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The Mother

He often said that he loved her,
And she smiled as he fondled her brow.
But there's no relief for the mother,
When her son-lover breaks his vow.
There is never another to turn to,
And never a court to decree,
"We have found him unworthy, unfaithful,
And so we are setting you free."

There is never relief for the mother,
She must live to the end of her years,
Bearing his shame and dishonor;
Live with her heartache and tears,
Hoping that he who has failed her,
Will some day return to her knee
Sick of the world and its pleasures
And be what he promised to be.

Forget her and still she'll remember!
Betray her and still she'll recall
The joy of your glorious childhood,
The sound of your voice in the hall;
Still faithful, still hopeful, still loving,
In spite of the wrong which you do,
At home with the mother he waiting,
And watching and praying for you.

—Woman's World.

Humane Society

SOME LITTLE THING TO LOVE
Phyllis Fortune
Sometimes I wonder how people
can live
Without the glad friendship that
animals give
Some little thing, no matter how
small,
To love you is better than nothing
at all.
Some little kitten, a stray, humble
thing,
Or some little bird with a droop
to its wing;
Some little something, no matter
how small—
Isn't it better than nothing at all?
Feed the lame bird and then bind
up its wing—
Soon it will perch on your finger
and sing!
Tuck the starved kitten up under
your chin—
Hear it purr "Thank you" for let-
ting it in!
So many tables and so many
scraps!
So many timid paws begging for
laps!
Some little something, no matter
how small—
Isn't it better than nothing at all?

The following humane essay was written by Mary Thompson, age 11 years, Medford, Oregon, Roosevelt school.

Why the Steel Trap is Cruel.
Every one knows that the steel trap is very cruel to the animals because it does not kill instantly, but lets the animal suffer acute pain.

The Golden Rule says be kind to others. We would rather die immediately than slowly die of hunger and torture.

So I say "do away with the steel trap." If the hunter thinks that he must have a trap, there are other traps that kill the animal before he realizes what has happened. If the hunter forgets his trap for a day or so he might have an animal victim trying to chew off a leg or sometimes a tail. Then he goes through life less a leg or a tail.

We must get rid of this trap, the animals think so but cannot say so, so we must say it for him.

When people have had earaches or pains in their heads or feet they would think that it is nothing compared to the torture the animal sometimes goes through before he dies or is released from his steel trap.

Why wear fur coats? It is just the fashion in the United States. The United States is not cold enough for furs. The furs are just an expensive luxury. For half the price people could have a very nice cloth coat.

Again the Humane Society says do away with the steel trap.

Sometimes people are lost in storms or just wanderers looking for wild flowers are caught in the dreadful steel traps, and real strong steel traps even keep people long enough sometimes so that when they are found they are very weak from lack of food.

The animals are as good as we are in the world today, but they cannot speak for themselves. They have learned self defense. Because many animals are smaller than human beings, so let us not kill them in such an unmerciful way.

The word steel trap to all good people that love animals causes a shudder.

The steel trap is a disgrace to the world because it is so harmful to people as well as giving the animals a very unpleasant death.

The Humane Society says do away with the steel trap. Hurrah!

Humane Trapping.
The American Humane Society is trying to interest trappers in humane methods of taking fur. There is nothing gained by the trapper nor is the fur business benefited by cruel trapping.

At the Sportsmen's show held last January in Boston, posters on trapping, humane and otherwise, interested the men and new ideas were gained. They examined the "alive and unharmed" traps which they had heard about, they never seen, and most of them admitted they would be glad to have cruel trapping abolished. Many animals trapped are not wanted and are not at their best, so that a trap that would not kill or maim would tend toward conservation, which would benefit the trapper and the use business.

To Avoid Fire Dangers.
Are you taking your children to camp this summer? Then don't run the risk of using unprotected candles. You can get folding metal cases with mica sides to hold your candles. These folding metal cases, as they are called, have been adopted by the U. S. army and cost \$3 each. A good safe lantern or electric flash for each tent or room of the cabin should be included in the camp equipment.—From the May American Home.

Sybil Thorndyke, England's famous Shakespearean actress, will receive an honorary degree from Edinburgh university.

Speaking of Mothers

May is the month dedi-
cated to mothers and long
may it wave! For we couldn't
get along without mothers,
no matter how much we
might try. We all know that
back of almost every mar-
made achievement there is a
mother somewhere whose
love and staunchness has
been an inspiration and bul-
wark, and that back of most
of us, achieving or not, is her
dearness and devotion.

Mothers are a sort of gen-
eral background. They are
the warp that the fabric of
all life is woven upon. They
are the linen life likes to do
its embroideries upon, and
a mother's love is truly the
"only thing of earth un-
bought" and we all know
that, too.

But, after all, aren't there
two sides to the question, and
mothers and mothers?
The statement, variously
credited, that when God
found he couldn't be every-
where, he made mothers, is
a sweet and lovely thought
—a very sentimental and
pretty little compliment to
motherhood in general. And
yet if it were strictly true,
wonder if we'd find all
mothers entirely worthy of
the trust, and if all the honor
we've cast at the feet of
motherhood, just as mother-
hood, is entirely deserved, if
it hasn't made some mothers
a bit complacent and willing
to occupy their thrones and
pedestals without always be-
ing willing to otherwise be-
strive themselves and win their
right to be there?

Motherhood is a destiny.
But it is also a mere phys-
ical fact and the mere physical
outcome of the normal and
merely physical impulses to
mate. This isn't a very
romantic and romantic view,
to take of it, but it is true.
Consequently it is a physical
fact as possible to the lowest
of the female species as to
the highest, to the fittest as
to the unfittest. And yet,
unfortunately, never has the
mere physical fact of
motherhood made a good
mother out even when it
may have made a very loving
one. For there is so much
to motherhood besides just
love. And sometimes that
very love is deadly. It has a
fiery, unreasoning fury, a
blind, stupid loyalty that
smacks of the jungle, it al-
most wholly instinctive, en-

tirely elemental and almost
as merely physical, too, as
motherhood itself. And very
frequently it tricks such
mothers into being very bad
mothers without in the least
realizing it, because they
usually give them only this
blind clan love to children
needing much more back of
them than a mere love which
smothers them, clutters them
with pampers, hampers, "saves"
them and altogether unfits
them to stand on their own
feet one day and look the
world in the eye with the
right perspective on it and
themselves and their own
relative importance to it.

Motherhood, too, is only a
universal fact. It isn't a uni-
versal vocation. It can't be
just because of the infinite
variety of women who may
be mothers, good or bad.
Undoubtedly there are
mothers who aren't and
shouldn't ever have been
mothers, regardless of how
many children they have.
Nature has tricked them into
it. They've had motherhood
 thrust on them but they are
absolutely unfitted for it. As
women they might, at best,
be half a dozen walks of life.
As mothers they are mere
bunglers. It simply isn't their
vocation and the art of being
a fine and good mother is a
closed book to them fre-
quently because it's too much
trouble and they are abso-
lutely uninterested. Thanks
to the instinct in them to
shelter their young, they
muddle through somehow—
though some don't even do
this much. But they aren't
ever good mothers nor fair
to their children. And does
mere muddling through en-
title them to the laurels
of "magnificent motherhood"
simply because they've passed
on the torch of life to their
children?

Under the best of circum-
stances, motherhood is an in-
tricate, thorny path, beset
with pitfalls. It isn't an easy
job and it's given only to the
really good mother, aware
and wary, to travel it from
start to finish without dis-
aster. She does it only
through wisdom, common-
sense courage, bravery and
such things plus the love she
knows isn't enough alone just
as self-sacrifice alone isn't or
self-abnegation, self-martyr-
dom and all the other mis-
takes poor mothers make.

Household Hints

To Make Vanity Boxes
Attractive makeup boxes can be constructed at home from the better grade of cigar boxes, painted a pastel shade inside, and with cretonnes or glazed chintz glued on the outside. The colors should harmonize with those of your dressing table. Pasteboard should be used to divide the box into compartments for powder, rouge, cream, lipstick, hairpins and jewelry.—From the April American Home.

Good Form for Dinners
One of the questions most frequently asked about formal dinner etiquette is "are bread and butter plates used for a formal dinner?" Today they are very often used, though not long ago they would have been thought too informal for a dinner. However, since the consideration of the hostess, she usually feels that the small plate is a rather pleasant addition to the table. Furthermore, this change in life with the informality of post-war entertaining as compared to earlier days.

Waterproof Wallpaper
Tiling and tile-pattern wallpaper are no longer the only available covering for your bathroom walls. The tile papers have given way to wallpapers of rich Chinese designs and colorings, floral papers, papers with bright backgrounds across which fill birds of brilliant plumage, fish patterns, or papers showing ships with tinted sails. Choose the paper to suit your own taste, then give it a coat of shellac or varnish. This will make it water-proof and lend it an attractive mellow tone.

To Teach Flower Uses
Recent developments in flower show exhibits are along lines that will teach the value to make better and more artistic use of flowers in and around the home. The displays feature flower arrangements artistically treated and include accessories to make the picture complete. Tea tables, breakfast tables, invalids' trays, arrangements for the sun room, living room and boudoir are interesting and instructive. Charming effects result from the harmony of vase and flower.—From the May American Home.

Mesh Bags Favored Again
Now that fashion smiles on the feminine mode, the mesh bag once again finds favor as a dainty accessory. As long as it is kept clean, it is indeed an asset to the spring ensemble. When the mesh bag begins to lose its freshness, dip it into a basin of lukewarm soapuds, to which a few drops of ammonia have been added. Rinse in clear warm water and dry by shaking it in sawdust.

Portable Kitchens
For the small apartment that has no kitchenette there is a versatile new table that is porcelain-lined and equipped with such conveniences as percolator and toaster.

When it is shut, it appears to be an ordinary living room piece of furniture, but it opens out completely for cooking and serving, and even contains small drawers to hold a limited supply of silver and linen.

A Mother Talks

"Let blithe hearts dance the night away,
But as for me," she said,
"At home I much prefer to stay,
Nearer my baby's bed."

"Let some on pleasure feast their eyes
If they are free from fear,
But if for me my baby cries,
I must be waiting near."

"'Tis strange, but when I'm far away
A mild distraught have I,
I scarcely hear what others say,
Thinking I hear his cry."

"'Tis better pleasure to deny
And better not to roam
Then venture forth to sit and sigh
And wish to be at home."

"For though the pleasures may be gay
And merry be the song,
The hours that mothers stay away
Are anxious ones and long."

—Woman's World.

Modes of the Moment!



There are many pleated sport skirts in nearly every big collection. Jane Regny uses flares too, but gives pleats a little, the best of it. One Regny two-piece sport dress of jersey in mixed green, beige and yellow has a jumper trimmed with fine tucking.

Rita

sunshades along the Mediterranean and Adriatic coasts, where the fishermen dye their boat sails red, henna, copper and golden yellow, this fabric is now being adopted by American home owners.

In many instances one will find the entire exterior color scheme of a house built around one vivid solid color. The predominant tones being chosen by the followers of the new vogue, according to the May American Home, are Venetian red and variations of the rust shades popular with the Mediterranean fishermen.

Care of Umbrella
A wet umbrella should be closed and stood with the handle down. This prevents rusting of the point where the ribs join, and also prevents stretching of the cloth.

Sail Cloth for Awnings
An interesting new note in awnings and lawn umbrellas this season is the use of sail-color cloth. First used for large decorative

Emerald Charms For the Month of May

By PAULINE
"You may lose riches,
I'm content with less,
I'm not yet old
To see contentment."
You may wear them both
I'll take Happiness!"

If you were born in the month of May the emerald is your birthstone, and, according to ancient wisdom, the wearing of this gem should bring you your heart's desire or it is the emblem of true love and happiness.

The emerald belongs to Venus, which is also the ruling planet of many May people, but because of its pure, deep green color, symbolical of early spring and eternal youth, its vibrations are on a spiritual plane rather than the material one usually associated with this goddess. Not only does it favor love in its most sacred, idealistic form, but at one time it was popularly supposed to turn pale at infidelity, as is shown in the old verse:

"It is a gem which hath the power to show
If plighted lovers keep their troth or no;
If faithful, it is like the leaves of
like the spring,
If faithless, like those leaves when
withering."

Besides its sensitiveness in this respect, the emerald was also credited with the power to foretell events, being greatly cherished by all the early Magi for this purpose. In fact, it was claimed that they could do nothing with their magic if, with its acute sensitiveness, were in the hands of the opposing side. Hence, it became known as the "Gem of Infidelity," and as it is the seven-

teenth century an emerald device was in fashion having much the same properties as the modern ouija board.

This consisted of an emerald ring which was held suspended over a water-filled bowl, the edges of which were marked by letters of the alphabet. As the string swayed back and forth in the hands of the operator, the emerald hit various letters, thus spelling out the answers to questions. Such a bowl, easily constructed at home, would make an interesting novelty for a May birthday party, featuring in the color scheme of the table decorations and favors, the emerald birthstone.

Prized by all ages, the emerald, which is the most distinguished member of the beryl family, has always been extremely rare, and incidentally, a flawless emerald is considered a phenomenon, since the stone is soft when it is taken from the earth and hardens only by exposure to the sky. Perhaps it is just as well for this day's emerald addicts that for centuries several emerald mines known to the ancients, including the famous mines of Cleopatra, were lost, for the demand for this gem in recent years has been such as to tax these re-discovered sources of supply to the utmost. Emeralds are common from Egypt and the once-lost In-



What is HOME? Without a GARDEN

Blue and Orange Daisies
"Daisy" is a common term applied to almost anything in the way of a bloom with strap-shaped ray flowers about a solid center. It is the type form of the largest order of flowering plants, botanically speaking, the composites, so called, because each individual flower or "daisy" is in reality a composite arrangement of a great many small flowers in one head. Daisies of various forms are among the most graceful and decorative of all the garden flowers and always popular for cutting. South Africa has given us some fine daisy types and others are on the way. We have two South African daisies fairly common in gardens now, rejoicing in the botanical names of arctotis or blue-eyed African daisy, and dimorphotheca, or orange African daisy. They are close relatives botanically and other near relatives are on the way to our gardens in the vendums and ursinas, all brilliant daisy types.

The arctotis is a gray-leaved annual producing an abundance of snowy white daisies with a blue center and blue stains on the reverse of white petals. The dimorphotheca type (one is a burnt orange of glistering quality that has moved some gardeners to call them "patent leather" daisies. The dimorphotheca, however, also have white forms and a variety of tones ranging from cream to the typical rich burnt orange. They delight in the hottest place in the garden, seeming to prefer a rather dry situation and bloom very freely. They are handsome cutting material except for their droop-back—they must have their sleep. So each evening the plant closes its eye and they are useless for evening effects.

Dimorphotheca Eklonis is a new white type of larger growth than the orange and a very fine cutting plant. It is an enlarged arctotis in effect. The brilliantly colored vendums, which have created a furor in England and are existing, but simply fill spaces. Too many spots of light often spoil a room.

Query.—How large is a sized Navajo rug?—Mrs. W. H. M.
Answer.—They vary in size from 2 inches square to 8 1/2 feet, average size, however, is 3 1/2 feet.

on their way to us, are really dimorphothecas, according to some botanists.

You cannot do better than to plant these daisies for a brilliant display in some hot, sunny spot in your garden, where other animals don't do so well.

THE AWAKENING
By Mrs. Percy A. Bray

The ebony fingers of Night
Gripped fiercely white-throated day.
The earth looked tremblingly up
In a moment's sport to be crushed,
While hideously danced the
ghostly shapes
Of Winter's cruel night.
Dawn-inspired Aurora waved
her sceptre on high
Piercing the black, angry
night.
The exultant earth looked up
To greet triumphant day.
While gaily danced the fairy
forms
Of Summer's Awakening.

Spring Plowing

By Edgar Kramer

To the tinkling of the trace chains
And the clump of horses' feet
I am riding to the plowing
Through the winter-harried wheat,
While the rosy dawn is flaming
In the dews that strew the earth
And a skylark fills the heaven
With its minstrelsy of mirth.
That is echoed by the woodland,
That is flung back from the dell,
Till the universe is swooning
In the witching lyric spell.

Telling to the mystic beauty
That is like a holy vow
Breathing from the leaves
and grasses,
I am coming to the plow,
I am fastening to the traces,
With the line taut in my hand;
And, obeying my command,

Lo, they lean into their collars
And the steel shoe breaks the loam;
While the creaking harness leather
Sings a song of harvest home!
With the earth smell like an incense
Inger through the lilac bloom,
With the clucking hens a-flutter
Where the grubs creep from the gloom,
With the straining horses sweating,
While the sun elms to its goal,
I am plowing through the hours
With sweet music in my soul
That is harking to the voices
Lifting from each crumbling clod,
As I tread the fragrant furrow
In companionship with God.

Mother

Mother, how I love the name, Mother,
Of in my thoughts I dwell on its grace,
Of in my dreams I think of the face
Of Mother.

Mother, how I love you, dear Mother,
Of in the hours of quiet and thought,
Of in my soul a vision is caught
Of Mother.

Mother, how glad I am, Mother,
That I can ponder o'er days that are past
And thank God for thoughts that will last
Of Mother.

—MRS. PERCY A. BRAY.