THREE GOOD REASONS

The lecture was finished. Chattering groups of enthusiastic women were discussing the ideas just advanced by the latest exponent of "Thought Control;" others were hurrying away to street cars, for it was getting late. Among the latter was Carolyn Dearing, so absorbed in discussion with her companion she signalled a car regardless of its destination before they had even begun to say good-by.

Firmly grasping the handle, she turned a flushed face to the conductor.

"Does this car pass Piedmont avenue?"

"Yes madam," the conductor wailed.

"Well, good-by, dear, good—"

"If we don't stay here all night," he interrupted, and an indignant little person mounting the steps, flashed an angry glance at his number as she passed to her seat while the passengers audibly smiled.

The conductor did not smile, but stoically called several streets, then came for her fare.

"You were impudent." She could not resist saying it in a low tone.

"I know it. I'm sorry," he returned. "It's the 50th time I've had the ... today and didn't take it up."

Such a frank apology turned Carolyn's resentment upon herself the ... since the lecturer had expounded the advantages of mental control. ... That was why her hand trembled a ... as he took it in kindly helping her down at Piedmont avenue.

"I'm sorry I was angry," she faltered.

"... he said. "This is ... last trip tonight. I feel better ..." and he ... moved away.

There were years of happiness for both ... in that apology and ... note ... in ... She had not discovered there ... She was scarcely aware of it, however, until, glancing at the morning paper, startling headlines arrested her attention.

"Crash of cars. Motorman killed, conductor not expected to live."

She read on. Yes, it was he. Conductor 1234 was either now dead or dying at the Lansing Hospital.

It seemed as if she could scarcely breathe, but she read the article through. The little note of the morning paper had become a tumultuous chord and her whole being trembled in its power. All day her thoughts turned to the sufferer and she fancied the kindly eyes that smiled for her closed in death. The night was long, and on the succeeding morning she secretly telephoned the hospital.

"Yes, that conductor had been brought there. In Ward K, madam. He is conscious."

These answers gave her unreasonable happiness, but she explained to herself: "I was so unjust to him, poor chap." Then she sent a box of fresh flowers with a card, "From a friend on Piedmont avenue."

Day followed day and fresh flowers were always by the sufferer, but one day a new girl at the 'phone could give no information regarding a victim in Ward K.

One of the sufferers in the accident had just died. It might be he! Then something very close to Carolyn seemed to go.

The winter gayeties helped to dispel the melancholy that seemed settling upon her and as spring came her father's health failed, for the woolen firm of which he was a member had struggled hard during the recent panic and a European tour was advised for its senior member.

Another year passed and the old man did not improve; anxiously they watched him when he asked for "the boy or son" until one day a member of the firm said: "It is Rantoul, his secretary he wants; let me send him down."

Carolyn met him with the motor at the station of the north shore resort and as the tall, handsome young fellow came toward her, she felt an unforgotten chord vibrate through her whole being, for there were the same kindly eyes and smile of Conductor 1234.

"I am so glad," she said, seeing his smile of recognition.

"And so am I," he replied.

"I mean," she continued in some confusion, "that you did not die."

"Oh! I didn't die. That was my last trip, though, as I told you. Wool business is more to my liking. I want to thank you for the flowers, they did more for me than you can think."

It was Rantoul Mr. Deering had wanted, and so it came about that the young man spent many days with them by the sea, and so it was that Rantoul and Carolyn took long walks where little salt breaths from the Atlantic came up to them, and so it was one moonlight night when she had playfully called him her Conductor 1234 he said: "Ah! dear little girl, how could you remember that number so many years?" And she stood very close to him when she answered: "Well, sir, for three good reasons, first, you were impudent to me, sir, and I took it to report you, secondly, it is the number of my motor, and thirdly"—the little blush was covered by the moonlight, "I have loved you from that very night."—FLORENCE SCRIBNER.

Sir Edmund.

The vacant space in the crypt of Westminster Cathedral, close by the spot where rest the mortal remains of Cardinal Wiseman and Cardinal Manning, is soon to be occupied by an altar dedicated to St. Edmund at Canterbury, the last canonised archbishop.

WORKING TO MUSIC.

Major Kennon Builds Famous Road with Aid of Band.

Major L. W. V. Kennon, now commanding a battalion of the Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., in building the famous Benguet road through the mountains of Northern Luzon, Philippine Islands, accomplished a feat called humanly impossible. It took music, money and a mongrel army of 4,000 men to do it, but Benguet road stands to-day one of the remarkable highways of the world. Major Kennon's army of 4,000 road builders did not like to work; when they did it was with slow, sluggish movement.

One day Major Kennon assembled his band, made up of men of all nations, and ordered it to move quietly and secretly to a place where several hundred Filipinos were engaged in drilling holes in the canyon walls, and play a favorite oriental air. Instantly the Filipinos caught the spirit of the music and began to beat their drills against the rock in rhythm.

The band followed the Filipinos along the way and played wherever they worked. From laborers worth about 10 cents a day they developed into musical machines that worked to drum beats. Major Kennon insists that his band saved the Philippine Government thousands of dollars.

Starting an Endless Chain.

Both father and mother struggled valiantly to teach Effie to repeat the letter 'A.' The child emphatically refused to pronounce the first letter of the alphabet and after many vain efforts the father retired from the fight discouraged. The mother took the little girl on her lap and pleaded with her affectionately.

"Dearie, why don't you learn to say 'A'?" she asked.

"Because, mamma," explained the ... des as soon as I say 'A' you an' papa will want me to say 'B.'"

Destiny.

The young woman who had been playing in stock for two years looked with interest at the serious faces of the New York critics on a first night. "It seems different here," she remarked. "How?" I asked. "The critic in our town had been a reporter and they were going to fire him. But the editor thought of the theatres and said: 'Let him be a dramatic critic. It doesn't take any brains to write about plays.'"

Luxuries.

Luxuries are those possessions which are enjoyed chiefly and almost solely because other people do not have them. All other possessions are necessities. If every one were a Standard Oil magnate, it would be an insufferable bore and it is getting to be almost that anyway. Luxuries do not connote comfort. On the contrary they connote litter, indigestion, gout and lassitude. Comfort comes only from necessities.—Life.

Knew It All the Time.

Cocaine is pronounced ko-kah-in, accent on the first syllable, not koka-n, accent on the last syllable. Paresis is pronounced pa-re-sis, short a, accent on the first syllable, not par-e-sis, long e, accent on second syllable. And, by the way, why do people say tre-men-jus instead of tre-men-dus?—St. Paul (Minn.) Dispatch.

The Book of Human Life.

Alas! It is not till Time with reckless hand has torn out half the leaves from the Book of Human Life to light the fires of human passion with, from day to day, that man begins to see that the leaves which remain are few in number.—Longfellow, "Hyperion."

New York's Boast.

A statistician in one of the city departments, who has kept tab on the business, says that there are as many marriages in New York every year as there are in Philadelphia, Boston, Washington, Chicago and St. Louis combined.

Tailors Sympathize with Doctors.

The doctor is the last person whom the average man thinks of paying, and in this he has the entire sympathy of the tailor, who stands just next to him at the bottom of the bill file.—London Outfitter.

Roumania.

Roumania has about 33,000,000 acres of the richest soil in Europe, and were it not for the recurrence of summer droughts it would be the most productive of any of the European countries.

Dolls Are Matrimonial Agents.

Travelers through Servian villages often see dolls suspended in the windows of cottages. The dolls have nothing to do with child life but signify that a marriageable daughter or a widow lives in the house.

Progress.

It generally happens that along about the time one becomes able to recognize true art one loses the knack of being able to take advantage of business opportunities when they present themselves.

Wasted Energy.

"Nursin' a grouch," said Uncle Eben, "is like neglectin' de flowers an' vegetables an' puttin' in yoh time tendin' de weeds."—Washington Star.

Some Consolation.

"It's a mighty good thing sometimes," remarked the observer of events and things, "that the mirror cannot make any verba-reflections."

Large Army in Railroad Shops.

American railroad shops employ 250,000 men earning $200,000,000 a year.

HOW BILLIARDS ORIGINATED.

London Pawnbroker Invented the Game in His Leisure Hours.

It is a fact not generally known that the game of billiards was invented by a pawnbroker, William Kew by name, who flourished in London some time in the sixteenth century.

This inventive avuncular relative of the needy used to employ his leisure hours in wet weather when trade was dull by taking down the three balls which were the insignia of his profession and pushing them about the counter of his shop with a yard stick, after the manner of the game as at present played, and using boxes fastened to the sides of his counter for pockets.

Out of this was developed a table with a fence of slight elevation about it to keep the balls from rolling on the floor and to enable the player to make what have since become known as cushion shots.

Philippine Pigs.

Army officers partaking of Filipino meals should know that the natives make great preparations for the killing of a pig. When the owners are ready to kill, the pig is taken upstairs into the kitchen, where it lives luxuriously on boiled rice, is bathed every day and prepared for slaughter like a sacrificial victim. "If you are personally acquainted with a pig of this sort and know the day set for its decease," says one writer, "you may send your servant out to buy fresh pork, otherwise you had better stick to chicken and fish." This advice is given because of the tendency of the native to turn his "rooters" into scavengers.—Army and Navy Journal.

Champagne Corks.

The manufacture of the best kind of corks, those made for champagne bottles, are never intrusted to machines. The ordinary common cork is made by machinery, but the best work invariably is done by human hands, and the champagne cork cannot be trusted to a machine. All the blemishes in the cork have to be taken into consideration, so this work is done by hand labor.

His Reward.

"I wonder what they will do about the reward for that diamond necklace of Bingleton's?" said Dawson. "He offered a thousand dollars for the arrest of the thief, and the fellow was arrested the other night by one of the police dogs." "There will be no trouble about that," said the Genial Idiot. "They'll give the dog a thousand bones."—Harper's Weekly.

Cromwell's Seal.

The seal of Oliver Cromwell, now in the possession of a prominent family in Wales, is a plain gold mounted corundum stone five-eighths of an inch in diameter. It dates from 1653 and was used on several of his deeds. The whole of the Lord's Prayer is engraved upon it.

Performing Lions.

It is often supposed that lions are drugged or surfeited with food prior to going through their performances, though both suggestions are wide of the mark. Drugs are unknown, and from ten to fourteen pounds of food are given once a day.

In the Nature of a Slur.

Sir Hubert von Herkomer says he once saw the reproduction of a picture called "The Coming Storm" advertised on sale in a shop window and under the title there were the words in large type: "Suitable for a wedding present."

Here's Candor.

"I like to be complimented once in a while and I enjoy being flattered," says the editor of the Howard Courant, "but there's one old girl around here making me mighty tired by claiming me as one of her old beaus."—Atlanta Constitution.

Fate Not to Be Avoided.

Fate is a mighty successful bill collector, and you are wise in paying your debt the minute it is due. If you wait for her to foreclose the mortgage she always adds the interest and costs.—John A. Howland.

Largest University.

Cairo (Egypt) has the biggest university in the world. There are about 9,000 students and 200 professors. The chief subjects taught are Mohammedanism and matters connected with the Koran.

Calls a Halt.

A well-known feminine publication bursts forth with this self-evident fact: "We are suffering from acute verbosity. Everybody talks too much." Hush!

That Useful Pile of Dough.

That New York man who dropped 40 feet onto a pile of soft bread and escaped unhurt is not the first to be saved by having a pile of dough to fall back on.—Indianapolis News.

Asking for What One Wants.

Young Harry is very fond of pie. Recently, while saying his prayers, he gave birth to the following: "Give us this day our daily bread—No, pie! pie!"—Judge.

Don't Cross the Line.

Women have need to learn the great lesson that there is a line between essentials which, if overstepped, leads to mental and physical shipwreck.

The Root of All Good.

In the man whose childhood has known caresses there lies a fiber of memory which can be touched to noble issues.—George Eliot.

Force of Example

In the first place the Royal Bazaar conducted a prize contest and gave away a lot of things—watch fobs, sets of Dickens, trips to Niagara, household magazines, feather dusters, baseball bats and red-eyed ostrich feathers. It was the opera tickets for "The Sultan of Kaboo" that fell to Big Tim and to Maggie.

Big Tim drew left F 63 and Maggie drew right D 19, which are entirely too far apart for lovers. Therefore, Big Tim exchanged tickets with his friend, Sullivan, the ice man. This is how Tim and Maggie came to sit together for the first time in their joyous lives in the parquet of a really splendid theatre.

After Big Tim had found the place for his hat and Maggie had begun on her peppermint chewing gum, two very fine people wedged in past them and sat in F 64-65, adjoining. They were people of so fine a texture that Big Tim couldn't keep his shrewd, gray eyes again from the man's sparkling solitaire, and Maggie knew she would give her eyes for a fluffy, creamy dress like the lady's. And for a minute old, ugly Envy crept in and spoiled the lover's paradise.

But Big Tim soon saw that the man's thin, patrician face was very set and stern, and that the lady, though beautiful, was unhappy. He nudged little Maggie and explained in a horrible audible whisper:

"Mag—Mag—the big bloke's mad as hornets and the lady ain't any ways tickled to death."

"Our temperaments are absolutely incompatible," the lady was saying, wearily. "As far removed as Plato from Cinderella." And she sighed.

The man answered with a look of pain. "It is your perspective, your superactive habit of analytical introspection ... 'sis. That is all."

"Listen, Mag!" commanded Big Tim, in another thunderous whisper. "De high society guys is slingin' French. Gee, such wolds! Dey'd break your purty jawbone."

"This is the end, Elsie," the man murmured, desperately; "I suppose you will never understand." And Big Tim, hearing, took it upon himself to explain.

"I'll tell you how it is, lady. You see, the Sultan's girl wants to hook up with the W. U. messenger from Roomgitang, and de Sultan's dead sore on de deal."

The man endeavored to frown Big Tim into silence, but, failing, laughed outright; and the lady gave a little sigh of relief and regarded Tim with twinkling eyes.

"John," she whispered, "the big fellow simply won't let us quarrel. We'll have to wait until we can carry it off in private."

But Big Tim, who possessed a wonderful sense of hearing, had even caught the whisper. He turned to Maggie, who was watching the red headsman of Mogadore sing seesaw songs with Little Miss New York off right centre. "Mag," he whispered, so that the man in the box office heard. "It's a lovers' quarrel. Now, if it was me an' you, we'd make up." And Big Tim kissed the rosy Mag right there in the costly parquet.

The fine lady saw and, somehow, a tiny tear trickled from her brown eyes, down, down, over pretty, pink cheeks, upon the fluffy, creamy gown of Worth. And when Big Tim saw the tear he thought that the man had forced the tiny drop, and he scowled.

But Maggie was tugging at his arm. "Tim," she whispered, "Look. They're together—the lovers—Roxane, the Sultan's daughter, and Fantan, the messenger."

Tim looked and saw that it was true. The brave, royal messenger had the dainty little princess girl in a shell of a boat on a papier-mache sea of blue, and they were singing and cooing. And Big Tim could understand this.

"Oh, Mag!" he cried; and with a hundred insignificant people looking on, he kissed his true love again and again. As he looked up from the last fond salute the fine people were having. The lady looked radiantly from her brown eyes.

"Bless you!" she said, as she passed Big Tim; and "Bless you!" she murmured again to Maggie. The man's face was wreathed in smiles.

"You understand now, Elsie," he was saying. "It's just like that."

And he jerked his thumb at Big Tim, who was holding firmly to Maggie's plump, warm hand.—S. D. STONE.

They Meant Business.

A Chicago stage manager was telling of amusing incidents of blunders and errors caused by stage fright. In a romantic play, recently revived, one of the minor characters, a dairy maid, comes forward at the end of the recital of a love romance, and comments as follows:

"Hope filled their youth and whetted their love; they plighted their troth!"

But at one of the performances the girl who played the dairy maid was absent without notice. At the last moment the manager gave the lines to a shepherdess, who had never had lines to speak before, and who was excessively nervous when her cue came. This is what the astonished audience heard:

"Hope filled their trough and blighted their love; they whetted their tooth!"

Happy

"That young couple seem to be enjoying themselves immensely. Are they married?"

"Yes, but not to each other."

Zu Zu Ginger Snaps

Rah! Rah!! Rah!!!

Zu Zu

No! Never !!

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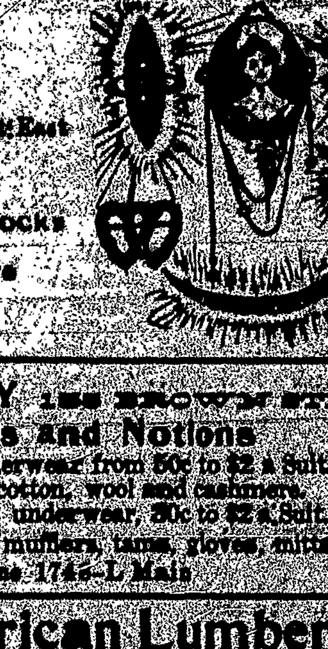

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