

Real Luck In Love

"I haven't any luck!" cried Kitty, flinging the cards on the piazza table and lending the way to the hammock.

"Not at cards," I suggested, consolingly; "but in love—"

"I don't see it," she remarked, petulantly, disposing her ruffled skirts to the best advantage above her red kid ties.

"And yet," I sighed, settling myself comfortably on the turf at her feet, "you are looking right at—me!"

Kitty smiled and shrugged her shoulders.

"Luck in love, Mr. Curtis," she declared, sweetly, "consists in getting somebody you want."

"Not at all," I objected, serenely lighting my pipe. "It's just the other way."

"What?"

"Getting somebody who wants you," I explained briefly.

"But"—Kitty sat up and gazed at me in astonishment—"anybody can do that!" she exclaimed, scornfully.

"Anybody can become President," I retorted, laconically, "but most of them don't. Luck in love, as in anything else, is merely the result of using common sense in—the choice of your opportunities."

Kitty sniffed cynically and leaned back in the hammock again.

"But suppose," she objected, looking at me impudently through lowered lashes, "there isn't any choice in—love?"

"There always is the choice," I returned, pulling gently on my pipe, "between marrying some nice, commonplace person who adores you and chasing an ideal, which, even if you attain it, usually turns out to have feet of clay and generally ends by keeping you under those feet. The trouble with most women is that they spend their youth waiting until all the nice men have passed by—I looked at Kitty accusingly—"In the hope that some impossible Prince Charming will come along and crown them queen of his heart. But the sad part of it is that the Prince Charmings want all the crowns and halos for themselves. Many a woman has married her ideal only to discover that she had tied herself to an egotist, with the theories of a Turk, instead of taking a comfortable everyday man—"

"Who ate with his knife," broke in Kitty scathingly.

"And would wait on her like a slave," I protested.

"And didn't know a Van Dyke from a chromo."

"And would pay for her tailored frocks with glee."

"And used two negatives and a toothpick."

"And would walk the baby at night and get up on winter mornings to turn on the steam heat and—"

"Oh, well," interrupted Kitty defiantly, "men are just as unreasonable. The average man always imagines he wants some woman who doesn't want him. He will pass by all the nice, cozy, suitable little eyes who could give their eyes for the privilege of adoring him and doing his errands, and mending his socks and making life a downy couch for him, and will spend years in pursuing some elusive creature, whose very distance and indifference constitute her enchantment. But," she added hastily, "I don't blame them. I can't think of anything worse than being married to somebody whom you don't love."

"Try being married to somebody who doesn't love you," I suggested lamely. "It may be hard to have a sit opposite a man with no ideals and a pug nose three times a day at meals; but it's not half so hard as sitting there alone, while your Prince charming is off amusing himself with somebody else. It may seem appalling to spend all your evenings in the company of somebody who doesn't particularly interest you and whose most brilliant remark is that the weather is so and that stocks are going up; but it's better than spending your nights listening for the key in the lock and an uncertain step on the stair."

Kitty put out one red kid toe and nudged the hammock vigorously.

"You talk," she exclaimed indignantly, "just as if love couldn't be mutual."

"Love," I returned gravely, blowing wreath of smoke in the air, "is a perfectly balanced scale. When one side goes down the other tips up in proportion. You've merely got to choose which side you'll weigh in on, when it comes to matrimony—whether you prefer giving or taking—"

"And giving," cried Kitty triumphantly, "is the greatest joy of love."

"Yes," I agreed shortly, "in poetry fluring the honeymoon. But when comes down to deciding who is to get up and make the fire and do the milk of the dumb water on d mornings it's—it's quite differ—"

"No, I don't see," retorted Kitty promptly. "Why can't two people marry for love divide the sacrifices and the money and the pleasure equally?"

"Because we aren't built that way, suppose," I returned sadly. "Matrimony is a bargain, and somebody has to get the bargain. The other must take the leavings and be satisfied."

"And, after all," sighed Kitty, thoughtfully, "it is an equal division one gets his ideals and the other gets all the comfort and satisfaction of the affair."

"Yes," I agreed, "one has his aims, even if they turn out to be

nightmares, and the other has the best of everything on the table. It just depends on what you consider 'luck.' There will always be plenty of fools in the world who will cling to the belief that happiness consists in making a martyr of oneself. Look at the poor little women wearing out their hands and hearts, slaving for big, brutal chaps, who accept their adoration with a yawn and one eye on the newspaper; and at the miserable, overworked men, slaving themselves into nervous prostration to buy frocks and hats for their wives to wear—for other men. It's the folly of the idealist that gives the commonsense people a chance for their luck."

"Yes," sighed Kitty, "but I wish you hadn't told me. You've taken all the glamour off and rubbed off all the gilt and closed up all the gateways to happiness and—"

"What!" I sat up in astonishment.

"Well," said Kitty, pouting, "if you can't be happy without the person you love and can't be happy with him—"

"Be happy with the person who loves you!" I interrupted promptly.

"I can't!" sighed Kitty again, gazing pensively at the horizon.

"I've given you plenty of chances," I said reproachfully.

Kitty sat up so suddenly that the hammock squeaked in protest.

"Do you think," she cried vehemently, "that I'd spend my days sitting at the foot of a throne?"

I puffed my pipe and remained discreetly silent.

"Why don't you marry that Collins girl?" asked Kitty, suddenly leaning forward with inspiration in her eyes.

"Why should I marry her?" I demanded.

"She adores you," said Kitty.

"Humph!"

"Or the red-haired Miss Briggs," went on Kitty enthusiastically, "or Catherine Pelham, or Della Martin, or Gertie Craig, or—"

"In heaven's name!" I protested, "I don't want any of them."

"But they all want you," declared Kitty sweetly, "and they would all wear out their hearts and hands polishing your halo and lacing your shoes—and—"

"I don't want anybody to lace my shoes," I objected. "I want—"

"You're passing all the nice girls by," persisted Kitty sadly.

"Not all," I protested hopefully.

"And you'll miss your luck in love."

"What!"

"Pursuing an ideal."

I dropped my pipe.

"Oh, well," I said after I had recovered the meerschau and my composure. "It's different in my—in our case."

"It's always different in 'our' case," sighed Kitty. "But," she added, "if your ideal is—is anything like me—"

"She is," I exclaimed hastily, "exactly like you."

"You'll never have to lace her shoes, nor slave to pay for her hats, nor wait on her, nor be an object of charity, nor—"

"Why not?" I demanded.

"Because," explained Kitty, rising and shaking out her ruffles, "she'll marry her own ideal."

"Kitty!" I cried, "give me a chance—"

"Yes," retorted Kitty sweetly, "I'm going to give you a chance—to marry somebody who adores you."

"What!"

"And who will mend your socks and run your errands and give you the seat nearest the radiator—and bore you to death—"

"Kitty! Kitty!"

"And I wish you luck," finished Kitty, holding out her hand, "in love!"

The Real Cinderella.
Cinderella's real name was Rhodope, and she was a beautiful Egyptian maiden who lived 670 years before the common era, and during the reign of Psammetichus, one of the twelve kings of Egypt.

One day she ventured to go in bathing in a clear stream near her home, and meanwhile left her shoes, which must have been unusually small, lying on the bank. An eagle passing above chanced to catch sight of the little sandals, and, mistaking them for a toothsome tidbit, pounced down and carried off one in his beak.

The bird then unwittingly played the part of fairy godmother, for, flying directly over Memphis, where King Psammetichus was dispensing justice, it let the shoe fall right into the king's lap. Its size, beauty and gaintness immediately attracted the royal eye, and the king, determined upon knowing the wearer of so cunning a shoe, sent throughout all his kingdom in search of the foot that would fit it.

As in the story of Cinderella, the messengers finally discovered Rhodope, fitted the shoe and carried her in triumph to Memphis, where she became the Queen of King Psammetichus.

Afraid It Would Be Missed.
Tommy learned to swim in Huckleberry Cove, an arm of the sea. Consequently when he went at his father's invitation, to the swimming-pool of his father's city club he felt cramped somehow and afraid of getting in the way.

After a while that feeling wore off. He began splashing about and doing a few tricks that he thought his father might not know. Suddenly his head and shoulders emerged from the water.

"O daddy," he said, in an anxious whisper, "I've swallowed some of the water! Do you think they'll miss it?"

A Distinction.
Prospective Tenant—How many families does this apartment building accommodate?
Truth-loving Landlord—It has room for forty-two.

WILLING TO SERVE.

Judge's Suspicion Justified by Talesman's Confession.

Walter C. Goodson, an attorney of Macon, Mo., attended Circuit Court at Oskaloosa, Ia., one day this week, and noticed some interesting features which differed from the Missouri practice. "On the day of opening of court the Judge lines up the petit jury and asks if there are any members who want to be excused," said Mr. Goodson. "The day I was there every man with one accord began to excuse himself. One said he had just purchased a farm and that he had to start his hands fixing it up. Another said he was a candy salesman and that his house would fire him if he didn't keep on the road. A great big woodsman said he was unable to read and write well and that he wasn't certain he knew enough to be a juror.

"Fully half of the men summoned had one reason or another for them to serve. Later the Judge investigated the excuses and found some of them good and others not so good. Where the excuse was flimsy he made the man stay on.

"One of the lawyers up there told me this story. A lineup of jurors appeared before a certain Judge just the same as on the day I was there and every man explained that it would mean disaster to him to serve at that term of court—all but a little fellow at the tail end of the line. This man was a hunter and he had lived in a cabin on the creek all his life.

"You have no excuse to offer?" asked the surprised Judge.

"No, sir."

"Haven't got a sick mother-in-law needing your attention?"

"No, sir; I ain't married."

"What about your chop?"

"Don't raise anything."

"No fence to fix up?"

"Haven't got a fence on the place."

"You think you can spare the time to serve on a jury two weeks?"

"Sure."

"The Judge sat a while and meditated. Reaching over he whispered to the clerk, who shook his head in perplexity. Then the Judge's curiosity got the better of him.

"You're the only man who's got the time to serve your country as a juror," he said. "Would you mind telling me how it happens?"

"Sure not," said the little man promptly. "I heard you was going to try Jake Billings this term. He shot a dog o' mine once."

No Hope for Him.
With the shock of a sudden discovery, Mr. Benson awoke one day to the fact that the hair was growing thin on the top of his head. He looked at himself in a folding mirror, and was horrified to find that there was a bald spot, farther back, as large as a silver dollar, of which nobody had ever told him.

"This will never do!" he said. "I must get that hair back."

He began at once. For several months he used a hair restorative which was highly commended. It did no good.

He tried another, then another, and still another, but all to no purpose. These preparations had cured many persons of incipient baldness according to the testimonials, but none of them had any effect on him. As a last resort, he consulted a specialist.

The specialist treated him for six months. At the end of that time the hair on top of his head was nearly all gone.

"I'll have to hunt up another one," he said.

One morning, while going downtown in a street-car he observed a stout, prosperous-looking gentleman who wore an unmistakable wig on his head.

"Who is that man?" he asked of the passenger sitting next to him.

"Don't you know?" said the other.

"That's the rich Colonel Stubbs."

"I've often heard of him. They say he is immensely rich."

"Fifty million dollars."

"Fifty millions!" reflected Mr. Benson. "If there was any earthly cure for baldness, he wouldn't be wearing a wig! I'll give it up."

Knew Their Author.
In the Beecher family the name of Mrs. Stowe was often quoted to the rising generation as one having authority. She was also quoted ad nauseam, it would seem, from a story told by The Woman's Journal. On one occasion a grandniece of Mrs. Stowe became very angry at a playmate, and, stamping her foot, said: "I hate you, and I don't want anything more to do with you, nor your man servant, nor your maid servant, nor your ox, nor your ass." Her mother sternly reproved her, asking her if she knew what she was saying. Little Miss Beecher promptly replied, "Yes, the Ten Commandments." "Well, do you know who wrote them?" The child, looking disgusted, answered: "Goodness, yes! Aunt Harriet did, I s'pose."

Asking Too Much.
I believe there is a story told of Mark Twain that in youthful days, being sent out by his mother to weed a certain flower bed, and finding more weeds than flowers, he came back in and asked if he might not "flower the weed bed."

Our little Alfred probably has as great an aversion to work as had the youthful Clemens. Admonished to pull some rather large weeds in the back yard, after a faint-hearted lift on one of them, he shouted:

"Mamma, how do you think I'm going to pull these weeds when the whole world is hitched onto them?"

TALK TO MARS AT \$10,000,000 A CHAT

Only 35,000,000 Miles Away and Communication Can Be Established by Mirrors

PLANET WILL BE CLOSE SHORTLY

Martians Tall, Thin, Furry and Have Big Heads—Columbia's Astronomers Admit This Much, but Are not Sure They Would Know Our Signals

Boston.—Men on earth may be able to communicate with the inhabitants of Mars soon, said Professor William Henry Pickering of Harvard. This will be possible by flash messages when that planet approaches to within 35,000,000 miles of the earth, or 5,000,000 miles closer than ever before.

"If there are inhabitants on Mars who have advanced as far as man has and who are provided with telescopes as powerful as we to-day possess, they could easily perceive our signals and undoubtedly could recognize and answer them.

"My plan of communication would require the use of a series of mirrors so arranged as to present a single-reflecting surface toward the planet. As the surface necessary for reflecting the sunlight 35,000,000 miles would have to be more than a quarter of a mile long, a single mirror would not be practicable. We would have to use many of them.

"These mirrors would all have to be attached to one great axis parallel to the axis of the earth, run by motors and so timed as to make a complete revolution every twenty-four hours, thus carrying the reflecting surface

around with the axis once a day and obviating the necessity of continually readjusting it to allow for the movement of the planets.

"As far as the people of Mars are concerned this reflector would not, of course, be apparent to the naked eye, but through lenses of such magnitude as we have to-day the reflection would be easily discernible and would undoubtedly attract attention at once.

"The best time for transmitting such a reflection would be in the morning, a little after sunrise. The cost of such an undertaking would be about \$10,000,000."

New York City.—When a reporter invaded the astronomical sanctum of Columbia University to learn how stargazers there regarded Prof. William Henry Pickering's plan for communicating with Mars, Prof. Howard Jacoby, head of the department, and Dr. S. A. Mitchell, his associate, were just bowing out a venerable gentleman who had inquired as to the weight of holes in cheese.

"His problem was little less obtuse than some propounded to us concerning Mars," smiled Prof. Jacoby, "but we are always glad to answer questions, as discussion stimulates interest in astronomy. Now, you ask if we might signal to Mars by projecting a reflected ray of light from a mirror or series of mirrors a quarter of a mile in area. This is scientifically possible, but impractical. Why not wait for the Martians, if there be any, to signal us? Would it not then be time enough to rig up an answering apparatus?"

"Quite the correct idea," agreed Dr. Mitchell.

The professors were asked what a Martian ought to look like.

"Well, to begin with he would be tall and spindle-shanked," replied Dr. Mitchell. "It is a certainty that there are no fat men on Mars. The attraction of gravity is two-thirds less there than here, hence he would grow upward instead of sideways. He would make a great Marathon runner, as the resistance is less. His head would be immense when compared to the diameter of his body and his eyes might be as big as saucers. As I'm creating this Martian I'm going to have him to my own liking.

"Being exceedingly brainy he has probably discovered a way to perpetuate his kind through the incubator process. I don't believe the men are web-footed, but they probably grow a fine crop of fur."



A Martian According to Dr. Mitchell's Description.

FACTS ABOUT ARSENIC EATERS.

Those Who Make the Drug Are Compelled to Eat It.

"The eating of arsenic," said a toxicologist, or student of poisons, "is common in Styria. The Styrians say that arsenic makes one plump and comely, and gives one strength for great exertions, such as running or mountain-climbing.

"Styria, in Austria, gives the world vast quantities of arsenic; the manufacture of this drug is, indeed, the main Styrian industry. They who make arsenic eat it, as a rule; for they say that only the arsenic eater can withstand the arsenic fumes.

"These makers and eaters of the drug are comely. They have a blooming and clear color. They look much younger than they are.

"The foreman in a certain arsenic factory told me that in his boyhood, when he first came to that plant, he was advised to begin to eat arsenic lest his health suffer from the fumes. He did begin, and his first two or three small doses gave him a sharp pain, like a burn, in the stomach, and this pain was followed by tremendous hunger and a violent, disagreeable excitement. But as his doses increased in frequency and in size, their effect became pleasant. There was no longer pain or excitement; there was a ravenous appetite and a mood of joyous activity wherein the youth could do three men's work.

"This chap, by the time he got to be thirty, was taking four grains of arsenic a day. He looked at thirty with his clear pink and white color, no more than twenty-three. He was robust as a blacksmith. But he said he would die at forty-five or so—said all the Styrian arsenic eaters died at that age.

"The drug is a preservative, and in Styria, when graves are opened, bodies are found to be as fresh six or seven years after interment as on the day they were lowered into the earth.

"The arsenic eater like the opium eater, is a total abstainer. Alcohol in any form is abhorrent to him. If he tries to abandon the drug, his heart weakens, he has fainting fits, he takes to his bed."

Tree a Novel Bell Tower.
Church authorities, like private individuals, have to make the best of circumstances, and the most picturesque feature of a little mission

church in German South Africa is its bell tower. The chapel is of the simplest style of architecture, and nowhere in it was there a place to hang a bell. A bell has conscience-awakening qualities in places not so thickly settled or so given to late hours that its effects are altogether as moral as might be desired, and a nearby tree solved the bell-tower problem. The bell was hung to one of its lower branches, where it swings free when rung, and the rope is tied to the trunk to keep it quiet when not in use. The mission is in Windhut, the chief city of this part of Africa and the seat of the Governor. The fact that a bell hung in the open in this manner is left alone speaks well for the German-South African small boys.

Some Interesting Old Dictionaries.
A curious collection of old dictionaries occupies a top shelf in a Philadelphia library. These dictionaries derive their interest from the errors they contain. Thus, in the Bailey dictionary of 1674 the word "colibus" is defined as follows:
"Colibus—A humming bird, which makes a noise like a whirlwind, though it is no bigger than a fly; it feeds on dew, has an admirable beauty of feathers, and a scent as sweet as that of musk or ambergris."

The same authority thus describes the loriot, or oriole:
"Loriot—A bird that, being looked upon by one that has yellow jaundice, cures the person and dies itself."

Delpino's dictionary (1703) says of the leopard:
"Lleopard, or leopard—A yellow beast exceedingly swift, subtle and fierce, and of such a sweet savor that it allures other beasts to it, by which means they are caught and devoured."

A Candle Can Burn Outdoors.
This candle shade covers every thing—candle, candlestick and all. It is in use in the West Indies—out of doors—and stands about two feet high, with a thick flange top and bottom. Made of clear glass, it sometimes has a small pattern etched in it. The candle burns freely inside the shade, as no direct draught can get at it, and it does not drip. It lasts a long time.



The Novel Bell Tower.

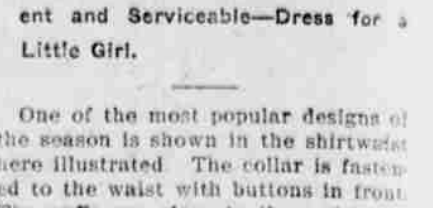
WHAT TO WEAR AND HOW TO WEAR IT

Special Correspondent of This Paper Writes Entertainingly to Women

LATEST FROM THE METROPOLIS

A Neat Ladies Shirtwaist Which Can Be Made Very Economically—Hours Dress that Will Be Found Convenient and Serviceable—Dress for a Little Girl.

One of the most popular designs of the season is shown in the shirtwaist here illustrated. The collar is fastened to the waist with buttons in front. The cuffs are close to the wrist and



Ladies' Shirt Waist.

button like the collar. Stitching and folded silk rectangles, in which the button holes are made, form the only decoration.

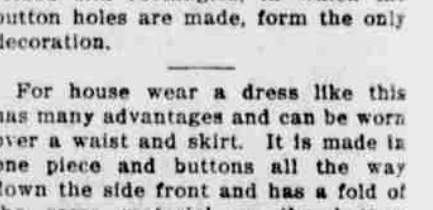
For house wear a dress like this has many advantages and can be worn over a waist and skirt. It is made in one piece and buttons all the way down the side front and has a fold of the same material on the bottom which extends all the way around ex



A Pretty House Dress.

cept on the front panel. A Duchess yoke, edged with a band the width of the fold on the skirt, adds simplicity to this dainty house dress. The sleeves here shown are full length and finished off with a straight cuff, can be made elbow length if desired

This is one of the prettiest little dresses of the season. The yoke and sleeves are made of sage green cash



Dress for a Little Girl.

mere, braided with black sateen. The dress itself is navy blue flannel, trimmed with black braid. The fronts lap over and fasten with one large gilt button.—JULES THEROW.

The simplest and best lotion for freckles is: The juice of one lemon, teaspoonful of powdered borax and one of sugar. It may be applied two or three times a day.