in the least contradicted these statements.

Hence -

Sincerely yours,

Annam.
While Mrs. Hill was explaining her difficulties with Heinz, the old grandmother was pondering the situation. Her hair, still black and smooth, was drawn tightly away from her heart-shaped German face, and her clean gingham apron and decent calico gown made her a pleasant figure amid her poor surroundings. There was a certain air of reserve about her, of maturity and dignity, that contrasted most favourably with thegeoisish superficialities and other manners of her age and condition in the neighborhood. "I explained that ten cents a day would be required for the care of Heinz if he were sent to the creche, the mother hesitated. "It's a good deal for us," she began. "I tell you," interrupted the grandaunt, "I pay half of it. I give five cents and you five cents. I would pay that much just for him to learn the manners! He learns those manners if he goes to that school—how to set up and eat properly, or he isn't rolling on the streets in the mud when he goes there?" I imagined whether there were any other children near who would be likely to go. Yes, there was Mr. Hill next door (the brother judge..."
Vor einigen Wochen habe ich...
Madeleine Wallin.
Daily Times.
Orossa, 5,
May 21/41.

Had a little one. But it seemed doubtful whether he would follow with the idea or not.

"Tell you," said the wise old grandmother:

"We and he will first, and then the rest of all the others!" The bare old soul was willing to be the first to try the doubtful experiment, so that good might come as bare souls have done in every age of the world.

[Signature]

[Signature]
"These girls with a Mission do amuse me," said he, as he deftly ran his bicycle around a bump in the pavement.

"What do you mean by a Mission?" said he, reaching after the treadle which had escaped from my foot and gone off on a tangent of its own.

"Oh, I mean Aims, and a Career," said he.

"They do not mean it; it's just a soft little feminine bluff—a vanity and interesting, but it's a bluff. They don't even deceive themselves."

I started so that my bicycle wobbled, and I had to calm down or be thrown off.

"Indignation on a bicycle is a costly luxury."

"But they do mean it," said I, with eagerness on the handles. "They are just as much in earnest about their aims as they are about marriage, if that is what you mean. They don't know which they want, and they are trying the first one that comes until they are decided. They don't make an irrevocable resolution about either one."

He was tolerant and admiring, but firm.
"Aren't they dear," said I to "What's their..."及他们...and their teacakes, and their funny little careers. But they do amuse me!"

Points of View from a Prison

Disturb...Muse, muses...
Sunday

I paid to the one night in the Stock-yard. Mr. Murray invited me. Mr. Murray is a widower, who lives at home with his father and mother, and he said he was sure that Mrs. Murray would be delighted to have me come. I went over for the afternoon service at the Settlement, and after tea we were to go to Young People's Meeting at the Methodist Church. That was why Mr. Murray invited me to stay; but I had a different reason. Mrs. Wigglesworth, Mr. Murray's sister, was staying to tea that night, too. She brought Son, her husband (permanently out of work), and Katie and Edith, two and four respectively, dirty and unwholesome. Mr. Murray's two, Katie and Mary, were about the same age. They lived with Mr. and were cleaner and better. Mr. Lucas, a friend of the family, had also dropped in to tea, and since there was Pa, and Kinney, brother of the deceased Mrs. Murray. Mr. Johnston, resident at the Settlement, boards there, so you can see what a beautiful large company we had.
...
Madeline Walker
Daily Share
Course 67
May 23/44

Ten at the Settlement

Entertaining
Kamrue
لكن مع الأمل في
ال.PI - 10250
Thaddeus Wallau,
Daily Times,
London 57.
May 24/84

A tea party.

A little improved.
Unity?
There was an organ in the room, and Mr. Murray not only sang and played for us before tea, they were a highly religious family—Mrs. Murray a little girl helped by Miss "Oh Harky Day"—"Day, Day," hailed the little one. We were not presented to her before supper time; I felt a little anxious about it, for I knew that she had not been consulted before I came. When we were called to tea, and all filed into the dining-room, one of the ladies clung to my hand and asked me to sit by her. I suggested that it would be more polite to wait until the Grandmother should take me where I was to sit. This seemed to be a new idea, and Mr. Murray acted upon it at once. "Where'll I sit, ma?" said he. We were all so pale and still and sloop; she looked worried, but solved the problem with statesmanlike promptness: "The children'll all sit on this side together, and the rest then, or wherever they can."

My seat happened to be near Mr. Lucas, who had been for eleven years steward of the Rothschilds' yacht, and was doubtless well known all over the world.
"It seemed as if she couldn't let herself go," continued Mr. Murray. "She used to say to me, "John, I can't leave go of myself, I just feel all tied up inside." And after she was married, she often said she wished she could let herself go, so we could a had a midnight like other young folks, when we was together. But she was just that cold and proud — she couldn't. I was our countrymen to America that done it at last. She just needed that to show her how much the thought of me. I hadn't been here but a year when the court was over and we was married. She made a splendid wife," he continued reflectively, as we neared the church door. "I miss her awful.

Inside the church was Mr. Thrue, the minister, and a collection of the brethren and sisters. Mr. Thrue's emotions abounded times were exploding as we went in: "Testify, friends, testify; don't lose the precious minutes; God is the gloomiest here tonight; don't waste His time.

Pa, who had preceded us, was already on his feet, the gray fringe grinning around his homely old lips, and the blue English eyes.
Madeline Wallice
Daily Rume.
Corne 65
May 25/93

at Suffren

Pleasantly adignant
Madeline Walker
Daily Times
Course 27
May 26/47

Law and Order

Lust and Revenge
But it was on the way to church that Mr. Murray's hidden sorrow revealed themselves. I think the fact that I had been admitted to the sanctum of the house, and had broken bread with the family, inclined Mr. Murray's heart toward confidence, and that it was he told his little tale.

"We and me, as we was walkin' togeth'er four year in London before she was married. I sold milk—Pa and me did. To her folks, and her Ma ask me would I take her to church sometime. She was so angel girl, never cared to go out with other young folks, and her Ma thought maybe I could get her out of it a little. So I talked to her, and she said she'd go once, if I would ask her again. But after a little while we got to understand each other better, and then we used to go walkin'. She was queer; she'd be walkin' along just as nice as you please some night, and the whole everybody was going beautiful, and then the next morning she got a notion they was all over, and she wasn't never going to have anythin' to do with me no more. I was just a struggle all the time between love an' Pride, but love concentrated..."
will not take orders to your donor, as your body is the best
donor. Understandably, however, some people may feel
uncomfortable with the idea of donating their organs.

It's important to discuss your wishes with your family and
medical professionals. Sometimes, organ donation is
considered by family members, as requested by the
donor. It's a matter of life and death, and sometimes
people choose to donate their organs even after their
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Mr. Lucas said he had been at Cambridge, to
talk with some English people; but since I couldn't
remember the names of the colleges, I concluded
that he had not studied very long. He was a
gentleman of various experiences; had been
shipwrecked, five days at sea in an open
craft, picked up alive, and had received
shot in his left hand, up for a deficiency
caused by injury from the wreck. He informed
me that he had written more books than
any one person could carry—all in manuscript
and all relating to his own adventures. He
expected that they were not with him at present,
so that I might examine them. He did not
sit down at all. One of the other children needed
the remainders to the kitchen for discipline at short
intervals, and the rest of the time was taken up
in bringing in fresh plates of things to eat. We had
a good many things—scones, cake, and preserves, but
most of them were the best we could get.

On one of the sides of the table—the circular board
was set at the end of the table—the circular board
passing the round, free like a grey cloud around the
noon, and his blue English eyes shining with
kindness and good will as he looked around the cousins.


musing, with emotion, as he told of the Gracious Presence that was his at every turn of the way. "I bless God for His blessing, He's given me in the past, and for the bright future. He's given one before me," said the stanch old man; and sweet and high was the flush that followed now. "Jesus" reiterated tenor—wistful, firm: "The shining shore where angels wait, an' Jesus wails near at the gate."

Exhilaration.

Vivien
With my best,
...
Yesterday when I was waiting for the 47th street car to bring me up from the stock yard settlement, I saw a little scene from real life. A saloon stood opposite the car—a rather pretentious three-story building, with a good deal of plate glass and gilt signs about it. In front of the saloon was a horse and buggy, and in the latter a ponderous, red-faced fellow, whose broad black back seemed to gather itself into concentrated rays of the blinding sun, and radiate them up into the blistered-like cheeks. He was talking with someone who stood on the side-walk when presently the saloon door opened, and a blue-eyed man with a pipe in his mouth stuck his head out and cried: "Thought you were going to drink one down there!"

"Well, I am," was the answer, as the big fellow gathered up the reins.

"All right, just one drink first," replied the smoker. "Come on, Mike."

But Mike was inclined to refuse, and shook his head vigorously. "Now," he said.

(Continued)"
This was the very day on which I first saw him. He was a little boy, but very vivid.
"Yes, come on," urged the blue-eyed man, nodding and beckoning vigorously. Still Mike shook his head, and tried to continue his talk with the man on the side-walk. But the man still stood nodding and winking, and presently a woman's face appeared at the window, leaning out: broken-toothed and frowzy-headed, but beckoning an invitation. Mike weakened, and his huge frame stirred uneasily in the seat. His hand grasped the dash-board, but still he did not move. The man went in, the pane had gone in, and the woman's face disappeared. Mike settled back again, and began to talk once more, when the door opened, and the invitation was renewed:

"Come in, Mike! Come on! Just one drink; just one! Come on, Mike!"

It was too much. All resistance was over, and Mike rolled his great body onto the buggy into the balcony. The closed, and I reflected. But once more it opened. The red face under its black shawl had looked out once if the horse was all right before she showed again.
our his one drink
stood quiet and the door closed for the last time.

Situations are clear at first. The charge distinctly dramatic.