

Their Love Letters

By EDITH V. ROSS

It is quite remarkable that so volatile a sensation as love can settle into so humdrum an affair as married life. Nevertheless the two conditions are very different, and there is no doubt that love before marriage is like the wind playing upon the strings of a harp, now bringing forth low, sweet sounds and now the wildest strains. It is not only the greatness of these changes, but the suddenness. Take the case of Gus Pickering and Sara Travers for instance. They met at a bar dance and flew at each other as if drawn together by a pair of thousand volt magnets. Two days later they did not speak to each other when they met. In three more days they were engaged. Then they, living in different towns, began that voluminous letter writing which never has been and never can be equaled by any other correspondence. The letters that passed between them varied fully from one to five, the one representing ordinary conditions, the five when Gus wrote something Sara did not understand.

At last, the day came when Gus perpetrated a joke in one of his letters that Sara did not understand, and she slapped his letter right back at him. Had he not been proud of his joke the affair might have passed like their thousand and one other squibs. As it was, Gus wrote that since Sara had thought proper to return one of his letters she might return them all.

To this Sara replied that she was not so silly as to leave him in possession of her letters and if he wished his own the first thing for him to do was send every scrap she had ever written him. To this Gus replied that, since a great deal of gush had been written by both, perhaps it would be well for them to make an exchange.

To this Sara agreed and said she awaited the return of his "gush" and would thereafter be careful how she wrote any more of it to him.

A number of very short and pointed notes passed between them as to which should first return the other's letters and no headway was made. Then Gus proposed that they should compromise the matter. "Certainly," was the reply. "I'm ready for a compromise."

"Well," Gus answered, "what shall the compromise be?" "Why, you send back my letters, of course, then I'll send back yours."

About this time an acquaintance of Gus's was sued for breach of promise. This put an idea into his head. He had been unkind to a girl he didn't know much about and he would not be surprised if she should sue him for breach of promise. If she did all that "gush" he had written would be read in open court. He fancied the guffaws of the lawyers and the spectators. It is very easy for a man to work himself into a panic especially if he feels that he is in the hands of a woman who is ready to turn upon him. Gus climbed from one improbability to another till he fancied the girl he had thought he loved wouldn't scruple to do anything for revenge. And how could any one take a greater revenge than by giving up to be read to the world such expressions as "my own sweetest, dearest, darling, Gus?" Ugh! How could he have been guilty of such folly anyway?

He thought of a great many ways to get his letters into his own possession, but there was a weak spot in all of them. Finally he proposed an exchange through a mutual friend. "Very well," was the reply. "We'll both give them to Midge Walker. She'll give you yours and me mine."

"I'm no such fool," he wrote, "as to place any confidence in one of the female sex. The go-between must be a man." This brought another check to the proceedings.

Finally it occurred to Gus that he might take Sara's letters to her and get his own in exchange. Singular wasn't it that he had not thought of this before? He wrote the girl he had wildly loved that he would take her letters to her and secure his own after which there would be a parting between them that would last forever.

The spring was coming on, and the leaves were beginning to bud. The crocuses had already come up. The birds had begun to build their nests. These two haters who had been lovers agreed to meet in a wood back of the girl's home. Each appeared, bringing a huge bundle of letters. They met on a stile.

"Don't you think you owe me an apology?" said Sara.

"What for?"

"Why, that horrid thing you wrote me that caused all the trouble."

"What did I say?"

"Why, you said you said that I can't remember what you said."

Gus thought he saw a tear standing in her eye. Dropping his bundle, he went to her, put his arms about her and kissed her.

But the letters. So engrossed were they with their makeup that they went away and forgot both bundles. Then along came uncouth boys, who, seeing the packages, took out and read a few of the letters. Not finding them interesting, they played football with the packages for awhile, then left them on the ground. That night a great storm sprang up, and the love letters of Gus Pickering and Sara Travers were scattered all over the county. For months kind friends were returning them from every quarter, and every return was not only mortifying, but heartrending.

The Great Marshal Ney.

A recent English book about Marshal Ney, Napoleon's heroic lieutenant, "the bravest of the brave," brings out some interesting facts. This Frenchman was really a German. He was born at Saarlouis, now in Prussia and then and always German. He spoke only German as a child. He was red haired, with a wide face and round blue eyes. Five feet eight inches in height, he had a short body and long legs. His comrades called him "le roulet," which was equivalent to "carrots" or "bricketop." He was forty-six years old at Waterloo. So was Napoleon. So was Wellington. Marshal Ney was a man who was trained to the hardships of a workman's life. His father was a cooper, and in his boyhood worked in his father's business. He was accustomed to toil and exposure. This enabled him to sleep placidly in the snow on the return from Moscow, wrapped in his cloak, "with the starved, ragged soldiers of the grand army keeping guard and the Cossacks prowling around in the darkness."

The Statistical Fiend.

We all know the bore that begins a sentence, "Statistics show." He can tell you how the daily flow of beer in St. Louis compares with the amount of Mississippi water that passes the city in twenty-four hours. He can state the tonnage of all ocean greyhounds,--baldos, Pomeranians and curs of low degree. He knows how many men were slain in battles from that of Abancay or Aboukir to that of Zurich or Zolichow. He speaks as one having authority, and even those who run at his approach shake the head solemnly. "If old Angus says so, it must be so." What a relief it is to find Sir William Ramsay admitting that the most accurate of statistics may lie! Some time ago the statement was made that 50 per cent. of the total abstainers in a regiment stationed in India had died within a year. It turned out that the whole number was two, and one, while taking his morning walk, had been eaten by a tiger. Philip Hale in Boston Herald.

A Cardboard Planet.

One remarkable achievement of Sir William Herschel was in connection with the planet Saturn. He had arranged to erect his telescope at Windsor castle to enable Queen Charlotte and the ladies of the court to see the wonders of the ringed planet, but on the evening arranged for the observation great banks of clouds covered the sky. However, he explained that that would not matter, and after the instrument had been carefully directed the queen and her attendants looked through it and saw the great planet and its marvelous rings quite distinctly. Herschel, it seems, had expected bad weather and during the day had made a cardboard model of the Saturnian system and erected it in the grounds, a lamp at the back providing the necessary illumination. Westminster Gazette.

Overshadowing the Rothschilds.

One hundred years ago the Rothschilds were the only great international bankers. They were able to finance the "need of nations," but the money they loaned was chiefly the money representing their colossal family fortune. Today there are a dozen great international banking firms, each of which is larger than the Rothschilds were a century ago and whose aggregate loaning power reaches an amount which would then have been almost inconceivable. There are now a thousand banks where then there was one, each representing the concentrated loaning power of thousands of people. They offer vast credit because the funds of the people, loaned through them, reach vast sums. S. W. Straus in National Magazine.

What They Knew of Luther.

Of the painful lack of general information shown by the college student one instance will suffice. In a written test (whether in a college for young men or women is immaterial) the question was asked, "What was the secret of Luther's success as a reformer?" The question was left unanswered by the majority of the class. Some frankly avowed they did not know who Luther was. Some confounded the name with that of Luther Burbank. One answer which greatly horrified the professors was this: "The secret of Luther's success was his diet of worms."--Suburban Life.

Love and Hate.

Love once more; perhaps this time you may succeed in being loved back again.

Enemies are only useful as long as you are rising. Once at the top you must do away with them by making them your friends. Epigrams of Queen Elizabeth (Carmen Sylvia)

Giving Up.

"I gave up smoking to please Rosa and drinking to please Nellie."

"What did you give up to please Marie?"

"Nothing as yet. She wants me to give up the two other girls."--Pittsburgh Post.

Defines Economy.

"What is the meaning of economy?"

"Economy, my son, is going without something you do want in case some day you should want something which you probably won't want."--Exchange.

Their Class.

"What are the kind they call fugitive poets?"

"I suppose they are the ones whose style is chased."--Exchange.

A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance. Proverbs.

GINGER OR NO GINGER

By M. QUAD

Copyright, 1913, by Associated Literary Press

It was one night years ago, when Liverpool was an innocent village of thirty houses, that Adiniron Tompkins and Moses Wheeler, was among the men loafing at the postoffice and Adiniron blimey mentioned that his wife was goin' to bake pumpkin pies on the morrow and that he must buy 5 cents' worth of ginger to season with.

"You don't tell me that you put ginger in pumpkin pies?" says Moses.

"Of course."

"What for?"

"To add to their goodness."

"But it don't add to their goodness--not with folks who've got more taste than a cow! It's all a fool bizness, and where it started from I don't know. A pumpkin pie is a pumpkin pie, and you can't neither make gingerbread nor bran soup out of it."

His words made Adiniron mad, and the two had a jaw lastin' fur half an hour. As both were church members they didn't come to blows, but they was never to be good friends ag'in. The next time they met Moses Wheeler tried to look as meen as he could and struck up his nose and said:

"Want, Adiniron, are you turnin' out many pumpkin pies with skunk's cabbage for seasonin' nowadays?"

"Not many, Moses," said Adiniron, with a glint in his eye, "only just 'nuff to feed the town fool on."

That was the way the thing went on. After three years of argument and dispute Moses weakened enough to say that a little nutmeg grated into pumpkin helped the taste of the pie, but he wouldn't yield a hair's breadth on ginger. If there was a buskin' bee, a barn raisin' or log rollin' then two men was a-liss there, and just as soon as they sighted each other the dispute began. It finally split up the town into gingerites and nutmegites, and there was a heap of hard feelin's. At various times the ministers tried to bring about a reconciliation. They'd go to Adiniron and ask him for the good of the community to weaken on his ginger, and they'd go to Moses and tell him that if the spire of the Baptist church was ever to be finished he'd got to let pumpkin pies go and talk of doughnuts or turnovers. Both men would think it over and promise and agree and shake hands the next time they met and call it all off. They'd meet at the postoffice, and they'd shake hands and purtend to be sorry, but it wouldn't be two minits before Adiniron would say:

"Moses, I reckon you've heard of that fellow Milton, who wrote Paradise Lost?"

"Of course."

"A mighty smart man, wasn't he?"

"You bet."

"Want, his wife used ginger in her pumpkin pies?"

That would bust everything up ag'in, and the old quarrel would be resumed, and probably at the next prayer meetin' Moses would ask heaven to bear with them of depraved tastes, and Adiniron would appeal that them who didn't know nothin' shouldn't be cut off in their ignorance like a green basswood tree.

It was only a few nights ago that the end came. Both men had got old and feeble and ailing in body, but their minds was still sot as hard as ever. Adiniron had been talkin' more all day with a windmill man, and Moses had had a tin peddler at his house over night, and both had got a heap of new information. When they snattered into the postoffice at 7 o'clock Adiniron puts on a grin and says:

"Moses, you've heard of them pyramids of Egypt, I reckon?"

"Know 'em like a book," says Moses, "but they wasn't built of your kind of pumpkin pies?"

"No, they wasn't, but the men who built 'em was fed on my kind of pumpkin pie. I've got the fingers right here of just how much ginger was used every week. If it hadn't been for ginger they'd hev been no pyramids; nor could hev been built on plain pumpkin pies in all this world."

"Mebbe not," says Moses, "but them pyramids are no great shakes. Mebbe you are aware that Christopher Columbus discovered America?"

"I've heard so."

"And what did he do it on?"

"Ambition."

"Not much! Adiniron Tompkins, I've got bars of proof right in my coatpocket that he did it on pumpkin pie!"

"With ginger in 'em?"

"Not any--only plain."

"I don't believe it!"

"Then you're a mew!"

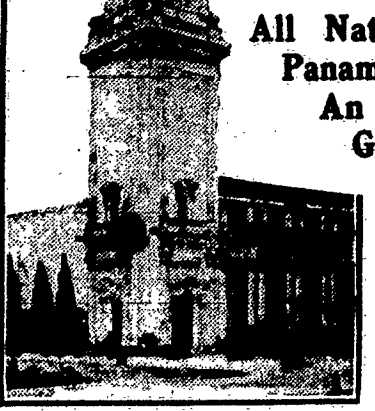
"Don't call me names!"

"And don't bristle up to me!"

Then of a sudden Moses went white in the face and took on a queer look, and perty soon it was found that he had a stroke of paralysis. They took him home, and he died that night, but afore passin' away he looked up at his wife in a way that meant plain pumpkin pie. Adiniron was jest used up over it. He no longer had any one to dispute with, and even lightning' rod men didn't seem to care a rap whether his pies were plain or gingered. It wasn't over a month before he was on his dyin' bed. He was conscious to the last, and the very last words he said was:

"Marin, I'm goin' to heaven to meet Moses Wheeler, and as there is no end to time up there I'm goin' to use up ten million years to convince Moses that pumpkin pies without ginger ain't fit for the bugs to eat!"

WORLD'S RECORD MADE IN CONSTRUCTION OF THE MARVELOUS PANAMA-PACIFIC EXPOSITION



Copyright, 1913, by Panama-Pacific International Exposition Co.

All Nations Eagerly Awaiting the Opening of the Panama Canal and the Splendid Celebration in 1915. An Army of Workmen Erecting Palaces by the Golden Gate--Vast Exhibits of All Nations to Be Completely Installed Long Before Opening Day.

Greatest Live Stock Shows in History--Choruses of Trained Singers of the World--International Military Competitions--Pageants of Nations of the Orient Are Among the Striking Features. Final Details of Most Magnificent of Universal Expositions.

By HAMILTON WRIGHT.

IN its originality and splendor the Panama Pacific International Exposition will surpass the most marvelous expositions of America and Europe. The shifting of trade routes that have endured for centuries and the opening of new fields of trade expansion to the nations of the earth are anticipated in every financial center in the world. In that small strip of land known as the Panama canal zone, ten miles in width and forty-seven miles long from ocean to ocean, there is being completed a work that will more profoundly revolutionize the world's trade than any national achievement within the life of the American people. The opening of the Panama canal marks an epoch in the life of mankind upon the earth. The names of Colonel George W. Goethals, administrator of the canal zone, and of

will be finished by the latter part of June, 1914. Every detail of the exposition will have been perfected months before its opening, and the first visitors in 1915 will find every exhibit completely installed. There will remain no work to be done that would detract from the beauty of the finished production.

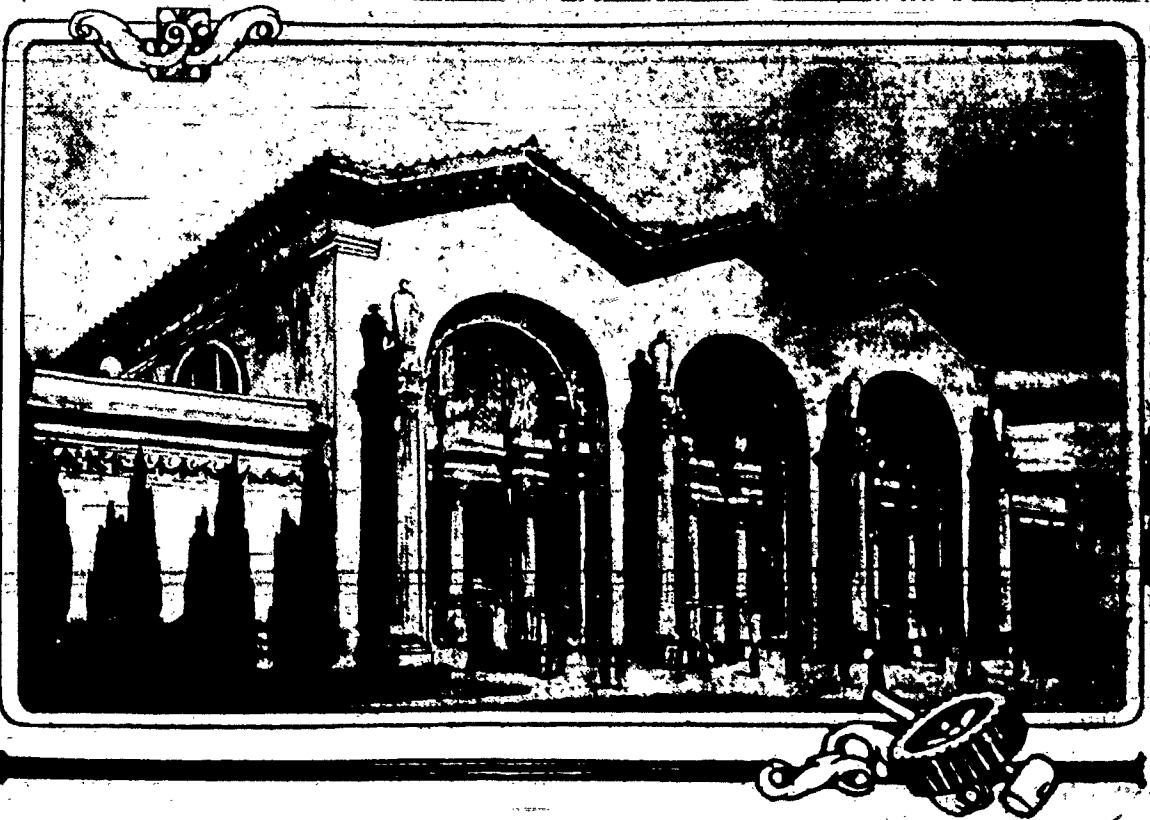
Department Plans Completed.

Every department of the exposition has long since fully completed all plans along the most approved definite lines, and preparations for the thousands of exhibits which a world's exposition embraces are now under way throughout the globe. Undoubtedly the most important phase of an international exposition from an industrial and educational standpoint lies in the classification and arrangement of exhibits so that these shall convey the greatest lesson to the visitor. The

tures presented in the amusement and concessions district.

Working Model of Panama Canal.

The concessions will be the most original ever shown and will embrace such novel features as a working model of the Panama canal, with a capacity of handling 2,000 people through its locks every twenty minutes; a reproduction of the Grand Canyon of Arizona by the Santa Fe railway; a panorama depicting the battles of Napoleon, another illustrating the evolution of the American Dreadnought and submarine boats which will dive into a great lake into which will be gathered strange fish and plants from tropical waters. Visitors will view marine life through the portholes of the boats. Almost 3,000 applications for concessions have been received; and twenty-seven of them will involve an outlay of more than \$2,000,000.



Copyright, 1913, by Panama-Pacific International Exposition Co.

Imposing Facade of Machinery Hall, the Largest Building at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco, 1915.

Colonel Gorgas, sanitarian, must for ever be inscribed among the immortals of American history. The United States is shortening the sea voyage between San Francisco and New York by 8,000 miles, opening up the Pacific coasts of North and South America to the profitable commerce of the European nations and rendering possible direct commerce between the orient and the Atlantic coasts of the United States and South America. Every state, territory and colonial possession of the United States will share in our increased national prosperity. Every country in the world will profit. The nations of the world are preparing for America's Panama celebration at San Francisco in 1915 upon a scale that will never have been equaled.

Opening Feb. 20, 1915.

The gates of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition will swing open to visitors from all parts of the world on Feb. 20, 1915, but development on all phases of the exposition is so far advanced that even at this time it is possible to outline definitely a picture that will greet visitors in 1915.

The exposition will set a new record in the rapid construction of the exhibit palaces to accommodate the displays of exhibitors. Just inside the Golden Gate and upon a charming site that extends for almost three miles along the shores of San Francisco bay a vast army of workmen is engaged in erecting a city of palaces designed by an architectural commission comprised of a number of America's foremost architects. There will be four teen huge main exhibit buildings to be constructed by the exposition management, in addition to the pavilions to be built by the states and nations, and the structures that will be built by concessionaries in the amusement district. At this writing one of the buildings is completed, work has begun upon five others, and all of the thirteen remaining exhibit palaces will be under course of construction during the summer and fall of the present year. All

classification by which the exhibits of the world will be displayed in the vast exhibit halls at San Francisco has been perfected and is pronounced the most advanced ever adopted at a universal exposition. Thousands of applications for exhibit space have been received from leading exhibitors throughout the world. The number of applications is so great that were it not desired to select only the finest and most representative exhibits in each instance it



FREDERICK J. V. SKIFF, DIRECTOR IN CHIEF OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC PARTICIPATION.

would be possible almost completely to allot the total available area of the huge exhibit halls. The displays will be remarkable for their great value. Some of them will cost \$250,000; a number will run above that figure, and all will present the most advanced phases in the special line of industry or manufacture which they illustrate. Quite as interesting as the displays in the exhibit halls, though touching a different aspect of life, will be the sea-

In another section of the grounds there are assured the most comprehensive live stock display ever made and great live stock shows. The exposition management has set aside \$175,000 for premiums and cash prizes in live stock exhibitions. King George of England will, it is anticipated, be among the exhibitors, sending his prize Shortborns and Herefords in competition with the best stock in these breeds to be exhibited from other lands. Prize dairy and beef stock from Belgium, Switzerland, Holland, Germany, England, Australia, China, Brazil and other countries will be landed from ocean going vessels at the quarantine station at Angel Island and thence transported directly to the exposition grounds. Thirty acres of ground have been reserved for the live stock department, which is in charge of D. O. Lively, one of the notable authorities in this branch of American industry. An international poultry show, at which 15,000 prize winning birds will be shown, and a great exhibition of wool and mutton types by the National Wool Growers' association and the packers will interest thousands, as also will big race meets. Twenty-five thousand dollars in prizes is already assured.

Navies of the World.

One of the most entertaining features of the exposition will be found in a great program of events to extend throughout its entire course, from Feb. 20 until Dec. 4, 1915. Perhaps the most spectacular of the varied events will be comprised in the assemblage of battleships of the nations of the world in San Francisco bay. This composite fleet of the navies of the world the largest international fleet ever assembled, will gather in San Francisco harbor shortly before the opening of the exposition. All of the great powers will be represented by their most modern battleships or cruisers. Following the visit of the battleships other great events will come at regular intervals. An elaborate program of these events will be published about