

Love me now, and love me ay—
Life is but a passing day!
(But the day is still reborn.)
Love me now, and love me ay,
When all lives have passed away—
On some fair Eternal Morn!

Still I pass, and thou dost pass,
Like the raindrops on the glass,
Shared between the sun and wind!
Thou and I, we onward pass
To return—but we, alas!
How shall we each other find?

Thou and I—to come again!
Shall my day be on the wane
When thy day is only young?
Thou and I—to come again!
But shall one land hold us twin?
Wilt thou even speak my tongue?

Thou and I—to come and go,
Know each other—or not know,
Plung together—flung apart!
Thou and I—to come and go,
Life, like leaves, behind us strow—
Shall I find thee where thou art?

We shall pass—shall we return?
Shall the soul its own discern
When the myriad lives are fled?
We shall pass . . . Ere we return,
Oh, to set some lamp to burn
On the dim ways we must tread!
—Harpers Bazar.



When Tom Merton was approaching 21 years of age he suddenly became very "dresy." He favored hosiery of violent hues, with neckties to match and he let it be known to his mother that the next time he bought a new suit of clothes, he preferred to select it himself instead of leaving the choice to her, as he had always done before.

Mrs. Merton was good-natured about Tom's sudden show of independence, as she was always good-natured about everything, and this happy disposition had preserved her youthful looks and made her appearance fit her name, which was Rosie. Tom was born when his mother was little more than 18 years old. His father was killed in an accident shortly after his son came into the world, so Tom and his mother always had been very near to each other. When Rosie was widowed, she was left without money, but she was young and strong and hopeful, and after she recovered from the shock of her sudden bereavement there was never a fear in her heart, but that she could support herself and her boy. In this she was successful, and while there had been necessity for close economy, they had always had enough to eat and wear and a comfortable home to live in, though in the beginning the home was only one room.

Save for her grief for her husband, Rosie had never been unhappy. She made all she could out of every chance of enjoyment, and while she had never known any but simple pleasures she took from life every opportunity there was for a laugh or a smile, and she was quick to see these opportunities. She had taught Tom that as soon as he had sufficient schooling he must work for his living, and this he began to do even sooner than his mother was willing. Rosie was a good manager, and while Tom was still in his "teens" they had paid for a cosy little home with a tiny yard at the side that was just big enough for a "patch of flowers" and a "bit of a vegetable garden," as Rosie expressed it.

"What more could I want?" she said contentedly. With our fine little cottage, and with work for me hands and Tom, dear, for me heart, what could a woman ask better?"

Rosie was of Irish descent and spoke now and then with a touch of Irish mannerism.

It was not to be expected that so attractive a young widow as Rosie could go unsought in marriage, but the woman was absorbed in the mother and she discouraged matrimonial attentions and turned away from admirers. In spite of her determination not to marry again, there was one who would not take "no" for a final answer. This was John Donnelly, a man of strong and dependable character, who had known Rosie in her girlhood and, if the truth were told, for her sake had remained a bachelor. He stood by and bided his time, feeling sure that some day Tom would follow the way of youth and there would be some one to rival his mother in his affections, then, perhaps, John thought, he would have a chance with Rosie.

"How are you going to like being 'my husband's mother' to some young snip of a girl who's going to own Tom one of these days?" he asked Rosie, by way of warning her of what she might expect in the future.

Rosie was not inclined to do any bridge crossing. "It's one word for me and two for yourself you're speaking, John Donnelly," she said.

"Maybe so, maybe so," he returned, "but I tell you it's bound to happen," he insisted; "how'll you like playing second fiddle?"

"I'll wait till it happens before I begin tuning the fiddle," declared Rosie.

Her sense of absolute ownership of Tom was so strong she could not realize the possibility of having to

share him with another. Tom had always been a quiet, home-staying sort of a lad who seemed perfectly satisfied with the companionship of his mother. Her youthful spirit was unflagging, and Rosie spoke the truth when she said "Tom and I always have good times together."

She never thought there might come a change, and she was slow to read the signs when Tom, who had paid so little attention to clothes, suddenly became very "dresy."

"For why are you getting so fussy about your neckties and socks?" questioned Rosie. "It's not so long ago I could hardly get you to wear 'em."

Tom blushed, and to conceal his blushes bent down to examine the hem of his trousers which, since his predilection for bright-hued hosiery, he had taken to wearing turned up.

For the first time in his life he had a secret from his mother. He felt himself a guilty wretch to keep her out of his confidence, but some way he could not bring himself to speak of "the girl," especially as he was by no means sure of her. Doubtless it was this uncertainty that caused Tom to go mooning about, whistling "be mine" music, in an absent minded manner.

His actions were so unlike him that slowly but surely it dawned upon Rosie that what ailed Tom was the girl question. "Sure, what John Donnelly said has come true; there's a girl in it," she decided, and she knew some uneasy moments until she consoled herself with the thought, "Oh, the first time never counts, for why should I worry?"

She made up her mind the wisest thing to do was to win Tom's confidence, and one morning at breakfast she asked him, without leading up to the question, "Do I know her?"

Tom jumped in his chair and glanced at her anxiously, but seeing the good-natured twinkle in her eyes, was reassured, and answered frankly, "I don't think you do, but mother," he went on, with a burst of feeling, "she's an awfully nice little girl."

"They always are," Rosie remarked, dryly.

Tom's hurt look reproached her, and another love supplanted the jealousy that sprang into her heart when she understood that Tom was in earnest. "Bring her around, so we can make friends," she invited, cordially.

"I will," promised Tom.

"You do that," returned Rosie.

It was late when Tom came home that evening after this conversation. He had put his fate to the test, and he went to his mother's room with what he thought were glad tidings.

"Mother," he exclaimed, "it's all fixed. She'll have me!" He spoke as if he had won the world.

"Will she?" said Rosie, a little dully, being scarcely awake, and then she had not expected the affair would be so soon rushed to a climax.

Tom was so eager to pour out his soul that his mother invited him to sit on the edge of her bed and talk of his happiness.

"We three can live here together, can't we, mother?" he asked, when he had reached a point where he could come down to prosaic plans.

For a moment his mother was silent. She wanted to be responsive, but she could not immediately rejoice at the prospect of having a daughter.

"We'll talk that over to-morrow," she answered gently, and Tom had to be satisfied with this.

When morning came, he was obliged to hurry away to his work, thus giving his mother time to think of the matter when she was alone, and this was what she wanted. Her first thoughts were rebellious. That Tom could go on without her, suddenly dawned with terrifying clearness upon her mental vision, but she—could she go on without Tom?

"It's hard," she said to herself, "to have some one take away the boy that's been the heart of me all my life, and that without so much as 'by your leave, ma'am.' I don't even know the girl, and maybe she isn't the right one at all. Tom seems so certain, I'll have to take his word for it, but a man never knows the women he's in love with, and Tom is so young. They're going to be married right away. 'What's the use of waiting,' says Tom, 'with a nice home ready and me with a good job?' And she's going to be so much company for me, he says. Oh, the boy of it, the boy of it!" she sighed. "And there's no use saying a word against it, not a word, he's that firm and decided."

She had it out with herself and then, her rebellion ended, she turned to plans for Tom's future.

"When the time comes, I'll be going and give the lad the home. No house is big enough for two families. To be sure, I'm a small bit of a family all by myself, but I've had me own way for so long, I'd be interfering without knowing what I was doing. John Donnelly was right. I could never play second fiddle and there's no use in my trying to tune it."

The tears sprang to her eyes at the thought of saying good-by to the place which she and Tom had worked so hard to pay for and furnish. She loved every inch of it. She loved everything it contained, and yet, for the sake of her son, she was determined to leave it.

"If I was to die," she thought, "it would all belong to the lad, so I'll give him his share whilst I'm here and see him enjoy it. I wonder where I'll be going when I move out."

In imagination she already saw herself departing, she knew not whither, and was overwhelmed with a sense of desolation. It was at this point in her reflections that John Donnelly

chanced to come to the house and, for the first time in many years, he found Rosie in need of consolation.

"Why, what's happened?" he exclaimed, startled by the unusual sight of Rosie in tears.

Here was some one who would give her the sympathy she craved, and Rosie turned to him with a glad, though tearful, welcome.

"My Tom's going to be married," she cried, "and him but a bit of a lad!"

"Didn't I tell you?" John Donnelly could not refrain from saying.

"Yes," acknowledged Rosie, "you did, but I never believed it would come so soon. I'm giving Tom the house when he's married. I'll not stay here to play second fiddle, though I'm far from finding where I'll find a home to go to," she lamented.

John Donnelly moved closer to Rosie. "You say Tom is going to be married soon?" he questioned.

"I do," answered Rosie, sighing.

John Donnelly came still closer. "Rosie," he said, slipping his arm around her waist, "it's long I've been waiting. Why don't you beat him to it?"

"I will," answered Rosie, without much hesitation, finding a wonderfully comforting power in his arm.

When Tom next talked to his mother of his marriage, he found her a very sympathetic listener.

"I'll be giving you the home for your very own, Tom, dear, on your wedding day, and all that's in it, saving myself," she told him.

Tom looked puzzled. "But, mother," he said, "where are you going? We want you here in the home with us. Why, I couldn't think of living without you."

"You'll have to, then," Rosie returned with her hand pressed lovingly on his shoulder to soften her refusal and his explanation, "I'm going to be married myself."

Tom stared at his mother in astonishment. Never before had she made a plan without consulting him or in which he was not the figure of paramount importance, and he had a queer, gone feeling.

"Is it John Donnelly?" he asked.

"It is," answered Rosie.

"Well," said Tom, slowly, "I guess I'll have to be willing."—Toledo Blade.

HOME OF PILLAGER INDIANS.

It Is Near the Canadian Border, North of Lake Superior.

A long, deep, clear and very cold body of water called Burnside lake, north of Lake Superior, near the Canadian boundary, contains, among over 100 other beautiful islands, a certain sunny islet, that is of great interest to the archeologist, says Records of the Past.

These islands and waters constitute the hereditary home of the Pillager Indians, who are pagans. One of these islands (known as Flower Island) is, as it has been for generations, the seat of the Pillager kings. On it sleep, according to tribal traditions, over fifty successive Pillager rulers, the ancestors of the present chief or king, who, he says, must have reigned an average of thirty or forty years each, as he himself has been chief for more than half a century.

The more modern graves are carefully roofed with cedar bark, which, when kept dry and away from the earth is almost imperishable. The very ancient graves have been essentially obliterated by the ravages of the elements. At the head of each of the traceable graves is carved the peculiar heraldic insignia of the king who sleeps beneath and above him are placed a receptacle for the mah-no-min (wild rice), fish, berries and other food which are brought annually by the related members of the tribe to appease, as they suppose, the hunger of the departed.

Undoubtedly, if half as much money as is being expended in the excavations of Africa and Asia Minor were placed in scientific hands for the purpose of uncovering pre-Caucasian civilization in America, the results would be even more definite and satisfactory and perhaps more valuable.

Discipline Upheld.

In speaking of his mother's unswerving discipline, John D. Rockefeller, in "Random Reminiscences," says she upheld the standard of the family with a birch switch when it showed a tendency to deteriorate, and excuses were not encouraged. On one occasion, when he was being punished for some unfortunate doings which had taken place in the village school, he felt called upon, he says, to explain after the whipping had begun that he was innocent of the charge.

"Never mind," said my mother. "We have started in on this whipping, and it will do for the next time." This attitude was maintained to its final conclusion in many ways.

One night, I remember, we boys could not resist the temptation to go skating in the moonlight, notwithstanding the fact that we had been expressly forbidden to skate at night. Almost before we got fairly started we heard a cry for help, and found a neighbor, who had broken through the ice, was in danger of drowning. By pushing a pole to him we succeeded in fishing him out, and restored him safe and sound to his grateful family.

As we were not generally expected to save a man's life every time we skated, my brother William and I felt that there were mitigating circumstances connected with this particular disobedience which might be taken into account in our mother's judgment, but this idea proved to be erroneous.

The amount of your fortune is always exaggerated, so that stories that you are stingy will go better.

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

WHEN SHOULD GIRLS MARRY?

A GRANDMOTHER has undertaken to answer the question in the headline in a magazine article. Having had experience, she thinks she knows what she is talking about. It is her opinion that no girl should marry before she is 25 years old. There never has been and never can be any fixed rule for the mating of human beings. Ages ago parents were the sole arbiters of the marital destinies of their daughters. They gave in wedlock when and where and to whom they pleased, and the daughters had nothing to do with the bargain.

The matter is one in which there is pretty nearly independence of thought and action on the part of American girls. Parents may try as they will to shape their daughters' love affairs to conform to their own ideas, but it is a rare case in which they succeed—and even then success on the part of the parents is not a guarantee of the girl's happiness. It has been estimated that a woman's chances of marriage begin to diminish at the twenty-fourth year and decline rapidly to the thirtieth year, when they have almost disappeared. The period of greatest expectation is from 19 to 23. It is between these periods that the majority of women must make up their minds, and they do it from the dictates of the heart oftener than from any other consideration.—Savannah News.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

THE Department of Commerce and Labor has just issued a comprehensive compilation of marriage and divorce statistics from all over the world, which furnishes much information of interest.

Hungary alone of civilized countries leads the United States in number of annual marriages in proportion to marriageable population, with 339 weddings to every 10,000 unmarried adults. Saxony follows closely with 350, while Ireland, laid waste and pitifully poor from British oppression, is at the foot of the list with but 126.

The United States average is 357. New England and California rank about 250. Therefore, it appears that the coast States, as usual, are leaving their burden of good citizenship to the Mississippi valley.

The increase of divorce is shown by the fact that in 1870 but one decree was granted for every 1,233 married persons, while in 1900 there was one divorce to every 250 married couples. Illinois has been undervaluedly accused in this respect, since the figures show the States of Washington and Delaware away in the lead, while Illinois is only twenty-fourth in respect of the number of divorces granted, and South Dakota is but twenty-second. Big cities lead the country districts by a comparatively small percentage.

The divorce habit in other countries is also on the increase, although religious beliefs and the great expense

VERY EXACTING BUSINESS.

It Takes Lots of Time and Trouble to Fight Bacteria.

If we are to sterilize the mouthpieces of telephones every day, to kill the bacteria and prevent infection, and must scrub the doorknobs every day for the same reason, why not be consistent and go on scrubbing and scrubbing every thing with which we come in contact? the Memphis News-Scimitar asks.

If these bacteria must be cleaned out once a day, why not once an hour, or once a minute? The pestiferous things are apt to get in any second.

Of course everybody knows that drinking water must be not only boiled but distilled. We have all often enough been warned that handshaking is dangerous and kissing deadly. All of which warnings we have all duly observed of course!

Now, after having long and virtuously refrained from water as God made it and from the other enticements, it is hard to be informed by the bacteriologists that we still are in momentary danger from microbes unless we scrub, scrub, scrub.

And when we get used to scrubbing and learn to look upon it as a matter of course instead of a hardship, may not the microbes steal another march upon us through the scrub brush? Maybe we shall have to sterilize the soap and then sterilize the sterilizer. Bacteriologists are insatiable. They never know where to stop.

But their demands, if fully acceded to, would leave us no time to make a living. It would be scrub, scrub with us all the time. The farmer, instead of plowing, would have to put in all the time killing the microbes in his plow handles; the butcher, instead of killing beef, would never cease to scour his knife and cleaver. There would be nothing produced to eat, and while saving ourselves from death from microbes we would all die of starvation.

This sort of thing may very easily be carried too far. The bacteriologists must learn to draw the line somewhere.

We may soon become as ridiculous as were the Salemites in the days of witchcraft.

Stopped in Time.

"When you do tell a lie," remarked Hamlett Fatt, "tell an elaborate lie."

"I don't know about that," said York Hamlett. "Following that policy would have lost me the job I just got."

"How so?"

"A manager wanted to know if I had ever played Richelleu. I never have, but I said yes. I was about to say that I originated the part."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

We are sorry things do not run your way oftener.

of divorce actions keep the ratio behind that in this country. There is no immediate danger of the great American divorce record being exceeded or even equaled.—Chicago Journal.

REASON FOR HIGH PRICES.

WHEN the Chicago packers raised the price of No. 1 beef loins from 19 to 21 cents a pound they gave the shortage of cattle receipts as a reason, and showed that there had been a falling off of about 200,000 head of cattle in the stock yard receipts during the last year. An investigation of the market records showed that the price of the grade of cattle used for such cuts was from 25 to 35 cents a hundred pounds higher than it was on the same day a year ago, while No. 1 loins were 2½ cents lower a year ago than the new price fixed by the packers. Thus it will be seen that, while the price of such cattle increased from 25 to 35 cents a hundred during the year, the price of No. 1 loins increased \$2.50 a hundred in the same interval, so it doesn't seem that the packers' theory that their increased prices are due to a decrease in the cattle receipts is fully substantiated.

About all the investigations made into the subject tend to the conclusion that in these days prices are high because they are high. This merely means that we are living in an era of high prices, and while it is doubtless true that some of these prices are the effect of demand and supply, a good many of them are high purely as a result of sympathetic influences. Holders—i. e., controllers of commodities—have found that by judiciously but persistently raising their prices and holding them firm they can get just about what they want to ask.—Indianapolis News.

WOMEN POLICE.

WOMEN police is the latest panacea for the attainment of ideal civic conditions. The idea emanates, of course, from the facile, not to say erratic, brain of a woman reformer, Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, president of the National Woman Suffrage Association, who informed the students of the University of Minnesota the other day that all Minneapolis needs to become a model city is 100 women on its police force. "One hundred women specialists put on the police force of a city would make for improvement in civic conditions."

It will doubtless strike the ordinary observer that what the average criminal needs most is fathering—administered with a strong hand. The criminal has been mothered already ad nauseam. States and municipalities vie with each other in coddling him. Large sums are spent to make his cell a boudoir and to save the poor convict from feeling the shame of his condition.—Kansas City Journal.

THE TIPPING EVIL IN AMERICA.



W. D. Howells, who recently returned from England, has given some fresh information about London's new "no tip" hotel. Mr. Howells found tipping in England "pretty near as bad as it is here." He was interested in the new hotel and went there to lunch. The place was so crowded that it was almost impossible to get in. A single daily charge is made for a bedroom, with lights, attendance and breakfast. Tipping is prohibited.

This experiment, in the heart of London, is certainly interesting. The house is run by two of London's great cheap restaurant syndicates, which is controlled, by the way, by the British tobacco trust. So there is plenty of money behind it. Its success as a "no tip" hotel depends largely, if not entirely, on the disposition of the public to discountenance the habit of tipping. We have been led to believe that the frequent and vociferous denunciation of this practice by Englishmen is more or less insincere. An Englishman wants comfort, and he is willing to pay an extra sixpence or so to get it, but he objects, naturally, to others doing the same thing. The supply of comfort is always limited.

Tipping in this country is worse than in England only because the tips are larger, says the New York Times. The English sixpence tip becomes a quarter here; the threepenny tip is a dime, and is generally received without thanks. We do not have to tip so many persons. Shopmen and policemen get tips in London. But undoubtedly the habit of tip giving and tip taking is growing in this land of republican institutions, strangely and inexcusably. It is a deplorable habit for both the giver and the recipient.

Patron Saint of Aviators.

It has been stated that the Vatican had been approached with the view of selecting a patron saint for aviators and that it had been suggested that Elijah would be an appropriate person. The originator of the story seems to have not taken into account that Elijah was an Old Testament character, and as such would be ineligible. No doubt, going to heaven in a chariot of fire would have made Elijah an appropriate patron. A Paris contemporary suggests that Sainte Colombe should be chosen. Her name alone has much to recommend her. She suffered martyrdom at Sens under Marcus Aurelius.—London Globe.

Probably it isn't necessary for a musician to be born, but it is necessary for him to have more practice than the average member of a country band gets.