"Incognito"

"The meshes of matrimony seem to be closing about me," thought Lady Julie, as she finished the letter she had been rending. "Poor Aunt Caro-Bne! She aims to be diplomatic, but It is written between every line that the sole object of her house party is for me to hear, heed and wed the fabulously rich American. I wonder why it is Americans are always rich. What a novelty a poor American would be!"

Further pondering on this subject was prevented by the entrance of Lady Julie's elder stater, who premided over the household.

"I suppose you and papa leave directions after I take my train?" she asked.

"Papa will, but my plans are changed. Aunt is making another desperate effort to marry me off, and I am to go to Oak Wilds in a week. In the meantime I will stay with Cousin Dorothy."

When Lady Julie had seen her father and sister depart on their respective trains, she felt a delicious sensu of elation at her unwonted freedom.

"I am so tired of Lady Julie!" she thought. "How I would like to be some one else for a week-some poor, obscure, untitled person. I believe 1 will-yes, I will do it!"

The next morning Lady Julie with simple articles of attire packed in a steamer trunk drove to the station. When the coachman had driven away she took a cab and went to an address she had secured from the Times. Here she engaged a sitting room front with a bedroom back, and proceeded to unpack her belongings. She paid a week's rent in advance to the voluble landlady, who, volunteered full information regarding her lodgers.

"Those hupstairs har all clerks, but the sitting room across the 'all is let to han Hamerican. 'E 'as just arrived. f will say for the Hamericans, they don't 'aggle."

"Don't they?" asked Lady Julie, interestedly.

The next morning Mrs. Todds, her landlady, made a suggestion.

"Being has 'ow you har a stranger, miss, and the Hamerican being here to see the sights, hit would be nice ter you to get acquainted. Hafter weakfast, if you say so, Hi will introface you."

Lady Julie reflected. "Very well, Mrs. Todd, I should be pleased to meet your first floor front." Accordingly Mrs. Todd ushered in a good-looking youth, well-tailored and rell set up.

"You are from the State of Misery. Irs. Todd informs me," began Lady ulte, when the landlady had left the

He stared at her in wonder, and hen broke into a clear, ringing, inactious laugh. "The State of Missouri," he cor-

acted. "I must confess," said Lady Julie, willing, "that even 'Missouri' conveys othing to my unenlightened mind."

"Never heard of Missouri?" he exaimed aghast. "But you have sureheard of St. Louis!"

"Oh, St. Louis!" she cried with un-igned interest. "Yes, I've heard of Louis," recalling the place menoned in her aunt's letter as the home the rich American. "But is this

our first visit to London?" Yes: I remain here for a week. hen I am going to a house party at ome friends in the country," he re-

A sudden inspiration came to Lady alle, and her dark eyes shone with sterest and mischief. "I, too, am here for a week, and

en I go to the country. I think if ou are to see the sights here, you tould begin with the zoo. I think at is where tourists begin." "Will you accompany me?" he ask-

!, eagerly. "Will you be my tourist iide for the week?" "Yes," she replied with dancing

So they went to the zoo in a bus id Lady Julie, viewing the polar ar, the elephants and the monkey buse, felt like Alice in Wonderland ne next day was spent in the park id successive days found them at e museum, library, cathedral, Westinster and numerous river excurons. It pleased and flattered Halden at his fair companion always turned e conversation to St. Louis and the nited States.

"Miss Brent," he said, earnestly, as came into her sitting room for his rewell call, "will you not relent and il me where you go to-morrow?"

"No, Mr. Halden. You must be con at with the assurance that you will me within a short time, and when xt we meet, should it be in the esence of others, do not allude to is week, or to the fact that we have at before."

A cloud of doubt came into his frank

"Can you not trust me?" she asked 'tly. "I will explain-when I can." 'I trust you entirely; and, Miss ent-Julie-, may I tell you what is week has been to me?"

'Wait!" she advised, "until we mee ain. Then you have my permission do so."

The next day she returned home d made all her preparations for her it with a joyous expectancy. 'You are looking your best, Julie.'

ning eyes and happy glow of the athful countenance. ater, with brating heart, Inda te entered the library. Her can

a secuted her meet. As Lady Julie

d her aunt, when she beheld the

appointment went through her. This was not Jim Halden, the man she had expected to meet. At dinner she ral-Hed from the shock. "At any rate they are from the same city," she thought. "They may know each oth-"You are from the state of Mis-

raised her eyes to his, a pang of us

souri, Mr. Booth?" she asked. "How clever Julie is!" thought her aunt, approvingly. "Yes, from St. Louis," he replied.

"Naturally. Every one from Missouri claims St. Louis." "What do you know of St. Louis?"

he asked, laughing. "A great deal," she replied, and launched into a description of his home city that delighted him and

raised high hopes in Aunt Caroline.

"I met a man from there once," she admitted. "What is his name?" he asked, interestedly.

"Jim Halden. Do you know him?" "Indeed, I do! The best fellow living. He is visiting not 10 miles from here.

"Aunt Caroline," said Lady Julie that night, "Mr. Booth has a friend from St. Louis visiting the Shefflelds. I think he would like to have him here for a few days."

"Of course," replied her aunt, heartily. "I'll write at once."

"I don't see," said Halden, gravely, as he and Lady Julie were in the rose garden on the night of his arrival, "how you could foresee my presence here when you promised to meet

"Why, aunt wrote me to come to this party to meet a man from St. She falled to mention his Louis. name. I had a whim to see what life in lodgings was like. When I met you I jumped to the conclusion that you were the man aunt was expecting. You can imagine my discomfiture when I saw Mr. Booth."

Halden was silent for a moment. "Oh, yes; aunt dwelt on that fact at length when she wrote."

"I am not," he continued. "I have only a modest income. I learned from Mrs. Todd that you were an orphan in modern circumstances, and I had hopes of winning your love and giving you a home. Now it's all changed. I see your aunt's plans, and that you

were only enjoying a week's respite." He turned and walked away. He had gone but a few steps, when her voice rang out clearly:

"Jim!" He was at her side.

"Mr. Booth told me you were-not rich, and-I asked aunt to invite you here. "Julie!"

"I lived a whole week without a maid," she said, when they were making future plans, "and I learned to buy the cloth."

Gondolas and Windmills Going. As the gondolas of Venice have been supplanted by the electric launch, so the equally picturesque windmills of Holland are falling in the face of the march of modern invention. In Venice the few gondolas that are seen on the waters of the city are maintained merely to answer

a demand on the part of tourists who think a visit to that city is incomplete without a ride in one of these ancient crafts propelled by a gayly-clad gondolier. They have long since been abandoned by the natives, who make use of modern launches.

And now the word comes from Holland that gas engine pumping plants are taking the place of the historic windmills. As the latter are principally used for the purpose of pumping water out of drain ditches, which must be done regularly in order to keep the fields and meadows dry, their uncertainty for this work is now recognized, and gas motors are gradually being introduced. Like the Venetians. the thrifty Dutchmen will probably maintain windmills enough to offer attractions for the artists and tourists who flock there from all parts of the world in search of novel sights. Indeed, the statement has been made that the natives of this section have long been inclined to depart from their old-time style of apparel, but they realize that it is a drawing card for travelers, and for this reason they cling tenaciously to the baggy normal children. breeches and voluminous skirts which the men and women of that country have affected for centuries.

A School Boy on Domestic Economy.

My idea of a good income and how to spend it is to get forty-four shillings a week from every male in the house if he was working, and in spending it to the philosophy of the matter. How I should get a book and put all the provisions I had in the house in it and the cost of them. I should first see that I and our family would get their other is addressed, "Dorothy, come stomachs full every meal time, so I should buy meat that would last.

Every holiday time we should go for a day or two to a senside resort. For a family of good eaters it takes a lot fill it with hot water ready for use of bread, especially if you do not and place a patch of surgeon's plaster bake, and shop bread takes a lot of over the hole and hold it in place unbutter. But they should have it. I til the heat causes adhesion. would also buy plenty of coal, with good shoes and stockings; also I would buy two beds to sleep on at night.

Gladstone's Four Great Masters.

The figure of Aristotle by the eminent sculptor, G. Walker, has recently been placed in the niche prepared for it outside the south wall of the residence. It is the gift of Dean Lincoln and Mrs. Wickham. The four niches outside St. Deiniois are intended for the figures of those four great men who were regarded by Mr. Gladstone as his chief masters-Aristotle, St. Augustine, Dante and Bishop Butler. Three of them are now in position. all of them the work of Mr. Walker. It only remains for that of Bishop Butler to be given to the state of the service.

Of Interest to Women

Remarkable Change of Infant of today-New Babyless Language May Be Responsible - Grandma's Tale of Daily Care Administered to the "Naughty" Imp of 50 Years Ago.

It may be owing to natural progression or to mothers' meetings, or even to the new babyless language that the modern mother has introduced into the nursery, but for some reason or another infants have changed most remarkably.

Fifty years ago a baby in the house made a great deal more fuss and trouble than it does at the present day. Judging from an unprejudiced grandmother's description of her progeny of long ago, one is forced to the conclusion that they must have been squalling, red-faced little creatures, whose deportment was most ungraceful and undignified. Evidently they were not possessed with an atom of self-respect and usually succeeded in upsetting the whole household.

Just ask grandma how her bables used to act. You will be a pessimist before she has had finished her story. She will relate tales that will harrow your soul. Your exhausted ear will hear all about the long nights of croup, when the youngster had to be shaken by the heels, stood on its head, hung out of the window, slapped on the back, greased about the nose, positiced all over and compelled to swallow spoonfuls of sulet melted

over a smosy lamp. If they didn't have croup they had colic, which required trotting and bouncing and floor walking, rocking the cradle, not to mention pints of catnip tea. In those days catnip tea was omnipresent. There was always a cup of it brewing on the back of the stove in every properly conducted household. When a dose was administered the attendance of the entire family was required. In many cases the farmhands had to be called in to

It took one person to hold the squirming infant, another to grasp its feet and still another to keep its chubby fists from doing damage to the many faces bending solicitiously above it. Somebody held the spoon, while mother adjusted one or more extra bibs. When all was ready a cold-blooded relative grasped the slippery little nose and in a twinkling the spoon and its contents were spilled over the bibs and trickling down baby's neck.

If nothing else was the matter, then its food didn't agree with it, or it was cutting teeth or had broken out in a rash. It was in a chronic state of swallowing tacks and pennies. It was always hungry and never sleepy, except in the daytime, when there was company that particularly wanted to see its eyes. All that day it would slumber so sweetly and afterward make the night hideous with its screams for light or somebody to amuse it.

All the jokes about walking the floor were not jokes at all. Newspaper pictures were not caricatures; they were drawn from history and are all that is left to remind us of the old-

The twentieth century infant would not deign to imitate the conduct of its ancestral juvenile. In the first place, more than half the ills that a baby was heir to in the long ago have been forgotten or have been eliminated; consequently there is less crying and not nearly so much attention de-

manded. In the modern baby the imp of the jerverse has been to a great extent conquered. If it lies awake at night it is really in pain and not rampaging because its mother is worn out or the poor father unusually sleepy.

An investigation of the subject reveals that in these times babies generally sleep soundly at night, eat regularly, take one or more naps during the day and are usually well-behaved,

They do not insist upon being rocked to sleep, nor annoy those within hearing distance by howling hour after hour just because they cannot have the electrolier for a toy or the auto horn to cut their teeth upon.

The transformation does not seem so remarkable when one gets down can two human beings act alike, when one is talked to like this, "Movver's "ittle lam, tum det oo miki," and the get your milk."

Little Load Lifters.

When the rubber water bottle leaks,

If kept in a cup and covered with cold water, yolks of eggs will keep fresh several days.

When finely chopped nuts are needed for cake, salads or sandwiches, run the nuts through the mincing machine. Wring chamois out of the soapy water without rinsing; when it dries it is

soft and serviceable, instead of stil Table oilcloth is the best material to cover schoolbooks with, as it is water-proof and can be kept clean. The pretty colored patterns are very

attractive to the children's eyes. When running your curtains on the road, first run the handle of a teaspoon through so as to separate them when they have been starched, then put a thimble on the end of the rod trouble whatever.

WHEN WOMEN REGISTER

The Hotel Clerk Explains Why the Blotter is Necessary During and After the Ceremony.

"Hotel clerks get to be great observers of human nature," said an old hotel "lobbyist." "During the many hours out of each day that I spend warming this chair I have learned many tricks of their trade which go to prove my statement.

'In fact this clerk here has a peculiar trick of his own which shows how keen an observer he is. If you watch him at work you will find whenever a woman is registering he holds a blotter so as to hide the other names on the page. At first when I noticed it I thought that he was merely holding the blotter in readiness to use it on the newly written name, but when I found that he only did it when a woman was registering my curiosity got the better of me and I asked the

"'Why,' said he, 'women are the most nervous creatures in the world. I hold that blotter up to show that I am not watching her write her name, and at the same time to keep her from trying to excel the other handwriting on the page. If she noticed that I was watching her closely it is a safe bet that she would get nervous and make an awful botch of her signature, trying to be fancy. On the other hand, if she saw a particularly pretty signature on the next line the chances are that she would try to improve hers with a flourish or two-which generally means a choice blot to be scratched out by yours truly."

"I decided to test his theory by looking over a woman's shoulder while she registered. The result was just what he said it would be."

The Romance of a Composer.

Benedelto Marcello, one of the most famous Venetian composers, fell in love with a beautiful girl named Leonora Manfrotti, who married Paolo Seranzo, a Venetian noble. She died a short time after her marriage, a victim to the harsh and jealous treatment of her husband.

Her body was laid out in state in the Church of Wei Frari and her lover actually succeeded in stealing the corpse and conveying it to a ruined crypt in one of the islands, and here he sat day and night by his lost love, singing and playing to her as though by the force of his art he could recall her to life.

Leonora had a twin sister, Eliade, who was so like her that her closest friends could scarcely distinguish them. One day Eliade heard a singer in a gondola singing so exquisitely that she traced the gondola to the deserted island, and there she learned later the fate of her sister's corpse and the identity of Marcello. Aided by a servant Eliade substituted herself for her sister's body, and when he found out the deception, was quite satisfied and married Elaide, but his happiness was short lived, as he died a few years afterward.—Home Notes.

A Gymnastic Maine Hen.

Zenas Dudley, of Hampden, has a hen that will lay every day, provided she can lay where she wants to, and that is sitting on top of a pole. The reason why this hen wished to perch on the tip end of a pole when laying can be accounted for only by the fact that she laid her first egg on top of a pole. When she was she was frightened one day and flew to the top of a tall pole in the yard. The dog kept her there for some time, and during the time she laid her first egg. Never a time since then has she laid an egg except when she has been on top of some pole. A pole has been set up in the henyard where this hen can make her daily layings. A small net bag is placed around the pole to catch the eggs.-Kennebec Journal.

Workers Pay Death Toll.

Between 34,000 and 35,000 deaths and 2,000,000 injured is the accident record in the United States during the last year among workingmen, according to a bulletin of accidents issued December 14 by the bureau of labor. Of those employed in factories and workshops, it is stated that probably the most exposed class are the workers in iron and steel. Fatal accidents among electricians and electric linemen and coal miners are declared to be excessive, while railway trainmen were killed in the proportion of 7.46 deaths per 1,000 workmen. The bulletin declares that it should not be impossible to avert at least one-third and perhaps one-half of the accidents by intelligent and rational methods of the factory inspection, legislation and control.

Our Need of Music.

We need music in our modern life, almost as much as we need bread; we need it in our schools almost as much as we need the multiplication table. We need it in our lives, not only to help us worship, but that we may carry away something better than a ringing headache from our precious hours of diversion. We need it in our schools, not as a tolerated fad, but as one of the things that shall make our individual and national character.-Elmer Elsworth Brown, United States Commissioner of Education.

The Coloring of the Clouds.

The gorgeous coloring of the clouds, especially those of sunset, is due to the circumstance that the yellow and red rays of light have a much greater penetra momentum than the blue, They make their way through stretches of the atmosphere which entirely arrest and .urn back the blue and they do this the more markedly and it will run through without any traneous particles that augment the If the air is at the time laden with exnortal opacity.

Notes and Comment

Of Interest to Women Readers

SHALL WEDDED WOMEN WORK.

Eminent Authorities Discuss the Ques-

tion of "The Woman's Invasion." "Shall women work after marriage? That is so large a question that it will be merely suggested and then laid on the table for future discussion," says William Hard.

Only three incidental remarks will e here made about it.

First: It is a question that may settle itself without much help. Many students think so, among them the President of Bryn Mawr College, who said not long ago that "everything seems to indicate that women will not only make their way into all except a few trades and professions, but that they will be compelled by economic causes to stay in them after marringe."

Second: Work after marriage, aside from its economic aspects, has seemed to many persons who have given it much thought to have possibly an intellectual and moral value. In his authoritative book on "Sex and Society," Professor W. I. Thomas seems to adopt this view. "The remedy," he says, "for the irregularity, pettiness, ill health, and unserviceableness of modern woman seems to lie, therefore, along educational lines; not in a general and cultural education alone, but in a special and occupational interest and practice for women married and unmarried. This should be preferably gainful, though not onerous nor incessant."

Third: Virtually every mother who can afford it has a nurse-maid who relieves her of the children, and the

children of her, for part of each day t night. This is thought proper. Also, it is thought proper for a famlly to live at a fashionable hotel and have its meals sent up to it from the cafe. In this way the family avoids having a food-factory in its suite of living-rooms. Now if at some time in the remote future, when society is somewhat better adapted to social needs there should be co-operative nurseries and co-operative kitchens which would leave women free for four hours a day to do work which, as Professor Thomas discriminatingly says, should be gainful but not otherous nor incessant, would society then he any more shattered at its foundations than 't now is at its top?

FAMOUS AMERICAN SONG BIRD



EMMA EAMES. Madame Emma Eames is now in Europe and will not sing in this country this year.

French Women Busy Workers. There are 7,000,000 women in France who earn their own living. In Paris women now work as cutters of precious stones, and they have proved so skillful that they may win supremacy from Amsterdam as the centre of the stone-cutting industry. The women cutters receive \$1.80 a day, against the 60 cents paid the Paris seamstress. Women are found in almost every line of work in France. For example, a woman is in charge of the railroad station in Froissey, a Paris suburb, while her husband works under her as a porter. The only barber shop in Frolssy is run by "Mille, Jeanne," who works only on Tuesdays and Fridays. Mme. Lesobre holds the joint position of telegraph messenger and postman. She averages twenty miles a day, seven days a week, and has not missed a day in fifteen years. A woman pounds the big drum in the Froissy brass band, and a woman holds the street cleanlag contract

40******* POETRY WORTH READING

Middle Age.

When youth's desire of pleasure cloys And life has reached a wiser stage Tis sweet to count the placid joys Of middle age.

No more the love of frenzied sport, No more the things to do and dare. With mild philosophy I court My easy chair.

There with my scothing pipe I sit And watch its graceful rings acise. Feeling my vision and my wit Grow ripe and wise,

No more I foin the weary wights Who dangle in a maiden's trail, Giving their daytimes and their nights To woful wail. I seck no mad emprise to jog

And goad me in a perilous way, But meditate that every dog Must have his day, I note the price of stock and share With cautious speculative ends,

And to the credit side I bear Life's dividends. Perchance to golfing fields I fare, To enterprise with putt and tees-

And scorn the caddie's furtive stars At what he sees, never ask of life too much;

And she rewards with ample wage Of peaceful joys that are in touch With middle age.

-Pall Mall Gazette.

Settling Down.

've roamed the earth e'er since my birth.

And made the most of time, By sun-baked sand and frozen land And every other clime. And I've discerned and dearly learned A truth that kills unrest-The simple thought my elders taught: The old place is the best!

I've chucked the Hindu maiden's chin; Bronze goddesses I've wooed; In velvet eyes of tropic skies, I've often misconstrued: But this, at least, Romance's feast

Has taught—tho' somewhat late:

The northern hue of gray or blue

Is trusty for a mate! I've learned the grip of fellowship In stoic fatalism; I've quite a store of Eastern lore And every other schism.

The Spaniard's way I've learned to play. I've dallied with the Turk, But I must say I like the way A white man does his work!

I've roamed the earth e'er since my birth. And made the most of time.

I've learned a lot that's good-and not. And here's my little rhyme: My wild oats sown-a roof my own; A wife with binding hair, And just a chance to break a lance

In fighting fair and square!

-Stephen Chalmers. A Pilgrim Song. Ah! little Inn of Sorrow. What of thy bitter bread? What of the ghostly chambers, So I be sheltered? Tis but for a night, the firelight That gasps on thy cold hearthstone

To-morrow my load and the open road

And the far light leading on! Ah! little Inn of Fortune. What of thy blazing cheer, Where glad through the pensive even

Thy bright doors beckon clear? Eweet sleep on thy balsam pillows, Sweet wine that will thirst as suage-But send me forth o'er the morning

earth

Strong for my pilgrimage! Ah! distant End of the Journey, What if thou fly my feet? What if thou fade before me in splendor wan and sweet? Still the mystical city lureth-The quest is the good knight's part

And the pilgrim wends through the end of the ends Toward a shrine and a Grail in his heart. -Charlotte Wilson.

"Just Mother." (A Burlesque Song.) The courtroom it was crowded All the witnesses was there The big judge he sat a frowning In his big upholstered chair They was trying a old lady For the stealing of a horse They had brought her to the court room They had dragged her there by force

Then up rose a handsome lawyer Who refused to give his name He defended the old lady And well he done the same The verdict was not guilty The old lady got quite gay And when the lawyer spoke up To them he then did say:

Chorus.

She was my mother once In years so long ago And I'll not desert her now That she has fell so low I have many other mothers All over this broad land But I'll not desert this mother, even Though I'm rich and grand. Booth Tarkington, in Chicago Evening Post.