

tiv weight of the advantages and disadvantages.

We conclude by saying, that notwithstanding the opposition of conservatism, and the objections of ignorance, this movement has every assurance of success. Our great scholars are at work. In this telegraphic age when great ideas flash simultaneously thru the great nerve centers of the world, the masses are within easy reach of their leaders.

The reform must be united, philosophical, final.

#### MT. TACOMA.

BELLE W. COORE.

Morning dawns, and lo! Tacoma  
Stands against the eastern sky,  
Rising up from flood and mountain  
With its snow-crest lifted high,

With the glory of the sunrise,  
Pink as rose-leaf's brightest blush;  
Blue and cool the marbled shadows  
Lie beyond the rosy flush.

Then, anon, the rose is folded  
Back from off the fields of snow,  
And a lily-gleam, like satin,  
Spreads o'er all a softened glow.

Icy points and glaciers glisten,  
Light the snowy fields like stars,  
While, across the bay, low-lying,  
Forest shadows stretch their bars.

Rounded tree-tops, intervening,  
'Twixt the pointed fir-tree spires,  
Stand against the lower foot-hills,  
Tipp'd with yellow sun-lit fires.

Far across the glassy water  
Glides the sylph-like, frail canoe,  
While, o'er distant cove and inlet,  
Lies a film of faintest blue;

Rocky crags, in broken masses,  
Gather round the mountain's base,  
And, in quiet splendor, dreaming,  
Smiles the kingly upturned face.

#### A BABY CARRIAGE IN THE HALL.

A baby carriage in the hall,  
The handsomest piece of furniture  
that any house can boast, always making  
an honorable exception in favor of  
the cradle.

The baby carriage means a home.

Without it, only a place to stay in.

It means a "dear dimpled darling"  
—that makes sunshine all the time—  
when it has not got the colic.

It means a happy mother, whose  
life is filled with all tender care, all  
sweet responsibilities, all wonderful  
hopes for the future.

It means a father who holds up his  
head among men with the grandest  
dignity that any man may know.

To mother it is "baby."

To father it is "my boy."

The baby carriage in the hall means  
all the wealth of rosy hours as mother  
sings lullaby song—perhaps

"Hush, my dear, lie still in slumber,  
Holy angels guard thy bed."

When all the time she is the angel  
that God appointed to guard it, as none  
of all high heaven's host could do.

It means a world of plans and projects  
which all center in that one little  
life.

It means a father who studies his  
bank balance with wonderful diligence  
for "my son" must have a good education,  
a good start in life, you know.  
And he goes home and catches up the  
laughing toddler, and reddens the dimples  
with his whiskers, and then putting  
sturdy twelve-month-old on his feet,  
sets him at his a, b, c of walking, addressing  
him with comical dignity,  
"Well, governor, where shall we go  
now?"

And although he only calls him gov-

ernor, the mother's heart says—and the  
father's won't deny it were she to put  
it in words—that more likely it will be  
president, in that dim, beautiful and  
certainly very grand future.

Her choice, however, would be that  
he should be a good man and a happy  
one.

Between them both, they parcel out  
for his manhood's years all that makes  
life worth the living.

The baby carriage in the hall means  
a good deal, does it not?

It means everything to the father  
and mother.

It means more than can be told.

If you have such a piece of furniture  
in use, you know all about it.

If you haven't, it's a waste of raw  
material to bother with you.



MOUNT TACOMA. FROM BALCH'S PASSAGE, W. T.