

THE MILLINER'S ART

By Ada Hracken.

No, said the young woman on the doorstep in answer to the young man's solicitous question, no, I'm not sad or blue about anything. No, all the family are in their usual good health and the bank has not failed.

Then what is the matter? demanded the young man.

I've discovered, she answered, that when it comes to taking things must lie in the direction of digging. Anything that requires a more artistic feeling appears beyond me. It wouldn't be so bad if I could suffer alone, but all my best friends at present have opinions of me that cause them to meditate violence against me. If you don't believe it just ask them.

You see I thought it would be nice to learn to trim hats being a man of course has done much more to you. You can order over the telephone another hat just like your last one pay \$5 and it's all over and you have time to devote to other necessary affairs of life. It's different with us. A woman has a really a vital question. If it's a hat too much on one side, it is likely to break off her engagement and ruin her life while on the other hand if it is just right perhaps a millionaire will fall in love with her. Now no girl ever fell in love with a man because he wore a too coming hat.

I'm glad of that, said the young man. Because I look lots better without one at all. Do you think so?

No, hurriedly interrupted the young woman. I want to be a milliner school. They told me that I could pay \$12 and take twenty lessons. I asked what would happen after I took the lessons but I can see now that they evade the question. There was a sort of inference floating in the air to the effect that when the twenty lessons were over I could put on a Paris milliner out of business. They didn't exactly say this in so many words but I gathered that after I had graduated I would be able, with a handful of scraps from the ragbag some picture wire, a spoon of basting thread and a darn needle, to evolve something that a fashionable shop would unashamedly ask you \$50 for and you would humbly feel was cheap at the price.

I was so joyous at the prospect that I went around bemoaning my idocy at not having taken the course years ago. I figured that I was out exactly six hats a season, which I might as well have had if only I had had brains enough to take the twenty lessons.

Well, I told all my friends about it and offered to make hats for them because I wanted to share my good luck with my friends. The girls were delighted. Each of them thought up two or three hats she would like. So when I started for the millinery school I carried the lot of a patient pack horse. If a policeman had met me he would have arrested me on suspicion, for I was simply sprouting ostrich plumes and roses and straw.

I never worked so hard before in my life. All the things that one can do to a simple, inoffensive hat are really remarkable. But I could have stood the hard work if the girls had not acted so ungrateful. I saw some of the big leghorn with the rose wreath and long plume which I trimmed for Ethel was just like the picture she showed me, but she never said a word when I took it out of the box. Afterward I overheard her saying that she had never dreamed I was so spiteful. She said she would just as soon wear a barrel on her head as looped up with cabbages.

Grace said that she was much obliged for the trouble I had taken with her white lace hat, although she supposed that letting me trim it was really a favor on her part, because evidently I needed the practice. She added that she believed I still needed practice and, of course, as she couldn't wear the thing, she knew I wouldn't expect her to pay for the violets she had asked me to get to put on it. She said because I was an old friend she would not ask me to reimburse her for the lace and other stuff. I sent her a check immediately.

I couldn't much blame Belle when she put on her hat she took one look and then burst into tears. She said that only a mortal enemy could have taken pleasure in transforming her into the living image of the woman who used to come around selling horse-radish when she lived in a small town. The woman had a brimless straw hat which she wore winter and summer and somehow when I gazed at Belle in the creation I had got up I could just see the horse-radish woman Belle had a sensitive nature and she won't make up with me again. And there were half a dozen others who were almost as bad.

But, said the young man, how did your own hat turn out? Weren't they all right?

The young woman looked still sadder and shook her head. "You see," she explained by the time I got through trimming hats for all my friends I had used up the twenty lessons, so I had to go to a shop and buy one for \$20 for myself.

"Maybe," suggested the young man comfortingly, "maybe, judging by the way your friends received their headgear, you were in luck at that!"

A FIGHT TO DEATH.

The King of Beasts Falls Victim to a Snow White Bull.

Not long ago there was a tremendous excitement here over a fight between a bull and a lion. William L. Curtis, the Chicago correspondent from Seattle, a traveling menagerie, had a boast that was unproven. It had killed two or three of its keepers and the police authorities warned the proprietor of the arena that it must be shot. The latter accepted the idea of making a spectacle out of the death of his lion, arranged with the manager of a building at Seattle who conducted unusual performances for the next day.

The cage of the lion was built into the arena by a part of it, which were used to hold down the lion. The door of the cage was opened by pulling a rope which was attached to the lion's tail. The lion automatically sprang to the ground and looked around for its prey. After the lion had been allowed to watch the movement of the man a time and began to hunt for the bull a pair of doors flew open and a bear came in. The bear was a long piece of horse same size as the lion and he ran the lion was one of the best but brought out that season and was used upon the ranch of the late of Virginia near Toledo. He ran the lion and bear, the other trying to do some way to get out but every one of the bear was shot and then he began to look about for other things. He saw the lion and he was standing in a hole. He had been watching him ever since he came through the door but he never saw any signs to make the other animal anxious and each kept his own side of the enclosure when the lion and the bear fought.

After a little the bear of the lion got the better of the lion and he moved slowly toward the lion. The lion and bear fought for a while and the bear began to growl and the lion began to growl. The bear was shot and then he began to look about for other things. He saw the lion and he was standing in a hole. He had been watching him ever since he came through the door but he never saw any signs to make the other animal anxious and each kept his own side of the enclosure when the lion and the bear fought.

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Tale Without A Moral

By Howard Cairns.

There was a frantic ring at my doorbell, a sound of unusual excitement outside and as I hastily opened the door someone called out, "Madame, telephone for Dr. Blank to come over quick!" Tommy Jones has fallen on the porch and his mother is shouting and his mother is shouting and his mother is shouting.

I rushed to the phone saying, "Hello, xxyx," in answer to the prompt and courteous "Number" which followed the lifting of the receiver. There was a pause during which I beat a tattoo with my fingers and listened to the soft rattle of the operator's wire, then I slipped the receiver back by way of reminder.

Hurry with the doctor, called somebody, and one more I rattled the phone. Yes, I am interrogating Central. Yes, what? I cried exasperated. Are you going to get me that number? What number are you calling? This with the mildness of a dove.

Main xxyx. I answered. Oh, didn't you get them yet? No, I did not, Harry, please it a doctor said.

Almost immediately there was a rattling click and a pleasant masculine voice said, "Hello! Hello! Hello! Is Dr. Blank there?"

No, said the voice, he's not. When will he be in? I queried. I really can't say, he responded. We have no patients of his here now. What? I asked bewildered. We sometimes accept patients of the doctor after he has given them up, continued the smooth voice, but we haven't any now. You'll probably find the doctor at his residence office. This is the Dispensary I understand. Anything we can do for you? No, I hope not, I answered as I hung up the receiver in order to disconnect, though it's possible I had had my hands on that central there'd have been work for somebody.

A second later I lifted the receiver again. Central, I cried when I caught his attention you didn't give me Main xxyx, you gave me someone else.

I beg your pardon, she said, with gentle reproach and a second later there was a connecting click and nearly broke my ear drum but before I could say Hello a callow voice spoke saying, Dum it all here! It's a shame you can't get it's radio day and there'll be all kinds of lousy duzies out there. Can't you have per uncle die or something?

No, no go, said No 2. Ye see, main took bad Derby day and was at the point of death last Friday, so I think the lion is on, so it's a no-work no job, see? Then it's not today as all of the lions in the world are getting round this fountain a fight for.

In despair I hung up again. As I was cutting from a single party phone to a single party phone I couldn't quite see why I should be switched in on a conversation that must have been far afield.

Remembering a very naughty word, I again took down the receiver. Central, I said, and I'm afraid my exasperation crept into my voice. Will you give me Main xxyx? You've given me a funeral factory and a soda boys conversation now so for goodness sake see if you can't get me Main xxyx.

I'll give you chief operator, was the reply with wounded dignity in every syllable, and you can make your complaints to her.

There was another pause, endless it seemed to me during which I watched them carrying a limp little form into the house, then a voice said, "Chief operator, what is it, please?" "Oh," I said, "please get me Main xxyx." "Have you tried to have your central get them for you?" she asked. "Yes, indeed," I answered, and she gave me the wrong number and switched me in on a conversation I didn't care to hear and now she refers me to you. Get it quick, please. A little boy is hurt and we want a doctor." And what is your number? "Hastily I gave it. "And what is the number you are calling?"

Again I repeated it. "Very well, I'll see if I can get them for you." Ten seconds later, just as I heard Dr. Blank's welcome "Hello," another physician, who lives considerably farther away, but who had been summoned by a boy on a bicycle after it seemed impossible to reach Dr. Blank by phone, drove up explained to Dr. Blank as well as I could, learned that his phone, which was within hearing of several besides himself, had only that instant rung, and then I went and took a Pink Pill for my nerves.

What the good doctor said to the telephone company, I don't know—but I can guess.

P. S. I am recovering—as is the boy, but the telephone company is no better.

Muir Glacier Not on View.

Steamers Unable to get Within Ten Miles of the Front.

Tourists to Alaska have been greatly disappointed in the past four seasons at the inability of excursion steamers to approach the front of the Muir glacier.

In the summer of 1900, excursion boats from Sitka had regularly steamed along the very front of this best known and most interesting of American glaciers and it was a treat to view at short range the mighty ice wall four miles across.

In the summer of 1909, however, the ice-choked channel of Muir inlet prevented steamers from approaching nearer than 10 miles, and in the three summers since then they have been stopped by ice at distances of from 5 to 10 miles.

A short time after the last excursion party of 1909 visited Muir glacier a series of severe earthquakes occurred in that region. It is supposed that the impossible condition of Muir inlet since those September earthquakes is due to the shaking of the glacier received.

In May last Messrs. Andrews and Lane of Skagway forced their way with great difficulty to the face of the glacier, where they made an interesting discovery, the position of which had been observed at the distance of 10 miles when the glacier was in its normal position.

It has long been known that Muir glacier is a retreating glacier. Its front is breaking off or melting faster than it is being formed, and the rate of recession since John Muir's discovery of the glacier in 1855 was about a mile in seven years.

But the glacier front in the last four years has retreated two miles and a half a far higher rate of recession than has been observed before. The present position of the glacier, therefore, which the glacier was to reach 10 miles away, New York Sun.

TO THE CREDIT OF THE LAW.

By Edith Austin Holton.

Dobson looked me over with a critical eye.

"You'll do now, Mr. Winton. Don't lose your sand and keep your speed down. There's a train back to town due at this shack in five minutes, and I guess it's for mine."

I watched my instructor's form disappear into the wooden station with mingled feelings. I knew that which I felt throbbing beneath me, but a new sense of responsibility rested heavily upon me. The exhilaration of the motion banished my doubts, however, and by the time I drove my car into Bayton, I was as sure of myself as if I had held the wheel for a hundred years.

A vision saluted me from the sidewalk under the elm arch. Madge of all the luck I had intended calling on her that evening and telling her well no matter what her fates had made better plans for me. I forgot that it was my first day alone. I forgot everything except that Madge had accepted my invitation for a drive.

What a beauty, Mr. Winton?

"Finest ever," I answered, but I looked at my companion Madge's eyes dropped.

Have you run it long?" she asked.

Not before this month, I hedged, bending over the lever. Shall we take the Fairville road?

Oh, yes, it was pleasant.

We swung into the broad, hard (highway) and shot ahead as swift and straight as an arrow. I was elated who would be with a brand new sweet cart obeying his will and the sweetest girl in the world beside him. I looked at Madge. She smiled radiantly.

Isn't it glorious?" she called.

Heavens, I answered devoutly, almost forgetting we were at the crossroads.

Are we going to that? she asked as she glanced at her past.

I was beyond thought of laws beyond all recollection of the road and his warning. Not so fast, but we can better it, I shouted and threw on full speed. The car leaped ahead.

Madge seized my arm. Plainly she was enjoying the pace.

Don't Mr. Winton, she said, they have just stirred up the police on here on the subject of speeding and they are looking for trouble.

I knew she was right and took a gentler pace. The look and form of the Fairville, chief of police appeared on the edge of the road and signalled me to stop. To have observed his manner, one would have thought him to possess all the powers of the Supreme bench and the executive right, what was his fairly arrogant, what was his assured me that the district court was in session and nothing on earth would turn him from his purpose of taking me before that august body as quickly as my motor would take me. My first impulse was to refuse to drive, for I well knew that his only method of moving was the little used force of faith, but a whapper from Madge who saw the intention in my face exhorted me not to make matters worse so we crawled at a snail's pace into the village, the constable beside me and Madge in the tonneau. It was a ghastly progress.

For Madge's sake I remained for a variety of remarks which I certainly should have made had she insisted upon going with me and standing by me to the end, and to this discretion I doubtless owed the fact that the court required only \$25 from me on the ground of first offence. For her sake too I made haste to pay up and be off. I thrust my hand in after my pocketbook. What had become of it? I made a frantic search through all my pockets. It was not there. Hang it all, where the constable was looking on with a leer of a saucer.

"My pocketbook is lost," I said.

"If I pledge you my honor to come back within an hour will you permit me to go back to Bayton for more money? Let this gentleman go with me, if you like," I added bitterly, glancing at the ghoulish chief.

"I reckon ye ain't right well posted in law, friend," he returned with a broadening of his grin.

"Thank heaven, no," I retorted, "and if you find this rickety machine are representatives may it be long before I have any further familiarity." Fortunately the court was dosing, for my blood was rising and I had forgotten Madge until I felt a touch on my arm, and something was tucked into my hand.

"Please pay them and let's get away," she whispered. "It's my allowance Papa gave it to me just before I met you. Isn't it lucky I hadn't time to spend it?"

"Madge," I breathed, "you angel. Then I noticed the court was waking up.

I lost no time. As I turned I caught the smile of the constable I stepped up to him and looked him in the eye.

"I should be pleased to have you call," I said. "There are several things I wish to say to you."

I seated Madge in the car. As I took up my dust coat something fell to the floor. That beastly pocketbook. I met Madge's eyes. Fate had been kind after all.

"Dearest," I said, "in future won't you let me pay the bills for both of us?"

And we forgave the constable.

HOW MANY MEALS A DAY?

Some Conflicting Theories as to Eating and Drinking.

Have you ever taken time to reckon the multiplicity of the theories nowadays with regard to the number of meals that should fill out the day's fare and the hours at which they should be eaten? If you have done this the probability is that you emerged from the study in arithmetic convinced that it makes precious little difference what a man is doing as long as he is possessed of a sufficient amount of faith in the line he is following.

For you can easily call to mind half a dozen of your acquaintances who say that their health has improved 100 per cent. since they canceled their breakfasts and took to eating a rather heavy luncheon. And within sound of your voice are as many other persons who declare they never knew what perfect health meant till they cut out the midday meal altogether, allowing a satisfying breakfast and a not too late dinner to cover the amount of food consumed through the day.

Then come to your mind the luscious exponents of the theory that five meals a day are none too many to keep the body in fuel, and another set who glut over the robust condition they have wooed and won through indulging to a regimen that allows but one square meal a day.

And if you feel to take a firm stand for or against any one article of food or drink and are looking for examples to help you to a decision, you get quite as much confused in any attempt to decide who has the rights of the case with him. One will tell you he cannot drink coffee because it affects him in such and such a way, while another will tell you that he never could get through his day's work without his gently stimulating tobacco and that he knows it benefits him because he always sleeps like a baby after drinking it late at night.

Going through the list of things that men eat and drink you will find the same pros and cons apply and it becomes fearfully bewildering before you get half through the list. So if you care to search the records of food causes that medical journals have championed say for the last century, you will find that what was blessed in one decade was decried in the next. And then you know you aren't the only one who has almost been swamped by contradictory evidence in the case of the people's food. When, however, you get where you are concerned that some great occult moral principle underlies these different eatables, are after all only superficial, and then undertake to study the principles and its ramifications you are bound to have your first real satisfaction from the problem, though you probably will not be able to get off the fence in your cogitations on this aspect of it. Boston Transcript.

Curios Shown by Cyclons.

The farmers of Bureau County, Illinois are engaged in collecting cyclone curios. They gather them from their own fields for the twisters that have prevailed in this section of the State this summer have cut some queer antics.

The first violent blast was at Mendota, where a wide swath was cut through the town blowing down hoarse pulling trees by the roots or breaking the trunks as if they had been pipe stems and killing five people.

Later another disturbance of the elements blew down a circus tent and killed one of the pioneer scouts who had followed Fremont across the country in his historic expedition.

The articles that have been picked up in the fields form a curious collection and when the finds of all of the collectors are put together they form a veritable museum. One farmer has a wedding skirt that is known to have belonged to a woman in the south end of the county. Another has the limb of a tree that was broken off a tall oak ten miles distant. Another man has half of a door frame and a lot of new lumber, the owner of which cannot be located inside the country.

Another man picked up a bundle of checks and notes that had been blown from the neighborhood of Princeton.

There are a great variety of other articles that are known to have traversed the entire length of the county in a swift flight in the air—Chicago Tribune.

Slave Trade Still Flourishing.

Traffic in slaves continues to flourish almost without check in Tripoli, notwithstanding all international undertakings and internal regulations. Between Jan 1 and July 31 no fewer than forty-eight consignments of slaves had been imported by purchase by voluntary agencies, chiefly Italian, but these are a mere trifle compared with the horrible frequency of the traffic. Young women are especially in demand, and they go principally to Constantinople to the seraglio of the pasha. Men can be pointed out in Tripoli living in open defiance on the proceeds of this infamous traffic.—London Globe.

The Historic Oak.

The oak is an historic wood. As early as the eleventh century it became the favorite wood of civilized Europe, and specimens of carving and interior finish have come down to us from that early day, their pristine beauty enhanced by the subduing finger of time. The early colonists brought their love for this wood, and here, too, the oak acquired historical interest.

ROCKEFELLER