

"My more than hero!" sobbed Miriam, sheltered in Earle's arms the evening that her father was restored to the happy family circle—"a lifetime's devotion cannot express the love I feel for you!"

—o—o—
THE BUILDERS

By Berton Braley.

We fellows who fool with a pencil or pen
May serve in a measure the leisure of men,
May dream little dreams which we draw or we write,
To give them a moment or hour of delight;
But somehow, it's little and useless we feel,
Compared to the builders in stone and in steel.

We muddle around with our paints or our ink
And talk about Art and the things that we think,
And we fancy ourselves and the work that we do,
Which gladdens the eye for a moment or two,
And if a few people should mention our name
We think we are figures of glory and fame!

Our visions are nothing but visions—that's all,
But the dreams of the builders are built in a wall;
They are hammered in steel, they are mortared in stone,
In tower and bridge and in buttress they're shown,
Say, what are we singers and painter-folk worth
Compared to the builders who conquer the earth!

—o—o—
In the first quarter of this year the birth rate of England and Wales fell to the lowest figure ever recorded, 23.8 a thousand of population, the rate for the entire United Kingdom being only 23.9.

STUNNING PLAID COSTUME

By Mms. Cecile Dillon.



From Drecol I brought home with me a stunning street costume of green and blue plaid. For the skirt, which is plain in front but caught up at the waist in the back, over this is a green duvetine coat double-breasted and closed with large, smoked, pearl buttons, black Martin fur about the neck and sleeves.