

Epitomized Statement of Diplomatic Negotiations of Past Ten Days.

BY ALMA A. ROGERS. =

"I remember you and Jonas was camping the best time," visited, Mrs. Hinkler. "I don't come down any more, as I'd like, but I come fast enough today," returned Mrs. Gascon. "We couldn't make any landings on account of the overflow. It keeps me right busy boarding the men while the fish are running, and I wouldn't be here now only that Ned had to go down river. By the way, m—" "Crypty had been polished in the grammar school," I met Mrs. Finnegan on the boat.

E OF PORTLA

Old memories trooped back, and long-repressed emotions stirred insistently. Out from the broken past came the procession of figures. First, the little brothers and sisters, eight of them. She had been glad of every one, had frolicked with them as a child loves a live plaything. Afterwards, when her shoulders grew bent, the maternal passion burned in sustaining fierceness. Again she saw her ailing mother, with just strength enough to lay the last baby in her arms.

AND'S SCOW

"Keep a sharp lookout, men," cautioned the retreating officer. "The river's running like mad. The whole of Peavy's dairy ranch must be swept away, judging from the livestock I'm seeing floating from the island in the last two hours. No use trying to save cattle. A human being is as little as the struggle is worth."

A stalwart man came forward and examined the signal lights. His eyes scanned the half-darkness.

"My God!" he exclaimed under his

DWELLERS

To lay the head upon one breast,
To press one answering breast,
To feel through all the soul's unrest,
One soul to understand;

To go into the teeming world,
The striving and the heat,
With knowledge of one tent unfurled
To welcome weary feet.

A shadow in a weary land,
Where men as wanderers roam;
A shadow where a rock doth stand—

What Some of Big Corporations Are Likely to Do in Near Future

LIFE OF

ably in a corner of the room; and between her and the young man, like a battalion of dragons, her mother, maiden aunts and elder sisters will range themselves.

After greetings have been exchanged and everybody has settled down comfortably to rock, there will ensue an awkward silence. Then the young American, driven to desperation, will venture the brilliant remark that it is hot weather.

"It is," the hostess admits. "It is hot."

THE CANAL 1

Whisky is bad, brandy worse, and beer worst of all in the tropics. If a man must drink, the least harmful thing to take is Jamaica rum, diluted with water and the juice of the lime. But a man's health in the tropics depends largely upon his being strictly temperate in his mode of living. A Canadian doctor who lived five years in Panama gave the following advice:

BUILDERS

Baffled by death and love, I lean
Through the gloom,
O Lord of life! am I forbid
To cross the room?

An Explanation Necessary.

Mrs. Bridges—How long were you in
your last place?
Applicant—Two weeks.

Mr. Bridges (from adjoining room)—
Mary, ask the lady what delayed her.

What Americans Who Go to the Isthmus Will Have to Learn.

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