

THEIR SILVER WEDDING

By EDNA BURKE

The Rev. Mr. Brooks was beloved by his congregation; his wife was an estimable lady who was of great assistance to her husband in his efforts to help the poor.

Mr. and Mrs. Brooks had been married the day Mr. Brooks entered upon his pastorate of the First church. Consequently the anniversaries of both the wedding and his engagement as pastor were coincident.

One morning Miss Tatler, aged forty-seven, called upon Mrs. Prime ostensibly for the purpose of asking for a donation of old clothes for a missionary box she was about to send to India.

"By the by, Mrs. Prime," she said, "have you noticed how deaf Mr Brooks is becoming?"

"No, is his hearing impaired?" "Dear me! Haven't you noticed it? It's the talk of the congregation. Mr Brooks is a dear, good man, and we all love him and Mrs. Brooks, too, but at the rate he is going on he'll soon be deaf as a post, and there is no church that can be kept up with a deaf pastor. It is a constant interference with his duties."

Mrs. Prime said that she would be sorry to lose Mr. Brooks, and for one part she would prefer him to any one else, even if he couldn't hear thunder. But before Miss Tatler left she had convinced her friend that if they didn't get rid of him the church would run right down. Miss Tatler made a dozen calls during the day, and at every call she put in her wedge. In the evening she counted up her converts. Four persons had pledged themselves to try to get rid of the pastor before the matter became any worse. Three simply listened and expressed no opinion. Five stood up defiantly for Mr. Brooks. Miss Tatler was well satisfied with her day's work. She resolved to devote two days each week to driving in the wedge.

It soon began to be noised about that there was trouble in the First church. "What's the matter?" asked one. "It's about the pastor," was the reply. "Why, I thought they adored him." "So did I. They say it's his hearing. He's getting deaf." "You don't mean it. What are they going to do about it?" "Why, I hear that there is a party for him and a party against him and a likelihood of a split."

Miss Tatler, having ignited the kindling, as soon as the flame burst forth withdrew from the struggle. Her name was never mentioned as its originator. Indeed, she was quoted as "on the fence." But when more fuel was needed she supplied it. "Some think," she said to Mrs. Brown, a prominent advocate of the pastor, "that Mr. Brooks is growing deaf. It seems to me that a far greater drawback is his throat. Did you notice how husky his voice was last Sunday?"

"No, was it?" "Why, I couldn't hear half he said. Then came those to whom it suddenly occurred that a church could stand still. It must go forward or retrograde. The First church had gained nothing in ten years. It must get a man who will bring to persons of influence in the community. It needs a larger organ and a quartet choir. Those things cost money. I understand there's a movement on foot to get this big preacher that's been electrifying the people of N."

This big preacher was Miss Tatler's candidate, but his bigness had been created by the lady herself. But her modesty—so it was supposed—always led her to say: "Don't quarrel. I have nothing to do with this matter. I yield to the will of the majority."

Three months after Miss Tatler put in her wedge the fact that there was dissatisfaction with him first reached Mr. Brooks' ears. Great was his astonishment. "It is my duty," he said, "under the circumstances, to place my resignation before the congregation for acceptance or rejection."

"Don't," said his supporters; "it will give these malcontents an advantage." "Good," said Miss Tatler to herself. "It is not yet time for a resignation. We need more on our side for a majority."

The resignation came three months before the anniversary of the installation of the minister and was voted on in the course of a few weeks. It was accepted.

When Mr. and Mrs. Brooks celebrated their silver wedding there was a shower of blessings from the poor, who had in great numbers and for many years been the recipients of their kind efforts and sympathy. Fortunately their other children had grown to manhood and womanhood and helped their parents as their parents had helped others.

ROUND THE WORLD

London has more than 900,000 partly or wholly deaf residents. Dimples produced by surgical means are a society fad in Paris.

Chicago hotels must equip with fire escapes or close their doors. Eggs laid by a New Zealand lizard require fourteen months to hatch.

A small factory for diamond polishing has been opened in Jerusalem. To save time for transatlantic travel a railroad across Ireland is proposed.

Of its population of 100,000 before the earthquake Messina has regained 70,000. A model hospital for children is to be built in Philadelphia at a cost of \$500,000.

A new air rifle can shoot sixty bullets with a single compression of air in its reservoir. St. Louis Black Hand gangs now demand payment of blackmail on the installment plan.

In 1912 Lloyd's insurance company paid out \$30,250,000 on account of vessel loss at sea. A French clerk lost \$8,000 worth of radium after the tube burned a hole in his pocket at a funeral.

Forty-two varieties of sea fish are on sale in German ports, haddock being first in quantity and cod second. Peking can now be reached from Shanghai in forty hours as against five days by the former shortest route.

In Iowa the average farmer produces six times as much for every man at work as the average farmer in Bavaria. New York's free dispensary for animals, maintained by the Woman's League for Animals, in 1912 treated 5,302 cases.

A course in teaching children to walk up and down stairs properly has been introduced in the District of Columbia public schools. Prior to the present war Adrianople had a population of 70,000, half of whom were Turks, the rest Bulgarians, Americans and Jews.

Already over a thousand gamels are used in Queensland as a means of transport across the arid districts, and the number is rapidly increasing. Manufacturers of Finland have formed a co-operative insurance society in order to reduce their premiums. The scheme proves popular.

A new railway in Mexico is expected to make available 500,000,000 tons of iron ore heretofore impracticable to mine because of a lack of transportation facilities. While a letter can be sent from the Bahamas to the United States for 2 cents, it requires a five cent stamp on a letter from the United States to the Bahamas.

Experiments by two English scientists give promise of a solution of the problem of producing electricity directly from coal without using a steam engine or dynamo. To provide against false alarms an inventor has suggested a fire alarm box that locks a handcuff on the wrist of a person using it, removable only by a fire department officer.

An electrical towboat used on a shallow French canal has propellers at each end and is supplied with power from an overhead wire, but can also be driven by storage batteries. The new jufo substitute, called textolose, of which great things seem to be expected in England, is apparently a paper twine coated with mullage, then drawn through cotton waste and spun.

Previous to 1906 Morocco had practically no public improvements, but the international conference of Algiers has forced them upon it. Now it is to have harbors, lighthouses and roads. The following unique advertisement appeared recently in a Hanoverian paper: "Lost, from an aeroplane, gold watch and chain, was last seen disappearing in large stack of rye on a field near Elzen. Liberal reward for return of same."

Government estimates place the developed water power in the United States at 5,535,000 horsepower, the undeveloped power at present available at 28,218,500 horsepower and the possible ultimate development at 250,840,000 horsepower.

In dry seasons one may now travel throughout Prussia in an automobile, the large rivers being crossed on ferries, the smaller streams forded. In wet seasons the smaller streams become impassable, sometimes causing travelers vexatious delays of weeks.

In Stockholm the street car conductors sell hatpin protectors for a cent apiece to all women who wish to buy. The implements do not protect the hatpin. They are fastened to the point and prevent a hatpin from doing damage to the person or property of men and women sitting or standing nearby.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, famous neurologist and author of many books of science and fiction, recently celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday in Philadelphia. He is in splendid health and is actively engaged in the practice of medicine, as well as in literary and scientific work. Dr. Mitchell has been a prodigious worker all his life.

During his life the late H. J. Adams, an Englishman, spent fully \$200,000 in collecting butterflies and moths. The collection, believed to be the most valuable of its kind in the world, has just been presented to the Natural History museum at South Kensington. About 180,000 specimens are contained in sixty-seven beautifully made mahogany cabinets.

What Could She Do?

By HARRY VAN AMBERG

"Gwen?" "Yes, papa."

"I have something to say to you. My friend John Truesdale is coming up from the city to spend some time with me. I wish to warn you against playing any of your pranks on him."

"Why, papa! What can you mean?" "Mean? You little miss, you know very well what I mean. Every man who comes into this house you send away all muddled up. I am very fond of Truesdale. He served in the regiment I commanded in the Spanish war, and I don't wish anything to come between him and me to cause restraint if you go for him he'll keep away from here forever after."

"If Mr. Truesdale is a friend of yours, how can he be?" "Nonsense! In the first place, he's ten years younger than I; in the second, if he were ten years older it would not make any difference to you. Now, go. You understand what I require; behave yourself."

"How do you wish me to treat Mr. Truesdale?" "Let him alone."

"All right, papa. I'll do just as you say."

Mr. Truesdale appeared, or, rather, Captain Truesdale, for he had commanded a company in Colonel Boardman's regiment in Cuba and had distinguished himself for gallantry. He was thirty-two years old and a fine man; hence the warning the colonel had given Gwen. A few days after his arrival a second interview occurred between father and daughter.

"Gwen," said the father sternly, "I thought I told you to do nothing to get Truesdale balled up."

"For heaven's sake, papa, what have I done?" "Done? You have done a lot. One can often work more mischief by doing nothing than doing a great deal."

"Didn't you tell me to leave Captain Truesdale alone?" "Laid, and you have left him so severely alone here that I can see he is piqued. What I wish you to do is to treat him just as you would treat any guest of mine."

"Yes, papa."

In spite of the obedient tone in which the words were spoken Colonel Boardman looked at his daughter with misgiving as she meekly left the room. Another brief period passed, and the colonel again thought it necessary to speak to his daughter about her treatment of his friend.

"Gwen," she knew by the tone in which her name was spoken that more fault was to be found with her and bowed to what was coming.

"I can't understand," the colonel resumed after a pause, "why you can't treat friends of mine who come into this house more naturally. I asked you to let Captain Truesdale alone, and you let him so severely alone that you treat him as if he were a stranger. Then I asked you to be more cordial to him, and you must needs be too cordial. Don't you know that's the way to get a man in love with you?"

"You don't mean it! Isn't that funny?" "Funny! It isn't funny at all; it's serious."

"What do you wish me to do next, papa?" "What do I wish you to do? Why confound it, I have a mind to send you away!"

"Shall I pack?" The colonel thought a few moments before replying to this last question. "Yes," he said at last, "you may pack. Go to your Aunt Margaret's till Truesdale leaves here. Then you may come back. If I had any confidence in you which I haven't, I wouldn't object to Truesdale, but this mania of yours to bring every man down for mere sport is execrable, and in the case of Truesdale I won't have it. I'm extremely fond of him and will not permit you to embarrass our friendship."

"Yes, papa."

The same afternoon Gwen was packed off to her aunt's. While she had been at home, Truesdale, especially under his recent treatment by her, had been the life of the house. He talked over their campaign with his host and made no mention of any time of departure. But as soon as Gwen had gone to her aunt's and he was left alone he came to a decision. He would try to enlighten him with aught once in a while, but it did not appear to do him any good. The day after Gwen's departure he told his host that his presence was needed in the city. The colonel protested, but yielded, since his guest had ceased to be companionable. So they parted. Then the colonel, who must have companionship, wrote his daughter:

"You may come home—the temptation is now out of your way."

When Gwen drove up to the house the colonel ran out to embrace her. Who should get out of the carriage first but Captain Truesdale. He handed out Gwen.

"What does this mean?" asked the colonel, bristling.

"It means," said Gwen, "that you wished me to let Captain Truesdale alone. That didn't please you, and I treated him cordially. You sent me away and he followed me. What in the world could I do? I suppose I must marry him, for you'll never be satisfied with anything else I do in the premises."

"I think you had," said the colonel, "because he will probably not be satisfied himself with anything else you do."

A MEXICAN'S FLIGHT

By ARTHUR W. BREWSTER

During the recent transition of the government of Mexico, in a suburban village lived two families, one of whom, the Fernandez, favored the government, while the other, the Molinas, were known to be revolutionary sympathizers.

Nevertheless, these two families had been intimate friends for years, and when a revolution came and the Madero government was about to be deposed both families made an arrangement for mutual protection. If the Madero side won then any hunted Molina would if possible be concealed in the Fernandez home. If the Diaz side won the Fernandez might seek refuge in the Molina home.

Young Leandro Fernandez, a boy of eighteen, during the fighting for the capture of the police in the City of Mexico acted with the government troops and when the end came fled to the home of the Molinas. He was of no political importance, but had hit his enemies who desired to take advantage of the anarchy that followed the president's assassination, to be avenged upon the young soldier. He was successful in reaching the Molina home and making an entry without being seen.

Leandro, not relying remaining hidden away in an attic or cellar, possessing fresh, rosy cheeks and being without the slightest sign of a beard resolved to make himself up as a girl in order that he might go about like other persons. Senorita Inez Molina, a girl of sixteen, was about his size and loaned him some of her wardrobe. His mother procured him a blond wig and sent it to him, and with a little paint and powder his maidenly toilet was complete. He had been educated in New-England, so was able to pass himself off for an American girl.

A friend of mine who is a well-known business man is thoroughly acquainted with the tin can from its infancy to the day of its doom. What does become of all these cans?"

"They are," he replied, "reincarnated, so to speak, and become, in fact, a new tin can, but mostly a window weight." Then he explained how all the old tin cans are gathered up and hurled into a furnace and how the thin veneer of tin, which is merely the outer covering, is separated as a melted product from the steel which forms the real basis for the can. The tin is far more valuable than the steel, and it is used over and over again for covering cans. The steel part when melted becomes a solid chunk—in fact, the solidest chunk in the whole steel family. Window weights must be small, but hefty; hence the use of steel from tin cans—Philadelphia Ledger.

Had the would be murderer been certain that this supposed Mary Ashurst was the man they wanted or had she not posed as an American they would not have hesitated to take him out forcibly and kill him. But first they must satisfy themselves that the girl was a man and the man they wanted, and, secondly—a matter of even more importance—they dare not risk troubling a citizen of the United States. The Diaz government was at the time in dread of American intervention, and any man committing an outrage on an American citizen would be severely punished.

The Coarezes gang visited the Molina home ostensibly to make an inspection of some kind and saw Fernandez, but did not recognize him, though he recognized them. They went away evilly disgusted, and Fernandez believed that as soon as they could make up their minds to some method of proceeding they would call again.

It was natural to suppose that if they suspected him they would bring a woman for the purpose of determining if he were really a woman, and upon the discovery of his sex they would take him a prisoner into Mexico and shoot him on the way. Something must be done to provide for such a contingency.

The plan was hit upon for the two girls to change identities by means of a make-up. Inez, who was about the same complexion as Fernandez, put on the clothes he had worn during the visit of his enemies. The blond wig was then put on, and she was made up with wax and cosmetics to resemble him. He, too, was made up for Inez.

True enough, the very next day after their first visit they came again. This time they threw off the mask and producing a forged order from the new regime, said they were looking for a Madero supporter. They had heard that he was masquerading as an American girl from Massachusetts and wished to determine the truth of the rumor. They had brought a woman who would satisfy herself that the person was really a female, and if it turned out to be so that would end the matter.

It was coming evening when they called, and the lights had not been lighted. The two girls were sitting together in a corner, and Inez, now changed to personate the Massachusetts girl, arose and accompanied the woman to another room. In a few minutes both returned, and the woman reported herself satisfied. Then the visitors went away and did not return.

But Fernandez thought it prudent to take his departure. Resuming the personality of the Massachusetts girl, he traveled to Vera Cruz as such and did not change his garb till he boarded a steamer bound for New York. Then he antonished the passengers by pulling off his wig at the dinner table and exclaiming in his natural voice: "Saved, by thunder!"

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Old Tin Cans. "Goodness gracious!" exclaims the housewife. "I wonder what becomes of all the tin cans that are thrown away."

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The Light From the Earth. Many different conjectures as to just what color light we reflect to our neighboring planets have been made from time to time, and the common consensus of opinion seems to be that whatever color it does throw is determined by the vegetation on the surface.

It is not the highest form of plants that always produce the greatest effects. Some of the most striking scenes on the earth owe their characteristic features to mosses and lichens—for instance, the famous "crimson cliffs" of Greenland, which extend for miles northward from Cape York and derive their glorious color from the growth of red lichens that cover their faces.

On the same principle it is thought that the earth's broad expanse of forest and prairie land causes our planet to reflect a considerable quantity of green light, which at the time of the new moon spreads a greenish light over that part of the lunar surface which is only illuminated from the earth.—Chicago Tribune.

Before the Camera. How very few people really know how to sit for a photograph! Every face has its weak points, and these, unfortunately, have a way of cropping in a picture and ruining the effect. Of course a photograph should be absolutely lifelike, but at the same time one naturally prefers to look one's best. Scarcely one face in a hundred has features perfect enough to promise a satisfactory photograph in profile. For this pose brings out little defects in the forehead. For a full face picture a slyer must possess fine eyes above all things. If they are good the pose will be a success even if the other features are lacking in comeliness. If one has any pronounced defects to hide the three-quarter face is really the happiest way to be photographed. This position enhances the charms of the beautiful and tones down the irregularities of the plain face.—London Answers.

Mexico's Finest Statue. One of the chief works of art in the City of Mexico is the bronze equestrian statue of Charles IV. It is called "The Iron Horse" or "The Little Horse." It stands in the Plaza de la Reforma. Visible from many directions, it serves for a landmark to visitors unacquainted with the south western part of the city. It was, according to Perry's "Mexico," the first important bronze statue made in America. Humboldt declared it the second finest equestrian statue in the world, the first being, in his opinion, that of Marcus Aurelius at Rome. It has ever been popular with the Mexicans. It has occupied several sites in the city, and its several removals have caused it to be dubbed "El Colono."

His Long Distance Heed. The house painter had slipped from the roof of a porch and broken his leg. "Just a bit careless, were you?" they said to him at the hospital. "Careless nothing!" he snorted. "It was comin' to me, all right. I've been walkin' under ladders mighty near every day for twenty-four years."—Chicago Tribune.

A Lesson in Politeness. "Johnny, did you make the baby cry?" "Yes, I did. I asked him sum'n, and he wouldn't say 'Yes, sir,' so I gave him a lesson in politeness just like you give me. I slapped him."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

His Business. "What business are you engaged in?" "Collecting." "Collecting what?" "The living the world owes me."—Boston Transcript.

The Storm. Heck—What was the worst storm you ever encountered? Peck—I think it raged at the rate of 300 words a minute.—Boston Transcript.

Older's Oddest Sight. One of the oddest sights in Europe may be witnessed in the little city of Odder, Denmark. There are 4,000 people dwelling there, but they have never relaxed from their earliest declaration—namely, never to permit the driving of an automobile through the streets. Consequently a man in a business suit and a soft hat rides astride a black horse, which draws the motorcar through the town. A heavy line attaches to any person who attempts to violate the ordinance.

No Insult. There is the story told of a dispute in which a bolsterous, ill bred fellow called his adversary "no gentleman." "I suppose you think yourself one?" was the reply. "Certainly I do," answered the bully. "Then," said the other, "I am not offended that you don't think me one."—London Tit-Bits.

Conflicting. Actor—I can't play all three of the characters you have assigned to me in this melodrama. Manager—Why not? Actor—Because in the first act two of them engage in a fight and the third rushes in and separates them.—Exchange.

He Was the Limit. He—Do you think it would be foolish of me to marry a girl who was my inferior intellectually? She—More than foolish—impossible.—London Answers.

When in Doubt—Operate. "I think it's your appendix." "Are you sure, doctor?" "How can I be sure until I've had it cut and examined?"—Life.

A man must make his opportunity as oft as God it gives.

An Anatomical Puzzle. Behind the bridge of your nose is a little cavity in the skull the origin of which appears to be unknown. It probably was a gland, consisting of two tiny lobes joined together, and is named the Sella turcica. Physiologists believe that this is the remains of a sixth sense which was of practical value to our antediluvian ancestors, but whether it enabled them to see in the dark in days before they possessed fire or helped them to find their way through trackless forests as wild beasts can today or whether other purpose it may have served we do not know and probably never shall know.

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