

WHAT'S THE USE?

What's the use of groaning
Because the clouds are black?
All your silly moaning
Never pushed them back.
Troubles may be coming,
Coming in a heap;
Just you keep a humming,
Hum yourself to sleep.

What's the use of grumbling
When the ground is wet?
Thunder may be rumbling,
Don't you ever fret.
Storms will soon be over,
Flowers blooming fine;
Crops will be in clover
When the sun does shine.

What's the use of shouting,
Getting sort o' mad?
Things that set you pouting
May make others glad
Wouldn't it be lonely,
Tell me square and true,
If the world was only
Made for me and you?

The Woman Who Dreamed

She stood under the boughs of an apple tree in the orchard—and there never was, perhaps never could be, another orchard just like it, with its green hills and valleys and old apple trees with their moss-grown limbs. To-day they upheld a profusion of pink and white bloom against the blue and gray of the sky; and she stood there while the bees hummed over the clover at her feet. She was barely seventeen and beautiful. The sunlight discovered gold in the brown of her hair and there were golden lights in the depths of her dark eyes, and she was fair—too fair, some said who wished to find fault with her because she was fair.

She lifted one slender hand toward the apple boughs, and the sleeve fell back from an arm white and finely formed. Then she murmured softly, "Nature, I love thee, I love thee, and I shall devote my life to studying thy beauty, and nothing shall come between this love and me."

The youth was scarcely spoken when a vow of about nineteen, accompanied by a large setter dog, came over the hills to where she stood. "Ruth," he exclaimed on seeing her, and she said, "Henry!" then there was silence for a moment, and she said: "I did not know you were at home. When did you come?"

"Yesterday. Grandfather has been quite sick, but he is better to-day. Aunt Martha sent for me."

"I did not know your grandfather was sick."

"No, it seems you don't care to know anything about us any more. Aunt Martha says you rarely come to the house now. It seems pretty hard when a fellow's old playmate gives him and his relatives a stand-off."

"Well, Henry, we are no longer children, and mother does not approve of our playing together any longer—"

"But with a little smile; then seriously—" "She never did, much, you know."

"No, but you are making her an excuse for throwing me off, and you know Ruth, that you are the only one in the world I ever shall care for."

"It's silly for you to talk that way; you have never seen the world. What do you know of it?"

"I know it contains nothing half so lovely as Ruth Dartmore."

Without commenting on this assertion she continued: "Mother says our stations in life are different. You are heir to all things desirable, while I must work for all I hope to possess."

He had pushed his cap back, and his fair hair lay in a way mass on his forehead; a most disconsolate look had crept into his blue eyes, while his handsome mouth quivered with a mingled expression of scorn and amusement.

"Heir to Gehenna!" he exclaimed. "Heir to a tumble-down old house"—waving his hand toward the old red brick building beyond the orchard. "Heir to an invalid grandfather and a maiden aunt; heir to an orchard whose every tree is mortgaged! Yes, our stations in life are different. Your father owns his little home and earns his living. I have no father, no mother, sister, or brother; but I have a hope of making my way in the world and sustaining the honor of my name."

Ruth felt a yearning tenderness toward him when he spoke of having no mother or sister; but she always enjoyed making him angry. She loved to see the attitude he assumed, the fine scorn that flashed from his eyes, the varying expression of his flexible mouth. So she stood still and watched him, and when he lifted his cap and walked away she still stood there and said nothing.

After he had gone she gathered some apple blossoms and walked home—a little whitewashed boxhouse at the other end of the orchard—and the old orchard with all its bloom and beauty in springtime, all its golden harvest in summer and autumn, represented a great gulf fixed between the whitewashed box and the tumble-down red brick mansion, because a day laborer lived in one and a judge in the other.

Ruth said nothing to her mother about meeting Henry in the orchard. She arranged the apple blossoms, took out her color box and was very silent and busy all the morning, but that day at dinner Ruth's father remarked to her mother: "I saw Henry Carridine in town to-day; the Judge is sick." Next morning when Ruth

put on her bonnet and started out. Mrs. Dartmore said: "I think I would find something besides apple blossoms to paint to-day."

There was an old man who lived in a suburb of the town in a little house, with his dogs and an old housekeeper. He was a painter and he had a strange theory that painting should be a labor of love, and the reward sought after—perfection in the work. He lived alone; for no one intruded upon him.

When Ruth Dartmore discovered her talent she applied to him for instruction. He would have turned away any one else; but her worth and beauty were an inspiration to him and her enthusiasm pleased him; so taking a younger brother or sister with her three times a week she went to him for instruction. Shortly after the incident in the orchard she came to him with a sketch of a youth and a maiden and a fine setter dog, under a large old apple tree laden with bloom, and told him her plan for the painting—and he was greatly pleased. So she worked all summer, and he helped her, but she was hard to satisfy. The youth was not handsome enough; the pink and white blossoms did not melt softly enough into the blue and gray of the sky; the tender green of the foliage was not delicate enough, so she would lay aside a nearly finished canvas and begin again. This unrest delighted the old painter.

"You are coming along finely," he said. "You have caught the divine fine."

One morning in early autumn she looked up from the canvas to the old painter.

"It will do, it will do!" he said, nodding his head. "It's as beautiful as a dream."

And it was, indeed, a dream-picture—the youth and maiden and fine dog under the grand old apple tree.

"Will it do to exhibit—to send off?" she asked timidly. A shade passed over the old man's face.

"And you feel the thirst for fame?" he said slowly.

"No, not that," she answered quickly and earnestly.

"It is necessary—I need money."

"And you will sell your birthright? Well, we will see what it is worth in the market."

The old painter had once lived in the world, and still retained a knowledge of the places where such work was sold. So he packed up the painting and sent it, with all its breezy freshness of youth and beauty and country air, away to the city. The young painter had said to him, "I can do nothing now until I see," and he had looked disappointed, and she grew thin and nervous while waiting.

She had seen Henry but once since their meeting in the orchard, and that was the evening after the picture was packed. She met him in the road, and he held out his hand and said: "I am going back to college to-morrow. Ruth, my vacation has not been what I hoped it would be when I came home, but two more terms at college and then I hope to get into a place where I can command your attention."

"You had best build your air castle without me, Henry."

"You are building yours without me, I suppose?"

"Yes."

And he went away in anger. It was heart-breaking to have him go in this way; but her mother had said, "The Carridines are proud people, and you had better keep away from them." She thought of this, and it helped her to control her feelings.

One day the old painter sent for her; she came to him, white and breathing hard. He held out a roll of bills toward her. "Oh is it enough, enough for a term at a good art school?" she gasped.

"And it is an art school, then, you aim at?" he asked, somewhat appeased. "Yes, it is enough; we'll make it enough."

Then she left the country and went to a city to study art, and her life became a life of labor, where a partial success was followed by failure; then a struggle to succeed again. She taught awhile, and studied awhile, and her name was printed in a paragraph of other names of toilers along the same hard way.

She rarely had time to visit her old home; time passed, and she realized it not. But there was a mixture of vanity and selfishness with all this devotion to art—a desire to write her name above that of Carridine. With this in view she triumphed over all natural feelings, and lost the sweetness that is in work for the work's sake. Her younger brother and sisters grew up, married and moved away. Her father died while she was in Europe—and still she was not famous; still she had never painted anything as well as she had painted the youth and maiden under the apple tree.

Sometimes the memory of that early painting came back to her; sometimes in the heat and dust, tired and travel-stained, she would be walled away in vision and be again in the old orchard.

"If only mother had let us alone!" she would exclaim fretfully.

She had admirers; but having discouraged her youthful lover it was easy to turn away the others.

Henry studied law and rose high in the profession. He married a lawyer's daughter. Ruth had read the details of the marriage in the papers. Even that was long ago now; and in Ruth's hair there was a touch of silver where there had been a glint of gold, and the light was fading from

her eyes. She received a telegram one evening; it said, "Your mother is dying; come to her." She started for the old home—the home she had not seen for years. When she had changed cars for the last time, and was on the little train that ran into the old country town; her attention was attracted toward a well-dressed lady and handsome youth, who sat just in front of her in the car. There was something about the boy that was familiar to her; something that brought again a vision of apple blossoms. She watched him intently, and noted his fondness for and devotion to the lady whom he called mother, and as she watched a feeling of loneliness came over her and a desire to have him come to her and smile into her eyes.

A passenger came through the coach and stopped to speak to the two.

"Mrs. Carridine," he exclaimed, "I am glad to see you and Master Henry coming home again."

"Thank you, Henry, my husband, always wants us to spend part of every summer with his aunt. She is very feeble now and can't be induced."

Ruth Dartmore looked out of the window. She arrived in time to see her mother buried, and beside the grave she awoke and found that she was alone in the world.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A WOODEN WARSHIP.

The Hartford, Sole Survivor of Her Class, to be Kept Afloat.

Those who delight in war and bloodshed, with their accompaniment of thrilling stories of heroic deeds, or those, even, who would have all international and domestic controversies settled by arbitration, have reason to rejoice that when Congress, a few years ago, had inserted a provision in the Naval Appropriation bill that repairs to all wooden vessels should be discontinued, it excluded the famous old ships Hartford and Kearsarge. Since then the Kearsarge has met the fate of so many other ships, having been wrecked on a reef in the Caribbean Sea. But the old Hartford, in commission, with her officers and crew on board and in their distinctive and fascinating uniforms, and the ship with her lofty and symmetrical masts and spars and her sails furled, and every rope in place, has been most interesting to visitors during her recent visit to the navy yard. She is now on the records as doing duty in the Coast Squadron and has left the navy yard and gone to Annapolis.

The old ship is a different looking vessel, so far as the interior is concerned, from the one which Farragut commanded at the battles on the Mississippi River in 1862, and at Mobile Bay in 1864. And yet, although there is little left of the old ship beyond her keel and frame and name, she has not lost her outward identity, and any of those who were familiar with her in the days of the Civil War would recognize her now. She was originally a steam vessel, or sloop-of-war, of 2,900 tons displacement, and was built at Boston in 1858. She has the same graceful and symmetrical lines that she presented on that hot summer day when she led the wooden fleet past the guns of Fort Morgan, in 1864, at the battle of Mobile Bay, when Farragut won another of his great victories and coined the phrase that has gone down into history, when he called out to the commander of the Brooklyn (who had hauled his ship out of the line when he saw one of the monitors go down by an explosion of a torpedo), "Damn the torpedoes; go ahead!" The famous old ships have all gone except the Hartford, and she is destined to remain afloat so long as she can be kept in a seaworthy condition, so as to remind the present and future generations of the kind of ships and the manner of men their ancestors were in the days when men and ships were needed to preserve the nation.

Cities and communities frequently expend large sums of money in entertaining conventions, conferences and other public gatherings, both because of a spirit of hospitality prevailing or through a sinister desire to "advertise the city." After the affair is over and the visitors have gone their several ways the people ask one of the other, "Does it pay to spend money thus?" There never was a case of public hospitality that didn't pay, if not in dollars and cents, in the extension and broadening of that finest of all sentiments, the brotherhood of man.—Dayton (Ohio) Herald.

Old Tower of Punishment.

Henry Norman, the traveler, says, "High above everything else in Bokhara towers the Miner Kalan, the great tower of punishment. It is built of flat red bricks and its graceful proportions have not suffered at all from the effects of time. At the top it widens into a kind of campanile, set with oblong windows, and at its foot there is a depression which looks as if it had been scraped out of the ground. From one of these windows condemned criminals, trussed like fowls were pushed out, and this depression is where generations of them fell." This practice has now been prohibited by the Russians who rule the country.

Love and Lucre.

Nell—Yes, it was a love match.

Belle—It must be a pleasant thing to be rich enough to marry for love.—Philadelphia Record.

A Song in Praise of London.

By Senator Chauncey M. Depew.

LONDON is the best watering place in Europe. In the first place, everybody speaks English, which, I am sure, is the Lord's own language. Then, there are theatres and the people are extremely hospitable. An American can pass two or three weeks more pleasantly here than anywhere else in Europe. There is no doubt London is the capital of the Old World. There are more persons of distinction in London in every department of human endeavor than in any other city. If you stay here long enough you are sure to meet them all, and from all countries.

New York is not a capital. You cannot get in a city, no matter how great it is, people that a stranger wants to meet unless it is a capital. The stranger who comes to New York says he finds there more elegant hospitality than anywhere else in the world, but that he never meets the people who govern the country.

There are two reasons for this. They are in Washington, and New York society does not care for them. The reason why one sees more Americans in London each year during the season is that the number of Americans of leisure is increasing. Twenty years ago—even ten years ago—there was no such thing as a leisure class in America; that is, people of wealth or of ample income, who lived only for sport.

Such a man found he had no companions because all his friends were in business, and when he tried to see them at their offices he was a nuisance. So he came to Europe to live, where the social element exists only for sport and society in the season, and after that hunting or yachting, or society in Paris or on the Riviera.

We still have no equivalent society of that kind in America—that is, there are not enough of them to entertain each other. An American who lives an American life has his time filled up in his profession or business or with active interest in politics, and with society merely an incident to pass an evening or a month in the summer.

He is never bored. But when he has nothing to do and is seeking the year round for some method of passing time other than in work, he has not the training nor the hereditary taste for it, and is both bored to death and a bore.

Heroines of Yester Year.

By Winifred Oliver.

WHERE are the heroines of yesterday? Where are the Clarissa Harlowes and Evelinas? Have they trailed their lackadaisical way into the past with their vapors and their hoop-skirts, their wasp-like waists and their deaway gentility?

The demand for modern, healthy literature has rather forced these gentle dames into oblivion. Just at present we look for physical as well as mental force in our heroine. She is no namby pamby milk-and-water miss, but a splendid glowing flesh and blood creature, full of vigorous life and go. In the olden days, if the heroine indulged in any heartier exercise than a genteel walk, she was considered unwomanly. She closed her eyes and raised her hands in shocked surprise over the most ordinary natural facts in life. She fainted on every possible occasion. To faint was considered one of the most elegant accomplishments in high life. Such a thing as going out into the world and earning her own living was absolutely unheard of. She must starve or depend upon others for her support. Of the practical side of life she was entirely ignorant. Is it any wonder that evolution came to the rescue of such a nonentity? As the woman in real life developed, the woman in fiction followed closely in her footsteps, with the result that the popular heroine in modern fiction is as far removed from her great-grandmother as sunlight from starlight. She owes her splendid physique to the amount of exercise she takes. She does not blink at truths, but looks them straight in the face, applying her own healthy judgment to them. She would be ashamed to faint, and very often earns her own living simply because she cannot stand an aimless life. Incidentally she is a good business woman and knows a stock from a bond. Such is the modern heroine, a pen picture of the modern girl. Her adventures hold our attention more closely than would the woes of Clarissa and Evelina; but perhaps our grandmothers would prefer the woes, for in their days the word "strenuous" as applied to a woman would have been considered truly shocking. The heroine of today is, perhaps, in some danger of overtraining, and places too high a value on the strenuous side of life, but she will swing into her proper sphere and then we will have a perfect creature, healthy, normal and charming.—New York Journal.

The Abolition of Middle Age.

By the Editor of the Spectator.

HALF a century ago a man of forty-five was regarded almost elderly and a woman of the same age was expected to have long since cut herself adrift from all ties binding her to her youth and to assume the appearance and deportment of a steady, experienced matron. All this has changed in a particularly interesting way, of which the prominent feature is a seeming contradiction. If the three-year-old child of today is as knowing as was the six-year-old of half a century ago, and the ten-year-old boy of today is in many respects quite as much a man as was his grandfather at eighteen, one might naturally expect that in due gradation the modern middle-aged man should be old beyond his years. But such is not the case. Middle age, so far from hurrying on into senility, so far even from standing still, would seem actually to have stepped backward and marched alongside of youth. There is a jaunty, buoyancy, an elasticity about the middle age of today at which our fathers would have shaken their heads as unseemly. The gulf which once separated the middle-aged parent from his children has been filled up. The curtain which shrouded the middle-aged man generally from the eyes of youth and which caused him to be regarded with respect, if not with awe, has been lifted, and in obedience to the same influences which have made the schoolmaster the friend of the schoolboy and the regimental officer almost the comrade of his men, the middle-aged man of today is never so happy as when working or playing upon an equality with and actually in competition with youth.

As with men so it is with women. Social statisticians tell us that the age at which women are considered most eligible for marriage has been very notably advanced of late years, and we know that the lament of many a match-making mamma is that the most dreaded rivals of her darling are not to be found so much among the girls of her own age as among women who not many years ago would have been relegated to the ranks of hopeless old maidhood. The fact that the middle-aged lady of today is much younger in manner and tastes is, of course, not the only reason for this, but it is among the most potent.

The Writing Man is Well Paid

By the Editor of Collier's Weekly.

THE whirligig of time brings in his revenges. Modern democracy has been good to many workers, but for none has it raised wages more than for those who write. The scribbler is no longer a man who lives in a garret. If he scribbles with moderate ability, he has plenty to eat and wear, even if he is a poet. Often he earns so much that he consorts, out of his earnings, with the members of the great world who live at the pace allowed by pork and railway dividends. Shakespeare, after a quarter of a century of popular dramas, was able to retire on a competence. He was the most successful playwright of his era, and he finally made, out of all his dramas, a fortune corresponding to what Mr. Barrie made out of "The Little Minister" alone. A very successful play gives the author one thousand dollars a week. On a book he usually receives from ten to forty cents a copy. A sale of one or two hundred would furnish him with as much money as Milton received for "Paradise Lost," and the book that will not sell a thousand in these days must have an exceptionally narrow range of interest. Journalism leads millions to read, and when they have formed the reading habit on books there are to read. It pays the writing man directly for his time, in a way that was unknown before. The anonymous author who uses some descriptive powers on a ball game or a fire, and is called a reporter, is assured of comfort. He who forms plausible opinions about current events, and is called an editorial writer, earns as much as a dentist. He who says anything of interest to most men is syndicated, or in some other way paid more than writers ever earned in any other era.

All Wanted the Sovereign. At a certain London church the collection used to be made in nicely embroidered bags, but, so many old buttons and stale pieces of chocolate being put in it, it was decided to try "plates" instead. The first Sunday the usual number of coppers and three-penny pieces were put in, but among them a bright yellow shining piece was observable.

On the Monday morning there were more callers than usual at the vestry, some of them with the same application. After a short interval another

came with the same. "Oh, I am sorry, but I put a sovereign into the plate yesterday by mistake. Could I have it, as I really cannot afford it?" "What!" said the vicar. "You are the fifth that has been to me this morning with the same application, but the church warden has just told me that the supposed sovereign is only a gilded shilling."—Tit-Bits.

The stairway leading to the tower of the Philadelphia City Hall contains 598 steps, and is said to be the tallest continuous stairway in the world.



Compensation. [As a compensation for plainness it has been noticed that plain women nearly always talk well.—The Young Women.]

He met her, and her name was Jane. A lady very, very plain. "But what of that? No doubt" said he "She can converse most brilliantly."

And so he married her. But oh! Alas! his days are full of woe. His wife can talk. Poor fellow! that is what he most is troubled at. —Tattler.

The Usual Result. Madge—She says her husband never agrees with her.

Marjorie—What else could she expect? She married a lobster.—New York Sun.

Arbitration. "Williams, have you named the baby yet?" "Almost. We've got the two grandmothers to agree to arbitrate the case."—Chicago Tribune.

Stopped the Clock. May—Oh, George, papa set the alarm for 10:30 to-night.

George—Indeed! Didn't you remark the other night that the ticking was monotonous and annoyed you?—Chelsea Gazette.

Cracked Long Ago. Wigg—That was a pretty old joke Borem cracked at dinner.

Wagg—Borem didn't crack it. That joke has been cracked for years Philadelphia Record.

Case of Knowing. Sillicus—Do you think we shall know each other in the hereafter?

Cynicus—I hope so. Few of us really know each other here.—Philadelphia Record.

Quite Numerous. Miss De Style—She's writing a book about the young men she met at the seashore last summer.

Miss Gumbusts—Were there so many? Miss De Style—Well, see's up to Chapter XXV already.—New York

Escaped in Time. "No matter how brave men are they are all afraid of their wives."

"I know who isn't." "Who is he? He must be a phenomenon." "Oh, no—only a bachelor."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Feline Femininity. Fess—I understand she remarked that I looked so much like Miss Homely-Rich. Isn't that awful?

Jess—She is so. But then, you know, she is always knocking Miss Homely-Rich because she is jealous of her.—Philadelphia Press.

Single Addition. Mr. Newlived—It didn't cost so much for provisions when there were only two of us before we got a hired girl, but now with four to provide for—

Ascum—Four? The servant girl makes three.

Mr. Newlived—And the policeman four.—Philadelphia Press.

Not Yet. Miss Ascum—Wasn't that Mr. Bond I saw you walking with last evening?

Miss Coy—Yes. Miss Ascum—He is a landed freeholder of the county, isn't he? Miss Coy (blushing)—Well—er—he isn't quite landed yet.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Greatest Number. Lord Russell once asked Mr. Hume: "Mr. Hume, what do you consider the object of legislation?"

"The greatest good of the greatest number."

"And what do you consider the greatest number?"

"Number one," was Mr. Hume's reply.—Green Bag.

Privilege of Invalidism. Little Jane had heard her mother say that sick people demanded a great deal of consideration. A few days later Jane said:

"Mamma, I think it would be lovely to be sick."

"Why?" asked her mother.

"Oh, because sick people command so much consternation."—Little Chronicle.

Their Use. "What I don't see," remarked the Cheerful Idiot, "is the use of scientists discovering new metals like radium and polonium, that costs thousands of dollars an ounce."

"It is done for the benefit of the future trillions," replied the Wise Guy. "They can get rid of some of their money by buying yachts, automobiles and airships out of those metals."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

A finger in the pie is worth two out of joint.