The Umpire.

Who is it, reckless of his fame
And deaf to yells of praise or blame,
Unmoved by glory or by shame,
Hands down decisions on the game?
His Umps.

Who calmly stands where spinning spheres,
Projected by the hand that steers
The low or high, curved, straight, or queers,
Whiz past his body, face and ears,
And calls them balls or strikes, while cheers
From grand stand throngs or bleachers jeers,
Do not affect his hopes or fears?
His Umps.

Who faces thousands every day
Ranged 'round the grounds in fierce array,
All with a hot desire to slay
When he decides a quick, close play
Not in accordance with their way,
No matter what they want and say!
His Umps.

Who wears the diamond like a king?
Who has the players on the string?
Who carries pennants in a sling?
Who simply runs the whole darn thing?
His Umps.

—W. J. Lampton, in the New York Times.

The Silence of Patricia

BY ELIZABETH MASON

Challoner and Patricia had driven down to the station to see Patricia's cousin Jack off to town. Patricia was exhibiting a very pretty regret at the impending loss of her relative, but Challoner was happy for the first time in two weeks. It is aggravating to spend your annual vacation at a hotel in the neighborhood of the summer home of the girl you adore, with the special intention of bringing things to a crisis before you return to the city, and then to find yourself balked in every plan by the presence of the middle-aged relative who has no conception of you as a man or a lover, or in fact, as anything human but an opponent at golf. Challoner, who did not dare offend Patricia by being rude to her cousin, had had to play golf through all the precious hours that he had planned to spend with her, and now the two weeks had passed and he must go back by the night train. But Cousin Jack was going first—there was that consolation, and there yet remained two hours to work in.

"Next week," said Cousin Jack, as the train rolled in, "I shall have to go West for a time. But I shall be back, my boy," he added encouragingly, "I shall be back in two months and play you such a match as you never saw." He stopped, to Challoner's dismay, and began to fumble in his pocketbook. Suppose, after all, he should miss the train!

"You'll have to hurry, sir," urged Challoner, pushing him a little. Cousin Jack pulled out one of his cards and pressed it upon him.

"Keep this to remind you of that match," he said.

Cramming the card into his own case, Challoner bodily lifted Patricia's relative onto the moving train. Sighing with relief, he watched the enemy out of sight. Then he got into the dog cart beside Patricia and drove slowly home. After all, there was nothing said in that remaining two hours. Patricia was shy in the first place, and did her best to keep him at arm's length. Then he had had so little time to be sure whether she really did care for him. Between hesitation and doubt the time wore away. And yet when Challoner went back to town that night he was a happy man. He did not think that Patricia's eyes could wear that look for anyone but him. He could not believe that her manner could have been so shyly provocative if it had not meant that she cared for him. And when, as he had left her, he held her hand a moment in his, she had flushed and dropped her eyes, but she had not pulled the hand away.

"Patricia," he had said, "next week is your birthday, and I'm going to send you something I prize very much. Will you wear it—for me?"

Her smile had satisfied him.

And yet, when Cousin Jack returned two months later, he found Challoner with a set face sitting in his office, and trying to work against the grain. Challoner was uncommunicative on the subject of Patricia or her family, and when the other man insisted upon his accompanying him down to their home for a week's golf, he refused curtly.

"You haven't had a quarrel with Patty, have you?" asked Cousin Jack, aggrieved, "and, even if you have, you don't need to see her. You must come. Why, man, think of that match!"

Challoner thought bitterly. The week after he had returned from his vacation he had sent Patricia down a locket which had been his mother's. He had taken such care in the wrapping of it that it should not be broken. He remembered writing a rather tender birthday wish upon the card he had put in with the gift. He had taken such pleasure in giving her the best thing he had—and she had never acknowledged it. Day after day he had waited for a letter that had not come, and at last it had come to him that she had only been amusing herself with him and had never cared anyway.

"You must come," urged Cousin Jack.

"I suppose I may as well," thought Challoner. "I'll show her that it hasn't hurt me."

So it happened that early the next day Challoner was driving up to Patricia's house in the same dog cart that had held him and Patricia that last day. But this time he was surrounded by Cousin Jack and his bags and his golf sticks. Her mother met them and sent them up to their rooms, where Challoner made a careful toilet and nerved himself to be coolly polite when he should meet Patricia. When he went downstairs she was just coming up the steps. She stopped when she saw him and gasped a little. Challoner noticed that she was thinner than usual and that her mouth drooped, but he stopped a sudden rush of tenderness that surged over him at sight of her, sternly. Politely he shook hands with her and placed a chair for her before he sat down himself. They exhausted the subject of the weather, the heat in town, the Yacht Club's latest dinner dance and the latest book. Patricia looked a little pathetic as lunch time drew near, but Challoner still smiled icily and seemed quite comfortable. It was a relief to both of them when Cousin Jack appeared, fussing over his golf sticks and making inquiries as to the condition of the course.

"I suppose you got my note," said Patricia, as she greeted him. She drew out Challoner's locket from a fold in her frock and touched it lovingly. "It was the most beautiful gift I had and I thought it was so good of you to remember my birthday."

Cousin Jack looked puzzled, but his amazement was nothing to Challoner's. "I'm ashamed to say it," faltered Patricia's cousin, "but I forgot you had a birthday altogether. What makes you think I sent the locket?"

"Your card was in it," said Patricia.

Then Challoner saw it all. Upon that afternoon when he was so anxious to get rid of Cousin Jack he must have put his card in among his own, and without noticing, he must have put that same card into Patricia's gift when he sent it down. This explained everything. He was so happy that he was capable of any hilarity, but it was unfortunate that the relief found vent in a shout of laughter, because Patty found that almost too much to bear, and tearing off the locket, flung it upon the floor and ran out of the room.

Challoner eagerly told Cousin Jack all about it and promised to play unlimited matches with him if he would help him patch things up with Patricia. So Cousin Jack, taking up the troublesome locket, went on his errand of peace. Later Challoner stood in the hall and waited for Patricia as she came very slowly down the stairs. The locket was in its place again and then and there they made it up.

"I'm sure I don't understand, even now," began Patricia, pensively.

Challoner said he thought he could explain things to everybody's satisfaction, and as a preliminary he put his arms about Patricia.—Boston Post.

Wife-Made Men.

The first passion of a woman is her love for her children. Is that true? If it is true, her second passion is her desire to make a man of her husband. We hear much about self-made men. It might do us good to hear more about wife-made men There is a lot of them. Many of the best men in the world—the greatest in statesmanship, science, art and literature—have freely acknowledged their indebtedness to women. Perhaps to their wives they are indebted—possibly to other women.

A wise wife is she who completely fills her function, being comrade and source of inspiration. If she doesn't do it, some other woman may. Not every wife earnestly seeks to be a helpful companion. Not every one who tries succeeds. The wife who contribues to her husband's uplift and helps to enlarge his vision must not be denied high credit for his career. The best part of many a man is the femininity which comes from his wife. High character which counts for his success may have originated in her. His ideals may have come from her; to her he may owe his purposes.

And her joy in it is exquisite. This is a woman's greatest work, next to the rearing of her children—if it is second to that. And in all great work there is keen pleasure.—Wilkesbarre Times-Leader.

Rural Philosophy.

"Ezry," said Farmer Hay, "I see that since ye have come back from college ye wear yer hair spliced right down the middle. Now, hyur's all I have to say; If ye expect ter feed out o' y trough, ye got to let yer mane fall on one side."—Puck.

Musical Criticism.

"Can he sing well?"

"Well, I'll tell you. He offered to sing the baby to sleep the other night, and his wife said: 'No, let her keep on crying.'"—Cleveland Leader.

Deposits in the postal savings banks of Japan now exceed $45,000,000.

THE INVASION OF ENGLAND.

(John Bull's Latest Nightmare.)

—Cartoon by Triggs, in the New York Press.

ENGLAND HAUNTED BY GERMAN GHOSTS

President Butler's Remark That It is a Form of Present-Day Emotional Insanity Strikingly Borne Out by Series of Absurd Events.

London.—The speech at the Lake Mohonk Conference on International Arbitration of President Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia University, in which he described Great Britain's attitude to Germany as a form of "present-day emotional insanity," has been strikingly confirmed during the past week. Sensational stories of German airships, stacks of German Mausers stored in a London cellar, thousands of German waiters and hair dressers eagerly anticipating the Emperor's signal to deliver England to an invading army of their fellow countrymen, have been the main features of the newspapers throughout the country.

The Mauser myth, to which attention was first called by Sir John Barlow, has been contempuously dismissed by War Secretary Haldane in the House of Commons as "an exceptionally silly story," but it has been quite surpassed by accounts of mythical nocturnal visitations of a German airship.

The phanton "Flying Dutchman" soon developed into a large fleet, the competing papers vouching for the accuracy of their respective stories and giving signed statements circumstantially detailing the maneuvres of the mysterious and swift-moving dirigible at the same moment in various places on the east and west coasts, and even in Ireland.

Captains of incoming steamers have been credited with statements that they exchanged flare signals with the aerial visitor in the North Sea, and some newspapers went so far as to insinuate that the "scareship" had its home on a German warship now in the North Sea at maneuvres, to which it returns after its nightly flight. Descriptions of the secret fly-by-night became more and more graphic, until certain advertisers, who had been experimenting with model airships attached by ropes to motor cars, confessed their part in the affair and exploded the various theories.

Meanwhile, Germany, as evidenced by the comments in the German papers on the latest panic, came to much the same conclusion as President Butler. Contempt, disgust and impatience have been the prominent notes in the German editorials, which picture England as "the home of mere nervous degenerates, who are yielding themselves up to a frenzy, unworthy even of a decaying country."

BRITISH ARMY A SHAM, SAYS ROBERTS.

London.—"Our army is a sham! We have no army!" exclaimed Field Marshal Lord Roberts earnestly in a debate in the House of Lords upon the Duke of Bedford's motion for an inquiry into the condition of the reserve. Earl Roberts, who is known to favor compulsory military training, declared that he was amazed at the manner in which both houses treated the army as a party question and at the apathy of the nation regarding military defense. The nation, he said, did not believe in the danger of invasion, and no wonder, for their leaders told them there was no fear of it. He added:

"I know perfectly well that the leaders in both houses are anxious about the future, but they do not tell the country that we have neither an army to send abroad nor to defend the country at home. While we are sitting here, taking it easily and comfortably, the danger is coming nearer and nearer to us daily, and unless you cease telling the people they are living in safety and get an army fit to deal with any enemy we shall one day come to such utter grief that you will bitterly regret your inaction.

"It is a perfect marvel to me how anybody can see what is going on around us in Europe and be content with the condition of our army. No country in the world would attempt to defend itself with the paucity of men and with the untrained men we have got. You will never have a real army until you have taken the nation into your confidence and tell them their danger. You may think you are safe, but you are not. Be frank and tell the nation what is before them. They will respond."

His admonitions were addressed to the Government representatives.

GLUCOSE TRUST MAY RUN CANDY STORES

National Confectioners See a Big Fight Coming For Control of the Trade--Arranging For Factories--And Afterward, President Bedford Says, May Sell Their Product Through Its Own Establishments.

New York City.—The Corn Products Refining Company, of which E. T. Bedford, of the Standard Oil Company, is president, and in which James A. Moffett, F. Q. Barstowe and Charles M. Pratt are directors, and William Rockefeller and the late H. H. Rogers were generally understood to be largely interested, is likely to go into the retail candy business.

As has been generally known, the directors at their last meeting took the preliminary steps toward starting a project for utilizing the glucose manufactured in the company's plants by establishing candy factories. This step, it was said recently, is likely to be followed by the retailing of the product of the factories, through a company yet to be organized, in its own stores. The candy business has recently seen in a smaller way signs of approaching organization on the modern lines of combination, but this step will be far in advance of anything yet suggested.

One of the principal ingredients in the making of candy in these days is glucose, of which the company manufactures between seventy-five and eighty-five per cent. of all that is consumed in the United States.

If the Corn Products Refining Company uses its glucose in its own candy factories and sells the product in its own stores, then the smaller and hitherto independent candy companies, such as Huyler's, Loft's, the Mirror and Repetti's, will either have to go into the bigger concern or compete with it, if they can.

Members of the National Confectioners' Association, who discussed the situation—and there were many who spoke freely on the subject—pointed out that the candy trade in the United States looked as though it were going to take a similar course to that already taken by this country's tobacco trade.

Original Honest Man Lives the Great State of Iowa.

Des Moines, Iowa.—William Wilson, a laboring man of this city, found $120 in greenbacks under a tin can several weeks ago.

Did William Wilson spend that $120? No, he did not. He turned it over to Justice of the Peace Roe, made an affidavit as to how he found the money, and that's why he is called Iowa's Original Honest Man.

Wilson was picking mushrooms near Beaver Creek when he made the find.

Sea Cuts Away Great Stretches of Cape Cod Coast.

Woods Hole, Mass.—The northeast gale that for over a week blew steadily along the shores of Vineyard Sound and on Nantucket shoals cut up the beaches all along the shores of Cape Cod, and hotels and summer homes along the coast will have to be moved back.

The life-savers say that they never before witnessed such great changes in the coast line of Cape Cod, and where they formerly patrolled the beach the tides now run riot.

CLERGYMAN EXTOLS MODERN NEWSPAPERS

Demand Honesty in Politics, Purity in Home Life, Clean Streets and Good Government.

The modern newspaper in general was extolled recently in a sermon by the Rev. W. B. Norton, of Evanston, Ill. He said:

"Contrary to the opinions of many, the newspaper man has saved its readers from that modern perversion of our already forcible English slang. It has pruned its language of affectation, fine writing and indiscriminate and excessive use of adjectives. The very word 'unprintable' is an index of the purity of the newspaper.

"What may seem the strangest of all, the newspaper has saved society from irreligion.

"If the newspaper does not professedly favor religion, it never is arrayed against religion. While it is often too flippant, or at least too jocular in treating of religious events, it never is wilfully irreverent. Its utterances are ever demanding honesty in politics, purity in home life, clean streets, smokeless chimneys, a well governed and beautiful city.

"It is not surprising that the sensational should occupy large space in the newspaper. Like fiction and the Bible and the drama, the most popular forms of literature, it deals with those phases of life which create the most intense interest and which spring from the most elemental passions of human nature.

"The Bible is a book of sensation. Christ, I believe, deliberately chose the sensational method of expression in order to startle dull people into thought."

A BROADWAY DUNGEON.

Directly beneath the feet of the throng which passes endlessly along Broadway are vaults built as though for dungeons, in which a frigid atmosphere is maintained every day in the year. The cold chambers usually flank some hotel or cafe, and in several cases extend out to the street line. Only recently a man was accidentally trapped in one of these vaults and only by his ingenuity did he escape being frozen to death.

The barkeeper of a well known cafe had been sent to the cold room and had inadvertently locked himself in. The heavy door, built to keep out the warmth, had slipped to, and the spring lock had done the rest. The heavy walls were sound proof as well as cold proof. The situation appeared almost humorous at first, but after a few minutes spent in pounding in vain for relief on the walls the prisoner began to realize the seriousness of his position. It might be hours before any one would visit the room, and he might very well freeze to death.

At the end of perhaps fifteen minutes the prisoner had become thoroughly alarmed. By walking back and forth in the narrow chamber he managed to keep up his circulation, but his hands and feet were already growing numb. He owned his deliverance to a happy inspiration. The beer pumps which fed the bar above caught his eye and instantly suggested a means of communication. He quickly turned them all off and awaited developments. Fortunately business was brisk at the time, and the shutting off of the beer supply was quickly noticed. In a few minutes a line of thirsty customers formed in front of the bar. Investigation followed and the unhappy prisoner was discovered and released.—New York World.

METER.

Teacher—"What does the word 'meter' mean, Harold?"

Harold—"A measure."

Teacher—"What do they measure with it?"

Harold—"Gas, electricity, water and poetry."—Chicago Daily News.