

# An Atlantic Episode

By CHARLES LEWIS PHIPPS

I confess that in going about my chief pleasure is watching other persons.

Coming over the Atlantic ocean to America on a liner I picked out a mother and daughter as worthy of my attention. A young man had been introduced to the daughter, who seemed to be very well pleased with him. The mother was also well pleased that the daughter was well pleased. The young man was well pleased too. What struck my delicate perceptive faculties was that the mother's pleasure in the matter seemed to arise from a sense of relief. How or why I inferred this I can't explain. A woman would understand it without an explanation. As for a man, you couldn't stick it into him with a butter.

These two young things were getting on like two mating turtdoves when one day, the girl being on deck I saw her go to the stern of the ship. The weather was bad, and I was the only other woman on deck. I scudded along after the girl on the other side of the smokestack and deck houses till she reached the limit to the first class part of the ship and she stood looking out to the second class part. A young man appeared. He saw the girl, but he didn't see me. For I was crouching under a lifeboat. He threw a kiss to the girl, who, after looking around to see that she was not observed, returned it in kind.

Now, wasn't that interesting? Of course it wouldn't have been half so interesting if it hadn't been for the other young man the girl had met on the voyage. She was fooling her mother with him. The real lover, whom the mother condemned, was traveling second class so that it wouldn't be known to the girl's mother that he was on the ship.

Now, what was the upshot of all this? In order to keep track of it I must be up and doing. I mustn't let the slightest incident escape me.

And I didn't.

A couple of days after this, when it was stormy, I, remembering that lovers choose just such weather to stay in, went on deck early and stayed all day, having a steward bring up my lunch. About dusk the girl came up and I knew by her looks that something was up. She didn't know it, but out of the corner of my eye I saw her scowl at me. I was the only woman on deck. She didn't care for the men she could fool them, but she couldn't fool me.

That girl scudded along to the after part of the ship without any one seeing her except me, and just as the darkness was settling down she was lost to view.

In about an hour from that time there was the highest racket aboard that ship you ever saw. The girl had disappeared and her mother was wild about her. One or two of the men who were on deck when she came up reported having seen her, but none of them saw the last of her. But her mother showed them so frantically for not keeping an eye on her, especially as the ship was rolling badly that after awhile one of the sailors said:

"Missus, we didn't want to hurt yer feelin's. The truth is I saw the young lady skiddin' along till she struck the port rail about midship and afore I could get my hands on her she toppled over."

"Think if it had not been for the distress it gave the poor mother, would have been amusing. I was bound I wouldn't give the girl away, and yet I couldn't bear to see the mother suffer. We were to reach port the next morning, and somehow I doubted if the mother believed her daughter had gone overboard. The latter knew mighty well that she was trying to keep her from a young man, and I don't doubt that it was probable she was somewhere on the ship. She had a thorough search made of the first class part and a perfunctory search made of the second class, but none of the stowaways I didn't know and I don't know now how the lovers managed it, but I know what I would have done had I been one of them. I would have gone, at least temporarily, from the second class cabin to the stowage and remained there till the fuss blew over. They could easily have got some emigrant clothes and, besides, could have dodged any one looking for them.

The next day nothing was said about the girl who was seen to plunge into the ocean. The passengers were busy getting ready to go ashore, and perhaps they hadn't time to concern themselves about a person they didn't even know personally. Seeing a group of three persons standing together waiting to go down the gangplank I approached them. They were the mother and daughter and a young man who bore a strong resemblance to the second class passenger who had been throwing kisses during the voyage. The mother looked enough to bits of a nail. The daughter looked ill at ease, but the young man seemed to be quite proud of himself.

The only way I could find out about what had taken place was to remain aboard till after the passengers had gone ashore and interview some of the officers. This I did and learned that the girl having joined her lover in the second class part of the ship was married there and returned before midnight with her husband. It was agreed by all that since the ship would soon reach port the matter need not be explained.

## AN INGENIOUS COOLIE.

How He Helped the Doctors During a Cholera Epidemic.

In a life and death battle with a cholera epidemic in Hunan province, China, in which an American medical missionary was the leading figure, one of the most serious difficulties was met successfully by one of the mental hospital coolies.

Since every patient had to have from one pint to several quarts of distilled water with salt in it, the water could not be distilled fast enough. For two days the staff struggled along with makeshifts while thinking up a plan to build a still for little money without the loss of time. This coolie solved the problem. In one day and at a cost of less than \$2 he built a still which later produced twenty gallons of distilled water every twenty-four hours.

The still was simplicity itself. For cooking food the Chinese use large flat, saucer-like pans made of iron. With one of these above and another below the coolie made a drum of galvanized iron with a hole in the side for a trough. Into the lower pan hot water for boiling was poured. Underneath, a hot fire sent up a constant steam vapor. The upper kettle was kept cool by frequent changings of cold water. The vapor from the lower kettle, condensed on the lower surface of the cool upper kettle, dripped off into the trough, and filled bottle after bottle with distilled water.—World's Work

## THE WHITE FARM.

It Deserved Its Name, and It Cheaply Advertised Itself.

During a vacation spent in the north we were driven through a most prosperous country, lined with beautiful farmhouses.

Among others we passed a white farm. The house was white, the barns were white, the fences were white. Milk white cows were grazing in the fields, and snow white chickens were running upon the lawn. A huge white dog lay upon the grass, and a white horse, with a white harness and white carriage, was hitched to a white-plow by a white strap. The white traveled drive was bordered with white rocks. A white fountain threw up a white spray, while white ducks floated upon the water beneath.

Just as we drove by a lady dressed in pure white, with white shoes, stepped out of the door and seated herself in a white hammock.

The whole effect was most striking and was an excellent example of advertisement without expense. The cost would have been the same if no attention had been paid to one color. There was no need of giving a name to that farm. It is known as the White farm for miles around and is one of the show places of the district.

The same idea, of course, could be carried out with other shades.—Progressive Farmer

## Hear, Hear!

"Hear, hear!" is the house of common cheer, the member of parliament being forbidden the use of any other form of applause. But "hear, hear" in the house of commons may be made to express a number of conflicting emotions. Some of the varieties of parliamentary cheering have been noted by the late William White in his "Inner Life of the House of Commons." "There is," he writes, "the defiant cheer, more like a yell than a cheer. This is most commonly heard from the conservative side of the house. . . . Then there is the 'hear derivate,' which is very expressive, and, again, the cheer of confirmation. . . . There is also the obstructive cheer. . . . And, lastly, there is the genuine English, namely, approving cheer." And "Hear, hear" denotes them all.

## A Short Lived Club.

One of the most short lived clubs ever formed was the Club des Ladies—club for ugly women—organized by the Princess Pauline Metternich, who was an elegant woman, but so ugly that she used to call herself "the white monkey." Perhaps she felt some. Anyhow, she tried to gather some of the other women she knew who were not blessed with good looks into a club. But the club proved unpopular and died a natural death. The princess got back at her women acquaintances by remarking that if there were any candor in them her club would be overruled.

## Saved the Admission Money.

Ruth came home from her first visit to Sunday school, carrying a small sack of candy.

"Why, Ruth, where did you get the candy?" asked the family, who had gathered to hear her experiences.

Ruth looked up in surprise.

"I bought it with the nickel you gave me," she said. "The minister got me at the door and got me in for nothing."—Ladies Home Journal

## A Matter of Policy.

"Honesty is the best policy," misused the business man.

"I've never heard of that company," began the insurance man, who had been sparring for an opening. "But now, I've got a policy here."—But his victim had fled. Buffalo Express.

## Strategical Blunder.

"Pa, what is it they call a strategical error?"

"That's the kind of error your father makes, my boy, when your mother is giving a party and he forgets to enter the house by the back door."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

The map who waits for opportunity, and when he sees it, is not so good a man as he who does not wait, but makes it.

## Recognized Their Old Friend.

The late Sir John Steel, who was sculptor to Queen Victoria, was modeling a bust of Miss Nightingale when an officer of one of the Highland regiments which had suffered so cruelly in the Crimean war that the bust had just been completed and was in Sir John's studio. Many of the men in his company had passed through the hospital at Scutari, and he obtained permission from the sculptor to bring some of them to see it. Accordingly a squad of men, one day marched into the studio and stood in line. They had no idea why they had been mustered in so strange a place. Without a word of warning the bust was uncovered, and then, as by one impulse, the men broke rank and with cries of "Miss Nightingale, Miss Nightingale!" surrounded the model and, with hats off, cheered the figure of their devoted nurse until the roof rang. So spontaneous and hearty and so inspiring was the whole scene that in after days Sir John Steel declared it to be the greatest compliment of his life.

## Pigheaded?

It is an interesting fact that the two studies of arithmetic and geography seem to be diametrically opposed to each other in the affections of school children. Pupils who are particularly proficient in one are apt to be backward in the other. A story is told of a little boy who was slow in arithmetic and whose apparent stupidity in this field was a great source of grief to his father, who had been a mathematician. One day when the father and son were walking out they passed a place where a "learned pig" was on exhibition, and the father took the boy to see this porcine prodigy.

"Just look at that," said the father. "Why, there's a pig that can count and add up numbers! Don't you wish you were as smart as he?"

"Ha," answered the boy, "just let me ask him a few questions in geography!"

## Two Noses of Iron.

Here is a man whose guiding principle is hate. He is forever trying to punish somebody for some real or fancied grievance. He will spend money and thought and time to bring confusion upon some one whom he chooses to regard as an enemy, money and thought and time which he might employ in advancing his own fortunes or in nobler effort. When he succeeds in this he seems to take a brief satisfaction in his work, but he does not impress us as a happy man. He soon forgets all about the punished enemy and casts about for a new one to punish. When he fails in his end and his enemy escapes or punishes him he is very much cast down.

One advantage of taking the diametrically opposite passion to the one this man has selected as your guiding principle of life is that even when you lose you win.—Columbus Journal.

## Sitting Cross Legged.

The next time you ride in a street car notice the number of people who sit cross legged. It has been estimated that four-fifths of them do. Probably you do. A prominent London physician has investigated the habit, and his advice is "don't sit cross legged." He states that the prime objection to the habit is that the return flow of blood is stopped at the knee, the result being that the veins in the leg swell up. As all of the weight is thrown to one side of the body, the under leg is likely to go to sleep. The body should be equally balanced. Much crossing of the legs is also dangerous in that it is likely to cause lopsidedness. The limbs should be allowed to rest easily, so that the flow of blood is natural and the body equally balanced.—American Boy.

## Struggle to Hide the Truth.

"What makes you insist on always dancing with that girl? You know you dance badly."

"That's true," replied the determined youth. "I think a lot of that girl. If I dance with her instead of letting her sit down and watch me at a distance maybe I can keep her from seeing what a fearful dancer I really am."—Washington Star.

## Arabic Alphabet.

The Arabic alphabet has twenty-nine letters, each of which is written differently, according to its standing alone or in combination with other letters, at the beginning, middle or end of a word. To learn the alphabet, therefore, means to memorize 4x29=116 different signs.

## Truth and Love.

When I remember how earnestly men have striven to think their way into the secrets of the universe and how certainly they have failed I see clearly that only he who lives into truth finds it and that love alone is immortal. Hamilton Wright Mabie.

## Queer English.

Here is an example of the quaint misuse of words, the confusion of pronouns being not many years ago, whatever may be the case now, quite common among the country people of Hampshire, England. "If her won't go along o' we us won't go along o' she."

## Naming It.

"What kept you so long?"

"I was showing that pretty girl how to reach her destination."

"I call that misdirected energy."—Baltimore American.

## Two Things He Hadn't Done.

Howell—You are getting absentminded. Powell—Well, I never yet have blackened my teeth and put tooth powder on my shoes.—New York Press.

# A KISS IN THE DARK

By EVERETT P. CLARKE

When consciousness came to me I found myself in a strange room surrounded by a number of persons, all of whom were looking at me with sympathy on their faces. I could not remember how I came to be there in that condition or why I felt as I did. The truth was that in crossing a street I had been knocked down through the carelessness of a chauffeur and severely injured. A man whom I took to be a doctor was patching me up, and as soon as I returned to consciousness he ordered every one out of the room and, after telling me that I had been run over, said that I had been carried into a house near the scene of the accident and could not be at once removed.

One of my eyes had been injured, and a strip of linen was laid over both of them. Then I suppose I was left to myself for awhile, for I heard no sound in the room, though at intervals persons came and went. After having been alone so far as I knew, during one of these intervals I heard a sound to me to be a faint rustling of a woman's skirts. Then there was a vague consciousness that some one was standing near me looking at me. One thing I felt sure of—a warm breath against my cheek.

Suddenly I felt a pair of lips pressed against mine. It was only for a moment, after which by the sound of skirts I knew some one was scampering away. I had evidently been kissed by a woman.

Now, I was at an age when a kiss like that would naturally stir the imagination. Was the kisser young? I judged so by the feeling of her lips, which were soft and warm. I began to get well that I might find her out.

I remained where I was but a few days, when I was taken to my own home. I was not permitted to remove my eye covering before leaving the house, so I was ignorant of the members of the family. As soon as I was well enough to be out again I went to thank them for the care they had taken of me. I was received by the lady of the house, and I asked that I might thank every one who was in the house during my stay there. The lady told me that the members of her family were one son and a little daughter eight years old. I knew that the person who had kissed me was neither of these, for the wish of skirts I heard was not that of a child. I asked if there had been any one besides the family in the house during my sojourn there, to which she replied that no one had been staying there. The accident had caused considerable excitement in the neighborhood, and a number of persons had come in to make inquiries.

This was as far as I could go in my investigation, at least at the time, and I felt discouraged. There was a strong probability of my remaining in ignorance of what I was extremely anxious to know. I resolved to cultivate the acquaintance of the Murrays, who had housed me, with a view to a possible meeting with the kisser.

This I did. The son, Ed Murray, was about my age, and I took especial pains to cultivate him. He was nothing loath, and we soon became excellent friends. I have often thought that the kisser, seeing me going about with him, must have quaked in her boots. But, though I purposely talked with Murray about my stay in his mother's house, I gained no information as to who was there on the day I was taken in. Ed had been away at the time. However, I was doing my bit of detective work very well, and it was quite likely that by being a good deal at the house I might run across my quarry, and if I did I was quite sure she would show in her features a consciousness that would betray her.

Time passed, and, having thus far failed, I concluded to reveal my secret to some one of the family and ask assistance. Neither Mrs. Murray nor Ed could be relied on to give the girl away. I chose Effie Murray, the daughter, as one too young to have many scruples about giving the lady away.

"I do believe it was Kit Travers," she said. "She's just the kind of girl to do a thing like that."

"Who is Kit Travers? Was she here on the day I was brought here?"

"I don't know about her being here, but she might have been. At that time she used to come here quite often."

"At that time? Doesn't she come here quite often now?"

"She hasn't been in the house in a long while."

I felt quite sure I was on the right track. I based my conclusion on the fact of Miss Travers having formerly been often at the Murrays' and having suddenly dropped off after I became intimate with them. I induced Effie to send for Miss Travers on some pretext and telephone me on her arrival. One day I received the message and hurried to the Murrays'. I had my own pretext for coming prepared, but did not need to use it. I suddenly entered a room where Effie was talking with a very pretty girl. The moment the pretty girl saw me she blushed beautifully and I felt that I had landed the girl who had kissed me.

## POISON OF NICOTINE.

It Affects the Coronary Arteries and Produces Tobacco Heart.

Tobacco heart is a condition well known to physicians. It is really a case of arteriosclerosis, due to excessive smoking, and is generally accompanied by angina pectoris, a severe pain in the chest. The New York Medical Record, commenting on some statistics published in Germany by Dr. J. Lewinski, says the important conclusion to be drawn from them is, "that tobacco has a certain, possibly a specific, affinity for the coronary arteries. These are the arteries of the heart itself, those that supply its muscles with blood."

That nicotine is a powerful poison has long been known, but there has been a wide divergence of opinion as to whether tobacco smoke contains nicotine or not. The investigations of Zalkinski and Zebrowski prove that it does. The quantity of nicotine absorbed by the body from tobacco smoke is probably small and if smoking be indulged in with moderation it will not injure healthy adults, but when carried beyond the limits of moderation it certainly does harm to the heart. Its effect is to cause a considerable thickening of the inner membrane of the coronary arteries, a pronounced degeneration of their middle coat, which is composed of muscle and marked changes in the muscles that contract and expand the heart, thus bringing about disturbance of its rhythmical beating.

## EGGS AND THE HEN.

Life Work Nature Has All Laid Out For the Young Chick.

"There is water a-plenty in a fresh laid egg, but no more air than there is in a hammer," said a dealer in eggs.

"So long as you can keep air out of the egg it will remain sweet and fresh, but no one has ever succeeded in keeping it out by fair means more than six days. The oxygen is bound to find its way through an eggshell's pores, and the only way to save that egg then is to eat it. It sounds funny, but the moment you give an egg fresh air that moment you ruin its health."

"A good, healthy hen—not speaking of any particular star breed, but just a hen—does not fulfill her destiny until she has accomplished 600 eggs—fifty dozen. That's what nature has fitted up the hen to do in the way of just uncoached and unstimulated egg production, and she gives the hen eight years to do it in."

"The hen divides the fifty dozen stunt up among those eight years. Some years she may not turn out more than a couple of dozen, but when the eight years are up she will have managed her annual output so that the total has come out all right. Then the hen has ended her career as an egg producer, and too often, if she is in the hands of a thrifty owner, begins another career, short and decisive—this time as the summer boarder spring chicken."—Pittsburgh Press.

## Weight After Meals.

There is or used to be, an idea that one weighs less after a meal than before, but that is nonsense. There is always a definite increase of weight after a meal, and with most people it is curiously uniform. After an average dinner washed down with the average amount of liquid—three-quarters of a pint—the average man will invariably find that he weighs two pounds more than he did before the meal. There seems to be no reason why a really determined diner should not double that increase. A half pint tumbler of water or a breakfast cupful of tea weighs ten ounces, so that probably over half of the two pounds increase of weight after dinner is accounted for by the liquid part of the meal.—Manchester Guardian.

## The Speed Limit.

Motorists going through a small town in northern Indiana bear witness to the fact that sarcasm reaches a high stage of development there. Going into the town one is met by a sign reading "Speed Limit 110 Miles an Hour."

"Mighty decent people in this town," thinks the motorist. But before he has gone far he realizes the sarcasm fully. The streets are so rough and the road through there to Chicago has so many turns in it that it would be impossible to go faster than ten miles an hour without running into some one's front yard.—Indianapolis News.

## Three Hard Words.

There are three short and simple words, the hardest to pronounce in any language (and I suspect they were no easier before the confusion of tongues), but which no man or nation that cannot utter can claim to have arrived at manhood. These words are, "I was wrong."—Lowell.

## The Art of Flattery.

Madam—With this goose I have been awfully cheated. It is old and tough and still it looks so young and tender! Cook (who likes to flatter her mistress)—Yes, madam. One can never tell by appearances. You, too, look much younger than you really are.—Fitzhugh's Blatter.

## The Baggar's Retort.

She—I shan't give you anything because I suspect you aren't blind at all. He—That may be, but I can assure you there are moments when I wish I were.—Pete Mele.

## Trimming.

The old fashioned woman who used to trim her own hat now has a daughter who trims her husband for her hat.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## Seeing in the Dark.

Mr. J. J. Thomson, a scientist for the statement that when a body is heated above the temperature of boiling water it ordinarily begins to be faintly visible, equally by averted vision, but no definite color is discerned until the temperature has risen considerably higher. This suggests that the first effects are felt by the "rods" and not by the "cones," which together form the retina. The cones are especially concerned with the perception of color. From this one would infer that animals which see in the dark must have retinas particularly rich in rods, and physiology shows that this is notably true of the owl, whose retina is remarkable for the extremely great proportion of rods to cones. In a faint light, states Professor Thomson, the owl sees no color, but he sees something which is good enough for his purposes where we would see nothing at all.—Philadelphia Record.

## A Literary Bellboy.

At one of the great London hotels there is a page boy who in his spare moments is much given to the study of the best English literature.

A few days ago he was paid his wages with a small bill deducted for some breach of regulations. Indignant, the boy said to the manager, "Sir, if you should ever find it within the scope of your jurisdiction to levy an assessment on my wages for some trivial act alleged to have been committed by myself at some inopportune moment in the stress of one's avocation I would suggest that you refrain from exercising that prerogative. The failure to do so would of necessity force me to tender my resignation."

The manager, tottering, reached a chair and in gasps asked the boy what he meant. "In other words, if you fine me again I shall chuck the job!" said the lad.—London Standard.

## For the New House.

When you commence to plan your new house get a good sized scrapbook in which to paste every kind of a suggestion you come across. There are hundreds of little ideas as well as some larger ones which will help you give your home added charm or comfort without much increase in cost—ideas about built in things, from a simple shelf to a medicine closet or a seat in an inglenook. There are things to do and things not to do about the placing of lights and of radiators and of water or steam pipes. There are principles of harmony to be remembered in the selection of rugs, draperies, wall decorations and furniture. We all run across such suggestions, but rarely remember them. So get a scrap book or else a large envelope or a flat box labeled "The New House." It will pay.—New York Sun.

## Norman Kings and War.

The Norman kings had a way of their own of making money from their warlike preparations. William Rufus in the sixth year of his reign, "caused 20,000 foot to be lifted in England to rendezvous in Normandy. But when they were come to the sea coast in order to be transported he sent them all home again after exacting 10 shillings from each of them for their diet." Years afterward Richard I, according to the old chronicler, "ordained that there should be jousts and tournaments throughout England for the better exercise of men in martial affairs, yet so that all persons should pay for their licenses to bear a part in these exercises after the following rates: Every earl 20 marks, every baron 10 marks and such as had no land 2 marks."

## Boulogne.

Boulogne has been the base of almost every contemplated invasion of England from the days of Caligula to the time when Napoleon gathered 180,000 men there ready at any favorable opportunity to swoop across the channel. For six years—from 1544 to 1550—Boulogne was an English possession, and the English element in the town was large and influential long before the cross channel pleasure steamers made it the best known spot in France to the majority of the English trippers. Two famous poets, Churchill and Campbell, breathed their last in Boulogne.—Westminster Gazette.

## Amended.

Thackeray tells of a peasant woman begging alms from him, who, seeing him putting his hands in his pockets, said:

"May the blessings of Providence follow you," but when he only pulled out his snuffbox she immediately added, "and never overtake you."

## Little Signs.

"I wonder if the couple on the other side of the aisle are husband and wife?"

"They can't be. She's got the seat by the window."—Baltimore American.

## Cruel Hint.

"I have regularly attended the dog show."

"Well, did any of the judges want to give you a prize?"—Exchange.

## Painful Ones.

Sister Ann—Did yer get any marks at school there, Bill? Bill—Yus, but they're where they don't show.—London Sketch.

## Unnecessary.

"Did her father give the bride away?"

"No, he said the groom would find her out soon enough."—Detroit Free Press.

Any one—a fool or an idiot—can be exclusive. It comes easy. It takes a large nature to be universal, to be inclusive.—Ralph Waldo Trine.