

MY OTHER SELF

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

My wife had commissioned me to call at Hyde's for her jewels that had been left there for resetting and other alterations and bring them to her when I should leave the city to join her at our country place. Passing Hyde's a few days before I was ready to start, I thought of the jewels, called for them and took them home. There is no safe in my house, and I was at a loss what to do with them until my departure.

My wife has a woman who has been with her a great many years. She was called in her "maid," but if she is to be called by such a name now she is surely an "old maid." I am very careless, and I knew that my wife placed implicit trust in Phoebe. I therefore gave her the jewels and told her to take care of them until I called for them.

The next day, returning from my office, as was my custom, about half an hour before dinner on passing the dining room I saw that dinner was already served and a man was sitting at my place at the table. Then I received the shock of my life. He turned his face toward me, and I saw—Great heavens! I saw myself!

I had no more doubt that I had received one of those brain shocks the doctors call amnesia or some more unpronounceable name than that I am telling you this story. I clutched at the wall for support. My legs were giving way beneath me. Then, fearing to faint, I grasped at consciousness and succeeded in holding on to it.

I—that I which was sitting in the chair looking at me—was dressed exactly the same as the I standing in the hall. The most remarkable thing about the matter was that he seemed as much stricken with surprise and terror as I. He trembled like a leaf. My colored butler Joe, who was carrying out a dish to the kitchen, turned, stopped short and stared at both me and my other self. Phoebe, who was upstairs, hearing the front door open and shut, came to the landing and, seeing that I had just entered the house, ran down to the lower hall where I was standing, exclaiming:

"The heaven's sake! I thought you were in the dining room!"

My double, sitting at table with a small cup of coffee before him, indicating that he was at the end of his dinner, spoke first and to Phoebe:

"Do you see anything strange?" he asked.

Phoebe was too agitated to reply. She stood looking from one to the other.

"Tell me, quick," continued the speaker, "have I gone stark, staring mad? Tell me that you see myself standing there shivering, just as I am doing!"

"I see you both!" she gasped.

"Where did you come from?" I managed to ask my double.

"Where did you come from?" Phoebe asked.

"I have been at the office all day till I came here."

"What office?"

"Hyde, 23 Harrison street."

"Oh, heavens! That was my office. I had left it only twenty minutes before."

"Yes," I said to the butler, "am I myself or is that man myself?"

"There was a smash. Joe, whose eyes were as big as saucers, dropped the dish on the floor and ran out of the room without a word.

"Phoebe," said my double, "tell me whether I am the master of this house or that?" He could get no further.

"I don't know," said Phoebe, as much agitated as any one of us.

"Don't know!" cried the man at the table, rising. "Ring up a doctor! I shall go mad. No, I can't stand this. I can't wait. I must know the worst at once!"

Dashing past me, he seized his hat, that was hanging in the hall, and in another moment the door was slammed behind him. I went into the dining room, sank into a chair and asked Phoebe to hand me a stimulant from the sideboard. It put me in better condition.

"Now, Phoebe, tell me what you know about this?"

"All I know, sir, is that an hour ago you—I mean him—came home and said he must have dinner at once, as he was going away. He told me to bring him all the valuables and he would put them in the bank. I got the jewels."

"The jewels?"

"Yes, sir. I gave them to him and—"

A light began to break through my stupid skull. Rushing to the telephone, I called the police and told them that I had been victimized by some one who looked exactly like me.

Five minutes had not elapsed between the man's departure and the police getting after him. A patrol wagon dashed up to my house. They all took a look at me, and in less than an hour they had my double.

The story he told as to how he conceived of and arranged for his plan—he had been watching me for some time—showed great ingenuity. And yet it was a very simple matter. He had seen me at the jeweler's and heard all I said about the jewels. Moreover, he saw a strong resemblance to himself. He had been on the stage and was well versed in the art of making up. The suit I wore was of ordinary dark cloth, and he possessed one near enough like it in appearance to serve his purpose. Thus prepared he had gone to my house in my absence and made himself at home.

STUDIED THE BIRDS

And Louis Mouillard Pointed the Way to the Aeroplane.

THE FATHER OF AVIATION.

Pathetic Career of the Man Who Originated the Theory of the Conquest of the Air With Machines That Would Imitate the Soaring of Vultures.

The French—themselves masters of the air—call Louis Mouillard the father of aviation, although he never flew. Mouillard was a theorist. It is admitted today that his theories were sound, although he never put them into achieving form. Mouillard wrote two books, "The Empire of the Air" and "Flight With Fixed Wings." Only the first of these works appeared during his lifetime, and that had a small circulation. But he pointed the way to flight, and ten years after his death the Wright brothers, following principles he set down, proved that he had solved the problem.

Mouillard explained that to seek to fly by imitating the beating of a bird's wings was error; that, instead of trying this impossible feat, man should imitate those birds which soar with steady wings and avail themselves of air currents. If Mouillard had possessed money there is little doubt that he would have demonstrated his theory, as it has been successfully proved. The life of this remarkable man seems, on superficial view, to have been a failure. But his compatriots, recognizing his real worth, set up a monument to his memory at Heliopolis, Egypt. He died in 1897. The story of his life is pathetic.

Mouillard was the son of a dyer of Lyons. From boyhood he was fascinated by the flight of birds. He managed to buy an eagle, which he secured in the family garret and studied with an avid interest when ever he could escape from his books or work. He watched the bird's movements, measured its wings and studied it with infinite pains. And when he had mastered the secret, with the aid of his admiring sisters he built an aeroplane with cotton and corset bones and determined himself to fly.

Going to a hill crowned with a church, with a sheer cliff on one side, the young inventor was about to trust himself to his contrivance when the beads rushed at him, boxed his ears, confiscated his machine and sent him home in disgrace. This was the only attempt Mouillard ever made to fly, but his studies on the subject never ceased.

He showed such aptitude at drawing that it was decided he should make his living by this talent. He won a scholarship and, going to Paris, studied under Ingres. Yet while he drew and painted his mind was always on flight. He would climb the towers of Notre Dame, watch the startled birds take flight and study their movements.

Mouillard's father died, and his artistic career suddenly closed. He went to Algeria as a colonist and made a failure in that, but the birds again were his teachers. He noted that the sea birds rose, turned and flew against the wind without a movement of their wings. He weighed the bodies of the strongest, calculated wing space and advanced in his theories toward the truth.

Castling about for a vocation, for he was poor, Mouillard secured a place to teach drawing at the Polytechnic school of Cairo. Here he had another opportunity. He would study the vultures of the desert, and almost daily he sought them inland. He finally called the vulture "the master of flight," adding "In the perfection of the result and the simplicity of the movement, their flight is so splendid that it overcomes the water. Every time you look at it you are amazed that none has tried to reproduce it. It is so simple, so exact, what we want. What could we ask more than that steady flight and those immense circles which carry the bird into the heavens? They are all our desires realized." By degrees he formulated his theories of air currents. He observed that birds rose and hung motionless and moved without beating their wings. He ruminated on the air forces caused by the rising of hot air from the desert and their effect on the flight of the birds. He had solved the mystery.

Stricken with illness, Mouillard could no longer teach drawing. He managed to publish his "Empire of the Air," knowing its scientific value, and to reach Paris, where his theories were well received. The Society for Aerial Navigation made him a member, but no one was ready to advance him money for a practical demonstration of his theories.

Discouraged, Mouillard returned to Cairo, where he acted as cashier in a shop, his wife being employed in another place. They together earned but little. By degrees he finished his work on "Flight With Fixed Wings." Just before his death Chanute, the American, corresponded with Mouillard on the subject of aviation. It is said that from Chanute the knowledge gained from Mouillard passed to the Wrights. But ten years before they had conquered the air Mouillard died.—Lester's.

Mother's Privilege.
"Don't talk back to your pa!"
"Aw, gee whiz, ma, you want all the fun there is in this house!"—Detroit Free Press.

God abandons those who abandon themselves.—George Sand.

A \$2,000 TEMPTATION

By M. QUAD

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It was said of the town of Tompkinsville that it contained more honest, truthful men than any other town of its size in the state. Among other incidents related to prove the claim it was told that a merchant who had been paid 3 cents too much by a customer living twenty-five miles away hired a man to drive the distance and back to hand over the pennies.

Again, a grocer who had warranted a pound of coffee to be Mocha found out that it was only Rio and saved his conscience by returning the money and a pound of tea besides.

The stranger who dropped quietly into Tompkinsville one day and registered at the tavern as Henry Beach was about forty years old. He had a pleasant way with him, but a physiognomist would have said that he was a cynic. The day after his arrival he called at the office of the Weekly Register and took the breath away from the editor by making his cash down price for a full page advertisement. The thing was unprecedented. It was too tremendous to be swallowed under five minutes.

There wasn't a great deal to that when it appeared. It was headed "Two Thousand Dollars For Some One," and his eyes no more harm than if he asked people to call on Mr. Beach and give up certain information and bear away the money. You can wager that they began calling without delay. "Dr. Seller concludes," "The recumbent all, and it took days to get to the last posture allows more rest of the body structures than the sitting posture, and there is greater possibility of resting and repair in that position."—London Globe.

AN ICEBERG'S SECRET.

One of the Mysteries of the Sea That Will Never Be Solved.

The age of an iceberg is problematical. The berg that sank the Titanic may have been forming on the coast of Greenland when Columbus crossed the sea—or even before that. "Then good man," I ran back, found the nutcracker in the dust and, clapping it on the axle, elements since Peary's first expedition I sped away. I was in time to see my dear mother breathe her last. Then I had to go to South Africa and Australia on business and have been back only a few days. I have felt all along that the man who notified me of my wabbling wheel ought to be rewarded, and I am here to do it. I want to find him and hand him \$2,000.

The first man to hear the story was that same grocer who had acted so square about the coffee. He was fat and excitable, and when the story had been told he was breathing like a wind broken horse.

"Seven years ago, was it?" he asked.

"Seven to a day."

"Let's see? Let's see? Ah, yes, I remember. Seven years ago today as I was passing the town hall a man came along in a buggy. Whatever made me look at the hind wheels I can't say, but I noticed that—"

"What time in the day was this?" interrupted Mr. Beach.

"What time? Um! Let's see! My watch had run down the night before, but I think it was about 10 o'clock."

"Then it was some other man?"

"Passed through here at 4 o'clock in the afternoon."

Mr. Kennedy, the undertaker, came next. He listened with bated breath to the story as told the grocer and then replied:

"It is curious how a few words will recall a forgotten incident to you. Seven years ago today I was standing in front of the town hall when Mr. Johnson asked me if I had heard that old Mrs. Harvey was sick and like to die. That makes me sure of the date."

"Of course."

Mr. Johnson had passed on when I saw a man in a buggy coming at a fast clip. As he was about to pass me I saw that one of the hind wheels was wabbling.

"And you held up your hand and called out?" said Mr. Beach.

"I must have done so."

"It looks as if the \$2,000 was yours, but a question or two. At what hour in the day was that?"

"Lemme think a minute. What hour? What hour? Well, sir, as near as I can put it, it was about half past 3 in the afternoon. Yes, I am sure it was."

"But I was driving through your town at 9 o'clock in the morning, so it couldn't have been you. There must have been two of us with wabbling hind wheels."

The undertaker meekly retired, but it was afterward said that he went home and kicked his dog and jawed his wife.

That investigation lasted about two weeks, and it used up almost every man in the town. Even a minister and elders and deacons called. None of them came right out and affirmed that he saw the wabbling wheel, but all conceded that it was very likely they were passing the town hall at the hour named. If they were passing and if they saw the wheel, why, of course, they called the driver's attention to it. Among the applicants for the reward were ten women. Each one of them was sure of the wheel and the wabbling until Mr. Beach gave the hour as 11 o'clock at night. When he had closed up his case he went back to the editor, who had not been on the spot when the wheel wabbed, and paid him \$40 for a full page ad. This time it read: "Tompkinsville has a population of 1,490. There are 632 liars and dishonest men and women among them." And then he paid his bill and moved on.

READING IN BED.

Not Injurious to the Eyes if a Few Simple Rules Are Observed.

To those addicted to the practice of reading in bed the remarks of Dr. Carl Saller will be of interest. He states that there is no valid reason to be urged against using the eyes in a proper manner in a recumbent position—such use is the least tiresome and can be persisted in for longer periods without damage than any other position.

My Career

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

My name is Arietta Hope. I consist of 400 pages, with a good deal on a page. I am of two kinds, printed matter and girl. The girl part is heroine and the paper part is book. But since the heroine part is the living half I consider myself Arietta Hope.

My maker is a woman of thirty-five, an age at which one may be expected to have attained to a correct knowledge of her sex. Yet since she did not issue me under her own name, but the assumed name of a man, Edgar Harding, she is not only unknown to those who have read me, but unless she is betrayed by certain feminine traits displayed in me she is supposed to be Marcelline. When my maker had finished me she sent me the round of publishers through the express companies, so that she did not make her self known to them. However, she requested as an especial favor that they would send her the criticisms of their "readers," these persons being employed to read manuscripts and report to the publisher whether each in their opinion would be a profitable book for them to publish. "The publishers usually paid very little attention to my maker's request, though a few did. These criticisms were almost always where the "reader" had made some facetious remark about the story. The first one my maker received was as follows:

"Mr. Harding has written a long story purporting to portray a woman. The author must have written the book with a mirror before him. Whether he has portrayed himself or not is not apparent, but certain it is that he has painted a man in petticoats. Arietta Hope gives every evidence of having been constructed by one of the male sex. I would decline it."

Long after the receipt of the criticism my maker made the acquaintance of this critic and found him to be a young man still in his teens.

My maker, having spent two years upon me, at the same time studying different women from whom she drew certain feminine traits which she distilled into me, was much discouraged. If the representative of a prominent publishing house had mistaken her heroine for a petticoated man, what a dreadful failure she must have made! She put me in a closet and looked me up with the intention of never taking me out again. But some one told her that Dodson & Co. were looking for novels—not of the flashy type, but studies of character—and she decided to submit me to them. So I was sent by express, a letter going by mail begging the firm to give her some idea of the merits and demerits—especially the latter—of the story. The manuscript was returned to her, accompanied by a letter, in which the writer courteously explained to her that more than 90 per cent of the novels published were read by women. Women required stories that showed the feminine touch. Mr. Harding had shown high literary excellence, but he had not succeeded in portraying a woman.

My maker determined that when she sent me out again she would adopt a feminine nom de plume. She made a new title page, with Edith Granger on it instead of Edgar Harding, and dispatched me to the Parlington Publishing company. She was again successful in eliciting a courteous reply, which included the reader's report. It was as follows:

"The author has given a picture of a woman who is sure to antagonize her own sex. Arietta Hope is altogether too feminine for a heroine. In reading about her we would surmise, did we not know to the contrary, that she had been drawn by a man, so many of those volatile traits common to women are found in her—traits that men love to dislike."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed my maker when she read this. "Then I've jumped from the frying pan into the fire."

My maker determined upon one more effort, and if that failed she was resolved to burn me. She sent me to Littleton Brothers. Within a few days she received a letter from the firm spating bluntly that they would not care to publish me at their own risk, but if she would pay the cost of publication they would put their imprint on the title page of the book, publishing it as their own.

My maker having all a woman's curiosity, desiring to discover who was right about the book, accepted the conditions. She sent the publishers a check, and they published me.

I was a long while getting before the public, but I succeeded in the end. Certain men recommended me because they said I was a man's woman, and certain women spoke well of me because they said I was a woman's woman. This at last gave me a start, and as I pleased both men and women I took in all there was except the children. Anyway, I kept growing and growing in popular favor till I was pronounced what publishers call "phenomenal."

Littleton Brothers were very angry because they must pay a larger royalty than usual, having published me for my author instead of themselves. Nevertheless, they made a fortune out of me, and when congratulated on their foresight they look wise and say nothing. I am now in my fourth hundred thousand, and the demand for me continues. My maker has built a country place, where she has retired, spending much of her time in declining requests of publishers that she write for them.

BRIDGE OF THE SEAS.

The Isthmus From Which Every Other Isthmus Has Been Named.

The "Bridge of the Seas" is the striking name which Pindar gives to the narrow Isthmus which connects the Gulf of Corinth with the Aegean sea. It is one of the most interesting strips of soil on the five continents. It is the Isthmus par excellence of all the world, for from its Greek name, Isthmia, every other Isthmus has been named.

The ancients were not good sailors. They never went by sea where they could conveniently go by land, and to cross this narrow neck of land, only four miles wide, saved them many a weary league of sailing around a stormy coast in going from the Falcoponnesus to Attica and indeed from Europe to Asia.

The southeastern point of Africa was especially dangerous, and an old proverb used to run, "When you are rounding Cape Malia forget all you have at home." Indeed, navigation in these seas was almost wholly abandoned in the winter months, and we remember that in the graphic account of St. Paul's shipwreck he advised the captain to winter in the Cretan harbor of Fair Haven. Through disregarding this advice disaster came to ship and crew and prisoners alike.

No wonder, then, that the Isthmus, which the ancient city of Corinth dominated, became at one time the bone and perhaps the most notable strip of land which the world knew. Many battles have been fought, more dynasties established or dethroned, just here in all probability than in any other spot on the earth's surface.—Christian Herald.

A ROYAL FEATHER CLOAK.

Kalakaus Couldn't Wear It, and His Green Diademed It.

When King Kalakaus of Hawaii visited Japan many years ago he was very anxious to exhibit to the Japanese his famous royal feather cloak. It did not look well draped over the regular costume of the king, which was based on European military models. It was out of the question to wear it draped over brown cutie, as was the ancient fashion. Finally it was decided to let Robert, one of his attendants, wear it.

William N. Armstrong, the king's attorney general, said: "This additional service detailed Robert, who now, according to a confidential statement, made to his Japanese attendant, 'keeper of the royal standard,' 'guard of the feather cloak' and 'valet in ordinary.' While in the imperial car, on the way to Tokyo, the king's suit suddenly seen Robert sitting in the luggage car dressed in a silk and white gloves and with the gorgeous royal cloak hanging over his shoulder, the tableau being completed by a group of Japanese attendants who were standing before him lost in admiration."

"But Robert was scarcely equal to the dignity that was his. In his capacity of valet he preceded the party to the palace assigned to them and discovered there abundance of wine and spirits, which he consumed until they arrived. He was found asleep in the king's bedchamber with the hat far down over his head and the gorgeous cloak askew on his shoulder. He was at once deposed from his office of 'groom of the feather cloak.'"

At Least He Hesitated.

A group of St. Louis men were discussing a banker in that city who has the reputation of hard bargaining, close-fistedness and who invariably gets his pound of flesh.

"Oh, well," said a man present who hadn't taken part in the general banter, "he isn't so bad. I went in to see him the other day to get a loan of \$10,000, and he treated me very courteously."

"Did he lend you the money?"

"No, he didn't lend it to me, but he hesitated before he refused."—Saturday Evening Post.

New Management.

"What's come over Wombat? I saw him scolding up Penn avenue a little while ago, and he couldn't stop for a word."

"Yes, he's working like a horse these days."

"But he used to be rather lazy. Why the change?"

"He's under a new management. His latest wife needs a lot of expensive things."—Pittsburgh Post.

Usually.

Jack—Hello, Fred! Had your hat cut? Fred—Yes, old fellow. I found a place where they cut your hair while you wait. Jack—That's good. A barber's shop is usually a place where they cut some other man's hair while you wait.

The Likeness.

Mrs. Newed—I suppose now we have disagreed you are comparing this to your old home. Mr. Newed—Exactly. This is just like the rows mother used to make.—Baltimore American.

Their Happiness.

"How about that newly married dear mate couple next door to you? Do they seem happy?"

"Unspeakably."—Boston Transcript.

In a Department Store.

Floorwalker—Something I can do for you, sir? Nervous Gentleman—I have lost my wife. Floorwalker—Mourning goods on third floor.—Life.

There is Love, and There is Justice.

Justice is for oneself; love is for others.—E. L. Stevenson.

WANTED