

DON'T ACT ON ROMANCE

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS

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Lucile Demarest when a young girl read a novel that pleased her very much. The motif on which the story was written was this: A woman whose husband was weak enough to fall into the tolls of another woman held him by giving him a free rein until he had become tired of the rival and came back to his wife of his own accord.

Lucile married Sam Smith. Even Lucile's rosiest romance could not turn the name into Spencer Courtenay or some other such euphonious appellation, but she could think of him as being noble as even as Sam Smith. He didn't seem to have any man bosom friend, which troubled her greatly, for she thought every man should have such a boon, as she had her own bosom woman friend.

The Smiths had been married but a short time when Mrs. Smith thought she discovered that Samuel and her bosom friend, Gertrude Church, were becoming entangled with each other. The suspicion killed Lucile's romantic attachment, an attachment that had lasted since childhood for Miss Church. Indeed, when she was married she had told her husband that she would never consent to marry any man who did not in the same way of course love her friend as well as she loved her.

When Mrs. Smith recovered from the first shock of her discovery that her bosom friend was slowly but surely winding her tolls about Sam, she thought of the noble heroine of the novel and how she had saved her husband. Lucile's first move was to tell Mrs. Church in confidence to play cards. Smith hated cards, especially three handed games in which no one beats or is trying to do so enable some one else to beat. "Very well, then," said the compliant wife; "you and Gert play, and I'll take a book. Smith and the guest would then sit down at the card table, and Mrs. Smith after reading a few pages would go out of the room, not to appear again till it was high time that Miss Church went home. Then, of course, Smith would act as her escort.

Then Mrs. Smith bought tickets to amusements and when the evening to see them came round would have a headache and say "I've sent word to Gert that I have the tickets and can't go tonight, begging her to take my place. I know you'll be glad to take her, if only for my sake." And when her husband knitted his brows and said "I'd much rather stay home with you" she knew he was lying in his heart and that he was counting the moments till he could be with the theater.

One day Mr. Smith told his wife that he must go west or east or south or somewhere, on business. When a man tells his wife—especially in stories—that he's going on a business trip she immediately becomes a prey to the green monster or it stupidly confiding Mrs. Smith saw in the move a culmination of her husband's infatuation for Miss Church, or, rather, that Miss Church had succeeded in winning him away from his own wife. But when the day after her husband's departure she called up Gertrude by telephone and was told that she had gone out of town, too, the cup of her misery was full. She went to the library, took out the story of the noble woman who had saved her husband by throwing him at her rival, took it to the furnace, opened the door and threw it into the white hot coils. Then she went up to her room and had a good cry.

However, having been committed to the game of keeping her own counsel, she nervously herself by the time her husband returned to dissemble further. She received him as affectionately as she was able, never said anything at all disagreeable.

One evening she went to the telephone, intending to call up Miss Church and ask her to come to the house, that she might bring her and Sam together and charge them with the crime they were committing against her.

"Is that you, Gert?"
"Yes, are you Lou?"
"Yes. Can't you come over tonight? Sam's anxious for a game of cards. I'm tired and wish to go to bed."
"Wait a minute."
Then Mrs. Church, forgetting that telephones have ears, was heard to say:

"It's Lucille. She wants me to come over and play cards with that stupid husband of hers. She is constantly boring me to entertain him. I've just gone away on a visit to get rid of it all, and now I'm back it has begun again."
Then came the reply: "I'm awfully tired, Lou. I think you'll have to excuse me."

"All right, if you really can't come."
Mrs. Smith went into the library, where she found her husband. A great joy had been born in her, but she still dissembled.

"Wouldn't you like to have Gert come over and play cards with you, dear?"
A pent-up flood broke its barriers and poured forth:

"No, by thunder! I've just gone on a trip I didn't wish to take to get rid of her, and I'll be hanged if I can endure her again on the first night of my return."

He was surprised when his wife threw herself into his arms and burst into tears—tears of relief.

Shrinkage in Glaciers.

Scientists aver that, save over a small area, the glaciers of the world are retreating to the mountains. The glacier on Mount Sarmiento, in South America, which descended to the sea when Darwin found it in 1836, is now separated from the shore by a vigorous growth of timber. The Jacobshaven glacier, in Greenland, has retreated four miles since 1890, and the East glacier, in Spitzbergen, is more than a mile away from its old terminal moraine. In Scandinavia the snow line is farther up the mountains, and the glaciers have withdrawn 8,000 feet from the lowlands in a century. The Arapahoe glacier in the Rocky mountains, with characteristic American eccentricity, has been melting at a rapid rate for several years. In the eastern Alps and one or two other small districts the glaciers are growing. In view of these facts we should not be too skeptical when old men assure us that winters nowadays are not to be compared with the winters of their boyhood. —Fountain Advertiser.

Not Made Up.

Pushing her way through the crowd on the ferryboat to the decrepit rig, the middle aged woman sized up the emaciated animal from every point of view, and then, turning to the owner, who had lumbered out of the wagon and propped himself against the engine room, said: "You ought to be ashamed of yourself for driving a poor horse like that; it should be at home and in the stable." "What is the matter with my body?" was the easy response of the owner, who didn't seem a whole lot perturbed. "What is the matter with her?" demanded the S. P. C. A. lady with increasing warmth of tone. "Can't you see how skinny she is? She looks starved." "The horse is all right, lady," calmly rejoined the spokesman, as a sweet smile flashed through his scant crop of whiskers. "You see, she got up so late this morning that she didn't get time to put on her hair, pads or extenders, or she would have been as plump as their next one." —Argonaut.

Rooks and Cholera.

The present day security of this country against all danger of a cholera epidemic is matter for thankfulness not only in human circles, but in the rookeries too. When the cholera slew nearly 60,000 people in the insular United Kingdom of 1832 the rooks appear to have suffered with them. This was stated, at any rate, to have occurred on the estate of the Marquis of Sligo, which boasted one of the largest rookeries in the west of Ireland. On the first or second day of the epidemic's appearance an observer noted that all the rooks had vanished. During the three weeks through which it raged there was no sign of them about their home, but the revenue police found immense numbers of them dead on the shore, ten miles away from their nests, and five-sixths of them had gone. —London Chronicle.

The Japanese Policeman.

Japan has a police force modeled after the French system. In various places throughout Tokyo there are small kabancho, which resemble men in white jackets and black trousers, and are attached to each box daily. One remains inside resting, while another stands at the door, and the third patrols a beat, returning at regular intervals to the box. Stations are changed every eight hours. After twenty four hours' work the three officers are given the same length of time to rest, and three other men are sent to the box. During their "off" days the men are employed in taking census returns, making reports regarding the condition of streets, bridges, embankments, drains and cemeteries. They also report weddings, births, deaths, theatrical performances and the presence of suspicious persons. —Harper's Weekly.

The Horse's Legend.

Here is an explanation of the old horsehoe superstition: St. Dunstan was a skilled farrier. One day while at work in his forge the devil entered in disguise and requested Dunstan to shoe his "single hoof." The saint, although he recognized his malign customer, acceded, but caused him so much pain during the operation that Satan begged him to desist. This St. Dunstan did, but only after he had made the evil one promise that neither he nor any of the lesser evil spirits, his servants, would ever molest the inmates of a house where the horsehoe was displayed.

An Inconsistency.

There is a strange inconsistency in "Hamlet." It is where Hamlet speaks of "the undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveler returns," and yet the play hinges largely upon the fact that he has had interviews with his father's ghost, who had, of course, come back from the undiscovered country.

The Obstacle.

"Why not set your cap for that young fellow? He's single and well off."
"Yes, he's single, but he knows he's well off."

A Desperate Case.

John—I'll bring you a fork, sir. The Customer—What for? John—The Customer—Sir. The Customer—A fork's no good. Bring a revolver.—Exchange.

Well Trained.

"Mr. Jonesky never interrupts one, and he is the best listener I ever met."
"No wonder; he's been married three times."

BROWN AND ANOTHER

By M. QUAD

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Mr. Jonas Brown was a close student of human nature, and his judgment of man or woman was infallible. Mr. Brown manufactured shirt waists for women and handkerchiefs for men and women. That was the way he judged them. When he saw a man flourishing one of his make of handkerchiefs that man was all right when he saw one of his shirt waists on a woman he tipped his hat to her, whether qualified or not.

Mr. Brown was his own cashier and bookkeeper. None of the young men who applied for the position carried his handkerchiefs, and he had never been bothered with young ladies. The day came, however, when one was brought up on the freight elevator with a lot of boxes. Before he had looked her in the face he had noticed that she had on one of his nonpareil shirt waists and carried one of his three for a quarter handkerchiefs. Her credentials were satisfactory in advance.

Miss Prim was eighteen years old and an orphan. She had never had a place, but she was after one now. She could cashier, bookkeep and type-write. She would take a low salary for the first six months. Mr. Brown's heart warmed toward her as he looked into her big blue eyes. There were loyalty and honesty there. The idea of low wages also struck a responsive chord. Mr. Brown had always paid low wages and prevented extravagance on the part of his employees. If Miss Prim would come for \$3 per week he could get \$15 worth of work out of her.

The demure Miss Prim slipped into the office as nifty as a mouse. Some of the young men tried to talk with her, but outside of business matters she ignored them. She caught on to her work at once. Mr. Brown didn't rush home that night to tell his wife about the innovation at the office, as some foolish manufacturers would have done. He left it to her to find out. She did find out. On the third day she appeared via the freight elevator and had a look at Miss Prim. She went away without passing judgment, but at the dinner table that evening she said:

"Jacob look out for her!"
"Who, Miss Prim?"
"She's a cat. She's a temptress, she's got a card to play."
A few days later Miss Prim was asked to lunch with Mr. Brown. She looked asked to be excused and ate her sandwich as she worked.

"Told you so," he said to his wife, with a triumphant air. "Yes, sir, I invited her, and she turned me down."
"Then you look out for her all the more," replied the wife.

"It was three or four weeks before Miss Prim was referred to again in the family. Then in answer to an inquiry the husband stated:
"Timid as ever. The other evening when it rained so I offered to take her home in my auto, and she fairly ran for the elevator to get away from me. Every one in the office has asked her to lunch, but she has refused all splendid look-keeper and what do you suppose happened to the cash the other day?"
She found it short and went about it the little cat and you told her to never mind."

"Ha, ha, ha. The cash was \$100.00, and here it is to buy gloves with. That's the kind of cashier Jacob Brown's got. Miss Prim could have put that money in her pocket, but she didn't."
"Oh, Jacob! What a man—what a man!" exclaimed the wife. "You are rushing headlong to destruction."
"Brown's shirt waists and Brown's handkerchiefs never deceive."
Two months had gone by when the next and last conversation occurred. Mrs. Brown wanted to know about that little cat and was answered:
"Marie, I must really protest. Same timidity, same retiring attitude. She goes to the bank now, and the paying teller speaks in the highest manner of her business qualifications. She's always correct to a dot. Things are going beautifully—beautifully."
"Oh, you blind man!"
"You know Schwartz, of course. He's worth a million. He saw Miss Prim a few weeks ago when he was in, and yesterday he asked her to be his wife. I left 'em alone, and he asked her."

"And she jumped for him like a cricket, of course."
"Ha, ha, ha. Jumped right away from him like a rabbit. I came back to find her pale and trembling."
"Oh, the kitten—the cat!"
"Even if I were a widower and in love with her I, Jacob Brown, manufacturer of the nonpareil shirt waist and the three for a quarter handkerchiefs, should not dare ask her to be my wife."
Mrs. Brown simply lay back and gasped for breath.

A week later there was excitement in Brown's office. It was Saturday. Miss Prim had gone to the bank with cash and drafts and checks and was to return with the payroll money. She did not return. The police looked in vain. They found out that she hadn't been murdered in the bank, but nothing more.

"Jacob, how much did she get?" asked the wife after one glance at the husband's telltale face.
"About \$16,000," he growled.
"And the cat won't come back?"
"Never again!"

Our First Locomotives.

The first locomotives in the United States were brought over from England by Horatio Allen of New York in the fall of 1825 or the spring of 1830, and one of them was set up on the Delaware and Hudson railroad at Carbondale, Pa.; but, being found too heavy for the track, its use was abandoned. The first locomotive constructed in this country was built by the West Point foundry at New York in 1830 for the South Carolina railroad and named the Phoenix. A second engine was built the same year by the same establishment and for the same road and named the West Point. In the spring of 1831 a third engine was built by the same establishment for the Mohawk and Hudson railroad from Albany to Schenectady and called the De Witt Clinton. This was the first locomotive run in the state of New York. The first Stephenson locomotive ever imported into this country was the Robert Fulton. This engine was brought out in the summer of 1831 for the Mohawk and Hudson railroad. It was subsequently rebuilt and named the John Bull.

The Eagle's First Flight.

H. B. Merpherson gives a dramatic account of the first flight of an eagle whose life from babyhood he had watched. One day he ventured to the edge of the cliff containing his cradle and looked about. Suddenly his mother swung past on silent wings and "tried to tempt him from his fastness." But he was unwilling or afraid. Again the mother hovered round, and a wild, weird cry rang through the air. "For the first time I had heard the yelp of the adult eagle, the voice of the queen of birds calling to her young. The eagle chirped continuously until he flapped to the very edge of the abyss, listening to her call. And now he, too, changed his cry, his voice seemed to break, and the adult yelp burst from his throat. The eagle called to each other, yelp answering yelp. The young eagle gazed round him, spread out his giant wings and vanished forever from any sight among the ledges below. The eagle had left the nest and had flown."

Shooers and Water.

In Captain Dryson's "Sporting Scenes Among the Kaimos" we find the following: "Well," said Kemp, "when I go into a country where there is not much water I always take my haboob." "You don't drink him, do you?" "No, but I make him show me water." "How do you do that?" "In this way: When water gets scarce I give the Kaimo a rub. If he does not seem thirsty I rub a little salt on his tongue or chin. At first it was difficult to make him understand what was wanted, for he always wished to go back to the wagon. Now however, he is well trained. When I get him out some distance I let him go. He runs along a bit, scratches himself, shows his teeth at me, takes a smell up and looks all round, picks up a bit of grass, smells or eats it, stands up for another sniff, canters on, and so on. Wherever the nearest water is there he is sure to go."

The Tyrant in the Field.

There have been few commanders so tyrannous as Lopez, the dictator of Paraguay, when in the war of 1865-70. It fought single handed the neighboring countries of Argentina, Brazil and Uruguay. Lopez says Mr. W. H. Keibel in his "Argentina" was wont to carry the theory of victory or death to an uncomfortable point. Officers were executed for mere remarks whose tone fell beneath the standard of confidence that Lopez had set up for himself. One, for instance, was shot for having announced in the course of his duty that the enemy was strongly entrenched. Another met his end on account of an unguarded speech to the effect that the Paraguayan army was accustomed to count the enemy's losses and forget his own."

Old Time Railway Travel.

Third class passenger coaches in England used to be coupled on next to the engine. The travelers came in for terrible treatment when any accident occurred. At times the engine was driven tender first in which case frozen hands could be warmed at the smokestack. The passengers were packed, seventy of them, into a truck eighteen feet in length by seven and a half in width. There was no roof and not, as a rule, proper protection at the sides.

Vigorous.

Victim—If your hair restorer is good, why is it that you are bald yourself?
Barber—Well, sir, once I had a very big order for ladies' platts, and to execute it I used some extra doses of my restorer over my hair and got half a dozen long platts, sir. But it drew all the hair out of my constitution, sir.—London Mail.

Music.

Of all the fine arts, music is that which has most influence on the passions and which the legislator ought the most to encourage.—Napoleon Bonaparte.

In Portions.

Host (at village inn, entering bedroom) at 3 a. m., to occupant of the bed)—Beg pardon, sir, but two more tourists have arrived. Have you slept enough?


Vague Information.

"What did the fellow do who stole the drum from the band when he saw the leader coming with a policeman?"
"He beat it."—Baltimore American.

Oversight.

Oversight is an offspring of goodness and wisdom.—Borvo.

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BELLS.
Specialization.
Doctor—What can I do for you? Patient—I have cut my index finger. Doctor—Very sorry, but I am a specialist on the middle finger.—Fleegende Blatter.
Auricular Evidence.
"My daughter, Gladys Mae, has become quite an elocutionist."
"Yes," peevishly replied the next door neighbor, "so I hear."—Puck.
The Largest.
"What is a largesse, papa?"
"A \$, my boy."—Harvard Language.