

AFTER THE HONEYMOON.

Two arms around my neck are twining,
Two soft arms so fair and white;
Two eyes into mine are shining with a
loving, tender light.
Two red lips are parted, showing teeth
resembling rows of pearls;
Odors sweet come to me flowing from a
mass of dark brown curls.
On my ears a voice beguiling falls in
mellowed accents down—
Yet my face is stern, unsmiling, and my
forehead wears a frown.
Thus I play the unmoved tyrant; hardest
roll of all is this,
To refuse the dear aspirant what she begs
for, just a kiss.
For I know these words of honey, these
hugs and caresses sweet,
But forerun a call for money for a fall
outfit complete.

AN UNLUCKY NUMBER.

One beautiful evening, in the sum-
mer of 1914, I was seated with my
friend, Capt. P., at the open window
of his room, situated on the second
story of the end house in Hooley street.
Outside, in the square, a band was
playing some lively music. Nurse-
maids, with little children, ran races
to and fro.

An old veteran in a large straw hat
was describing, with frantic gestures,
how he had lost his arm. In a corner,
beneath some trees, a flock of young-
sters were romping with a monkey,
and the rays of the setting sun glanced
over the housetops, flickered upon the
green foliage and upon the white pave-
ment, over which it cast long, strag-
gling shadows.

For some time we had maintained a
profound silence, when the door of our
apartment was thrown open and ad-
mitted our old neighbor, Mr. Sang.

He showed us a lottery ticket, which
he said he had found secreted in the
back of a book which he had bought
the day before at one of the bookstalls.

I took the piece of paper and exam-
ined it. It was for one hundred thou-
sand dollars, and would be drawn for
in five weeks' time.

Capt. P., leaning out of the window,
with his chin resting on his hands, had
scarcely noticed the entrance of the
old man, but when I called him, and
held the scrap of flimsy paper out to-
ward him, he turned terribly pale and
sank back into his seat.

"Number 53!" he murmured, aghast.
Not another word could we get out
of him. He sat pale and dumb, like
turned into stone.

Mr. Sang placed the ticket inside his
pocketbook, and muttered loud enough
for us to hear:

"One hundred thousand dollars! Why,
that is a fortune! But an old fool like
me will never win."

"You will win!" suddenly cried the
Captain, in strange, low tones, which
made us both start.

"How can you tell?" whispered the
old man, eagerly.

"I want you to get rid of that ticket,
for as sure as we are living men you
will be the loser in the end."

"Ah! Perhaps you would like to se-
cure the ticket," said the old fellow,
with a peculiar smile.

The Captain only shrugged his shoul-
ders, and turned to the window.

"I know," said Sang, "that I could
get a good sum for this ticket, if it
were known I had it for sale. How-
ever, as the Captain is so positive it
will be drawn, I will retain the ticket
and run the risk of being the loser.

One hundred thousand dollars! Why,
I see what it is, the Captain is jealous!
Ha, ha!"

He went out, and as he descended
the stairs I heard him muttering:

"You will be the loser in the end.
What can the Captain mean, I wonder?"

He gained the street, and I
could hear no more.

I turned to Capt. P.; he was standing
silent and motionless at the window.
Although his eyes were directed to
where the performers stood, I knew
from their fixed and steady gaze that
he saw none.

For a long time I sat watching him,
standing there so pale and silent, all
the while racking my brain how to ac-
count for his strange conduct on seeing
the number of the lottery ticket—num-
ber 53. What painful recollections did
these two figures recall to his mind?

I asked myself the question over and
over again, but I still remained in the
dark.

All at once he closed the window, and
simply said, as if speaking to himself:

"There can be no doubt about it! Number 53 is an accursed number!"

"I do not understand you, Captain," I
said, for I began to feel curious.

He remained silent for some time, as
if in deep thought, and I did not inter-
rupt him.

"Listen," he said, suddenly, "and you
can judge for yourself as to the truth
of my statement."

He lit a cigarette, and drew his chair
to the table.

"Eleven years ago," he began, "my
father, although considered to be a
very sensible man, invested a sum of
money in a lottery. His ticket was
drawn, and he became possessed of one
hundred thousand dollars. He was
fortunate. So everybody said. I, too,
thought so at the time. One evening
he entered one of the gambling sal-
oons, and becoming fascinated by the
play, he lost all his ready money in a
few hours. Then all his property went,
and when he arose from the table at
midnight he was a beggar. Maddened
by his losses and rendered insane by
the knowledge of the grief of his fam-
ily, he shot himself through the heart.
His ticket was No. 53!"

"Yet I cannot see how that goes to
prove your statement," I said. "The
same thing could happen with any
number."

"True," he replied. "I attached no
importance to the number at the time.
Four years went by, and I had almost
forgotten No. 53, when a friend of mine
in poor circumstances managed to buy
a lottery ticket. He won, like my father,
one hundred thousand dollars. Poor
fellow, it was the price of his reason.

The sudden rise of wealth turned his
brain, and he is now an inmate of an
asylum. Now you will understand me
when I tell you his ticket was No. 53!"

I shuddered, but remained silent.

"You can have an idea," he went on,
"as to the state of my feelings on see-
ing poor Sang in possession of a lot-
tery ticket bearing the fatal No. 53!"

I could answer nothing. To me it
seemed inexplicable.

The day of drawing slowly car-
ried on, and as the Captain had fore-

told, Sang's ticket was drawn. No. 53
was announced the winner!
When the Captain heard of it he
shook his head and murmured:
"Wait! Wait!"

Sang forsook Hooley street, and
bought for himself a nice little villa.
He was talked of as being a lucky
man, and was envied by all, except by
Capt. P.

"You will be the loser in the end,"
the Captain had said. But now I be-
gan to think he was mistaken.

One morning, scarcely three months
after the drawing, Capt. P. placed a
newspaper before me, and without a
word pointed out a certain paragraph.

I read with almost stifled heart that
a thief had entered Sang's house the
night before, and while searching for
the money, which was believed to be
secreted in the house, he aroused the
owner, whom he stabbed to death.

The Captain was right. Sang was
the loser!

There is a solution to every mystery.
Can you solve the mystery of No. 53?
Capt. P. and myself confess ourselves
baffled.

The Missing Card.

When Denver was but a small place
it was the rendezvous for many skilled
players. There was a banker there at
that time by the name of Cook, who
had an abundance of cash, and who
could handle the cards like an expert.

Jerome B. Chaffee, at one time United
States Senator from Colorado, with two
or three others who used to play with
Cook a great deal, concocted a little
scheme by which they figured they
could have a great deal of fun at
Cook's expense, and at the same time
get a champagne supper out of him.

So Chaffee and his companions, who
had plenty of money, and who suffered
financially by being caught in a good
many jackpots that Cook had opened,
arranged among themselves that the
very next time they played with Cook
they would show him a trick he would
not forget in a hurry.

The scheme was to open a pot and
if Cook stayed to deal him enough
cards to make six in all, and if he
stayed on a pair he was to get four
aces; then when the pot had reached
a goodly size to call him, make him
show his six cards, have the laugh at
his expense, and after giving him
back his money out of the pot, make
him set up the champagne. It gener-
ally made Cook very mad to lose a pot
of any considerable size, and they knew
if they made this a large one his wrath
would know no bounds.

The day at last arrived when they
were all together in Cook's office, and
Chaffee suggested a game of poker to
while away the afternoon, which was
stomachy one. Cook readily assented,
little dreaming of the good time that
was to be had at his expense.

The cards were dealt and several hands
played around, when at last Chaffee
opened a jackpot on three kings. Cook
stayed on a pair of jacks and called
for three cards. He got four aces. It
then dawned upon him that something
must be up, but he did not quite grasp
the situation. Chaffee called for two
cards, and bet the limit. Cook raised
him, and they had it back and forth.

The others dropped out after several
rounds just to swell the pot. The bet-
ting continued until at last there was
an even \$10,000 in the pot, when Chaffee
called him and made him show down
his cards. Cook threw four aces and a
jack on the table and started to rake
in the pot. The one who had dealt ob-
jected, stating that he saw Cook have
six cards in his hand. The others at
once insisted that they saw him have
six cards.

"Prove it, then," cried Cook. "I did
not deal, you dealt, and if you gave
me six cards, where are they?"

Chaffee and his companions at once
inaugurated the most rigid search for
the missing jack. They looked under
tables, in drawers—everywhere a card
could possibly get. They made Cook
disrobe, which he did without object-
ing, and subjected him to the most
rigid examination, but the card could
not possibly be found anywhere.

This was a stunner Cook had not
moved during the game, and they were
sure of the six cards, but where was
the other jack? At all events it was
not to be found, and Cook asserted
that he had but five cards, and ex-
pressed the greatest indignation at
their doubt and hung on to the money
like grim death. To say the would-be
jokers were crestfallen would be put-
ting it mildly. It was not so funny as
they had figured it would be.

They went out and gave vent to their feel-
ings by first swearing and then laugh-
ing at the way Cook had turned the
tables on them.

Cook, as he used to relate afterward
with great glee, got the six cards all
right, but, under cover of taking a
chew of fine cut tobacco, of which he
was very fond, got the extra jack in his
mouth, chewed it to a pulp and swal-
lowed it, tobacco and all. He said he
guessed he could risk swallowing a
chew of tobacco and a little pasteboard
for \$10,000, even if it did make him a
little sick. At any rate, he thought the
other fellows were sicker than he was.
—Philadelphia Times.

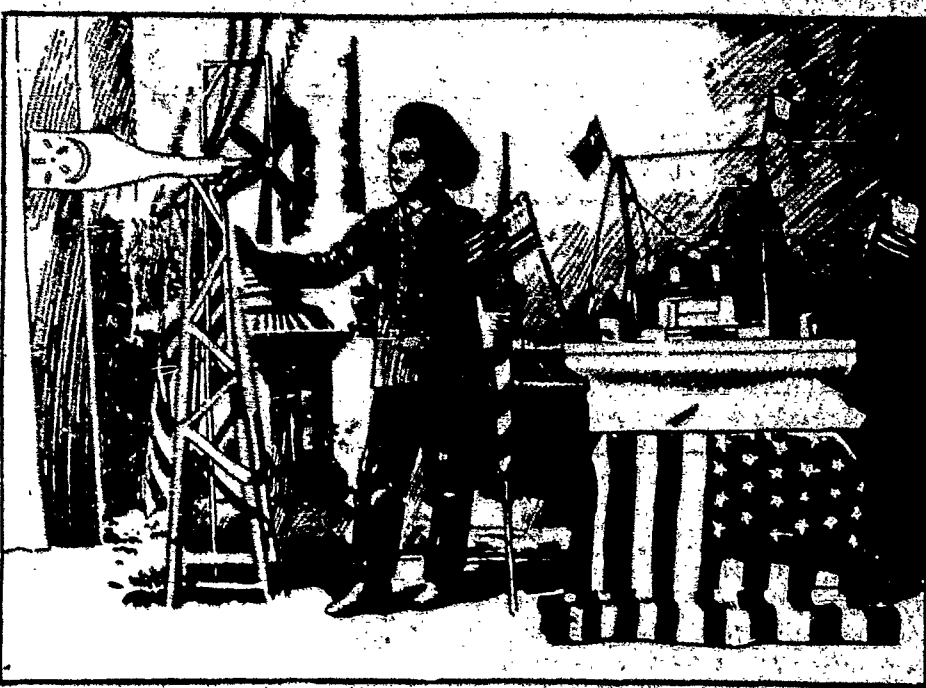
Gutta Percha by a New Method.

It has heretofore been the practice of
collectors of gutta-percha to cut down
the trees to get at the gum. It has been
discovered that plucking the leaves and
extracting the gum from them is not
only more profitable as to immediate re-
sults, but does away with the danger of
exterminating the plant. The gum ob-
tained from the leaves is purer, easier
to manage and more abundant than that
gathered by cutting the tree. It has been
found that two pluckings of the leaves
yield as much gum as a tree of twenty-
five years' growth. Some concern has
been expressed as to the possible failure
of the supply, on account of the destruc-
tion of these forests, but this new dis-
covery will not only make the crop eas-
ier to gather, but will increase the sup-
ply, bring down the price and permit of
a much wider range of uses than heret-
ofore. —Exchange.

A Wife's Influence.

Much of the success of President
Faure as a public man is said to be
due to his wife. Mme. Faure is domes-
tic in her tastes and cares very little
for society, but none the less she enter-
tains charmingly, and with the aid of
her two daughters, Mme. Rene Berge
and Mlle. Lucie Faure, she has made
the state receptions at the Elysee very
different affairs from the dull, formal
functions they have hitherto been.
Mme. Faure is an extremely intelligent
woman, and her wit and ready re-
sponse have become a notable fea-
ture of the gatherings.

WHAT A BOY DID WITH A JACKKNIFE



Walter Burgess, Hardman, Or., nine years old, knows how to use a pocket-
knife. In this picture, reproduced from The American Boy, are shown a wheel-
mill, a pump and lower and a battleship which he has whittled out of wood.
He is said to have made a thrashing machine that will thresh three or four
heads of wheat and clean them as perfectly as any thrashing machine ever
invented and an engine with perfect action. He must be a patriotic little fel-
low, for see the American flag!

TOMMY'S LESSON.

How the Brush and the Towel Fash-
ioned a Bad Boy.

The brush and the towel were talk-
ing together, and they were all tired
out and flustered with the work of get-
ting Tommy Fitzpatrick ready for din-
ner. You see, Tommy is one of those
peculiar boys who seem to think that
it's big and nice and manly to give other
people trouble and to cry when they
can't have their own way, and he does
hate being washed and brushed and
made neat and tidy. So the brush was
overheated and bruised and tumbled,
and the towel was so weak and slimsy
that it lay in a little heap.

Besides, they were very sorry for the
kind girl whom Tommy calls nurse.

"I'd like to get even with that boy,"
said the brush excitedly. "I'm about
tired of being thrown across the room
and pounded against the sharp edge of
the dresser. Say we get even, Mrs.
Towel? Will you help?"

"Yes, indeed, dear Mr. Brush," said
the towel quite readily. "We'll let him
see what it's like to be so treated. Per-
haps it will do him good and help the
kind nurse."

You see, the nurse is always good to
the brush and the towels. So they were
anxious to do something to help her.

That night when Tommy was fast
asleep in his cot they invaded the nice,
quiet dream chamber in which a kind
fairy had placed him to slumber, and
they picked him up and threw him
across the room and pounded him on
the sharp edge of the dresser, and
crumpled him all up, and twisted him
awfully, and pulled him nearly in two
pieces, and treated him just as he
treated them in his waking moments.

Next morning Tommy didn't feel quite
so well as usual, but he was very good
and quiet when it came time for him
to be washed and brushed.

"I dreamed the brush and the towel
treated me awfully last night," he told
his nurse when he was nearly ready
for breakfast.

"Perhaps they did," was the quiet
answer. "You certainly deserve it from
them, Tommy."

And Tommy has been very good at
tidying up times ever since. I think
he'd better be, don't you?

Jump Sirup.

We all had had colds, and a kind
friend made us (what she called a
"sure cure") some "hop sirup." I gave
some to Elma, aged three and a half.

The next time she saw me take the bot-
tle in my hand she asked, "Is that the
jump sirup, mamma?" "The what?" I
asked in surprise. "Is it the jump sirup
you gave me for my cold?" "Do you
mean the hop sirup?" I asked. "Yes,"
she replied, with all sobriety.—M. L.
A., Brooklyn, in Babyhood.

Little Green Frog.

O little green frog, come tell me,
Oh, tell me true,
All the tales that the water people
Have told to you,
O little green frog!

Beneath the water's shimmer
The fishes swim,
And the water lilies play their
The fishes swim.

In a world where the light grows dimmer,
Amid shadows dim,
Where the water lilies play their
And the fishes swim,
Oh, tell me the tales they say there
In that world below,
O little green frog!

But the two intruders kept right on
searching, and all at once the father
whispered, "Quick, my boy! Come here
just as quietly as you can!"

Floyd crawled swiftly to his side and
peeped under his arm. There were
three grayish brown stones in a row—
at least, the two outside ones were
stones—but on looking close it could be
seen that the round half-cuddled be-
tween them had a downy surface, with
mottled lines set close together, and
right in the center were two bright
eyes that no one ever saw in a stone.

It was a baby quail not more than two
or three days old, but sharper at play-
ing hide and seek than a boy or girl of
a thousand times that age.

Papa and Floyd watched it for five
minutes, but the little chap did not stir
a feather. All this time the anxious
mother kept calling and fluttering
about only a few yards away. Her
wing was not broken, as Floyd's peep-
ers had known from the first. It simply
was a pretty trick that many wild,
feathered mothers employ to lure en-
emies away from their young.

After a little time Floyd whispered
"Goodbye" to the child, and the two
went quietly away, sure that as soon
as they were gone the wild-wood fam-
ily would be speedily reunited.—Row L.
Hendrick in Youth's Companion.

Oh, papa," said papa, laying aside his
book with a very sober face, but with
a funny twinkle in his eye. "So John
told you about her? Did he say she
was a partridge?"

"No, that wasn't the word. It's
shorter than that. Why, you know,
papa, she's the little hen that keeps
saying 'Bobwhistle! Bobwhistle!' almost
every afternoon and evening."

"Yes, I know now," said papa, smil-
ing. "Her name is Mrs. Quail. But
it's her mate, my boy, that says 'Bob-
whistle!' She has been too busy lately
hatching her chicks to say anything.
But who can have been cruel enough
to break her wing? Let us go and
see."

They walked briskly across the sweet-
smelling meadow grass until almost in
the shade of the wooded strip beyond.
Then they went more slowly and cau-
tiously till Floyd pointed out the spot
where he had seen timid Mrs. Quail.
She was not there, but as they walked
forward into the woods very softly
and speaking in whispers she suddenly
darted from a clump of ferns almost
beneath their feet.

With a whir she shot a few feet
into the air and wheeled to the left,
but before going a rod she fell to the
ground with one wing outstretched and
futtered along, crying as if in great
pain.

"Oh, papa," Floyd exclaimed, almost
in tears, "don't let's scare her any
more! See how it hurts the poor
thing!"

"Very well," said papa, "let us go
this other way, to the right, and look
carefully under every leaf and beside
all the stones. Maybe we can find
some of her chicks."

They moved slowly away, but in-
stead of hurrying off in the opposite di-
rection, as she had started, the mother
quail came nearer, tried to fly a sec-
ond time and again fell with a broken
wing, only it was the right one this
time instead of the left, which has
been outstretched before. Her actions
seemed to say: "If you want to catch
anybody, catch me. I'm wounded and
can't get away."

Which one of us has not felt the need
of prayer? Which of us has failed to
seek its remedy? It is not substantially in
everyday life, at least, as we fail to
perceive the sweetness which comes
from the rescue of our souls? To feel
we are not struggling alone, but are
helped onward by the prayers of a
friend, stimulates us to courage in ev-
ery instance, causing the vision of dis-
comfoment to fade away in the clear
gleam of sunlight which brings out
with distinctness the picture of some
loved one kneeling, his breast beating
responsive to our request. "Pray for
me."

Our Creator
God has ordained humanity to bring
us face to face with our better nature.
We can only achieve this through
after an earthquake. So that we know
that we can better study love and sym-
pathy the hour after a broken heart.
Yes, God knows that trials come
growth in eternal things.

The Sacred Heart.
It is the sacred heart of Jesus that
inspires all our devotions, sanctifies all
our sorrows, gives life to all our vi-
sions. It is that sacred heart that re-
sponds in the sacred tribunal of con-
science, which gives us all our sancti-
fications.

THE FAITHFUL DEAD.

HIGH MASS OR LOW MASSES FOR
THE DEPARTED, WHICH?

The intention and the teaching of
the Church on this subject—a dis-
cussion that has been
repeatedly discussed.

In a recent pastoral letter the arch-
bishop of Montreal treated the subject
of masses for the dead and lamented a
practice that is every day becoming
more common among ourselves. It is
the practice of substituting several low
masses for a high mass on the occasion
of a "month's mind" or an anniversary.
This time that we, too, recall the inten-
tion and the teaching of the church on
the subject.

Certain persons—and not always for
reason of economy—no longer have
high mass sung for the souls of their
departed, but have offered instead sev-
eral low masses, reasoning that five or
ten low masses are better before God
than one high mass. Are they right?

It is by no means sure such is the
case, and the weight of probability is
on the other side.

From the very beginning the church
has recommended a solemn service for
the dead, not only on the day of the
funeral, but also on the seventh and the
thirtieth day thereafter, as well as on
the anniversary. Here, then, is a recom-
mendation as well as a constant
practice of the church that must have
sound reasons to commend it. The
church teaches that the sacrifice of the
altar is of infinite value and could sat-
isfy not only for the sins of one soul,
but also for the sins of all mankind,
and could deliver not one soul, but all
the souls in purgatory. But she knows,
too, that God in his inscrutable wisdom
applies the fruit of the mass only ac-
cording to our dispositions, to the dis-
positions of the souls for whom it is
offered and the circumstances which
he in his infinite wisdom alone can un-
derstand. Yet the church, requiring
these solemn masses, proclaims at least
implicitly that these services and cere-
monies and additional splendor of
exterior worship have a value apart,
independent of the value of the sacri-
fice, which honors the majesty of God
and redounds to his greater glory.

These special prerogatives are attached
to such a service and in all likelihood
benefit the souls in purgatory more
than many low or private masses,
where all these accessories are want-
ing.—Guides.

The Church and the Negro.

St. Mary's Roman Catholic church,
the oldest in the Carolinas and Georgia,
was consecrated on March 23 with im-
posing ceremonies. Bishop Matthews
of Charleston, was the officiating
priest, assisted by Bishops Menzies
of Wilmington, Del.; Hall of Wil-
mington, N. C.; and Kelley of Savan-
nah and Mr. Quigley and Mr. Brown.
The sermon was preached by Bishop
Kelley of Savannah. In reference to
the negro problem he said:

"Two non-Catholic religious bodies
have practically monopolized the field
of church work among the negroes.
Are they any better religiously or mor-
ally than they were a quarter of a cen-
tury ago? Have honesty and personal
purity any stronger hold on them now
than then? My answer is unquestion-
ably, no. The reason the Catholic
church could heretofore do nothing for
them was that she had few priests and
limited means in these states. There is
involved in this question a social prob-
lem, and on its practical solution de-
pends the well being of both peoples.
depends, maybe, the preservation of
our civilization. I have no hesitation
in making the assertion that to the
Catholic church must be made the
most earnest effort for amelioration of
his spiritual condition."

We are bound under penalty of
becoming criminal to labor with honesty
and heart, to strengthen purity and
enrich human life, and the hands of
those who fall in this are the only
shepherds of souls who, having placed
themselves to the care and nurture
of the spirit, sink into indolence and
ignorance, while the people perish of
inanition or are devoured by the beast
of prey that lurks in each one's breast.
There must be work of hand that men
may live, and there must be work of
brain and heart that they may live
worthily and nobly.

Prayer.

Which one of us has not felt the need
of prayer? Which of us has failed to
seek its remedy? It is not substantially in
everyday life, at least, as we fail to
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God has ordained humanity to bring
us face to face with our better nature.
We can only achieve this through
after an earthquake. So that we know
that we can better study love and sym-
pathy the hour after a broken heart.
Yes, God knows that trials come
growth in eternal things.

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It is the sacred heart of Jesus that
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