

The Green Kimono

I had unlocked the door of my stateroom, leaving the key in the lock, and had gone for my luggage. Then a business friend had delayed me and we were well down in the harbor before I returned to my room. Some one had been before me and taken possession. A bag had been opened and various articles had scattered about in the lower berth. But what caught my eye specially was the green kimono hanging in the fresh softness against the white wall. It was the prettiest thing I ever saw and held me with a strange fascination. There were no signs of masculine belongings and in a sudden panic lest the occupant should return and catch me—the key being still in the door, she couldn't be far away—I quickly and discreetly withdrew. Upon application to the purser I was assigned to the next stateroom and the episode left my mind.

The next morning about 4 o'clock my peaceful slumber was disturbed by a cessation of the soothing rocking of my berth, and the smooth gliding of the steamer that precedes the gentle bump against the wharf. A sudden ripple of girlish laughter outside my window attracted my reluctant attention, and a pretty voice cried out: "Give my love to the people at Bar Harbor." Shripping replies, mingled with the rattle and rattle of the unloading of freight, floated up. Then in the lull I heard a girl's voice from the wharf: "Is it early for green apples, Kate, and late for blossoms?" Then a laugh. A mental picture of the green kimono flashed before me. "It's a beauty," came the voice again, and I sat up. "Did you make it?" "Oh, uh," came the reply from nearby. "I'll give you the pattern. The silk was a mark-down, that's how I happened to get green." More laughter. I was throwing on my clothes in reckless haste, and while the gay badinage was still going on peeked back my blind and put out my head. Leaning from the window of the next stateroom was a charming girl, with bright golden hair and clad in a green kimono. Our eyes met and the vision vanished precipitately. The girls on the wharf giggling with squishy glee, waved shrill good-byes and vanished also.

I was interested in my fair neighbor and resolved to catch a glimpse of her when she came out. But a man must sit, and assuring myself that I should readily recognize her among the other passengers I risked leaving my post to go to breakfast. But she probably disguised herself in one of these enveloping veils, and I reached my port without having seen her again.

Many times before my homeward trip a picture of the golden-haired girl in the green kimono rose up with curious persistence. The evening I boarded the boat to return home was a disagreeable one. There was a thick fog and a miserable drizzle had set in. The fog horn kept up an incessant howling, a menace to sleep, so I sat in the brightly lighted saloon reading till after midnight and then fell into a doze. Suddenly there was a terrific shock which threw me from my chair. We had collided with something. I rushed on deck with the other passengers who were spending the night in their chairs. We learned that we were badly damaged, and soon a shrieking, frightened crowd of half-clad passengers poured out into the wet night. With others I helped to calm them. Preparations for lowering the boats were being made. Fortunately there was a light crowd aboard, for it was evident that the steamer couldn't keep afloat long. Our safety lay in getting the passengers onto the other boat, which was reported but slightly damaged. I saw two hostesses of women and children safely embark when turning to the cabin I caught a glimpse of apple-green and white in the doorway. It was the girl I had noticed on my last trip. Over the green kimono she wore a gray serge coat, evidently belonging to her traveling suit and wholly inadequate to protect her from the cold and wet. She was leaning heavily upon the arm of a steward. I sprang forward.

"I will take care of this lady," I said to the steward. "You go and help the others."

The girl clung trustfully to my arm. "She was thrown from the upper berth and is injured," said the steward. "I'm glad she has found you. She thought her friends had deserted her." Then he hurriedly left us.

"I think my ankle must be broken," said the girl with a weak smile; then, in an effort to bear her weight upon the injured foot, fell fainting in my arms. Taking off my overcoat I wrapped it about her and lay her gently upon the floor of the saloon near the door, keeping guard over her.

It was a night long to be remembered. The acquaintances of the girl in whose company she was traveling had left on one of the first boats, and the pleasant duty of protecting her devolved upon me. I allowed no one but myself to touch her, and after she regained consciousness I carried her down the swaying ladder of the sinking steamer and up the sides of the other boat to safety.

The green kimono was ruined that night, but after we were married, as the reader naturally and properly has expected we should be, Kate duplicated it to please a sentimental husband, and upon occasion she appears in it at breakfast to his serene delight. She really has a sentiment about it herself, although she pretends she hasn't.—SUSAN G. SMITH.

LUXURIOUS LIVING.

A Feature of American Life that Explains Some Things.

Collier's thinks it has discovered the secret of the "increased cost of living" in this country. "In 1899," it says, "the number of riders on Pullman cars in this country was 6,000,000, and they paid \$10,000,000 as the price. In 1908, a year of hard times there were 18,000,000 riders, at a cost of \$30,000,000. A good deal of what is called increased cost of living in this country is really increased demand for luxuries." Somewhat, but there are a few other things in the country besides palace sleeping-cars. The whole energy of the party of Mr. Taft is devoted to the general task of increasing the cost of living. Those who wish to ride in palace cars may take their chances, but the "ultimate consumer," the man or woman that pays all the taxes levied by the government or exacted by faction, gets this very elemental fact the sooner the country will get upon a basis of common sense and reasonable economy and thrift.

The Smooth Way

In the last generation Tyler Cobb was a well-known citizen of North Bridgewater, now Brockton, Massachusetts. He was famous throughout Plymouth County as a contributor to the Boston Herald for his witty retorts and dry humor.

Never having taken a sea trip, Mr. Cobb one day conceived the idea of making a voyage to New York. Accordingly he sailed from Boston in a small schooner.

The first day out a storm was encountered and Mr. Cobb became violently sick, but after several hours of vomiting and retching he gathered strength to look out upon the troubled waters.

"I was looked from the side of the little ship up the trough of the sea, it seemed very smooth to him. The captain's cutting of the waves was 'sensational,'" he told himself.

But as this mad steering continued the unhappy passenger finally crawled out on hands and knees to where the captain stood at the wheel and raising his voice above the din of water and wind, shouted:

"Man man keep in the ruts, keep in the ruts!"

Prehistoric California City.

What is considered to be the most important archaeological find made in the state of California took place recently when a man discovered the ruins of a prehistoric city in the San Jacinto mountains near the edge of the Corchella valley. There are more than 700 well-preserved stone houses, evidences of paved streets and a large amount of earthenware. The discoverer's attention was first attracted to the place by a number of gashes in the mountain side and on investigation he found a series of stepped up stones. He approached nearer and found the streets of an ancient city the houses being built on terraces. An old road was found to lead from the city to the top of a near-by peak on which was found the stone ruin of what seemed to have been a watch tower. The Pathfinder.

Balzac by the Yard

A well-known author not long ago stepped into the bookstore but for some little time could not attract the attention of a clerk all interest being centered in a stout gentleman who had strolled over in that direction and heard the head clerk remark:

"And now sir, you have almost completed a library of which you will be proud, but of course you will want Balzac."

"Well, I don't know now. You see we've only got two feet and seven inches' space left," the old gentleman replied. "Go ahead and measure him, though, and if he isn't too wide I'll take him too," he added.

Pollen Travels Far

The pollen from the pine forests often forms a yellow coating on lakes or on the ocean, as far as 200 miles from the shore, and has been mistaken by peasants for showers of sulphur. The pollen grains of the pine are provided with yellow vesicles, which buoy them up in the air very much on the principle of a box kite.

The World Moves.

There is no country in the world to-day in which you can be very happy if you care about politics and the progress of mankind, while there are many in which you can be very comfortable, if you occupy yourself simply with gardening lawn, tennis and true religion. The late E. L. Godkin.

An Age of Kindness.

The progress of human sensibility is amazing, we give soldiers better food and lighter accoutrements, and less work to every one. The regime in prisons is milder, charity is ever increasing, and our children have less to do and longer holidays.

Soap Fruit.

There are several trees and plants growing in the West Indies and in South America whose fruit makes a splendid soap, and is used in the washing of all the natives' clothes. Home Notes.

March of Progress.

Every institution is a scaffolding to a better one. Do not overturn one until you are ready to erect another which, in turn, will be a scaffolding for something nobler.

Unsurveyed Land in Arabia.

The London Times of recent date shows that Arabia is considered as containing one of the most considerable areas of unknown land in existence.

THE POWER OF MUSIC

Marie, the young queen of the gypsies, sank to the ground under the friendly shade of the elms with a despairing sigh and a world of trouble in her great, dark eyes. Far over the clearing the tribe had pitched their tents, and from where she sat the queen could see the men gathered around the blazing camp fire, and she even fancied she could hear their sulen murmurs of discontent.

The future looked very dark for the gypsy tribe, and as the young queen counted the few bits of silver in her purse she shook her head despairingly and her teeth sank deep into her quivering lips. Happiness had been very poor with the tribe for the past year; true, they had tramped many miles to all the county fairs but there were so many other attractions and the people seemed to have lost interest in fortune telling. And the little pile of silver had pitifully diminished and the murmurings of the tribe had grown louder and louder. And Marie had slipped away from the others to try to think of a plan that would help her people. But the lovely dark head drooped despairingly until it rested on the palm of her upturned hand for try as she would she could think of nothing.

Her sorrowful reverie was disturbed by the sound of approaching footsteps and with a start she recognized the three men who advanced into the clearing as belonging to the tribe. The gigantic trunk of the tree hid her from their view and she was too sad and disconsolate to make her presence known.

The men commenced to talk in their native tongue and as the drift of their conversation sank into the young queen's brain her eyes grew wide with horror for they were planning to wreck the train that ran through at midnight escape with the spoils and leave the gypsy camp forever.

When their plans were completed they arose and departed thinking no one shared their secret but another and heavier burden had been laid on the young queen's shoulders.

Quickly she hastened back to the gypsy settlement. One glance at the scowling faces around and she knew it was useless to plead with them. She singled the plotters out immediately, like the most desperate man in the tribe was their leader and in low, exciting tones was explaining to the others the plan of action. The girl shuddered as she gazed at him, the fear on his face was avid, and in a twinkling she seemed to burn in his smoldering eyes.

The gypsy queen was in despair, there was no one to whom she could go for aid or advice. Entering her tent hastily, her dress brushed gently against her hair standing neglected in the corner and a sigh almost resembling the summer wind playing among Kolian harps in the willows, fell on her ears.

In an instant she was beside it, sweeping one delicate browned hand across the strings and the instrument responded with one grand, sweet chord that soon glided into a low, beautiful Hungarian melody that every gypsy loves with a passion too deep for expression.

Dark figures soon began to gather outside the tent and the poor homeless gypsies wanderers in a foreign land dashed the fierce tears from their eyes as their hearts and thoughts flew back to their fatherland and fair Hungary that they never more might see.

And still the wild, strange, pleading music went on, now rising, now falling, almost dying away and a smile of triumph lit up the young queen's face as she saw Jake's companions turn from him and join the group around the tent, their great dark eyes meeting with love and tenderness for their fatherland.

Even their queen wondered at their softened faces, but her heart grew numb with despair as her eyes fell on Jake standing alone in the shade of the elms, an evil leer on his scarred face. It was fast approaching the midnight hour and she was powerless to save the onrushing train.

But once more she must try. This time she sang, a song the gypsies sing on parting, when the different tribes separate to take up their journeys in foreign lands. They have staid the summer away, but when stern winter approaches they must leave their native land and seek their living in other countries, and so the "Gypsies Parting" is sung at midnight just as the moon rises high over the mountains, and the cracked high voices of the old mingle with the musical voices of the young.

Marie commenced the song alone, but before she had sung many bars the entire gypsy settlement had joined in one grand chorus and the summer night rang with the "Gypsies Parting." But high above the other voices rose a clear, sweet tenor that belonged to just one man in the gypsy settlement, and that was Jake.

The harp sang itself to sleep with one grand chord, the chorus died away, and the brave little queen had fainted just as the bell struck twelve the hour of midnight. Willing hands rushed to her assistance, but Jake was before them all, and tenderly, almost reverently, lifted the unconscious form and carried her into her tent just as the midnight express rumbled through in safety.

Ample Time.

Mama—Sometimes you can't tell what Baby wants.

Papa—No, but he's always willing to tell her what you find out.

IMPERMEABLE CORKS.

Scientific Prevents Even Gases from Penetrating Them.

Referring to the manufacture of impermeable corks for vessels containing extracts, the Scientific American draws attention to the following process, taken from the Deutsche Zeitschrift, for making corks absolutely impermeable: Five per cent. solution of glycerine is added to a 5 per cent. solution of gelatine and the corks, which, of course, must be properly weighted, allowed to remain for several hours in the liquid. Care must be taken that the temperature of the bath is warm enough to retain the gelatine solution in a fluid condition. The gelatine fills up the pores of the corks while the glycerine serves to keep the latter elastic. The corks remain in the bath till they are completely saturated, and are then allowed to dry in the ordinary way no special method being necessary. Tightly fitting corks, elastic and at the same time impermeable even by gases, can be obtained by this process.

A Busy Holiday.

"Now I don't think Timmy'll be staying long on this new job he's taken up with," said Mrs. Herlitz. "The two birds for him. Sure he gets no rest at all from Monday morning till Saturday night, and it's not what the man's used to."

"He has his Sundays to rest in," bawled the caller, boldly.

"An' what o' that?" said Mrs. Herlitz. "On Sundays he has to go to church and take the children to their granddaddy's, an' visit with his cousins an' all 'tis no rest at all."

"Toss was day out of every fortnight he had with the old job wa'n't it?" queried the caller.

"It was said Mrs. Herlitz. 'An' was a grand vacation he had. I'd save every bit of the washing an' he'd wring it out fine, an' hang it on the line for the thin he'd saw an' scrub wood enough to last till the next vacation an' he'd bathe every mat in the house an' shine up the faucets an' the biler an' wash the windys an' there'd always be some little extra help drivin' nails or the like he'd give me."

"An' when he'd go to his bed at night he'd never fail to say to me, 'Well, Timmy's vacation day is over, but I feel like it's made me ready to go back to work to-morrow,' he'd say."

A Boy Just the Same.

Little curly-headed four-year-old Joe had often been mistaken for a girl by reason of those same beautiful curls, but it was a very sore point with him. He came very near being ever turning it to advantage one afternoon when his six-year-old sister was giving a birthday party for girls only. Poor little Joe wandered around the refreshments spread on the grass, gazing wistfully at the cookies and lemonade which his sister was serving to her little girl guests. No Joe this party is only for little girls and no boys can come."

Then poor little Joe turned pale. "Luntins into an argument that would admit him, and walked out, 'Well, Timmy, I ain't much of a boy, anyway.'"

The Delineator.

What is the Next Step?

In New Zealand an automatic device has just been patented for telling railway passengers the name of the next station. The names of the various stations are printed on a roll which is rotated by toothed wheels. A "tripper" is placed, either on the track or by its side, between each station, and his is so adjusted as to strike a lever in the passing car. The motion is communicated to the toothed wheels governing the roll bearing the station names and the ringing of an automatic bell announces to the passengers the fact that the name of the next station is on view.

Overcoming the Difficulty.

The time table of a south of France railway announces "Half tickets for children are not issued on this line. In the case, however, of two children of one family traveling together a single ticket will be sufficient for the two. Should the family consist of only one child application should be made to the booking clerk, who will issue a portion of a ticket at a moiety of the usual fare."

Few Prizes, Many Blanks.

Everybody writes plays nowadays—or wants to write plays, because a successful comedy or drama pays. Authors are apt to forget that the art of playwriting is one of the most difficult, and requires special and rare qualities.

Chinese Turning Out Good Guns.

The new Chinese government arsenal at Canton now turns out rifles and quick-firing guns according to the best patterns, which are almost as good as those imported from foreign countries with regard to make and finish.

Evidently a Clubman.

A prominent man called to console with a lady on the death of her husband and concluded by saying: "Did he leave you very much?" "Nearly every night," was the reply.—Tit-Bits.

Those Deserving a Monument.

Those only deserve a monument who do not need one; that is, who have raised themselves a monument in the minds and memories of men.—Hazlitt.

Testimony from a Dry Country.

Physicians assert that modern business life is driving men to drink. In some of the Oregon counties they have to drive quite a distance.

Sir Walter

When Agatha Deane eloped with her German music teacher, Sir Walter Agatha's music teacher turned out to be a real count. So much the worse for Agatha, my father said, but the girls thought it was perfectly lovely. Agatha was a young lady and at first, and this count was very poor and saw her walking up her front steps one day and told her in love. He looked just like Sir Walter Raleigh in the history and his eyes were big and mournful. The count of us without a tear, as Tennyson says.

Well, Agatha dropped her glove and the count nearly broke his neck getting it before she did. Then it a few days he came with any number of letters recommending him as a piano teacher and Agatha was peering through the portieres all the time. And she teased to be allowed to take lessons of him. Agatha never had anything with him because she hated to practice another mother was so glad to have to show any interest that she engaged the count. They're divorced now, mean the count and Agatha. He beat her terribly and got most all her money. But that's nothing to do with what I'm telling, because I didn't know about the beating until some time afterwards.

Well, after Agatha eloped I kept wishing someone would see me going up my front steps and think I'd nice. Although I'm not an heiress, papa is very wealthy and we have quantities of silver and mamma has a few choice jewels. It's a pity, but I don't talk about your property and I only mention this to kind of explain things.

Well, one day as I was coming home from school wishing a Sir Walter Raleigh would appear, ready to throw down his velvet cloak to me to walk on I saw a young man looking up at our windows. I had not noticed him before. My heart began to beat like everything for I thought very likely he was looking at me. He was rather shabby but so was Agatha's count. A nobleman might as well be a beggar even if he wasn't poor. He wasn't very handsome but he had a very nice black mustache. When I walked up to my steps I dropped my glove. He was looking at me, but he probably didn't see the glove as I turned away quickly.

Wasn't he looking at him I thought and considered it very delicate of him.

One afternoon a hard shower came up and as I was racing along without an umbrella, I ran straight into Sir Walter and nearly knocked him over. My books fell all over the wet sidewalk and Sir Walter helped me pick them up. He had an umbrella and I said and my voice kind of shook. My house is two doors over you. My hand held your umbrella over me if you like. Then I blushed furiously. "I'll be sure," he said, and as a reward at the foot of the steps I managed to say that I'd seen him several times, and asked him if he gave piano lessons. He looked surprised and then Tina opened the front door and I was frightened and just said Tina could hear. Thank you so much, and then I told Tina that a person had let me walk under his umbrella.

The next day who should I meet in the park on the way home from school but Sir Walter. I didn't think it was nice of him to speak first, but he was very polite and asked me what I meant yesterday about seeing him before. I wouldn't tell him and tried to walk away, but he walked beside me. I didn't want anyone to see me with him, because he didn't look at all like our friends. He said he was a detective and was watching for a gang of thieves. I wasn't very much pleased to hear he was a detective. That's something like a policeman, only without a uniform. All of a sudden he grew very nervous and his face grew so white I felt frightened. He kept right beside me and we were walking very fast. Suddenly he said, "Will you help me, young lady?" And I said, "Of course," thinking he wanted some kind of a position, and I began to feel sorry for him, he looked so worried. Then he said, "Take me in your back door and give me a bite to eat. Do you think you could manage it?" Poor man, I thought; perhaps he was a count after all. So we raced along and down the alleyway. The gate was open and in we tore. I thought how starved he must be to be in such a hurry. He shut the gate and hopped it. Then he said, "I just saw one of the gang I want to catch going down your street. If I can slip out of your front door I think I can just catch him."

Someone was ringing the back door as we ran up the kitchen stairs. He was way ahead of me and out of the front door before I got into the hall. I looked out of the drawing room window just in time to see a policeman grab Sir Walter and snatch off his lovely black mustache. A man without a uniform ran up from the basement. He was the one that was ringing the back door bell.

"I didn't tell about seeing Sir Walter—I mean the burglar—in the back alley in the evening, because they'd have thought I queer I hadn't mentioned it before.

I don't think I care about counts anyway, since I've heard about the beating.—HARRIET MILTON.

OLD-STYLE DOOR PLATES.

Not the Fashion now to Have Your Name on the Door Knob.

"Door plates are going out of fashion," said a man whose business it is to make plates of all kinds. "Twenty years ago every man of prominence had his name graven upon a plate and that plate affixed to his front door, that all might know who dwelt within. This daily task of the negro houseman was to rub the door plate until it shone. It took the plate of the lares and penates of the Romans, and was attended to just as carefully as were the ancient household gods.

"Everything is changed now, though I suppose the reason is that people don't have homes as they used to. They simply live in houses and apartments, and move around so much that a door plate couldn't possibly endure the peripatetic existence. A collection of brass door plates screwed to the portal of a big apartment building would, I confess, look rather odd."

Depth and Speed.

A remarkable result of the speed tests of fast-driven vessels is the discovery that the depth of water strongly influences the speed. But it is not true, as was until recently believed, that increase of depth is invariably attended by increase of speed. Experiments with the "river class" of torpedo-boat destroyers have shown that there is a sudden maximum resistance developed at certain depths, where it takes the same power to give a speed of 20 knots as to give a speed of 22 knots when the depth of water is 45 feet. On the other hand, there are points of minimum resistance. For instance, a speed of 22 knots in 60 feet of water can be obtained with less horse-power than in 200 feet. The result, says a writer in Cassier's Magazine, is yet better at 40 feet. It seems to be established that in moderate depths the square of the speed in knots divided by 10 gives the depth of water in feet where a sudden increase of resistance is felt. It all depends upon the influence of the bottom of the water on wave formation.

\$2,245 for Two Pennies.

Who was Wiglaf? Numismatists know and gave £449 for two of his silver pennies yesterday at Sotheby's. Wiglaf, or Withlafa, as his name is sometimes spelled in the old chronicles, was that King of Mercia tributary to Egbert, first King of England, and held nominal sway between 825 and 839. His silver penny without bust with a cross in centre and a pellet in each angle within a beaded centre on the obverse and lunettes and pellets on the reverse, caused excited bidding, which reached 2,275 (Spink). Only one other of this particular type is known and it is, fortunately, in the British Museum. Another Wiglaf penny, with a rude head in a circle and a cross-crozier in centre of reverse realises £174 (Lincoln). This was found at Dorking in 1817.—London Daily Telegraph.

Influence of Locality.

In a communication to the French Academy of Sciences, L. Joulin recently called attention to a remarkable effect apparently produced by locality of habitation upon the susceptibility of animals to disease. When mice were inoculated with certain germs, he found that the effects produced depended to a surprising degree upon the place of origin of the mice. Those that came from the locality where the germs were produced were more susceptible than those which were brought from a distance. This seemed to him to indicate that, in some way, geographical influences might be more potent than physiological likeness in producing susceptibility to disease.

Cure for Toothache.

A London physician at a meeting of a medical society stated that extraction of teeth was unnecessary. He was enabled to cure the most desperate case of toothache, he said, unless the case was connected with rheumatism, by the application of the following remedy to the diseased tooth: Alum, reduced to an impenetrable powder, two drachms; nitrous spirits of ether, seven drachms; mix and apply to tooth.

He Wouldn't Miss It.

Iron and his baby sister were playing with some new marbles that were quite small. One marble disappeared and could not be found. The mother became alarmed, fearing baby had swallowed it. "Oh, well," said three-year-old Iron, "there are enough left." The Delineator.

Keeping Friends.

It is one thing to make friends, but quite another to keep them. Remember that friendship will not thrive on discourtesy or neglect. Little courtesies and attentions to those with whom we are most intimate help to smooth and sweeten life.—Home Chat.

Dress of Tailor's Patron Saint.

The tailor's saint is St. John the Baptist, but why, we do not know, for, as far as sacred writ informs us, "his clothing was of camel's hair, and a leather girdle about his loins."—London Tailor and Cutter.

Sees End of Tuberculosis.

"It is quite possible that in 50 years consumption will be practically unknown in this country," said a doctor from Guy's hospital at a Southwark (London) Inquest.

Shopping in Luxury.

Luxurious shopping is probably only in an early stage of its development. It would not surprise us if in a few years shoppers were paid a salary.

ROCHESTER