"ARTIE"

By DORA MOLLAN

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When Sarah Molthorpe married Arthur Allen she changed the style of "doing" her hair. Grandmother Molthorpe disapproved. "Sarah," she said in her precise, mild way, "your hair was very becoming parted in the middle as you have always worn it. Now that you have changed the parting so far to one side it gives you a very unbalanced appearance. And I have noticed in my long life," she added whimsically, "that exterior looks exert a pronounced influence on one's mental processes." To which Sarah answered one word: "Nonsense."

Two months later Grandma Molthorpe again spoke to her favorite grandchild on the same subject: "Sarah," she said gently, but decidedly, "you are giving too much time to your house and not enough to Arthur. Part your hair in the middle again, child. It will give you a more balanced set of values." Sarah shut her mouth tight on some words she would have spoken had this repeated advice come from anyone but her beloved grannie.

It was directly after supper that night that Arthur proposed to his wife that she accompany him over to the Sykes house next door. "I hate to miss a day day, dear. The poor fellow looks forward so much to my visits. It's no joke to be confined to one room so many months, you know, and I've made so many excuses to Mrs. Sykes on your account," he pleaded; "do come along this time."

"It's not necessary for you to make any at all," Sarah answered. "You know what I think of that woman—what every one around here thinks. She's altogether too free-and-easy in her manner and in her dress. Anyway, it's impossible for me to go now. I never leave my supper dishes, you know."

That this was a thinly veiled accusation of Mrs. Sykes' housekeeping methods Arthur knew. "Yes, I know



Through the Screen Door Came the Soft Contralto Voice of Mrs. Sykes.

you never leave anything you may want to do on my account?" With these words Sarah's husband slammed the kitchen door behind him.

For a moment Sarah felt stunned. It was the first time Arthur had ever spoken crossly to her. Then she thought even harsher things of her next-door neighbor, who had only recently moved into the village. A married woman who wore her hair bobbed and went on the street dressed as Mrs. Sykes did was capable of anything, Sarah decided. Could Grandma Molthorpe's words have carried a hidden meaning? Were they intended as a veiled warning? Was the invalid the only attraction next door? In spite of her queer dress, Mrs. Sykes was pretty. Here Sarah's thoughts were interrupted by the sharp ringing of the telphone bell.

It was an out-of-town call. Mr. Allen was wanted. Sarah ran out to the edge of her lawn and called. There was no answer. She went farther—to the foot of the Sykes front steps—and was about to repeat her call from there. But she didn't. And this is why: Through the screen door came the soft contralto voice of Mrs. Sykes: "Oh, Artie, dear, you don't know how heavenly it is just to sit in your lap awhile and feel your comforting arms."

It was enough. Sarah paused to listen no longer. Even ignoring the receiver left off the hook, she ran straight down the street to Grandma Molthorpe. That wise old lady listened silently, stroking the one-sided part in her favorite grandchild's hair meanwhile.

"My dear," Grandma Molthorpe spoke in her usual gentle voice, "you stay right here. I will go and see what all this is about." Sarah didn't remonstrate, just buried her head a little deeper in the sofa cushion and waited. All her life she had gone to Grandma Molthorpe when in trouble, and she had never failed her yet.

It seemed hours since grandma's cane had tapped down the front walk, but in reality only a short time had elapsed, when Sarah again heard the familiar sound. When the old lady entered the room her expression was noncommittal.

"Now, child," she said, "go upstairs and comb your hair over. Part it straight in the middle. Then I will have something to tell you." Wondering, but knowing well that when her grandmother used that tone she expected to be obeyed, Sarah went.

Grandma looked appraisingly at Sarah when the latter returned. "It's much more becoming that way, child. You must go over and call on the woman tomorrow, Sarah. She's a fascinating little thing, as unconventional as she looks."

"But, grandma!" Sarah broke in bewildered. "I heard her say it, I tell you. Where is Arthur?"

"Still up visiting with Mr. Sykes when I left, dear. He doesn't know anything about your coming down here."

"What—" but Sarah got no further.

"Don't interrupt your elders; it's bad manners," continued Grandma Molthorpe. "Mrs. Sykes has an amusing way of naming her furniture after the persons who gave it to her. They have only a tiny income, and she sold most of their household goods to pay Mr. Sykes' hospital bill. So when her physician advised her to take her husband to the country, their friends gave them enough things to start in on again. Now, tonight, just as you went over, she sat down, after a particularly hard day, in a big easy chair given by an old chum of Mr. Sykes, whom they affectionately call 'Artie.' She was talking to it, not to your Arthur."

Grandma Molthorpe laughed so infectiously that Sarah joined in against her will. "Now, run along home, child, and take a notional old woman's advice. Never judge a person before you know him. Be a chum to your husband—not merely his housekeeper. And part your hair in the middle, child; it's much more becoming."

TRADED GOATS FOR DIAMOND

South African Millionaire Tells of Good Bargain He Made in First Business Deal.

An amusing story is told in connection with the early days of Sir J. B. Robinson, the South African millionaire, who has been figuring prominently in the London law courts.

He was crossing the Vaal river in 1869, looking for diamonds. He asked the natives if they had seen any "pretty stones," and at last he found a man who had a diamond. It was a small stone, and the prospector offered $50 for it, but the man refused to sell it. He increased his offer to $60, but still the man refused.

"What will you take for it?" he was asked.

"Twenty goats," was the firm reply; "nothing less."

"I sent off to the nearest farm," says Sir J. B. Robinson in telling the story, "and bought twenty goats for $37.50, and so got possession of my first diamond."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Wonderful Love Story.

A great love story is the greatest story in the world. But was there ever such a story as that of Mme. Hanska and Balzac? Balzac and Mme. Hanska corresponded seventeen years before their lips met, before they married. The genius fell in love with her through her letters to him. She was the wife of a Polish nobleman and enormously rich. From her first note to him Balzac was in a frenzy of love. His letters to her are a literature. Balzac loved; madame was prudent. She had rank; he had debts and the divine fire. They met once in Switzerland, in 1833. Husband Hanska died. Balzac charged upon St. Petersburg where Hanska was living. But for seven years madame fell back before the blaze of Balzac's love. At last she consented to marriage. Two months after marriage Balzac died. Madame outlived him thirty-two years. —Exchange.

Habit of Overeating.

The habit of overeating, at first a pleasant one, once formed, grows until, like all habits, it is difficult to break. A word to the wise is enough. When you are building or repairing a house you do not pile up material, such as bricks, mortar, timber and slates, and attempt to build them in where they are wanted. The result would be chaos. That is what happens when body-building material is crowded unthinkingly into your "tenement of clay." To begin with, habitual overeating, instead of giving strength, lowers vitality by damping down the flame of life, as a small fire in a grate is smothered by putting on an excess of fuel. It wears out the digestive system, producing dyspepsia and all its manifold train of painful and debilitating symptoms.

Phrasing of Blackbirds.

Before "the time of the singing of birds" is over—and the nightingale is beginning already to "jug-jug" rather than to launch Tennyson's "liquid note"—some musician ought to do fuller justice to the blackbird.

He is the most intelligible of all birds—that is, he has intervals like those of our human music; his phrases may be, and have been put down on our five-lined music paper.

There is a West Sussex blackbird who sang all last May the first five notes of "The Campbells Are Coming," and he is at it again, in the same garden, this year.

Other blackbirds have composed prettier phrases, but all sound equally jolly and sweet in their trolling.—London Chronicle.

Tax of Idleness.

It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their time, to be employed in its service. But idleness taxes many of us much more, if we reckon all that is spent in absolute sloth, or in doing nothing; with that which is spent in idle employments or amusements that amount to nothing. Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears; while the used key is always bright, as Poor Richard says.—Franklin.

Invaluable Relics Unearthed.

Invaluable relics were brought to light by excavations made in Greek Macedonia for military reasons by the allied armies in the East. The collection includes neolithic instruments, vases of all forms known in ancient Greece, as well as jewels, bronze, silver and gold of great historical value. Tombs dating from the fifth and sixth centuries before Christ were also discovered. The objects unearthed establish the identity of the ancient civilisation of Macedonia with that of the rest of ancient Greece. They have been taken over by the Greek curator of antiquities.

SAID TO BE OLDEST ORGAN

Musical Instrument Dating From the Eleventh Century Found in Church in the Pyrenees.

In a recent number of The King's Highway Ethel M. Bilbrough describes places of interest in the Pyrenees. She describes, among other things, the little village of St. Savin with its old church and abbey:

"The church is remarkable for its eleventh century work and for the quaint old organ it possesses, which is literally crumbling to pieces with age. Its few remaining pipes fall feebly against each other, and on the front panels are carved three huge fantastic heads, with cavernous holes where mouths and eyes should be. The old peasant who showed us over the church explained that in days gone by, when the organ was being played, these grotesque faces were rendered more lifelike by a long tongue protruding from the mouth, while eyes would suddenly emerge and roll about in the sockets. This was done, our guide informed us, to keep the attention of the congregation. He wound up by the proud declaration that it was 'the oldest organ in the world.'"

For Musical Beginners.

Builders of modern flats might well take a hint from a unique feature in Buckland's hotel in Brook street, now undergoing transformation to accommodate the new Guards club. This was a suite of "sound-proof" rooms called the "Handel suite," after the composer, who lived and died in Brook street, for the use of musically inclined visitors. This admirable arrangement enabled amateurs of such distressing instruments in the hands of the novice as the piccolo or the bagpipes to practice without disturbing their fellow-guests.—London Times.

Good Way to Clear Land.

In the novel method of clearing land adopted by a Minnesota farmer, the underground roots are burned away, freeing the stump above ground for use as firewood. At one side of each stump an excavation is made in the ground, and from this a hole is bored through the roots to a stovepipe set upright in the ground on the other side. When a fire is kindled in the excavation, the draft set up through the roots and the pipe causes the roots to be slowly consumed, until the stump may be toppled over quite unharmed.

Barcelona Once Great Seaport.

Until 1492 Barcelona was the New York of the Mediterranean. Its position in the northeastern coast of Spain, actually at about the same latitude as New York city, relatively is to the Mediterranean world what the western city is to Atlantic trade routes. Columbus' voyage was considered a bit of impertinence on the part of the Castilian government to upset the balance of trade in favor of cities in western and southern Spain.

Important News.

Jack's little playmate, Ben, was called home to God, so Jack was told when Ben died. A few nights later when Jack was saying his prayers his mother heard, "And please, God tell Bennie that one of his rabbits died today."

A FUNDAMENTAL FACT

WHEN A MAN STARTS a business he usually expects to make a living at it. If, after conducting the business as efficiently as conditions permit, he finds that he is losing money, there are only two things he can do: Raise his prices—or quit.

THIS FACT IS FUNDAMENTAL. And it applies to public-serving companies as well as to individuals. For example, if the telephone company—after conducting its affairs efficiently—finds its revenue insufficient to pay expenses and yield a fair profit, the telephone company suffers.

THE TELEPHONE COMPANY CANNOT SUSPEND OPERATIONS; THEREFORE, IT MUST APPEAL FOR MORE REVENUE.

WE BELIEVE THAT NO telephone subscriber wishes to feel that he is receiving service at a price so low that our company is not making a living, just as the intelligent citizen does not want the merchants with whom he deals to lose money on his purchases.

OUR APPEAL FOR HIGHER RATES, in other words, is based on the fundamental fact that to give good service we must have adequate revenues. In previous advertisements we have placed before you the financial condition of our business; we have stated the increased difficulties that we are meeting, and we now ask your consideration of the fundamental fact that even a public service corporation must make a living.

WE ARE MAKING THESE STATEMENTS in the public press in order that you may see for yourself that our request for increased revenue is based on sound business principles.

THE CHESAPEAKE & POTOMAC TELEPHONE COMPANY
OF BALTIMORE CITY

TO GOLDEN WEST

Adventurous Spirits of the World Turned in '49.

Lives and Souls Counted for Little in the Frantic Rush for the Yellow Metal — Thousands Died en Route.

On Dec. 8, 1848, the first deposit of California gold was made in the United States mint by David Carter. What a date! Gold had been discovered in California, and the earth trembled under the march westward.

Around the days of '49 in the Golden state on the blue Pacific, says the Kansas City Journal, an American playwright constructed a drama of telling power, "The Girl of the Golden West." It is a picture of the rough and terrible days of that frantic epoch, where men lost their souls and their lives in the pursuit of the yellow metal. California was admitted as a state into the Union in 1850. In '49, 40,000 immigrants arrived in California overland and by way of the isthmus of Panama.

It was in a little pioneer fort of Capt. Sutter's, formerly an officer of the Swiss Guard of Charles X of France, that the announcement was made that shook the world in 1848, and produced scenes of unparalleled excitement. From every part of the globe came the gold seekers, from Chile, Peru, from ancient Cathay, from the Sandwich islands, from England, France and Russia. Says Capt. Sutter of that memorable morning in 1848: "I was sitting in my tiny fort when Mr. Marshall, who was digging a mill race at Coloma, on the American river, burst into my presence. He was white as ashes and greatly excited. I glanced at my rifle to see if it was in its place, for in those days we lived in perpetual expectation of attack from Indians. No! Marshall flung on the table a handful of scales of pure virgin gold. I was thunderstruck. He explained how he had found it along the left bank of the stream."

A pioneer tells the story of the fearful gold-dust fever. "Two years after the discovery of gold on the American river by Marshall, I, like thousands of others, got the 'gold fever,' and I got it bad. To this land of gold promise came the bravest and best men of the older states. They were the daring spirits of the old home, who, ill-content to vegetate amid the scenes of their birth, took heart of hope, and through weeks and months of peril and fatigue toiled across the waterless and savage-peopled wastes to the land afar. They lit their campfires of buffalo chips and sagebrush and tossed in uneasy dreams at night with their guns for pillows. The reveille that woke them was often the crack of rifles in the hands of the savages. For days, weeks and months they thirsted and hungered amid the alkali deserts and the rocky canyons, and when they reached the land of promise there was little left them but their splendid manhood, brains and brawn.

"The prairie schooners from Missouri and Arkansas, drawn principally by oxen or mules, formed a continuous line of march by every route leading to the south pass of the Rocky mountains.

"The late Dr. Stillman, who conducted a hospital at Sacramento in '49 and '50, estimated that, in seeking the 'golden fleece,' in less than one year 10,000 young men who had started with cheers and song were sleeping beneath the wild flowers."

During the year 1848 $10,000,000 in gold was extracted from the mines, principally from the Yuba, Feather and the American rivers, and from the gulches connected therewith; the rocker, the shovel, the prospecting pan and the crevice knife being the only machinery employed. Over $40,000,000 was obtained in '49. From 1848 to 1870 $1,000,000,000 was the gold output of the state of California. Throughout the first three years of the mining excitement every article of trade had to be imported.

"Si compre oro aqui" (gold dust bought here) should be the legend of California.

And Daddy Took the Hint.

Miriam Field is not quite nine. Also, she is very polite; of that there can be no possible doubt. A favorite uncle is visiting the family and Miriam wishes him to spend all his time with her. Uncle Roger and Dad were discussing politics after dinner, a day or two ago, about the time Dad is in the habit of bringing in enough coal to last for another twenty-four hours. Miriam hung around her uncle, tried to catch Dad's eye, stood first on one foot, then on the other, and at last at a lull in the conversation her voice was heard: "Daddy, don't you have to bring in any coal today?"

China Gets Back Pavilion.

The beautiful pavilion on the Tartar city wall above Chienmen gate in Peking has been returned to Chinese custody. In the mutiny of the troops in Peking early in 1912, after Yuan Shih-kai had assumed the presidency, the commanders of the foreign legation guards in the capital decided that, as a military measure, the pavilion should be occupied by foreign troops. The American legation guard has occupied it ever since.

Both Welcome.

"A wedding is not half a wedding without the presence of friends," says an exchange. You can also spell it "presents."

Darkness Makes Goldfish Blind.

Ogneff kept goldfishes for three years in absolute darkness, taking care to give them plenty of room and plenty of food. The result was total blindness; even the rods and cones of the retina disappeared.—New York Herald.



LEONARD WOOD.

LEONARD WOOD'S ACTIVE CAREER

Brief Story of His Life as Doctor, Soldier and Statesman—His Boyhood and Student Days.

By JOHN G. HOLME.

On December 12, 1899, Leonard Wood, a Major-General of Volunteers in the United States Army, received one of the most remarkable orders that any government has ever issued to any army officer.

He was made Governor-General of an island which for four hundred years had been a colonial dependency of one of the most reactionary monarchies on the face of the earth and was commanded to train its million and a half inhabitants, who had never had any voice in their government, for republican self-government. He was ordered to perform this gigantic task as quickly as possible, for the diplomatic telescopes of all the governments of the world were trained on the United States and the island, which happened to be, in natural resources, probably the richest spot of its size on the globe. The governments of Europe, Asia and South America wanted to know whether Uncle Sam really meant what he said when he pledged himself to free Cuba, or whether he was really going to annex Cuba with her inexhaustible sugar bowl.

The work before Wood was to build, rebuild and repair all the civil institutions of Cuba, such as the courts, the customs and postal departments, the school and electoral systems, establish lines of communication, expel the epidemics, train native public officials and supervise the writing of the Constitution. When Cuba was able to stand on her own feet, Wood was to come home.

Two years before the man who was commanded to perform this extraordinary task had been an obscure army doctor with the rank and pay of a captain. He had distinguished himself in the Spanish-American War as Colonel of the Rough Riders, the famous regiment of aristocrats and cowpunchers of which Theodore Roosevelt later became the commander when Wood was advanced to the rank of Brigadier-General. Wood had done a big job as Military-Governor of Santiago de Cuba, and his success there had paved the way for his Governorship of all Cuba. Now that he looms big as Presidential possibility, the American people are more than ever interested in his career, in the forces and influences which have shaped his active life.

Leonard Wood was born in the village of Winchester, N. H., on October 9, 1860, and is therefore fifty-nine years of age. He comes of an old American stock which settled in New England long before the Revolution. One of his ancestors, Peregrine White, was the first white child born in Plymouth colony. Another ancestor, John Nixon, was one of Washington's Brigadiers, fighting through the Revolution. Leonard Wood's father, Dr. Charles Jewett Wood, left his wife and infant son, the future General, to respond to Lincoln's first call for volunteers. He was invalided home just before the Confederacy surrendered.

After the Civil War the family moved to Cape Cod, Massachusetts, settling in the village of Pocasset, where Leonard Wood grew up, attended the district school and later Pierce Academy, Middleboro, Mass. Here he distinguished himself as an all-around athlete. He showed a fondness for the languages and history. In his work he was persevering rather than ready.

(To be continued.)

Living Creatures That Are Immortal.

In the Protozoa, as Weismann and others have pointed out, the recuperative processes are so perfect that natural death need never occur; the stable mortal parts of the colloidal substratum can be reduced and restored piecemeal, and the creature never grows old. It is probable that the same is true of a simple animal like the freshwater hydra, which may also be credited with immortality.—New York Herald.

WOOD'S MANAGERS CLAIM 300 VOTES

Senator Moses and W. S. Procter See Powerful Support for Their Candidate — Hitchcock Joins General.

New York.—When Senator George H. Moses and William Cooper Procter, managers of General Leonard Wood's campaign for the Republican nomination for President, made their claim that he would have 300 pledged delegates when the Chicago convention opened, General Wood's rivals smiled.

Every day that has passed since the claim was made convinces General Wood's supporters that it will be more than fulfilled. All of the States claimed by Senator Moses and Mr. Procter are running true to expected form, and in addition General Wood is developing unusual strength in unexpected places.

Claims are made by supporters of Senator Johnson, Senator Harding, Governor Lowden and other aspirants for the nomination, but none of them has gotten down to cases and named the locations from which pledged delegates are expected to come. Senator Moses, on the other hand, specifically states where General Wood's first 300 delegates are coming from. Senator Moses said:

"New York, New England, New Jersey and Delaware will give General Wood 100 delegates; the Middle West and Northwest will furnish 100 more; the South Atlantic States 50 and the Interior South and Southwestern States 50 more."

Since this claim was made the Wood managers have received reports from all sections of the country, showing that each of the sections mentioned by Senator Moses is getting stronger and stronger for Wood.

General Wood confesses himself gratified, flattered and surprised over the receptions accorded him everywhere he has spoken. A few days ago he told a number of his friends that while the enthusiasm and tumultuous applause of the large crowds impressed him tremendously, he was deeply touched by the great number of personal assurances he had received from individuals—men and women who had stood in line for long periods to shake hands with him and pledge him their wholehearted support.

Although the supporters of General Wood's rivals have attempted to slur him in many ways, General Wood is conducting his campaign on the highest plane of dignity and has never yet made an uncomplimentary allusion to any of the other aspirants for the nomination. One of the most recent efforts to strike at Wood was a slurring reference to General Wood as "the man in uniform." When this was brought to General Wood's attention by some of his supporters, he immediately issued this statement:

"I have no apologies for the American uniform. If I had it would be an insult to every American soldier who died in France or in previous wars we have waged."

With Frank H. Hitchcock, former postmaster general, and manager of William Howard Taft's campaign in 1908, now actively affiliated with the Wood management, National Campaign Manager Procter is confident that an unbeatable combination has been formed. Mr. Hitchcock does not succeed Mr. Procter, but will have co-ordinate authority with him, both working to their utmost ability in the furtherance of General Wood's campaign.

In entering upon his work with the Wood campaign Mr. Hitchcock said there was every reason for being confident of Wood's nomination because he is the outstanding candidate and the man with whom the Republican party undoubtedly can win in November.

Shallowness.

Shallow waters show a very clear bottom and but little intensity of light is needed in order to display the pebbles and clear sand. That must be a "purest ray serene"—a pencil of strongest light—which discloses the black, rich, wreck-strewn depths. For the clearness of depth is very different from the clearness of shallowness. The former is a positive quality. The latter is negative.—Charles Warren Stoddard.

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