

PEN PORTRAITS OF NOTED PEOPLE

A. G. Spalding, Who May Be United States Senator.



Albert Goodwill Spalding will doubtless be the new United States senator from California to succeed Senator Flint...

Mr. Spalding's name probably is known to as many persons in the United States as that of any other man who has not been in public office...

After a tour abroad to popularize the "great American game" there he continued his baseball career, becoming manager of the Chicago club...

He has made his home for a number of years on the Pacific coast, at Point Loma, Cal., where he has picturesque estate.

Maiken Follows the Hounds. King Haakon of Norway is fond of telling of his first appearance with his regiment, when he headed it at parade...

"I was horribly nervous," he says, "and not what might be called a 'crack rider,' and I had seen the yeomanry on parade and in many cases following the hounds...

Discoverer of Pure Radium. Mme. Curie, chief professor in the faculty of sciences of Paris university, who recently announced to the Academy of Sciences that she had succeeded in obtaining pure radium...



Mme. Curie she has captivated the investigations that have resulted in her recent discovery.

Not long ago Mme. Curie received the distinguished honor from England of the Albert medal of the Royal Society of Arts. She is the second woman to be so honored.

What was the object of this misleading these good people was not for a long time developed. Then one day a smuggler was arrested for carrying Swiss goods across the border into France without paying duty...

A Bold Suitor

By KATE ELDREDGE

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In Switzerland there is a little body of water called Thunder lake, and in a little town at one end, called Thunder, there is a Thunder hotel...

One afternoon Herr Strellitz, his wife and daughter Lena, the last named aged twenty, were seated at a table in the kiosk...

At another table sat a young gentleman tapping his boot with a cane, while on the table beside him was a half emptied glass of Munich beer...

"Herr, I dare say that I shall surprise you. I have a confession to make. I have several times seen you here with your family...

He produced a postcard on which was engraved the name, 'Alphonse de la Tour Dijon, France.'

Herr Strellitz puffed, fumed and scowled. Frau Strellitz looked non-committal while Fraulein Lena looked very much pleased...

"Believe me, sir, we are not at all offended that you should have given way to a natural impulse. We shall at least record what is due you by permitting you to produce your credentials."

"That is all I ask, madame. I may have to put you to some trouble, for a De la Tour could not ask any one to touch for him. Besides it would be easy for an impostor to furnish fraudulent credentials...

"That would be incontestable proof," said the lady, "will you join our party, M. de la Tour?"

The young man sat down. Papa Strellitz maintained a stubborn silence. Lena, of course, could say not a word while Frau Strellitz took the burden of entertaining the stranger upon her own shoulders...

"A few days later Frau and Frau Strellitz took the train for Dijon. At the railway station M. de la Tour came up to them, bearing a bouquet of flowers, which with a look of intense devotion he handed to Lena."

"It is for you," he said, "to satisfy yourselves. Here are your tickets—first class, including a return."

Frau Strellitz accepted the tickets without a quail, while Lena looked and exclaimed, "Oh, mamma!"

M. de la Tour gave the young lady a glance of mingled reproof and tenderness. His last words were to her: "I beg you to give the flowers to my dear mother, who, with others of our family, will meet you at the station."

The journey was not interrupted except for half an hour on the border between Switzerland and France, where the train stopped for the custom examinations. The fraulein opened to her belongings and permitted an inspector to get a whiff of the perfume of her flowers. When the ordeal was over the train went on.

At Dijon a young man on the watch for them announced himself as Gaston de la Tour and introduced a white haired lady as his mother. Lena at once handed her the bouquet.

"This way to the carriage," said M. Gaston, and the frau and the fraulein were hurried out of the station, put in a cab and driven away.

"That was the last they ever saw of any of the De la Tours. They returned the next day to the unsmiling husband and father."

"Well," said Papa Strellitz, "what did you discover?" Lena put her handkerchief to her eyes, and her mother made no reply. Her brow was very dark. After awhile she gave her experience to her husband, ending as follows:

"The driver drove us some distance and stopped before a large dwelling house. Wondering why these people had left us, we went to the front door and knocked. A maid came to the door, and when we asked if the De la Tours lived there she said 'No' and shut the door in our faces."

What was the object of thus misleading these good people was not for a long time developed. Then one day a smuggler was arrested for carrying Swiss goods across the border into France without paying duty. At his trial it came out that the bouquet Fraulein Strellitz carried contained 5000 francs worth of watch jewels.

FOR THE CHILDREN

A Round of Conversation.

Here is a game to test your ingenuity. One player must stand in a circle of others and ask some one, "What do you know about the moon?" He need not necessarily say the moon; he can choose any subject he wants to...

Edgar Borland, though a bachelor, was a sufferer from the servant question. He lived alone in apartments, a cook and a maid respectively providing his meals and taking care of his rooms. He had told the maid that she must be in by 11 o'clock at night, and she had departed. He had carelessly left a bottle of 1860 brandy unlooked, and this had deprived him of his cook for she had drunk it all, and it was necessary to remove her. Mr. Borland's stomach was very delicate and could stand nothing but home cooking.

Mr. Borland that morning had taken his breakfast in his room—a boiled egg, which was the extent of his own culinary accomplishments. He had gone without his luncheon and was now ruefully wondering what he should do for dinner. He caught sight of his face in a mirror and there saw a sour, dyspeptic look that made him shiver. At that moment the bell rang. He opened the door. There stood a young woman decorated with a widow's cap, holding by the hand a little girl of five.

"Is this my fat?" asked the lady. "I wish it were," replied Borland ruefully. "But isn't it?" "I hold a lease of it."

"What floor is this?" "The sixth."

"East or west suit?" "East."

"There! I told you so! That's the fat I leased from today, Oct. 1."

Mr. Borland stood thinking. It occurred to him that he had said something to the agent about giving up his apartments, but nothing definite.

"Madame," he said, "can you cook?" "Yes. But what has that got to do with it?"

"I'm hungry. If you wish to get anything out of a man never make the attempt while his stomach is empty. Come in here and cook me a dinner and we'll talk about who is the leasee of the apartments afterward."

"The very thing I haven't had a bite since breakfast, and my little girl is starving. We are to move early tomorrow and our present quarters are in a horrible condition."

Mr. Borland had plenty in his larder, so there was nothing for the widow to do but go into the kitchen, open the larder and take out the principal viands for a dinner. Borland took the little girl into his library, selected books with pictures for her and left her immersed in them. Then he went to a closet and took out a bottle of wine and the lady in the kitchen heard that sound, agreeable at any time, but especially so before dinner, the drawing of a cork.

Presently the lady in the kitchen opened the door leading into the dining room for the purpose of going in to set the table. Borland was placing winged asses.

"Anything wanting?" he asked, looking at her doubtfully. "Only napkins, forks, salt and pepper and plates for the said."

"That reminds me—do you like my umbrella?"

"I prefer it to all other kinds of dressing."

"Very well. I'll make a maitre d'hotel of you. That's the only thing in the preparation of food that I can do well, and I do that to perfection."

By the time the dressing was finished the dinner was ready. The widow placed it on the table. Borland put some books on a chair to make a higher seat for the little girl, and the host and cook took seats opposite each other. As Borland began to eat the sour, dyspeptic look left his face, his eyes brightened and a smile beamed upon his lips. Filling the lady's glass, he raised his own to his lips and held it poised, while he said:

"I drink to the best dinner I've eaten in years and to the most accomplished chef. Your health, Mrs.—"

"Greenough."

"The devil!"

"I said Greenough."

"What Greenough?"

"Edith Sherman Greenough or Mrs. James O. Greenough whichever you like."

"The devil!" repeated Borland, setting down his glass, rising from his seat, leaning over the table and grasping the widow's hand.

"Not at all; Edith Greenough."

"What a coincidence!"

"You are?"

"Edgar Borland."

"What! My husband's bosom friend?"

"The same."

"Oh, dear! Isn't it funny?"

"Funny! Why, your coming here at all was a godsend to me, but your being my old chum's widow is delightful. My servants are gone, and I was starving."

"How pleasant for me too. I hate restaurants. I was expecting to go to bed on crackers and cheese."

"Rather a hard bed to sleep on."

When the dinner was finished Borland lighted a cigar and said:

"Well, I decline to vacate."

The widow looked surprised.

"I will give you the lease if you like, but you must keep me as well."

Nevertheless Borland moved out the next morning, and the widow moved in. But he moved back again within six months as Mrs. Greenough's husband. He says that he was won by a dinner, and he admits he needed the queer lady.

Won by a Dinner

By DELIA V. AMES

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Edgar Borland, though a bachelor, was a sufferer from the servant question. He lived alone in apartments, a cook and a maid respectively providing his meals and taking care of his rooms. He had told the maid that she must be in by 11 o'clock at night, and she had departed. He had carelessly left a bottle of 1860 brandy unlooked, and this had deprived him of his cook for she had drunk it all, and it was necessary to remove her. Mr. Borland's stomach was very delicate and could stand nothing but home cooking.

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Law and Matrimony

By M. QUAD

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The best off in this world's goods and the best looking widow in the village of Brunswick was Mrs. Henry Roberts. She was not only proud of her self, but the town was proud of her. She needn't have been a widow more than a year after the death of her husband, but four years had passed and no one had won her love. It was then that Farmer Johnson, widower, bought a farm near the village and settled upon it.

Farmer Johnson was a middle aged and very busy man. He made few acquaintances in the village. Three months passed, and he had never heard of Widow Roberts. Then a constable served a summons on him as defendant in a lawsuit for damages. The widow was the plaintiff.

"She claims that a one horned cow belonging to me damaged her garden \$10 worth. Never owned a one horned cow in my life."

That afternoon he went down to see the widow about it. He was very graciously received and his statement listened to and not contradicted. Instead of the last, the widow said:

"Mr. Johnson, I've seen you in church for the last five Sundays—your pew is directly ahead of mine—and you have never looked around once!"

"Mebbe not. I'm no hand to look around in church."

"Ahem! Mr. Johnson, this suit must go on!"

Mr. Johnson was at church next Sunday, but he didn't look around. What time he wasn't thinking of it, he was mad. Monday after noon he received a second visit from the constable, and there was a second summons. This time it claimed damages for a black dog carrying the widow's gate off its hinges.

"By smoke, but what's the woman at?" he abuzzed as he read. "I don't own no black dog and never did."

"Better go and see her," was the advice that was followed the next day.

The widow was smiling and gracious. She listened to the denial with out much interest and answered:

"Mr. Johnson, you were at church again last Sunday, but you never noticed me."

"I guess I must have been powerfully taken up with the sermon."

"As to this suit, Mr. Johnson, it must go on!"

Mr. Johnson was not at church next Sunday. He went out and set down with his back to a strawstack to do some thinking. He had a terror of the law, and he wondered what was coming next. He had but a few hours to wait. Monday afternoon the constable was there with the third summons.

"Now, what in Aunt Jemmy is it this time?" he shouted as the paper was put into his hands.

"The widow is suing you for running your wagon agin her fence, I believe," was the reply.

"But I haven't driven no wagon past her house in a month!"

"Better see her about it."

"I'll be hanged if I don't, and I'll talk right up to her too!"

But he didn't. Next day when he called he was received with a smile, and the widow proceeded to say:

"Mr. Johnson, you were not in church last Sunday?"

"No."

"And consequently you did not see me. This suit must go on!"

"But, widder, there ain't no sense in it. I can prove that I never run into your fence."

"Yes?"

"If I had I'd have paid damages right away. And I don't own no one horned cow nor a black hog."

"No? But the suits must go on. Will you be at church next Sunday?"

"If I ain't too troubled in my mind. Three different lawsuits on me, and I ain't the man after all!"

For a time, when the next Sabbath came around, it was doubtful if Mr. Johnson would attend church. He made up his mind at the last moment, however, and put in an appearance. The widow was forgotten for the first hour, and then he suddenly turned square around and looked into her face and received a smile. He didn't know whether it meant a fourth summons next day or what, but when the benediction was pronounced he heard himself saying:

"Widder Roberts, if you don't mind I'm going to walk home with you."

"Only too happy, Mr. Roberts."

And as soon as they had left the church edifice he began:

"Widder, I never owned a one horned cow."

"I know you never did," was admitted.

"Nor a black hog."

"No, nor a black hog."

"And I never busted your garden fence."

"Surely not."

"Then why all these lawsuits?"

"Would you have noticed me without?"

"By cracky, I might not!"

"The suits will all be withdrawn, and now that we have become friends I shall be happy to have you call at any time."

"By gum! By gum! But what a blind old bat a man can be!" exclaimed the farmer as he slapped his leg.

And he called and called, and the more he called the better they liked each other, and within less than a year he was slapping his leg again and saying:

"Dog my cats, I might have kept on being a fool and lost her!"

SAVED FROM FIRE

While on a business trip to Chicago last summer I was invited to stay at the house of Walter Kennedy, a man with whom I had dealings. Kennedy was a self made man who by industry had rendered himself and his family very comfortable. His house stood on the banks of Lake Michigan on a bluff a dozen miles north of the city. One evening after dinner we were smoking on his piazza overlooking the lake. Mrs. Kennedy sat with her, stroking the hair of her little daughter. Beneath the waves were plashing.

"By the bye, Kennedy," I said, "were you in Chicago at the time of the great fire?"

"Well, yes," he said; then, after a moment's silence, "It was the big burn that gave me my start."

I looked expectant, but did not care to ask for his confidence.

"Everybody about here knows the story," he said presently, "so I might as well give it to you. In 1871, I regret to confess, I was little better than a street arab. I lived from hand to mouth on what I could pick up and never had a cent over. Indeed, it never occurred to me to save anything out of my scant earnings. I remember well the opening of the great fire. It was Sunday night and, though October, was very warm. I was playing craps with some boys on the street when the fire alarm sounded, but we had had so many alarms for the past month that we boys paid no attention to it. Presently there was such a great glare to the west that we stopped the game and went across the river to get a nearer view. We found the people over there moving out of their houses and the streets lined with furniture and bedding, on which were lying the little children."

"I roamed about, enjoying the novelty of the situation, till I found myself in the track of the fire. I looked about for a way out, and, seeing that there was no chance, down a street running southward, I started to run for my life. The buildings I passed were deserted, their owners having realized their danger and got away. Not a human being was near—yes, one. Passing a mattress lying on the sidewalk, I heard a cry. Stopping, I examined a diminutive bundle on it and unrolled a mite of a girl baby."

"She weighed twelve pounds," put in Mrs. Kennedy. "You weighed her a few days after."

"Well, then," continued her husband, "I unrolled a twelve pound baby. The most natural thing in the world to do was to pick up the baby and take it along with me. At any rate, this is what I did. There were flames in my path, though more smoke than flame. Covering the baby's face carefully, I shot through it like an arrow. Now I was safe. The fire was sweeping north eastward."

"Well, here I was, near midnight on the 8th of October, 1871, a boy of twelve years, without a cent in my pocket, suddenly become a father. I went on southward, where the people in safety were standing in front of their houses or on their roofs watching the great glare and listening to the boom of falling buildings. My burden was squalling, and a woman, taking pity on me and it, brought out from her house some milk in a bottle. The baby drank it, and when I gave the woman my story she had the liberality to give me the bottle, but not the humanity to take us in."

"There was an outhouse in the neighborhood where I had often slept, there being a board loose, so that I could crawl into a place where hay was kept. I took the baby to this place and laid her on a soft bed. Fortunately I had found her well wrapped in blankets. I shall never forget the companionable feeling of cuddling up alongside the little thing and going to sleep. In the morning I was awakened by something tugging at my hair and there was the baby laughing at me."

"I took the bottle, went out and begged some food of a woman and brought it back for the child's breakfast."

"It was fortunate you went to a woman," remarked Mrs. Kennedy. "You wouldn't have known how to prepare the food."

"It was then I learned, and after that I prepared the food myself. Well, as soon as the baby was asleep again I went out and earned some money carrying things for people—for they were pouring southward on Michigan avenue—then went back again and gave the baby its dinner. She looked to me like a birdlet just hatched, her nose was so small and her mouth so wide. The only name I knew for a bird was 'chippy,' or what we boys called 'chippy bird,' so I called her Chipp."

"One day I was doing a job for a gentleman and told him about my baby. He asked me where she was, and after he had promised me not to take her from me I told him. He went with me to our home, and when he saw Chipp snuggling away, with an empty bottle beside her, great was his astonishment. He told me to pick her up and follow him, but I said that all I wanted was to earn money to buy milk for her, and, seeing that I was determined, he left me alone with her, telling me to come to his store and he would give me work. I did so and soon after took Chipp to a little room I hired. Having something to work for, I attended to business and am now at the head of the concern I entered over thirty years ago."

"And what became of the baby?"

"Chipp," he replied, "looking at his wife, 'I think you'd better finish the story.'"

"There's nothing more to tell."