



VOL. 29.

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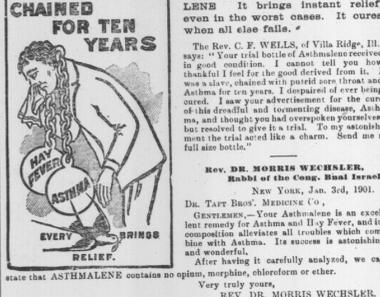
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Poetry.

FAITH.

Is he the sailor you would trust Who far at sea?

Rebels because no land ahead looms splendidly?

Or will you trust the sailor who, Far out at sea,

Despite the storms and stress and dread, Sails faithfully?

Shall I rebel because the shore I strain to see

Is not through gloom and storms and stress,

Or like the fearless sailor, far Out on the sea,

Hope there is land ahead and press On faithfully?

-S. E. KISER.

THE GIRL WHO SMILES.

The wind was east and the chimney smoked,

And the old brown house seemed For nobody smiled,

For nobody smiled and nobody gloomed, The young folks grumbled, the old folks croaked,

They had come home chilled and weary.

Then opened the door, and a girl came in,

She was homely-very; Her nose was pug, and her cheek was thin,

There wasn't a dimple from brow to chin.

But her smile was bright and cheery She spoke not a word of the cold and damp,

Nor yet of the gloom about her, But she lit the fire, and lighted the lamp,

And she put on the place a different stamp.

From that it had had without her, Her dress was something in her hand,

And with dampness nearly dripping, She changed for a bright, warm, And she looked so gay when she came.

They forgot the air was nipping.

They forgot that the house was a full old place,

And smoky from haze to rafter, And gloom departed from every face,

As they felt the charm of her mirth-ful cheer in the darkest weather.

Oh, give me the girl who will smile and sing,

And make me glad together! To be plain or fair is a lesser thing, But a kind, unselfish heart can bring Good cheer in the darkest weather.

O. D. PHELPS, M. D.

Select Literature.

MEETING OF THE EXTREMES.

Valerie had been amply prepared, amply warned by John's numerous

girl cousins, by Eleanor, particularly, but the broad-minded man arrived

was so alarmed that he had not noticed exactly where John's mother kept it.

Her mother-in-law in turn looked at Valerie, almost forgetting, on her part, the visit during which Valerie had been so demure and sweet that her

habit of dropping her small personal belongings about the house had been almost forgotten. Eleanor's words gained weight. Disorderly order might be

piecemeal, but it was contradictory, thought John's mother, and she

John's mother, married exactly five weeks, and they had come home from their wedding trip on the previous evening. The home was new only to Valerie. It had been for many years the home of John and John's widow

John had explained to Valerie that he might not leave his mother alone, and again he smiled. His mother was to

quilt her home, and almost unable to adapt herself to a totally new environment. Valerie was quickly sympathetic.

"She need not, John," she had said reassuringly. "She is older than I and I don't want to spoil any of her life with her. I want to be a horrid typical daughter-in-law!" she had warmly concluded.

John did not know exactly what she meant by a typical daughter-in-law, but he assured her again and again that she could not possibly be anything but a typical daughter-in-law. Practical details of their future invariably ended in such personal irrelevances.

Valerie certainly looked unlike anything horrid as she gravely returned John's smile. Her rose-colored main breakfast jacket, with its decorative

of black velvet bows artistically sewed on at random, lighted charmingly her fresh young face, and harmonized prettily with the rose stuck artistically at random in her curly brown hair.

John's mother, about whom there was nothing at random, glanced at Valerie occasionally with an inner disquiet almost equal to Valerie's alarm. In a moment John would be gone, actually gone, for the entire day, and she would be left all alone with John's wife-yes, actually with her daughter-in-law! She had also been amply prepared and amply warned, touching the inevitable emergency, but she also looked soberly at John.

He thought that his mother was thinking how beautiful it was to have Valerie permanently in the house; and again he smiled. His mother was gentle and tender beneath all precision and primness concerning which John's cousin Eleanor had solemnly warned Valerie, Valerie, whose theories of or-

der were undeveloped, and she had assured John that his wife would be most welcome.

"I have no intention, my dear," John's mother had said, "of being a conventional mother-in-law, and it will be sweet to have a daughter."

She had the greatest intention; but as she looked at Valerie she recalled vividly all that her niece Eleanor, who had been in college with Valerie, had said regarding the girl's tendency to leave her hat on the piano, her umbrella on the library table, her overcoat on the stairs, or her book on the floor.

"Valerie is an angel," Eleanor had said, "but she thinks a house is just made to live in. She has such a picturesque, disorderly way of being orderly!"

John's mother had had occasion to appreciate the justice of Eleanor's criticism, for Valerie had visited her for a week before her marriage. John's mother had given the criticism not very much thought; but she had longed for nobody's guest; she was a permanent!

The permanency was meditating upon the possibility of going with John and spending the day at his office. The nearer he approached the end of his breakfast, the more clearly she remembered his cousin Eleanor's warning, she had actually come into possession of a mother-in-law! What should she do with her? Eleanor had said, impressively:

"My dear, John's mother is lovely, but she is the precisest person that ever existed. She has kept her silver teapot in the mathematically same spot for thirty-five years; she told me so herself! She has a place for every pin, and she keeps the pin exactly in it."

"Well," Valerie had said, "I don't care. She has a perfect right to keep her pins and her teapot, where she likes, and I don't care where things are kept."

"You certainly don't!" Eleanor had exclaimed. "That is the very point. You are a dear, but you never did have a real place for a thing; and if you had, you probably wouldn't keep the thing in it—all the time. Would you, Valerie?"

"No, I suppose not," Valerie had returned, "but you know I have visited John's mother. I shook her a little, but I'm afraid, but she was very kind; she doesn't care where things are kept."

"Wait till she is your mother-in-law," the well-meaning Eleanor had said. Valerie had waited so happily, but now—she thought of the silver teapot "thirty-five years" thirty-five minutes would be nearer the time I'd have kept it in place!" she reflected.

She looked at John's mother curiously, almost forgetting that she had stayed in the house for a week with her—she was alarmed, but she was not alarmed; she had not noticed exactly where John's mother kept it. Her mother-in-law in turn looked at Valerie, almost forgetting, on her part, the visit during which Valerie had been so demure and sweet that her habit of dropping her small personal belongings about the house had been almost forgotten. Eleanor's words gained weight. Disorderly order might be piecemeal, but it was contradictory, thought John's mother, and she John's mother, married exactly five weeks, and they had come home from their wedding trip on the previous evening. The home was new only to Valerie. It had been for many years the home of John and John's widow

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