

The Boycott on Caroline

BY SUSAN KEATING GLASPELL.

WELL, if girls aren't the meaneest! His sister dried her eyes and looked up. "But not all girls, Will, and perhaps those girls don't—"

when the little crowd of five girls was making fudge at Kitty Benton's, she told them all about it, half-unconsciously attributing to the unfortunate Sturarts the qualities possessed by the people in the story.

"Well, that does seem to be the fair way. And I don't know—I don't know what it is I've done. I haven't done anything you see, I haven't had a chance. I suppose—Caroline's lips were quivering again—that they just don't like my looks."

All of this made a deep impression upon the four other girls. Marion, because she was the most imaginative of the crowd, had become in a sense its leader. She had a peculiar, quick way of assimilating the things she read, and that made her companions feel that Marion had attained to a very deep understanding of life.

"Nonsense! Why shouldn't they like your looks? It's just their meaneest." "Will! Will!" There was a note of tragic excitement in his sister's voice. "There they come now—turning the corner. They go past nearly every day. They have picnics and—and things."

"The crowd" of girls drove by with not a glance toward the big house, in the veranda of which Will and Caroline Stuart were sitting.

"That's what I want to get at. What under the sun's the matter? What do those girls mean by lining up against Cal?" His mother shook her head and raised her hands helplessly.

"It was a beautiful day in September, and her young, naturally buoyant heart made her wish to get outdoors and be doing something, even if she must do it by herself. Will and her father had gone in the automobile to an adjoining town, and her mother was lying down with a headache. So she started out alone to drive up the winding river road which skirted the edge of the woods.

"Well, all of the mean, contemptible, petty—And then words failed him. "In addition to everything else," said the boy, after a few minutes of silent fuming, "these five estimable young ladies are acting pretty silly in snubbing Caroline. Cal could give those girls all sorts of a good time, and she would love to do it."

She was succeeding in getting more pleasure out of the drive than had been hers for a long time, when suddenly she heard laughing voices, and peering through the trees, saw the five girls into whose friendship she had at one time supposed she would be taken. They were spreading a cloth upon the grass and opening some parcels. She watched them through dimmed eyes until they sat down and began to eat. Then, when she could bear it no longer, she whipped up her pony and started briskly up the road.

me drive you back to town I shall be glad to do so." "Thank you," said Kitty Benton, shortly, "but I think we can get along all right."

"Nothing of the kind!" declared Marion. "Did you notice how she did it? Why, she never so much as looked at us! Just looked straight beyond us, as if she were talking to—servants!"

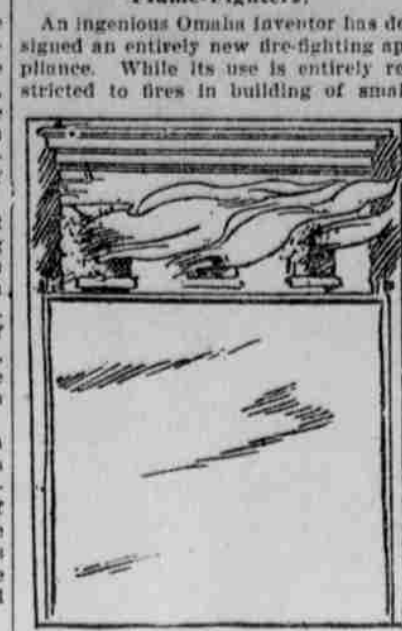
THE M'KINLEY MONUMENT.

Plan of the Memorial to Be Built at Canton.

The accompanying picture shows the design accepted by the McKinley National Memorial Association for the monument to be erected at Canton, Ohio, President McKinley's home. The contract for its erection has been awarded and the association has collected \$500,000 to pay all expenses of the work.

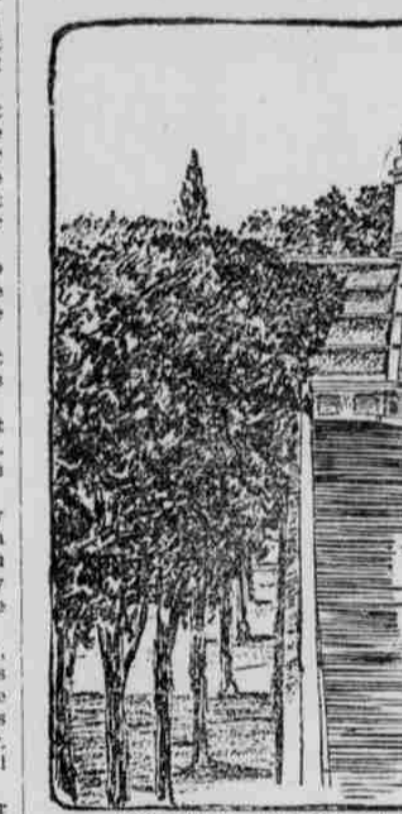
CURTAIN FOR FIREMEN.

Portable Shield Which Protects the Flame-Fighters.



proportions, such as low stores and dwellings etc., the portable fire shield will, no doubt, find many advocates. It consists of a wheel truck carrying a folding fire screen of fireproof material.

"But—but we thought you were so rich!" stammered Marion. "Your house is so big, and the pony-cart and the automobile and—and we thought—"



ACCEPTED DESIGN OF THE M'KINLEY MONUMENT.

"You mean?" began Caroline, very slowly, "that there isn't anything in particular about the matter with me, that you don't hate me, and that you actually thought that I didn't want to have anything to do with you?"

The interior of the mausoleum will be circular and finished in light gray Knoxville marble. Excepting the doorway there will be no opening but that through the crown of the dome. In the centre of this mortuary chamber will be the sarcophagi, so designed that they appear as two in one.

"I was so free from any idea of distinctions created by money that the secret of the thing never dawned upon her. She supposed, on the other hand, that the girls did not like her."

The adverse vote of Bath, England, on Carnegie's offer of \$65,000 for a public library was taken by means of postal cards sent out by the City Council.

"My dear daughter," said Judge Foreman, "you will find as you go through life that it isn't money or the lack of it that makes the man or woman. It is the heart that is within."—Youth's Companion.

Invitations are to be issued by Belgium to other nations to send representatives to an international conference on the study of a polar region.

"The young girl a few minutes later set up a great howling. "Mamma," she shrieked, "John hasn't given me any bananas." "What's this?" inquired the mother, hurrying in.



A MALTA GOAT.

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Not alone is Glasgow, Scotland, making a success of the experiment of municipal ownership of public utilities, but in the operation of the street railways is using every up-to-date device



AUTOMOBILE TOWER WAGON.

which makes for speed and thoroughness in installation and repair. In the latter connection there has lately been added to the service an automobile tower wagon for overhead trolley work which has proved quite an improvement over the old horse-drawn vehicle.

Mrs. Howe Unspoiled by Flattery. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, at eighty-six, is still addressing audiences with unabated vigor, was recently presented in a most flattering way by an enthusiastic preceding officer.

The King of Spain has a civil list, fixed by the Cortes, of 7,999,999 pesetas, or \$250,000, a year.

YUAN SHIH-KAI, THE SAGACIOUS.

The Most Remarkable Character in China To-Day.

BY A. G. EAMES.

YUAN SHIH-KAI has summarily dismissed Professor C. D. Tenny, his foreign superintendent of education for Chih-li. Yuan has deprived his colleague, Chang Chih Tung, of the pleasure—dear to a Chinese general's heart—of disbursing 13,000,000 taels on army maneuvers in the south, and will himself see that the money goes to buy cruisers to patrol the Yangtze against—what? Boxers? Yuan is quite the man of the hour.

China is a land of living contradictions, and Yuan is one of the living contradictions. Like Li Hung Chang, he has risen to greatness under rulers who thrive by grinding down the people of his race, for Yuan, who is the right hand of the Manchui dynasty, is himself Chinese. A soldier in a country where prowess at arms is despised as a characteristic of roidism, he has distinguished himself as the first soldier of the empire, the best horseman and swordsmen thereof, and yet is simultaneously the adviser of royalty on profoundest problems of state.

Yuan Shih-kai, the viceroy of Chih-li, the capital province of China, is the most remarkable character in China to-day, not even excepting the Empress Dowager herself; not only is he the strongest man in China, the craftiest, the subtlest and ablest courtier, but he is a barometer of political events; his attitude forecasts the trend of national affairs. Viceroy Yuan can, if he decides that it comports with his fortunes, change his attitude with the celerity of a weather vane, but despite this, and albeit he has removed his favorite foreign educator because of anti-foreign prejudice and anti-American pressure, he must not be supposed to be the mere puppet of external influences.

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