THE BABY DID IT

By EUNICE BLAKE

We live on the brink of ruin all the while without realizing it. I have read of persons dying of starvation who had been very prominent and upon whom money had flowed like water. I can especially remember actors and actresses who have furnished such examples. Put let a person find himself without money and without friends and he realizes the condition he is in. Few there are who keep their heads at such times.

Tom Williams was one of these last named persons. His father died insolvent when he was ready to enter college. Nevertheless Tom went to college. Where he was to get the money from to pay his way he hadn't the faintest idea. His pluck attracted attention and interested others in him. He was full of resource and could invent ways to get out of holes. Often he would not know where a meal was coming from, but after being graduated he could not remember his having gone hungry for any considerable time.

Having finished his college course, he concluded that a trip to Europe was in order. He had taken a prize during his last year, and with this he bought a ticket on a steamer to Naples. He walked over Switzerland and Italy and one day found himself in Genoa ready to go home, but having not a cent with which to pay his passage. A steamer was to sail that afternoon, and Tom strolled aboard of her. Besides the passengers who were booked to go over, there were persons aboard to bid them goodby. Tom envied every person he saw coming aboard carrying hand luggage.

He was standing on an upper deck on which opened windows of staterooms. Hearing a baby cry behind him, he turned and saw a woman endeavoring to soothe the child. She was a delicate looking young mother, and the child seemed to trouble her. Tom smiled at the baby, and it stopped crying.

"Let me take your baby," said Tom to the lady. "I'll walk with it on the deck. I'm fond of children."

The lady assented, and Tom, taking the child, left her, sauntering about, letting the child look at the crowds on the dock and otherwise amusing him. He heard the "All ashore that's going!" but paid no attention to it. The ship moved out into the bay, and still Tom walked the baby. When the open sea was reached he took the baby back to its mother. The child seemed to be in a very good humor. The mother expressed her gratitude.

"I must go over without a nurse," she said, "and I don't know what I shall do. My nurse left me on the eve of sailing, and I had no time to get another. I am usually seasick, and a seasick person is powerless to take care of a baby."

"Madam," replied Tom, "I am at your service. I have been making a pedestrian tour of Europe. I came to Genoa to take a steamer home, but ran out of funds. I came aboard this ship just to see how it would feel to be on a vessel bound for home. I was about to go ashore when I heard your baby cry. When those who were to go ashore were directed to do so I was amusing your child and had not the heart to obey the order. I presume I shall have to work my passage as a steward or probably worse, as a stoker. I would much rather take a situation with you as nurse."

There was something so amusing in this stalwart fellow, who had played football while in college, stranded on an ocean liner and ready to hire himself to take care of a baby that the lady laughed. But she snapped at the proposition.

"I'll pay your passage and double nurse's wages," she said.

"The passage money will do," Tom replied.

The lady sent for the purser and was fortunate enough to secure a whole stateroom for Tom and the baby when it was necessary that he should have it with him. No sooner had all been arranged than the ship began to roll. The lady became seasick, and if ever there was gratitude to Providence from a woman she experienced it at being relieved of the care of her child.

The passage was a rough one, and Tom kept the baby with him day and night. A few days before reaching the American shore the weather moderated, and the mother went on deck. She was so grateful to Tom for what he had done and appreciative of what he had endured that she paid a stewardess to relieve him occasionally when off duty. This enabled him to sit on deck with his employer, and he learned something about her. She was a well to do widow about Tom's age.

And Tom told her all about himself—how he had got through college, how he had made a tour in Europe and how he now proposed to go to work. She asked him if he were not going to get a profession in the same way, but he said he was tired of drifting, so to speak, to the wind and was going to work.

However, the widow asked him to call upon her after they reached port, and Tom accepted the invitation. He had not known her long before she proposed to furnish him with the means to study law. This offer of course Tom rejected with thanks, whereupon the widow told him that she wished him for a husband and proposed that he should be a lawyer.

Tom studied law, making his way while doing so, and married the widow. He now has a large practice.

English.

Today I eat;
Yesterday I ate.
Then today I beat;
Yesterday I bate.

Today I see;
Yesterday I saw.
Then today I flee;
Yesterday I flaw.

Today I sit;
Yesterday I sat.
Then today I hit;
Yesterday I hat.

Today I do;
Yesterday I did.
Then today I woo;
Yesterday I wid.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

It Was No Time to Falter.

Patient—Doctor, can't you diagnose my case—can't you tell what is the matter with me?

Doctor—Madame, I regret to inform you that I cannot. Nothing short of an autopsy will reveal that.

Patient—Then go right ahead with it, doctor. this is no time for me to display false modesty.—New York Sun.

Overdone.

"I'm goin' to be an optimist,"
Said Timothy McGloo.
"I'm sure that lots o' fun I've missed
By bein' glum an' blue.
I'm goin' to cease each doleful doubt
An' stifle all repinin's
An' turn each cloudlet inside out
To search fur silver linin's."

Oh, Tim he grinned from morn till night,
No matter what took place!
His mind, it didn't seem quite right,
To judge it by his face.
Our good intentions kin go wrong
If recklessly we twist 'em.
His optimism grew so strong
It wrecked his nervous system.
—Washington Star.

Enjoyment.

"Did you enjoy your drive in your new electric?"

"Very much. I annoyed three traffic policemen, held up two auto trucks and kept a whole string of gasoline cars driven by men waiting until I said goodby to a friend."—Detroit Free Press.

Billigerence.

When she could meet with Billy
They played at bill and coo,
But when she met not Billy
They played at billets doux.

Now she has married Billy
Her leisure time she fills
By trying to concili-
Ate Billy for her bills.
—A. Leslie in Judge.

Taking No Risks.

"And you say you never attend weddings any more?" asked the sweet young thing.

"No, I do not," replied the bachelor.

"And why not, pray?"

"Why, don't you see what's happening every day to innocent bystanders?"—Yonkers Statesman.

A Suspicious Age.

Where are all the trusting women
Of the long, long, long ago,
Who would take a ring from Jim an'
Never doubt the jewels' glow?

Has the day come when a feller
Bringing circlets to the fair
Must show letters from the seller
Proving that the diamond's square?
—New York Press.

No News to Her.

"Dearest," he said, "I couldn't live without you!"

"I know you couldn't," she replied. "That is why I felt so sorry for you the other day when father threatened to cut off my allowance just because we had been married a year."—Judge.

Systematic.

Sinkers and coffee for breakfast—
He limits himself to a dime—
Soup, pie and coffee at midday—
He doubles the sum this time—
Meat, spuds and coffee for dinner—
Cost three dimes, and so this man
Is running his food department
On the ten, twenty, thirty plan.
—Boston Transcript.

Not in Leap Year.

They were quarreling.

"Well, you can't say I ran after you," said the wife.

"Neither does a mouse trap run after the mice, but it catches 'em just the same," replied hubby.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Their Queenly Way.

It matters not
How fair her face
Nor how bedight
With silk and lace,
A woman still
Will trump an ace.
—Detroit Free Press.

How It Is Done.

Owner—What'll it cost to repair this car of mine?

Garage Proprietor—What ails it?

Owner—I don't know.

Garage Proprietor—Thirty-four dollars and sixty-five cents.—Puck.

Song of the Disconsolate Politician.

My passes (they tell me, are canceled;
No more transportation that's free,
I cannot be happy without them.
Oh, hand back my passes to me!
Hand back, hand back,
Oh, hand back my passes to me!
Chicago Record-Herald.

Historic Souvenirs.

"Shakespeare once owned this chair."

"I have all rolls. Fine old chair, and here is a wad of chewing gum on its under edge. Now Queen Elizabeth may have stuck that there."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Order of Beans.

This hash house slang I must abhor,
It is a thing I hate.
I asked for beans. The man yelled for
"A thousand on a plate."
—Kansas City Journal.

Proof.

"Charley has a fortune in politics. He knows the ropes," declared the admiring friend.

"Yes; I judged that he did from the campaign cigar that he gave me."—Buffalo Express.

Two Sides of Matrimony

By F. A. MITCHEL

"Seems to me nowadays all de gals, instead o' wukin', are sittin' roun' waitin' fo' to git married. I don't hab no 'casion fo' to git married. I got two strong arms fo' to rub on a washboa'd an' fo' to do ironin'. What I want to get married fo'?"

"Oh, pshaw, Aunt Chloe! You'd like to get married well enough if you had somebody to marry you. How about Nat Taylor, who was courting you, that Pinkey Jones took from you?"

"Yo' nebber was mo' mistaken in yo' life 'bout dat. Nat he cum to me one day, an' he say, says he: 'Chloe, yo' don't know any gal dat would like to take care ob my house, do yo'?'

"I was fryin' bacon when he said dat, an' I jest stood with a fo'k in one hand an' looked up at de ceilin', thoughtful-like."

"Why, Aunt Chloe, didn't you understand that was a proposal?"

"Proposal to me! 'Twan't no sech thing. Nat knew well 'nuff I kin mak my own libin', an' he wouldn't insult me by askin' me to come in an' mak de bed an' cook de vittles an' set roun' an' look purty de rest ob de time. He wanted a lazy gal fo' dat."

"Well, go on with your story."

"Bimeby I think ob Pinkey Jones as de mos' wo'thless gal I knowed, consequently de mos' likely gal fo' to get married. So I tole Nat 'bout her, an' he arsked a lot ob questions. I wa'n't goin' to mak' myself 'sponsible fo' her, so I jest said she war a fine lookin gal when she war dressed up. I knowed dat would please him better'n if I said she war a good cook an' washer an' ironer, an' it did. He arsked me where she war, an' I tole him, an' he went right off an' begun de cou'tin'."

"Aunt Chloe, you're very smart. You know you are. You know well enough he wanted you, but you didn't want the job yourself, and you turned him aside on purpose."

"Yah, yah!" laughed Chloe knowingly. "Reckon I didn't want de job myself. Nat war bery good man to... But what I want to git married fo' anyway? My husban' 'ud pay fo' de marryin', but who gwine to pay fo' de divo'ce, I like to know? Do yo' s'pose I can affo'd to travel way out to some o' dem west'n towns an' lib dar a yea' or mo' fo' to git separated from some wo'thless n'gah dat couldn't whitewash a stone wall?"

"Well, how did Nat come out with his suit?"

"How Nat come out? Why, he come out wid a flatiron followin' him. It hit him squa' on de back ob de head. Mighty lucky dat. Ef it hit him in de back it might 'a' broke it. Ef it hit him in de side it might 'a' stopped de heart a beatin'. De safes' place fo' Nat to git hit war in de skull. You couldn't break it wid no triflin' thing like a flatiron, an' dere hain't no brains in it to joggle."

"I thought you said Nat was a good man."

"So he is; so he is good man, but I didn't say he war a smart man. Ef he'd been a smart man he wouldn't 'a' married Pinkey Jones."

"But didn't you recommend her?"

"Dat's jist what Nat said. He come to me wid his head all bandaged up, an' he say, 'Chloe, what yo' recommend dat dibbil to me fo'?'

"'I didn't recommend her,' I said. 'I tole yo' she war a fine lookin' gal when she war dressed up.'"

"What was the trouble between Nat and Pinkey?"

"Nat tole me 'bout dat. He said he went home to supper an' dere wa'n't no supper—de butcher didn't send no de po'k chops. Nat asked Pinkey why she didn't go get de po'k chops. Pinkey said she didn't git married fo' to carry home provisions. Nat said dat ef he worked all day cuttin' people's grass an' beatin' rugs he didn't know why his wife couldn't be sho to hab de supper ready. Pinkey said she couldn't cook de supper when de supper wasn't sent home in de deliber' wagon.

"Den Nat asked Pinkey ef when she war a Georgia nigger de delibery wagon stopped at de do' ob her residence wid de provisions. Dat made Pinkey mad an' she war reachin' fo' de flatiron. Nat saw blood in her eye an' he started out to git his supper somewhar else, but de flatiron tuk him in de back ob de head an' putty nigh knocked him down. He turned to Pinkey an' tole her ef she did dat ag'in he'd hab her arrested."

"But war de end ob de misunderstandin'. Nat he boa'din' at a low down boa'din' house, an' Pinkey she 'livin' in Nat's rooms mighty comfortable."

"'Tain't all your fault, Aunt Chloe. Nat came to you to ask you to be his wife, and you turned him over to the most worthless woman you knew."

"Wo'thless! Yah, yah! Don't yo' b'lieve it. Pinkey's consid'rin' weddin' she gwine to study fo' to be a teacher or to write fo' de magazines. She hain't got no eddication an' she couldn't do teachin', so she's gwine into de literary business, I reckon."

"If you had married him he would have been all right."

"Reckon he would 'a' been all right, but whar 'ud I 'a' been? I been gibin' you de man's side ob de question. Ef I'd 'a' married Nat I'd 'a' been gibin you de woman's side. De woman when she gits a wo'thless husban' or don't agree with him, gits a lot of trubble with the alimonia an' all dat. I rather fry bacon an' do washin'."

"Do you know," he said at 1 o'clock in the morning, "I think that I could learn to love you."

"That may be so," she yawned. "But what gave you the idea that I was keeping you after school?"—Detroit Free Press.

He's greedy, and he thinks he's smart.
His friends he tries to sting.
He says he's taking his own part
And takes the whole blame thing.
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"I see that trust is going to cut a melon."

"Judging from its stock, then, it must be a watermelon."—Baltimore American.

She boasted that she always said
Exactly what she thought,
And they who heard her all agreed
That she could think with lightning speed
And still keep thinking naught.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Does your husband play cards for money?"

"I don't think so," replied young Mrs. Torkins. "But those who play with him do."—Washington Star.

One hundred years ago today,
With wildernesses here,
With powder in his gun the man
Went out and got the deer.

But now the thing is somewhat changed
And on another plan—
With powder on her cheek the dear
Goes out and gets the man.
—Indianapolis Sun.

"Can you give me an example of a toothless animal of the mammalian group?" asked a teacher of a small boy in the class of zoology.

"Yes, sir," said the boy promptly.

"Indeed! What is it?"

"My grandma!"—Boston Globe.

A pull may jump you to the top,
Where you can honors share,
But you are almost sure to drop.
For pull won't keep you there.
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Don't you think I would look better with a little rouge on my cheeks?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," replied her brutal husband, who was always thinking of something else, "anything for a change."—Chicago Record-Herald.

If woman with her wicked wiles
Secures the vote she cannot lack
We men must urge a change in styles
To make her do us up the back.
—Judge.

Patience—What did the year 1913 bring to her?

Patrice—A husband.

"Then the year 1914 cannot bring her any more happiness?"

"Oh, yes, she's expecting to get a divorce in 1914."—Yonkers Statesman.

Telepathy fades
To oblivion's shades.
Its discussion once left us quite dizzy.
And psychic research
Has been left in the lurch
Since with currency problems we're busy.
—Washington Star.

Yeast—Did your brother ever take the water cure?

Crimsonbeak—No. He didn't have to. He never did care much for water.—Yonkers Statesman.

The barber has a little pride,
Though he's a careless mutt,
For after he has cut your hide
He tries to hide your cut.
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Tommie, can you tell me the difference between teaching and learning?"

"Well, a schoolteacher teaches but never learns nothin'."—Yonkers Statesman.

He dropped a lot of type, and I
Went out and took a walk.
For when a printer man makes pi
He doesn't mince his talk.
—Baltimore American.

"Why have you cut that lady who has just passed? Yesterday you were most cordial towards her."

"That is my dressmaker, and I paid her bill this morning."—Boston Globe.

Some boys are credits to their dads.
We favor such as these.
But then we know that other lads
Are liabilities.
—Kansas City Journal.

Wife—Do you know, I have a very small mouth. In the glass it doesn't look large enough to hold my tongue.

Husband (testily)—It isn't!—Stray Stories.

A lighthouse keeper met a girl
They loved at their first meeting.
They wed, and then he took his pearl
And went to light housekeeping.
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"My wife made it hot for me this morning."

"How was that?"

"I insisted on her getting up to build the fire."—Judge.

I wish I were an artist
I'd keep the boys from flirtin',
For when they got too fresh with me
I'd simply draw the curtain.
—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

"No matter what happens to that woman, she can always put up a stiff front."

"No wonder; she's a laundress."—Baltimore American.

"You used to say you loved the ground
I trod upon," to him she said.
"And I do still," he answer made.
"For don't you always walk on me?"
—Detroit Free Press.

"Papa, what does being disappointed in love mean?"

"Why, either marrying or being jilted by the girl you are in love with."—Houston Post.

Of the iron age we often hear
And the fabled age of gold,
But now the income tax brings near
An age of wealth untold.
—New York Sun.

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Miss Henrietta Hoegh has been appointed first secretary of the Norwegian legation in Mexico. She is young, quite pretty and proficient in international law.

Mrs. Francis Wayland, whose husband was for many years dean of the Yale Law school, recently presented to Yale university a valuable collection of Palestinian pottery.

Miss Elizabeth Dinwiddie of New York manages 346 small dwellings owned by Trinity church in that city. She spends all of her time attending to the repairs of these houses which shelter 1,800 families.

Katie Reade, the adopted daughter of the famous novelist, Charles Reade, is an inmate of Sundridge workhouse infirmary in Kent, England, and is completely penniless. She was the wife of John L. Shine, a well known actor, whom she divorced after years of unhappiness. She was Reade's great niece, and he adopted her as his daughter when she was quite a little girl.

German Gleanings.

Germany has ten sixteen-year-old widows and one sixteen-year-old divorcee.

Some of the large factories in Germany are now provided with swimming tanks for the employees. Many of them have halls with stage and dancing floor. A brass band provides entertainment, and for the children there are kindergartens.

The following are stated to be the largest incomes in Germany: The emperor, $5,000,000; Frau Bertha Krupp, over $4,500,000; Prince Henckel, $3,000,000; the Duke von Ujest, $1,500,000, and Herr Ziese, shipbuilder and landowner, about the same.

The Royal Box.

The kaiser is now said to be the richest person in Germany. His fortune, it is claimed, amounts to $98,500,000.

One royal lady who has been led by extravagance into dire trouble is Princess Alexandra of Isenburg. Her debts are said to amount to $15,000,000, and she herself has been left in a penniless condition.

Only one sovereign known to history has reigned longer than the Emperor of Austria, who completed the sixty fifth year of his reign on Dec. 2. That sovereign was Louis XIV., who ascended the throne of France at the age of five and wore the crown for seventy-two years.

Pert Personals.

Colonel Goethals could have saved a lot of trouble by being twins.—New York American.

Says a Mexican paper, "John Lind is quoted as saying," etc. A rank fake on the face of it. Lind can't talk.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Just think! If the worst should come to pass the newspapers would have to be printing pictures of Villa in a dress suit.—Mexican Herald.

Shaw's latest play has been pronounced "utter nonsense," from which it is obvious that George Bernard is still maintaining his batting average.—Washington Post.

The Cook Book.

Never put sugar into batter puddings before boiling, as this makes them heavy.

When meat is being roasted and there is danger of its becoming too brown place a basin of water in the oven. The steam will prevent scorching and the meat will cook better.

The few spoonfuls of left over mashed potato can be used to form the foundation of rice soup. If mixed with cold chopped meat and rice and an egg and suitable seasoning they make appetizing croquettes.

Fashion Frills.

The return of hoop skirts is threatened, it being a cinch that skirts can be no narrower.—Detroit Free Press.

Instead of making her look like a peach the new fashioned gowns cause woman to resemble a sweet potato small end down.—Houston Chronicle.

How long will it be before some of the men in street cars and other public places whose eyes are endangered by the projecting plumes of women's hats will carry pocket scissors for protection?—Boston Globe.

Town Topics.

Chicago is where the Sunshine society ought to make its headquarters if it would be free from competition with nature.—Chicago News.

Jerusalem is to have waterworks, electric lights and a street railway to Bethlehem. Even the "unchanging east" changes.—New York World.

Before Colonel Goethals goes to New York Colonel Gorgas should be called to disinfect the place and make it reasonably healthy for police reformers.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Foreign Affairs.

Life for the Turkish government is just one loan refused after another.—New York American.

Perhaps when these earthquakes and volcanoes get through with Japan there will be no Japanese question.—Rochester Herald.

"He will turn out our Moltke yet," Kaiser Wilhelm is said to have remarked of his crown prince. Germany doesn't need another Moltke half as much as it needs a Lloyd-George.—New York World.

SIRES AND SONS.

Howell Peeples, a business man in Atlanta, Ga., has attended thirty-four weddings, at twelve of which he has acted as best man. He calls himself "an assistant to cupid."

Maurice Paleologue, succeeding Theophile Delcasse as French ambassador to Russia, is chief of the department of political affairs at the French foreign office. M. Delcasse resigned to re-enter French home politics.

The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, announced to retire from parliament at the next general election, has been a member of the house of commons since 1876. During this entire time he has represented West Birmingham.

John William Burgess, who has just been appointed a visiting American professor at the Austrian universities for 1914-15 by the Austrian government, is emeritus professor of political science at Columbia university. He was born in Tennessee in 1844.

George Westinghouse, inventor of the air brake, has been awarded the Grashof medal by the Verein Deutscher Ingenieure of Leipzig, one of the highest honors within the reach of the engineering profession. He was too ill to attend the meeting at which the award was made.

Winter Baseball.

Hot air is doing most of the baseball playing now, but it will be different next summer.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A lot of pitchers in the American league are no doubt sorry that Ty Cobb is not going to jump to the Federals.—Detroit Free Press.

Rivalries among baseball managers help to keep up the interest while the keen competition of the actual game is not in evidence.—Washington Star.

Federal league officials appear to consider it an unpardonable outrage when attempts are made by officers of the older leagues to tempt players away from the new organization. One wonders why the Federal league people should be sensitive in that respect.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Writers.

Selma Lagerlof is the only woman who ever received the Nobel prize for literature.

Kuprin, Russia's most talented novelist since the death of Tolstoy, does not look his part. He is a stout bearded, bourgeois type, who, judged by his looks, ought to be selling butter instead of writing passionate stories and living a passionate life.

Homer Croy, humorist, founder of the "Pay as You Enter club" and various other forms of amusement, has started on a seven months' trip around the world for a weekly magazine, carrying as a side line a persistent delusion that he will get material to write a funny book about China on his return.

Train and Track.

American railroad gross earnings last year were $208,000,000 in excess of those of the year before.

An appropriation of no less than $10,000,000 is sought by the Russian state railways for the repair shops. This, if granted, will make them virtually large locomotive and car works.

China's railway history began in 1876, when the Woosung line, built by foreign enterprise, was opened. In 1877 the road was redeemed by the Chinese and the rails torn up and the equipment shipped to Formosa. In 1887, however, a railway was in operation between Tientsin and Tongshan.

Tales of Cities.

St. Louis has property within its limits valued at $26,331,224 which is exempt from taxes.

The township of Brookhaven, N. Y., claims to be the richest in the world. In its three banks farmers have $16,000,000 on deposit. The per capita worth of the residents, counting man, woman and child, is $1,500.

In the course of improvements in Limoges, including the widening of many streets, a serious blow to local history will be delivered, for many houses from 200 to 500 years old which have always been an attraction to the visiting public will disappear.

Flippant Flings.

Pensacola has a flying school, but Palm Beach has the high fliers.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Why aren't the women of the plutocracy wearing radium instead of diamonds?—Philadelphia Record.

"How many pounds make a lady?" London is asking. Much depends on whether the pounds are sterling or avoirdupois.—New York World.

It is usually assumed by scientists that a substance of which little is known will cure a disease about which nothing is known.—Washington Star.

Battleship Rubbers.

Rubber armored battleships? Paid for with elastic currency, of course.—Boston Herald.

British battleships are to be rubber plated. Idea, perhaps, is that enemy's shot will bounce back and kill 'em.—New York American.

Rubber plates for warships will not meet the approval of the motorist who has been educated to the belief that there is not enough material on hand to meet the demand for automobile tires.—Washington Star.

ROCHESTER