

talks with his public, principally about himself and what a suc-was in the matter of getting out a magazine, other publishers and the newspapers made much fun of him and de-clared the idea absurd. But it was not so very long after that when nearly all of the cheaper periodicals adopted the habit and carried it much further than ever Mr. and carried it much further than ever Mr. Munsey did. The publishers of Everybody's elaborated this idea in a department in the back of their magazine, until it now includes almost a daily record of their doings, and makes every reader a member of the family. Other magazines followed suit, and now there is not a printer discharged, or his salary raised, without having it confided to the public in the most naive manner. Mr. Munsey was also the man who showed that a good magazine could be gotten up for 10 cents, and in this low price he was followed by others, until those which were sold at the old high price were few and far between. Now a reaction has set in against selling so much reading matter and circulating such a tremendous amount of advertising a control of the control

re unusually fine and are printed on better paper than has heretofore been used in that department.

Books

It is that department.

It is that amusing to watch the effects of the Lawson story published in Everybody's, on the other magazines. There seems to be a wild scramble going on to seems to be a wild scramble going on to print a real history of somebody, or something which can be exposed; indeed, the magazine not printing the inside facts about persons or things is out of it these days. Public Opinion is publishing a denunciatory history of Mr. Lawson, calculated to put that gentleman out of business, if anything less than a bomb could do so. McCluvic measuring which really ness, it anything less than a bolin cold do so. McClure's magazine, which really began the exposure publications some time ago with Ida Tarbell's history of time ago with Ida Tarbell's history of Standard Oil, has an article this month by Lincoin Steffens, in which he tells a terrible story of the political corruption of the state of Rhode Island, giving a circumstantial account of transactions which do not redound to the credit of some of the Jeading citizens of Providence. Mr. Steffens seems to regard as significant the fact that of all states in the union, Rhode Island is managed politically by Americans, in which runs the blood of Pilgrim Fathers, and that the corruption so rampant there cannot be attributed to the foreigners within their gates. Other magforeigners within their gates. Other magzines are following suit, and the number of any periodical which does not hit hard some politicians, or a large financial deal, will be left behind on the news stand. These developments are all very interesting, but are leading directly to sensationalism and giving a fictitious value to articles which cannot be called literature. ---

Sabrina Warham—By Laurence Housman.
The Macmillan company. For sale by
St. Paul Book and Stationery company. deserts her he gives her a home at the old farm, and here Sabrina joins her. The story from this on is the record of Sabrina's love affairs, including her marriage and the awakening of her soul. She marries Valentine Reddle, for what reason is hardly made clear easy that the devices





we instinctively feel that such people have no sympathy with our aspirations, and our natural prompting is to guard closely any expression of our hopes and ambitions. When they are near us our laudable purposes and designs shrink into insignificance and mere foolishness; the charm of sentiment vanishes and life seems to lose color and zest. The effect of their presence is paralyzing, and we hasten from it as soon as possible.

If we study these two types of personality, we shall find that the chief difference between them is that the first loves his kind, and the latter does not. Of course, that rare charm of manner which captivates all those who come within the sphere of its influence, and that strong personal magnetism which inclines all hearts towards its fortunate possessor, are largely natural gifts. But we shall find that the man who practices unselfishness, who is genuinely interested in the welfare of others, who feels it a privilege to have the power to do a fellow creature a kindness—even though polished manners and a gracious presence may be conspicuous by their absence—will be an elevating influence wherever he goes. He will bring encouragement to and uplift every life that touches his. He will be trusted and loved by all who come in contact with him. This type of personality we may all cultivate if we will.

"My Clothes to Keep"

The child was a boy, scarcely more han four or five years old. His parents

had evidently been sent to prison, or drifted away somewhere. When found by the Slum Sisters in New York, crouching

in the corner of a hallway, one chilly night in March, he was but half clad and

numbed with exposure to cold.

numbed with exposure to cold.

Taken to the barracks, the waif was washed and dressed in clean clothes, warmed and fed. He was delighted with the attention he received, and particularly with his garments; so much so that when one of the sisters attempted to undress him for bed he cried, under the belief that he was about to be prematurely deprived of his new apparel.

This was very apparent when the sister attempted to teach him the words of the simple prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

Peeping between his fingers, the little fellow lisped, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

"I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep," continued the sister.
"I pray thee, Lord, my clothes to keep," whispered the boy.
"No, not 'clothes to keep;' 'soul to keep." corrected the sister."

We instinctively feel that such people

they cared nothing for each other. In reality Billy loved Margaret very much, but did not fancy being ordered to marry her. So he went away in a huff, to paint mediocre pictures in Parls, and when his uncle came to die he left everything to Margaret. So when the story opens she is living with her father on the estate bequeathed to her, entertaining a house party of literary freaks, who worshiped her money and enjoyed her hospitality. Presently comes Billy, and finds on the way upfrom the station that he still loves Margaret, and she, fearing he may think she wants him, becomes involved in a half engagement to one of the writer men who loves her money. It is all very absurd and Margaret discovers that Billy has found another will made by his uncle, in which he is sole heir, and has burned it; Margaret in turn burns the will which envisibles her and all scotts of the writer show that this child took

The Loves of Miss Anne—By S. R. Croek-ett. Dodd, Mead & Co. For sale by St. Paul Book and Stationery company. Paul Book and Stationery company.

Miss Anne was the most mischievous girl who ever appeared within book covers, or outside of them for the matter of that. She was firmly of the opinion that her mission in life was to make as many men mission in life was to make as many men time. mission in life was to make as many men miserable as was possible in a given time, and to say that she accomplished her purpose is to put it mildly. Miss Anne was the daughter of Sir Tempest Kilpatrick; her companion, who shared her pranks and was as beautiful a brunette as-Anne was a blonde, was Clemmy MacTaggarl, daughter of a small farmer. These two girls and their love affairs are the central theme of the book, which is nothing but a girls and their love affairs are the central theme of the book, which is nothing but a recounting of the agonizing torments the young men of their neighborhood endured at their hands. Anne would make her companion change places with her, and when a man swore that he loved best dark eyes and black hair, thinking he was talking to the daughter of a lord, Miss Anne would confront him with her blonde loveliness and remind him of his words when he came later to ask for the honor of her hand. But there was a certain Dan Weir, who was every inch a man, whom Anne really loved, but his lowly position made it quite impossible for him to aspire to the hand and heart of his master's daughter. So this wooing was done entirely by Miss Anne herself, who, it may be truthfully said, was not at all backward when she said, was not at an observate when she saw that her happiness and Dan's depended on her boldness. So she seeks him and tells him he is her chosen one, after having all the other young men wild with love of her. The story is told by Clemmy, who loved Anne dearly, and sacrificed everything in the world to her willfulness. Quite different from the usual style of Crockett, the book in point of merit, is of

Three Weeks in Europe—By John U. Hig-inbotham. H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago, For sale by St. Paul Book and Station-

deserts her he gives her a home and the deserts. Now a reaction has set in against selling so much reading matter and circulating such a tremendous amount of the strain strains and circulating such a tremendous amount of the strains of the strain The writer of this very readable and

The little Paul of "Dombey and Son" is one of the most interesting children of English fiction, and his story makes a perennial appeal to the heart. He appears to have been a favorite character with Dickens himself. The novelist's frequent references to him in his correspondence with Forster show that this child took from the first a-strong hold upon his mind. It may not be generally known to those It may not be generally known to those who are unfamiliar with Dickens' personal history that the story of Paul Dombey is to a considerable degree autobiographical. "I hope you will like Mrs. Pipchin's establishment," wrote the novelist to Forster "It is from the life, and I was there." It is interesting to observe that in is interesting to observe that, in the words of one critic, "There is in little Paul the same kind of quick precoclous intelli-

gence that we now know was so remarkable in little Charles Dickens."

It has been the aim of the editor to present the history of little Paul Dombey in a form that will appeal to even very young children. The language of the author is left substantially unchanged, though the paractive itself is computed children. narrative itself is somewhat abridged. is intended that the story shall serve as an introduction to the great novel, of which it forms a part, and thus pave the way for a wider familiarity with one of the masterpieces of English literature, \_\_\_

The Haunter of the Pine Gloom—By Charles G. D. Roberts. L. C. Page & Co. For sale by the St, Paul Book and Stationery company.

A story of life in the woods, lived by the Boy who felt the presence of an ene-my, and determined to find it. Presently he discovered a soft-footed lynx, or luci-fee, which does much damage to the sheep and rabbits. He tracks these fierce forest and rabbits. He tracks these fierce forest cats to their lair, finding a mother and five kittens. The Boy succeeds in shoot-them and ridding surrounding farmers of their depredations. The story is valuable for boys who may want to learn something of woodcraft.

Stealthy Steve -- By Newton Newkirk.

John M. Luce & Co.

John M, Luce & Co.

If any reader should peruse this remarkable book through to the end he should be given a prize. It is called "a satirical detective story," and belongs to the Foolish Series. The fitness of this last is very evident, as soon as one has read a page or two. As a hit at the ordinary detective story of the day, it is rather funny for a time, but soon grows tiresomely silly as it goes on. It is a mixture of slang and absurdity, and that it found a publisher is a commentary on publishing in general.

## BOOK NEWS

Affairs in Russia, threatening a repetition of the scenes of the French revolution, naturally turn the attention of all readers to books treating of the time and scenes of the Terror. Just out—the title suggested by Mme. Roland's words, "O Liberty! Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!"—Mr. Owen Johnson's "In the Name of Liberty" has for 'its avowed motive to show the material among the common people out of which the French revolution grew, and, especially, its reaction upon certain types. In its making the author spent two years in Paris, studying the period and gaining access to many valuable unpublished documents.

Authors often complain that illustrators do not catch their idea of characters. Mr. Meredith Nicholson, however, whose new story, "Zelda Dameron," is being so favorably noticed, has no reason to feel aggrieved on that score. It was his own idea to have portrait sketches of the different men and women in the book made by John Cecil Clay, his personal friend. Mr. Nicholson. went to New York and discussed the matter with Mr. Clay, who had all the models on his list call for Mr. Nicholson's inspection. "Is her hair right?" "Is this a good man for So-and-so?"—such were the questions put to the author by the artist. They walked the streets together by the hour looking for types.

produce a volume from the pen of Mr. Henry Wellington Wack, treating of the romantic attachment of Victor Hugo and Juliette Drouet. Recently Mr. Wack, while staying in Guernsey, had the good fortune to discover a budget of letters addressed to the great French poet by Juliette Drouet. Conscious of the intense interest taken by admirers of Hugo in the liaison which constitutes the dominant fact in the life of the king of romance, Mr. Wack has embodied Mme. Drouet's letters in an interesting sketch of Victor Hugo's life at Guernsey, where the master's long exile was spent, and the scene of his most active literary period. These love letters, which are about to be given to the world for the first time, are the missives which inspired so many of the Hugo letters published in France. The significance of Mr. Wacks' discovery is recognized in France, and M. Francois Coppee has written an introduction to the book, incidentally revealing many interesting anecdotes of Hugo and his literary confreres.

While the events in "The Storm Center," Charles Egbert Craddock's forthcoming novel of the Tennessee mountains, occur during the civil war, the tale is chiefly of flirtation, love and courtship. A wounded Union officer, convalescing in a household strongly in sympathy with the Confederate cause, falls in love with the young lady of the house.

---Poultney Bigelow, journalist, globe trotter, and author of "The Children of the Nations" (McClure-Phillips), has just returned to America after a long voyage through the Southern Pacific. He has been studying the native and the colonial forms of government. He has recently been appointed lecturer at Harvard university on subjects related to colonies, colonial history and colonial government.

Mr. Arthur K. Kuhn, of the New York bar, has translated Prof. Meili's elaborate volume on international law, and has supplemented it with additions of American and English law. The volume will be published shortly by the Macmillan company under the title of "International Civil and Commercial Law: As Founded upon Theory, Legislation and Practice."

In "The Tomboy at Work" Miss Jeanette L. Gilder tells an amusing story on
Mme. Modjeska and her husband. Count
Bozenta, who were frequent visitors at
the Gilder flat in New York. Miss Gilder
had a negro maid named Hannah. One
day Hannah went to her mistress.

"Why Miss Nell," she said, "I jest
wanted to know if you wouldn't ask Mr.
Presenta to give me tickets to see Mme.
Digesta in "How Do You Like It."

## MAGAZINE NOTES

Though the most conspicuous article of the February number of the Reader Magazine is "My Own Story." by Caleb Powers, still it does not overshadow the many other good things in this issue. "The War at Zeigler" is an interesting and timely contribution telling of Joseph Leiter's attempt to build a model mining town. "The Mirror of the Sea," in which are reflected Joseph Conrad's charming memories of his days on the great deep, is magazine material of the highest class. As February is the month in which Abraham Lincoln was born, a portrait sketch of the great emancipator by Scotson-Clark appears on the cover and reappears in the body of the magazine, accompanied by Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg, artistically printed. But for the Powers article this might be called a Lincoln number, for nothing in it is finer or so worthy of preservation as "Lincoln," a poem by James Whitcomb Riley.

---The February Red Book includes seven-The February Red Book includes seventeen short stories, eighteen portrait studies of Julia Marlowe in various costumes and poses, and many excellent illustrations which accompany the stories themselves. Nelson Lioyd, author of "The Soldier of the Valley," contributes a college story. Owen Oliver writes of London art studio life, Anne Warner offers a novel little character study of domestic service, Harry Irving Greene writes one of his sketches of western life, and Elizabeth Phipps Train. E. F. Stearns, Ethel Shackelford and Harriet A, Nash are other well known contributors. contributors.

The Engineering Magazine for February contains two very important articles on the Panama canal. The first, by Gen. Abbot, shows very clearly that the cry for a sealevel waterway is based on a widely mistaken sentiment and a serious misunderstanding of facts—that it is, indeed, but a revival of de Lessep's original plan, and would be immensely more expensive and slower to build, more difficult and uncertain to maintain, and more dangerous to navigate, than the type with locks and a summit level as proposed by the preceding

commission. The second article is by Mr. C. E. Grunsky, a member of the present commission, presented under the auspices of Admiral Walker, and is a direct, authoritative statement of the work so far accomplished, the general policy of the commission, and the organization by which they propose to carry it out.

Edward Stanwood, one of the most accomplished students of historical American politics and of the tendencies and development of national parties, opens the Pebruary Atlantic with a careful paper on "The Democratic Predicament"—the question how the Democratic party after its recent crushing defeat, can get itself together, and upon what lines it must reorganize to become again a strong factor in American politics. James Schouler reviews and discusses the Jackson and Van Buren papers, the manuscript collections of these two great and affiliated political leaders, which have recently become accessible in the library of congress. Mrs. Elizabeth Robins Pennell continues the Leland papers with one upon the Romany-Rye phase of Leland's character—his gypsy leanings, learning and adventures. "Six Cleopatras," by Prof. William Everett, is a brilliant paper upon the most fascinating and famous woman in history, as her story has been told by "writers of the first eminence who have put their hands to it." Literary papers and reviews are "George Herbert as a Religious Poet," by Prof. George H. Palmer. "Matthew Arnold Intime," by P. Sillard; "Significant Art Books," by Royal Contissoz, of the New York Tribune; and an article on "The Variorum Edition of Love's Labor Lost," by W. A. Neilson.

The February Smart Set is an especially good number, replette with clever fiction, keeping up to the high standard set for itself. The list of authors contains the names of some of the best-fictionists of this country and England.

---The February Bookman continues its series on the politics of this country for the past twenty years by Prof. Peck, the usual book reviews, and interesting special articles, as well as the excellent comment by the editors.

The first year of the Russo-Japanese war, culminating in the surrender of Port Arthur, is the subject of an editorial survey in the Review of Reviews for February; the same magazine treats of Russia's internal troubles, which led up to the massacre of citizens by soldiers in the streets of St. Petersburg on Jan. 22. There is also an article by Prof. Amos S. Hershey, entitled "What Justifies Intervention in War?" and a brief sketch of the career of Gen, Stoessel, the Russian defender of Port Arthur.

The Craftsman for February offers its readers a feast of good things, particularly in the line of decoration and beauty in house and furniture.

Success Magazine for February opens with an article which should create a decided sensation throughout the country. It is the first of a series entitled "The Shameful Misuse of Wealth." The author is Cleveland Moffett, a journalist whose previous work has created a vivid impression in magazine circles. Mr. Moffett is delving into one of the burning questions of the day. The fact that a set of people dine at the Hotel St. Regis, New York, from solid gold service, and daily with viands that sum up a total of \$1,090 a plate, while 70,000 poor children in the same city are obliged to go to school in the morning without breakfast because their parents are too poor to buy food, is not a condition that creates a pleasant picture. Mr. Moffett says that over 27,000 bables were born in the Lying-In hospital, New York, last year; that the patrons of this institution, who represent a wealth of billions of dollars, gave less than \$2,300 to its support, and that the institution is now over \$80,000 in debt. This is certainly a harrowing state of affairs. In his series Mr. Moffett will take up every phase of the misuse of wealth—its effect on law, marriage and the people of the community; in short, he intends to show that the luxury of rich Americans is greater and more pernicious than that of the Romans before the fall of the empire. The editor of Success Magazine announces that Mr. Moffett has been probing and investigating his subject for eight months or more, and assures us that no exaggerated statements will appear in his work.

The current issue of Records of the Past, which is the first number of the fourth volume, is the most elaborately illustrated and interesting number of this magazine which has yet appeared. Its makeup shows that the new editorial management is going to continue this publication in even more handsome and interesting style than has characterized it in the past.



## THE INTERNATIONAL HINE SOCIE

"DO SOMETHING FOR SOMEBODY OUICK"

International Colors—Yellow and white.
State Colors—Rose.
Flower—Coreopsis,
Society Song—"Scatter Sunshine."

PASS IT ON

PASS IT ON

All communications relative to this de-

partment should be addressed to the or-ganizer, Miss Lillian M. Ellis, 1615 St. An-thony avenue. International Headquarters

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All inquiries, requests or contribu-tions should be addressed to the state president. State Officers

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A New St. Paul Branch

We are glad to welcome the members of a new branch to the Minnesota division of the International Sunshine society. The name the new branch has adopted is "The Northern Stars," and the branch colors pale blue and white. They will hold regular meetings at the homes of their members the first Friday in each month. The officers and names of the charter members are as follows: President. Miss Eulalie Schiffmann; vice president. Ethel Beckman; treasurer, Cassie Stoddart; secretary, Fray McMath; press committee, Miss Rhode Lewis, Miss Ruth Diether, Miss Fray McMath; scrap book committee, Miss Marie Spies, Misses Faith Miller, Ruth Kahn, Stella Gregory and Mildred Fitz, make up the list of membership. Miss Nippolt, so active in the Good Luck branch, has been instrumental in forming this branch, of which we shall hear more in the future. A New St. Paul Branch

One of our shut-ins, a young lady so terribly crippled as to be bed-ridden and a constant sufferer, would enjoy having a shower of letters on her birthday, Feb. 15. Send some little token to our shut-in sister and a pleasant word of greeting to reach her by Feb. 15. Address Miss Ida McGonagle, 445 West North avenue, Chicago, Ill. Remember Miss McGonagle

Through the efforts of our Minnesota state organizer there is now a branch at Pepin. Wis. The members of this new branch are very enthusiastic over the

Have you had a kindness shown?

Pass it on.

'Twas not given for you alone—
Pass it on.

Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears—
Pass it on.

spreading of good cheer and sunshine, and will do all they can to brighten the lives of others. We welcome this new branch most heartily and hope to hear from them from time to time in their efforts to spread sunshine.

The Power of Personality There is an indescribable something in certain personalities which is greater than

certain personalities which is greater than mere physical beauty and more powerful than learning. This charm of personality is a divine gift that often sways the strongest characters, and sometimes even controls the destinies of nations.

We are unconsciously influenced by people who possess this magnetic power. The moment we come into their presence we have a sense of enlargement, of expansion in every direction. They seem to unlock within us possibilities of which we previously had no conception. Our horizon broadens; we feel a new power stirring through all our being; we experience a sense of relief, as if a great weight which long had pressed upon us had been removed.

We can converse with such people in a

a sense of relief, as if a great weight which long had pressed upon us had been removed.

We can converse with such people in a way that astonishes us, although meeting them, perhaps, for the first time. We express ourselves more clearly and eloquently-than we believed we could. They draw out the best that is in us; they introduce us, as it were, to our larger, better selves. With their presence, impulses and longings come thronging to our minds which never stirred us before. All at once life takes on a higher and nobler meaning, and we are fired with a desire to do more than we have ever before done, and to be more than we have been in the past.

A few minutes before, perhaps, we were sad and discouraged, when, suddenly of this kind has opened a rift in our lives and revealed to us hidden capabilities. Sadness gives place to joy, despair to hope, and disheartenment to encouragement. We have been toned to finer issues; we have caught a glimpse of higher ideals; and, for the moment, at least, have been transformed. The old commonplace life, with its absence of purpose and endeavor, has dropped out of sight, and we resolve, with better heart and newer hope, to struggle to make permanently ours the forces and potentialities that have been revealed to us.

Even a momentary contract with a character of this kind seems to double our

been revealed to us.

Even a momentary contract with a character of this kind seems to double our mental and soul powers, as two great dynamos double the current which passes over the wire, and we are loath to leave the magical presence lest we lose our newborn power.

On the other hand, we frequently meet people who make us shrivel and shrink into ourselves. The moment they come near us we experience a cold chill, as if a blast of winter had struck us in midsummer. A blighting, narrowing sensation, which seems to make us suddenly smaller, passes over us. We feel a decided loss of power, of possibility. We

I'll take care of those."

"And won't you pawn them?" replied the lad, to the astonishment of the sister, "and buy rum with them? That's what they always did at home when I had new clothes."

Tears filled the eyes of the Slum Sister, but she brushed them aside as she kissed the child. His few words of precocious knowledge had revealed to her the story of his brief life, and she needed no more to tell her of the misery of his home. Although he finally mastered his little prayer, it was with the words, "I pray thee, Lord, my clothes to keep," on his lips that he fell asleep.—Selected. could no more smile in their presence than we could laugh while at a funeral. Their gloomy, miasmatic atmosphere chills all our natural impulses. In their presence there is no possibility of expansion for us. As a dark cloud suddenly obscures the brightness of a smiling summer sky, their shadows are cast upon us and fills us with vague, undefinable uneasiness.

The Sunshine Brigade

Make way, make way for the Sunshine brigade! There comes no gloom where its troops have strayed, have strayed.

For they bear the peace of the fairy dells.

And laughter's the music that ripple and swells
To the rhythmic tread of their marching

To the rhythmic tread of their marching feet,
And they love the world, for the world is sweet;
And Worry and Trouble keep back, dismayed.
When they view the flag of the Sunshine brigade. Make place, make place for the Sunshine brigade.
As it cheerfully marches, in joy arrayed, For the world has need of laughter's tone. And has worries and flurries enough of its

own; And a smiling face is a message of cheer: "Let the world wag on, there's a blessing Oh, we need them all on life's upward grade.

The beautiful folks of the Sunshine brigade.

The flag, the flag of the Sunshine brigade! It is woven of light that the sunbeams made As they kissed the water that loves them well As they crept, as they lept through a hidden dell; hidden dell;
And there's never a thread of gloom that is hid
The strands of the sunlight beneath, amid,
For a cheery heart is the emblem displayed
By t'ose who would march in the Sunshine brigade!

A song, a song for the Sunshine brigade! Though I am unworthy, I know a maid Who laughs to me when my toil is o'er— I would march behind as she marches be-

fore.

And, hearing the laughter of her I love,
There is nothing about, or beneath, or
above
That can sadden my heart or make me
afraid
As I march in the steps of the Sunshine
brigade.

Recruits, recruits for the Sunshine bri

From those who have wandered and stumbled and strayed, Yet know the sweet music of laughter's glad song— That defeat presses down the battalions of Who know the love that was born to bless,
The pressure of lips in a fond caress,
From those who are blessed, through the
ransom Christ paid,
Recruits, recruits for the Sunshine bri-

"No, not 'clothes to keep;' 'soul to keep," corrected the sister.

"Soul to keep," said the boy.

"Now, say it from the beginning," urged the worker in the slums. "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep."

But the poor little fellow was too intent upon his treasures. "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray thee, Lord, my clothes to keep," he said, making the same mistake.

"No, no; that is not right," said the painstaking sister. "You pray to God

to "take comfort" in the rich present, and living more and more in the barren future, we can give from the fullness of the heart. Beautiful faces are those that wear—

living more and more in the barren future, or the unsatisfactory past. One day a seamstress came to the house to begin a week's work. She was a widow whose only child was living with a relative till the mother could earn and save enough money to set up a lit'le home.

While the seamstress in her plain black gown sat quietly sewing, Mrs. Eldred glanced at her face now and then, wondering at its sustained calm, its look of gentle peace.

"How could I live, if I were in her place?" thought the matron, anxious about many things. Then her mind went off in quest of the daughter who was in school a hundred miles away; of the son in college in a distant town. She feared that one would be ill from hard study; that the other would not choose the best companions. Her real self was thus absent from her present duty. Her kitchen, her cooking, and the work must be done by hands unvitalized by the power that rightfully belonged to them. The work was tiresome, "hard," unsatisfactory. In the meantime the pretty waist in the hands of the seamstress grew rapidly. Coming unobserved from the cookstove with a red, worried face into the quiet sitting room the housekeeper saw the seamstress draw a card from underneath her work and glance at it while she pulled the basting from a completed seam. Mrs. Eldred silently looked over the reader's shoulder. On the card was printed Canon Wilberforce's prayer "Just for Today." It began:

"Lord for tomorrow and its needs

"Lord, for tomorrow and its needs
I do not pray."
The eyes of the overlooker scanning it apidly caught these words:
"Let me be slow to do my will, Prompt to obey,
"Set thou thy seal upon my lips Just for today."
"Keep me, guide me, hold me, Lord. Just for today."
"Ah! that is the secret," said Mrs. El-

"Ah! that is the secret," said Mrs. Eldred to herself as she went back to her kitchen. "Jesus has told me to 'take no thought of the morrow," but I have disobeyed. I have fretted away many a time the peace and rest which my Father has given me in sleep. I have run after my own will."

n will.

Then, with a subdued spirit she went
but her tasks, driving out anxious
sughts by a persistent repetition of the 'So for the morrow and its needs
I do not pray;
But keep me, guide me, hold me, Lord,
Just for today."

Everyday Philosophy
There's a little splash of sunshine and a little spot of shade
Always somewhere near.
The wise bask in the sunshine, but the foolish choose the shade.
The wise are gay and happy, on the foolish shorrow's laid;
And the fault's their own, I fear.
For the little splash of sunshine and the little spot of shade
Are here for joint consumption, for comparison are made.
We're all meant to be happy, not too foolish or too stald,
And the right dose to be taken is some sunshine mixed with shade.
—Stanley Dark.

Recruits, recruits for the Sunshine brigade!

—Alfred J. Waterhouse in Success.

A Sunday school teacher was trying to make his class understand the dependence of the branches upon the vine. Jesus is the vine, we are the branches. We derive all our life and hopes from him. "Yes," said a little fellow, "Jesus is the vine, grown up people are the branches and we are the buds."

Just for Today

Mrs. Eldred had been losing her grip upon the natural, healthy, happy life that she had enjoyed "once," losing the power

If I had the time to find a place
And sit me down full face to face
With my better self that cannot show
In my daily life that rushes so,
It might be then I would see my soul
Was stumbling still toward the shining

goal.

I might be nerved by the thought sublime
If I had the time.

If I had the time to let my heart
Speak out and take in my life a part,
To look about and to stretch a hand
To a comrade quartered in no luck land.
Ah, God! if I might but just sit still
And hear the notes of the whip-poor-will,
I think that my wish with God's would
rhyme—
If I had the time!

If I had the time to learn from you
How much for comfort my word would
do;
And I told you then of my sudden will
To kiss your feet when I did you ill;
If the tears aback of the coldness feigned
Could flow and the wrong be quite explained—
Brothers, the souls of us all would chime Brothers, the souls of us all would chime if we had the time.

—Richard Burton.

God never would send you the darkness
If he felt you could bear the light;
But you would not cling to his guiding hand hand
If the way were always bright;
And you would not care to walk by faith,
Could you always walk by sight.

So he sends you the blinding darkness, And the furnace of seven-fold heat; 'Tis the only way, believe me, To keep you close to his feet; For 'tis so easy to wander, When our lives are glad and sweet.

Then nestle your hand in your Father's,
And sing, if you can, as you go.
Your song may cheer some one behind you
Whose courage is sinking low;
And e'en if your lips do quiver—
God will love you the better so.
—New Orleans Picayune.

The bread that bringeth strength I want to give,
The water pure that bids the thirsty live;
I want to help the fainting day by day;
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give the oil of joy for tears, The faith to conquer crowding doub and fears. Beauty for ashes may I give alway; I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give good measure running o'er, And into angry hearts I want to pour The answer soft that turneth wrath away; I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give to others hope and faith; I want to do all that the Master saith; I want to live aright from day to day; I'm sure I shall not pass again this way. —Great Thoughts.

I met a slender little maid
A.rosy burden bearing,
"Isn't he heavy, dear?" I said,
As past me she was faring.
She looked at me with grave, sweet eyes.
This fragile "little mother."
And answered, as in swift surprise,
"Oh, no! ma'am; he's my brother."

We larger children toil and fret
To help the old world onward;
Our eyes with tears are often wet,
So slowly it moves sunward:
Yet, would we all the secret seek
Of this dear "little mother."
Unwearying we'd bear up the weak
Because he is "my brother."
—Minnie Leona Up

It matters little if dark or fair— Whole-souled honesty printed there. Beautiful eyes are those that show, Like crystal panes where hearth fires glow, Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words Leap from the heart like songs of b Yet whose utterance prudence girds. Beautiful hands are those that do Work that is earnest, brave and true Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go— On kindly ministries to and fro— Down lowliest ways, if God wills it so. Beautiful shoulders are those that bear Ceaseless burdens of homely care, With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless-Silent rivers of happiness, Whose hidden fountains but few may, guess, -Selected.

SAY SOMETHING GOOD

Pick out the folks you like the least and watch 'em for awhile; They never waste a kindly word, they They never waste a kindly word, they never waste a smile;
They criticise their fellow men at every chance they get,
They never found a human just to suit their fancy yet.
From them I guess you'd learn some things if they were pointed out—
Some things that every one of us should know a lot about.
When some one "knocks" a brother, pass around the loving cup—
Say something good about him if you have to make it up.

It's safe to say that every man God made holds trace of good.

That he would fain exhibit to his fellows if he could;

The kindly deeds in many a soul are hibernating there,

Awaiting the encouragement of other Awaiting the encouragement of other souls that dare To show the best that's in them; and a To show the best that's in them; and a universal move
Would start the whole world running in a hopeful, helpful groove.

Say something sweet to paralyze the "knocker" on the spot—
Speak kindly of his victim if you know the man or not.

the man or not.

The eyes that peek and peer to find the worst a brother holds.
The tongue that speaks in hitterness, that frets and fumes and scolds;
The hands that bruise the fallen, though their strength was meant to raise.
The weaklings who had stumbled at the parting of the ways—
All these should be forgiven, for they "know not what they-do;"
Their hindrance makes a greater work for wiser ones like you.
So, when they scourge a wretched one who's drained sin's bitter cup.
Say something good about him if you have to make it up.
—S. W. Gillilan in Baltimore American.

MAN AND WOMAN

Man tells his fishing tales, and he Is prone to let his fancies stray Until he almost makes us see The mammoth ones that got away.

And woman, reminiscent too,
Will often shake her pretty head,
And tell of how they came to woo—
The countless men she did not wed,
—Collier's Weekly.

Flim-Did Bangs strike any rich veins when he was gold hunting?
Flam-Weil, rather! They were blue blooded veins. He married the daughter of a man that owned all of the mines in that section of Alaska!—Detroit Free