

THE GIRL FROM SAN FRANCISCO

An Eastern Man's Experience on a Railroad Train.

They met on the transcontinental train going west. He started from New York, and she got on at Omaha. She was a dashing girl. He was a bit of a swell in fancy waistcoat and light gaiters over his shoes. She sat near him in the parlor car, and when the conductor took her ticket and let it down like the steps of a coach of 1790 he saw that she was booked for San Francisco. He was going to San Francisco himself.

He wished he had some one to introduce him, but he hadn't. In a little while, though, something funny occurred, and she smiled, happening to catch his eye at the same time. He hadn't been used to having eastern ladies smile at him on a train. He couldn't make this one out.

They were crossing the alkali plains, and there was nothing attractive to look at. Even the river Platte, devoid of a fringe of bushes on its banks, was bereft of beauty. He couldn't stand it any longer. He took his newspaper and novels, dumped them on the seat beside her, lifted his hat, threw open his coat the better to show the pattern of his waistcoat and said:

"I shall be pleased if you can find anything among those to help you while away the time in this desolate region."

"Oh, I don't wish to read," she said. "I've had enough of books lately. I'd much rather talk."

She took up the papers and put them on the opposite seat. He sat down beside her.

He was quite astonished at the ease with which the acquaintance had been made.

There was an added zest in finding her out—plenty of difficulty in it. And it was an adventure much to his liking, although he rather suspected that she might turn out to be an adventuress—or a ladylike pickpocket. She was fairly well educated; made no slip in grammar, used no slang, but he had not been conversing with her an hour before she treated him as if they had been introduced and at the end of twenty-four hours' acquaintance like an old friend.

And he was astonished at himself for the confidence he committed to her. He told her he had a chum living in San Francisco who was about to be married. He was going out there to be his friend's best man. She asked him a great many questions concerning the couple who were to participate as principals—whether there was a romance in it, how old the groom was, the bride. Was he handsome? Was she pretty? Were they rich or poor? She prattled and rattled on till she had exhausted all he knew about the groom and had made up all he didn't know about the bride, which was considerable. By this time she knew that his own name was Scarborough, his friend's name Wolford and the bride's Meriam. She was disappointed that he couldn't tell her the bride's first name, though she was sure it was Rosalie. When he asked why she said it was because that was the name she should have. He told her that Charlie Wolford—after this she always spoke of him as Charlie—was not a romantic chap, so he inferred that there wasn't much romance in the case. She said she didn't believe it—she had never known a Charlie that wasn't a good fellow and just full of love and loveliness. What had Charlie told him about Rosalie's looks? He couldn't remember Charlie having written him about that, but he was sure Charlie thought her pretty.

When they reached the mountains and the scenery became grand the girl had become so interested in the man that she did nothing but prattle to him, leaving the canyons to waste their gorgeous beauty on some one else. She treated him with as much unrestrained and unconventionality as if she had been brought up with him. He could only understand it on the assumption that there was something just a little bit queer about her. However, something he knew not what kept him from acting on the assumption till they were nearing San Francisco. Then when they were alone on the car platform she put her red lips so near to his that there was nothing left for him but to take a kiss. Instead of blushing or drawing back, she burst into a merry laugh. Then he was more mystified than ever.

He asked to see her to a cab when they should reach the station, but she told him that she expected friends to meet her—very stratified friends—who would not like to see her in company with a man, so he must go away by himself. He asked if he might call on her, and she said she might. When he saw his friend Wolford he recounted his adventure. Wolford told him he could not tell anything about the western girls—they were so different from eastern girls—so unconventional. At that Scarborough stopped short of telling about the kiss. When Wolford took his best man to meet his fiancée who should she be but the girl on the train?

"Charlie," she said, her eyes dancing with mischief, "how came you to have such a friend? Do you know he scraped an acquaintance with me on the journey and he actually kissed me?"

"Well, I'll be jingled!" said Charlie. "And I'll never trust any girl again," said the best man.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Adonis at Auction.

In this game two of the players, the auctioneer and the salesman, agree as to the thing to be taken in exchange for Adonis, but this is a secret between themselves. As many slips of paper are cut as there are players. On one the name "Adonis" is written. They are folded and put in a hat, and the players each draw one, and he or she who draws "Adonis" is seated on a chair in the middle of the circle (the auctioneer beside him, standing) and is offered for sale by auction.

The auctioneer says: "Here is Adonis, remarkable for his great beauty, and love of hunting. What will you bid for him?" Each player bids in rotation, but must not bid money. One may bid a bunch of roses, and the auctioneer cries, "A bunch of roses." Who bids for Adonis? Going, going for a bunch of roses," etc. Another may bid a lump of sugar, an old gray goose, a postage stamp or any other thing thought of until finally some one may "hammer" to bid the thing stepped upon between the auctioneer and the seller, upon which Adonis is knocked down to the bidder and is found to do what ever his purchaser commands, such as singing a song, telling a story, dancing or top around the room.

Should the right price not be given by the time the bidding has gone round five times the auctioneer tells what his bid is, saying, "I have bought Adonis in with a ring," or bell, or whatever has been agreed upon as the price. Then all who have failed must pay forfeits to Adonis, and the game may begin again.

Queer Cuban Cups.

The Cubans have a domestic utensil called a "water monkey" that is to be found in houses, hotels and offices. It answers the same purpose as the olla in Mexico and the day jugs in Mexico. It is made of gray porous clay and is manufactured in Malaga, where the rains come from. By absorption and evaporation a blanket of cool air surrounds the jug continually and keeps the water almost as cold as if it contained ice in a country where ice is both scarce and expensive. These jugs are indispensable.

The water monkey has two apertures, one about the size of a dollar through which the water is poured into a glass. On the opposite side is a protuberance with a small hole running through it. From this the experienced Cuban drinks without touching it to his lips.

When about to drink he holds it two or three inches from his mouth, into which the tiny stream of water pours. Gradually and slowly he lifts the monkey away from him until it is almost at arm's length, the water continuing to flow from the monkey down his throat.

Occasionally the drinker gulps, and when his thirst has been satisfied he returns the monkey toward his mouth, then suddenly tips it up, shutting off the stream. It takes considerable experience to drink out of a water monkey gracefully. The beginner sends a stream of water down his neck instead of his throat four times out of five until he has mastered the art.

Yemari.

This is a pretty Japanese game. The name means "handball," but is not played like any ball game in this country.

The ball is a gay little affair about two inches in diameter. The players stand in a circle, and one takes the ball and throws it perpendicularly to the ground. As it rebounds she strikes it back with the open hand and continues to do so as long as it remains within reach without moving from her position in the circle. When it moves nearer some other player, as it soon will, then that one must strike it down. And so the game goes on until some person falls to hit or make it rebound, which forfeits his or her place in the circle.

One after another they meet this fate until but a single player remains, who then claims the victory and the prize.

An Ancient Custom.

Our pagan forebears believed that every tree was inhabited by a gnome or a fairy, and when their pathway led them through the dense forests they tapped gently on the bark of the trees they passed as a signal of good will to the imprisoned spirit and in appeal for the good will of the fairies. The rustling of the leaves of the trees they looked upon as a favorable answer to this appeal.

To this day we perpetuate this idea when we knock on wood.

Conundrums.

Why was Louis Napoleon like a very wet day? Because he reigned (rained) as long as he could, and then he mizzled.

What are they which, though always drunk, are never intoxicated? Toasts. What is it that rises and falls, travels about and wears shoes out, but never has any shoes? A football.

Why do policemen never catch the thieves they watch for? Because they are waiting for marauders (maore orders).

A Riddle.

I'm in the book, but not on any leaf; I'm in the mouth, but not in lip or teeth; I'm in the atmosphere, but never in the air; I wait on every one, but never on a pair; I am with you whenever you may go, and everything you do I'm sure to know; Though when you did it I should not be there, yet when 'twas done you'd find me in the chair. Answer—The letter O.

SNAPSHOTS AT CELEBRITIES

Waiter H. Page, Ambassador to Great Britain.



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Waiter H. Page of New York, who has been selected to represent the United States at the court of St. James, is the editor of World's Work and had previously been editor of the Forum and of the Atlantic Monthly.

Mr. Page was one of the first literary men of the country to advocate the nomination of Woodrow Wilson for the presidency. He and President Wilson are close personal friends.

The position of ambassador to England has been vacant since the death of Whitelaw Reid. It was offered to Richard Olney of Boston, formerly secretary of state, and Charles W. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard.

The new ambassador is a native of North Carolina, was educated at Randolph-Macon college, Virginia, and Johns Hopkins university and is fifty-eight years of age. He has been successively newspaper reporter, publisher, special writer and literary adviser to Houghton, Mifflin & Co. He is a member of the firm of Doubleday, Page & Co. and is a brother of R. N. Page, who represents the Seventh North Carolina district in congress.

While Mr. Page has prospered as a publisher, his private fortune does not rival that of the late Whitelaw Reid and some others who have gone to London as ambassadors. When he was asked if he expected to maintain the standard of entertainment and living that has been set by his predecessors, Mr. Page replied:

"If you know me your question is answered. The embassy will be modest and we hope dignified."

Noted as a Financier.

Next to the present J. Pierpont Morgan, according to Wall Street, the most conspicuous figure in the future affairs of the great firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. will be Henry Pomeroy Davison. He entered the Morgan firm in 1908 to take the place vacated by George W. Perkins. During the panic of 1907 Mr. Davison, who was at that time first lieutenant of George F. Baker, head of the First National bank, proved so astute a financier that he won the confidence of Mr. Morgan, and he soon



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was taken into the firm. Since that time he has been recognized as one of the most resourceful men in the financial district.

Mr. Davison is a native of Troy, Pa., forty-six years old and was educated at Greylock Institute, Williamstown, Mass. After graduating he taught school in his native town, but soon entered the employ of his uncle, the local banker, at a salary of \$300 per year. When he was twenty he landed in New York with \$40 and a desire to make a name in Wall Street. But jobs were slow coming, and he went to Bridgeport, where he worked a short time. When he returned to New York he secured a position with the Liberty National bank and from there went with George F. Baker.

HUMOROUS QUIPS.

Votes For Women.

Nowadays there's quite a flurry and it seems a lot of worry— Men are voicing pros and cons and all because dear, lovely woman is insisting that she's human— And is winning strongly toward the ballot box.

Some have a mental indigestion just from struggling with the question— As to whether man won't prove himself the goat.

If he stands this proposition to give woman a full permission— To come out election day and cast a vote.

Now, you see, suspicious mister, you've a sweetie, wife or sister— Don't you fear what she will do election day?

Why, if all her wits were raddled, all her brain completely added, She could do no worse than man does anyway.

You've tried governing for ages, and you mostly by in rages— At the poor results your guessing been promote.

Since you've found no panacea it might be a good idea— Just to turn the women loose and let them vote.

Women's vote of strange an order that un- less on danger's border— Open judgment on great points she may defer.

Be she sister wife or sweetheart, she's adept at that complete art— That can subtly hide the better part of her.

As a wife she may have notions, as a sweetheart soft emotions, As a sister she may do no things of note.

But when it comes to voting here's a point you'd best be noting— It's the mother part of woman that will vote.

No Use For Him.

Though he is himself, in private life, a clergyman, George Birmingham, the Irish novelist, loves a good story on the clergy, and one of the amusing sections in his book, "The Lighter Side of Irish Life," deals with the foibles and misadventures of Irish pastors. One of his tales may be quoted:

"A north of Ireland gentleman heard from the lips of a clergyman of the death of an inveterate enemy of his who had harassed him for many years. 'Well,' he said, 'it's a comfort to think that the devil's got that fellow at last.'"

"The clergyman," being a clergyman, felt bound to protest against this uncharitable view of the dead man's condition. He intimated a hope that, in spite of all that had passed, the poor man might have escaped the extreme penalty.

"Well," said the other, "if the devil hasn't got that fellow all I can say is that I don't see much use in keeping a devil at all!"

Broken Down.

"I think the seediest railway line in the world is the one that runs between — and —" said a traveling man who recently returned from an extended trip.

"We were crossing an open stretch of land when the train suddenly stopped for no apparent reason. After a wait of almost an hour the conductor came speaking through the train, planning fervently at exasperated passengers as he passed. When he came to me he stopped and leaned down.

"Say," he said, in a whisper, "have you got a piece of string? We want to fix the engine."—Harper's Weekly.

Not the Same.

They were strolling through the woodland.

"Yes," the youthful professor was saying, "it is a very simple matter to tell the various kinds of trees by the bark."

She gazed at him soulfully.

"How wonderful!" she exclaimed. "And can you tell the various kinds of dogs that way?"—Lippincott's.

Ethel Knew.

Teacher: Ethel, name some wild animal that grows over his front and wears a warm fur coat in winter, that prowls around at night and sleeps in the daytime that.

Ethel: Oh, you needn't go any further. You are talking about my papa.—Jackson's Times-Union.

Poor Polly!

"Yes," she said, "I had that parrot for over two years, and do you know, it has never said a word in all that time."

"Well," replied the casual visitor, who had almost been talked to death, "why don't you give it a chance?"—Fun.

Revenge.

"Brown sent me a brick by parcel post, but I let 'em go with him."

"What did you do?"

"Passed the word along to a number of agents that he was figuring on taking out more life insurance."—Detroit Free Press.

Breaking a Habit.

"How did you break that boy of his practice of breaking windows?"

"Easily. I told him nobody did such things except little girls who were learning to be militant suffragettes."—Washington Star.

Worried Him.

"I see," said the idler, "that Mr. Wilson has dropped the name Thomas."

"I'm not bothered about that," said the worried office holder. "What other names is he going to drop?"—Pittsburgh Post.

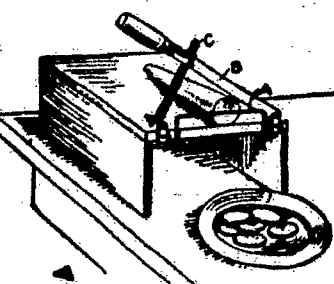
An Inherent Inclination.

"Why does that darned old hen always want to roost on a letter box?"

"She was hatched from a parcel post egg."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

HINTS FOR THE BUSY HOUSEWIFE

Vegetable Slicer That Cuts to Any Thickness.



A practical little device for cutting vegetables into slices of uniform thickness which can be easily made at home is shown in the accompanying illustration. It is made of a box of suitable size with one end open. A U shaped wire, A, bent up at its closed end is attached to the underside of the top of the box so that it can be adjusted for various thicknesses of slices. The cutting knife B is pivoted at the end of the blade, which runs through a double guide wire, C, which is held closely to the handle with a loop, as shown, to make the knife blade cut squarely through the vegetable.

Storing Furs.

Preparatory to putting furs away beat out all dust from the fur and air it for a day. Then sew each piece in a muslin bag. It is best to sew the bags up by machine, as the object of putting furs away is to keep out moths and dust, and the smaller and tighter the stitches used to make the bag—the better this object can be accomplished. Put a lump of camphor gum in each bag. Wrap the bags in newspaper, to keep out dust and grime and store them on a shelf or in a box or trunk. If there are no moths in the furs when they are put into the bags made as described you may rest assured that there will be no moths in them when the furs are unpacked in the fall.

Coffee Stained Linen.

If a tablecloth has become stained by tea or coffee it should be removed as soon as possible and the stained portion pinned to soak in lukewarm water. It should then be wrung out and the cloth laid flat on a deal table or other unpolished surface, the stains being then gone over with a piece of sponge dipped in glycerin. If finally washed in a cold soapy lather—the damp part may be dried and the cloth used once more before sending it to the laundry, the want of gloss in the washed portion being hardly noticeable.

Tomato Rabbit.

Put a little piece of butter into a chafing dish or into a double boiler; add two cupsful of soft, rich, American cheese or Young America cheese cut into small pieces and stir until melted. To this add one can of tomato soup and when mixture is hot add two eggs that have been beaten in three-quarters of a cupful of milk or cream. Cook until thick and stir constantly. Season to taste with a few drops of table sauce and serve on toasted bread or crackers.

Kitchen Notes.

Wash a white serge coat and skirt with lukewarm water and a pure white soap if hot coffee has been spilled on it. The stains will disappear.

Always empty out any water left before filling the kettle. Very frequently the flat taste of tea is caused by using water that has already been boiled.

If a strong brine of salt and water is thrown over the coals less soot will collect in the flues and chimneys. The fire, too, will burn clear and bright.

Dressing For Salads.

The proportion of oil to vinegar used in French dressing by different authorities varies from three to five parts of oil to one of vinegar. When French dressing is mixed before it is put on salad it should be thoroughly mixed at the last moment. When it is mixed on the salad it should be carefully distributed over the contents of the salad bowl and stirred and mixed about with fork and spoon.

Darning Table Linen.

Machine darning of table linen is better than handwork. Fill the shuttle with medium weight darning cotton and the needle with No. 50 white cotton. Then stitch back and forth on the right side until the hole is covered, crossing if necessary. Keep the needle down, but raise the foot when turning at the end of each row. When the linen is laundered the darn is scarcely discernible.

Cleansing Marble.

To clean white marble put a lump of soda about the size of an egg into a pot containing half a pint of water and a tablespoonful of soft soap. Stand this pot in a pan of boiling water on the fire till the mixture boils. While it is hot paint it on the marble. Leave it for a day or two and then wash it off with warm water and a clean flannel.

Cure For Soft Corns.

Here is a remedy for soft corns. Dip a piece of soft linen rag in turpentine and wrap it around the toe on which the corn is next and morning in a few days the corn will disappear but the relief is instantaneous.

Big Eyes, Big Brain.

Professor Laugier, a French scientist, has discovered that the size of the brain in animals is in exact proportion to the size of the eyes. The bigger the eyes the bigger the brains. Of course this only applies to each class of animal. A tiger may have bigger eyes than a man for instance, but it doesn't follow that it has a bigger brain. But the tiger with his eyes is more cunning and braver than a tiger with small eyes. Professor Laugier made this remarkable discovery when studying the habits of the fish known as the dorade or githhead. There are two kinds of dorade, one pink and the other gray. The gray fish has a much smaller eye than the pink one. The scientist cut open a large number of these fish in his experiments and was struck by the fact that the large eyed fish always had the largest brain. He promptly followed up this discovery by testing other animals. He found, for example, that the little tree frog had a much larger eye than the larger marsh frog and had also a larger brain. He asserts that the same rule applies among higher animals.

Joaquin Miller in London.

Joaquin Miller is especially felicitous in his description of mountains and seas. His phrasing is strong and, though sometimes strained, vivid and true:

After the bright Sierras lie A swaying line of snowy white, A fringe of heaven hung in sight Against the blue base of the sky.

And this is aptly descriptive of the ocean foaming on the shore:

The ocean's thin and hoary hair Is trailed along the silver sands.

After the late Lord Houghton climbed the attic stairs to Joaquin's room and found him sleeping under a buffalo robe the crude young westerner became a familiar figure in London social circles. He did not abandon his frontier costume, but invaded London drawing rooms with trousers tucked into his boots and his tawny hair peaked down uncut over a scarlet shirt. He afterward settled in Washington as a journalist and in 1897 removed to California.—Westminster Gazette.

Blander in Pastimes.

An amusing feud of two families in the County Mayo, the Sweeneys and the Casseys, was before the justices at Kilmallick on summonses, Mr. McGheley, district inspector of constabulary, elucidating its incidents.

One of the Casseys having been ordered to wear spectacles, Sweeney, far from ridiculing, paraded before their house a pair of tin goggles. Two Casseys next appeared. One dropped a purse, which the other seized and ran away with. This, said the inspector, was to indicate that a Sweeney had been sent to a reformatory for purse stealing.

Two Sweeneys retaliated in the street by one of them, with dramatic flourish, aiming a wooden gun at the other. This meant, said the inspector, that a Casey, a water bailiff, had been indicted for shooting at a man.—London Mail.

The Value of Accuracy.

We strive so much to know everything that we lose sight of the fact that accuracy is more important than knowledge since knowledge that is misty and fragile is a poor guide. It is not only that what we know should be true, but that the fact that accuracy is one of the most important elements of character. Value should be made to make a weak character strong. So that in the speaking of every man and child accuracy should be made a vital part. One of the best for entrance to the Naval Academy or was, an addition of a column of figures to ascertain the quantity of explosives, if any, the applicant has in his character. It should be made an important item in our education to require accuracy.—Ohio State Journal.

Where Sherlock Holmes Lived.

The cattle show was regularly held in Baker street for many years before its removal to the Agricultural hall. Baker street takes its name from Sir Edward Baker, a friend of the Portman who gave his name to Port man square and to whom the land belonged. The street has had its share of famous inhabitants. Bulwer Lytton was born and Mrs. Siddons died there. Pitt lived at its north end, and Henry Grattan, the orator, died there in 1820. And have you noticed how very small a street Baker street is?—London Globe.

Naturally.

"I wonder," said Mrs. Giddy, "why those inquisitive people across the street are always looking into our windows?"

"Maybe," suggested her sharp tongued husband, "it's to find out why you are always looking into theirs."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Keeps His Word.

"Yes, sir," said Jenkins; "Smithers is a man who keeps his word; but, then, he has to."

"How is that?" asked Johnson. "Because no one will take it."

An Old Firm.

"Who painted Subbute's house?"

"He told me the name of the contractor. I think he said it was done by Fitz & Startz."—Boston Transcript.

Sure Enough.

Sillicus—What do you consider the first requisite of a good business? Cypicus—A good wife.—Philadelphia Record.

The hero is commonly the simplest and obscurest of men.—Thoreau.