

Father Time, suggests the Boston Post, was probably nursed in the lapse of ages.

A real gossip, observes the Atchison Globe, uses this expression pretty often: "I got it very straight."

It makes some of us uncomfortable, confesses the Philadelphia Record, to see other people as uncomfortable as we are.

The aeroplane designed for a honeymoon voyage follows by only a few years the "bicycle built for two," notes the New York World.

Size is not the only thing that reaches the home plate, muses Ram's Horn, when the question of championship is about to be settled.

Mrs. Peavish says, quotes the Galveston News, that she never realized the power of heredity until she noticed how the baby kept her waiting on it whenever its father didn't keep her waiting on him.

Owing to the general decay of the old country fairs and feasts, of which the dates were for centuries as familiar as those of Lady Day or Michaelmas, recalls the London Times, life in many country districts has probably been duller during the last half century than it ever was before.

The American habit of aping foreign ways is again illustrated by a situation which has arisen in Cleveland, Ohio, laments the New York Mail. An alarming outbreak of smallpox occurred in that city, and, not content with the simple American variety of that disease, which is bad enough, goodness knows, the announcement is made that the ailment which has appeared in the Ohio metropolis is "genuine European smallpox." How very snobbish, not to say unpatric!

Ex-Senator Everett Colby, one of the leaders of New Jersey, in a speech recently told the following story on himself: "While campaigning for reelection a couple of years ago I was standing in front of a hotel in one of the smaller municipalities of my county when a man drove up in a buggy and, walking over to me, asked that I hold his horse until he came out of the hotel. 'I guess you don't know who I am,' I answered. 'Why, I am a Senator.' 'That's all right,' responded the man, 'I'll trust you.'"

The United States and the West Indies are the countries that supply the world with most of its cotton, and after them come Egypt, India and Africa into consideration as cotton-growing lands. With the gradual decline in exports of American breadstuffs cotton has become much the greatest of staple exports, declares the Philadelphia Record. Upon the extent of the country's crop depends the price of cotton in the world's markets. Last year's crop was the smallest in the decade, and the consequence is a rise in the price of which gambling in futures has not been slow to take advantage; with a still further decline of the cotton crop this year and with an increased consumption the prices are likely to rise still higher.

It is amusing, if a bit irritating, to hear the defence of the New York tradesmen for their little habit of continuously cheating the public by means of undersized barrels, falsely labelled cotton and linen goods and other inconspicuous games to defraud "trade customs," they call them, chides the Boston Post, and they sit back in their office chairs with a calm and easy assumption of complete virtue. But why is it that "trade customs" invariably work for the benefit of the sellers? Why do they always give the consumer less than he is entitled to, less than he thinks he is getting? A "trade custom" that would once in a great while—even a very great while—result to the advantage of the buyer would be a refreshing manifestation of the fitness of things. But it is never seen.

It is all over now, relates the New York Mail, but a Chicago woman still believes that Police Commissioner Eck, who saved her from drowning, was guilty of an exceedingly mean trick. Having resolved to drown herself, she waded out in the lake until the water touched her chin. Eck shouted at her and she paused, but as he could not swim and was much shorter than the woman, he could not go to her rescue. An inspiration came to him. He began to make ugly faces at the woman, and his grimaces made her so mad that she forgot all about her original purpose. Enraged at the man's insolence, she retreated toward the shore, perhaps with a determination to punish him. Finally she came within reach and he grabbed her and dragged her out on dry land, safe but unspeakably angry. It was a distinctly new turn in life, saving.

"All going out and nothing coming in" is the complaint of the bald-headed man, confesses the Philadelphia Record.

Humility, self-respect and a well defined purpose to do worthy work, contends the Christian Register, make a fine combination.

We'd give a pretty penny, sighs the Commoner, to again feel the sensations of the small boy who has just landed his first fish.

Make people think better of themselves and you will not need to worry over your own epitaph, admonishes the Chicago Tribune.

Some of the department stores are giving free vaudeville, but this is no bid, warns the Louisville Courier-Journal, for remnant jokes.

A Western woman holds that large feet are evidence of great brains. Maybe, admits the New York Herald, but it's no place to carry them.

Perhaps circumstances sometimes force an unfortunate to be a "hobo," concedes the Philadelphia Ledger, but the millionaire who is one must be so for choice.

No change in the last fifty years, insists the Christian Register, has been more marked than that brought about by the vast increase of new occupations by which men and women could earn a livelihood.

To the Providence Journal it begins to look as if, when China wakes up, she will find the bed so crowded as to make it difficult for her to turn over without raising a rumpus with the parties on either side.

Says the Philadelphia Inquirer: A strange thing has happened in Massachusetts. The Mayor of a city was accused of stealing, tried, convicted and put in jail—all within two weeks. Are there no lawyers up there, or do they have fool laws which mean what they say?

Observes the Rochester Union and Advertiser: The fact is forced on thinking people that those who are directly or indirectly responsible for the lives of the men who work below the surface of the earth are doing nothing that is effectual in lessening the dangers of mining coal. The only advance which has been noted of late is a new outfit for exploring mines after a disaster has occurred. This is the oxygen helmet. It is a poor satisfaction to the average man, however, to know that if he is not blown to atoms in a mine there is a better chance than formerly of rescuing his body, and possibly before life is extinct.

Submits the Baltimore American: If the political agitation in Cuba were an index to its industrial condition, the island would be in a bad shape. Fortunately, the Cubans were never so prosperous; the country's long relief from strife and the safeguards thrown about constitutional rule through the obligations laid upon the island by the United States have fostered the industrial interests of the Cubans. The importance of this condition is reflected in the indisposition of the people to follow inflammatory insurgents into the brush. The gradual separation of industrial interests from political agitation is leaving the latter high and dry.

Countess Anna Maria Helena de Noailles, a member of one of the historic families of France, made a curious will which has lately been proved, relates the New York Tribune. She left her estate at Meads, Eastbourne, England, to found "St. Mary's Orphanage," laying down the following rules for the education of the girls: No competitive examinations, no study before breakfast, no study after 6 p. m., all lessons to be learned in the morning, no girl to work more than four and a half hours daily. No arithmetic, except the multiplication tables for children under ten. No child with curvature of the spine to write more than five minutes a day until thirteen. Each girl must be certified by two phrenologists as not deficient in conscientiousness and firmness; no child to be vaccinated.

Captain Charles C. Healey, commander of Chicago's squad of traffic regulators, has made a number of recommendations looking to the relief of street congestion based on a two months' study of foreign methods. Among other things he says that all houses in the business districts should be required to receive all supplies at hours that will not interfere with traffic. This, comments the New York Tribune, would mean either night deliveries or receipt of consignments at early morning hours. He thinks, also, that subways for pedestrians should be provided at crowded corners. Before the Royal Exchange in London there pass an average of 7201 motor and horse busses and 19,549 other vehicles in the twelve hours of every business day. This would never be possible if the cars which now pass through the subway were on the level of the street.

Road to Gretna Green

By Dorothea Deakin,
Author of "Georgie," "The Wishing Ring," Etc.

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CHAPTER II Continued.

"Ugh!" Tormentilla made a face, but the dejected grace of Audrey's attitude reproached her. Here was a fine opportunity to help two lovers to happiness, and all girls were silly in one way or another, she supposed. She must overlook such trifling imperfections as these. If it was not going to be an easy task to override these maidenly prejudices, why, so much the better. The more obstacles in the path, the better was the thing worth doing.

She got on her bicycle in high spirits and rode home. Young Mrs. Sandring, wandering disconsolately round her beautiful garden the same afternoon, was thinking very much of these two; of Audrey's sudden affection for the pinafore girl, as she called Tormentilla, and of poor Michael Kenworthy's hopeless love affairs. She had heard a great deal of those love affairs, and the young man so obviously preferred now to spend his time talking to her over with her, instead of trying to get work, or even to see the beloved object, that she was growing uneasy. She had, in fact, begged her husband that very afternoon to take her away for a holiday. She was beginning to think it would be wise. It was because she loved her husband and wished to prevent annoyance to him, rather than from the wish to spare another person pain and humiliation, that she wanted to go away, but it was no good. She had tried and failed. Things must go on and take their chance. Afterwards, if there should be a row, it would be a great comfort to feel that she had—once—done her best to prevent it.

It was in this pleasant state of mind that Michael Kenworthy found her at six o'clock when he came in to talk about Audrey. She smiled at him, however, with a smile which completely transmuted her sulky little face, and Michael began to cheer up at once. His eyes were luminous as he looked at her. She had been so kind to him. Hour after hour she had listened to his ravings about Audrey; had sympathized with his poverty, calmed his jealous fears, prophesied the best, and, of course, he was fond of her. He ought to be, but she couldn't help feeling that a moment had almost come when their friendship should be weakened by absence, and now Jack had refused to take her away.

"Where is Audrey to-day?" she asked. Young Kenworthy was a fair, clean shaven youth of twenty-four or so. His enemies said he was a rolling stone, and his friends that he was wanting in application. As for his prospects, Audrey's cruel parents had found them quite invisible to the naked eye, and, taking an antiquated and prejudiced view, had forbidden even an engagement. "What is Audrey doing to-day?" Lise asked kindly. "I don't know," the young man replied sadly. "I never see her now, unless I meet her here. And there's your confounded brother-in-law—beg your pardon, but you don't like him either, do you?" "Yes, I do," said Lise sharply. "Of course I am fond of Jack's only brother. You mustn't say such extraordinarily incorrect things about me. And if Audrey loves you, Nigel's existence doesn't matter, does it? I don't think Audrey likes his curious habits and the way he—well, she's a little tiny bit of a gourmandise, isn't she? It's in the family, rather, and—"

"She has a fairylke appetite," Michael said quickly, for it was a trait he had much admired in her. "Yes, of course"—Lise smiled a little. "That's just it, and it has to be tempted. Michael, honestly, do you think any one's fairylke appetite would be tempted by the things Nigel eats?" Braised spinach and carrot cutlets and curious imitations of meat of all sorts. Can you really be jealous of him when you think of him as a man who calls you 'dear lady,' and wears sandals?" "He doesn't call me 'dear lady,'" said Michael warmly. "And I'd like to see him do it." "He is prosperous, of course," she went on in slighting tones, "but he doesn't spend his money. How can an all-wool and a vegetarian enjoy meat?" They can't. They're too busy counting the times they masticate their dreadful foods to enjoy their meals. And they wouldn't let their wives dress in the delightful way Audrey does, because they have theories about women's clothing. Awful rational theories, you know, and balls and theatres are taboed because of the exhausted air, and artificiality of the pleasure they give. Such dancing as Nigel approves of must be taken under 'God's blue sky,' illumined by the twinkling candelabra of the blessed stars. Nigel often says so. Imagine it! If you've ever danced on a well-rolled lawn, you'll be able to guess what the kind of field-dancing Nigel would approve of is like. And in sandals, of course. Fancy Audrey giving up her Louis heels and her nineteen-inch waist. Oh, I am sure, quite sure, you haven't the slightest reason to be jealous of Nigel."

Michael laughed, then sighed. "You're very comforting, Mrs. Sandring. You always manage to cheer me up, but you won't mind my saying that if I really have no grounds for jealousy, I'd rather it was because she cared for me than because she disapproved of his infernal Mother Goose habits. Of course any girl would rather marry a man than a Miss Nancy—it's only human nature—but I wish Audrey's only reason for refusing him was because she couldn't find it in her heart to give up me."

"You ask too much of any woman," said she. "There are always a hundred reasons for and against everything. I am sure this is much too complex an age, in spite of what Nigel says about the simple life, to allow a girl to make an important decision which might influence her whole life's happiness, for an old-fashioned, humdrum reason like that."

"You aren't like that," said he, watching with his clear gray eyes the changing expression of her animated face, and the quick, expressive gestures of her little brown hands. Lise raised her dark eyebrows with a curious little smile. "No!" she said. "My dear boy, I am more complex than anything you ever dreamt of or imagined. I never did anything from a simple honest motive in all my life."

"I sometimes think," said Michael earnestly, "that you aren't very happy. It doesn't seem quite fair. It is too bad that you, who are so sympathetic, should be so much alone in your own life. I never met any one before who understood me as you do. Even Audrey does not quite understand the deeper side of my character. Until I met you—oh, if I could only make some return to you for your perfect sympathy. I am afraid Sandring isn't worthy of you."

Lise, who had been leaning back with a strange little smile hovering over her lips, sat up suddenly here, with amazed eyes. But the mad youth rushed on to his destruction. "I don't think your husband can understand you as I can," said he boldly. Lise broke into a sudden sharp little laugh. "My dear boy," she said, "you mustn't make remarks about my husband if you wish me to remain your friend. There is no question about the perfect understanding between Jack and me. We adore each other. In every single instance that I can remember since we were married, we have thought as one."

CHAPTER III. "Charming, isn't she?" Miss Cotton beamed at them over the big pale blue bow of chiffon at her throat. Her large, sheep-like face shone with its usual expression of cheerful sadness. "I always think it such a pity," she said gently, "that Mrs. Sandring does not live happily with her husband. My housemaid, who is a cousin of her cook, tells me that they have words constantly. Her temper is most passionate, and he is a remarkably amiable man. But, then, she is so elegant. I always think Mrs. Jack most elegant. It's a pity that young men fall in love with her so—so incessantly, though, isn't it? Beauty is always such a snare."

to return Mrs. Sandring's call. You needn't come. I rather want to see her alone. I am interested in her, and I want to form an unbiased opinion."

"But, Sandy—" "Tormentilla," suggested the girl. "Do you think you ought to hobnob with Tom, Dick, and Harry in this way? Your mother—" "It's fortunate for me that mother isn't here," Tormentilla's mischievous smile was not particularly reassuring. "I know you won't go if I ask you not to," Miss Green went on persuasively, but quite without conviction.

"And I know you won't be so unkind as to ask me not to, when I'm just beginning to follow your advice and take an unselfish interest in others—will you? One mustn't think only of oneself, Greenie, you see. And I'm quite capable of forming a proper judgment for myself. You often told me so. And you admire Mrs. Sandring tremendously. You've said so from the very beginning, haven't you? Mr. Sandring's got a most interesting brother, who is in love with Audrey. Her parents want her to marry him, but he lives the simple life and wears sandals. I've never met any one who lived on nuts before—except at the Zoo, of course—and I'm keenly anxious to see him."

She hastily put on her hat without looking at a glass and swung out of the room with her usual free and boyish stride. Miss Green made no further suggestion, and, indeed, dared not. She was honestly too glad, after their winter together of tears and despair, to find that the girl was cheering up, and taking any interest in the outside world, to mind very much what steps she took to drive away her trouble.

And Tormentilla went out through the big hall, past the ghostly shrouded armor, and down a passage to a side door leading onto the terrace. If "the family" had been at home, the veranda would have been gay with bright rugs, and chairs, and dozens of large, soft cushions. Now there were two chairs, hers and Greenie's, and even a tea-table, but it wasn't very gay.

Tormentilla sighed as a sudden memory of another veranda, in another county, clutched at her heart. That was the worst of her kind of trouble. Everything you saw or touched, every other word you heard, every smell even—the roses and sweet peas—the stables where there was only Gray Poll eating her head off and getting fat, the sweet-briar bush at the corner of the perennial border, the freshly cut hay—everything brought a memory to stab you like a wicked little knife.

"The country's even worse than London in some ways," she said, as she ran down the terrace steps to the upper lawn. "If only I could have kept out of their way, things would certainly have been easier in town."

She ran down a second flight of steps. The lower lawn was bordered by the wide rose walk which led directly into the bluebell copse and the park itself. It was not a legitimate way to the high-road, but all ways were legitimate to her, and she climbed the little fence at the end of the copse gully. A gardener talking to a keeper in the distance watched her disapprovingly.

"Privileged, she is," the keeper said. "The Lord knows why. Climbin' hedges with a decent gate within hearing, as she do! Mr. Grimes 'e says let her be, an' I am lettin' 'er. But the way she's been brought up's something shockin'." It is that.

"Aye," said the gardener. "In the gardens it's the same thing. Pullin' the roses off in her brainless female way, instead of bringin' a pair of scissors or askin' me for my knife. Treadin' on the beds all over. Take no notice of 'er," says McGregor; 'she's to do as she likes.' Lord! It's something chronic."

To be continued. Feeding the Puppies. Miss M.—Tip feeds pups four or five times a day, mostly stale bread soaked in milk or gravy. Now and then a little finely chopped meat with broken puppy biscuit. As they grow older knock off meals, until when grown they have but two a day—biscuits soaked in gravy in the morning and biscuits with meat and vegetables in the evening. Plenty of exercise and fresh air. Do not bother about powders to which you refer, but take it to a "vet." It will be have itself in time if you allow it outside as much as possible and correct as you have done.—New York Press.

Cause of Temperance. "The cause of temperance is working great headway in Norway. We have adopted the local option policy with excellent results," said P. Andersen, a manufacturer of white paper, from Skien, Norway. "Whenever the people of a certain district or county wish to abolish drinking houses an election is held, at which all adult males in that territory are supposed to vote. If any are absent their votes are counted for prohibition. Another election cannot be held until after five years."

Didn't Know the Family. Six-year-old Billie had been sent away from the table for misbehavior and was sitting crestfallen on a chair in an adjoining room when the maid entered. Upon spying him she said: "Oh, Billie, I'd be ashamed to be sent away from the table; as big a boy as you are, too." Billie, with flashing eyes, drew himself up, saying: "Well, you wouldn't if you'd known this family as long as I have."—The Delinquent.

The Drawback. "Some acquire fame," quoted the Philosopher of Folly, "some achieve it, and some have it thrust upon them." But those who have it thrust upon them seldom know what to do with it.

Tobacco was successfully grown under Government supervision in Ireland last year, but as the crop has not yet been marketed the financial result will not be known for some time. "I'm going out," she said briskly,

THE WASTE OF PAPER.

One of the Most Culpable and Needless of American Extravagances.

Another means of saving the forests presents itself in the stopping of paper waste. There is no more culpable and needless American extravagance than that involved in the littering of all inhabited areas of the continent with fragments of disused paper, which, gathered together, might be made over into more paper or otherwise utilized to commercial advantage. The city of Buffalo gets a small revenue from waste paper by generating steam at its incinerating plant, thus converting the waste into power. In Cleveland better results are obtained. A late report of the method adopted in that city says: "We now have approximately twenty thousand bags which we use for the collection of papers. Each household is provided with one, and once each week our collector calls to empty the same. The paper is hauled to a central baling station and baled ready for shipment.

"The present administration has caused the papers to be baled by the workhouse prisoners, and the cost of collecting and baling, according to the statement made to me by the Director of Public Works, is \$5 a ton. The papers are sold on contract to the highest bidder, and the last contract was made for \$9.40 a ton.

"The advantage of Cleveland's system is that the expense of sorting the paper waste from the other refuse is avoided, and the technical difficulty of grading the waste papers is overcome by selling them just as they come to paper stock dealers.—Philadelphia Record.

A Hard Heart.

Judge Ben B. Lindsey, of the famous Denver Juvenile Court, said in the course of a recent address on charity:

"Too many of us are inclined to think that, one misstep made, the boy is gone for good. Too many of us are like the cowboy:

"An itinerant preacher preached to a cowboy audience on the 'Prodigal Son.' He described the foolish prodigal's extravagance and dissipation; he described his penury and his husk eating with the swine in the sty; he described his return, his father's loving welcome, the rejoicing, and the preparation of the fatted calf.

"The preacher in his discourse noticed a cowboy staring at him very hard. He thought he had made a convert, and addressing the cowboy personally, he said from the pulpit: "My dear friend, what would you have done if you had had a prodigal son returning home like that?"

"Me?" said the cowboy, promptly and fiercely, "I'd have shot the boy and raised the calf."—Detroit Free Press.

Advantages of Twins.

Bobby had been unusually quiet for several hours—so quiet, however, that his mother began to worry over the great quantities of stillness that came from the room in which he was sitting. Finally, unable to stand the strain any longer, she rose up from her work and went into the nursery.

"What are you doing, Bobby?" she said, as she discovered the "little chap" curled up in a chair with a very solemn expression on his face.

"Thinkin' and wshin'," replied Bobby. "What about, dear?" asked his mother. "I was thinkin' how nice it would be if I was twins," he answered. "Then the other one could do the studyin' at school and I could stay home and play; and then, when I did something naughty, why, you could spank him. When I was sick he could take the castor oil and—"

"And when you had some candy, what then?" asked his mother. "Oh, I'd eat it," said Bobby. "It wouldn't do for me to let him get sick."—Judge's Library.

The Chief Crime.

The minister's class at the Kirk of Tobermory had been reading the story of Joseph and his brethren, and the minister was asking the boys a few questions in review. Their replies had all been quick, concise and correct, such as:

"What great crime did these sons of Jacob commit?" "They sold their brother Joseph."

"Quite correct. And for how much did they sell him?" "Twenty pieces of silver."

"And what added to the cruelty and wickedness of these brothers?" A pause. "What made their treachery even more detestable and heinous?"

Then a bright little Highlander stretched out an eager hand. "Well, my man?" "Please air, they sell him over cheap."—The Housekeeper.

Skeptical Ben.

Lady Cook (she was the beautiful and clever Tennessee Clafin before her marriage) told a New York reporter the other day that American women, under the new English king, would not be so popular as they were under King Edward.

"King Edward liked Americans," she said; "but King George's wife is very aristocratic and exclusive, and I am as skeptical of the American woman's future in London as Franklin was of matrimony."

"He that takes a wife," said Franklin skeptically, "takes care."

Then he added, more skeptically still: "But he that takes care doesn't take a wife."—Washington Star.

City Editor's Joke.

"Covering a story" is a newspaper expression with a wide range of meaning. The other afternoon a facetious city editor stretched it a bit. "Mr. Jinks," he said to one of his reporters, "some one down on — street has just been seriously hurt by falling into an open manhole; will you go down and cover it?"



The Subjunctive Mood. If all the suffragettes in the world were one big suffragette, And all the mice that ever were born were one big mouse—you bet— And all the anguished cries in the world were gathered in one big peal, And if that mouse ran after that lady— would that lady squeal? —New York Evening Sun.

In Card Table Parance. "He placed his hand and fortune at my disposal," said Miss Bridgeton. "Signifying, I suppose," replied Miss Cayenne, "that he is willing to play 'dummy' for the rest of his life." —Washington Star.

Generous Mendacity. "Your thermometer is wholly incorrect. It registers ten degrees less than the actual temperature." "That's why I like it. I dread these fearfully candid friends." —Washington Star.

Spring Training. She is said to be the most accomplished flirt at the hotel. "Well, she got a start on the other girls. She went to Palm Beach in March for preliminary practice." —Louisville Courier-Journal.

Just Pretending.



Lorraine—"Your basketball club hasn't reported any broken bones lately."

Natica—"No. We voted out all the girls who wanted to play for exercise."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Love Finds a Way.

She—"So Jack is married. Why, I didn't think he could raise enough to pay the minister."

He—"Oh, he found one who would take a dollar down and fifty cents a month."—Boston Transcript.

Complicated Economics.

"Why did your cook leave?" "She said our family was too small," replied Mrs. Crosslots. "Too small?" "Yes. We didn't market for enough people to feed her family, even if we went without eating ourselves."—Washington Star.

A Distinction.

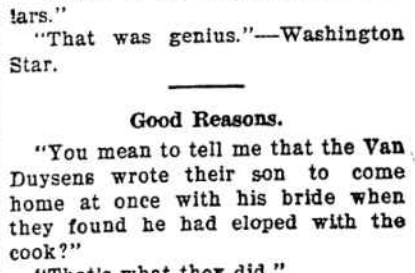
"A man must have self-confidence in order to succeed," said the energetic statesman, "and I have at least self-confidence."

"Are you sure," inquired Miss Cayenne, "that it is self-confidence and not thoughtless credulity?" —Washington Star.

Unsatisfactory Results.

"I sometimes wish I hadn't taken so much pains about saving the pennies," said the thrifty man. "Wasn't the practice profitable?" "Not when you consider the time and postage I have spent trying to find out if the dates on the coins gave them any value."—Washington Star.

After the Wedding.



"The bride fainted and had to be supported during the rest of the ceremony by her father."

"Yes, and I'll bet he's now supporting both of them."—New York Telegram.

Methods of Calculation.

"Scientists are not usually successful business men."

"No. They think they are doing very well if they come within a few hundred thousand miles of the exact measurement. You can't figure on dollars that way if you are doing business with a bank."—Washington Star.

Praise.

"You remember the picture you saw me at work on?" said the painter. "Yes," replied Mr. Dustin Stax. "It was real art."

"I sold it for five thousand dollars."

"That was genius."—Washington Star.

Good Reasons.

"You mean to tell me that the Van Duseyns wrote their son to come home at once with his bride when they found he had eloped with the cook?"

"That's what they did."

"Consented to a marriage like that?" "But, my dear, you don't know how hard it is to keep a cook in this place."—New York Journal.