WAR

By Berton Braley

War—and the tramp of the troops once more,
The blare of bugles, the cannons' roar.
The waving banners, the swing and sway
Of men that march to the bitter fray.
Where glory beckons, and honor calls
And brave men batter the fortress walls.
War—that summons the soul of Rome,
While the women weep with their babes at home.

War—and the smiling fields are black
Where fire and battle have left their track.
War—and the brave blood running red,
And the sunken ships and the host of dead.
War—with its wake of wrong and wrath,
With famine and misery in its path.
War that has wakened, long asleep,
While the children wait and the women weep.

War—red war in the world again,
War with its trail of broken men.
War that gorges itself in truth
On the land's best strength and finest youth.
And all for the sake of a barren land
And a cluster of huts on the desert sand.
The Sultan battles the might of Rome,
And women weep with their babes at home.

WHITE ROSES

By KATHARINE HOLLAND BROWN.

"Well! Oh my—word!"

Scarlet to her lassey, Corinna sat bolt upright in the big car. For the first time in her twenty-two years and six months of her life, she found herself willingly deserted, delightedly forgotten, and passed by.

For two minutes, it must be owned, Corinna sulked in a most unladylike state of temper. After which she gazed after her charging knight, already out of hearing, and laughed until the top-heavy hat that threatened to bounce completely off her curly head.

"Aunt Caroline said that he was a man of unswerving purpose," she gurgled. "She was quite right. Poor dear, determined Aunt Caroline. If only she could see me now."

"The Señorita is alone! Yet the Señorita amuses herself! May I not share one little thought of her mirth?"

Corinna jumped violently. Promptly the hat that escaped its last pin, and rolled to the tonneau floor. But she was too startled to perceive that disaster. She sat bolt upright in her seat.

Not twenty feet behind the car, sitting his drooping pony like an image of bronze, sat Cypri, sombrero in hand. As she turned he bowed from his saddle, with infinite formality. His beautiful dark face was full of shrewd amusement. He waved his whip towards the galloping Nimrod, and he laughed out, very softly. But Corinna did not laugh with him.

"What can possess the Honored Señor," he chuckled, "is he quite mad? That he shall pursue these painted insects, while that the flower, far lovelier, awaits his hand? Surely, he is mad, or at may be" — his laughter vanished, his gay voice stung with irony "that he is only blind?"

A wave of absurd anger swept Corinna. She could have snatched the whip from his hand and lashed his insolent mouth. Then, instantly, she found herself trembling with wild, unreasoning fear. The terror that had loomed before her eyes on that first morning now drifted black before her sight, and chilled her to the heart.

She laid her hand on the steering-wheel. There she snatched it away and pulled herself together, angrily. How could she be so foolish? What was there to fear? At any moment, the eminent Richard might capture his prey, battered. Then he would come directly to her. Surely she could tolerate Cypri's impertinence for these few moments. And afterwards—afterwards, the eminent Richard should pay.

Cypri's eyes followed her hand to the wheel. He laughed again with cool malice.

"So the Señorita would pursue her runaway? And leave me deserted, and alone? How can the Señorita be so cruel as to snatch away my one moment? My only moment, Señorita." His voice broke almost in a snarl. His eyes glittered. "For I shall not weary you again, henceforth I shall be nothing to you. I shall not be even Cypri D'artizo, lest of the D'Artizo. For I shall be not even the dust beneath your feet."

Corinna listened, stupidly. An older woman might have heard something deeper, more vital, than mere insolence in his raving words. A wiser woman might have seen in that drawn boyish face a misery of baffled despair, a startling take of consciousness of his own helpless isolation from her young triumphant world.

"Would you have me tell your fortune, Señorita?" His soft, taunting voice spoke on. "All my family have the gift of divination. And your lot will be an easy one to foretell, for you are one of a lovely race, soul and body. And your destiny shall be the destiny of all your lovely kind. In time, one of the many who seek you shall gain you. He will be a man of your own blood. He will be one of those who always win. Who heap up, heap up, wealth, power, possessions; who rules his world, a king. One of your countrymen, of that lowborn tribe will climb, wild triumph, always, while that we, the sons of princes, must forever fail. Yes, him shall you be given as wife. Then it will be with you, as with the Señora Leonard, wife of the Chief, as with the Señora Walsh, as with all your womenkind, who shall go to work, shoulder to shoulder, beside their men. You will ride beside your husband on the prairie, as rides the Señora Walsh, counsel upon his hardest journeys. You will lie down to sleep beneath the stars. You will face storm and cold and weariness, and you will laugh. You will cross the flooded rivers, and you will not know fear. For your own desire you will do this. You will leave the palace that your master has built for you, to go forth with him. Even as our little fair Señora, wife of the Chief, has done, to follow him into this rough country. And even as does she, you will work for him, you will cook his food, you will set meat and drink before him, even as his servant. For that is truth. That have I seen the little Señora do, and with my own eyes. And even while she has served him she has laughed, they have both laughed together, as if it gave them delight, not same. Even this, you, too, will do."

"Yes," said Corinna softly. Dim amusement, perhaps something more, lighted in her face. "Yes, very likely I shall."

"And so, toiling together, you will win. Always you will win. In but a little time my own race shall disappear, even to the last of our blood. And you, conquerors, will remain. You will build your palaces on the ashes of our homes, upon the very soil which is our blessed heritage, which shall be ours, forever. You will despoil—"

He stopped short. Against the cloudless sky, full half a mile away, she saw the eminent Hiller make one more leaping dive, net high in the air, then stumble back once more, an irate failure. The shrieking absurdity of it, against the boy's grim mediæval passion, carried her past self-control. But in the midst of her hysterical laughter she could feel the boy's eyes fastened upon her, with their cold, piercing stare, their weary malice.

"But there is one man, Señorita, of those who hope to win you, who shall never gain you. This I have sworn." He spoke the melodramatic words listlessly, yet there was something rather terrible in his very listlessness; as if Fate itself had given certainty to his will. His sheer cold tranquility held a curious menace. "One man there is, I say, who longs for you, but who shall never dare even to hope. Because he is of all his race the scum, a waif, with none to stand beside him, as his blood-kin. No, he shall never come near to hope.

"And yet one wonders sometimes to see him, this lost one, as he walks through his days. For that he is never alone; since that all men stand beside him as his brothers, even the Chief himself! May shame be on them. And may greater shame be on those others, of my own blood, who follow him, who call him their brother and their friend. The curs, that cringe and follow!" He tossed his brown hands outward, with a fling of unspeakable disgust. "Twice over should they hate him, for he is of the breed of thieves. For he has bought with his foul money of my lands, my very own, that all the gold of his nation could never buy. There he has built his house. And there come always the sick, those wretches who are better dead than living. Yet my own race call him friend! Bah! With his printed books and his schoolroom for the children, and his sick room, even crawling!"

Corinna listened motionless.

"And he, this dull brute, dares hene that some day he shall possess you. For I have read it in his eyes. He dreams that you will be to him comrade as is the Señora Walsh to her husband. Slave and plaything, as is the Señora, your kinswoman, to her man, the Chief. But he need not hope longer. He dreams—yes? Let him dream!"

To Be Continued.

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When the World Is Young

It is probable that girls will go on making the same mistakes, and consequently incurring the same heartaches as did their mothers—and their mothers before them.

One cannot put old heads on young shoulders, and the combination, even if possible, would be by no means charming, yet if pretty something in her teens, or sweet and twenty, would only believe that the "do's" and "don'ts" given below make for her happiness, such a lot of tears might be spared her.

Don't be sure that your parents are cruelly unjust or unreasonable when they show distrust of a would-be lover. Do wait patiently, if he is worthy of trust they will be convinced in all good time.

Don't flirt if you wish a man to really like and respect you. Do be natural, and show yourself wishful to be friends. If he is a nice man he will appreciate the difference.

Don't think any man who pays you ordinary attention wants to marry you, but do remember if he does that he is doing you the greatest honor in his power.

Notes of the Nursery

Baby should not be set on his legs too soon. When he feels like it he will start walking as naturally as any other little animal does.

Peace at any price is the motto of the mother who resorts to the baby "comforter." None the less, to suck one of these ugly pieces of rubber is a bad habit, difficult to break, and it is as unhygienic as it is objectionable.

Baby is much happier left in peace to kick and crow in his cot than if he is constantly being dandled, and the constant nursing some mothers give is merely gratifying to their own sense of possession and not comforting to the child.

New Gowns Much Draped

An exhibition of imported gowns, suits, wraps and accessories worn by living models that far surpasses from an artistic as well as a sartorial standpoint anything they have ever before attempted, it being held at Gimbel Bros., New York. Two orchestras, a playing fountain, palms, flowers and scattered garden chairs make it possible for the enthralled feminine spectators seated in the stands provided for the occasion or at the tables of the restaurant through which the promenade des toilettes passes, to imagine themselves in the Casino garden of one of the gay French resorts or in one of the Boulevards of the Bois instead of on the seventh floor of a hustling big American department store. Most of the great Paris dressmakers are represented, and their creations are wonderful to behold.

Evening gowns are particularly lovely. A pretty model in the favorite black and white combination is of black Chantilly lace over white satin, the tunic looped and caught in the back with a large bow of wide black velvet ribbon. The bodice is composed almost entirely of cobwebby white lace draped in fichu fashion. A striking creation, one of the season's novelties, is of white silk thickly covered with embossed flowers in peacock blue, and veiled with chiffon of the exact shade of the flowers. The skirt is high-waisted, coming to a sharp point on the right side, and the bodice and sleeves are of white chiffon, draped.

A handsome suit of Empire lines is of golden brown velvet edged with brown silk fringe, and adorned with a broad and beautiful collar of heavy lace. The sleeves are three-quarter length, bell-shaped and finished with fringe. A small brown velvet hat with a brim of the same lace and trimmed with a cluster of tan ostrich feathers completes the costume.

TO PRESERVE AUTUMN LEAVES.

A quick and reliable method of preserving autumn leaves is to lay them on an ironing board or a folded cloth, and after smoothing them flat cover each one with a blotting paper.

Press hard with a hot iron, holding it down over the leaf, but do not move the iron.

Lift the paper from the leaves and rub a little olive oil into each leaf. This will make the leaf pliable.

Then put on the leaves a thin gum. Use a camel's hair brush for this work.

Four coats of gum will be necessary. Allow an interval of three days to elapse between the applications of the gum. Only thin gum should be used.

HOW TO MAKE A PENWIPER.

If you want a pretty, useful penwiper for your desk, buy a little china doll, one that stands firmly. Make for her several chamois skin skirts of different length, putting on the shortest one first. Scallop the edges of each one. The outer garment is a university gown, and the cap must match. Use the colors of your favorite university, and tie a tiny roll of parchment in the doll's hand with a piece of silk thread.

The gown must be long and full and made of any wool, silk or velvet goods. The cap should have a square top, fastened to a narrow band, fitting close to the head.

Whenever the chamois skirts get soiled from wiping the pens on them you may make new skirts, and your penwiper will always remain fresh and pretty.

Two Traveling Tips

If you travel a great deal, take with you a candle and use the melted wax to seal your various toilet bottles.

Take with you also a pillow cover, made of some pretty material and fastened at one end with buttons and buttonholes. In this carry a small eiderdown quilt folded over to fit in the cover.

This will be found to be a very comfortable pillow when in a train, and on a chilly journey will afford a warm covering. It can be carried by means of a handle sewed on one side of the case.

THREE WAYS TO COOK EGGS

Scalloped Eggs and Nuts.

Four hard-cooked eggs, one-half cup of bread crumbs, one cup of chopped nuts, one and one-half cups of white sauce, one-quarter cup of chopped pickles or olives, one-half teaspoon of salt, one-half teaspoon of celery salt (if desired). Butter a baking dish and place a layer of bread crumbs in the bottom. Alternate with the other ingredient. A grating of cheese may be added if liked. Finish with a sprinkling of bread crumbs and bake one-half hour.

Scrambled Eggs and Tomatoes.

Add stewed tomatoes and a minced green pepper to the scrambled eggs and cook them as usual during the process. A few mushrooms cooked with a small piece of onion in butter before the eggs go in are an improvement and turn an ordinary dish into something quite aristocratic.

Eggs a La Matelotte.

Poach six or more eggs in white stock, chicken or veal, then drain on a sieve. Trim them carefully and dish up on previously prepared fried bread croutons. Chop an onion, fry with about an ounce of butter in a shallow stewpan, add a little parsley, a bay leaf and thyme. Strain off butter and add some rich brown sauce, and put it back in the stewpan. Add a few sliced mushrooms and the juice of half a lemon. Place the dish with the eggs in the oven for a few minutes, then sauce over.

Of Interest to Women

One of the most interesting and talented women in Schandinavia, Mrs. Caroline Benedicks Bruce, widow of a painter and herself an artist of ability, lives on the island of Gottmarn, just off the coast of Sweden. Mrs. Bruce was a delegate last year to the suffrage convention in Stockholm, and at that time invited thirty of the delegates from various countries to come to her home, paying every penny of the expense for all the visitors. Many of her guests were Americans.

Queen Victoria of Spain was driving recently, when her carriage was halted for a few moments in a busy thoroughfare. Immediately she became the observed of all the passersby. Among them was an American woman, who, wishing to examine more closely the beautifully-embroidered garment which the Queen was wearing, raised an opera glass which she was carrying, and scanned the Queen closely, though only a few feet apart.

Suddenly, to her dismay, she was rought to a realization of her extreme rudeness by meeting the Queen's eyes fixed in the glass—eyes that spoke the rebuke plainly, although the steedy look was both kind and patient.

Instantly the glass was lowered, and with scarlet cheeks the lady's face expressed an unmistakable apology, as Queen Victoria raised a mildly reproving forefinger and shook her head slightly with a little smile, as the carriage moved on.

When the "Olive Branch," a Boston weekly newspaper, employed young women to do its typesetting in 1853, the composing department had the appearance of a parlor. The floor was carpeted and everything in the room was kept scrupulously neat and tidy.

The Princess of Monaco is so rich that she regards money with contempt. On one occasion, after a burglary had been committed in her apartments, she astounded the magistrate by stating that she never counted her money, and did not know which of her jewels had been stolen, as she never troubled to find out how many she had.

"But," said the magistrate in surprise, "how do you manage your financial affairs?"

"Oh," replied the princess, "when I go shopping I just fill a bag with money and buy what I want. That is the end of it."

The Daily Menu . . .

BREAKFAST.
Concord Grapes.
Oatmeal, Sugar and Cream.
Whole Wheat Muffins.
Coffee.

COMPANY BREAKFAST, 11 A.M.
Bouillon a l'Americaine.
Broiled Pigeon on Fried Hominy Slices.
Currant Jelly.
Canton Apples. Cheese Crescents.
Coffee.

DINNER.
Robotoes. Boiled Rice.
Tomatoes Stuffed with Mushrooms.
Toasted Crackers. Cheese.
Coffee.

THE HARVEST MOON.

The dog days die!—summer still lives on
In sultry midday or in memory.
The first leaf falls!—the flower's face is wan,
And sunburned hands spoil a fruitful lea;
Anon yon brook purls softer down the dale,
King Sol reigns lower with each passing noon;
Autumnal breezes breathe on hill and vale,
Whilst o'er the meadows smiles a Harvest Moon.

—Charles Nevers Holmes, in Hampton-Columbian Magazine.

FADS OF FASHION.

Small and large buttons made of white cotton thread, closely crotcheted, are now in first fashion. They are placed on blouses, on one-piece frocks, on top wraps, in every size.

Good old-fashioned hand-made Torchon lace has been revived for the trimming of lingerie. It is a durable, serviceable lace, that never should have gone out of fashion.

Roman stripes have been added to the novelty list, and auto scarfings with double borders are used to some extent for separate blouses.

The majority of dressy waists are made with three-quarter sleeves, though some full-length styles are noted. These models are made with some fullness at the elbow, tapering off to a snug finish at the wrist.

As a result of a snake bite inflicted under remarkable circumstances, Thos. Williams, a planter and oil land owner in Estherwood, La., died lately. He went into his yard to cut grass, carrying a small scythe. Hearing a suspicious rustle, he turned, sickle in hand, just in time to see a three-foot moccasin snake springing toward him. With a quick stroke, Mr. Williams cut the reptile in two at the middle, but the force of the snake's leap was such that the forward portion continued its progress, and the teeth were buried in the planter's right arm. There the jaws locked so firmly that it required much effort to wrench them apart. Even when pulled away, the snake still kept its jaws closed, and the head lay wriggling in the grass for several hours.

November Ladies' Home Journal Patterns now in stock.

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Misses' and Ladies' double-breasted Coats with college or shawl collars, in Grey, Tan, Navy or Black, at . . . . . $7.50 and $8.00

A number of Children's Tweed or Blanket-Cloth Coats in Grey, Brown, Green and Navy, prices ranging from . . . . . $2.50 to $6.00

Ladies' Coats in Serge, Kersey Cloth and Tweeds in Brown, Grey and Black, with shawl or military collar; clearing fast at . . $12.00, $15.00, $18.00 and $20.00

A special bargain in Ladies' Heatherbloom Underskirts, 36 to 42 inches in length; regular $2.25, for . . $1.75

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Mrs. J. B. Renaud, of Goldrich street, Sturgeon Falls, Ont., says: "I have suffered for months with a very weak stomach. I had dizzy spells, and at times could not retain any food at all. I tried any number of remedies and prescriptions, but none seemed to relieve me until I tried Mi-o-na Tablets. I used one box only, and they have completely cured me of my troubles. I am pleased to recommend Mi-o-na as I know it to be a remedy of merit."

Mi-o-na is sold by druggists everywhere at 50 cents a box, and is guaranteed to cure dyspepsia, indigestion, sick headache, nausea, heartburn, sour stomach, belching of gas, dizziness, heavy stomach and car sickness, vomiting of pregnancy and the after effects of over-eating or drinking—or money back. Postpaid from The R. T. Booth Co., Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont. Sold and guaranteed by Taylor's Drug Store, 393 Talbot Street.

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