

HER ONLY WEAKNESS

By M. DIBBELL

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"What I particularly admire about Isabelle Ivan is her perfect poise," remarked Allen Linthrop to Bert Harland, his special crony. "In all the months of our acquaintance I have never seen any exhibition of 'nerves.' And I have been with her when a mouse, a cow, a snake and a heavy thunderstorm appeared on the scene—not all at once, of course, but upon four separate occasions. She was not in the least ruffled by one of them, but retained her usual calm."

His friend was becoming accustomed to these eulogies of the young woman mentioned, and answered good-humoredly:

"In fact you begin to think that at last you have found the perfect woman, and I suppose the next step is to discover if she will not change her final initial from I to L."

"It would be the best step I ever took in my life if I could win her consent to that change," declared Allen with decision.

"But suppose you should discover that there really does exist something of which Miss Ivan is afraid—I mean something within the everyday list of happenings; wouldn't you have to form your opinion of her all over again?" asked Bert.

"I shall never have to alter my opinion for any such reason," Allen asserted in positive tones. "I have full faith in her freedom from all the usual feminine fears."

When duty forced Bert to leave him, Allen started out for the Ivan home, and lost all sense of time in pondering over the perfection of the fearless Isabelle. So deep was he in this pleasant musing that it only gradually dawned upon him the usual quiet at that hour had become a pandemonium.



A Cry of Terror Broke From Isabelle.

Mingled human and canine howls and growls indicated a lively dog fight in progress nearby.

The aroused dreamer rushed around the corner of the high hedge just ahead of him, and beheld at a short distance two well-matched bull terriers in fierce combat. A very small boy held the end of one dog's leash, and hopped up and down screaming, "Oh, he'll kill Billy! He'll kill Billy!" over and over at the top of his lungs.

But what winged Allen Linthrop's feet to reach the spot was the sight of Isabelle tugging away at the other dog's collar, in the vain endeavor to separate the combatants.

"Don't be scared," she called to the child as Allen neared them, "Billy is all right, and I'll soon make them stop fighting."

Here Allen joined the fracas and quickly hauled the dogs apart.

"Look's to me as if Billy were quite able to hold his end of the log," he said, as the nameless terrier slunk away, with a decided limp, and streaks of blood showing on his coat. Billy looked in much the better shape, and his small master required Allen's assistance to prevent his following the retreating foe.

The youngster thanked Billy's deliverer with ardor when peace was at last restored. "Billy never fought before, and I was afraid he wouldn't know how," was his final remark.

Allen laughed as he replied, "I guess Billy knows it all without teaching."

"I think we will get Billy home as soon as possible," said Isabelle. "Freddie and I were taking a walk, but we were not looking for an attacking enemy." She smiled at small Freddie, without a trace of agitation in her manner.

Allen's admiration of this brave young woman deepened.

"I shall be your guard of honor, to see that you have no more assaults," he said.

Freddie lived on the outskirts of the town, only a short distance from Isabelle; and they soon saw him safely housed, still holding firmly to Billy's leash, while the non-fighting terrier wore an expression of patient meekness, hardly in keeping with his recent actions.

"Would you like to drive out to Rose farm tomorrow and get some

roses?" queried Allen later on, when leaving Isabelle. "There is a splendid showing of all sorts, I am told."

"Indeed I shall—I love roses." When his chum dropped in to see him that evening, Allen proceeded to give him an account of the dog fight, ending by saying triumphantly, "So you see, Bert, here is another bugaboo disposed of—nearly all women are afraid of bull dogs."

"It certainly looks as if Miss Ivan were the exception to the general rule of womankind," acknowledged Bert. "But how are you to play the role of protecting strength, if there is nothing from which to protect her?"

"I know she was glad of my help this afternoon," answered Allen. "But she did not have to go into hysterics to show it, and that is an unusual characteristic."

The following afternoon Allen stopped his handsome pair of bays at Isabelle's gate, and the couple were soon speeding on their way to the great Rose farm. The horses were fresh, and before the ten miles to their destination were covered Allen had another proof of his companion's fearlessness.

The railway cut through a deep gully at one point of their route, and as they neared the track a shrill "Toot! Toot!" sounded from an approaching train. The whistle startled the young horses, and together they bolted down the hill. Allen tried his best to check them, but failed; and they flew across the track at such close range that the engine almost grazed the rear wheels.

Gradually Allen regained control of his team, and at the first possible instant he turned to Isabelle. Her lips were firmly set, but she had not made a sound, nor was there any look of terror on her face. She met his gaze and smiled.

"You should be proud to own a pair of horses that can outrun a railroad train," she observed quietly.

Allen answered, "I am far prouder to be honored with the friendship of such a brave woman." He spoke so feelingly that Isabelle hastened to change the subject.

"Oh see! The roses are coming in sight on that next slope," she informed Allen with delight; and the mass of color was well worth their entire attention.

On reaching the farm the young people alighted and wandered through the beautiful place. Ploled after field, full of the most perfect roses, met their admiring eyes, and the assistant who went with them plucked for Isabelle a rose from each bush she thought particularly lovely, until his arms were filled.

As they turned back Isabelle said, "I should live to keep on gathering roses forever—this is my ideal of happiness."

Part of the roses were tucked under the seat of the light buggy, and the rest Isabelle insisted on carrying herself. "They are so beautiful I simply must look at them," she said as the obliging assistant handed her the bunch.

They started homeward with every indication of harmony. The bays evidently felt that they were now on their good behavior, and went with a smooth, even pace.

They had just passed over the railroad track and were ascending the hill down which the team had bolted when a cry of terror broke from Isabelle, and the bunch of roses she had been holding so tenderly, were scattered broadcast on the roadside.

"What has happened?" asked Allen in real alarm, and uttering a loss to account for the look of horror on Isabelle's pale face.

"A big black spider!" she exclaimed. "It was coming right at me over the roses!"

Allen proved himself a real man; for he did not laugh, but said soothingly:

"A spider would not hurt you, child, and he is surely gone now with the roses."

Almost as swiftly as it had come, the fear vanished from Isabelle's eyes, and she wailed, "I have always been afraid of spiders, and now you will think I am a coward!" She buried her face in her hands.

The horses were walking slowly up the steep ascent, and Allen dropped the reins to take Isabelle's hands. Gently he drew them away, and disclosed a very woe-begone countenance.

"I am truly glad to find that you have one little weakness, dearest, for I have been fearing you would never listen to such an ordinary person as myself. But that spider has given me courage to tell you I love you with all my heart, Isabelle, and to beg you will give me the right to protect you from the one thing you do dread."

The look of love in his eyes won the victory, for Isabelle answered softly, "If you had laughed, Allen, it would have hurt me more than you can guess. But you were so good. I know you would make an ideal protector."

A Comparison.

"A horse is a man's truest friend," said the lover of animals.

"He's more like a relation than a friend," replied Farmer Cornsmeal. "He makes me think of my boy Josh; allus ready to eat, an' liable to kick if you put him to work."

Cultivating the Voice in Paris



A \$10-PER-HOUR LESSON

GIRLS preparing for opera in Paris have got to be comfortable. "That is why we live in an attic." They laughed gleefully as they told it, two bouncing American girls from Kansas and Alabama, high-hearted, ambitious, bubbling with the joy of life, yet keyed down to the specialist's clear-sounding intent by two or three years' study in the French capital. They have learned the need of money in lyric Paris. Their experience is valuable to dreaming home girls.

"It has cost me all of \$1,400 a year to cultivate my voice in Paris; and I live cheaply in an attic apartment with a charwoman at 7 cents per hour to do the heavy work," affirmed the Kansas young woman, while the Alabama girl has spent nearly \$1,600 a year—"including very few new gowns!" Both have tried every way of living in Paris—to arrive at the mansard apartment and the charwoman.

"All of which brings us to \$7,000 for four years' voice preparation and the 'comfort' that must characterize them. Of course there are professional and semi-professionals who run to Paris and do a great deal of work in six months. We are not dealing with them. Even the failures for lack of time and money go back to America and earn better pay singing in churches and teaching on the strength of their Paris training. We have nothing to do with them either."

"One year I lived on \$1,200," mused the southerner. "I was taking only two singing lessons per week from—(here she named a famous name), I paid \$5 per half-hour lesson in a class of three other girls."

"I was living in a pension boarding house for 7 francs per day—\$42 per month. That had to be paid regularly. The rest I took as regularly as the money would permit. There were two singing lessons per week at \$5 each; two French diction lessons per week with a coach, at \$1 each; two misc-en-scen (acting) lessons at \$2 apiece; and \$2 once a week with a German, learning Schumann and Schubert lieds! It would have brought me to \$1,500 per year without cab fares, opera, theater, laundry, clothing, books, postage, hats, shoes, soap, music, text-books, rubber shoes, quinine, headache powders or pennies for the poor! I had to cut out some of the lessons."

"Too many people to bother you in a pension boarding house; too much time lost talking; too much second-class society. People are all the time going off to see the Paris sights. It is annoying to be asked and have to always refuse. In the evenings they ask you to sing. You never do, but you hate to refuse again."

"Again, there are too many congenial people at the American girls' clubs. The girls' clubs of Paris have the disadvantages of a great pension, only more so. They are immensely more luxurious and homey. They present great advantages. They are clean, smart, art-furnished, with steam heat, baths, afternoon teas, libraries, information bureaux, free medical attendance, entertainments, charming society—and all for \$5 or \$6 per week!"

"But we quit them. It was too congenial, too agreeable. Instead of hurrying to my room to work, I would stop in the salons, chatting with the girls."

"From girls' clubs to light house-keeping, in Paris, is, thus a natural evolution. Two tiny rooms and a bijou kitchen. There is scarce space for tea table and piano. That chintz-covered divan is my bed. My companion's room, not having the piano, contains our mutual dressing table. Observe how the wall slants as it goes up. It is the mansard and makes the rooms rather warm, at times, in summer; but the evenings are always cool and we do not have the excessive heat of America in Paris."

Cost of Living.

"With the charwoman three times a week to clean up, it costs us about \$50 per month, \$25 apiece, including gas,

rough laundry and the rent of the piano. We have good steaks and chops and an American variety of fresh vegetables, warmth, light, leisure, freedom, silence—and pocket money!"

"The distances are great in Paris; but we take cabs only when we are late for a \$5 singing lesson, or when it is stormy. One must not catch cold—that is another ruin! Our fine laundry costs us each 75 cents per week—much cheaper than in America. Our economies go to opera and theaters, cabs, music and books."

"And clothes? One must have a smart evening gown and a fancy tailor for afternoons, when invited out. That is all. For the rest, most American girls students come to Paris to wear out their old clothes. I have been in Paris three years and still have some of the things I brought with me. I wear them still. Students are not expected to dress."

The daily routine of the songstress is full of pleasant activity. Care of her physique is of capital importance. Her chief cares are not to catch cold or grow fat.

On rising, the future Patti takes a tub—unknown object in the Latin Quarter, though there is said to be one in the Boulevard Montparnasse, but as the girl lives very retired, few have seen it. Breakfast must be only a cup of coffee and a roll. Then you read the society columns of the Paris Herald, Mail and American Register—important to a girl whose life on the edge of high society becomes almost a business proposition. In the afternoon more singing.

The first concert is a great scheme; there are men students who repeat it annually. I confess, the girls employ it less.

The only expense is printing and mailing the complimentary tickets. You send them broadcast to the rich and famous Americans, English, French, South Americans, Russians, Germans, Italians and Spanish of Paris—with the word "Complimentary" rubber-stamped in big letters.

Such rich folks are unwilling to accept a "complimentary" from an unknown singer; but they think you must have met them somewhere, and hate, also, to throw back the offered seats in your face. Therefore they mail you a postal order for the price of each, \$2-\$4 in all—and never attend your concert.

Once a year the precious voice must be heard by the real critics. For the meritorious, this long-dreaded, long-wished-for audition d'eleves is a consecration. The voice is heard by the critical Paris public. It is judged not only by critics, but by gathered impresarios. After such a hearing the girl may be offered an immediate engagement in such a swell opera house as the Monnaie de Brussels, as I have known to happen to American girls nine times in the past ten years.

One reason why our girls pay \$5 apiece for half-hour lessons from the famous but negligent old trainers who receive social callers in the class hour is that they make up for all neglect at their auditions, great functions, in which they have the power of drawing the elite of the profession. Less famous trainers—better, perhaps, for the voice—cannot get that crowd together.

Each student sings two pieces, and into their rendering is put the training of long weeks. The hall is packed. The hour has come. One by one the girls pass to the ordeal. And it is finished. They have been heard. They have sung in Paris. Their performances will be noted at length in the daily as well as the professional papers. The impresarios of all the world will know of them by magic.

It is to this sort of thing Paris owes its vogue as a voice center. Fewer new operas are brought out in Paris than in many a German city. Paris engagements are notoriously ill paid. The Paris public does not love music. Some of the great trainers are Germans, some Italians, some Spanish. Yet they must teach in Paris. Paris is the center for the cultivation of the voice; and it suffices.

The Onlooker

By WILBUR D. NESBIT

AT HAMMOCK-BY-THE-TREE



Some go to Hillcrest-by-the-Pool, Some go to Glenview-by-the-Lake In search of somewhere that is cool And there they stew and fret and bake. I have a quiet summer place That's not like Sandhill-by-the-Sea— Across the lawn my path I trace And stop at Hammock-by-the-Tree.

At this resort one is surprised To find that all the prospects please, Home comforts, just as advertised, And constantly a cooling breeze; There one may look up at the sky That is as blue as any sea And count the cloudships sailing by— It's fine at Hammock-by-the-Tree.

No pert-mouthed children founce about, No gossips sit in rocking chairs, No bellboys clatter in and out, No gay grass widows put on airs, There is no rush to be the first! To reach the tables during meals, No orchestra may do its worst With shrieking flutes and fiddle-squeals.

And there nobody rocks the boat, But one may sail the Sea of Dreams And all contentedly may float. Adown the babbling fancy streams; There is no land in all the earth That in this spot one may not roam; He may have all the day is worth And safely make the port of home.

My baggage is a pipe and book And there I travel every day; I find the quiet little nook Where laughing breezes come to play. It is the corner of content, A place that has a charm for me— There my vacation will be spent; I'll stop at Hammock-by-the-Tree.

At the Bookstand.

"Is that next month's Rustler magazine?" asks the patron, indicating the periodical in question.

"Yes, sir, but it is a back number now," says the dealer.

"A back number? Why it is only the first of this month, and that magazine is dated for next month."

"I know, but nowadays the magazines for two months from now come out the week before the current month, and a magazine that is only a month ahead of time is really six weeks old."

She Wanted It All.

"I wish I could figure it out," brooded the man.

We bent over his table and saw that he was drawing a sketch of a wagon of peculiar build.

"What is it?" we asked.

"I am trying to invent a vehicle that may be used as a coal wagon, moving van, and lee wagon."

Realizing that we were in the presence of a Napoleon of finance, we hurried away, clutching our pocket-book.

Enjoyable Outing.

We meet our friend who has been spending two weeks at the resort famed for its scenery and outdoor attractions.

"Have a good time?" we ask.

"Great," he replies.

"They say Up-There-by-the-Lake is a pleasant place for a vacation."

"It certainly is. Why, the night clerk at that hotel is the best partner at bridge I ever found."

Consistent.

"The girls in the cooking school have organized a baseball team and they insist that the games must be played on the football grounds."

"That's odd. Why do they want to do that?"

"They claim that the batter can't get out unless he is started on the gridiron."

The Smile.

"I wonder," mused the gentle girl, "why the face of nature is always said to wear a smile?"

"Because it does," explained the un-sentimental man. "Don't mint and rye spread all over the face of nature?"

Businesslike.

"And this, I presume, will be a 'charge?'" asks the visitor to the studio.

"Well, sir," answers the impeccable artist, "I'd like to favor you, but in my present state of finance I am compelled to insist upon cash."

Wilbur D. Nesbit

OTTUMWA WOMAN CURED

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Ottumwa, Iowa.—"For years I was almost a constant sufferer from female trouble in all its dreadful forms; shooting pains all over my body, sick headache, spinal weakness, dizziness, depression, and everything that was horrid. I tried many doctors in different parts of the United States, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done more for me than all the doctors. I feel it my duty to tell you these facts. My heart is full of gratitude to you for my cure."—Mrs. HARRIET E. WAMPLER, 524 S. Ransom Street, Ottumwa, Iowa.



Consider This Advice.

No woman should submit to a surgical operation, which may mean death, until she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial.

This famous medicine, made only from roots and herbs, has for thirty years proved to be the most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism. Women residing in almost every city and town in the United States bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. Her advice is free, confidential, and always helpful.

Love, which is the essence of God, is not for levity, but for the total worth of a man.—Emerson.

Eat for the Fun of It.

According to Mr. Herbert W. Fisher in World's Work food is of no use to us unless we enjoy it. Mr. Fisher does not, however, recommend us to be gluttons. He says the less we eat the more pleasure we might get. The principle is that if we eat little we shall taste much. And the taste of food, not the amount, is, after all, the lure of it.

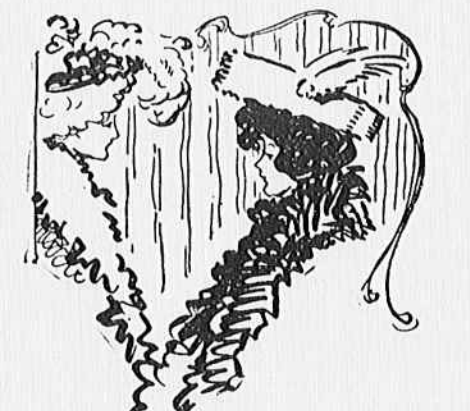
Too Dangerous.

In the struggling days of Tuskegee, Booker T. Washington found that he would have to use an old chicken house for a schoolroom.

"Uncle," said he to an old colored man, "I want you to come down at nine o'clock tomorrow morning and help me clean out a henhouse."

"Law now, Mr. Washington," the old man expostulated, "you-all don't want to begin cleanin' out no henhouse roun' yere in do day time."—Success Magazine.

THE MARTYR.



Polly—So Mrs. Highmere's husband has developed bad habits. How did you hear about it?

Dolly—Oh, Mrs. Highmere invited us all to an afternoon tea so she could tell us how she suffered in silence!

A SPOON SHAKER.

Straight From Coffeeland.

Coffee can marshal a good squadron of enemies and some very hard ones to overcome. A lady in Florida writes:

"I have always been very fond of good coffee, and for years drank it at least three times a day. At last, however, I found that it was injuring me."

"I became bilious, subject to frequent and violent headaches, and so very nervous, that I could not lift a spoon to my mouth without spilling a part of its contents."

"My heart got 'rickety' and beat so fast and so hard that I could scarcely breathe, while my skin got thick and dingy, with yellow blotches on my face, caused by the condition of my liver and blood."

"I made up my mind that all these afflictions came from the coffee, and I determined to experiment and see."

"So I quit coffee and got a package of Postum which furnished my hot morning beverage. After a little time I was rewarded by a complete restoration of my health in every respect."

"I do not suffer from biliousness any more, my headaches have disappeared, my nerves are as steady as could be desired, my heart beats regularly and my complexion has cleared up beautifully—the blotches have been wiped out and it is such a pleasure to be well again." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.