



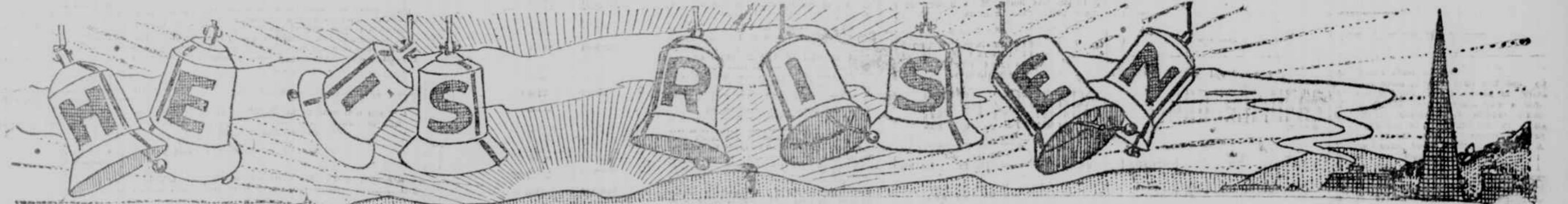
EASTER NUMBER

TO OUR READERS.

Scan well these pages, lady fair,
 For much that's good is lurking there.
 Fashions within the sheet you'll find,
 And stories new and verses kind.

There's something for you every one.
 Read what the queer old world has done.
 What marvels wrought, what victories won,
 Since last rolled 'round the Easter sun.

Our fashions tell you what to wear,
 Our "ads" will tell you what you need;
 The latest news of every kind,
 Within these pages you can read.



An Easter Engagement.

By Ewen McPherson.

In that city, and in those days—things may be different now—they did things in a free-and-easy, neighborly fashion. For instance, there were no telephone pay stations, and not many private houses were furnished with telephones of their own; you went to your favorite corner drug store, smiled at the clerk and nodded to the telephonist with which every drug store was equipped, then the clerk would say, "Help yourself," and you helped yourself, gratis to the use of the telephone. Not only that, but, if you had near a really obliging drug store, the clerk would receive messages for you and send them by a chance messenger to your house.

In that way it happened that a good deal of neighborly conversation, over and above what went on around the store, was held in the drug store. And sometimes one overheard what was not at all interesting to hear, and sometimes what was.

Julius Canby overheard something that interested him very deeply, one day while he was waiting at the counter for the clerk to rummage out and open a new case of cigars. Julius did not know the lady by name, though her face was familiar enough. She went to the telephonist and asked for a certain number which

liked him, Maud Andrews among them, but Julius did not, chiefly because Maud did not smile. Julius thought, "It was dusk as Julius strolled home from the drug store, meditating bitterly. A large dog met him on the sidewalk and stopped as if expecting to be noticed, but Julius passed on until a few paces further, he was stopped by the sanitation. "Hi, Canby, what are you dreaming about?"

"Hi, Canby, what are you dreaming about?"

It was the voice of the dog's owner—Easton.

"Hello," said Julius. "Oh, I wasn't dreaming at all. Hi, hi, hi! Congratulations, Easton."

"Oh, so you've heard, eh? Well, I thought I'd pull it off, you know."

"You did, eh?" said Julius, with a sort of sarcastic insignificance. "It's a great thing in these cases to have confidence, you know."

"I don't see that that makes any difference," said Easton. "You can't influence judges with a show of confidence, you know."

"Well, I must be getting home," said Julius, anxious to end the interview.

And after he had left the other man, he said to himself, "That's about the tallest piece of gall I ever encountered. Wonder what the fellow meant by 'influence the judges'?"

A few days later he met Maud Andrews, who asked him why she had seen nothing of him since the week before.

"Oh, nothing," he said. "I only thought—"

"What?" said Maud.

"Thought you might not be particularly anxious to see me just now."

"That was a funny thought for you to have," she remarked. "What made you think it?"

"Oh, don't you know?" he said.

"No, I don't."

"Can't you guess?"

"No, I can't guess."

"Then I don't think there's any partic-

ular reason why I should enlighten you." They parted, and Maud bit her lip, calling Julius "Canby" in her heart. "A foolish speech," and saying she'd bet she'd never see him again.

Julius did some more musing, and it went something like this: "Of all the outrageous little bits, this girl is easily one of the most outrageous. She actually thinks she's going to draw me back with her little forward and her little heart. And after I've had it straight from Easton himself, who thought he'd pull it off. I wish him joy of her. He'll have a lovely wife if they ever marry—if it gets as far as that—"

He was clothing the soliloquy with what is commonly described in print as "a bitter laugh."

As his luck would have it, Julius met the lady of the telephone not long after. It was by the merest chance that he was introduced to her. He was buying some snuff for Julius sang in a choir, being rated as a good baritone, and in the music store he met his organist, who was a lady. With the lady organist was one whom Julius recognized as the person who had carried on that memorable conversation.

The lady organist introduced him to her as Mrs. Waller.

"I have often heard of you, Mr. Canby," said Mrs. Waller.

Julius wondered why there should be anything in this thought to make Mrs. Waller smile and gaze at him so archly. Of course she might have heard his organist speak of him, considering that he was her best and most reliable baritone. She might have also heard of him from Maud Andrews.

"Shall you be in the choir on Easter Day?" said Mrs. Waller.

"I believe so," said Julius, smiling at his lady organist.

"We couldn't get on without him," that artist remarked. "Are you only just buying your score for that offertory, Mr.

Canby?"

"If that is so," said Mrs. Waller, "I hope Mr. Canby is a quick learner. He hasn't much time left to learn his part, and I have quite a number of friends who are going to church with me on Easter Day."

"But not to hear me sing, I hope," said Canby.

"Why, don't of them I believe that will be the chief consideration," said Mrs. Waller, and once more she smiled archly.

Julius thought he knew why Mrs. Waller smiled archly. She was a friend of Maud Andrews, and Maud was going to church with her on Easter Day. For that very reason he wished he could get out of singing in the choir on that day. He had half a mind to be taken with a severe bronchial trouble.

But on the very morning of Easter morning—while he was finishing a particularly early breakfast, in order not to sing too soon after a meal, he blundered Easton and his big German snuff. The snuff had his neck tied up with a bow of blue ribbon.

"Brought him round to see you with his blue ribbon on," said Easton.

Julius didn't understand why he should be expected to take any interest in this great brute and his blue ribbon. Nevertheless he made an effort to be civil to Easton.

"Where did he get the ribbon?" he asked.

"Get it? Why, at the show, of course. That's his prize ribbon."

"Oh," said Julius. "He got a prize, did he?"

"Why," said Easton, starting, "you were one of the first to congratulate me."

"I didn't know it," said Julius.

"Don't you remember that evening you met me?"

"Then a light seemed to flash on Julius. 'I didn't congratulate you on that,' he said.

"On what then?" said Easton.

"Why—on your engagement."

"My engagement? He, he! Ho, ho! What's got you, Canby?"

"Aren't you engaged to Mrs. Andrews?"

"He, he!" Easton laughed in ecstasy. "I see it all! I see it all! Now I know what has made the beach. That's what has made you drop Maud, is it?"

"Aren't you engaged to her?"

"No, you old dodder! What put it into your old noodle. Oh, excuse me, Canby, I can't stay any longer. Must take my baby home, and then go to church. I have something to tell that's too good to keep."

When the Easter service was over, Julius found Mrs. Waller waiting for him at the foot of the choir stairs.

"I want you to come home with us to a little lunch, Mr. Canby," she said. "You must excuse the unceremonious way of the invitation. We made up the party two weeks ago, and I'm sorry now we left you out. You must come. Maud Andrews is in the party."

"Very well," said Julius, somewhat dazed. "It's very good of you. By the way, may I ask if you telephoned to Mrs. Maud Andrews about this one evening?"

"I think I did. Why? I think I wasn't quite sure whether she understood that our little party was a sure thing, and I telephoned to ask if she held herself engaged."

"I thought so," said Julius.

In the course of the walk to Mrs. Waller's Maud found occasion to say, "Julius, you slip well, but you are awfully stupid."

And Easton gave a loud snuff.

A Kentucky Protest.
 Editors Woman's Journal:
 Weary with fruitless effort to see any comfort in what seems to me an irreparable wrong done by our beloved country, an ineffaceable stain upon the flag four

generations of Americans have held aloft as the emblem, not of conquest, but of liberty. I turn to the faithful, patriotic '48. It is to ask if he can speak a word of comfort and encouragement, and show me how the great wrong done, when we had fought and died for the right, can ever be undone."

In what does our treatment of the Filipinos differ from Spain's treatment of the Cubans? How can the country that has bathed the land in the blood of the best of her sons to wash away the sin of slavery, have a right to buy ten millions of men, and butcher them by the thousand because they will not kiss the hand of their new masters? I cannot let my little grandson, who has gloried in the victory over Spain, that Cuba might be free, repeat the Declaration of Independence as he wants to do on Washington's birthday, because it is such mockery to say all men have equal right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," when we take life from the Filipinos because they will not give up their "liberty and pursuit of happiness." My boys must not say of Old Glory

"There's no blur on the brightness,
 No stain on the bars."

when its light is dimmed by the smoke of the burning houses of the men who have died in defense of them. Are not the Filipinos as truly patriots as any other men who fight for their freedom from any yoke, no matter how it is wreathed with garlands of the wealth and culture and higher civilization of the conquerors?

Oh, where is truth, honor, courage, generosity, justice, in the behavior of our great, rich country to the poor, weak, helpless islands we had solemnly promised ourselves and the world to protect, and then to be free? Oh, true friend of mothers, tell us what to teach our sons!

"My country, right or wrong" is that old, old, best, the sons of those who have four times fought for their country can teach us? Oh, that my eyes were fountains of tears, that my mind weep for the lost honor of our beloved country, and for the wasted lives of those who died to save what the wickedness of men in high places has thrown away!—
 A Mother, in Woman's Journal.