

A Tribute to Our Women

Place her among the flowers, foster her as a tender plant, and she is a thing of fancy, folly and waywardness, annoyed by the least sossip, fretted by trifles, ready to faint at the barking of a dog, or the rattling of the window-sash at night, and is overpowered by the odor of a rosebud.

But let real calamity come, rouse her affections, enkindle the fires of her heart, and mark her then—how strong is her heart? Give her a child, a bird or anything to protect, and see her in a relative instant lift her arms as a shield, as her own blood crimsones her up-turned forehead; praying for her life to protect the helpless, call forth her energies to actions, transplant her in the dark places of the earth, her breath becomes a healing, her presence a blessing. She disputes inch by inch the strides of stalking pestilence, when man, the strong and brave, pale and afrighted, shrinks away.

Misfortune hurts her not; she wears away a life in silent endurance, and goes forth with less timidity than to her bridal. In prosperity she is a bud full of odors, waiting but for the winds of adversity to scatter them abroad. She is gold, valuable, but untried in furnace; in short, she is a miracle, a mystery, the center from which radiates the charm of our existence.

CHARLES S. BARROW

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Ave. He owns his home at East 1613 2nd Ave., and valuable properties in Stevens County. His mother resides with the family and enjoys the blessings of a faithful and devoted son. Mr. Barrow has been actuated by a laudable ambition to attain the highest efficiency. His career has been characterized by a steady progress that has won for him a place among the eminent members of the printers' craft and his many friends in the state of Washington.