

Contributed Articles . . .

THE WOMAN.

She looked from her tower window,
The day had died in the west,
And the tender shadows of twilight
Purpled the sea's warm breast.

And the mystery and the splendor
That darkened the bending skies,
Was tragic with life's deep meaning
When reflected in her eyes.

And she felt the world's heart beating,
And surging against her own—
The pitiful cry of the children,
The mother's pleading moan.

The groans of the sick and sinning,
Through the recurring years,
She heard with a passionate pity,
With grief too great for tears.

And her soul grew faint with sorrow
For the toiling sons of men,
Who are born to want and misery,
Who die and die again.

Held by the force of her yearning,
All motionless—she sat there.
The full tide of her being swept up,
White-flamed, to God, in prayer.

Mother-heart of the human world,
That has ached since time's first dawn,
Sensing the fault and fall of the race—
The sabre, angel-drawn!

To bear, and to love, and to lose,
To suffer, as woman can!
O Mary! Mother! Thy prayer was
heard.

Through Christ, thou savest man.
LISCHEN M. MILLER.

A MATTER OF TACT

The Tear was suffering from a severe attack of the blues. It looked and felt utterly depressed. To make matters worse, when it confided all its troubles to the Smile, that heartless individual only laughed in a most exasperating fashion. Being naturally sensitive, the Tear felt hurt.

"You are very unkind," it said. "One would think you might show a little sympathy."

"Oh," answered the Smile carelessly, "you see I know you so well. It's only a way you have; you'll soon get over it."

"No, I won't," said the Tear; "I never was so discouraged before. Every other Tear and Sigh and Smile seems to know just what to do; they have a life-work, so to speak. I have none. Still," it added reflectively, "I feel that I could prove to be something more than a mere eye-sore if I had the opportunity. I dread to think of my evaporating without having done at least one good deed to which future generations of globules could refer with pride."

"But what could you do?" queried the Smile. "You are so very small and—well, really, insignificant, you know." "Thanks," said the Tear, in as dry a manner as it is possible for a tear to assume, "You are charmingly frank. I may be small, but you must admit that I am seasoned with unusual delicacy. There are, in fact, few tears so properly salted as I. Then, too, I shall not always be so small. Just notice to what proportions I can swell even now," and it enlarged its glistening sides until it became quite imposing.

The Smile was inclined to be sarcastic. "Yes, you do seem quite swelled just now—with your own importance," it answered.

"H—m!" flashed back the Tear, "I don't have to spread myself the way some people do in order to make any kind of a showing!"

It was fortunate for the Smile that the Dutiful Daughter entered the room just at this point, as it relieved what threatened to become an embarrassing situation.

Something had gone wrong; that was evident. The Dutiful Daughter did not look happy. There was an ominous gleam in her blue eyes and her cheeks were flushed. She wore no placidly cheerful air, such as most dutiful daughters find so eminently becoming, and fond parents admire. However, she did wear her new spring hat. This should have consoled her, but she did not even glance in the mirror to see if it were on straight, nor to speculate upon the effect of yellow buttercups against green velvet, nor to wonder if it wouldn't possibly be prettier turned up a trifle more to the left, which proves conclusively that her thoughts were then far from spring hats and all such

vanities. She did not even think to remove it as she seated herself in the hardest straight-backed chair in the room and stared uncompromisingly out at the absurdly beautiful day.

The window had been thrown open and a faint breeze stole softly in, laden with sweet scents from the garden. It stirred the dainty white curtains and toyed playfully with the curl in the middle of the Dutiful Daughter's forehead, tossing about at unheard-of angles and causing similar con-ternation among the other well-trained curls.

But the Dutiful Daughter was seemingly oblivious to all this. Her breath came hard and fast and her disturbed condition was so painfully apparent that the Tear and the Smile forgot their recent strained relations in watching her.

"They have certainly quarreled!" whispered the Smile. "I was afraid of it when I saw him today with the plaid neck-tie on (she always has disliked plaid neck-ties.) Just see how angry she is."

The Tear cocked its head on one side judicially. "She is more hurt than angry," it said. "It is a shame. Perhaps he has been criticising her new spring hat; of course no dutiful daughter would stand that. But I think I can fix them. In fact, I'm rather glad they have quarreled. I have been wanting to try my skill as peace-maker for a long time and now the opportunity has come. I thought it never would; that is why I was so discouraged a moment ago. They have been unreasonably happy for a month at least, and a little variety will enliven matters. Let's see, who is it calls variety the 'spice of life'?" It seems to me it is Bacon, but I really have forgotten."

"Oh, come now," broke in the Smile; "you're getting slightly mixed. You're too salt yourself to judge of spices of any kind, with your mind forever on bacon and such things. It is a wonder you wouldn't suggest that Shakespeare made Hamlet say it. Besides, you'd better not soar too high in your intellectual flights; it's hardly safe for a person of your vaporizing tendencies. You might find yourself converted into an airy nothing. But, positively," it added, "you do make me laugh. Just as though you could bring them together! Why, bless you, I'm the one to do that! I always have done and probably always will. There's really nothing equal to my winning ways in a case like this." Modesty was not one of the Smile's cardinal virtues.

"But," insisted the Tear, "I am sure this particular quarrel was intended for me; I feel called upon to do this great work. It is a responsible undertaking, but, as I say, I feel called upon to do it."

"I've heard of poor, misguided souls who had mistaken their calling before," sneered the Smile, "Why, in the first place, you lack one of the prime essentials—that characteristic not infrequently denied American girls by our best novelists."

"And what is that, may I ask?" inquired the Tear.

"Tact," briefly responded the Smile. "You won't know when to start."

"For that matter," answered the Tear. "I'm going to start immediately, so good-bye. I must not waste more time in talking. It is very distressing to see the Dutiful Daughter so unhappy," and it rolled hurriedly off toward the eye.

The Smile looked after it, highly amused. "Just as I said," it chuckled, as it turned to join other smiles, "that Tear will never succeed. Tact is required in these matters. It's altogether too soon to begin operations now."

So the Tear found when it reached the corner of the eye and peered cautiously out. The Dutiful Daughter was in anything but a susceptible frame of mind. Just here the Tear had a very bad scare. In its eagerness to view the situation, it leaned a little too far out of the eye and barely escaped an untimely destruction by pulling itself together and drawing back with a violent effort.

"I must be more careful," it gasped, quivering with fright, "if I should lose my balance all would be lost!"

The Dutiful Daughter continued to be entirely alone but in reality was not.

One is never alone when accompanied by such obtrusive thoughts as now claimed the attention of the Dutiful Daughter. Besides, some one had come stealthily into the room as she sat there and, unknown to her, was at this moment crouching behind her high-backed chair awaiting a favorable opportunity in which to execute a bold and daring deed; one calculated to put to flight a whole army of obtrusive thoughts—provided the intended victim had nerves.

But as it happened, the Dutiful Daughter was unfortunately not burdened with these expensive luxuries; and so, when she became aware of an enormous spider descending gracefully from the brim of her new spring hat, directly in front of her nose, she did not appear in the least alarmed nor give vent to the conventional scream. No; with remarkably quick perception, she saw at once that it was merely a stuffed toy spider, such as she knew could be found at any Japanese store for the small sum of five cents; and she knew also that the inevitable small boy was trying hard to play a joke on her. It is only one of the pleasant little ways that inevitable small boys have.

He seemed rather embarrassed when he emerged from his hiding-place. It is disappointing to witness the failure of one's pet scheme. Presently he recovered sufficiently to announce that dinner was ready, which was really what he had come to say. It would have been better to have said it before. Directness of purpose and strict application to business are excellent attributes.

The Dutiful Daughter roused herself with an effort. She was not at all hungry but realized the necessity of appearing quite as if nothing had happened. It would not do for the fond parents to suspect any unpleasantness. But the fond parents did suspect; they always do. It is wonderful what far-seeing eyes love and sympathy have.

They noticed that she did not pass her plate twice for scalloped oysters and that even her favorite queen olives were refused. Instead, she nibbled absent-mindedly at her lettuce and was frequently caught gazing moodily at nothing. The inevitable small boy made various attempts to be entertaining by making facetious remarks concerning the Attentive Youth, but was quickly silenced by the fond parents.

After dinner the Dutiful Daughter tried to play a little. It usually proved an efficient remedy for all such depressed mental conditions; today it did not. She at first sought comfort in the beautiful and suggestive "Cavalleria Rusticana" and was half through it when she unfortunately remembered the Attentive Youth's fondness for this particular piece, and it at once became too suggestive. Then she turned to Mendelssohn's "Consolation," but that was so very sad, while her favorite "Hungarian Dances" were decidedly too gay. This was discouraging and she concluded she might better be anywhere than at the piano. Accordingly she took a book and went to the garden.

Anyone familiar with the literary tastes of the Dutiful Daughter would have appreciated the fact that she was not herself. Usually her selection would have been the romantic "Lucile" so entirely suited to dutiful daughters of her age and poetic tendencies, or the mysterious "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam" over which she should delight to perplex her unoffending brain with great philosophic problems and questionable conclusions; or she might have chosen one of F. Marion Crawford's fascinating Romish tales with their clever delineations of the forceful Italian character.

But none of these seemed to appeal to her now. What she had taken with her was a volume of "Studies in Physical Research." She was laboring under the delusion that she could forget her wounded feelings and drown painful recollections in the perusal of dry facts. This was an obvious mistake, as she found when she had seated herself and vainly endeavored to center her thoughts on records of curious phenomena related to the occult. The facts were too dry to drown anything.

Although the garden was pretty, as gardens go, it soon became tiresome and dull. So she sauntered leisurely down the narrow path, out the gate and

Continued on page 13.

DAUT Optical & Jewelry Company

Are the ONLY PERFECT FITTERS of the eye. They also carry a complete line of Jewelry, Watches, Clocks, etc.—everything to be found in an up-to-date Jewelry House.

ALL REPAIR WORK GUARANTEED

Special Mild Cured Hams Pure Kettle-Rendered Lard
Fancy Breakfast Bacon.

Columbia Packing Co.

PORK PACKERS

..And Shippers of Dressed Meats..

CORNER THIRD AND WASHINGTON STS.

THE DALLES, - - OREGON.

..The Umatilla House..

THE DALLES, OREGON,

Sinnott & Fish, Proprietors.

Ticket Office O. R. & N. Railway, Western Union Telegraph Office, and all Stage Lines.

All Trains Stop for Passengers.

THE LADIES OF THE DALLES
ALL STOP AT THE

Imperial Hotel

Seventh and Washington Streets,

Thos. Guinean, Prop'r. PORTLAND, OREGON

American and European Plan.—E. P. \$1 and \$2; A. P. \$2 and \$2.50

Dr. H. Logan,

THE DALLES,

OREGON.

Office over
M. Z. Donnell's Drug Store.

The Baldwin Sheep and Land Co.

BREEDERS AND IMPORTERS OF

Spanish, Rambouillet and
Delaine Merino Sheep . .

Address, Hay Creek, Crook County, Oregon.

R. E. SALTMASSHE & CO.

PROPRIETORS . . .

..Union Stock Yards..

THE DALLES, OREGON.

Wholesale and retail dealers in Hay, Grain and Live Stock.
Highest Cash Price paid for Hides, Pelts and Furs.

FEEDING OF STOCK IN TRANSIT A SPECIALTY.