

SUCH LITTLE THINGS.

For want of very little things sometimes we women pine, and weep our souls away; To you they seem absurd and foolish; but A woman lives for them, from day to day.

MY MISSION.

When finally I caught up with Johnnie—Johnnie I still call him, though he is six feet two, has ruddy little mustache on his upper lip, and though his real name would take up at least two lines of this page—I was in Manila. From England to the Philippines is a long chase after a boy who is not your son—I wish Johnnie were—and I see right here that I must outdo the most difficult admission of this tale, which in itself is almost a confession.

The interest which I take in Johnnie, besides the fact that he is a fine, straight, manly boy interesting in himself, comes from the interest which I take in his mother, God bless her! I loved his mother. I have loved his mother twenty years. Twenty years ago—yes, that long—we found that we loved each other, and we found it out too late; she was married then—to Johnnie's father. And during these twenty years we have done the right, the respectable thing. To this love that runs like an undercurrent of music, of solemn music, tenderly close to tears, beneath our every thought, our every act, we have given expression in word or gesture. Cornelius, in his repression, we have rigidly kept to the duty we owed to God, to man, to ourselves—and to Johnnie.

Well, I traveled much. Having no heart, I have no peace; and I travel. But at the end of each voyage, I come to throw my homage at the feet of Johnnie's mother, and to put myself at her service. She had something for me this time. As usual, it concerned Johnnie.

You see, Johnnie belongs to that elite of his country upon which devolves public service. He will be a peer some day. And being an intelligent lad, full of serious ambition, he has made up his mind to prepare himself thoroughly for his role. He has decided to specialize on colonial affairs, and in pursuance of this plan he had left six months hence for a voyage of investigation which was to take him through all the possessions of the empire.

Well, it had been understood that he was to remain in Bombay six months. But his letters, his mother now told me, showed him leaving Bombay after a bare three weeks, skipping Calcutta, this with a serious study of colonial administrations, successively to Bangkok, Singapore, Saigon—fancy studying a French colonial!—and Hongkong.

The character of these letters, moreover, had intrigued her. They were brief and vague with the brevity and vagueness of one who has an absorbing interest in something—something else than his letters—and they soared here and there with a mystic idiom that caused one with a knowledge of his mother to be sad, and I, to smile and fawn at once.

She sat in a high-backed chair as she told me this, amid the bluish shadows of a darkened room; and a last glint of the dying day, passing between the curtains, showed her a face that had become gray, enlivened with a fine anxiety. She leaned slightly toward me.

"You will go, my friend, will you not?" she said.

And of course I went. I followed in the tracks of the young seagoer from Bombay to Calcutta, from Calcutta to Bangkok, from Bangkok to Singapore, to Saigon, stopping but a few hours in each place and staying on the same steamer, and when I arrived in Hongkong he was not there. He had gone across to Manila.

I went across, too—on a measly tinop steamer that turned me inside out. When I landed on the quays of the Pasig, it was an hour after sundown, and I took a cab and drove straightway to the hotel. Sure enough, a week only on the register, there was Johnnie's autograph—he was using his little name, John Perceval. I asked if he was in. The man behind the desk turned to his assistant questioningly.

"Has he gone this evening?" he asked.

"Yes, as usual," answered the assistant.

"Do you know where?" I questioned.

"He goes to the theatre every evening," answered this well-informed young man.

I went right out there, after a hasty meal and change of dress. The performance was well on when I reached the place, and I groped my way to my seat in darkness. And when, finally settled, I looked up at the stage, I thought myself the victim of a hallucination. There, near the footlights, in the centre, was a young woman all in red, from small red slippers through hose, skirt, waist and cape, and with a black hooded hat set upon an opulent blonde wig. She was dancing; and just as I looked, she was poised motionless, just a snap-photograph caught by a koket, on one foot, the other foot being up, its wee needle of toe pointing straight up into the flies.

Now, the first thing that had comforted me in Bombay when I had landed had been a poster representing a young woman all in red, poised on one toe while the other pointed steadily up into the turquoise sky; in Calcutta the same picture had met my eye; it had welcomed me in Singapore; Saigon had fairly flamed with it; and in Hongkong the doors of the Queen's Theatre had been flanked with twin red ladies of uplifted toes.

So, here, for a moment, I feared that my eye was carrying, fixed for ever on its impressionable retina, the accumulated vision of these posters. There she was—red slipper, red hose, red skirt, red waist, red head, pointing to heaven in a gesture without sanctity!

This but for a second, though. The soaring limb flung back gracefully to the hoarse; she turned like a top and slid from one end of the stage to the other in dance. It was Mademoiselle Ivette herself. I had caught up with her, also! She disappeared into the wings; the lights went out; and suddenly she floated

in again, an undulation of liquid flame. She waved diaphanous draperies over which fantastic colors passed like shivering essences—ambers, opalescences, flames, iridescences, sunset glows, and spectral lights of somber seas. I had seen the dance in Paris, but never better.

Out of this she sprang into the brilliance of footlights raised again, clad as a Trianon shepherdess, with wide brimmed straw-hat cascading with daisies, a beribboned staff in hand, and danced a gentle pastoral. Out she went again, and when she returned she was in a long black gown, black-gloved to her bare shoulders, and thus, without a gesture, very solemnly, she told us with her hissing French accent a story which I am afraid was naughty.

"This was a scene of thunder of applause shook the building—and I found Johnnie. I found him by tracing back the long parabola of a bouquet—a splendid bouquet, big as a cabbage—which had landed at the feet of Mademoiselle Ivette. He was standing in his stall, leaning forward as though he were ready to spring upon the stage, a very flushed and excited young Briton, fairly splitting his palms with clapping.

I glanced at the program, found it unpromising, and went out to smoke a cigar and plan my attack upon Johnnie. On the broad avenue a coquettish little figure was wheeling back and forth, back and forth, behind two sleek, slender-limbed Australian ponies. My cigar was about two-thirds gone when I saw the coachman—dark, who looked like a circus monkey in his cocked tall hat, brass-buttoned frock, and patent-leather boots—give a glance at the entrance, stiffen up and gather his reins. I flattened myself against the wall. Prancing merrily, the pair turned, and the toy-vehicle came rolling to the sidewalk.

Sure enough, there was Johnnie, very handsome in his white shell-back jacket. He was standing at a small door in the side of the entrance-hall, holding it open. His fine, elastic body bent in a posture, as though he were in the throes of an abject defense. He stood thus a little while, then a figure like a pastel filled the door-frame, detached itself from it, and came down the hall at his side. It passed close. I caught a rustling of silks, a breeze of ruffles, a faint fragrance of violet. A drooping feather slid across my nose; I almost sneezed.

It was Mademoiselle Ivette—oh, yes; no one else. Johnnie handed her into the carriage, still with that tremendously respectful manner, at once beautiful and very native, and sprang to her side. The coachman flicked his horse with the tip of his whip, and the victoria rolled off elastically down the street, leaving me there alone with contradictory emotions.

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I sprang right into the breach. She looked at me with wide innocent eyes, and, with an ingenuousness that was well simulated, she said: "And may I demand of monsieur from what springs this remarkable interest he takes in the young man?"

I told her that I had known him a long time. "And you have a right of guidance of his actions—and mine?" she kept on naively, pushing her advantage. "I know his mother, had known him since a boy; stammered something vague about the general interest I took in young men; and finally blurted out that I loved the lad."

"Ah," she said, stopping me with a little gesture, and her brown eyes lit up like stars, "ah, you should have begun by that. You love him; and that is enough."

She turned her head and looked out of the window, upon the bay shimmering iridescently. After a time she said: "You must tell me, he?"

I said: "Yes." "Tell me how she looks. Has she eyes, blue, like him? And is her hair golden and does it curl at the temples? And does she have the nice frank smile?"

"I said that she had blue eyes like his, just as frank and free, that her hair, now, was silvery, and her smile sometimes a little sad."

"I would like to know her," she said. She was looking again out upon the sea. A silence fell, broken only at the evocation of Johnnie's mother, a silence that was a communication almost, which held elancholy—one of those dangerous silences that are so apt to lead to sentimentalities. I broke the spell.

"You must tell me, he?" "The boy takes it all seriously; to you it is an amusement, an amusement you can give up."

"Amusement?" She stopped me with a look, a rapid glance which was a revelation; it was full of pain. "Amusement?" struck me as she said. "Amusee?"

Again a silence fell between us, a silence pulsing with the vehemence of her cry. I saw that I must change my method. It was so different from what I had expected, this thing! She loved him; she left no doubt as to this. She may be a great dancer, a dancing girl, a frivolous night-butterfly, perhaps a bit vicious; but there was no mistaking the misery in her eye, the enunciation of this word "torture."

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"This evening," she echoed, and the words were like a toll. She was waiting, and at the Paz Theatre there was that night no Mademoiselle Ivette to make blood dance to her rhythm.

And at about one in the morning, I saw a disheveled young man reenter his room. He had hunted the whole town through, and held in his hand a little hirc note, sole result of his search, and was half insane.

And at dawn he was out again, haunting the steamer-offices, the pier and the docks, looking for some craft, any craft, that would take him to Hongkong. But there wasn't any; not for three days.

And when we did get to Hongkong there was no trace of Mademoiselle Ivette; she had evaporated—phoo!—like that; not mark of her anywhere. Only, flanking the doors of the Queen's Theatre, soiled, torn, slashed by the weather, were still two red Mademoiselle Ivettes, smiling with rights toes pointed to the sky.

There followed an apathy that made me very uncomfortable, lasting several days, and then Miss Keichline's brother, who is a physician, went to Cairo, Egypt, and a year and a half later his sister, Miss Daise, joined him as a medical missionary, having taken a long course of preparatory work in Battle Creek and Philadelphia.

At the time Miss Keichline went to Cairo, the favorite wife of the former Khedive, Ismail Pasha, was ill with tuberculosis. During the life of the khedive, she had been sent to Paris with a Turkish princess who had the disease and who went to the French capital for treatment. In waiting for the princess, the wife contracted the dread destroyer. When the khedive realized that he was about to die, he looked about him for some one to whom he could will his favorite wife, finally selecting a man who had in her been a medical student, but who had been compelled to abandon his chosen calling by a decree of the khedive's and take instead the superintendency of the gardens and grounds surrounding the palace of Cairo.

When it became known that the former wife of Ismail Pasha was in a serious condition, Dr. Keichline to attend her, and the physician asked his sister to take charge of the patient. So the home in Cairo was broken up and the wife and Miss Keichline went to Toukh, where they lived in the country at the edge of the town, inhabiting two tents, each with a slave to attend her and guarded at night by three men and three dogs. Here Miss Keichline remained for four days nursing the sick woman. Then she was compelled to abandon her post on account of the ravages of the insects and vermin which everywhere about in that part of Egypt. At different times after that Miss Keichline visited her patient and it was on one of these occasions and the birthday anniversary of the "sitta hennam" or lady doctor, as she was called, that she was presented with an exquisitely matched string of 325 pink coral beads by the former wife of the khedive. This gift was accompanied by a piece of Austrian gold.

It is of gorgeous blue silk with gay pink figures, much white lace and a quantity of little pink bows.

Miss Daise Keichline has a sister who is a student of architecture at Cornell University, but though her sister has chosen a calling which is as yet rather uncommon among women, she will not be apt to have as many unusual experiences in her whole lifetime as her charming sister has crowded into one short year and a half. The glamor of the royal harem; the gorgeousness of oriental surroundings; the living in an atmosphere ever heavy with the perfume of the thousand flowers; and blue with the smoke of Turkish cigarettes; enjoying the company and the affectionate friendship of the women of the royal harem and being a member of the social circle formed by the officials of the various embassies of the world; this city on the Nile of world-old fame is an experience which has rarely, if ever, come to an American girl before.—From South Bend (Indiana) News.

A Wash Twice a Year. A charming Hungarian countess once said to me: "What is so nice about the men from England is that they look so clean, as if they had just come from a swim." Of course we pride ourselves on our morning tubs, splash and splutter and slobber and polish up with rough towels. "What dirty people those English are," remarked an Italian, "when they find it necessary to wash all over every day! Why, I only wash twice a year!" I have met Chinese who regard washing all over as a proceeding decidedly improper. A Chinese is washed when he is born, and he has no other altogether people wash till he is dead. But we British people have adopted cleanliness only of recent years. Small houses were their bathrooms, but very few houses built over half a century ago were provided with bathrooms. I suppose those must have been the days of the Saturday night wash in the kitchen. Certainly our gay cavalier ancestors in silks and ruffles must have been a dirty gang. Handkerchiefs were not invented, and the velvet cloaks must often have been greasy. The rolling old times were very dirty old times.—Baths, Pleasant and Otherwise.

The Don't Worry Theory. The usual advice given to the worrier is, "Don't worry." This advice is foolish because impractical. No one can stop thinking one type of thought except by substituting for it another. Besides, it is dangerous advice, for, even supposing one could mechanically put an end to a worrying state of mind, he would simply be like an engineer who should plant himself on the safety valve of his engine. The energy expended in worry, turned inward on itself, would tear the mental mechanism to pieces. No! What the worried man or woman needs evidently is to be taught how to find a healthful outlet for his or her nervous power thus going to waste. If we say "Don't worry," let us also be careful to add, "But work," and let us also point out what kind of work should be undertaken and the spirit in which it ought to be done. In other words, what the worrier needs is re-education.—Rev. S. S. McComb in Harper's Bazar.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

My Uncle Jim, he made a speech, 'Twas full of thoughts sublime. Its mighty echoes ought to reach The corridors of time.

And shake their vast foundations sure With its reverberant notes. And incidentally secure My Uncle Jim some votes.

But when we stanch, determined men Heard what he had to teach, We found out also that the pen Is mightier than the speech.

For, while we gazed with trusting pride And craned our royal necks, The rascal for man, just outside, Was busy writing checks.

American Girl's Experiences in Royal Harem of Egypt.

To few American young women come the varied and interesting experiences which have been the lot of Miss Daise L. Keichline, whose home is in Bellefonte, Pa., and who is at present the guest of Miss Harriet McGill, of 305 West Colfax avenue.

Three years ago Miss Keichline's brother, who is a physician, went to Cairo, Egypt, and a year and a half later his sister, Miss Daise, joined him as a medical missionary, having taken a long course of preparatory work in Battle Creek and Philadelphia.

At the time Miss Keichline went to Cairo, the favorite wife of the former Khedive, Ismail Pasha, was ill with tuberculosis. During the life of the khedive, she had been sent to Paris with a Turkish princess who had the disease and who went to the French capital for treatment. In waiting for the princess, the wife contracted the dread destroyer. When the khedive realized that he was about to die, he looked about him for some one to whom he could will his favorite wife, finally selecting a man who had in her been a medical student, but who had been compelled to abandon his chosen calling by a decree of the khedive's and take instead the superintendency of the gardens and grounds surrounding the palace of Cairo.

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Miss Daise Keichline has a sister who is a student of architecture at Cornell University, but though her sister has chosen a calling which is as yet rather uncommon among women, she will not be apt to have as many unusual experiences in her whole lifetime as her charming sister has crowded into one short year and a half. The glamor of the royal harem; the gorgeousness of oriental surroundings; the living in an atmosphere ever heavy with the perfume of the thousand flowers; and blue with the smoke of Turkish cigarettes; enjoying the company and the affectionate friendship of the women of the royal harem and being a member of the social circle formed by the officials of the various embassies of the world; this city on the Nile of world-old fame is an experience which has rarely, if ever, come to an American girl before.—From South Bend (Indiana) News.

A Man's Tact. Nobody but Mr. Henley would have asked such a question in the first place. "Miss Fairley," he said, "if you could make yourself over what kind of hair and eyes?"

"If I could make myself over," said Miss Fairley, "I would look just exactly as I do now."

"You would?" exclaimed Henley in honest surprise, and to this day he can't understand why Miss Fairley thinks him a man of little taste and less tact.

Opposite Cause and Effect. "They say that there is more crime committed in hot weather." "Yes; heat seems to conduce to wickedness."

"Now that's strange, that a close atmosphere should cause loose principles."

"Tommy, were you fighting with that Carter boy?" "Yes, maw."

"Didn't I tell you not to quarred with anyone?" "Yes, maw; but I thought all bees were off since you quit speaking to the Carter boy's maw."

"So the town has declined a library?" "Yes; but the grocery loycom has written the philanthropic volunteer to furnish a barrel if he'll furnish the codfish."

"He's a regular philanthro—what do you call it?" "Wot he did?" "Why, in de last week he's give away two dozen 'Deadwood Dick' an' a dozen 'Nickel' libraries!"

"I had to tell my auto, but I haven't missed it yet."

"You can get most of the sensations by cleaning rugs."

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