

# His Fellow Passenger

## A Railroad Episode

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Burnell boarded the train at the Grand Central station and walked slowly through the crowded coaches until he found a vacant seat. There was only one, and the other occupant was a woman, young and slender and deeply veiled. He paused irresolutely, and the woman drew aside her skirts and made room for him. With a murmured word of thanks he flung his grip into the rack and settled himself behind the evening paper.

The train drew out of the station and into the stifling atmosphere of the tunnel. The dim light made reading impossible, and Burnell turned his eyes toward his fellow passengers. There were the usual aggregation of home-going commuters, a sprinkling of shopmen and a number of travelers who had made themselves thoroughly comfortable for a longer journey. He shot a glance at the other occupant of his seat and was startled into a prolonged stare.

She had thrown back her veil and revealed such a profile as Burnell had dreamed of. She was young, perhaps twenty-one, with delicate coloring and pale golden brown hair parted above a low, white brow. Her nose was perfect, and her mouth adorable.

As the train glided out of the tunnel into the pale afternoon light the girl made a little movement, and the purse in her hand slipped to the floor. Burnell bent to pick it up, and as he returned it to her she thanked him with a smile and a flash of sea blue eyes that fairly made him dizzy.

He looked wistfully at his palatial kit in the rack above and wished that he was going to Boston to paint a picture of this girl, instead of that of a wealthy Back-Bay spinster whose generous fee would support him for a year.

"Will you please stop the sandwich boy?" she asked timidly.

The artist whistled sharply and when the boy came she bought a package of chicken sandwiches and a couple of oranges. Burnell winced as he saw her carefully counting the money from her shabby purse.

"It is the curse of everything," he thought savagely, remembering some of his own shattered illusions. Then he returned to his newspaper, while the girl ate her lunch daintily by his side. After that she drew down her veil and leaned back in her corner, and Burnell thought she slept.

Hour after hour the train thundered through the night, occasionally stopping at a brilliantly lighted station, and the car was gradually emptied of its passengers. After they had left Providence behind and were winding on toward Boston Burnell left his seat and took a vacant one just behind it, where he alternately dozed and meditated. The girl in black slept soundly.

At 10:30 Burnell slipped his watch back in his pocket just as the girl in front awoke with a little start, looked about her in bewilderment and then at the empty seat at her side. She turned in the seat and lifted her veil, and her face brightened visibly as she met the artist's interested glance.

"Ten-thirty," he said pleasantly.

"Why, what time shall we arrive in Providence?" she asked, with a carefully suppressed yawn.

"Providence! Why, madam, we will be in Boston in exactly thirty minutes. A look of terror leaped to her eyes.

"Oh, no, no; it cannot be," she cried. "I must have made a mistake. I wanted to go to Providence, not Boston! What shall I do?"

"That is easily remedied," said Burnell kindly, laying a strong hand on her trembling little fingers. "For you can take a train to Providence as soon as we arrive or wait until morning. Have you any friends in Boston?"

"No, none!" she shook her head doubtfully. "And, besides, I haven't any money. I spent the last for sandwiches. You see, Felix was to meet me in Providence and—" she flushed crimson and drew back in the seat as if she had divulged some secret.

Burnell's hand sought his pocket and withdrew a ten dollar note. It was half of all he had in the world until the portrait should be finished. "Take this. You can repay it when you join your friends. Here is my card." He thrust them into her hands.

"Oh, you are so kind. I shall never forget it," she murmured in a relieved tone. "I suppose I am horrible to accept assistance from a stranger, but if you really knew—"

"It is sufficient for me that you happen to be in need of it," returned Burnell with his rare smile as he reached for his overcoat. "If you will permit me I will find out about the Providence train for you and see that you are safely aboard."

"Thank you, but I am sure that I can make the connection all right now." She pulled down the disgusting veil and preceded him down the side of the car, for they were drawing into the Union station. The young painter saw his fellow traveler safely aboard the Providence train, and when the lights of the end car had disappeared in the darkness he walked thoughtfully back to the subway for a car to his home.

His next morning he talked upon the Providence train, the mother of the new, whose portrait he was to paint.

He found the great shipping magnate pacing restlessly about his beautifully appointed office.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Burnell," said Mr. Ridgely, as he shook hands with the painter and bade him be seated, "but my sister, Miss Mollinda Ridgely, who was to sit for her portrait, is quite indisposed today and cannot see you. I trust she may be able to talk to you tomorrow."

"I trust her illness is not serious," remarked Burnell, rising to go, but the other waved him back into his seat.

"Don't go. I would be happy if you will dine with us tonight, though you will find us anything but cheerful company under the circumstances." He threw himself into a chair. "As you will see more or less of my family, I may as well take you into my confidence. At present we are in great trouble."

Burnell looked interested as he lighted the cigar Mr. Ridgely offered him.

"I have a daughter, an only child, a beautiful girl," said Mr. Ridgely, his voice trembling with emotion. "She has been reared with the greatest care, and my sister has been a second mother to her. Four weeks ago you can imagine how shocked we were when my daughter—she is only eighteen—confessed that she wanted to marry her music master, a young German, clever enough in his way, but of whose antecedents I know nothing. I forbade the match, of course, until the man could give some account of himself, but he must have exerted some influence over my daughter, for a few days after her confession of love for the musician Frances left home, taking only a small sum of money with her. She left a note saying that she would go away and earn her own living until Felix could afford to marry her."

"You can imagine our grief and consternation. Of course I put detectives on her track immediately, and she has been under surveillance ever since. It seems the fellow went to Providence in fancy in some orchestra there, and Frances has seen him only once since she went to New York. She has been working in a department store until yesterday afternoon; then I received word from my agent that she had left the employment of the store and had told her landlady she was going to Providence to be married. Somehow Aldon, my agent, lost sight of her, and she has slipped out to meet this fellow."

"If I only could catch her, I am sure she would listen to reason, for she loves me dearly, but her Ridgely pride has been roused, and I have been letting her fight it out alone, hoping she would tire of it and come back to us. But I let it go too long. This German chap undoubtedly is after her money as well as herself."

"I think I can help you out, Mr. Ridgely," exclaimed Burnell. "I have been your daughter came down on the train with me last night. And he related his adventure to the impatient father.

"It is Frances!" cried Mr. Ridgely, reaching for his hat. "I thank you a thousand times for your kindness to my child. Mr. Burnell, New York is the only one along who can get that 10:30 train to Providence in time to prevent their marriage."

In five minutes the detective arrived, and as they hastened down to the station Mr. Ridgely told the story of Burnell's meeting with the girl in black and his knowledge of her having gone to Providence.

Burnell afterward learned from Mr. Ridgely's own lips what had happened. It seems that his daughter had grown somewhat disillusioned concerning her German lover, but her pride forbade that she give in, though her tender heart was breaking for a reconciliation. She went with those whom she had loved it from whom she was now parted, and for the first time in her life.

Her correspondence with the young German was desultory and only served to emphasize the difference in their upbringing. At the end of three weeks Frances Ridgely admitted to herself also by Seneca, who speaks of the that she was completely cured of this fatal fascination for her music master. He had a steady position and could principles of gravity were demonstrated support them. His endearing epithets but it was not until the great Newton first love-making, and the girl was momentarily stirred by his appeal and consented to go to Providence and marry him.

Mr. Ridgely and his agent arrived just in time to halt Felix Hermann on the steps of the girl's boarding place. She was standing in the doorway, gowned in that same shabby black dress in which Burnell had seen her. When she saw her father she fainted in his arms, and afterward they learned it was from pure joy at her release from her engagement.

Felix Hermann seemed to be relieved of a great responsibility when Frances returned to her father, and not long afterward he married a rich widow who was passionately fond of music.

Robert Burnell painted Miss Ridgely's portrait, but he did not meet Frances, who immediately went abroad with her father for change of scene after her escapade. But he never gave up his hope of one day knowing her and transferring to canvas her beautiful face.

When she finally returned he renewed his acquaintance with her, and after her first embarrassment in his presence wore off he was overjoyed to receive a commission to paint her portrait.

So successful were the strokes that in the end the painter gave Mr. Ridgely the exquisite painting in exchange for the original, and his fellow passenger for life proved to be the same girl he had met on the train and dined with along with another man.

**Hearing With Eyes and Fingers.**  
The modern method of teaching deaf mutes is that known as the Bell method of visible speech. The characters of the alphabet on which this system is founded are intended to reveal to the eye the position of the vocal organs in the formation of any sound which the human mouth can utter. Articulation is learned by the deaf mute as a set of movements and sensations in the organs of speech. It is taught by the pointing out to the pupil the positions of the lips, teeth and tongue in pronouncing the vowels and consonants by making him feel with his hands all the perceptible movements and vibrations of the throat and other organs which are requisite for their pronunciation and by using diagrams, etc. He is then required to imitate those positions and to force a quantity of air from the lungs sufficient to produce the sounds and is taught to read the articulations of others by observing the position of the organs and the countenance.—Christian Herald.

**Reeks in the Atlantic.**  
Is it possible that there are partly submerged rocks in the Atlantic ocean, and so close to the steamship routes as to constitute a danger? The Nautical Gazette (London) answers the question in the affirmative and adds that some of these rocks are so close to the place where the Titanic was lost as to suggest that the fatal iceberg was grounded upon one of them. The Atlantic ocean, be it remembered, covers a large area. A rock that may be only a foot or so above the water or a foot or so below the water is not easy to see. Such rocks were occasionally reported in the old leisurely days of the sailing ships, and they made a sort of apologetic appearance on the charts. Then they were removed from the charts because no one else saw them; which was natural enough, considering the size of the Atlantic, and the inconspicuousness of a rock perhaps no longer above the water than a dining room table.

**The Mills of the Gods.**  
The expression "the mills of the gods" has been used in various forms. According to "Bartlett's Quotations," the first form of the saying is from George Herbert's "Jucula-Pendulum" and is as follows: "God's mill grinds slow, but sure."

It is from Logau's "Retribution," translated by Longfellow, the sentiment appears as follows:  
"Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small; Though with patience he stands waiting, with exactness grinds he all."  
This quotation will be found among "Poetic Aphorisms," by Longfellow, translated by him from the "Slang-dichte" of Friedrich von Logau. The first line of von Logau's is said to have been taken from the Greek "Oracula Sibyllina," VIII., 14, "The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small."

**A Marked Difference.**  
Two Boston schoolteachers were passengers on an overcrowded elevated train one evening recently, and one of them, who likes a little joke, thought he saw a good chance to catch the other, who is noted for his precision of speech.

"Mr. Smith," he said, "can you tell me if there is any difference between the words 'made' and 'manufactured'?"

Mr. Smith, who thought he was asking his opinion in regard to some technical point, thought a minute and said: "I think not, Mr. Brown. 'Made' could be used in place of 'manufactured,' and vice versa."

"Wrong!" said Mr. Brown. "and I'll heartily prove it. Take this car, for instance. Don't you think it was manufactured to carry 100 passengers, and it is made to carry 300?"

Boston Traveler

**Gravitation.**  
Gravitation as a supposed innate power was noticed by the Greeks and Francis Bacon admitted to himself also by Seneca, who speaks of the fatal fascination for her music master. He had a steady position and could principles of gravity were demonstrated support them. His endearing epithets but it was not until the great Newton first love-making, and the girl was momentarily stirred by his appeal and consented to go to Providence and marry him.

**Sharpening a Pencil.**  
"Even the cleverest and most perfect circumstantial evidence is likely to be at fault, after all, and therefore ought to be received with great caution," said the late Mark Twain.

"Take the case of any pencil sharpened by any woman. If you have witnessed, you will find she did it with a knife, but if you simply take the asphalt of the pencil you will say she did it with her teeth."

**A Winner.**  
Mrs. Goldington—I am amazed, sir, that you should propose to my daughter. You have not known her a week. The Willy Suitor—True, madam. But I have known you for some time, and everybody says your daughter takes after you. (He got the girl).

**Safe to Love Them Then.**  
"I like read little babies before they have learned to talk, don't you, Mr. Smythe?"

"Indeed, I do! Before they have learned to talk there is no danger of their parents talking you the remarkable things they have said."

There is nothing more pitiful than a life spent in thinking of nothing, but not doing anything.—Farrar.

**The Resourceful Housewife.**  
In the club they were comparing the resourcefulness of their wives in difficult social situations. The man who lives in a Harlem flat had been a good listener, but he finally found an opening.

"Yes," said he, "my wife isn't bad at that sort of thing. We were having some people to luncheon one Sunday last spring, and just at an hour when all the delicatessens were closed she discovered that she needed some mustard and didn't have a grain of it in the kitchen. And she isn't the sort that will borrow from people next door that she doesn't know. It was a bad fix all right. But she got mustard enough."

"Went to the delicatessen man's house and roused him out, I suppose," suggested a member from the Bronx.

"Not much. Just went to the medicine closet, got down a box of ready-made mustard plasters, put 'em to soak and squeezed enough of the hot stuff off."

"Good night," said the man from the Bronx.—New York Globe.

**Early Diplomats to Turkey.**  
Some of the early diplomats accredited to Constantinople had unpleasant experiences even in times of peace. In 1673 the grand visier, having intercepted some French dispatches, tried to borrow the cipher of the embassy. Delahaye, the first secretary, who refused to accede to this request, was thrown into prison, where he was bastinadoed and all his teeth were broken. Louis XIV. was then at the height of his power, yet no reprisals were made for this treatment of his representative. Until the middle of the eighteenth century the foreign envoys in Constantinople were under close supervision. They were forbidden to visit one another's houses or to meet elsewhere. When a protest was lodged against this restriction the Grand Visier Sokoll replied, "You can jabber together as much as you like when you return to Christendom, but we will not have you plotting among yourselves here."—London Chronicle.

**Rain Making Facilities.**  
The United States weather bureau has many times given its opinion that the production of rain at a time when it would not otherwise have fallen cannot be brought about by any means in the power of man. "The enormous weight of air in a storm cloud of even moderate extent prevents our believing that a discharge of powder or dynamite can affect the cloud. Even if a great shock could be given to the air, there is no reason to believe that a shock can condense water vapor to water drops, producing a cloud in clear air and causing a downfall of rain from the cloud thus formed. Water vapor is not condensed into water by a shock. It is condensed by cooling. The popular notion that rain is caused by great battles or other explosions is regarded by scientific men as entirely erroneous."—Scientific American.

**Saved by Fireworks.**  
Sir Harry Johnston relates how a display of fireworks helped him out of a tight corner in South Africa when a friendly chief was attacked by a tribe called the Wa-kibosho and asked the Englishman to help him. Sir Harry says: "I made all necessary preparations for a grand display of fireworks, and when it was quite dark I lit the bengal lights, red fire, roman candles, serpent squibs and, lastly, a magnificent flight of rockets. The terrified Wa-kibosho scarcely waited to see the end of the show. When the first rocket rushed shrieking into the air and broke in a mass of blue and crimson falling meteors our astonished foes fled in dismay."—London Standard.

**A Venerable Attendant.**  
One day a reader in the British museum library went to the librarian and asked if he could tell him where he could get some information about a Jewish rebellion which took place about A. D. 60. "You should consult Josephus," said the librarian, indicating the open shelves which line the walls.

"Why, yes; of course I should!" exclaimed the inquirer, as though remembrance had suddenly come to him. "That little white haired man copying toward us is Josephus, is he not?"

**Called the Bluff.**  
The learned counsel was endeavoring to impress the court with the fact that his clients had always been anxious to settle. "My lord," he said impressively, "only eighteen months ago we held out the olive branch." "Yes," responded the witty judge, "but there were no olives on it."

**Significant.**  
"Albert, what did your sister say when you told her I was in the parlor waiting?" inquired the hopeful young man.

"Nothing." But she took a ring of one finger and put it on another.—Lippincott's.

**Rough Recell.**  
"My dear girl, you spend all your money getting your hand read."

"And you spend all yours, old boy, in getting your nose red."—London Tatler.

**The Wrong Way to Riches.**  
Don't expect to get rich letting other people attend to your business while you are attending to other people's business.—Boston Globe.

**Epitaph.**  
Although for a windy man: "This head gave way, but his hand never did. His brain was solid, but his heart was soft."—New Orleans Picayune.

# ROUND THE WORLD

**Des Moines has no building inspector,** but may soon create the office.

The famous Latakia tobacco crop averages only 350 tons a year.

New York has within its city boundaries 53,000 vacant acres of land.

Manufacturers are seeking a substitute for glass which will not be brittle. Wages in Belgium are lower generally than in any other European country.

Porto Ricans are displacing bulldozers on great estates by automobiles.

The demand for their hides in South Africa is met by hatching alligators in incubators.

Evangelist Billy Sunday says the last genuine religious revival in the United States was that of 1857.

India's latest great irrigation project is the Niri Right Bank canal, in Bombay presidency. It cost \$8,500,000.

A hospital for women will be established in south London because of at least a supposed demand that women want women doctors.

There are now New York, Chicago, Pittsburgh and Philadelphia marketing clubs, the last to be organized being those of Philadelphia.

Motorists of the traction system of the English city of Birmingham receive cash bonuses when they avoid accidents due to negligence.

Old Epiphany Baptist church, Philadelphia, long a landmark, is to be demolished to make way for an apartment house to cost \$1,000,000.

Recent official figures placed the number of sheep in Australia and New Zealand in excess of 117,000,000, the greatest number in eighteen years.

An American sewing machine company has opened eight schools in China, in which the natives are taught to embroider with silk by machinery.

Dr. H. S. Frost, superintendent of Boston's Hospital For the Insane, reports great success in the use of warm water baths in calming violent patients.

New York authorities are starting a campaign for a stricter law to govern and restrict the sale of cocaine. The present law is too feeble to check the traffic.

Germany's area devoted to vine culture reached its maximum, 207,037 acres, in 1906 and has since decreased by 27,900. The vintage varies greatly from year to year.

A shadowless grafting table invented by a Wisconsin man is made of plate glass, lighted from below by electric lamps, which also quickly dry ink used on drawings.

The record for submergence is claimed by the Italian navy, as one of its submarine boats recently remained under water with twenty men on board for twenty-four hours.

On the back of each seat of a new London theater there will be coin in the slot telephones to enable persons with defective hearing to listen to what is being said on the stage.

The National Poultry association has been organized in Havana, with branches all over the island, for the purpose of promoting the breeding of all kinds of poultry on a large scale.

The price of fresh salmon in Germany is about 44 cents a pound in the spring and reaches double that figure at other times. Canned smoked salmon is preferred to the fresh canned fish.

Minute measurements of ball bearings on the axles of a New Jersey trolley car that has traveled about 150,000 miles in four years showed that they had resisted abrasion almost perfectly.

Parties sent out by the French government to explore the Sahara desert have reported that the obstacles in the way of building a railroad across the waste of sand are not so great as was supposed.

Captain Louis C. Flatau of St. Louis has 150 practical inventions to his credit in the patent office at Washington. His latest is a turbine engine which he expects to revolutionize transportation by land and sea.

Deck benches that have been installed on the steamers of one transatlantic line can be converted into life rafts to carry six persons by raising lower portions to a level with the seats, where they lock automatically.

The popular belief that the Panama railroad was constructed at a cost of one life for every railroad tie is a gross exaggeration. There are 140,000 ties, and in the five years of its construction a total of 7,000 laborers were employed.

All our coffee must be purchased outside of this country. But this does not deter the American public from using \$70,000,000 pounds of it every year, or nine and one-quarter pounds for each man, woman and child in the country.

Now that Lassa has succumbed to the advance of the globe trotter what is the most inaccessible place in the world outside the polar regions? The London Post answers the oasis of Kufra, in the Sahara desert, the home of the Senusi.

Algiers is said to have the largest European population of any city in Africa. Johannesburg comes next, then Oram. Will the class in geography kindly locate the latter town, with its 100,000 Europeans, without referring to the atlas?

Several Malay boatmen who hooked a man eating crocodile dragged it by ropes along the river bank for two hours, keeping its mouth open to suck brains from villagers. A sum of nearly \$2 in small coin, thrown into the crocodile's mouth, was shared after it had been killed and cut open.

**Shetland Ponies in Mines.**  
While thousands of Shetland ponies furnish amusement for the children of England, just as they do for the boys and girls of the United States, a much larger number are used in the English coal mines. The tunnels of the English mines are not nearly so large as those of the mines in this country, and it is necessary to have very small ponies to draw the coal cars from the pits. The only alternative would be to enlarge the tunnels, a plan which would entail too heavy an expense to be even considered by the English mine owners. The limit in height of ponies used by the English miners is forty-three inches. They prefer to have them not over thirty-eight inches high, low, stout, compact little fellows. In the old days it was a common practice for English miners to use mother ponies when they were not in a condition to stand hard work. But a law was passed some years ago prohibiting the use of female ponies of any age in the mines. Recently another law was passed prohibiting the use of male ponies that are not at least four years old.—National Stockman and Farmer.

**Foundation of Japan.**  
Every Feb. 11 is celebrated in Japan the great annual festival of Kigen-sai, the anniversary of the foundation of the empire by the first emperor, Jimmu Tenno, B. C. 600. The Japanese reckon their present era as from this date, and it was on Feb. 11, 1868, that Mutsuhito, the one hundred and twenty-first of the dynasty, promulgated the present constitution of the empire of Japan, the fundamental principle of which is clearly stated in its first article, "The empire of Japan shall be reigned over and governed by a line of emperors unbroken from ages eternal." The organization of a parliament took place in 1890, which in the Japanese reckoning would be 2560 from Jimmu's setting up his capital at Kashihara, the province of Yamato, which is regarded by Japanese historians as the beginning of the empire.

**A Daring Ride.**  
During the Russo-Japanese war an officer of Cossacks offered to carry a dispatch which ten horsemen had already failed to get through. The general said that the effort was useless. "The others have failed," the officer insisted, "because they traveled on horseback. I shall go under my horse." The general was astonished, but the officer's offer was finally accepted. He started off in the middle of the night, strapped face downwards under his horse, which he guided by means of the bridle through the forests. The Japanese whistled to what they thought was a riderless horse. But the animal, egged on by blows from the officer's heels, accomplished the journey of thirty-five miles in safety.

Stranger still, the officer accomplished the return journey on the following night.

**"Newspaper Day" in England.**  
March 11 ought to be named "Newspaper day," for on it, in the year 1702 was published the first daily paper. It was produced by E. Mallet "against the ditch at Fleet bridge"—i. e., on or near the site of the present Printing House square. Of a single page, two columns, the Daily Courant professed to give foreign news only without editorial comments, the chief of staff "supposing other people to have sense enough to make reflections for themselves." This original sheet soon passed into the hands of Samuel Buckley, "at the sign of the Dolphin in Little Britain," the worthy printer of the Spectator and one "well affected to the house of Hanover." The Courant was in 1735 absorbed in the Daily Gazette.—London Chronicle.

**Uranus.**  
It was on the evening of March 18, 1781, that William Herschel, at Slough, England, discovered a new planet. Wanting to pay a compliment to George III, his patron, he gave it the name of Georgium sidus, or the Georgian star. Other English astronomers, wishing to compliment the discoverer himself, suggested the name of Herschel. Continental astronomers proposed that the old mythological system be followed, and the name of Uranus was accepted by the scientific world as the designation of the seventh planet.

Schurz, the "Dutchman."  
Carl Schurz, according to an article in the Century Magazine, never succeeded in really becoming an American. "If I should live a thousand years," he once said, "they would still call me a Dutchman." And yet the article declares that "no man of his time spoke so well or wrote to better purpose."

**Just Like Some of Gentler Sex.**  
Hewitt—My wife has 17,000 questions to ask before going on a journey. Jewett—Mine too. If she were about to take an arctic trip she would want to know which was the sunnier side of the north pole.—New York Times.

**One Consolation.**  
Jack—I tell you, courting a girl is mighty expensive. Tom—Yes; but thank heaven, one doesn't need a lawyer to sue for a girl's hand.—Boston Transcript.

**Culture.**  
Gabe—What is culture? Steve—Culture is when you speak of the house beautiful when you mean the beautiful house.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**A Theory.**  
Tommy—Pop, what is a theory? Tommy's Pop—A what is a theory? anything that's easier for us to preach than to practice.—Exchange.