THE SWALLOWS G mother will the swellow war come?
Fool my cheek, the lot had a some of the late of the parties.
And my heart is stok with yearning.
But I'm always well as some a syallows of

They brought me in a primrose yesterday; and when primroses are blowing. Then I know that winter's going. And the swallows cannot then be far away.

Hark, my old thrush in the garden singing clear How I love his note to follow! But the swallow, O the swallow, Bringing summer with him, the summer is more

And the lambs' bleat! Could I see them once again, With their innocent sweet faces,

Once I used but now I cannot stir for pain. Mother, lift me, all this side is growing numb; Oh, how dark the room is! Fold me To your bosom, tighter hold me!

And their friskings, and their races!

Or I shall be gone before the swallows come. And the swallows came again across the wave: And the sky was soft and tender. With a gleam of rainbow splendor. As they laid their little darling in the grave.

And they often watch the swallows by her tomb And they strain to think, but straining Cannot still the heart's complaining, "She is better there where swallows never come."

And they carved the bird she loved upon her stone:

Joyous guest of summer, darting Hither, thither, then departing In a night, to joys of other worlds unknown.

A DIFFERENCE IN CLAY

You may not know, but Clement Scott was the young American sculptor who won such distinction abroad last fall, and over whom during the following winter society at home, with her usual fickleness, had come to rave. It is something unuspal for Philadelphia to arouse herself over an American, but in Scott's case it seemed natural enough. The personal attractions of the man himself. to say nothing of the distinction Paris had bestowed upon him, were grounds sufficient for his being a social favorite. Immediately upon his arrival from.

abroad he was besieged with invitations to receptions and balls, teas and dinners, and the like. Various societies gave publicreceptions in his honor; the country her own. clubs lunched him, and the city clubs gave him dinners. It went very well for tiresome. Scott stood the whole thing | said, "and that only now you had come as long as he could; then, breaking a to take me out." dozen or more engagements, he closed his rooms and went away to the seashore. He had learned to his own satisfaction—to his own disappointment how little society knew of his art, how little she cared, and that it was the glit- | said with a sigh, looking up at him with ter of his medal, not himself, that people loved.

Clement Scott came to Hull. He had lived there during the summers previous to his going abroad. The sea, the cliffs, the stretches of white sand, the grass covered hills, were all very dear to him, and he smiled as he found the memories of these coming back to him. There was one memory, though, which seemed to crowd all the beauties of sea and shore from his thoughts, and then of a sudden to bring them all trooping back again, and in the light of his boyhood love.

That love was something which had never gone from his memory. In his studio in Paris he had often caught himself-shaping in the soft clay the features follow his memory, he could never seem to catch the spirit of the image in his mind; he could never put life into the face. "It is not she," he would say. "It does not love me." And then he would crush the clay into a shapeless mass and try his hand at other work.

It was very natural that Scott should feel as he did about the face he had head and bust of the statue of his Venus loved in his boyhood. The circumstan- of Milo; one of the broken arms to be ces were peculiar. He had saved the was still in the crude marble, and he girl's life at the risk of his own. In crossing a track she had fastened her foot in a switch, and must have been killed had not Scott rescued her. As it was she had not escaped without ininry; her arm had been run over. Some | had set in, that Mildred and he, in the one said the child's name was Mildred studio together, were running through a Boday. Scott knew the beautiful place | batch of letters. They were as usual the Bodays had been building on the hill chiefly requests for interviews, or the near his own home, and there he had like. Among them was a note from the carried her, with her dress torn from president of the Society of American the shoulder, and her little white arm, Sculptors. He wished Mr. Scott to give at his side.

The injury was a severe one. It became necessary to amputate the child's sculpture masterpieces. arm close to the shoulder, and it was during this period of her confinement sense!" he said, as he read the letter that Scott came to know Mildred Boday aloud. It was the same old flattery, and well. Young as he was, he loved the all caused, he thought, by his medal. beautiful well enough to take joy in He got up and walked across the studio watching Mildred's sweet face, with the to where his work stood, and pulling off wealth of golden hair which hung about the sheet that covered it called to Milit, or in looking into Mildred's blue eyes, dred in a dramatic voice: wide open with wonder or joy at his "Look! the masterpiece of American tales. When Mildred got about again sculpture!" and he pointed his finger at Clement was her right hand man. The the half finished statue. functions of the arm she had lost were They both laughed, and then Mildred supplied by an artificial arm of French added more seriously, "But, Clement, it mechanism—an arm that could be moved in fine

at will, or even taken off altogether. That arm was a source of great amusement to them Sometimes its joints would stick, and Clement would have to rescue Mildred thom some award position, and then they would laugh and think it a great joke.

At the close of his sixteenth year Scott went abroad and took up his sculpturing under an Italian master, first in Rome and then in Paris. Eight years afterward he received his medal, and with it the praise of the whole of Enrope. Then he returned to America.

Then it was that the young sculptor, with all the glamor of a triumph abroad and in the midst of an ovation at home, left the prattles and insincerities of New York society for the quiet and for the girl in the little sea town of Hull.

He found the sea, the chits, the stretches of white sand all unchanged. Mildred Boday had changed. She was a woman. But she was just the same to artist friends, and though he assured him. There was a little formality at them his statue was quite incomplete, first, but formality could not live when still he said they should have a peep at they were together, and soon they came it. Mildred and himself at once began to be the same boy and girl they had been when they parted,

Scott fixed up his old studio and the workshop where he had modeled his first head. Mildred helped him to drape his walls and to place his belongings, and when they had finished it was a pretty study. Scott had ordered a block of marble from Paris, and when it came he set to work upon it to try the experimarble and without the aid of the clay walls, and draperies hung in profusion. model. The image he was to follow was the Venus of Milo. He was doing it solely for pleasure, he said, and so worked only when he felt like it. Mildred was frequently by his side in the studio. Now and then she would pose

In a few weeks, however, the head of the Venus was freed from the stone, and to the wonderment of Mildred, the face that the had seen hewed bit by bit from the cold white marble seemed all at once to have life, to be real, and more, to be

or a line, and always it was more in fun

than in seriousness that the work went

She laughed, and she cried. "I feel as if some one had shut me up a time, but in a time, too, it grew most in that stone, ages and ages ago," she

"And what do you suppose you would have done had I never came?" Clement asked, chiseling away at the Cupid lips of

his statue. dead, I suppose, she a roguish smile.

The look was too much for Clement It was the middle of spring when The marble lips could not hold him when the red ones were there, just waiting to be kissed; nor could he work more that day-he was too happy.

But for some unaccountable reason society had got it into its head that young Scott, "the distinguished American sculptor," as he was commonly called, had left society and gone into seclusion to work. Strange stories got about. He was finishing a statue he had been at work upon for years, it was said, and immediately artists began to interest themselves concerning his whereabouts. The newspapers, working in the interest of the public, had made it their particular business to look into the of that one face. He was good at model-matter. In part they were successful ing, but however truly his hands might | They found that he was at Hull, and because he would not be seen, they in ferred that he must be working upon some masterpiece.

That was the story that went abroad Artists and newspaper men by the score came to Hull, all anxious to catch a first glimpse of the new work of art. Scott had finished little more than the absolutely refused to have his work viewed and criticized by this curious

crowd—at least before he had finished. It was perhaps a week after this sort of curiosity concerning Scott's new work cruelly crushed and bleeding, hanging him and a few of his brothers in art the pleasure of beholding what he felt sure was to be the greatest of American

Scott laughed. "What perfect non-

"I am glad you like it," he said. " don't care what they think; and hesides. what do those cads, who haven't seen any of my work, know of my work? Their praises annoy me. I doubt if some of them could tell a plaster cast from a marble cufting. They are ignoramuses in regard to art—the most of them," and Scott threw the sheet back over the statue, disgusted.

"They can't tell aculpturing when they see it," he went on. "Why, if I were to fix you up as the statue I doubt even if they would discover the decention.

"Do you think they would be deceived?" Mildred asked. "What a joke if they were," she went on, catching the spirit of his plans. "What a joke!"

And so it was decided. Scott sent the president of the Society of American Sculptors a favorable answer to his letter. He stated the day and named the hour he should be pleased to receive his

preparations for the exhibit, and long before the appointed day came they were in high glee over the prospects, for their private rehearsals had proven more than successful.

And then the trial and the end of it all came. It was a beautiful day about the first of June. The studio had been arranged with especial care for the occasion. There were bits of the sculptor's art about the room, some profiles in ment of cutting an image directly in the white against black plush upon the

At 2 o'clock the invited guests, artists and journalists, about a dozen in number, arrived at the little summer home of the Scotts on the hill. 'Clement received them and entertained them over cigars with the talk of men and things which usually interest such people. For her head to give him an idea of a curve a full hour they sat this way. He could see plainly that his guests were becoming impatient for something more ex-

citing than talk, but still he kept them in the studio.

Some one called to see Scott, He excused himself and was gone some minutes. When he came back he was profuse in his apologies for his long absence, but he made up for the absence by unlocking the door which, as he said led into his work room.

It was a large room, totally unfursunlight streamed in through open windows and fell in streaks across the stained floor. Near the center of the room stood the half finished statue, upon which his work had really been done. There were tools and chips of marble be used as a laundry; a well arranged kitchen lying about the stone as though work had just been suspended. Extending across the extreme end of the room hung a heavy, dark plush curtain.

"I suppose I should apologize, gentlemen," Clement began, "for bringing you here to see a work that is as yet so far from completion; still, since it is by your own request that you come, I hardly see what apology I can offer."

There was a chorus of "Pray, no apologies," and Scott went on, pointing to the statue in the center of the room. "This is the first study of the work you have come to see, gentlemen. Even it is quite incomplete; but still no apologies."

And so saying Scott went to the open. windows, drew down the shades and shut out the sunlight. There was an uncertain glimmer in the room, which he soon steadied by lighting some reflector lamps. Then he stopped a moment before the plush curtain.

"I almost fear to show you this work, it is so imperfect," he said.

There was no reply.

He waited a moment and it grew oppressively still. He stepped to the curtains, pushed them aside, looked at his work a moment, and then joined his guests. They stood in a group at the other end of the room.

There was not a sound, not an excla-

mation of surprise; hardly a breath. There before them, from what appeared to be a solid block of white marble, rose the magnificent head and full shapely bust of a goddess. It was indeed the Venus of Milo. The stone was placed so as to give but a profile view of the face, but the profile was divine. The left arm of the figure was broken quite off, while on the right side the work had not progressed far enough

to disclose the broken member.
The guests glanced from one to another, then hurriedly back again to the for a home. It is a very smart thing to do if statue, lest it should have vanished before them. Scott stood by the side of his stone

study of the Venus and noted their astonishment. Still no one spoke. He was growing fearful of what this

silence might mean, and he ventured: "Well, is it good?" His voice sounded queerly: There was an audible whisper.

"Marvelous! Marvelous!" breathed the guests. They said no more. It was enough. The silent spell had

difference in clay.

image of his heart Clement Scott threw up the shades, letting a burst of blinding sunshine into the room.

That fall the most noticeable work of art at the exhibition of the Society of American Sculptors was a study in marble of the Venus of Milo.

It was by Clement Scott: And society, when it learned that this same Scott, whom the winter before it had so petted had gone to a little sea town to get him a wife, brought itself to be forgiven for once when it saw who that wife was, while the president of the sculptors said to Clement one day as he studied the face of Mildred Boday:

"Well, I see, my boy, there is a difference in clay."—Philadelphia Press.

HOUSES THAT ARE OUT OF STYLE

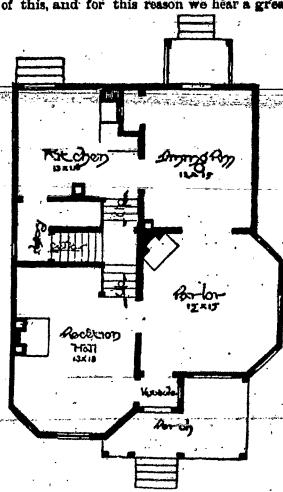
There Is No Excuse for Making Bad Investments of This Kind.

There are few towns and cities in the country in which there are not a number of houses which are said to be "out of style." They are old style house and will not bring the money that was put into them. It is not good business to build a house that will go out of style. It is not good business to put money where one cannot get it again. There are some things that do not go out of style All such things are founded on common souse. The requirements of housekeeping do not change materially from year to year, and a house plan which meets all of the requirements of the housekeeper is rarely said



ELEVATION. We often see large houses bring in very little rental when considered relatively to high rental. The latter may have all of the modern conveniences—a furnace, hot and cold water, a bathroom with tub, water closet and washstand; a sink in the cellar in which to pour water from the tube, a laundry stove, a comented floor, plenty of light, that it may and china closet; everything handy and convenient-no waste room, hence no waste stepe or wasted carpets. This is the kind of house that is always in good style,

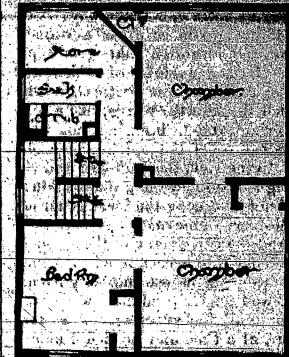
There are many things to be considered by people who have not much money and are without a large experience in house building. Being a man of moderate means, if I wish to build a house it is proper for me to consider whether my house would have a rental value if I wish to put it on the market in that way. The net income from that property, if rented should exceed by 1 or 2 per cent, the current rate of interest in the section of country in which the structure is erected. A great many foolish investments are made in dwelling house property because people do not think of this, and for this reason we hear a great



deal about the foolishness of going into debt we pay for the property only what it is worth, and it is a very simple matter to determine what this is. We must take what would be the gross rental income of the prop erty if it were to be rented, and then make due allowance for taxes, insurance and repairs, and if the net income is then slightly in excess of the current rate for money, we

are justified in going in debt. The people who are living in the house which is here illustrated are paying for it ina building association. The lot cost \$1,200, and the house, with everything that goes to make it complete excepting a furnace cost \$1,800. The association from which they sebeen broken. They had not detected the cured their money is on the perpetual plan

And drawing the curtain before the that is all preplume as limited or och colly pyrical of first care and sixt start. Having scores at all the party in first have to pay in fifty sents pay well on well shares of \$200 each. This is \$4.00 a week or between \$12 and \$20 s month, as the minimum payment to be made. On this plan of pay-ment of 6 per cent, interest there is twenty-four cents per share per week to be paid as interest on \$20, or one share.



SECOND FLOOR Then there is, in addition, a maximum pro mium of ten cents a share. This makes premium and interest thirty-four cents as the interest and premium charges each week. Thus there remain sixteen cents to apply on the principal. This will pay out a \$200 share in about fourteen years—a very long time, its may be said! This is the element of salety to the borrower. As a matter of fact, the people who own this house and are paying for ft in a building association are putting in from \$30 to \$30 a month. Taus the extens over and above the \$18 or \$20 required is credited) as advance peyment on the dues and particle pates in the dividend of the association. This dividend, together with that which accruss on the sixteen cents payment per week a share, brings the actual interest charge to a ittle over 6 per cent, as the association is paying 5 per cent, semi-annual dividends, which they are enabled to do by the weekly

compounding of interest. The Way He Got Even.

I recently visited a certain part of this world where it seemed as though every other man and about half of the women whom I met were the authors of books, and not a few of them entertained the notion that I must have read or heard of their volumes of poetry or theology their cost. On the other hand we see little or romance or criticism or legistics or nished, into which he led them. The boxes of houses which bring in relatively a piety or science. I was often embarrassed by the question of new acquaint ances. "Have you read my book?" and I always felt indisposed to give offense by repeating Carlyle's reply to the inquiry. "No; is it a big book?"

On one occasion, however, when a profemor in the university asked me the familiar question. I bethought me of a way of relieving myself from embarrassment by abruptly, yet I hope courteously, asking, "Have you read my book?" The professor, who had not heard of my brochure, though it appeared in print ten years ago, was put in as bad a plight as he had previously put me in, and his mortification over his ignorance was even more grievous than mine. The quiddity served me ever afterward when met an inquiring anthor. John Swin-





