

A Contemptible Trick.

Showing That There Are More Ways Than One of Interfering With a Woman's Intentions.

By F. A. MITCHEL.

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Lift an orphan when I was a very little girl, I was brought up by a maiden aunt, a woman of considerable brain and will power. I had hardly been settled in her house before she laid out a course for me to pursue.

"I shall give you a good education," she said, "and an education is a foundation on which a woman may build a career as well as a man. I'm not going to educate you to be a stenographer or a subordinate position in some man's office; not going to make a stenographer of you to take down some man's dictation—no man ever dictated to me. I shall give you a profession. But when you have been graduated I shall expect you to practice. It is not my intention to spend money on you to be thrown away. I don't propose that after giving you a profession some man shall come along and take a lot of nonsense to you and render all I have spent on you abortive. If a woman is going to be a lawyer or a doctor she must begin by putting all notions of love and marriage out of her head."

Considering that my aunt made this announcement to me when I was but twelve years old, it is not to be expected that it made any other impression on me than that I was to follow the path she laid down for me. It evidently did not occur to her that I was rather young to agree when grown to place myself in opposition to nature's laws. Nevertheless, she accepted my promise that I would repay her kindness by educating me by making myself all the old maid she herself and spend my life listening to people tell about their aches and pains instead of hearing the prattle of my own children.

Nevertheless, my aunt was a good woman despite her crankiness. She took admirable care of me, and when I became old enough to choose a profession I selected medicine. My aunt died shortly after I had received my diploma and left me a legacy sufficient to give me a start in my profession. The last thing she said to me was "Remember your promise. You will be sorely tempted because you are very good looking. Men will try to draw you away from the path of duty, but you must not listen to them. What they will want of you is to make you a slave. Be constantly on your guard."

As to the temptation, my aunt was right. My being thrown into a field of labor where I met many men, some of whom were intelligent and attractive, was probably the cause of my receiving a number of proposals. But I set myself resolutely to carry out my aunt's intentions regarding me, feeling bound in honor to do so. I refused all my suitors, detesting myself exclusively to my practice. I found it impossible to keep the fact that I was pledged to celibacy from being known, and I believe that for this reason I was especially sought in marriage. Nothing is so desirable as that which is impossible to obtain.

I practiced two years and resisted all temptations to marry. One day an old lady came to see me and begged that I would make a diagnosis of a trouble that was afflicting her son. She said she believed there was something on her son's mind that he would not confide to his medical attendant. A man, she said, would be more likely to give his confidence in certain matters to a woman than one of his own sex. The invalid had been a trifle in love affairs, and she was not sure that he had been caught in his own trap. If she could be sure of this she might possibly find a remedy.

There was something winning in the old lady's solicitude lest her boy might be getting his just deserts. I was amused at the absurdity of a man being to call in a woman physician to cure him of a possible love malady. I did not attend men patients as a rule, partly because I had cured one and she had given me his heart in addition to his fee. But since this dear old lady's invalid son was suspected to be already in love, even to the breaking down of his health, I saw no reason why I should not oblige her. So I promised to at least make one visit.

I found a fine looking young fellow some twenty-eight years old, six feet high and muscular. As I entered the room where he was lounging he looked up at me with a captivating smile that he had evidently inherited from his mother. There was an unconscious strength about him that in a man is especially attractive to a woman. I did not wonder that he had fallen into gallantry and could not but have some sympathy for him that he was suffering the penalty. His mother with me and I began to question him professionally, though I only asked him how he felt and to what cause he attributed his ailment; then I said to him frankly:

"You are not ill; you think you are. I know it."

"I can't at present determine whether your trouble is mental or nervous. If there is anything on your mind you had better tell me. I can do nothing for you till I know the cause."

"I am only too glad to make a confession of you, doctor. I am in love."

"In that case you must be your own physician. I can do nothing for you."

"But suppose this love is breaking me down?"

"Nonsense."

"I told my mother that you would take that view of the case. My life is worth nothing to me or any one else except my mother. I implore you to try to do something for me for the sake of my mother."

"I will. My prescription is plenty of outdoor exercise and mental occupation. Whenever the image of this unaccountable girl comes up before you drive it out."

"I can't."

"There is no such word as 'can't'."

"Will you come again?" he asked me fully.

There was something both amusing and fascinating in this great bulk of a man clinging to me to save him from himself. Nevertheless, I knew of an antidote for love and had no intent to waste my time darning attendance on a man whose only ailment was his devotion to some girl who didn't happen to fancy him. But I was obliged to confess to myself that there was something as attractive as ludicrous about it. The fond mother, who had probably been listening at this point came in and said:

"Of course the doctor will come again. She will not leave you to suffer."

"Not if I can be of service."

As I went out the patient followed me with his hands clasped in prayer. I understood had I been the girl who was torturing him. But under the circumstances it was very puzzling. Before leaving I questioned the mother with a view of determining if there was any hereditary cause that would account for his condition, but she said all her ancestors on both sides had been healthy in mind and body. I was at the time much interested in mental effects upon the body. I was sure that this young man's unrequited love had brought him into one of those conditions that are so puzzling to the physicians. I told his mother this and she advised her to attempt a removal of the fundamental cause. When she asked me how to do this I suggested throwing her son and some fascinating woman other than the one he loved together. He would likely transfer his love and this would effect a cure. She promised to think about it. It seemed to me to be a rather impracticable expedient.

A week later she called at my office, evidently very much troubled. She said her son was no better, indeed, said her head ached and she was almost blind. I thought of your plan, doctor," she said, "of substituting another love. I know of no one who I should have thought would be able to draw my attention away from his infatuation. I named every girl of his acquaintance to him, asking if there was one he would like to have visit him, and he refused to see any of them. I would, indeed, as she will call."

And what did the poor old lady do, with tears in her eyes, but beg me to make an attempt to substitute myself in her son's affections for the woman he loved. I argued that even if successful I would only be replacing one cause by a similar one. She declared that instead the infatuation would be broken and, her son would recover his health.

There was a professional problem involved—a problem as to the effect of mental causes of physical ailments. This and the mother's pleadings prevailed. I would cure the young man if I could, and after his cure would after that he must get on as best he could without me.

I visited him at intervals. I played no coquetish pranks upon him. I simply attempted to divert his mind by being as agreeable to him as I could. I chose those subjects for chat in which he was interested and found him in certain lines intellectually my superior. After every call I was rewarded for my pains by his dotting mother, who assured me that all was going well and her son was steadily improving. Of course I looked forward with misgivings to the day when my patient would be cured of one love to be tortured by another, but possibly a third or a fourth might so dilute the poison that the physical effect would be nullified.

A result occurred that I had not calculated upon. While I was winning my patient's love, he was winning mine. I awakened finally to the fact that my pledge to my aunt must either be broken or I would become some doctor's patient for the same disease of which I had cured my own.

Nevertheless I determined not to yield. I would not find a substitute, as I had recommended to him, but I would cease to see him. But he would not cease to see me. He followed me relentlessly. I fought him for ten months, then surrendered.

On the day my husband and I returned from our wedding trip he gave me evidence of the value of my aunt's warning.

"Sweetheart," he said, "do you know that the illness which brought us together was all a put up job on your part?"

"What do you mean?" I exclaimed, opening my eyes.

"One day I heard some sawbones talking about you and your pledge to devote yourself to your profession and not to marry."

"Well?"

"You know the rest."

"Is it now as I could get my breath I blushed. 'It was a mean, contemptible trick.'"

A kiss stopped the rest.

Pit Brow Women.

The pit brow women work at the mouths of English coal mines in sheds open to the weather at the sides. The work which they perform has to do with the sorting of the coal according to size and quality and the freeing of it from stones. There is some lifting to be done and some pushing. There is some risk, but not a great deal. Women have been hurt by the catching of their clothing in the belting and machinery, but of late there has been more care than formerly in covering the parts of the machinery which proved dangerous. At the present time accidents are rare and confined for the most part to the crushing of fingers. There is dust constantly rising and this makes the work unwholesome as well as men, but they wear clothes on their heads, which keep the dust out of their hair, and the fact that they are in the open air, together with the constant muscular exertion required, is on the whole beneficial to their health. Many of the girls are fine figures and all have good color. They prefer the occupation to domestic labor or employment in factories. The wages they earn range from 2s. 3d. a day in the largest colliery towns there are upward of 5s. 6d. women thus employed. Examine them and you will find a change.

An Elastic Appetite.

The American black bear has an appetite that may be appropriately termed elastic. He will kill a thousand pound steer and capture the tiny field mouse for a meal with equal indifference. If a pig or sheep is not handy to his reach he will dine on a colony of ants or a nest of wood grubs. He will feast on dainty birds' eggs or sweet stores of wild honey and on the foulest carrion with like gusto. He will slurp for the savory trout, but at the same time snap any warty toad or slimy lizard that may happen along that way. He will seek the luscious wild plum when it has ripened or the wild grape among the branches where the vine clammers and bears its fruit, but will not miss the opportunity to make amuse himself for birds that come to peck at the plums or grapes. The bear physicians. I told his mother this and she advised her to attempt a removal of the fundamental cause. When she asked me how to do this I suggested throwing her son and some fascinating woman other than the one he loved together. He would likely transfer his love and this would effect a cure. She promised to think about it. It seemed to me to be a rather impracticable expedient.

The Strength of Rings.

Some elaborate calculations, backed by experiments, have been made to determine the "breaking strength" of a ring. It appears that a ring of ductile metal like malleable iron will be pulled out into the form of a long link before it breaks and that the ultimate strength of the ring is virtually independent of its diameter. Fracture finally occurs as the result of almost pure tension, and the resistance to breaking is a little less than twice that of a rod of the same cross section subjected to a straight pull. As the ring increases in diameter there appears to be a slight approach toward equality, with double the strength of a bar. Thus a three inch ring made of three-quarter inch iron broke at nineteen and one-half tons; a four inch ring at twenty tons; and a six inch ring at twenty tons and one-half tons.

A King Full.

When a man charged with disorderly conduct was arraigned by Patrolman Queen before a chief magistrate in the Adams street court, Brooklyn, the court asked, "What's your name?"

"Thomas King," was the answer.

"Ah," said the magistrate, "a queen captures a king." "Yes, but it wasn't a straight deal," interrupted King. "Sure it was," retorted Queen. "This man is a fourbushier." "What's your business?" "I dig for a living," answered King. "So you are a king of spades," laughed the magistrate. "Yes, but beaten by a club," answered King. "Can you come across with \$2?" "A dance of a fine," spoke up King, "but I'll see you." He handed over the money, and Clerk Heestersberg raked in the pot. "I see a joker's no good in this game," said King as he was leaving court.—Exchange.

New Ways of Serving Old Dishes.

The clever hostess can always show her ingenuity by a touch of novelty in the serving of some of the time honored courses at her dinner. Raw oysters, for instance, produce a very original effect when served with maple syrup or whipped cream.

A very palatable fish pudding may be prepared by mixing the finely chopped fish with sugar, raisins and a bit of vanilla extract, serving cold with a custard sauce.

A delicious dessert is onion jelly with caviar sandwiches and maraschino cherries. Try it.—Judge's Library.

Classified.

"You say you are your wife's third husband?" said one man to another during a talk.

"No, I am her fourth husband," was the reply.

"Heavens, man!" said the first speaker. "You are not a husband—you're a habit."

Duty Done.

The pleasure a man of honor enjoys in the consciousness of having performed his duty is a reward he pays himself for all his pains.—La Bruyere

Look Pleasant, Please!

Senior to Photographer—Which way shall I turn my eye? Photographer—Toward that sign, please. (Sign reads: "Termin Cash.")—Cornell Widow.

Sometimes a noble failure serves the world as faithfully as a distinguished success.

THE CLENDENIN CHECK FORGERY

A Woman Has an Unpleasant Banking Experience.

Mr. and Mrs. Clendenin were a happy young couple. Edward Clendenin was a practical business man, and Mamie, his wife, was in every sense a feminine. One feminine trait she possessed to a high degree—she could learn nothing about the practice of banking.

One day Mr. Clendenin was called away hastily—indeed so hastily that he had no time to arrange for his wife's financial needs during his absence.

"Go to the bank," he said, "and get what you want. Sign my name to the check. They will understand it. Banks are not very particular where they know all about the parties."

The funds that Mamie had on hand were all expended within a few days. Taking out her husband's check book, she drew a check for \$100. She did not wish to go to the bank herself, the day being stormy, and intended sending her coachman. Not knowing what to write in the space left for the name of the payee, after much deliberation she concluded to keep on the safe side by leaving it blank. Then she signed her husband's name to it and, calling Patrick, told him to go to the bank and draw the money. Patrick did as he was told, but returned without funds.

"The man at the window, ma'am, says to put my name to it. But if ye do O'Flaherty will be indyfyed."

"What's indyfyed mean?"

"Well, O'Flaherty, ma'am, some one will have to tell em that O'Flaherty's 'How provoking! I don't know any body to do that."

"But he says if ye'll write 'bearer' in it he'll pay any way."

This appearing to be the easiest way out of it, Mrs. Clendenin inserted the word "bearer," and Patrick made another visit to the bank and returned with the money.

It was about a week after this that Mrs. Clendenin while stopping noticed a man who seemed to be keeping a pair of very sharp eyes on her. He followed her from shop to shop, and when she got home she found him there waiting for her.

"Madam, be said, 'I tell fortunes by means of the handwriting of the subject.'

"I don't care to have my fortune told," said Mrs. Clendenin.

The man was persistent, and in the end the lady, to get rid of him, gave him a specimen of her handwriting. After securing this he did not seem especially anxious to tell her fortune, and as she did not urge him he refused.

The next day Edward Clendenin received the following telegram:

Return at once. Am in great trouble. MAMIE.

As soon as Mr. Clendenin could he covered from the shock he took a train, telegraphing from the station that he would be at home the next day. When he drove up to his house at a rapid pace three men came out to meet him and rushed into his home to find his wife a prisoner in charge of the man who had called on her for a specimen of her handwriting.

"Ob, Edward, I'm arrested!" moaned the wife, throwing her arms about her husband's neck.

"What for?" cried Edward, aghast.

"Tell em," she said to the man who stood by.

"I am sorry to inform you, sir, that I have felt it my duty to arrest your wife for forgery. I, however, permitted her to remain here till your return."

"Forgery? What forgery?"

"She has forged the name of Edward Clendenin to a check on the Manufacturers' bank."

"I am Edward Clendenin."

"What! You Edward Clendenin? I didn't know that you were the man whose name was forged. Then, sir, your wife has forged your name."

"Have you the check with you?"

The detective produced a bundle of papers, from which he took the check in question.

"Mamie," said Edward after glancing at the signature, "why the dickens didn't you sign it in your own handwriting?"

"Why, I thought I must make it as much like your signature as possible."

The two men looked at each other. Deference on the part of the detective kept his features straight, but when the husband's face broke into a mortified smile he joined. The smiles of both became a broad laugh.

"Go upstairs, my dear," said Edward. "I think I can bribe this gentleman to release you from arrest."

"Now, tell me," said Clendenin, taking the detective to a sideboard, "how the bank came to press such a case."

"The bank places all its law business, criminal and civil, in the hands of Perkins and Lamb, attorneys. I am their detective. They gave me the check, with directions to hunt up the person who drew it. I traced it to your wife, not knowing her to be your wife. I got a specimen of her handwriting, compared it with the body of the check and knew it to be hers. The officers of the bank as yet know nothing about the matter. Since Mrs. Clendenin is a refined lady, I gave her permission to stay at home till your return. Fortunately no charge has been made against her, and the matter may be dropped without trouble."

Mr. Clendenin received a polite note of apology from the president of the bank, giving the same explanation as the detective had furnished.

Diamonds From Sugar.

It can be stated with perfect truth that a lump of sugar may be turned into diamonds. Not all the substance of the sugar, of course, will enter into the composition of the gem, but only the carbon that it contains. Sugar consists of carbon united with oxygen and hydrogen. The carbon can be easily separated out, and in certain experiments for the production of diamonds this sugar carbon has been employed. The diamonds so produced were, of course, very small and destitute of commercial value, but still they are real diamonds, and the chemical result achieved would be no greater intrinsically if they were as large as the Kohinoor. The hope has often been held out that an improvement in the process of manufacturing diamonds may be effected whereby the necessity of dissolving the carbon in molten iron may be dispensed with, and the required combination of great pressure with great heat may be brought about by some such operation as squeezing the carbon between red hot metal plates.

A Discouraged Sport.

This is the sad story of one of the most thoroughbred sports known to the history of hazards. His name was Sullivan, and he had blue eyes and red hair, with a brogue to match his coloring. John Hays Hammond, the mining engineer, met him in prison in South Africa at the time when Hammond and other prominent men were held as captives by the Boers in connection with the Jameson raid. The engineer and the Irishman became well acquainted.

"Probably you wonder why I'm here," said Sullivan one day when the thermometer had gone as high as 115 in the shade. "Well, I'll tell you. I got into a little trouble, and I pleaded guilty to it."

"Five years," said the judge.

"Your honor," I cried out, "I'll throw beads and tails with you to see whether it shall be ten years or nothing."

"And would you believe it, Mr. Hammond, that judge got mad and added on the five years anyhow. And now I'm serving that extra five."

Popular Magazine.

Strength of a Czar.

A story is told in St. Petersburg, which illustrates the phenomenal physical strength of the old czar. At a little station not far from the capital the imperial train was delayed for quite a time, and the czar, being hungry, partook of some of the simple food of the buffet. Meanwhile the little daughter of the mayor presented the empress with a bouquet, the flowers of which were hastily gathered from private hothouses in the neighborhood. The stalks being still damp and earthy, the empress visibly hesitated to take the bouquet in her royal hand. The czar coolly took up one of the heavy pewter plates on the table, and twisting it as if it were paper, made a neat covering for the stalks. There is nothing incredible in the story, since the czar had been known to bend a kitchen poker as an ordinary man would a strip of tin.

Vegetables in Tudors' Time.

What did people eat before they had the potato as a staple article of diet? Apparently they had most of the vegetables that we have now. Of Londoners in the time of the Tudors, Sir Walter Besant tells us that they ate lettuce as a separate dish before the meat, used turnip leaves as a salad and roasted the turnip itself in wood ashes. Horseradish and carrots were known to them, and capers were served boiled in oil or vinegar. Cucumbers, radishes, parsnips and cabbage were also figured at the Tudor meal table, for which, by the way, they boiled their oysters and spread their beef with honey. It would be fun in these days to eat—or refuse—a Tudor meal.—London Chronicle.

A Whistler Story.

When Whistler had not yet reached the height of his fame a millionaire called at his studio and wanted his wife's portrait done.

"How much will you charge me, Mr. Whistler," he said, "for a life-size picture of the madam?"

"My price," said Whistler, "will be \$2,500."

The millionaire took up his hat and stick.

"Why," he snorted, turning to go, "you expect to be paid for your work as if you had been dead four or five hundred years!"

Seal Oil Ice Cream.

A favorite dish with the Eskimos is an ice cream made of seal oil into which snow is stirred until the desired consistency has been obtained; then frozen berries of different kinds are added. This concoction is said to be about as tempting to the civilized palate as frozen cod liver oil.

A Legal Quibble.

She (making up)—And you will admit you were wrong? He (a young lawyer)—No, but I'll admit that an unintentional error might have unknowingly crept into my assertion.

The Reason.

Daughter—Father went off in good humor this morning. Mother—My! That reminds me. I forgot to ask him for any money.—Christian Advocate.

The Eternal Masculine.

As soon as a man gets everything he wants he finds that the things he has are not the things he wanted.—Chicago Record-Herald.

He that follows two hares catches neither.

A Medieval Magaphone.

A curiosity of great antiquity is still to be seen within St. Andrew's church at Willoughton, near Gainsborough, says an English magazine. This is a quaint speaking trumpet with an obscure early history, dating back to the times of the Knights Templars. In shape it resembles a French horn and is more than five feet long, having a bell at the end of the graduated tube. It was formerly six feet in length, but is now telescoped at the joints, where the metal has apparently decayed. Tradition declares it was formerly sounded from the tower to summon aid in case of need, as when blown at a height the weird, deep notes the trumpet produced could be heard a great distance away in bygone days. It is believed that this curious instrument has often been used to call together the villagers, thus dispensing with the usual bell, and to give additional power and strength to the choir, being then probably used as the chief signal, as the trumpet intensifies the sound to a marked degree.

Rare Peruvian Ware.

Vessels of odoriferous clay were imported early in the sixteenth century from Peru, Chile and Mexico by the Portuguese merchants, to which were given the name of buccaros. So highly was this ware esteemed that only the wealthiest collectors could afford to possess entire specimens. Broken pieces were set in gold or silver or ground to powder to be used to scent cakes and confections and to perfume gloves and handkerchiefs. It was also supposed to possess medicinal properties and was prescribed by contemporary physicians for certain ailments. The great demand for the buccaros resulted in the alleged discovery of scented clays in Portugal and the potters of the time used them to fashion all sorts of drinking vessels on which they impressed a seal or stamp, hence the adoption of the name terra sigillata.

The Naughty Butchers.

The complaint against the high cost of living probably dates from the time Adam paid so dearly for a bite of apple. At a later date, according to the Westminster Gazette, the retail butcher of France grew very arrogant, and it says that the present increased price of meats has caused the examination of the records in order to trace the origin of the trouble there. In 1500 a decree was issued which suggests that butchers were carrying things with a high hand. It says: "Butchers are expressly enjoined not to fill their shops with the women of low degree, or the servant maids who propose to deal with them. They are on account to mock or deride the said ladies, women, and maids, but are to receive politely all offers made to them for their goods."—San Antonio Express.

Swiss-English.

Swiss English always seems designed to round off the scenery with the touch of humor. For years the best in the writer's collection has been an inscription by a path leading to a waterfall near Meltingen, which explained that a toll was necessary for the "folding" and "unfolding" of that path. Until recently, however, there was nothing quite equal to the Strasburg cathedral notice. Express intention to circulate during divine service. Beadle here to preserve order." But Switzerland has at least tied with Germany now in the collection. In a certain Oberland valley, too unspoiled yet to be given away by name, there is a series of gates which bear a short request in Oberland German to the wayfarer to close them. And twice it is translated into the English "Shut up!"—London Spectator.

Costly Coats.

An Indian prince after a court function in London went home for a chat with a friend, also an eastern potentate. On arriving he asked to be allowed to take off his dress coat and when that his friend's private secretary might put it in the safe for the night. It was a silk frock coat, buttoned yellow and heavy with jewels. "How much may you be worth with your coat on?" the prince was asked. "About £200,000," was the reply. "I am a poor man beside you," said his friend sadly. "My dress coat is worth not much more than half that amount."

Plans For the Future.

She was a visitor to the prison, kindly and well meaning, and as she chatted with a burglar who had been sentenced to six months' imprisonment she thought she detected signs of reform in him.

"And now," she said, "have you any plans for the future on the expiration of your sentence?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am," he said hopefully. "I've got the plans of two banks and a postoffice."—Stray Stories.

The Awakening.

Dignified Mother of Prospective Bride (to social editor)—And little Dorothy, sister of the bride, who is to be a flower girl, will be dressed like a Dresden shepherdess, with golden crook festooned with rosebuds and Young Voice From the Stairway—Ma, where is the washrag?—Judge.

Ancestors.

"She is very proud of her ancestors. Aren't you proud of yours?"

"I don't dare to be. Too many of them are alive yet."—Houston Post.

Maria.

Mother—How did you get so wet and dirty? Johnny—I was sailing my boat in a puddle and had to go down with my ship.