile beside the plain old Christian ideal of home with God in it.

Not the sentimental God of the chain-letter writer or the narrow-minded God of the religious bigot, but the God which means all that warms the human heart—to hope, to love, to confidence in life and morality; to joy and beauty and laughter and tears. The God that responds in us to every form of life and thrills in us to every sense of rapture and every pang of pain.

We have wandered far away from the true ideal of religion and of home, but there are some hopeful indications of a return to quieter ways of living, changed public sentiment and less audacious thought and impious experiment. We are coming back to a willingness to believe that "God is the breath of life" and that marriage and home are his divine institutions.

## HOW TO HOLD HUSBAND'S LOVE.

By Carmen Sylva, Queen of Roumania.

Men look for goddesses in women, not weak creatures who will cling to them for support. And it happens most unfortunately that women, who as long as they remain unmarried seem perfectly well able to take care of themselves, directly they have taken a husband seem to think it incumbent on them to assume a helpless dependent air. And they forget that the being from whom they expect guidance and support is but a weak, erring mortal like themselves, whom of their own choice they make into an idol. They have but themselves to blame when the awakening comes, and they step out of their dream into the reality of life, to find that the being they worshiped and idealized is but a mere human creature after all.

In that hour of disenchantment such poor deluded women may well ask themselves how they could have been so foolish as to give up their cherished independence and trust to another to direct and support their steps, instead of confiding in their own judgment. Most of all will these reflections force themselves on the mind of the wife who would help being aware that she possesses a more powerful intellect and a stronger will than her once adored husband. Is it not hers to remain steadfast in the fiercest throes of moral and physical pain, to set her teeth firmly

## THE FLAG GOES BY.

Hats off!

Along the street there comes  
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,  
A flash of color beneath the sky;  
Hats off!

The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines,  
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.  
Hats off!

The colors before us fly;  
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea fights and land fights, grim and great,  
Fought to make and to save the State;  
Wearry marches, and sinking ships;  
Cheers of victory on dying lips.

Days of plenty and days of peace;  
March of a strong land's swift increase;  
Equal justice, right, and law,  
Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a Nation, great and strong  
To ward her people from foreign wrong;  
Pride and glory and honor, all  
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!

Along the street there comes  
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;  
And loyal hearts are beating high;  
Hats off!

The flag is passing by!  
—Youth's Companion.

## End of the Strike.

SURELY there were horrors enough in a large mill in the middle of winter with all the foreign labor rioting in a desperate strike. Madeline Reynolds had thought of them all, too. The greatest was possible harm to her husband, which took many awful forms.

In this great fear, her petty womanly fears had sunk out of sight. That was probably why she had neglected pulling the curtain low enough to shut out all sight of the room in which she sat. Red shades are cozy things, so are open fires, and the rocking chair that Robert had given her on Christmas was cozier of all.

Bending forward she pulled a basket towards her, picking out a multitude of small garments. She folded them slowly in piles, until she came to something partially finished. Slipping on her thimble, she threaded a needle with deft fingers, and rocking placidly to and fro proceeded to put the finishing stitches to a baby's dainty dress.

All the time between the curtain and the window sill there lurked a horror in human form. A beard that has grown unheeded for weeks, especially if it be black at midnight, will add an almost inhuman ferocity to a man's face.

He watched because he had nothing else to do while he waited. Two other half-starved human beings would join in about fifteen minutes. The volley that broke forth in the east valley seemed to him to be right on top of Hector's biggest factory. This once came him to shift his position to ease his stiffening knees and to take a look

towards the east to see if it meant a fire.

When he looked back the woman stood somewhere in the middle of the room, the tiny white thing at her feet unheeded. Suddenly she dropped on her knees by the side of a well-worn arm chair, pulled the smoking jacket that had been folded on its top downward towards her with a wild, fierce gesture, buried her face in it, and shook.

It came to the man who watched between the curtain and the window sill that after all these people could feel. But Reynolds was a lucky man, nothing ever hurt him. The two or three attempts that had been made directly against him had been turned as if by direct intervention of an unseen power. Didn't she know that? He shrugged his shoulders wearily. What did he care? Pretty soon he would see two dark forms stealing through the bushes and one would carry a bag from which a strong oily smell would strike on the nostrils.

"Ah, that's the smell for them! She'll feel then what it means to be homeless, thrown out into the cold." The thought that had given birth to many a plan seemed somehow dulled of its significance in the light from the cosy room.

The woman hurried away suddenly, closing the door behind her. Where had she gone? It couldn't matter anyhow, with another weary shrug of the shoulders.

When the door opened she was not alone. A young girl with a shawl of the vivid stripes loved by his compa-

ed, for the window frames, houses shrink with age and as do human frames. Her girl, too. He had scowled in pride of it when she turned toward the window. "Marie!"

But they were talking. Marie had the basket ready, the biggest one. I put in every-thing for Robert's supper breakfast. It ought to last for two or three days.

"I will see that it does," she discovered it to them by bits, drea never think, and father shrugged her shoulders sadly where "little mother" had that had roused only a vap in his brain.

"Marie, when do you go to end?" the woman's voice so lord and so weary. "I try to, but I can do so little to-ert had used all his ready will the suffering. It's all my Her voice sunk into a pillow should have been there. I should with pity! She could see, she could feel. No other be stealing through the bushes soaked bag must have proved could be stopped to-morrow, the damnable business, if he and er men would say the word, or five minutes more coming, closing the door behind her. Where had she gone? It couldn't matter anyhow, with another weary shrug of the shoulders.

"Listen," said he who had long.

"I expect a box from home or two, Marie," Reynolds' wife. "I'll let you know when I have by hanging the red shawl east window. I think there'll be for the children, oh I do hope is the baby? Is his cough any The eager eyes fastened on face told how near her heart troubles of her little friend.

"I gave him the syrup as me, and wrapped him in it. He was asleep when I came to girl rose and clasped the hands, pressed them again at her lips. "I must go now, bless you. Do not be afraid of me. I shouldn't worry if you dear; but you know he is my and I love him so." And she opened and closed, and a fe later a figure stole laboring the street in front, swifter than the men followed.

"Let me carry the basket, mother," said a well-known voice than she had heard it to be. "Your friend is a good woman, row the strike so doubt, because of it. Is it not so, Le-need?" The others nodded.

Later, in company with the others, they ate of the substantial Madeline Reynolds had provided talked far into the night, and each went a certain way, hours all disturbances ceased other day the companies had leders to butchers, grocers and The big strike became only to talk about in the long way

Strip the world of all its idle, fruitless and a day might become as years in achievement. Volumes would catalog all these possibilities, endless procession of handclapping. The effect of the idle interrogative and business life is something from its aggregate of evils. Two minutes hours after he is gone the person from his questions may reflect the feelings, wisest, most unselfish of all his callers. He makes a lasting critic of a house's business. He may earn his disrepute because of the idleness. Or, with shaken, shattered nerves, home to his family in a mood that makes his visitation of evil, rather than the pleasure that have been.

Everywhere the idle questioner, with his is challenging his own intellect and the time of those to whom he distributes his interrogative ordinary social intercourse the person asking a tion of friend or acquaintance is embarrassed finds there is no sane answer to the query, selfish questioner who runs amuck in the right and left, and indiscriminately of his fellow a social renegade against which no statutes framed. You, reader—are you one of them?

The reading public is quite familiar with the brutal theory credited to Prof. It is to the effect that the average age, becomes thereafter a burden and ought to be disposed of in a similar to that by which a worthless gotten rid of. While this theory has most universally condemned, it has less, emboldened certain men and women who from a peculiar point of view to advocate a Bernard Shaw, of unenviable notoriety as a to advocate similar measures for the morally Each and all of these advocates of the might not find themselves in ungenial long as the tables were not turned upon with that African king whose most delectable in ending the careers of certain of his subjects first to put into effect the conviction of the in the edible character of his sweetheart, he be ed as having his favorite wife served up for the The progress of civilization has been growing sacredness in which life is held, away from savagery shows an ever-increasing that the issues of life and death should be hands of him who alone can give life, and who the moral right to take it away.

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"I expect a box from home or two, Marie," Reynolds' wife. "I'll let you know when I have by hanging the red shawl east window. I think there'll be for the children, oh I do hope is the baby? Is his cough any The eager eyes fastened on face told how near her heart troubles of her little friend.

"I gave him the syrup as me, and wrapped him in it. He was asleep when I came to girl rose and clasped the hands, pressed them again at her lips. "I must go now, bless you. Do not be afraid of me. I shouldn't worry if you dear; but you know he is my and I love him so." And she opened and closed, and a fe later a figure stole laboring the street in front, swifter than the men followed.

"Let me carry the basket, mother," said a well-known voice than she had heard it to be. "Your friend is a good woman, row the strike so doubt, because of it. Is it not so, Le-need?" The others nodded.

Later, in company with the others, they ate of the substantial Madeline Reynolds had provided talked far into the night, and each went a certain way, hours all disturbances ceased other day the companies had leders to butchers, grocers and The big strike became only to talk about in the long way

ed, for the window frames, houses shrink with age and as do human frames. Her girl, too. He had scowled in pride of it when she turned toward the window. "Marie!"

But they were talking. Marie had the basket ready, the biggest one. I put in every-thing for Robert's supper breakfast. It ought to last for two or three days.

"I will see that it does," she discovered it to them by bits, drea never think, and father shrugged her shoulders sadly where "little mother" had that had roused only a vap in his brain.

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