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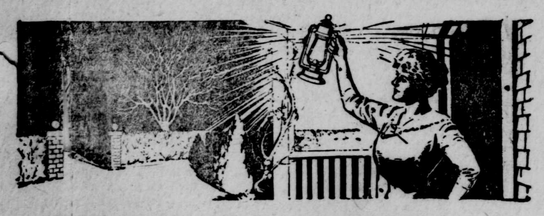
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LABOR MEMBERS OF INDUSTRIAL COMMISSSION



These members of the new industrial commission are, in the order of their numbering, A. B. Garrettson, president of the Railway Conductors' association; John. B. Lennon, treasurer of the American Federation of Labor, and James O'Connell, a vice-president of the Federation of Labor. The commission was created by congress to investigate working conditions and improve the relations between labor and capital.

CONCERNING A MERRY VILLAGER

"Hello, Jim! Wait a minute!"

A jovial voice hailed Harland as he was leaving the office building, and he turned, to see Sam Holburn, a friendly bookkeeper in a neighboring establishment. "Going home?" Sam inquired, and Harland nodded without replying, his face hardening a little. His cheerful comrade glanced at him curiously, as they fell into step. "Say, old man," he ventured, "you look sort of down on your luck. Anything the matter? Bet I know, though, come to think. The missus is still away on that visit to her mother, isn't she, and little James is lonesome? Been gone about a month, eh? And mother lives 'way up state, doesn't she? Well, I don't blame you."

Again Harland nodded. "Mrs. Harland's mother," he began, a little stiffly, "is in rather poor health, and—" Sam interrupted with a laugh.

"You needn't tell me how the dear old ladies hold on to their daughters when they get a chance. Hubby just has to wait. My wife's away, too, on a similar errand of mercy; but, luckily, it's only for the week-end. Now, according to the funny papers, you and I ought to be improving each shining hour; you especially. Gives me the creeps to think of you piking away out there in the suburbs, ten miles or so, and staying in your lonesome house with only that superannuated cook to make home happy. It's uncanny. Say, let's go on a mild tear together. We'll take supper together and go to the theater, and I'll put you up for the night, at my little flat, and glad enough of your company. You can phone the faithful Topsy, or whatever her name is."

"Becky. Yes, I suppose I might," mused Harland, his lonely heart warming a little to the plan. "At least, I'll tell her not to expect me until late. I'm not so sure of leaving the poor old soul alone overnight. It is sort of lonesome out in Reardon sometimes."

"Ghastly, I call it! Don't see how you ever came to settle out there. But perhaps Mrs. Harland is fond of the country?"

"No, not especially." Harland flushed uncomfortably, remembering how his own enthusiasm had at first blinded him to Lillian's distaste, and led him to overrule her many objections. Yet he had not meant—"

"Economy, then, I suppose," pursued Sam; "though when the coal bills come in you have your doubts, to say nothing of the railroad fares. Besides, with the raise you got this week, you can afford to spread a little. Better move into town, old man! Well, where shall we eat?"

After a satisfying meal they bought tickets for one of the good old comic operas, which was being revived with great success. "Somehow," explained Sam, half apologetically, "I don't take so much to that tobasco kind when I can get this. I was raised sort of decent, and heard good music; and I guess I'm hopelessly tainted with old-fashioned ideas."

"Same here," confessed Harland, as they took their seats.

"Didn't you tell me once that Mrs. Harland was musical—prize pupil at the conservatory and all that?"

"Yes." Harland spoke laconically, glad that the curtain rose just then, to help him hide the pain which the chance allusion to Lillian gave him. What would Sam think if he knew the truth; that after a stormy quarrel his wife had left him, vowing that if there was any way for her to live she would never return? The pretense of a visit could not be kept up indefinitely, and soon his world must know, since he had begun to give up hope. How had it all begun, the estrangement that had led to such a climax?

She was younger than he, and she loved excitement and sparkle—too much, he had thought; but had he not been critical and exacting, instead of making some compromise which might have saved their love? For their love had been genuine, he was sure. Where was she now? Not with her mother, as his carefully managed inquiries had proved. He sat in a reverie, as the gay first act romped to a close.

"Good work!" Sam's voice roused him as the curtain went down. "But second act's the gem—public square, peasant dances and all that sort of thing. I do like a big mob on the stage! Here we go—isn't that dance music dandy? Here come the merry villagers; and, say, aren't they a stunning bunch of girls? Look at that little brown-eyed one—fourth from the end on the left; some peacherino, eh? and nothing brazen about her either. Wonder if that mousey little manner is natural. Oh, you needn't grin—I'd say the same to my wife, if she was here, for my smashes are harmless. But just you look at that kiddie."

Harland took the glasses mechanically from his friend's hand, and the next moment found himself gazing straight at—Lillian! Stage paint, a blonde wig, and a peasant costume could not disguise her. His involuntary start filled Sam with glee. "Aha!" he whispered, "wasn't I right?"

Harland controlled himself enough to nod and smile indifferently, and then, the glasses still at his eyes, feigned a deliberate examination of the entire cast, to give himself time. The rest of the evening was a dream, for he saw only one girlish figure, one shy, appealing face.

How young she looked, and how artless! Was she happy? It seemed to him that he must find out, at any cost. She did not see him until just at the last, when the finale lined up the chorus at the front of the stage. Then, as she caught sight of his set face, she faltered, and he saw the girl next to her slip a half-supporting arm about her, as though it were part of the business of the scene. Luckily, Sam was following the rollicking march with eyes and ears, and did not note his agitation, and as they left the theater Harland was able to explain quite calmly that he had decided to go home by the midnight train, "and many thanks, old chap, for a jolly lark," he added, disappearing before his bewildered friend could protest.

Would she never emerge from the stage door, the man wondered, waiting in the shadow; had she gone already, determined to evade him? No, here she was! He stepped forward, with formal greeting, for there were spectators; but as their eyes met a great wave of relief swept over him, for surely he saw gladness in her weary little face.

"This way, I have a cab," he suggested softly, and she clutched his arm with nervous fingers, and hurried with him around the corner. In the shelter of the cab, on the way to the station, he tried to comfort her, as she put her head down on his shoulder like a penitent child, and whispered her remorse. "It was my fault, too, dear," he assured her; "I see it now, plainly enough. But we'll start fresh, won't we? And if you really love the stage so, we'll try—"

She put a shaky hand over his lips. "Don't, Jimsie! I've had my lesson. You know I used to be wild for a career, and when I—I fell in love with you instead, I couldn't quite get rid of a hateful little undercurrent of feeling that somehow it was your fault, especially when you took it for granted that we'd be so happy in a little place like Reardon—"

"You needn't stay there any more; we'll move tomorrow!" he assured her, but again she stopped him. "Wait, dear! I've tried stage life, and I hate it! Oh, don't look fierce, Jimsie; they were a good sort in that company, and every one's been kind and decent to me. But my voice only just passed the test; I couldn't act, and it was perfectly plain to me that I could never be anything but just a little also-ran in the chorus. And it was hard work, and I was homesick for my own dear, beautiful home—and, most of all, for you, Jimsie! Only I was too proud to come back when you mightn't want me. No, we won't move to town; I've had enough city for a while. And I just want to be a common, garden villager, Jimsie, instead of a stage one!"

WILL BREAK EVEN.

Gibbs—You seem pretty cheerful for a sick man.

Dibbs—Well, you see, the doctor has put me on diet, and I'll save enough on food to settle his bill.—Boston Transcript.

ADVANTAGE.

"A beauty specialist's patients can't be jealous of his paying attention to one more than another."

"Why not?"

"Because they're all featured."

LUCKY FOR HER.

"I understand your lady friend who was caught smoking a cigarette was put out."

"Why shouldn't she be when she was on fire?"

STILL GOING.

Church—I see a clock has been in continuous operation at Camp Hill, Pa., since 1870.

Gotham—It must be built on the principle of a gas meter.

LARGE FAMILIES OF ROYALTY

Many of the Sovereign Houses of Europe Notable for Their Many Children.

Prince Louis of Bavaria, who succeeds his father, the Prince Regent Luitpold, has thee sons and seven daughters. Nevertheless he does not hold the record among the sovereign houses for the largest family. Prince Robert of Parma, who died five years ago, left by two marriages twenty-one children. His eldest daughter was the first wife of Ferdinand of Bulgaria. Abdul Hamid is the father of seven princes and six princesses. Nicholas of Montenegro has seven daughters and four sons. Kaiser Wilhelm has six sons and one daughter. George V. of England has five sons and one daughter. The czar of Russia has four daughters and a son. The count of Caserte, son of King Ferdinand of the two Sicilies, gave his name to eleven children, every one of whom, sons and daughters, were called Marie. In Austria the Archduke Leopold Salvator has five daughters and four sons; the Archduke Francis Salvator, four sons and four daughters.

Fortunately these numerous families have not, as the rest of us, any anxiety about the morrow. The twenty-one children of Robert of Parma have divided among them the 200,000,000 francs left by their ancestor, and this will enable them to keep warm through the winter.

GOLD IN THE SHEEP'S TEETH

Queer Find May Lead to Discovery of a Rich Field in North of Scotland.

A discovery has been made in Aberdeen the particulars of which may have the effect of leading to the discovery of an unknown gold field in the north of Scotland. For the comfort of all probable gold seekers it may be stated that at present the regions of the supposed gold field have not yet been located. Nothing more unromantic could be conceived in connection with the "find" than a sheep's head. The announcement is made, however, that several sheep heads purchased from an Aberdeen butcher, after being boiled and after having provided sheep's head broth, have been found to have real gold in their teeth. Cases of gold field's having been discovered through gold dust being found engrained in the teeth of sheep are not unknown to history, and one of the heads bought in this Aberdeen butcher's shop, having fallen into the hands of a man who had apparently heard of these marvelous discoveries, he at once went with the jaws to a jeweler, who confirmed the possessor's suspicions that the yellow coloring on the teeth was indeed gold, indicating all sorts of romantic possibilities.

VETERAN CATS.

How long does a cat live? The London Daily Mail has just held a discussion on this subject, when some very interesting information was supplied by correspondents. Apparently statistics would establish that eighteen years is a great age for a cat; for of all the cases of elderly cats cited only seventeen were eighteen and upward. The oldest cat was reported by a Norfolk clergyman, who wrote that an elderly couple in his parish had a cat twenty-three years old. From the descriptions given of these veteran cats it would appear that there is some ground for the supposition that red or sandy color is associated with length of life.

HIS WAY.

Father Knickerbocker—Can't you stay a little longer?

Departing Visitor—No. Haven't a red cent left.

Father Knickerbocker—Oh, well, goodby.—Judge.

REAL JOY.

"Had lots of fun on the ice yesterday."

"Why, you can't skate."

"But I can strap on skates for the girls, can't I?"

PASSED THAT STAGE.

Barber—Here is something, sir, to keep your hair from coming out.

Nearbald—Keep it from coming out? Man alive, I want something to coax it out.

IMPRESSING PICTURE.

The Post Impressionist—I painted this picture to keep the wolf from the door.

"Well, why don't you hang it on the knob, where the wolf can see it."

FOUND ROOSTER TOO LOVING

Pennsylvania Attorney Pawned Bird Whose Bump of Affection Was Too Strongly Developed.

William H. Stonesifer, dealer in second-hand goods, had the surprise of his career when Robert Challis, a Wilkes-Barre attorney and former Dickinson college student, walked into his place of business and asked if he might pawn a live rooster which he had with him, says a Carlisle (Pa.) dispatch.

Challis, it appears, had strolled into the country while visiting here and came across a rooster that he admired. The attraction was mutual, and the attorney purchased the fowl, intending to take it home with him. Before a day had passed, however, the rooster became so affectionate that it almost worried the life out of him. It followed him around to his meals, perched at the foot of his bed while he slept and became a nuisance when it awakened him by early morning crowing.

The position of valet to a large rooster proving too exciting, Challis, in a desperate effort to rid himself of the bird, sought the assistance of Stonesifer and the transfer was completed, despite the fact that the rooster streunously objected to the parting. This is the first time on record that a rooster has been pawned in Carlisle.

SEE MISTAKES OF THE PAST

Lost Opportunities for Making Friends a Source of Regret in One's Closing Days.

The most pathetic phase of life is a realization of the friends that we never make; the friends that might have been made by just exerting ourselves a little more. Who ever contemplated the loss of friends that he might have made by just releasing a little of his self-centered reserve?

We appreciate the person who always greets us at meeting day after day. It is so easy, so simple to spread the halo of happiness about us that we often overlook it and go through the world thinking that every smile and every good impulse we have is not worth while unless bartered away for something in exchange. There life loses its whole value. It is when it comes from within with a worthy motive that happiness is truly ours.—National Magazine.

SHORTER THAN HE WAS TALL.

Some time ago the cashier of a bank in a small Missouri town was reported missing and an examination of his books revealed a large sum of money missing from the bank's vault. The officials immediately sent to Kansas City for a detective. When he arrived he sought the president of the bank to secure a description of the missing cashier.

"How tall was your cashier?" he asked.

"Goodness knows," was the reply, "but he was $5,000 short."—Kansas City Star.

WHY HE WAS NERVOUS.

"A Los Angeles school aims to prepare young girls for marriage."

"On the presumption, I suppose, that the old girls have been prepared for marriage so long that they can teach them nothing."

"Oh, be serious. I think this idea is going too far, and could only be carried out in a state that has given women the ballot."

"Just what is your idea of preparing a young girl for marriage?"

"Why, fitting her to call the turn on all these excuses we give when we stay out late."

$5,000.00?

"But why do you operate now, doctor?"

"He is recovering so rapidly we can't afford to wait."—Life.

HEREDITY.

Knicker—Very talkative, isn't she?

Bocker—Yes; her father was a barber and her mother was a woman.

THOUGHT SHE HAD.

Patience—What's the hen cackling so about? She hasn't laid an egg.

Patrice—No; I guess she's absent-minded.

NO GAMBLER.

Patience—Polly says she believes marriage is a lottery.

Patrice—Poor thing! And she's never had a chance!

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