

A Page for the Women

THE WIFE

(Wednesday's Daily)
"May, do not bid me go (she said).
For I must guard his sleep."
On wall and floor the candles made
Pleasant shadows, shade on shade;
Without an April robin sung
Of love that love doth keep.
But here, faint scent of violets clung
And lilacs faint their censers swung.
"Mine eyes must look their fill (she said).
They have no time to weep."

"Two years of love (she said),
And yet the half not told!"
(The candles touched with tender light
Her hair and his, so white, white;
Her eyes, wherein the visioned past
Lay like a chart unrolled.
In whose dim seas, star-girdled, vast,
The long years were but plummet
cast.)
"They only know Love's depths (she said).
"Who loving, have grown old."

Babies of his flesh I bore (she said),
Fair girl and lusty son;
(They pressed her hand with yearning
dear,
Her children brought their children
near.
Love folded her and love caressed,
And yet she was alone)
"Ye have drawn life at my breast,
But ere ye came, I gave him rest.
Mother of many I am (she said).
The wife of one."

"Ye have lived and loved (she said).
What counts this passing pain?"
(About her in the candle's flame,
A sudden glory went and came)
"What counts this hour I wait until
We love and live again?
Bear out his body where ye will—
He plays—my Love, my bridegroom.
Still!"
God made us one—the living God—
Death cannot make us twain!"
Edith Proctor Clarke.

A WOMAN'S WILL
When lovely woman will she will,
In spite of red-rose lips,
Mrs. Heldt as told in American papers
may not be exactly true, but it de-
serves to be. It says that calmly dis-
obeying and defying the whole United
States government, President Roosevelt
included, Mrs. Grace McKinley Heldt,
niece of the late President McKinley,
disguised herself as a cavalry officer,
stayed away on the transport Dix at
Seattle and accompanied her husband
to the Philippines.

In July Miss Grace McKinley Heldt
was married to Captain Graydon Heldt
of the Eleventh Cavalry, at Fort Des
Moines. They expected to spend their
honeymoon in the United States. But
the war department had other plans. It
was an order for Captain Heldt to pro-
ceed forthwith to the Philippines. His
wife accompanied him to Seattle, where
he was to take the transport Dix. But
provision ship. But his wife found
herself barred by government red tape
a mile high. Women are forbidden to
travel on that particular transport.

In her despair the girl bride ap-
pealed to Secretary Taft and next to
the president. Both said she could not
be broken. Then Mrs. McKinley
appealed on the girl's behalf
without success. The president even-
went so far as to forbid the girl to
proceed to the Philippines on the
transport.

The lovers parted tearfully at the
wharf. Mrs. Heldt said she could not
bear to see her husband sail away.
Then she hurried the hotel and hap-
pily donned one of the captain's old
uniforms and proudly walked aboard.
In the bustle of getting away she was
unobserved.

Three days later a steward discovered
the girl stowed away in the hold,
faint from lack of food. In that con-
dition her husband found her.
"Has the stranger gone? I didn't
hear him!"
"Oh, no, dear, he hasn't gone,"
the husband replied. "I have in-
structed the maid to let him out in
three or four days."

The wife looked amazed and stupe-
fied.
"What—why—who on earth is he,
anyway?" she stammered.
"My dear," said the husband quiet-
ly, "he is a shorthand reporter. You
see, I nearly always forget what you
say to me during your discourse from
11 to 2, and sometimes I go to sleep
while you're talking. So I thought
I'd have your lecture written out to
read to-night and study it at my leisure.
The young man is all ready, the
door is open, so that he can hear you,
and you may begin as soon as you
like."

WINNING HIS WAY
Bishop Olmsted, as soon as he took
hero of a graceful story that was told
in a Denver church the other day.

Bishop Olmsted, as soon as he took
up his residence—some three years ago
—in Denver, began to take a great
interest in the Denver poor, and was
continually to be seen in the poorest
and squalidest of the city's slums.

At first, as the bishop in his clerical
attire passed along the narrow streets,
the loungers and loafers before the
saloon would say:

"What's that?"

And the reply would be:

"That's what you call a bishop."

A year passed, and a stranger, not-
ing the respectable way the bishop was
stared at in the slums would say:

"Who's that?"

The loiterers would reply:

"The bishop."

Another year, and then to the ques-
tion, "Who's that?" would come the
affectionate and proud answer:

"Why, that's our bishop."
more

THE ROBIANS.

(Wednesday's Daily)

The Roscian Company scored a de-
cided success Monday in their double
bill of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pi-
naufo," notwithstanding the difficulties
of acoustic arrangements—of lack of
them—in the rink. Edmonton society
accorded full patronage, offering an
excellent house, and in the tuncful old fa-
vourite "Pinaufo" expressed words of
applause what they more appropri-
ately conveyed in silence during the in-
tense scenes of "Cavalleria"—their de-
cided approval.

In the part of Santuzza Miss Nola had
at last in the role of the girl of
emotional power. It is the showing
forth of the mystery of a good woman's
love, and the company are showing
above all continually, doing all
things, but forgetting—the mystery that
is only explainable by recognition of a
somewhat in the man that each love
can finally save.

As Santuzza, Miss Nola was moving,
intense, splendid at times. She ex-
hibited herself as seen previously in this
engagement, and suggested more than once
the finish of a Roscian Company sin-
cerity. In her earnestness she dropped the
mannerisms that had detracted from her

acting before, and if strains of nervous
force made her voice tremble shrill
occasionally, it was a pardonable
fault taken in connection with her
strong dramatic power. In fact a real
Santuzza would be very apt to grow
shrill as women's voices under strong
nervous tension will do. But Santuzza's
enunciation was remarkably clear.

Turpin's acting was as impressively
in earnest as ever, and there were times
when Mr. Walters would have received
applause if Edmonton could have only
separated the thought of the man from the
objectionable role he played.

Mr. Walters was so evidently suffer-
ing from a severe cold that his fine
tenor was very much in eclipse. Mr.
Hilliard, however, as Alfio, was a
strong recruit to the company, his
acting and voice combining effectively
to fill his part. He impersonated the
contemptuous husband admirably.

Lucia was a sympathetic old mother.
Lois, beguiling Turpin, acted her part
with much finesse, but Lois, con-
fronted with her shame and a contemptu-
ous husband, was weak.

To the people of the familiar
old music of Cavalleria, the interludes
were satisfying. The music, under the
direction of Carl von Wegner was ex-
cellent.

Coming to "Pinaufo," which served
as an excellent foil to "Cavalleria," the
honors in this friend of Law school-day
lay in the singing, with Capt. Corcoran
(Mr. Campbell) and the girl Josephine
(Miss Nola), the love responding
to a hearty recall. But as interpreting
the delicious vein of satire that runs
through this opera, a notable success
was achieved by the imposing old
official, Sir Joseph, and the irrepressible
Dick. These characters were respect-
ably impersonated by the two comedians,
Mr. Dewey and Mr. Flavell. In producing
ripples of laughter, they were ably as-
sisted by Miss Godfrey as Little But-
terfly.

The audience's good opinion of the lat-
ter might be summed up in Capt. Cor-
coran's emphatic remark: "There goes a
pleasant person—a very pleasant per-
son." Miss Crowley, as a rosy, roguish
Hob, the part of a young man, ad-
mirably, fructifying her youth and girlish
merriment. Capt. Corcoran was the
strong figure of the opera from start
to close. Ralph Rickert (Mr. Walters)
made a masterly effort to over-
come his cold and filled his part quite
satisfactorily. The whole production was
of the comparative obscurity of the chor-
us and made a gentlemanly, sympath-
etic contribution to the evening's en-
tertainment.

The choruses in this opera were par-
ticularly good, more animated in man-
ner and stronger in their rendering of
each character than they have been.
They seemed to have caught the spirit
of the evening—that the company had
promised to give a good show, and that
the audience was highly pleased, and that
they were all the while "making good" their
promise.

It was not a Covent Garden pro-
duction, but in music, acting, scenery
and details of costume, it was an uncom-
monly good one. The company, Mr. Ward,
the manager of the company, Mr. Ward,
in announcing "Pinaufo" for to-
night, stated that Mr. Ward had
will take the title role in that play.

CURTAIN LECTURE.

The wife, sitting up for her hus-
band, thought that somebody had
accompanied him home, and said:

"Has the stranger gone? I didn't
hear him!"

"Oh, no, dear, he hasn't gone,"

the husband replied. "I have in-
structed the maid to let him out in
three or four days."

The wife looked amazed and stupe-
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"What—why—who on earth is he,
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"My dear," said the husband quiet-
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see, I nearly always forget what you
say to me during your discourse from
11 to 2, and sometimes I go to sleep
while you're talking. So I thought
I'd have your lecture written out to
read to-night and study it at my leisure.
The young man is all ready, the
door is open, so that he can hear you,
and you may begin as soon as you
like."

ROYAL CHRISTMAS CARDS.

(Wednesday's Daily)

The good old-fashioned custom of
giving Christmas cards, which at
one time threatened to become ex-
tinct, has always received the great-
est encouragement from royalty.

The Queen, who despatches cards
only to those she numbers among her
intimate friends, expends much time
and consideration not only in the
choice of an appropriate subject, but
in the simple words of good cheer.

"The royal cards," says Mr. A.
Tuck, of firm of Raphael Tuck &
Co., London, Eng., "are always de-
signed by an A.R.A., one of the best
known and most promising artists of
the day."

King has chosen an interest-
ing subject for his card. It is em-
blematic of the alliance between
England and Japan, and is carried
out in colors. The scene depicts a
British admiral in full uniform,
leading out a noble Japanese princess
to the dance.

The Queen's Card.

(Wednesday's Daily)

"The Queen's card is one of the
most artistic that we have ever had
the privilege of supplying. The pic-
ture represents a beautiful Danish
cottage."

"The Danish cottage turns out
from his cosy hut on Christmas eve,
accompanied by his family, to bind
himself of hay on the eaves of his
homestead, so that the birds may
be warm and cosy also during the
festive season."

"The Queen's card, which is enclos-

ed in cream vellum, tied with lilac
ribbons, depicts the prince in delicate
water colors. The little cottage is
covered with snow. The good man
stands on a stool, fastening the kin-
dly protection for his feathered
friends. The good wife stands by
with her children clustered at her
knee, one little fair haired girl hold-
ing the lantern.

"The Prince and Princess of Wales
always prefer a homely card. They
have chosen for this season a view
of York Cottage, Sandringham, with
their five children playing happily in
the foreground. The card is delight-
fully full of fun and merriment."

THE SLEEPING SONG.

As soon as the fire burns red
and low,
And the house upstairs is still,
She sings me a queer little sleepy
song
Of sheep that go over the hill.

The good little sheep run quick and
soft,
Their colors are grey and white,
They follow their leader nose to tail,
For they must be home by night.

And one slips over, and one comes
next,
And the house upstairs is still,
She sings me a queer little sleepy
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Of sheep that go over the hill.

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